
THE SLOOP'S LOG

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



Dear Readers,

In the summer of 2008 the Chebeague Island Historical Society will present an exhibit at the Museum of Chebeague History on World War II and its effect on life on Chebeague during the early and mid 1940's. We will discuss who went to war, which soldiers came "from away" and stayed, and what it was like to be living on the island while the U.S. Navy was in Casco Bay. Though all but a few of our soldiers are gone, we are lucky to still have many people residing on Chebeague who have vivid memories of that dramatic slice of Chebeague Island life.

This forthcoming exhibit presents the Sloop's Log with an opportunity to publish some memories and letters from WW II era in anticipation of our 2008 "panorama." It also gives the Chebeague Island Historical Society a chance to ask that you share your memories, letters, and artifacts of this period with us and the community. For reasons of space the exhibit will be concentrating on the lives of year rounders during WW II, but we would also like very much to copy material for our archives from both year round and summer Chebeaguers with WW II connections.

Jane Frizzell, President - CIHS

Soldiers on North Road, 1944

Martha Hamilton photo



LETTERS HOME- WWII

Thanks to Martha Hamilton for providing the following letters to us.

The first is from Albert Hamilton, who was the son of Bertwell and Eva Ricker Hamilton. He is writing to Carroll and Stella Mansfield Hamilton, who were good friends of his parents. He writes from stateside, New Orleans, so his mail is not censored. In his letter he mentions his good friend and hunting buddy, Floyd "Mike" Hamilton; his older brother, William; and Robert Wheldon.

October 22, 1943

Dear Stella & all,

I have a little time to myself this morning so I will try and answer your letters. I get your letter every Thursday and I sure look forward to it. I like to hear from you all and get all the news about good old Chebeague.

Well starting Monday morning I go to school for four weeks. I thought my school days were over but I guess not. We have to take a four week course on instructing and all about the ships. We're supposed to be instructors when we complete that. I'm glad they think so anyway. Of course we have to move again so that will make seven times in seven weeks, not bad all is it? I just got settled and start calling the barracks my home, when we pack up and leave. I feel like a traveling salesman now.

Glad to hear that Bob Wheldon expects to get home. He deserves it after all he's been through doesn't he? I had a letter from Bill yesterday and he expects to get home either Jan. or Feb. I think all of the boys will be sent back for a rest soon. Bill has make another jump now. He's a sgt. technician now. He's certainly done all right for himself in this army. I had to laugh when he told me to hurry up and catch up with him. I do expect to make corporal soon but not a sgt. It takes time and plenty of hard work to get the ratings around here. If this war will just stop they can have the ratings and I'll stay a buck private.

The war news sounds awfully good every where now doesn't it? I think the end is finally in sights. A lot of the fellows here are betting on the fall of Germany. Most of them say either the last or the first of the year. I hope they're right as I want to be home for the gunning season next year. I'll bet Mike wishes he was home doesn't he? We certainly had a lot of good times together especially in the fall. We didn't realize it then though but I guess we all do now.

I expect a furlough in March if everything goes all right. We have to have six months of service before they'll let us go. I've put my paper in, in advance so as to be sure of it. The time is all taken until February 15th now.

Well this isn't much of a letter but will have to do for now. It's about time for inspection so I'd better get cleaned up a bit (or else). Have you had any sea birds yet? Hope to see you all soon,



Albert Hamilton HS Graduation, 1940

*As Ever,
Albert*

The second letter is from our good friend, Lewis Ross. The letter is addressed to his parents, Merle and Ethel Ross and his grandmother, Alice Hamilton. It must have been passed on to Carroll and Stella Hamilton, Lewis' uncle and aunt. Lewis was stationed in many locations in the Pacific theater so his mail was sent through APO San Francisco and could have been censored. (Of course, we all know that Lewis never said anything censorable in his life.) Lewis mentions his future wife, Gerry Johnson; his brother, Thornton; his cousin, Floyd Hamilton; his cousin, Leah Hamilton Webber; and his future mother-in-law, Helen Johnson.

December 8, 1943

Dear Pop, Mom & Gram,

I'm a bit tardy with my letter writing this week due to a lazy streak I developed some time ago. All of my honorable ancestors were smart and hard working people so why this streak should crop up here is beyond me.

Got a letter from Eth a week ago dated Nov 15th and one from Merle recently, Nov 16. That's about all the letters I've had the past two weeks except two v mails from Aunt Stell and one from Leah. Haven't heard from Gerry for a long time now. Leah said something about being or feeling so sorry about Helen so I gather she must be sick. Hope Gerry won't have to quit work and take care of her if she is sick.

I'm glad Thornt got some more time. There's one thing about it if he does make the grade. The war should be just about over. I've been sweating him out for the past two years- looks as though he might be pretty safe.

Aunt Stell sent me Floyd's new address but of course I have no idea where he's located. You ask me how it is that some people can tell so much and others so little. I suppose there's different censorship regulations in various localities. You say that nothing is ever cut or blacked out of my letters. If we write anything we shouldn't they're handed back and we write them over again. Quite a job.

Will miracles never cease- just got a letter from Gerry. Said her mother was in the hospital with appendicitis and something else that I wouldn't understand. The letter could mean most anything so I hope it isn't serious. Helen has certainly had her share of troubles. I probably worried her to death when I was home but she used me swell just the same.

I asked Gerry to tell me more about her new job. In her letter she drew me a two page diagram of an International Business Machine and tried to explain just how it worked. It looks like a cross between a typewriter and the controls of a bomber so I've given up trying to figure it out. She should make a good wife if she can run that.

I just stood in our P.X. line for an hour and was rewarded with ten pkgs of gum, two nestles chocolate bars, two cans planters peanuts and two pkgs of cookies. Also four bars of Palmolive soap and two pkgs of washing powder. This is the first time our P.X. has had anything worthwhile to offer for a long time. Also got some pink writing paper that I shall break out with before long.

Can't think of much to write about. The war seems to be progressing slowly on all fronts in our favor. You people know more about such things than I do probably. Even if you can't believe half of what the newspapers say it will be fun for me when I get home to read one.

Got a postcard saying that I was receiving the "Readers Digest" as a Christmas present from Dad. Thanks a lot. I get most of the issues- a few of course are racked off on the way.

Your probably having some cold weather up in Maine about now. When I come home we'll all take off for Florida about the last of October to stay about five months. I'll never be able to stand a Maine winter- my blood would freeze right in the veins.

Take care every body. A very Merry Christmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

Lots of love,
Lewis



Lewis and Gerry Ross shortly after the war

Honoring out Veterans

by Kenneth Hamilton

Charles Kuntz Sr.

When WW II began, a part of the Casco Bay Lines fleet was taken over by the Army to transfer men and goods to the islands in Casco Bay. This takeover was to become part of the system of Harbor Defense. Charlie was at that time a deck hand on the Aucocisco and he was taken along with the boat to work on the defense of Casco Bay. Later he became Mate aboard the Maquoit and eventually sat for his steamboat license so that he became a captain in the fleet of Casco Bay Lines boats. Charlie is a treasure trove of information concerning the submarine nets, the anchorages for the battleships, cruisers and destroyers which were anchored in Casco Bay. He stayed with Harbor Defense until the war was over. He first came to Chebeague in 1936 and married Evelyn Doughty Weagle in 1948. Evelyn's first husband, Claude had died previously. Her son Edward was three years old when Charlie and Evelyn were married.



Edward L. Weagle, deceased

Edward L. Weagle was the son of Evelyn (Doughty) and Claude Weagle. He built the house on the North Road where Gary Varney later lived and is now occupied by Deborah Hall. He enlisted in the U S Navy in 1956 and was sent to Bainbridge, Md. for basic training. He was assigned to the heavy cruiser, Des Moines in 1957, patrolling in the Mediterranean Sea. He had Ports-of-Call in Athens and Rhodes, Greece as well as Marseilles, France and Messina, Sicily.

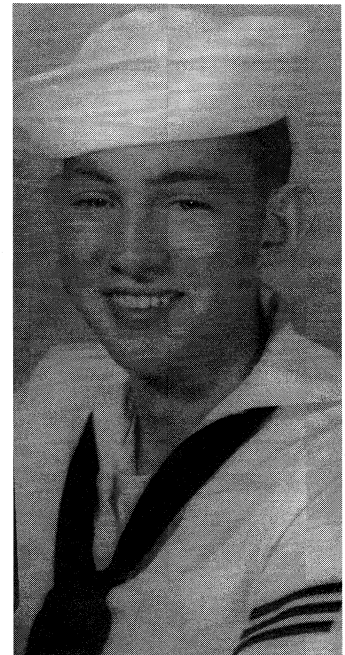
Still in the Mediterranean Sea in 1958, Edward visited Venice, Napoli and August Bay in Italy. In France he saw Paris, Monaco, Marseille, and Villefrance. In Spain he had liberty in Valencia and in Palma where he met his cousin, Earle Doughty. Earle was working in construction in Spain after being discharged from the Navy (Sea Bees) at the end of WW II. Edward saw Gibraltar, Suda Bay, Crete and Beirut, Lebanon where he got stabbed in the abdomen in an unreported skirmish. {Another island boy, Elliot Thompson, also got stabbed while in the service in the Philippines}

He was assigned to the heavy cruiser, USS Macon in 1959 and 1960 where his homeport was Boston, Mass. The Macon participated in several Presidential Cruises while Edward was aboard. She was the first naval ship through the opening of the St. Lawrence Seaway, sailing all the way to Chicago on Operation Inland Sea, and then to Scotland as part of Sea and Rescue during President Eisenhower's transatlantic flights. She followed the President to Buenos Aires, Argentina.

Edward sailed to Germany and on Feb. 12, 1960 he became a "Shellback" by crossing the equator. He was discharged with a Seaman's Rate on Jan. 16, 1961

Edward went into the merchant marine service Feb. of 1969 and served with an A.B. Seaman-unlimited ticket until Oct. of 1969.

Edward and his wife Rosalyn had five children, Edward B, Robert, Rosalyn and Rosalie, and Eric.



Edward B. Weagle

Edward B. is the oldest son of Edward L. and Rosalyn Weagle. Edward joined the United States Air Force in 1979. After basic training he attended a technical school for aircraft maintenance. In Feb. of 1980 he was given permanent duty at Mountain Home AFB Idaho. He worked as an aircraft crew chief on F-111 fighter bombers. Ed soon worked on all aircraft systems such as Jet engines, Hydraulics, Pneumatics, Electrical, Airframe and emergency egress systems. (ejection seats)

He was deployed to Toronto, Canada for the Canadian international air show in Aug. of 1982 to support the F-111s and F-4s flying during the show.

Since 1985 Edward has been in the USAF, Maine National Guard 265 Combat Communications Squadron as a Powered Equipment Support Technician. This is a long name for maintenance and operation of fixed and mobile generator systems. Another responsibility was the maintenance of environmental control units (air conditioning and heating systems) for fixed and temporary buildings as well as tents.

He was activated in March through August to support the U S Army in Hungary for Bosnian peace keeping efforts, Operation Joint Endeavor / Joint Guard with the 4400th Ops. Squadron. His duty was the operation and maintenance of generators for air traffic control systems and communication systems at Tazsar airbase. While at this air base Edward was able to travel around and see Hungary a few times.

In Feb. of 2003 Edward was again activated to support Operation Southern Watch, Enduring Freedom and Iraq Freedom. He was sent to Kuwait in support of the 332nd Air Expeditionary Group, 332nd Civil Engineering Squadron to operate and maintain a two megawatt mobile power plant and four aircraft arresting systems at Al Jabar Airbase. Nine days after start of Iraqi Freedom he was attached to a 27 person team sent into Iraq to open up Tallil Air Base just west of El Nasaria to support the ground troops. While at this location he aided in installing a three megawatt mobile power plant for three Harvest Eagle bed down kits (tents with air conditioning and chow hall for 3300 personnel) and several smaller generators for communications systems to support the mission. They also installed two emergency airfield lighting systems on the runways. He returned after six weeks to Al Jaber airbase, Kuwait to to pack up more equipment and send it to forward operating areas. He came home in August after his six months deployment. Ed is still a member of the USAF, Maine National Guard.



Eric C. Weagle

Eric is the youngest of the Weagle brothers. He has his own construction business and is presently working with his crew on two job sites on Chebeague Island.

Eric enlisted in the United States Marine Corps in April, 1989 and was sent to Camp Lejune, N. C. for basic training. He then went to the Mediterranean where he visited Rota and Palma in Spain; Naples, Rome, and Venice in Italy as well as Israel and Turkey during his Sea Service Deployment.

As a Marine rifleman he earned his expert rifleman badge with three awards. His deployment in the Mediterranean earned him his Sea Service Deployment Ribbon with two stars. Other medals awarded included the Good conduct Medal, National Defense Service Medal, Southwest Asia Service Medal with three bronze stars, Humanitarian Service Medal, Navy Unit Commendation with one star and the Kuwait Liberation Medal.

Eric's service records indicate that he participated in operation Sharpedge in evacuation operations of Non-combat U.S. and Foreign Nationals from the U.S. Embassy and surrounding area of Monrovia, Liberia. He participated in Operations Desert Shield and Desert Storm in Southwest Asia as well as in contingency operations during the cease-fire campaign in Kuwait / Saudi Arabia. This last duty earned him the Marine Corps Expeditionary Medal and the Combat Action Medal

Eric was discharged in April of 1993 exactly four years after enlistment.

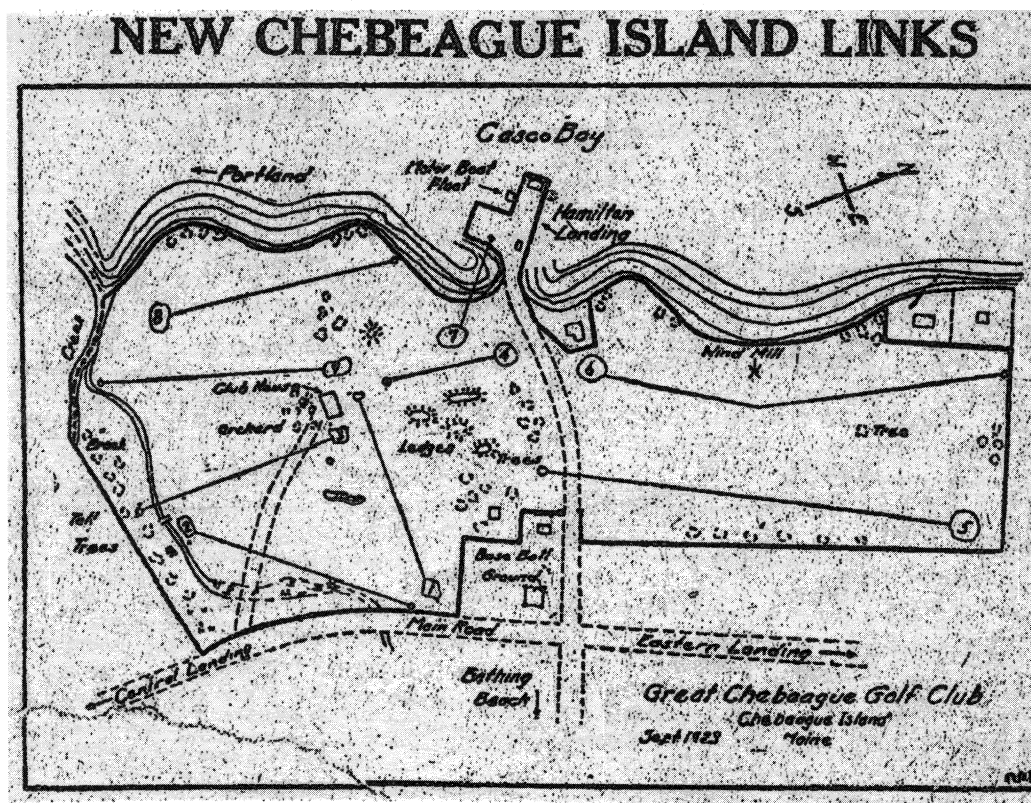
Editors Note: Unfortunately we are not always able to obtain the Veteran's discharge papers as we did with Eric. Thus giving us all the information described above.



NEW CHEBEAGUE ISLAND LINKS

by Kenneth Hamilton

The following historical notes are edited from a State of Maine Edition newspaper article probably written in late 1920's. The writer has randomly chosen excerpts from this article.



"This shows the layout of the new nine-hole course off the coast of Maine. The club started three years ago with six holes. These have been reconstructed and three new ones built, including a 140 yard water hole unequalled on the Maine coast. The property now owned by the club is three times its original area. The club is the social centre of the summer colony of 1200 cottage and hotel guests. The club members come from 12 states. The family membership is \$25, and visitors can play at \$1 a day or \$5 a week.

The club had its inception Aug. 13, 1920, in a conversation between George F. Spalding and B. R. T. Collins, summer residents of Chebeague Island from Newton Center, Mass., when they were picking blackberries in the center of the island near the Methodist Church. The upshot of this informal discussion was a meeting held Aug. 27 at the home of E. Pierpont Gwillim to organize a golf club.

At this meeting it was voted to call the new organization the Chebeague Golf Club, and the list of officers included president, L. J. Chandler; vice-president, E. Pierpont Gwillim; secretary, George E. Spalding; treasurer, B.R.T. Collins while William C. Newell was to serve with them on the board of directors.

Steps were taken to inquire into available land for the links, and the David N. Hill estate was chosen. Negotiations with the heirs resulted in lease with its annual rental of \$50 for three years, with an option to buy the 50 acres of juniper-tangled pasture and the century and a half old house, the second oldest on the island,

After the financial part of the deal was arranged, Eugene Thompson, greens-keeper and Clarence Hamilton {both of these men being great uncles of this writer} with his horse were put to work by the club with permission of Charles W. Hamilton, whose previous lease of the property for a cow pasture did not expire until December. In 10 days this advance guard construction force of the links had plowed and furrowed the six greens, removed dead trees and bushes, as well as several boulders from the fairways and plowed a part of what is now the 8th fairway.

That Labor Day, Sept. 6, 1920, Spalding and Collins went over the ground with a 100 foot clothes line and laid out nine holes. Subsequently the decision was made to have six good holes instead, and with the aid of Ellis A. Ballard of Philadelphia, Mr. Collins once more brought the clothesline into play and laid out the six holes shown in the first folder issued by the club in the spring of 1921.

Golf was played over the course, however, in the September of 1920, Mr. Hamilton, whose cows grazed the property, giving his consent thus: "Well, I guess it will be all right, if you don't hit the cows too hard with the balls"

A golf club which cherishes a private graveyard is one of the features of Great Chebeague Island in Maine's famous Casco Bay. This small ancient graveyard, far from lending a depressing atmosphere to its golf surroundings, makes a charming archaic contrast to them. B.R.T. Collins says in his History of the Great Chebeague Golf Club: "Six bodies were buried in this little cemetery and the inscriptions on four of the stones are as follows (the remaining two stones are moss covered and can not be deciphered.) 'Reuben Keazer died Nov. 15, 1816, age 59 years. Stop all my friends as you pass by. As you are now so once was I, as I am now so you must be, therefore prepare to follow me' 'Joseph , young son of Reuben and Mary Keazer, died Aug. 1815, aged 10 mos.' 'Edmund, son of Judah and Polly Chandler, died Sept. 3, 1832 aged 3 yrs. and 6 mos. Suffer little children to come unto Me and to forbid them not.' 'In memory of Polly, wife of Judah Chandler, who died Aug. 14, 1837, aged 47 years, Adieu my friends , dry up your tears, I must lie here till Christ appears.'"

The course as reconstructed is considered by golf enthusiasts as one of the sportiest nine hole courses in New England. Natural ravines and a brook crossed by rustic bridges offer exciting hazards. The fairways are bordered by rugged rocks and sandy beaches while in the background shimmer the wide blue reaches of Casco Bay."

Wartime News From the Great Chebeague Golf Club

Members of the island summer community wondered if they would be able to come to Chebeague during WW II as they had for many years prior to the war. A copy of a letter sent to Gordon Trower and his fellow golfers in 1942 was provided to us by his daughter, Jennifer Trower Hamilton.

April 1, 1942

Notice to Proprietary Members: Summertime is approaching and thoughts of Chebeague are in your mind. Your president and Secretary have been active and we want to let you know that you can come to Chebeague this summer for your usual relaxation and good time.

The Nelly G. boats will run as usual, although on a slightly changed route due to the restricted areas in the Bay. The usual route to Western and Central Landings cannot be used after April 10th, but the Casco Bay Line has the mail contract and undoubtedly will have a landing at Chebeague within the free area.

Portland and vicinity, including Casco Bay, is experiencing some military activity. On Chebeague Island there is quartered a contingent of soldiers who, we understand, will man searchlight and possibly other batteries. The army headquarters in this district have assured our President, Mr. McLellan, that the army requirements on the Island will interfere as little as possible with the normal activities of the summer colony.

Casco Bay is being used as anchorage for the ships of the North Atlantic Patrol. The Navy Department is exercising rigid control over the activities of the water front. A regulation has been recently passed that both crew members and passengers on the boats operating in the Bay, as well as individuals on the water front, must have official identification cards issued by the United States Coast Guard. This includes provision for a photograph and for finger printing for identification purposes. A temporary identification card is issued on application which is good until the finger prints are checked, whereupon a permanent identification card is issued.

These identification cards are issued by the Captain of the Port, an officer of the United States Coast Guard. If you are adjacent to a Port you can obtain your identification card before you leave to visit the Island, otherwise from the Captain of the Port at Portland, Maine.

At the present date passage on boats is possible without this identification card but no assurance is given, and the authorities strongly urge every one who has business on the waterfront to obtain the official card to avoid embarrassment and delay.

This information is extended to help you, and will you kindly advise and friends who may be planning to visit Chebeague Island this coming season.

Edward B. Moulton
Secretary

MEMORIES FROM THE HOME FRONT

Richard Calder was a boy of 9-12 years old during WW II. His older brothers, Chesley, Norman, and John, were old enough to be in the service; and all three participated in some real fighting.

Memories from Dick Calder

It was exciting when the army arrived on Chebeague. They moved into the Island Hall and Ed Doughty's house until the barracks were built. They built installations at East End Point, at the Ball Field where the school is now, at Deer Point and at the bar going over to Littlejohns Island.

Most of them came to Central Landing when they arrived. They had to rebuild the wharf to get heavy equipment here. They took down a cottage in Parkers Woods for either wood to burn or for camouflage. They cut wood in Parkers Woods for fuel as well as bringing coal for heat. They had a search light in the field behind Edmund's Store and we used to go to Leonard's store and watch them during the evening while they were working it.

The Army issued flags to fishermen to fly on their boats. My Uncle Silas said hogwash (!) and put his down forward in his boat. One shot across his bow made him put his flag up too!

We watched them working a bulldozer in Wayne Dyer's pit (not his at the time of course). They were getting sand and gravel to build the roads to Deer Point and at the bar where the submarine net was. There were two plane spotting towers, one on the peak of the Grange Hall and the second in the tall trees by the Rec Center. Different people on the island manned them. We could always see a crowd of the men marching on the roads and sometimes they worked on the roads to help the Island people. If we had a fire, several truckloads of soldiers would arrive to help put out the blaze.

I remember flags showing in windows of the island people who were also proudly displaying a star for each family member in the service. We had one with three stars at our house. Everyone here had ration books that we used at Leonard's store or wherever we shopped. Occasionally some of the guys would come to the school to help the kids learn to play basketball.

I had two sisters of dating age at home so we saw our share of the "boys". Some of the guys would stop over to get good water to drink so we were told, as the well at the bar was salt water. Looking back on the visits, we figured that was a good excuse to see the girls! Two of my sisters married soldiers and left the Island. One went to Massachusetts and the other went to Fairfield, Maine.

Many of the men that didn't go off to war worked on Long Island at the Naval fuel base. Every morning someone, often times Albert Bennett, drove around with a dump truck and picked the guys up. He had seats in the back for the men to sit on. Some did just day shifts and others stayed longer. My father (Walter) worked on the big dock over there tending the big ships when they came in. He also told about helping to tow the garbage barges out to



Dick Calder dressed in a uniform similar to his older brothers'

sea from time to time. There were a lot of ships over between Chebeague and Falmouth Foreside in the anchorage. Part of our entertainment was walking the shoreline picking up parts of uniforms, biscuits, canned hams, etc.

Most of the barracks were taken down after the war was over. Two were left at the East End Point- one was moved down to the Stone Pier for a restaurant and later a store and the other barracks went to Herbie Rich's on the John Small Road. Part of it became his house and the rest he used to build boats in. The one at Deer Point burned in a fire.

I can't end this story without mention of Bert Mansfield's Ice Cream Parlor. It sat right in what we called the Center, on what is now Ken Hamilton's lawn (near the ice house). Every single day and night the place was full of soldiers and as many island kids as would fit in. The overflow just played the jukebox and danced in the main road. I was just a kid but I didn't miss much of what was going on, not with those sisters living at home and the Army guys looking for a date!

Joan Robinson, who is just a tiny bit older than Dick Calder, gives us a remembrance of WW II from both living in Bath and on Chebeague. Joan gives us a really poignant picture of the day Chebeague learned the War had ended. Phil and Emmy Seabury had lost their son, Dick, to malaria. Dick Seabury was the only Chebeaguer to loose his life in WW II.

Memories from Joan B. Robinson

When World War II broke out, I was 9 and 13 when it ended, so my memories are from a child's point of view. My father told my brother and I that we had to give up something so we gave up sugar on our cereal. It wasn't much of a hardship because he bought those wonderful banana flakes to put on our cereal. My Mother and Father became Air Raid Wardens. We had to draw our shades at night (my job). We had coupons for different foods like sugar and butter and coupons for gas and shoes. One bright sunny March day, 2 friends and I decided to walk to Quaker Point in West Bath where our camp was. The roads at that time were dirt, needless to say we ruined our shoes in the mud. My father took us down to Charlie Shepard's shoe store. We all got new shoes, I think my father bribed him with a pound of butter and a gallon of ice cream. Working at Oakhurst he made the butter and ice cream. When the war ended in August of '45 I was on the Island. I was sitting on the top step at my aunt Mabel Bennett Hill's putting white shoe polish on my sneakers. My cousin Freeland Hill yelled, "It's Over", what excitement. There was a spontaneous Parade around the Island; Uncle Roy (Leroy Hill) captured it all on film. The saddest thing was riding by Phil Seabury's with he and Emmy standing by the side of the road waving, knowing their son wasn't coming home.

Joan Robinson in 1946. Note the observation platform on the roof of the grange.



How I got to Chebeague Island

by Jim Millinger

In 1928 my dad was called to the First Congregational Church in York Village where he was the minister for twenty-four years. I was born and raised there and as kids my sisters and I played in the summertime on the fine sandy beaches of York Harbor and Long Sands.

Two of my dad's parishioners were Mr. and Mrs. Grover. Their daughter Beatrice was a teen-ager in my dad's church youth group and took piano lessons from my mother. In 1929, on one of the youth group's camping trips, my parents took them to Three Islands on the New Meadows which my mother's father owned and to which my mother had come as a child and teenager in the first two decades of the 20th century.

After college, "Bea" Grover came to Chebeague Island as the Junior High School teacher (Fall 1936 through the Spring of 1938), fell in love with an island guy named Dick Bowen, and brought him back to York Village and her home church for their wedding. The Chebeague Island Historical Society has a photograph of the wedding party in my dad's York church including maid of honor Victoria Bowen (Smith), Suzanne Bennett (Jackson), and ring-bearer Barry Hamilton.

When my mother's father and his childless older brother died during World War II she received a small inheritance and decided to find a place, an island place, where she could offer her four children the kind of summers that she had had as a youth. Bea Bowen was often back in York visiting her parents and her former minister and piano teacher. On one visit she and my mother talked islands and she told my mother about her favorite, Chebeague. My mother and sisters Carolyn and Susan got off the boat in Chandlers Cove on January 31, 1947, walked up the pier, and were met by Clyde's (Bea's brother-in-law) former airport 8-passenger limousine that took them to Roy Hill's. Roy showed them some cottages. I was along on the second trip when we visited the Graves cottage at Springettes and then on the fourth trip when we saw the Graves cottage again, the Renwick cottage and the Healy cottage. Mom bought the Renwick cottage (Cordes, Laird, Renwick, Millinger, Hamilton, now Bonebakker) and thus, when I was a lad of twelve I began to spend summers on the island.



Jim Millinger in front of the family cottage

First memories of Chebeague August 1957

By Nancy E. Chamberlin

I had never been to Maine. An island in Casco Bay. What could that be? My first memory was coming into the Stone Pier at low tide with people standing way up top (the New Jersey tides I had known were not like that). The next memory was seeing the Chamberlin cottage surrounded by grass with apple trees off to one side (I thought cottages were on the beach with waves in front).

Other memories are as follows: Looking for four leaf clovers in the grass on the way to the porch (Mrs. C always found some). Picking blueberries along the side of the road. Waldo Crafts dusting down the front steps to the living room while Mrs. C and I sat on either side of the fireplace. Learning from Mrs. C how to entice razor clams to the surface with salt on the beach below the Island View. Paying a visit to Mrs. McCall. That was quite an experience. An impressive lady to say the least. Meeting Jan and Marion Friis and seeing their magnificent sweet pea garden, one of my favorite flowers. Watching the changing pattern and color of the bay out in front of the cottage. Rocking on the porch. Meeting people who lived on the island all the time. I did not want to leave. As the years have passed it has been ever thus- only more so.

WW II on Deer Point

by Mimi Moulton

The following excerpts are taken from a diary kept by John Moulton during the war. John and his family, including his daughter, Mimi, spent as much time as the could on the island and even managed a winter visit on occasion.

My dad, John Moulton, grew up summering on Peaks Island. After he and my mother, Miriam, were married in June, 1938, they drove up from Waltham Massachusetts and came down from Portland in his '28 Hampton, "Vega", to honeymoon in one of the primitive camps on Deer Point owned by Mrs. Walter Dow. They loved the place so much that they bought the property the following summer, and Deer Point became our true home. Dad was a high school math teacher, and the best day of the year was always the day after school let out, when we piled the old Ford with stuff (impedimenta, he always called it) and headed north to paradise. As befitting a math teacher, he was an efficient and organized man, and in 1938 began to keep a journal in one of his blue-lined school notebooks, starting each day with a detailed



weather observation and ending with a summary of the day's activities. He rarely missed a day from Volume 1 (1938-39) to Volume XVI (1958-60). Life in the camp wasn't easy: we heated and cooked with wood, hauled water from the spring on the rocks and our supplies down from Western Landing through the field by Manley and Fanny Dyer's house (we didn't bring a car over until '42, when he noted "*Seems a sign of coming old age, this riding around in your own car down here.*"), tended kerosene lights, moored the "Vega" in the cove, worked on the camps, and had an outhouse with a great view of Hope Island. Dad describes days filled with hard work, but as the war approached he gave equal attention to daily chores and world events; you are as likely to learn that "*The radio gives us one week of peace in Europe*" (9/23/38) as you are that "*Can't get any wood from Martin Hamilton right now because his horse died- so Warren (Hamilton) tells me.*" (4/5/40). But a few glimpses into his journals give us an idea what wartime was like for our family on Deer Point.

The old battery radio was the source of all Dad's early knowledge about the war, and the events were far from the shores of his beloved Chebeague. His entry for 9/3/39 records that "At 6 AM today Britain declared state of war with Germany, at about noon France did likewise (our time)"; typically he goes on to tell us that he repaired the outhaul in the cove. And I was born in Portland that summer, so there's a lot of news about the new baby. By the next summer, 1940, he was installing black-out shades and hearing "big guns." But the war still seemed very far away, as in this cold winter visit:

2/27/41 7 PM Fires beating back the 26 degree cold...Portland Head, Ram Island and Cape Elizabeth lighthouses wink familiarly at this dark, quiet spot of Maine, while in the house the voice of a man speaking from Athens, Greece, tells us of the latest British move in the Mediterranean.

By the summer of 1941, however, as he mentions rumors that the army will take over the camp and we will lose the property, he begins to document the growing sights and sounds of war.

8/21/41 On way up to Peaks (in "Vega") I saw 9 destroyers leaving the bay via Hussey Sounds. This evening we see 4 destroyers by Outer Green. The battle ship "Arkansas" is in now.

And on a visit a few days after Christmas, 1941:

The United States is now, formally, at war with Japan, Germany and Italy. Portland, being a base for the Northern Atlantic Fleet as well as an important shipbuilding center, is a key point in our nation's defense. On the way down with Earl (Stockbridge) on the Gurnet, my eyes and ears observe: 2 new 10,000 ton hulls, the first launched by Bath-Todd Co. at S. Portland; the great new shipyard to the west of the breakwater, soon to be torn down; the patrol boats in Portland Harbor, ready to stop or fire on any small boat; the great tanks floating the submarine net clear across Hussey's Sound. Two patrol boats, about 80' long, stand by this net day and night, guarding the very small opening. Also in Hussey's they have a giant driller, which is drilling holes in the ledge a few hundred yards east of Pumpkin Knob. Earl says 'twill cost two million dollars to remove that ledge. The inner Bay (Diamond, Long and Chebeague Island) is where all the Navy boats go, very few there today, but vessels of all kinds, including submarines, come in there. 37 at once, somebody said. 4 Navy PBY flying boats came in as we were passing. Every small boat is greatly restricted, no one may go after dark. In the daytime they can only stay inside, as Hussey's and Broad Sounds are mined (outside). All boat owners were fingerprinted, and captain has to carry an identification tag with his picture. Fanny says at night they have heard sounds of heavy gunfire offshore; and the inspection boat comes around shining a light on her house.

We were able to stay in the camp for the summer of 1942. Dad always had to work in the summer in order to pay our bills; he spent that summer raking sea moss (with a garden rake!), piling it in our John Small punt, and rowing it up to Roses Point where he unloaded it into bushel baskets and sold it to the Irish Sea Moss Company of Maine. He discovered he could safely carry about 450 pounds in the punt and sold it for 1.5 cents/pound. Life in our little camp had truly changed:

7/13/42 You may perhaps wonder what life on Deer Point in wartime was like. The war has isolated Deer Pt., has made it remote, as though we were on a wild section of the Gaspe. People seldom come down. With the exception of the lobster boats at 6 AM every other day, practically no boats pass. This is because a submarine net, with a chain of buoys and spikes, stretches from Crow Island to the crib (of rocks) directly in front of the old sea scout camp. An important corollary to this fact is that Western Landing is never used.

And on a December visit:

12/26/42 The Army now maintains tents and permanent guard down at Deer Point by the end of the boom to Long Island. One is not supposed to go down there. Casco Bay Lines has built a wharf in Chandler's Cove...It will soon be ready for use, which will, probably, give Chebeague 3 boats a day in the wintertime instead of one, and will almost cut the running time to Portland in half. It now takes about as long to go from Portland to Chebeague by boat as from Portland to Boston on the express train.

12/28/42 One must bring all the coffee and sugar one needs, as these are rationed; and all the butter, as this is scarce. We must be very careful to keep ahead on the woodpile, as you can't buy wood here any more, plenty of

wood but no one to cut it. No coal for summer visitors. One of our most familiar of sounds, the putt-putt boats, is gone for the duration: lobstering is forbidden in Casco Bay now. There are over 100 soldiers on Chebeague now, enough to put them on QM rations and take the business from Warren (Hamilton).

In the spring of '43 we rented the camps to soldiers:

4/25 Easter. 2 soldiers and their families down this afternoon, want to rent this place. Quoted them: \$25/month for this place, \$15/month for the other, beginning May 1st.

That summer Dad worked on the fort at Peaks, and we stayed in his parents' summer cottage there. The next year, 1944, we were only able to be here for a few weeks, but Dad was encouraged about the future:

7/25/44 *It looks now very much as though this world holocaust will pass, leaving the shores of our beloved Chebeague untouched. That statement was not possible in summer '42, or probable in summer '43. Coincident with the turn of the tide across the broad ocean at our doorstep is the turn here, the swing back toward normalcy. Lobstering now goes on freely, our watery lawn being strewn with pots. The blackouts, dimouts, et al, are gone, and one can build a bonfire at night if he wants to. The Island, they say, has as many people on it as it ever had; and the fear of bombings, which kept some people away from here in '42 and '43 is passed. You see very few ships and planes; we haven't seen anything larger than a destroyer this summer. Of course, no pleasure boats (except occasionally a sailboat) pass; the boom is still stretched from Chebeague to Long Island, and everything that was rationed still is.*

In the summer of 1945 Dad had a job working for the New York State Education Department in Albany but was able to come down with us in June to note a series of hopeful signs:

6/20 *Most welcome sight since many a moon: Deer Point passage is now open, and has been for about 2 weeks. The Maquoit, coming in from Cliff, now slips past the south end of Hope and through Deer Point Passage... 6/28 Saw old Portland Head flashing tonight. The world is slowly but surely righting herself.*

Mom stayed in the camp by herself with me, managed all the heavy chores, and kept the diary going; however she wasn't able to get radio batteries, her watch stopped, and "big guns" firing on August 13th caused enough vibrations to knock off a piece of the fireplace chimney which in turn broke the chimney on her one kerosene lamp... she felt quite isolated from the world. She was splitting wood in the yard on August 14th when she heard a voice yelling "Miriam, hurry up, Truman speaks in ten minutes. So we dashed off, were on top of the hill when the whistles and bells in Portland began to blow. We knew this must be it, and dashed for Alma's. The war is over! I found myself in tears. Alma fired off her pistol, Mack came dashing home and fired off his gun, and everyone but Alma and us tore off in Fanny's car. The church bell rang on Chebeague, and all the cars went toward Chandler's blowing their horns." 8/14/45

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The Coves & Points of Chebeague Island

by Jim Millinger

In this issue we are going to take up the question of coves and points. It's time to get on the record what people can recall about some more island names.

What's the Name of that Cove?

Here's our list of seven:

- Black's
- Bennett's
- Chandler's
- Cleaves'
- Coleman's
- Johnson's (a.k.a. Duck Cove)
- Webber's

Do you have some others?

The first thing that strikes us is that it appears that they all bear somebody's last name.

The second thing that strikes us is that all but one are southwest of the old division line.

So, O.K., for you West-enders: we think that we know the origins of the names of (Zachariah) Chandler's, (Stephen) Bennett's and (Barnwell) Johnson's Coves, but what about Coleman's and Black's, and Webber's? Any leads there?

Who was (Was there ever a) Mr./Mrs. Coleman?

What about Black's? Was there a Mr./Mrs. Black? When?

And what about Webber's? Have you ever been in Webber's Cove?

East-enders: How well known is Cleaves' Cove? Why Aaron's Wharf, but Cleaves' Cove?

And the missing coves:

Stone Wharf Cove? You don't hear that term, but some of us remember years ago people talking about taking their boat up into the "cove" between the Stone Wharf and the 7th green.

How about the curve at the boatyard? Did it ever have a name? The "Niblick" was a Beach, but did that cove have a name?

And that nice cove that Indian Point makes. Did the Ballard's ever give it a name? Theirs?

Was there ever a name for that little curl down below Capp's on the southwest end of Hamilton's Beach?

How about your favorite cove? Got one?

What's the Point?

by Jim Millinger

Well, we count eleven points and two heads. Here are ours:

Alphabetical

Artist's
Bar (a.k.a. Uncle John's Point)
Ben Webber's
Carter's
Deer
Division
East End (a.k.a. Chebeag(ue) Point)
Indian
Rose's
Sandy
Waldo (a.k.a. Wildes)

Geographical

East End
Ben Webber's
Artist's
Rose's
Waldo
Sandy
Deer
Indian
Division
Bar
Carter's

Only four bear a last name: Ben Webber's, John M. Rose's, Carter's and Waldo. For whom was Carter's named, and Waldo? A 1871 map has Waldo as "Wildes."

Bar Point was also known as Uncle John's (John Alvin Hamilton). Does anyone know when or why the name was changed? Or was it?

Some of the other names are pretty straight-forward: East End is named for its geographical position (although on some charts it is often Chebeag[ue] Point), Sandy and Bar exemplify the nature of those points, and Division was a human creation, but why Indian? Is there a story behind that name? Is there a story behind Deer? And was there a particular artist for whom Artist Point got named or was it just the view ("of" or "from") there?

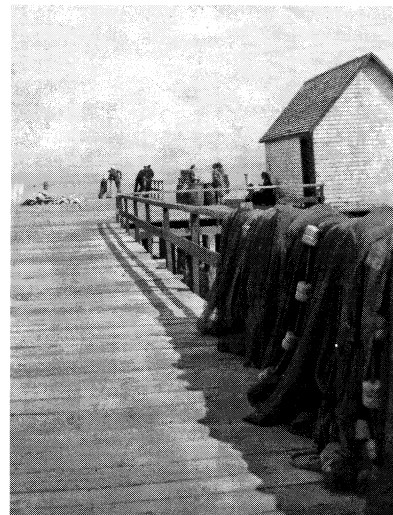
Now the Heads: Noddle Head
 Ricker Head

Stephen Ricker's is no problem but "Noddle"? In an article in the last issue of The Sloop's Log, Donna Damon noted that the Harris house "was christened Noddlehead, a name preserved from a nineteenth century deed." Does anyone have a lead? Was there ever a Mr./Mrs. Noddle, or does the point simply look like the back of a human head?

Snapshots of Chebeague In the 1940s
from the collection of Martha Hamilton



Back Shore
Fish Houses

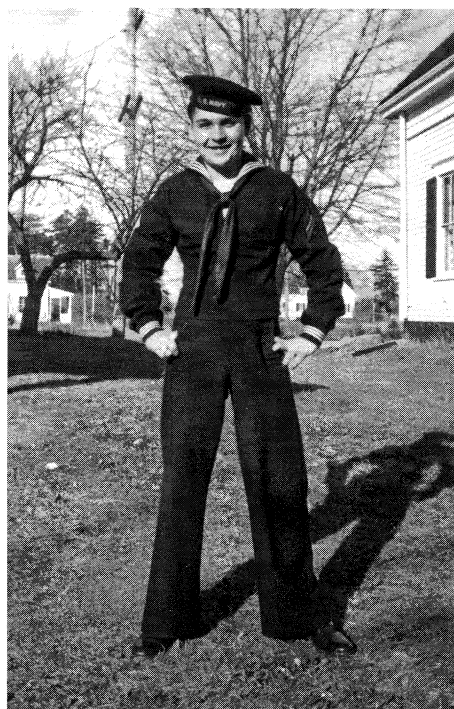


Central Landing



Charlotte Stilphen
on the job at Bert's

Who is the cute sailor below
and when did he serve? (photo from the early 1950's)



Thanks to Bill Munroe from the CIHS for his
dedicated enthusiasm for Chebeague history



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