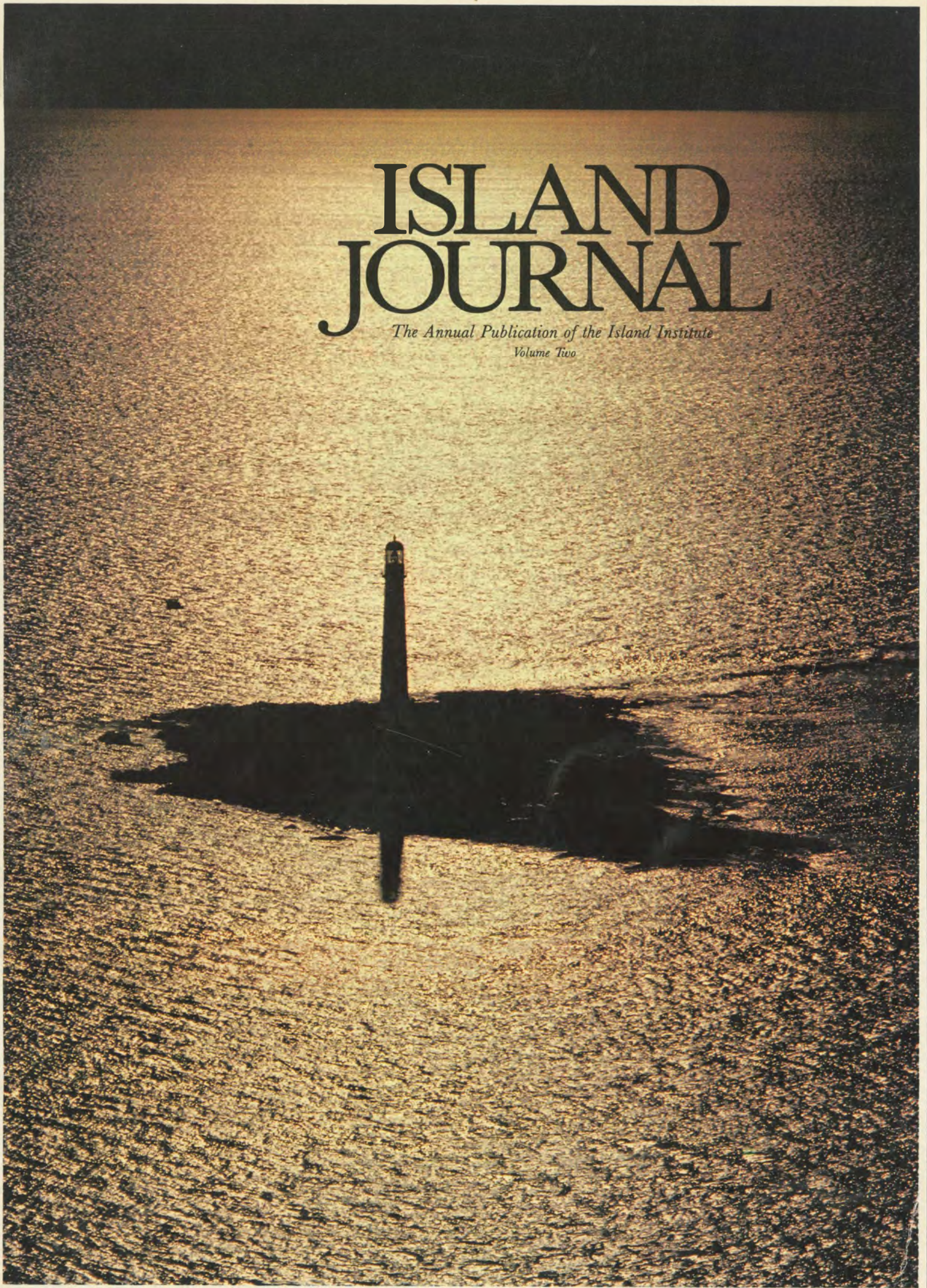


ISLAND JOURNAL

The Annual Publication of the Island Institute

Volume Two



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The Island Institute is a resource management and information service for island owners, communities and visitors to islands in the Gulf of Maine.

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COVER: Boon Island Light. Its physical presence speaks of absolute service to mankind; the light in the dark towering over absolute wilderness.

Cover photograph by Peter Ralston



Peter Ralston

Letter from the Editor

Much of New England's profound effect on people, for residents as well as those "from away," comes from the way in which the landscape and character of its people change from mile to mile, township to township. To be sure, there are underpinnings which bind the region into a whole, but each island like each valley and town possesses a startlingly individual character up to and including a kind of alienation from those in the next valley, the next town. "They're different, over there..." we'll be told, or say, or feel.

But islanders have more in common with each other than with mainlanders who might live closer by. The reason, of course, is that islanders share the stamps of the past more tenaciously and jealously than do places elsewhere. Matched only by certain places in the Deep South, our island communities show very strongly the effects of tradition: the signs, symbols and values required for the conduct of island life.

Islands in fact are the quintessence of New England. Roads belie how, to some degree or other, all New Englanders are islanders. By their very nature more isolated from cosmopolitan economic options, islands bear their historic stamps boldly, and in this they find their pride—an attractive and compelling sense of singularity and character on the one hand and problems—sometimes excruciating and unsolvable—on the other that can lead to the social death of the island community.

In one sense, the coast of Maine is a boneyard, a cemetery of maritime communities that could not sustain their life ways against the onslaught of history. The list is sad, and too long: Eagle, Butter, Bartletts, Hurricane, Crotch, Cushings, Criehaven and Damariscove, to name a few. At one time all had viable year-round communities, each thriving in its own particular way; now they are memories, fading glass plates, and molding county records.

Maine's island communities are, in effect, indicators for the rest of rural New England. If islands bear their stamps larger, and recoil or respond to changes more sensitively, then there is value in addressing the Bad News along with the Good. Just as Pennsylvania coal miners used to take a canary with them into the mines, to be their monitor of dangerous gases, New England *must* watch her islands, and learn from them. The miners loved their bird. We must love our islands, for they are sensitive models of the consequences of ostensibly small decisions and changes, which on islands become comparatively much larger than in mainland communities of otherwise similar character.

The first issue of *Island Journal* had its own special job to do, not the least of which was to introduce itself and the Island Institute, to establish some broad editorial and programmatic concerns, and to stimulate interest and participation in the island forum that it is meant to be. This, our second issue, refines those purposes, but more importantly expands

them by broaching some of the Bad News along with the more fun Good News. Response to the first issue was marvelous, given the trepidations that are part of any new venture. We think that our proper response is to be sure that our foundation, our "early days," include some reportage, penetration, and assessment of the islands' darker sides; not just to avoid the possible charge of being simply a promotional publication designed to make everyone feel good, but also because the only true service to islands must include some woe with the glee, ugliness with the beauty, stupidity with the intelligence.

We can learn a lot by studying what happened in the past when certain kinds of events happened and certain kinds of decisions were made. So, there is some Bad News history in these pages. Similarly, certain islands today are directly addressing contemporary Bad News in various ways, often in climates of hot debate between different interests, and these situations, issues, and consequences must be of compelling interest to all of us, not just islanders, but rural New Englanders and Americans generally. When the canary died, the miners got out. When islanders get out, islands die.

Uniqueness and character have their price, and certainly by now there is clear evidence that certain ways of meeting these costs appear to betray their advertised or intended purpose. Ask anyone who used to like Nantucket. Carry on a conversation on Swans Island, or French-



Peter Ralston

Weir — Downeast

boro. Find someone who used to live on Criehaven (Ragged Island), or who wants to remain on Matinicus, and listen to them, closely.

That said, we offer our sincerest thanks for your support and gracious response to *Island Journal*. Write to us with ideas, and with articles and item contributions that you feel might be of interest to the readership. We want to hear about what *you* do and think about in *your* island experience, in whatever capacity, to whatever degree. This is your magazine, and you belong in it.

George Putz
Senior Editor

From the Art Director

The most rewarding part of my role in producing *Island Journal* has been meeting the creators or owners of some very remarkable photographs. To those of you who have come forward and contributed the images in both this and last year's *Island Journal*, my deepest thanks. To those of you who may want to share work with all of us, please call or write me at the Institute. Most of our favorite images were created by people who don't think of themselves as "professionals." If you've got some good work, I hope you'll let us see it.

Peter Ralston
Art Director

From the Director

Because Maine's islands are finite in number and are highly romantic landscapes, the islands' futures will be driven by second-home development pressures unless cooperative efforts between seasonal and year-round residents can find ways to maintain some traditional natural resource-based enterprises, such as fisheries, agriculture, boatbuilding and forestry activities upon which the islands have historically been dependent.

The role of the Island Institute is to act as a catalyst to increase the communication between the tens of thousands of islanders and dozens of organizations concerned about the future of the Maine islands by:

1. focusing increased effort from the *research* community on the resource management and economic development problems faced by islanders, owners, and users;
2. supporting exchange of *information* between islanders and island owners, to conserve the values and resources that make the islands unique;
3. sponsoring *educational* programs which examine the relationship between islanders and their natural resources in a historical context.

Membership benefits include:

- *Island Journal*, a 72-page perfect bound, first quality, full-color annual publication (single issues can be purchased for \$9.95)
- Newsletters
- Research reports on on-going natural resource management projects

- Invitations to Island Institute conferences and educational seminars
- Discounts on existing publications

But we are not enough. We need your voice, vision and support. Join us in helping shape the future of the Maine islands.

The back pages of *Island Journal* contain additional information on programs and membership benefits.

Please fill out the membership card and JOIN THE ISLAND INSTITUTE!

Philip W. Conkling
Executive Director

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Peter Ralston

CRIEHAVEN

By George Putz

Along with Matinicus and Matinicus Rock, Criehaven (Ragged Island) guards the mouth of Penobscot Bay. A 300-acre patch of rock and soil shaped by ice, wind and water, the island long sustained its self-reliant families with a traditionally New England mixture of saltwater farms and marine enterprise.

The bare bones of its history are straightforward. Criehaven, originally called Ragged Arse, a Yankee rendering of *Racketash*, an Abenaki word for "island rocks," first appears in the records of the 1790's. Thereafter for a century it produced hay, sheep, wool and fish for the Boston market. Though as many as 60-odd people lived there at one time, generally its population stabilized at between 30 and 40 souls, mainly farmer-fishermen and their families. Long-time rivals of their kin on next-door Matinicus, Criehaven residents voted to secede from the larger township in 1896 and incorporated as a town. Then with its own name and as master of its own future, Criehaven thereafter had its own school and post office—both persistent matters of dispute with Matinicus.

The island thrived during the 19th century. Its meager but beautiful landscape paid for itself through good years and poor, while the sea provided the staples: dried and salted groundfish and

lobsters packed by the crate in rockweed and shipped for as little as 2 cents per pound. But by 1925 the landowners on the island were feeling pressed by tax burdens imposed by the township and they voted to disincorporate, reverting to the status of an unincorporated territory of the state. Several families lived there year-round for another decade and a half, but by 1941 the game was up, and the last of the permanent families opted to spend winters on the mainland.

So much for the bare bones. The flesh of the story is deeper, involving a powerful personality, interaction with a glacially slow Federal Government, and determination on the part of the island's present population to revitalize their community once again.

Robert Crie was the grandson of John Crie, a retired British soldier who had settled on Matinicus in 1783. In 1848 Robert moved to Ragged Island with his new wife, and for 50 years was the moving force of the island. As a farmer, he bought up most of the lands as they became available; as a woodsman, he shipped lumber and wood; and as an entrepreneur, he established fish processing and packing facilities and a supply store. Writing in his marvelous book, *Islands of the Mid-Maine Coast*, author Charles McLane says, "By 1879 Robert

Crie had bought up all parcels of Ragged Island and ran it as a private fiefdom." This island don died in 1901, leaving behind a good tight ship but without nearly so strong a hand at the helm as his had been.

With regard to bad luck, Criehaven had no more than most New England towns. Storms and fires swept the waterfront on various occasions, but the hardy people always put their facilities back in good order, and life went on. However, as our elders tell us, theirs was a waning hardiness. In former days, men and women made and repaired everything themselves from raw stock. The men would row out to sea to fish all day and return to split and process their product and then tend to the domestic animals and their needs. All of this was done for an annual family income of a couple of hundred dollars. Their descendants do not live that way, and won't. The resources and economic fabric of today will not allow it, even should an unlikely spirit be found willing.

* * *

Criehaven's harbor is a good snug place except when seas sweep out of the northwest. But increasingly it has given trouble. For starters, the sea level has risen about a half foot in the past century. That



Criehaven Harbor circa 1900



Capt. Robert "King" Crie

Crie Family Collection (2)

doesn't sound like much, but when it is combined with high moon tides and violent storm surges, it is a significant development, indeed. In 1911 both Criehaven and Matinicus applied to the Federal Government for breakwaters in their respective harbors. Matinicus got hers in 1912. Outraged Criehaven did not and initiated a decades-long dispute with the government that was not resolved until 1938 when the harbor finally got its breakwater.

But this tardy gesture was too little and too late; bad luck had another card to deal: World War II. In 1940 the island could not find a teacher for its two or three remaining children. That year the families involved sent their children to the mainland to board, a wrenching decision for mothers with smaller families and higher expectations than those of their forbears. The next year, 1941, the mothers reluctantly decided to move to the mainland to be with their youngsters. Though the fathers made a try at bachelor autumn and winter life on the island, it was no good. The war called, and people needed to be together whenever they could. Criehaven was abandoned as a year-round island community.

But there was too much in Criehaven to abandon entirely, and after the war some dozen fishermen and their families reinhabited the island every summer. The fishing grounds about the island are among the best on the coast, and Criehaven men, who have a century-old patrimony in them, jealously guard the grounds against encroachment by Matini-

cus fishermen. In recent years, the long-neglected attractions of the island have taken on a new sheen. The outermost inhabited island of the Maine archipelago, Criehaven is a long steam out from the mainland, and since the fuel embargo and exasperating cost increases of the early 1970's, revitalization of the resident community has become more and more a good idea. But more bad luck slowed any such rebirth, beginning with the extraordinarily vicious storms of 1978.

On January 12, 1978, Criehaven fisherman Oscar Simpson stood on the harbor shore and watched a wall of water crash through the breakwater and demolish in one swipe half the wharves, gear and shops surrounding the harbor. Three-and-a-half weeks later another storm poured through the breach to mop up unseen what was left of the remaining structures and gear. Curious, an islander flew over the devastation the next day and returned word to those waiting on the mainland: "You've lost everything. Nothing remains."

The houses were all right, but the harbor was a shambles. The losses in fishing gear alone averaged over \$20,000 per fisherman and ran as high as \$50,000. With spring soon coming and fishing bottom to reclaim, an enormous effort was made to re-equip, and to reconfirm fishing territory. The invisible line between Criehaven and Matinicus held.

One fisherman, at least, lost heart and did not re-rig. The remaining 10 fishermen now are firmly established but the gaping hole in the breakwater remains.

Though island communities are elegant in their social orders, they are for the same reason more prone to reverses brought about by only one or two events. The death of an influential man, the loss of a mailboat, a teacher, a store, or a breakwater, may have influence all out of proportion to comparable events in mainland communities where far more options are available.

The marvelous quilt of New England diversity is edged on its Atlantic side by islands that have excellent potential for continued production and satisfying lives. To watch their complete demise is not only sad, it's stupid. To think that their hope lies in tourism or some other highly seasonal industry fails to recognize them as communities familiar and precious to those whose roots lie in real places.

Criehaven should have her breakwater repaired. Her citizens love the island, and in summertime the comings and goings of her people belie the tenuousness of their situation. Indeed, next-door Matinicus is also at risk, having lost ferry service and grocery outlet.

Fishermen can't do the job alone; what is needed are families and a diverse range of professions that supply the needs and tastes and textures that life requires. Our islands must be kept at work. They are an endangered species, and we need their cultural plasma, their thoughts, and their style.

George Putz, Senior Editor of Island Journal, looks out at Criehaven from his home at Carver's Harbor on Vinalhaven.

PROFILE:

Grand Dames of Criehaven Dorothy Simpson and Elizabeth Ogilvie



Peter Ralston

Dorothy Simpson

Year-round island communities burn like candle flames flickering in the winds off the North Atlantic. The further offshore they are, the more likely the flame is to be extinguished. Because Criehaven was the last major year-round island community to disappear from the Maine Coast, we set out to find the factors that led to the decision of these islanders to "remove" to the mainland. We found Dorothy Simpson and Elizabeth Ogilvie at their Gay Island homestead in Pleasant Point Gut, Cushing and listened to their account of what Criehaven was and what it is today.

I.J. What was Criehaven like when you were growing up?

D.S. When Robert Crie went down to the island in 1850 or so I guess it was a pretty rough place. There wasn't any sign of a breakwater, for one thing. But people built Criehaven up and it reached a peak. It was going down when I was a kid—I saw the tail end of the best part of it.

There was a year-round community. They had their own town meeting just like they have here in Cushing. They ran their own businesses and they hired their schoolteacher. They had a nice class of little kids and they had a nice wooden steamship to go in there, the *Butman*. She looked like one of these, you know, real business boats. She was a real steamship. Oh, how they would go in and out of that little harbor! You know how rocky it is now, but she did it, and she never went ashore.

I.J. Does anyone stay down to Criehaven and fish in the winter now?

D.S. No, they don't fish in the wintertime. Oh, they run out there for four or five days in the week then run back for

the weekend. They spend most of their time running back and forth, as far as I can see, and having it for a summer place. I mean the kids are there and the wives are there but just in the summer. Of course, I don't blame the men for not staying there because in the winter it's a very bad place, and now the breakwater is ruined. But there didn't use to be any breakwater there, and if the boats went ashore, it was because they didn't take care of their moorings. Take Monhegan down there; they got no breakwater at either end of that harbor but they got some good moorings. No, I call it gentlemen lobstering out there (laughs).

E.O. Dot (Dorothy Simpson) still has two brothers fishing out there, Neil and Oscar. They're (kin of) some of the original settlers on both sides of her family. Some of the other fishermen have been out there a long time too—Bobby Delano and Bunk Stone—so they know all about it.

D.S. I think Criehaven fell completely apart when they took the school away.

I.J. When was that?

E.O. During the war or just before.

D.S. If they could have just gotten a schoolteacher that year, 1940, it was, or 1941, I guess. But you see, they only had two or three kids and they couldn't afford to pay much for someone to come teach out there. Nobody wanted to come stay there all winter long and not go anywhere. You know, modern times. So they just folded up and sent the kids to the mainland and paid their tuitions.



Peter Ralston

Elizabeth Ogilvie

Back earlier the Cries and the Roses got together when they owned the biggest part of the property, the two ends of the island, and they talked the fishermen into de-organizing as a town for lower taxes. So then we got state schools. State this—state that. Everything was lovely, but nobody had time to have a town meeting any more and they really didn't care. Everything began drifting apart and that was when they took the kids off there in the wintertime. Without the wives and the kids, the men weren't going to stay there. So the fishermen would work like dickens till Christmas and then take everything ashore.

- I.J. What is the harbor like during a storm? Did they move the boats around to the other side or did they just ride it out in the harbor?
- D.S. They just let 'em set out there and get iced up. That used to be, when I was a kid, the most thrilling thing to watch. They'd go out in the dory with two rowing as hard as they could. They'd row from one boat to the next and drop somebody off. Then the first two fellows would go down to the next boat and get aboard and watch in case the other got in trouble. They didn't have fancy boats like they got now, these great big things. They just had little 28- to 32-foot boats. In a no'thwest or no'therly wind the boats would pound and pound and pound and pull hard on the moorings. Them seas would come up higher than this room, so that their boats would be dipping down in it. It was a real job going out there in that wind to get the ice off, because if you didn't she wouldn't be there in the morning.
- I.J. Will fixing the breakwater make a big difference to the harbor?
- D.S. A breakwater will have it just as cold, I guess. You know, one of the fishermen lost his boat in there a few years back even when there was a breakwater. I just have a feeling that they put off putting that new (mooring) rope on, looking at that chain, or something, because that's the way it always happens.

- I.J. What happened during the 1978 storm?
- D.S. Well, there was a clean sweep of the wharves in the harbor, the same thing as at Matinicus.
- E.O. It went over the Matinicus breakwater in three waves.
- D.S. I guess they got some of the wharves built back now, at Criehaven, all but three of them. You see each of those storms took a whack at the harbor. But my one brother there, Oscar, it didn't bother him at all. He's the only one that didn't get hit. But both of my other brothers, Neil and Oram, lost their wharves and gear and all.
- E.O. The harbor should have some kind of shelter from the northwest.
- I.J. Were you out at Criehaven when they were building the breakwater?
- D.S. 1938 was when it was built. I was down to the Ball (Wooden Ball Island). My uncle and husband, they fished the Ball, so I didn't see any of the work going on, but I got snapshots of the scow there in various stages of it.
- E.O. We always went for the summer and I was just leaving. I had to go home to Quincy, but I always remember this young fellow and his wife and baby arrived and he was going to be in charge. They rented a cottage to live in. Gee, I hated to go home when all this was going on!
- D.S. Way back in 1912, I think, they tried to get a breakwater there. My husband had these maps and diagrams of where they measured the harbor. Some of the men from the government was down there looking at all the measuring. No, I'd like to see the breakwater fixed—it would be a big help.
- I.J. Do you think that Criehaven will ever be a year-round community again?
- D.S. No, no.
- I.J. Think people are too soft?
- D.S. It's not very practical. If it was just the breakwater that was needed . . . but it's these other things: a school and some kind of way for lugging mail and freight and stuff like that ashore. Now it's all done piecemeal—it's like carrying stuff in a teaspoon. A boat is like a lifeline, see.

You see now people are so used to coming in; they have their boat and can be to Tenants Harbor in 1½ hours. Matinicus doesn't have as many people on it as it used to. They're all going to Florida, California or Hawaii or someplace to spend the winter. They make so much money out there in the summer that they are well-to-do. The ones that stay there are young fellows that think it is romantic or else they haven't enough money. They stay in a camp somewhere and wish there were a mailboat.

E.O. I read about Monhegan. It sounds like they have so much fun out there in the winter. They always get together and have suppers and things.

I.J. When did regular boat service to Criehaven stop?

E.O. It used to be so nice. They had a boat leaving Rockland about half past 7 in the morning and it would be out to Criehaven about 10 or so. The man running it for years had a bad Coast Guard inspection and everybody said he was too old to start investing in a new boat. There were different ones who talked about it, but nobody wanted to go ahead with it.

D.S. Anyhow, he just let the boat go. He didn't spend any money on it after it got bad, and then the Coast Guard came down on him after awhile. They had to. But before that there was another fellow ran the mail. I think he was 16 or 18, around that. He was a Matinicus Ames, and he started in with a little power boat to carry the mail. Then he got something bigger and bigger and finally Criehaven and Matinicus got together and made an association and bought this boat. She may have been around 60 feet; I don't think she was 65 feet. When he couldn't get into Criehaven harbor—this was before the breakwater—he went around to Seal Cove and anchored there and the fellows hauled a dory across that flat place down to Seal Cove and went out and picked up mail and groceries.

But there weren't very many times when that fellow didn't come across the bay. I've come across with him sometimes when I've had to lay on the floor of the pilot-house. You just couldn't sit up or stand up it was so rotten, but he felt he signed up for 11 o'clock in the morning and that was it.

I can remember one morning I was sitting down in the cabin wanting to go home. The tide was getting low and I kept looking up at the top of the dock, and he and the engineer disappeared. By and by they came back and he come down and he got a cup of coffee and they sat there and stared at each other. I said, "You going up the bay?" "Well," he'd say, and he'd get up and stick his head out the hatch there, and he'd say, "Well, I want to. I don't want to wait till tomorrow." Then he went off again and by and by they'd come back and this time they had the mail bag and we started out. And we got out by the Muscle Ridge Islands. Oh, boy! Stewart never steered by the compass. Not by my way of thinking. He steered by the waves. He just seemed to look out the window and once in a while he would turn that wheel and we'd either drown or go up to the moon. That's just the sensation you had. He just sat there and never said a word. We might as well of been on a lake that didn't have a ripple.

I'd say, "Stewart aren't you scared?"

"What's there to be scared of?"

And I'd say, "I don't know but you know she's old and you're doing an awful lot of pounding."

"Well," he said, "I think we'll get out there alright."

And we did. It was nice to get into Criehaven Harbor

and find there was a breakwater that you could get in behind.

I.J. Why do you think Matinicus is still going as a community? It's as isolated as Criehaven and hardly has any boat service except once a month.

D.S. Matinicus ancestors go way back to the Revolution and before that, even to the Indian wars. There's something grown into them I think. They are a different breed. You see at the end Criehaven went and hired all these people to come there and work and then they settled. They were foreigners, actually—Swedes and Irishmen, and so forth. There were French Canadians. When I grew up I listened to more different accents like my grandfather's and grandmother's. I could hardly understand them when I was a little kid because they had such strong accents. But over on Matinicus, they all talked Yankee. I'm talking about what I knew when I was younger.

But now the people that have moved out to Criehaven are all from in here on the main shore. They are not old-timers that I knew, who are gone. A new batch have taken their place from Spruce Head, Pleasant Point, Cushing, Owls Head.

But on Matinicus the people fish there and work there and their kids keep coming along in the steps of their fathers. They've got all that (common) undivided land on the island. Maybe some of it's been sold here and there but everybody has a little interest in it where it's been undivided property all these years, even if they are one of 95 kids. They say, "My grandfather fished over there and my father and my uncle and I got a right." So even if they don't have a place to build a house or camp, a fisherman like that can come out in a boat and live in the harbor. If they live aboard a boat in the harbor, they go off lobstering their traps and they get to Matinicus that way, you see. Their blood is in there from the beginning.

So I feel that on Matinicus if they get a decent mailboat and a decent fellow to run the store, that island will come back. But on Criehaven, where the summer people own so much, there will never be much of a chance now for men, for a town. 'Course their harbor is small, and there is not much room for any (mailboat) wharf.

E.O. And, the fishermen themselves want to keep it limited.

D.S. It used to be when they were rigging those dories with a little sail and oars, and rowing away out past Matinicus Rock, and coming in after dark at night, and cutting the fish up and gutting them before they could sit down and eat their supper; them times was hard. Hard? Lobsters were two cents apiece! Then things began to come up and up, and pretty soon, my goodness, they had a sailboat with a sail and you could sit there at a tiller and you didn't have to row and could take it a little easy.

My grandpa had a little sailboat called *Truth Sake*. She was the cutest little old thing and he went lobstering in her. He had a little farm there with a cow, pig, chickens and garden. He was well off and his cellar was full. What money he made, he'd buy some sugar and tea and coffee and he lived to be 84 years old. He was busy every day of his life; that was his idea of living. He used to tell us kids that we were soft, that we didn't know what it was to work, but I don't know how they could have it any softer than today. They have radios and depth finders, radar and color fishfinders. Then on top of that those fellows don't cut a bit of their own wood. You see, they never went through what my father or grandfather did. That's why Criehaven will never come back.

SCHOOLS ON ISLANDS



Peter Ralston

The Monhegan School, 1984

A few years ago, Tom Gjelten, a teacher on North Haven, wrote the excellent book, *Schooling in Isolated Communities*. In it, he writes about that most painful dilemma in the life of young islanders—whether to leave or stay.

Clearly, island schools must serve the needs of both those who decide to leave and those who stay, and in the process help kids sort through the various in-house prejudices of teachers, peer groups and parents that tend to favor one choice over the other. Sound island-oriented curricula would serve both needs, for islands have great physical presences; fascinating histories for study of social, technological, and land-use history; and finally, literature in the form of fiction, oral history, and poetry.

To be sure, general traditional curricula ought not to be abandoned. But for both those whose future lies off-island, and for those who will stay, we believe students' needs are better served if some regular component of their school experience deals with materials that are immediate and local.

The following are voices from island teachers, parents and administrators concerning the challenges and opportunities of island education.

Ed.

"There are not many New England communities whose geographic location is as unique as Maine's offshore islands. There are, however, many rural towns in

which the experience of isolation is familiar, though ironically, each believes deeply in its own singularity." *Schooling in Isolated Communities*, by Tom Gjelten, goes on to point out that rural living is more and more isolated today as our national culture has become increasingly centralized and urbanized. Only the remotest of towns have escaped the regulations that force them to consolidate with many other towns for the education of their young. Consequently, only there—in these isolated communities—does one still find the self-reliant, self-contained social systems that form classic communities and community schools.

"A rural school or island school is more than just the teachers. The community authorizes the school, validates the staff, and in the end owns the school. The teachers serve as workers in the school. Most of the practical skills which rural people use in their lives were, after all, not learned in school. Islanders are generalists. Island teachers who also are generalists convey skills and knowledge less likely to be abstract and formal and more likely to be of practical significance and application," continues Gjelten.

Susan Myer Fahlgren, a teacher on Islesford (Little Cranberry Island) says, "For the most part I have felt the island atmosphere positive and very supportive of the school. On occasion, the elder citizens see little need in introducing new ideas or programs." On the island Susan draws from the excellent local Wm. D. Sawtelle Museum, and from long-time residents, the fishermen's co-op, writers

and artists "who readily share and are appreciated."

Patricia Whitney, teaching now on Peaks Island and formerly on North Haven, compares the two islands by citing differences between her two island teaching experiences, "Children might see their parents on Peaks Island only three hours a day if their parents work in town. It's a transient community with less allegiance to the island. There just does not seem to be time for the extras like PTA or any involvements. Looking around you at Peaks gives you the sense of being special for being on the island, yet fully aware of the industry, education, business and society which act as role models to inspire children to 'another life' they have off-island. Looking around you at North Haven gives you the sense of being apart from the rest of the world—a little special to be on the island, yet unknowing of the specialness that's also 'out there'."

Perry Westbrook wrote of island teacher Mrs. Muir in *Biography of an Island*: "An example of what prolonged, devoted, and intelligent work can do with the children of an island community is the work of Mrs. Gladys Muir at Frenchboro on Long Island Plantation, just four miles east of Swans. For more than 20 years she served the village of about 80 people, as teacher under the pay of the plantation, and as minister under the pay of the Maine Seacoast Mission. Hers is one of the nation's model one-room schools. Her methods were progressive without being chaotic. In her teaching she



Peter Ralston

The Monhegan student body; 1984 Christmas play

used the materials at hand. Thus she studied bird and marine life at the Audubon Camp at Muscongus Bay, Maine. With the knowledge thus gained, she introduced the Frenchboro children to the world surrounding them. Revealing to people the meaning of their surroundings is a rare art. Yet that is what this teacher does."

Nancy Poor Wooster recalls her schooling on Vinalhaven in the 1960's: "I remember a trip I made to Auburn was the thrill of a lifetime. Their school library was so big I spent hours there, and the cafeteria, full of students, was huge. In school we always looked forward to field trips for the day, or over a weekend, and they still do today. My own class had about 10 at the beginning. Then, over the years, we had as many as 23. Fifteen of my class graduated from Vinalhaven high school, some going on to college, and even one returning to teach here on Vinalhaven. A few became nurses, too. Now the teachers are not as strict, and the discipline isn't what it was. In the past there was not near so much fighting in the schools."

A group of parents finally got together in '84 and approached the Vinalhaven school committee with their concerns. Mrs. Wooster lamented, "There's no PTA or open house, or anything. Some people don't mind being involved—they'd welcome the chance. Others are less likely to step up and take on responsibility. We miss the Scouts, the 4-H—the activities children have after school on the mainland. There is a sense that more could be happening in the school facility, and that greater communication and cooperation between teachers, parents, and even the community at large need to be fostered. Everyone is committed to Vinalhaven schooling in one way or another or they would not be there."

On some islands there is no high school for the children. Boarding off-island has become an old tradition. Some parents are reluctant to have their children leave home just as they reach high school age. Often a mother will have to move over to the mainland and rent temporary quarters to be near the child while the father continues to fish for income.

Rusty Crossman discussed off-island boarding as the major problem in his experience of island schooling on Frenchboro: "Anita, my wife, and I feel neither one of us are able to participate in school activities at the high school (ashore) like we really want to, or wish we could. There might be a father-daughter dance come up for Tammy. Jon played soccer his first year. Tammy's a cheerleader and in the band, and we've only gotten over to school a couple times. Unless a parent-teacher meeting or another activity is on a Thursday, we can't either one of us be there, with the ferry running round trip on Thursdays only. The weather and then the work itself make it impossible. We miss out. And kids miss out on parental support—to help keep their incentive up."

Paulette Savoie, Assistant Superintendent in SAD 98, Mount Desert, diligently works to coordinate island curricula on Swans, Frenchboro, Cranberry and Islesford to assure that island school students will integrate readily into the consolidated Mt. Desert High School. This effort requires conscientious maintenance, and finds Savoie on the islands many times throughout the year.

Rural isolated communities present a clearer and more complete social picture than in most towns. The lessons of economics, politics and culture are direct and experiential. The sense of community rights and wrongs becomes ingrained. The advantages include allegiances and loyalties—family and town together support

what many people recognize as a rare "sense of place." Each one, young and old alike, has his place as extended families are woven in a pattern of ties, authority, and allowances made for one another—a pattern which makes that particular community distinct and personal.

Schooling is a vehicle charged with knitting together the past, present and future. Rural, isolated schools are challenged by the opportunity to spring from within their own individual communities and to capitalize upon that individuality without being compelled to bear superimposed systems, materials and timing as strictly as many must. Perhaps island schools can enhance the awareness of the student's own place, the community, its environment, and culture. When a student's feelings about himself, and about his commitment to his community and to his future are clear, he becomes a self-directing and indispensable part of his community . . . and the community becomes a positive and indispensable part of him.

Island Schools Conference

Beginning a year ago, Arin Teel of Frenchboro began a correspondence with many of Maine's island residents about schools. As this progressed, she contacted the Island Institute, which itself had been thinking about island school systems. In the interim, combined efforts have yielded a two-year program involving participants from every island community with a school.

During two days in March 1985 the Island Institute organized the first Maine Islands Schools Conference, bringing together representatives from each island, in various school-related capacities, as well as personnel from Mid-Coast Teachers Center, Information Exchange, College of the Atlantic, University of Maine, Maine Audubon Society, Maine Department of Education, the Maine Seacoast Mission and Harraseeket River Project.

During the fall and winter of 1985, an Advisors and Islands Teachers' Group established at the March conference will convene several times to exchange ideas about island-oriented curricula for science, social science, humanities, and special education.

A Maine Community Foundation grant has been awarded to get the program started, and the advisory services of the following people have helped the island teachers' group in the development of the program: Philip W. Conkling, Island Institute; Peter Corcoran, College of the Atlantic; Gordon Donaldson, University of Maine; Barney Hollowell, North Haven; Jerry White, North Haven; and Paulette Savoie, Mount Desert Island.

All readers with an interest in this islands school curricula project, in any capacity and for whatever reason, should contact the Island Institute.



Crie Family Collection

A SPECIAL KIND OF CHILDHOOD

By Jane Radcliffe

Generally speaking, Americans leave their birthplaces and childhood homes with alacrity. Most of us do not live where we grew up, and though we have fond feelings and memories for our origins, we are essentially a rather turtle-like people, carrying our notions of home with us wherever we go. This is less true of islanders. Though islanders leave their place of birth perhaps even more commonly than others, their native islandness adheres more tenaciously than, say, one's Hoosierness, or St. Louie-ness. The aquatic boundaries of an island etch themselves into a kind of personality life-space, making the off-island islander forever "away from home."

Obviously, there are many exceptions; but still, island alumni seek one another out, whenever they can. The annual "Fish-hawk" (off-island Vinalhaven people) banquet, held each spring in Worcester, Mass., for example, commonly brings together over 100 people. In any case, a very intense bonding is created between an island and its children, and between its children themselves, and its people cannot easily imagine being anyone else, from anywhere else. In that this bonding occurs in childhood, we thought that Jane Radcliffe's work which brings together some images and words of island children belonged in Island Journal.

The following accounts from the archives of the Maine State Museum present recollections of childhood (and Intimations of Immortality) from the children and teachers who lived on different kinds of Maine islands throughout this century.

Island Fishing Childhood

Bailey Island

In them days every boy wanted his own bo't, just like today every high school boy wants a car. I kep' after my father all the time and the spring I was comin' on twelve years old, he give in. He agreed to pay for half of the bo't if I would pay for the other half.

The day the bo't was delivered I thought I was made. I don't believe a boy today can love a car the way I loved that peapod.

—Charles York, *Charlie York, Maine Coast Fisherman*,
Harold B. Clifford,
International Marine Publishing

Island Lighthouse Childhood

Mount Desert Rock

We played in the bell tower, played boats on Herring Puddle, walked on stilts and tried to play croquet on volcanic rock.

(But the Assistant Keeper's youngest boy had to be) tethered to a spike by the house for safekeeping. He'd toddled too far out on a ledge and the sea knocked him down. Their big Newfoundland, called Prince, rescued him.

—Caspar Murphy, from
"Lighthouse Lad—Growing
Up in the Middle of Nowhere,"
Bill Caldwell, *Maine Sunday
Telegram*, April 15, 1984





Crie Family Collection



Old Cove Antiques Collection



Richard Farrell

Island Farm Childhood

Damariscove Island

Those first twelve years on Damariscove made me strong and was the foundation of my life to hold me through the trials of my future. Not because it was difficult but because it was peaceful, with no fighting. We were as free as the birds. That life makes you rugged of body and makes you help other people.

I was brought up on the water, and I was much happier there than on the land. I'm not afraid of it, I loved it. We were sea people. I was raised with the seagulls. How long do you think you can lock the sea gulls on the land? Not long! I still prefer an island to the mainland because this doesn't challenge me here. It's much more interesting down there to make your own way, and it's much more of a challenge to life.

—Alberta Poole, in *Coming of Age on Damariscove Island*, by Carl Griffin and Alaric Faulkner, (Northeast Folklore, 1980)

Island Quarry Childhood

Hurricane Island

For a child it was a beautiful place; sea all about us, the squash and morning glory vines climbing up the cottage walls, and columbine springing out of solid rock.

We had a pond to skate on in the winter and a swimming place with a nice beach in the summer. We fished for pollock, cunners and flounders off the wharves, and ran over the rocks like deer.

I best recall how my mother looked the day we got into the boat and pulled out of sight of our house tilted there on the rock. She put her hands over her face for just a moment, then turned to us fierce as an eagle and cried: "Stop your playing and look back at Hurricane!" We were young ones then, excited about going to the mainland, and had no notion the island had come to an end. Now on nights when a bad storm hits Penobscot Bay, I think of Hurricane out east'ard there, abandoned forever, and remember the good times—the bad ones, too—with real forlornness.

—"Life and Death of an Island,"
Downeast, Feb.-Mar. 1957

Jane F. Radcliffe is Curator of Domestic and Fine Arts at the Maine State Museum in Augusta. She has recently organized the exhibit "Mainely Children," focusing on 19th-century Maine childhoods, on display through 1985.

CASCO BAY

Islands on the Urban Edge

By Jeffrey Clark

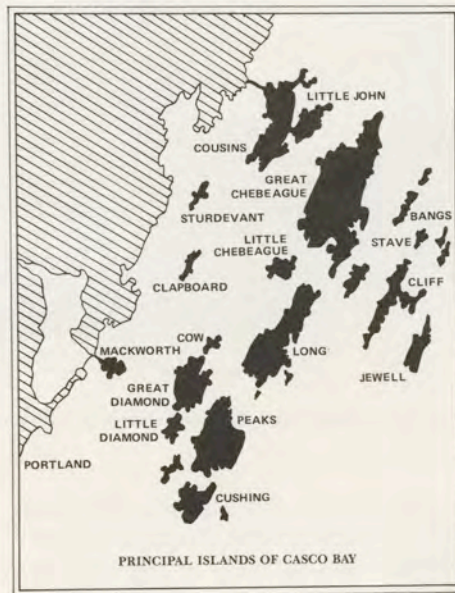
Portland, Maine, has a special advantage found in few, if any, other cities in the United States. Within a handful of miles of its waterfront—and readily accessible by regular ferry service—lies a relatively undeveloped archipelago of islands. Seattle has Bainbridge and Vashon islands across Puget Sound, but they are densely developed bedroom communities little different from any other suburb. The islands of Casco Bay, on the other hand, form a rural backwater within sight and sound of Maine's largest city.

But the islands are coming under increasing pressure as the Maine coast development boom continues. York County in southernmost Maine has become, in the eyes of some long-time residents, a suburb of Greater Boston, a place where empty shorefront lots command six-figure prices and the grand old summer hotels are being turned into exclusive condominium projects.

Portland, just north of York County, has gone through a renaissance of its own in recent years. Much of the downtown has been rebuilt and renovated, especially in the Old Port area along the waterfront where tony boutiques and restaurants compete for business in a city with the highest per capita number of lawyers in the country outside Washington, D.C. Gentrification has come to many of the older, decaying inner-city neighborhoods. Officials in surrounding rural towns talk of the problems caused by their gradual transformation into commuter communities.

The islands were initially immune to development despite their inclusion within the city limits. Older Portland residents remembered the islands' former status as dumping grounds for the city's indigent. Younger Portlanders couldn't be bothered with fitting their life-styles to a ferry schedule when the mainland offered enough opportunities. The islands' year-round residents had their own well-organized communities whose numbers were swollen each year by an influx of generally compatible summer people.

Peaks Island, closest and largest of the group, was the first to experience the change. Doug MacVane, born and raised on nearby Cliff Island in the 1930's, retired to Peaks in 1967 from a navy career. "It seemed like there was a lot of apathy around then," he says, "like what you saw on Congress Street in Portland," then a



prime example of urban core decay. "The offspring of the early summer people weren't taking an interest in their properties," MacVane says. "A lot of places were unpainted and falling apart."

But about five years ago Peaks began attracting young, affluent professionals—archetypal "Yuppies," as MacVane calls them—drawn by the opportunity to have a water view for under \$50,000 and the ability to live in the city, yet outside it, an attitude that sat well with the residents. "They're nice people," MacVane said. "I find them blending in very well with the island. They're certainly not trying to change anything as far as the social life is concerned."

Portland has had zoning for decades, with the islands treated identically with mainland neighborhoods. But when the city began reviewing its zoning ordinances two years ago, the Planning Board decided for the first time to approach the islands as a special case. A public hearing in August 1983, heavily attended by island property owners, "made it clear very quickly that we really had to take a separate look at the islands," said City Planning Director Alex Jaegerman. "Including them in the mainland was really an oversimplification."

The job of proposing an island plan and zoning scheme was given to the Greater Portland Council of Governments (COG), a regional planning agency. Bill

Carroll, a senior planner at COG, recommended that all the city's islands be zoned Island Residential (IR) 1 or 2 single-family zoning based on lot size, with a few scattered commercial areas to reflect existing uses.

Carroll also suggested an IR-3 mixed-use zone that allowed single- and multi-family dwellings and commercial structures in recognition of several potential high-density development areas on the islands. IR-3 would be a floating zone, not tied to any specific property but available for use at the Planning Board's discretion. Carroll also suggested that IR-3 be granted in conjunction with "contract zoning," in which the developer would sign a contract with the Planning Board specifying how the property would be used and how on-site problems would be solved.

Contract zoning, Carroll explained, gave the city flexibility to allow certain types of development while ensuring that, once a property was rezoned, it would not be developed in a manner inconsistent with the original proposal. Islanders approved of the provision, feeling that it gave them more control over how and where the inevitable high-density development would come.

Island property owners had become increasingly sensitized to the development issue during the rezoning process. The Sisters of Mercy had announced plans to subdivide land they owned on Little Diamond Island into single-family house lots. Then in April 1984 Dictar Associates, a Falmouth-based development company, bought the 192 acres and 75 buildings of the old Fort McKinley on Great Diamond Island. The company notified the Planning Board that it wanted to build 300 condominium units and subdivide 50 single-family house lots, with a marina, restaurant and shops, on the property around Diamond Cove. The project was huge compared to the island's existing 67 houses and maximum summer population of 200.

In hindsight, Jaegerman and Board Chairman John Barker admit that the process would have been smoother if Dictar had waited. "The logical progression would be to enact the (zoning) text and map before considering any development," Jaegerman says. "Dictar made it very clear (through its consultant, former Portland City Manager John Menario)

that they wanted to be considered for IR-3 designation simultaneously.”

A number of factors made Great Diamond the logical starting point of an island development trend. York County islands to the south are generally family-owned and/or protected by conservation trusts. And the Casco Bay islands represent one of the last places where southern Maine shore frontage sells at a relatively reasonable price. Dictar reportedly paid \$800,000 for the fort's property, which includes practically the entire northern half of the island and much of the infrastructure—roads, buildings, and a water line from the mainland—required for a development of that size. Although Dictar undoubtedly faces significant challenges in the redevelopment of Fort McKinley, several Portland residents familiar with the real estate market note that it has been years since Portland has seen waterfront acreage sell for as little as \$4,000 per acre.

Fort McKinley was the centerpiece and nerve center in the ring of coastal defense forts which protected Portland Harbor and Atlantic Fleet refueling facilities from the early 1900's through the end of World War II. The fort was home to seven companies of soldiers totaling some 1,500 men (which rose to around 2,000 when the navy added a dirigible refueling station during World War II). It was also a showplace.

“You don't often think of the Quartermaster Corps being land-use architects, but they fit (the fort's) buildings into the site very impressively,” said history professor Joel Eastman of the University of Southern Maine, who has made a study of military architecture. “Fort McKinley is one of the most unusual and beautiful military installations I've ever seen.”

The end of World War II—and the realization that even 16-inch guns were no match for atomic bombs—brought the fort's closure. The army kept a caretaker on the grounds until selling it in the early 1960's. The fort passed through a series of absentee owners, and the neglect took its toll. Vandals and scavengers broke windows and stole everything in sight, even slate and copper gutters from the roofs.

But the solid brick buildings of the officers' quarters and enlisted men's barracks remained. Dictar plans to renovate them into 150 condominium units, with another 150 in new buildings using old bunkers and gun emplacements as their foundations, at a cost of up to \$47 million. Dictar's David Bateman said the development would be packaged as a seasonal community aimed at “a nautically oriented market. . . . Owning a piece of Maine is considered a wise investment.”



The Fort McKinley Parade Grounds, Great Diamond Island

The massive development first raised concern among Great Diamond property owners, and then spread to the entire bay through the Casco Bay Islands Development Association, an inter-island membership organization. This association, known as CBIDA recently helped negotiate the transfer of the Casco Bay ferry service to a nonprofit corporation after the previous owner went bankrupt.

Island property owners saw Diamond Cove as the leading edge of a wave of development in the bay. “If we get it (on Great Diamond), it'll go right down the bay,” predicted Jean Dyer, president of the island association. Christine McDuffie, president of the Long Island Civic Association, points to the 183 acres of a former oil storage facility on Long Island. “The potential for development there is worrisome,” she said. Although it lacks Fort McKinley's infrastructure, “it's a very desirable property,” she said. “Development seems a reasonable prediction” if Dictar's plans are approved.

Dictar's project “is the first Hilton Head-type of proposal to hit any Maine island,” said Philip Conkling of the Island Institute, “but it certainly won't be the last. . . . The rest of the East Coast islands that have seen this kind of development in the last 10 years are in states that have more pro-intensive development policies and where the economics are more attractive because they are not strictly seasonal developments. Maine has had 10 years of breathing space because it was further away and the economics have made it more difficult to sell up here.”

When the Planning Board unveiled a proposed zoning map in December which gave Dictar a blanket IR-3 zoning without

any contract provisions, more than 100 Casco Bay islanders jammed a public hearing in a unified front of opposition. They attacked the zoning's vague limitations and accused the board of “trying to tailor the whole deal to one developer,” said Stuart Laughlin, past president of CBIDA and current secretary of the Great Diamond Island Association. “It gave the impression of a hasty decision. By jumping ahead like that, the Planning Board tended to short circuit the whole zoning process.”

Islanders and their expert witnesses, including Conkling, coastal geologist Barry Timson, and land-use consultant James Haskell, Jr., raised so many questions that the board sent its staff back to the drawing board. Dictar's plans to operate its own sewer treatment plant were greeted with skepticism—no other private development in Maine has ever attempted it. There were questions about solid-waste disposal and public access to Diamond Cove. Dictar's Bateman says the commercial facilities and Parade Ground area would be open to the public. “Other areas—quite openly, no,” he says.

Planner Jaegerman says the city was feeling its way along. “There's nothing in the textbooks about island zoning,” he says. Even after talking to out-of-state island communities, such as Martha's Vineyard and Nantucket, “we didn't find a lot of constructive examples,” Jaegerman says. “We felt we kind of had to invent the wheel as far as island planning is concerned.”

The Planning Board has now accepted contract zoning. The idea was initially passed over because of the city's lack of experience with it, despite its use in

neighboring towns with islands, such as Cumberland. Contract zoning has been in place there for years, according to Jean Dyer, president of the bay association.

Island development in general raises some difficult issues in Maine. Haskell says islands as far Downeast as Hancock County are already under pressure, although condominium proposals have not yet appeared offshore. "Condominiums crossed the (Penobscot) river three years ago, first in Castine and then on Mount Desert," Haskell says. An island condo project "is only a matter of time, and not much time at that."

Many islands simply cannot support intensive development. Timson says extensive support services would be needed for even a modest project because most islands are granite ledge overlaid with a layer of soil too thin to provide both drinking water and septic tank disposal. "Many islands couldn't support six people, well spread out," Timson says. "Even on the larger ones you have to be careful."

Nonetheless, Timson, Haskell and others expect continued pressure. Haskell fears the transformation of Maine's offshore assets into a "Caribbean North," a summer cruising ground dotted with seasonal condos, marinas, hotels and other amenities. Timson says that "the same thing that happened with second-home development on Maine's beaches could move to the islands. There's not a whole lot left in terms of shore frontage south of Penobscot Bay, but there sure are a lot of islands."

Islanders won't be able to ignore the trend, as Casco Bay's experience has shown. Joel Eastman remembers when the Maine Humanities Council held a hearing on island problems two years ago on Peaks Island. "About 20 people showed up," Eastman says, "and all they wanted to talk about was stray dogs and trash collection. Dictar, if nothing else, has brought the future home to them."

Ultimately the City of Portland must decide what role the islands are to play in the continuing revitalization of the rapidly growing southern Maine area for which Portland serves as a hub. Although an increasing island tax base is seductively attractive to the Planning Board and City Council, many islanders and Portlanders believe that the opportunity for setting aside undeveloped shorelines available for public use and served by ferry may be passing as intensive development increases.

The Large "Calendar Isles"

Although Casco Bay's "Calendar Isles" are rumored to number 365 islands—one for each day of the year—stricter count gives a total closer to 220, depending on just how fine a point you want to put on the definition of an island. Still, at 220, Casco has more islands than any other bay on the Maine coast.

The following sketches of the major islands in Casco Bay provide a gull's-eye view of the island people and landscapes off Portland's waterfront and suggest which islands lie in the shadow of intensive development.

Peaks Island

A 20-minute ferry ride from the Portland waterfront, Peaks has the largest island population in the bay with 1,000 year-round and 2,500 seasonal residents. Discovered in the 1970's by artists and craftsmen, many of whom bought shore-side cottages for between \$20,000 and \$30,000, the island has seen real estate values increase rapidly. Peaks is one of the few places in the Western Hemisphere where a person (known in other places as a "yuppie") can live on a rural island and work five days a week in a city high-rise.

Little Diamond Island

This 73-acre island is divided into the northern half, owned by the Catholic Sisters of Mercy, who run a summer program for children, and a southern half, composed of properties owned by 40 seasonal residents. Off-islanders are discouraged from visiting as even the roads are private. In 1984 the Sisters of Mercy received approval for a subdivision on their end of the island over the strenuous objections of the Little Diamond Association on the southern end.

Great Diamond Island

During World War II all of Casco Bay had enormous strategic importance because of its deep-water anchorage where, it was said, the entire North Atlantic Fleet could refuel in 24 hours. The U.S. Navy took over Great Diamond, renovating and enlarging World War I-vintage Fort McKinley as the North Atlantic Fleet headquarters and appropriating the 60 seasonal cottages of the Great Diamond Island Association which had had the run of the island since the 1880's. Fort McKinley became a large installation housing 1,500-2,000 men during the war. The City of Portland turned down an offer to buy the fort for \$1 after it was abandoned in the 1950's. The brick buildings are surely the largest and among the most handsome abandoned buildings in the city and are the center of the proposal of Dictar Associates to build 350 condominium units on Great Diamond.

Cushings Island

Once the site of the massive Ottawa House, where 2,000 visitors could stroll through grounds laid out by Frederic Law Olmstead, Cushings has a military past similar to Great Diamond's. Here is located Fort Christopher Leavitt, which was active in World Wars I and II and then abandoned. Like Little Diamond, the island is owned and managed by an island association with seasonal private residences. Cushings Island is unlikely to grow in the future as most of the undeveloped island property, including the dramatic cliffs of Whitehead, are set aside in perpetuity as open space.

Long Island

The largest island within the city limits of Portland, Long Island's future is dominated by an oil tank which served as the refueling depot for the North Atlantic Fleet. The site is located on 183 acres of the west shore and is the place that was proposed for an oil refinery in the early 1970's. Phoenix Oil Company of Texas, the present owner, is watching the condominium battle on Great Diamond with interest as are the 125 year-round residents of Long, many of whom are fishermen. Big Sandy Beach on the south side is the only public sandy beach in the bay served by Casco Bay Lines.

Cliff Island

Cliff is situated at the outermost edge of Casco Bay, and its small year-round population of 90 and much larger seasonal population of 550 make it similar to the inhabited islands of Penobscot and Blue Hill bays. Cliff's one-room schoolhouse with eight "scholars" is one of six such schools on Maine islands.

Chebeague Island

Chebeague, an Abnaki Indian word meaning "almost through," describes the passage which goes almost between Great and Little Chebeague islands (the two islands are connected at most tides by a sand bar). With a history of resource-based economics, including the production of the famous Chebeague Island stone sloops which carried Maine island granite, Chebeague has changed less than other islands close to Portland. The economy of the year-round population is based on a mix of fishing and seasonal tourism. In the summertime the island's population of 2,000 is large enough to support two ferries—one from Portland (Casco Bay Lines) and a water taxi from Cousins Island. Of the islands considered here, it is the only one outside the city limits of Portland. Zoned by the town of Cumberland primarily for single-family residences, Chebeague's low density may, ironically, make high-density development on Portland's islands more attractive to an expanding island real estate market.

Author Jeff Clark is a reporter for the statewide weekly newspaper Maine Times, which has reported on the story over the last six months.

A photograph of a worker in a red hard hat and blue jacket operating a hydraulic jackhammer on a granite block in a quarry. The worker is positioned in the upper center of the frame, leaning over the block. The background shows large, stacked granite blocks. A wooden ladder is visible in the lower left corner. The overall scene is dimly lit, suggesting an indoor or shaded quarry environment.

THE STONE COAST

By Philip W. Conkling

In the chill November morning Earl Kelyt looks out over the ragged grayness of the Crotch Island quarry as his crew begins to stir the giant rubber-tired hydraulic cranes and loaders to life. As the foreman for New England Stone Industries' recently reopened granite quarry off the tip of Stonington, it is Earl's responsibility to move a mountain. The mountain is a large dome of Crotch Island Pink.

It so happens that it is the day after Election Day, 1984, and Earl tells his men with a half smile that they had better get right to work, because now there'll be no more unemployment checks if they don't deliver enough stone to meet their contract. His men just laugh because they know they have already cut and moved 130,000 cubic feet of massive granite blocks, more than anybody in the business had thought possible a short year ago when the roaring quarry noises first intruded on Stonington's normal quiet.

Stonington and the islands of Merchant Row, like Vinalhaven and Mount

Desert and islands as distant as Head Harbor off Jonesport and Long Island off Friendship, used to be the center of an enormous coastal trade in stone: granite for bridges and breakwaters, for paving blocks and public places, for libraries and the Library of Congress, for monuments and memorials, for foundations, sills, lintels, curbstones, and a hundred other uses. In 1900 and the preceding few decades, more men were employed on the Maine islands in the granite business than in fishing and farming combined.

Generating this industry was a dynamic American industrial machine: men with big appetites and bigger visions, who dreamed of huge new buildings and then built them for a nation come of age. Formed and faced with granite from Maine were the Customs House and Tower and Museum of Fine Arts in Boston, the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in Cambridge, the Cathedral of St. John the Divine and the Metropolitan

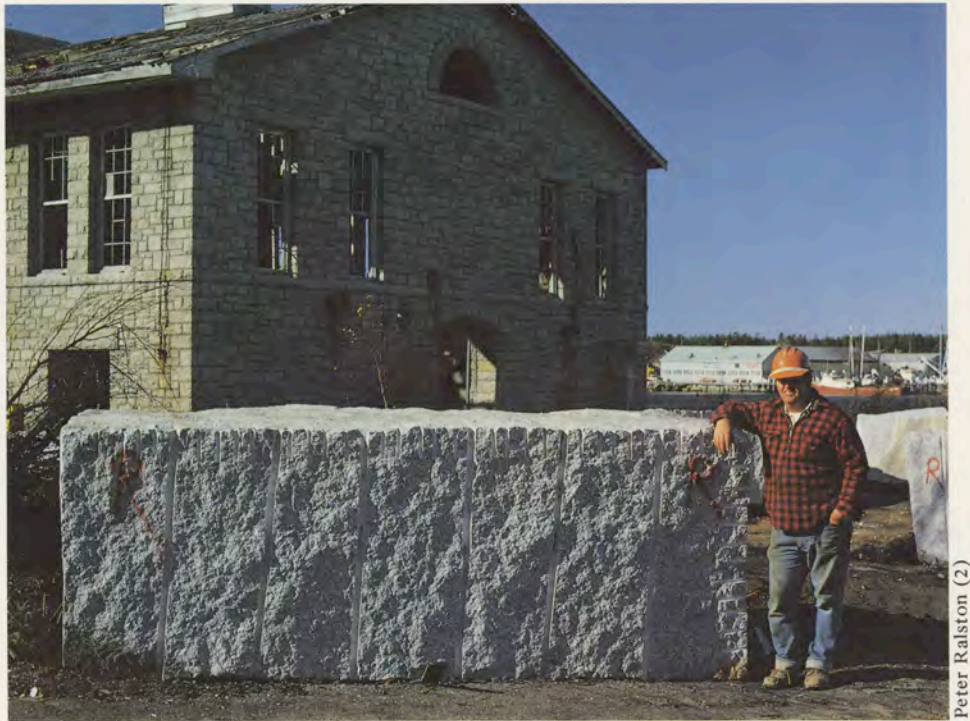
Museum of Art in New York City, the Hospital of the University of Pennsylvania in Philadelphia, the U.S. Naval Academy in Annapolis, and the Jefferson and Lincoln Memorials in Washington. And everywhere went millions of cobblestones, the bread and butter work, to pave the muddy streets of burgeoning cities—once and for all.

Anywhere that stone sloops and barges could land, granite was delivered in every imaginable shape, size, hue and texture. Subtle blends of whites and grays came from the exposed plutons of Mount Desert Island, particularly from Hall's quarry. The same colors came off of Hurricane, High, Dix and Clark Islands, and from Vinalhaven's dozen massive quarries, including one on Norton Point which also cut black granite for monuments and facing stone. From Jonesport came a bloody red granite while other quarries advertised blue and cinnamon hues. The flecks of quartz and mica within the feldspar mineral matrix of granite also produced a variety of textures from fine-grained granodiorites to massively textured great gray granites with individual crystals as large as your thumbnail. And sometimes in a dome of granite with a different cooling history, individual crystals of dark micas remelted to produce patterns of frozen swirls like those in a chocolate pound cake. Pattern upon pattern upon pattern could be bought depending on a buyer's whim or the job to be done.

But nowhere, says Earl Kelty—a man whose whole life has been shaped in stone from his birth in the granite mountains near Barre, Vt., to his work in the Rock of Ages and Wells Lamson quarries outside that town—nowhere is there stone like Crotch Island's. "I've always heard about it. It's stronger than Barre granite and it splits better. You almost have to bend this granite before it'll break, but when she lets go along the 'hardway,' you've got a clean face to work on."

Earl explains how he looks at the natural planes or beds of granite to get the seemingly unyielding rock to break just where he wants. The "lift" is the set of natural fractures that define the layers or "sheets" of granite which are stacked one on top of the other parallel to the surface.

The "rift" is the second natural fracture plane in granite and runs east and west on most of Maine's coastal quarries. Like granite's lift, the rift can be worked into definition with drills and wedges. But then comes the "hardway," the break across the grain. "Years ago, they used to shoot the hardway," says Earl, referring to the practice of blasting which characterized previous quarry operations, "but



Earl Kelty with 20-ton block of Crotch Island's best

Peter Ralston (2)

that wastes a lot." Looking at the mountains of granite tailing piles around the quarry, you see what he's getting at.

"It's a pretty stone," Earl says absently, running his fingers over the rough surface of one of the old faces of Crotch Island's quarry. "It's kind of got a glow; a warm feeling to it. I didn't think so when I first came. But Tony got me to see that." Whenever Earl or other men on the crew talk about Tony there is a slight suggestion of amazement in their voices.

Antonio Ramos, the president of New England Stone Industries of Smithfield, R.I., is the man who reopened the quarry after buying Crotch Island in 1982. Earl said he knew working for Tony would be different after he picked his boss up at the Stonington landing strip on one of his frequent flights to Maine and brought him out to the island. Tony went right up to the top of the active granite face, got down on his hands and knees and began to feel and sniff and taste the cut stone. No one is quite sure why, or what it means, but they do know business has been good and that they've worked later into the fall on Crotch than they had expected, and that Tony Ramos has done what he said he would do.

Zip (Clarence) Sawyer, a man not more than 5½ feet tall and the oldest member of the crew, was the first man Ramos hired after buying the quarry to supply stone for his cutting sheds in Rhode Island. Zip had worked at Crotch Island in the late 1950's for the Deer Isle Granite Co. along with 125 other men

before it went broke, a fate which also befell many local residents of the town shortly after the company sold them \$90,000 worth of bonds in a desperate last-ditch effort to keep the operation going. You might say that granite has a rough past to live down among Stonington and Deer Isle families with long memories.

Tony Ramos sought out Zip Sawyer because Zip had previous experience setting black powder charges that jar rather than shatter granite free of itself during quarry operations. More than one quarry's face had been ruined by over-eager or indiscriminate use of blasting for the particular situation at hand. Over in Stonington, for example, the Settlement Quarry will never be worked again to cut granite for building stone because its previous owners used dynamite to produce large quantities of rough stone quickly. The once-smooth Settlement Quarry cliff faces now look like badly wrinkled bed-sheets; and worse, the shock wave of the dynamite blast has penetrated far into the unworked granite dome, ruining the quarry forever. In contrast, black powder breaks granite not by a shock wave, but by the force of expanding gas; it's slower than dynamite, but it produces a higher-quality stone.

The first day Tony and Zip walked through the extensive abandoned ruins of the Crotch Island quarry which had been operated almost continuously since 1870, Zip says Tony put his hand on his shoulder and said, "If there's any way, we'll

have this place back to running the way it was." Zip Sawyer is not a man given to hyperbole, but he, too, relates an experience hinting at the dedication of the president of New England Stone Industries. "One day I was a little heavy on the powder," Zip remembers, "and a piece of stone about this big," holding his dusty gray hands about a foot and a half apart, "went up on top of the quarry. The next time Tony was here, he was walking all around the quarry and said 'it looks like you got a little carried away with the powder'."

"He don't miss much," Zip says.

* * *

Shortly after 7:30, a half an hour after the crew has been ferried over to Crotch Island in a small outboard, Benny Oliver on the 25-ton crane hoists the first 4'x4'x12' block off a fresh cut face while the huge loader lumbers into place beneath the crane to receive the stone. Then, with the low whine of a giant diesel engine gathering momentum, it lurches slowly over the island's newly built road and down the hill to the massive old granite wharf. Here stone sloops once waited for their dreadful cargoes, but now a 90-foot steel barge from Prock Marine will load 25 stones, each weighing between 16 and 22 tons. The barge carries the granite blocks to Rockland where, in due time as they are needed in Rhode Island, they are trucked one at a time on flatbed trucks to Smithfield to be cut and polished for facing stone.

Earl introduces Cal Lawson whose deeply lined face breaks into a smile when Earl says, "He's our captain and general tinkerer. There's a lot of men like Cal that would rather work here than go fishing. It's not so much feast or famine here. And their wives are happier because they're home at night." Cal wants to talk to Earl about the island's newest piece of equipment tied up over in the back cove of Crotch Island. On the way down to the cove Cal stops and says suddenly, in marked contrast to Earl's matter-of-factness, "This place fascinates me." His eyes sweep over the expanses of the sprawling quarry. "To think of all this being lava, flowing up out of the earth . . ." and his voice trails off.

Down at the cove Cal talks excitedly about what needs to be done with the 56-foot motorized barge, an army surplus LCM or landing craft, which has recently been purchased by New England Stone Industries from the town, which in turn received the craft from the government for use in the event the Deer Isle Bridge was ever closed. Because the landing craft was abandoned for some years on a local beach and has therefore suffered the fate



A galamander at Sprucehead quarry

Crie Family Collection

of all equipment without the benefit of watchful eyes, there is a good deal for Cal and Earl to talk about. Cal has helped drive some spruce spilings in alongside another old island wharf and jury-rigged some pumps to keep the landing craft afloat. The mooring lines are an incongruous web of braided steel cables that were lying around the island. Here at Crotch Island's quarry, stone and steel meet spruce wood and salt water.

Cal and Earl talk about using the LCM to deliver stone blocks for local construction jobs, 35 tons to a load. And maybe it will be used to deliver stone to finishing sheds New England Stone Industries might open in Stonington if business is good.

The largest loader at the quarry is operated this morning by 20-year-old Louie Black, whose grandfather had worked on Crotch Island's rotary saw in the sprawling sheds which used to cover the northwestern shoreline. Benny Oliver, the crane operator, is another Crotch Island veteran, having cut granite for the Kennedy Memorial in the 1960's, the last job before the operation shut down. Then he moved down to work in the quarries at Rockport, Mass., and from there went to Providence. "Granite work is like that," says Kelty, "there are a lot of connections in the business. Before I left Barre, a lot of the men who worked in the big quarries there were from around here."

Two other members of the 10-man crew have by now heated up the burner, and the full impact of present-day granite cutting technology becomes quickly apparent. Earl hands us padded ear protectors which the rest of the crew have been wearing since 7 a.m. A 6-foot torch attached to a tank of fuel oil is lit and then mixed with compressed air fed through a nozzle to produce a yellow-white tongue of flame which literally burns a hole in

Crotch's granite. The two-man torch crew will burn a 10-foot-deep groove along a 10-foot length of granite in six or seven hours of operation and use perhaps 90 gallons of fuel oil in the process. You can feel the all-encompassing sound, like that just outside a busy city airport where jets are landing and taking off continuously.

If there is hesitation in Stonington in embracing granite's future, its source is certainly the roar of the burner which, depending on wind and weather, can be clearly heard downtown along the waterfront and, on some sultry summer days, all the way to the other end of the Deer Isle Thorofare. Those most adversely affected by the piercing bellow are those whose lives or livelihoods depend on another valuable island resource, peace and quiet. There seems little question that the quality of life, not to mention the property values of some residents along the Stonington shoreline across from Crotch Island, have been reduced. It also seems possible that the quarry operations could dampen the appetite of the town's island and shorefront real estate market, a good or bad thing depending on whether you are trying to buy or sell property or just stay put.

Mr. and Mrs. Wendell Estey own a 9½-acre summer home directly across the Deer Isle Thorofare, a quarter of a mile from Crotch Island. They bought the property and built their place in a little cove in 1966 after the Deer Isle Granite Co. had ceased operations. "The sound seems to get funneled in our cove," says Mr. Estey, "and then trapped by the granite hill behind us." The noise makes their lives intolerable, and they would like to sell but know they have little hope of getting their money out of their property, appraised by the town at \$90,000 and worth perhaps \$150,000 in today's market. When they checked into their legal

rights, they discovered there are no noise level ordinances in Maine. "I'm not interested in shutting them down, but I am interested in their acquiring my land," says Mr. Estey about his quarry neighbors.

New England Stone Industries has bought out the interests of two of the other three owners on Crotch Island itself, and is negotiating with the remaining part owner. As to the noise problem with neighbors on the mainland, Tony Ramos is working on it. "We're trying to build a machine that will quarry with no noise. It's like an air drill but cuts with water. The first one we built cut through 2 inches of granite. That's a start. Now we're back in the shop to try to get it to cut through 4 inches. Then 4 feet. Burning will exist until someone like us perfects a new technology."

Noise aside, Ramos and other granite manufacturers are vitally interested in such new technology because it will enable American producers to stay competitive with imported granite from Spain, Italy and Brazil. "Last year we spent \$50,000 on fuel for that burner," says Ramos ruefully, "and we can't keep that

up for long. One reason we burned so much in 1984 is we had a lot of stone to clean out of the way to get set up right. I guarantee in 1985 there won't be half the noise there was the past year."

Ramos, who began his granite career as a sculptor, went into the stone cutting business in Rhode Island in 1969 and bought his first quarry at Crotch Island in 1979. He sees a big future in Maine granites, partly because of the variety of color and textures. "It used to be everyone wanted gray and white granite. Now the demand is in red and pink and black. That Crotch Island stone is the greatest stone on earth." A natural salesman, Ramos begins listing the reasons granite is back as a popular building material: "It's cheaper than glass, more durable than cement, and is a good insulator. Also, because so many new machines have been developed in the last six or seven years, we can cut granite down to 3/8ths-inch thick (that's the thickness of a pane of glass), so its lightweight, too. In the old days, granite companies sold more cubic

feet of granite, but the demand for granite measured in square feet has never been higher."

Now that Earl Kelty, Zip Sawyer, Cal Lawson, Benny Oliver, Louie Black and the rest of the crew have delivered the 90,000 cubic feet of stone for the new Stonington Fish Pier, they have set their sights on delivering 4'x4'x12' blocks to keep Rhode Island sheds cutting stone for the rebuilding of the base of the Statue of Liberty and the Lincoln Tunnel. "That pier over there," Earl says, gesturing across to Stonington, "put us in business. When we got here, the Prock engineer told us we'd never finish it on time. We finished a week early. Now people believe us and Tony a little more. Tony does what he says he's gonna do."

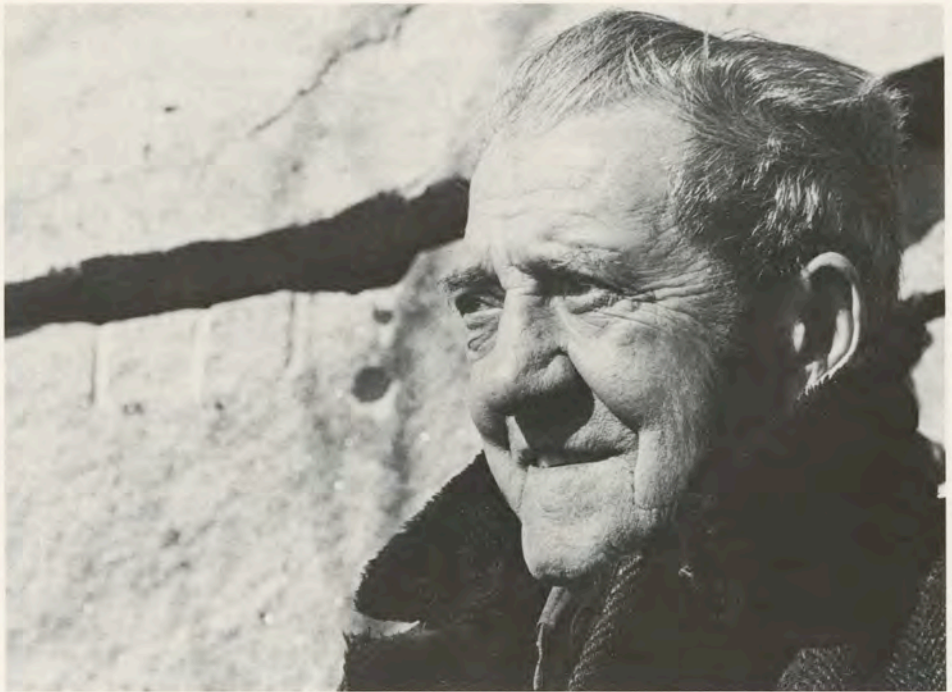
Philip Conkling is Executive Director of the Island Institute and author of Islands in Time, A Human and Natural History of the Coastal Islands of Maine.

Below: Stone carving at Vinalhaven quarry, circa 1899



PROFILE:

Everett Baum, Paving Cutter By John Van Sorosin



Peter Ralston

Everett Baum, 1985

Everett Baum was born July 12, 1902, at Clark Island. Between his 11th and 16th years he apprenticed to his father in the cutting of granite paving block at Wildcat Quarry, working after school, on Saturdays, and through summers for 25 cents a week. Everett's father, Charles E. Baum, worked at the Clark Island quarry from 1882 until it closed in 1905. He and his wife, Georgina McConchie, raised a girl and seven boys, four of whom followed their father into the quarries as paving cutters. One of these four, the Baums' next-to-last child, Everett, is the subject of this interview.

With his father and a brother, Everett Baum would row a large three-man wherry to States Point or all the way down to Wildcat. Sometimes he'd do it blindfolded, racing against other rowers, for the sheer fun of it. He continued there until 1921 when a new quarry was opened by John Meehan & Son of New York and Philadelphia, on the main opposite Clark Island. Baum spent 15 years there, the bulk of his career as a professional paving cutter.

In 1936, with the market for paving block in decline, Baum left off quarry work, with its many "short weeks" and slim pay packets, and moved to a long life of varied pursuits. Until 1942 he and four or five others made a modest living collecting and selling Irish moss. World War II put an end to the business by drafting his partners.

After the war Baum came home to Clark Island and for 25 years went lobstering, five of them on Metinic Island "on halves" for the owner. During those years his life was a blend of fishing and carpentering around nearby towns. In the summers of 1956 to 1958 he and his wife, Olive Jameson, went to cook aboard the cruise schooner Victory Chimes. From 1960 to 1963 they both worked for the University of Maine agricultural station at Monmouth where she cooked and he worked with apple trees and strawberries. But then it was back to the coast where Baum continued to lobster until his 80th year in 1982. Since then he's been resting.

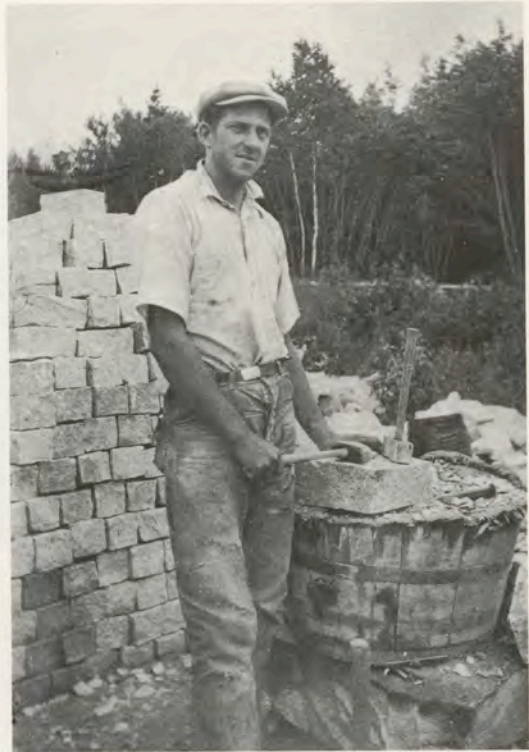
But of all his long life, Baum recalls most keenly his quarry days at Clark Island, the pride in his work, and the secrets of granite.

- I.J. Your father worked in the Clark Island quarry before you did. What was it like for him working out on the island?
- E.B. After my father started to cut paving, he needed to make more money, so he got a job working nights at the Clark Island cutting shed running the new granite saw. One of the first saws came on Vinalhaven, but they also had one on Clark Island. He got \$1.50 a night for 10 hours. That seems small, but there was eight of us besides him and my mother and two of her brothers that lived with us. They needed that \$1.50 to live on. Of course, he didn't get that \$1.50 because it went to the company store. If you wanted a pair of rubber boots or a suit of clothes or groceries—even a shotgun and shells—you got it at the company store. You charged it and didn't get any money. My father never saw a dollar for many, many years he told me.
- I.J. Were you expected to trade at the company store?
- E.B. If you worked there, you were really expected to trade there, yes. You weren't in good with the boss if you traded somewhere else.
- I.J. What was the setup like on Clark Island during the quarry days?
- E.B. There were quite a few houses out there but now there are only two. Every house was alike. They were 1½ stories with four rooms. Of course there was no bath in them days. There were two or three rooms downstairs and a big open room upstairs where quite a few could sleep. The Hocking family owned a private house out there. Tom Hocking, who ran the quarry for 30 or 40 years, died in town meeting of a heart attack. There was also a big white house out there that was company owned, and I think there was 20-25 rooms in it. It was the most beautiful house around this part of the country, I would say, at that time. It was called the White House. There was some of these galamanders with those monster wheels that would lug 40-50 tons. There were seven or eight of them when I was a boy. Some of them wheels were eight or 10 feet high.

- I.J. Why did the Clark Island quarry close down?
- E.B. When they shut down, McGuire (the owner), I have heard my father tell it, McGuire says, "Boys, I'll see you all starve to death but I will never sign this bill with the new mill prices." The old mill prices ran out and the union was arguing over the bill and he said he was going to shut down forever. The union wouldn't give in, and the quarry has never reopened to this day. That was around 1897-98.
- I.J. How many men worked at the Clark Island quarry at the time?
- E.B. I think there was probably 400 total. There was about 300 stone cutters at one time there. About the same as Vinalhaven.
- I.J. What were working conditions for the men like on the island?
- E.B. A paving cutter or a stonecutter got piecework pay, but you had to serve two years apprenticeship for nothing to learn this trade. My father gave me 25 cents a week to go on with him, but you had to work for nothing if you went on with a stranger. After the two years, you could make a lot more money on piecework than you could working day work, but it was up to you if you made any money or not.

You got 3 cents if you made the pavement out of grout and 2½ cents if you made it out of stock. Stock is stone shaped just like a dice; it's flat. Four feet one way, four feet another, and so many feet thick in inches. It had to be exactly to the inch or it was grout. You started to cut paving from stock that was 36 inches wide, and that was the way it had to be or you had to make it that if it wasn't. Then you split it in two and made it 18 and then you split that to 9 and then to 4½ inches, and that made your paving block. But if it was an odd size, you had to do 10 times more work to get a square piece, so you wasted half of it but got more money for it. You got a cent more for grout paving than you did for stock paving. But you could make more money with the stock because you could make twice as many pavings.

- I.J. Where did the paving stone go after you cut it?
- E.B. Most went to New York City. A Manhattan block had to be perfect. But a Bronx block, when I was there, they would take them rougher. They had men picking them out all the time. When they come and got your paving, they didn't take them all, they took the best depending on where they was going. Once in awhile the New Yorkers would send an inspector. Of course there was a trick to it, like in a lot of things. When the barge was going to New York, a bunch of inspectors went right aboard the barge to see if everything was up to snuff. We always put the best ones right on top. Paving cutters are just the same as clam diggers or blueberry rakers that put the best ones on top.
- I.J. There was probably just as much work in the paving on the bottom as on top.
- E.B. Oh, more. I shouldn't say this, but there was paving cutters just the same as there's clam diggers or lobstermen that made a mess of it. Some paving cutters made more of a cannonball than they did a paving block. The more you mauled one, the worse it looked; the more work you done on a paving stone, the worse it looked. If you was good enough to get them out without hardly touching them, that was good.
- I.J. There were all kinds of different nationalities in the quarries. Were they equally skilled or did they have different specialties?



Courtesy of Everett Baum

Everett Baum, paving cutter, 1924

- E.B. In my book, of all the nationalities, and I can name you probably 15 who worked in the quarries, there was only two real good paving cutters, Englishmen and Swedes. I'm talking about quality, like Manhattan paving. I saw one or two good Scot paving cutters and my brother-in-law was one of them. In fact, he was high man at Long Cove one year out of 200-300 men. But I give the Swedes the edge. The Swedes were best and the Englishmen were second. The Swedes really worked harder; they experienced stones when they were little bitty boys.
- I.J. Why did the paving stone quarries go out of business?
- E.B. We all had to start competing with the brick. That is one reason. The Holland Tunnel was the last thing the paver did. They picked out about 40 of the best paving cutters around, and there were two inspectors here and two New Yorkers who stood over us all the time. But none of us could make them good enough. We were getting so we were only making 10, 15, 18 pavings a day. They had to be exactly all one size. You didn't have more than a quarter of an inch to go and come on. You had to compete with the perfect brick that you build a chimney with. Eventually they had to put us on day work. That was the last job. It was around 1937 or 1938. Then the automobiles came out. Automobile drivers like to ride on asphalt better than on paving because the paving wasn't good enough. It's bumpy. That was the company's fault. If they had made them pavings the way we made 'em—they were very smooth—they would have lasted forever. If they had put them on a cement base and then a little sand or asphalt or something to even them up, they would have lasted a lifetime.
- I.J. Your mother had kept a boarding house on Hurricane Island—could you tell us something about that?
- E.B. I have heard my mother tell about it. It must have been before 1890. I never was on Hurricane Island because there was never any work there. The work was all

Everett Baum at Spruce Head quarry



through before I could remember. Olive's grandfather was one of them that went to Hurricane Island every day to work. He was in the quarry. He rowed from the Gig (Weskeag) River to Hurricane Island every day. That was when Hurricane was booming, about 1893. I think there were more than 400 people out there in them days.

I.J. Did you load paving stone on granite schooners or on barges?

E.B. I did both. There weren't many big schooners left when I started, but there were some. A three-masted schooner was the biggest one we ever had into Clark Island. Artie Thompson is the only man, as far as I know of, that ever sailed a vessel up Long Cove to Clark Island under its own power. Usually they'd knock the sails down off Tenants Harbor and a lobsterman would push 'em in. But Artie Thompson, he wouldn't do that. If the tide was just right and the wind right, he would sail in. He was a good captain. But after 1910 or 1911 or 1912, it was all loaded on barges. They'd bring the paving stone down to the wharf. There'd be a big pile of stone to get aboard. Maybe a million stones, maybe 2 million. When the barge came in, we would have four men to a box and we would throw 100 just as fast as we could into a box. You had a minute to rest before the crane dumped another box into the barge. So we worked pretty fast about one half the time. They were loaded off the wharf and we'd have two men in a hold lugging the boxes down. We had eight men all together loading. We had two men in the hold all the time because you had to have two men to keep the pieces trimmed and level because the barge had to be trimmed right. You had to know what you were doing to trim a barge or a vessel. If you didn't, she'd sink, turn over. You could load a barge in two or three days. Loading on schooners was a lot more work. They only had narrow hatches about 10 feet square—two of them. These barges were as big as a three-masted vessel. They were probably 140' long. They'd hold around 200,000 pounds. A barge would take a lot more than a three-masted vessel.

I.J. Was it dangerous to be a paving cutter in a quarry back then?

E.B. Eye protection was something that was very slack. Many of the men that worked in the quarries were experts at taking things out of your eye because somebody was getting stone and chips in their eyes all the time. Nobody had goggles. We had a loaded jackknife to scrape

your eye. We'd load the jackknife with a magnet so that if there was a little steel, it would draw it out. Most stonecutters were almost as good as a doctor with eyes. They would take a toothpick or match and roll your eyelid up and they really could take anything out. But it was a dangerous thing.

I.J. How do you feel about having spent most of your life working in granite quarries?

E.B. When I first started, I was about 18. I drilled all day long and drilled three holes in nine hours. But we thought cutting paving was the only thing because we were independent. There is nothing any more independent because if you did not want to do something, you didn't do it. You'd go home. We were awful independent because we were born and brought up that way. Piecework is something that I really don't agree with. It kills people. There are too many people who want money and they will kill themselves working. I've seen it at the quarry. There would be some who would work so hard for that almighty dollar that they'd go home and they couldn't even help themselves undress they were so tired. But I would not do that for nobody. I was awful independent that way. If I made \$6 per day, I was tickled to death but other people would try to make a lot more than that. Most of them died young. But the quarries kept right on going. I could not see that for the sake of two or three extra dollars.

I would not care to see the stone come back unless they had it different. I think that people should wear masks and goggles. I think it would have to be a complete change because I don't think people's health could take it today. It was awful on the stonecutters. Stonecutters worked in sheds in them days and in winter they were closed in there and the sheds didn't have windows in them. With all that dust and steel they were breathing, no wonder they died of that lung disease.

But paving cutters didn't work like that. We never worked in any sheds. Paving companies in the quarries were always completely outdoors and that is why we could not work in the winter. You couldn't work much with gloves on because you couldn't handle the wedges and files. It was tough.

John Van Sorosin is a member of the St. George Historical Society and resides in the old schoolhouse in Martinsville.



Richard Farrell

SUMMER MA'AMS

By Mike Brown

I must of been about eight years old before I found out there were people who came from away. My entire world was with the Old Man, our fish weir, and school. And in that priority order. Anything alien just didn't fit into my small and familiar province.

Close to foreigners were the fish peddlers who came to buy our mackerel and butterfish. But even they, like the one named Tony who talked funny and always gave me a punch on my shoulder, came to be friends. They liked fish and I liked fish and they would laugh with the Old Man and I would laugh with them all. I thought the whole world was like me and the Old Man and fish peddlers.

Other strangers from away were the captains and the men who went with the captains on the sardine boats. They were never called mates or engineers or anything. Just men who went with the captains. I remember sitting there on the fish weir pocket frame watching the sardine boats come around the spruce and boulder point and into our weir cove, easing next to the spindly stakes to load our fish. The captain would yell to me to take a line. "Hey there, cap," he'd holler to me, "take that fo'ard line up around that corner stake." And the man that went with the captain would throw me a heavy bowline.

That was something. The stranger called me a captain! I then and there promised to love sardine boats and the men who made them go. I thought the world must be a real nice place if all the strangers would come and make boy fishermen captains with just one word.

When the last dipnet of herring had been swung aboard, I'd shovel the dregs of broken salt bags over the hold of flipping fish. It reminded me of the white frosting the Old Man made on special days for chocolate cake. And we'd all go below for a mug of coffee, made-long-ago coffee that had been boat-brewing on the back plate of the Shipmate coal stove. The captain always poured four mugs, knowing I belonged there. Sometimes the Old Man and me had to share a molasses doughnut, though, when there were only three left in the crumpled brown paper bag on the galley table.

Sometimes on July days, sitting on the shore thinking about going clamming or maybe a high tide walk looking for driftwood, I'd see big cruising sail and power boats putting up and down the bay. They rarely came into the cove and would soon disappear around the spruce points that sheltered us from the outside. I remember once asking the Old Man what kind of people lived on those boats and where were they going and did they have homes just like us. He said he didn't know. I never asked him again. It didn't seem important.

The first real strangers from away came one summer morning. The Old Man and me had seined the weir and when we landed on the shore there were two ladies in pretty print dresses and low black shoes waiting for us. I made busy work with the punt painter so the Old Man would have to do the hellos.

They said they had bought a summer cottage over the shore a ways and loved the water and Maine and wanted to go out in the boat with us and see the weir and go fishing and all sorts of things.

Fiddling with the painter, I wondered how these strangers thought they could do all those things in those silly shoes.

The Old Man allowed how it was nice to meet them and he'd be much obliged to show them the weir. He introduced me and called them Ma'ams and I thought my fishing world was coming to an end. Old ladies in summer dresses and low black eyelet teacher shoes didn't belong there, didn't fit. They were not like sardine boat captains and I never, never would take them fishing if I lived to be 100 years old. The Old Man made me row him to the weir and return for the strangers. They said things that made me look away. One Ma'am said I was the strongest boy for my age she had ever seen. The

other said my curly hair, which I hated, was the color of black olives.

In mid-summer, I began to think the Ma'ams were not too bad after all. They were still summer folks and strangers and from away, but they did sit still in the punt when I took them flounder fishing. And they bought two pairs of short rubber boots, the kind I told them to, Red Ball Brand. They listened when I showed them the difference between a pincher worm and a blood worm, kelp and seaweed, clam holes and snail holes, periwinkles and whelks. And early mornings when the Old Man and me would row to the weir, I could see the Ma'ams on their porch listening, like I told them, for the morning call of the checkered-back loon who started the day for the whole bay.

I never told the Old Man, but I found myself splitting an extra couple of mackerel or digging another peck of steamer clams for the Ma'ams' dinner. I suspected the Old Man knew about it.

The end of summer came and one morning the Ma'ams walked across the spiderweb-dew fields in their Red Ball boots and knocked on our kitchen door. They had something to ask us. They said they were returning home the next day but asked the Old Man if I could come visit them before school started. I knew they lived far, far away in a place called Brooklyn. They had shown me pictures of the place—New York—where they lived.

The Old Man said he'd think about it. The weir came first, of course, but sometimes the herring didn't run in late summer. I remember he said he might spare me.

We didn't talk much about the trip for a week or so after the Ma'ams left. But I knew the Old Man was thinking hard. Then one Saturday morning I walked out to the tarred main road and got the mail. There was a letter from the Ma'ams in pretty curly writing addressed to the Old Man—and son! I fairly flew back to the house.

We slit the letter open with my mumbly-peg jackknife and inside was a bus ticket and a note asking that I come to Brooklyn the following weekend. I didn't know what to do or say, I was so excited. The Old Man sort of grinned. Sort of.

The next few days were pretty hectic. I didn't have any real good going-to-New York clothes. But by matching and patching and washing and pressing, we filled our one suitcase. I remember it was black and cardboard and the corners had silver color metal booties that had turned to half-brown rust in the cove salt air. In the few nights before the trip I would take my clothes from the suitcase, refold them as neatly as a wound fishing line and push

my suitcase back under the bed. Lying there at night, unable to sleep thinking about the city, I would reach down and touch my traveling companion.

On Friday noon, me in my best boy-fisherman city clothes, and the Old Man in his checkered cap, walked out to the tar road to hail the bus. I'd never been away from home before, and we talked about faraway places. He said to act like I'd been there before and nobody would bother me.

Waiting for the bus, the Old Man kept going over things. Just like before seining the weir. Don't forgets, they were. There was \$10 in my left shoe, \$10 sewn into my pants waist under the left rear pocket. And \$5 in show-off, up-front money in his wallet he lent me to carry it in.

When the bus stopped for a hail, I didn't want to go, but with a quick boost from the Old Man, I was suddenly on the bus and walking down the narrow aisle, and all I saw climbing into an empty window seat was the Old Man waving and the familiar horse chestnut trees walking one, two, three, four past the bus window.

I cried a little, until the next stop, when a stranger sat next to me. He asked where I was going and I said New York. He said, Wow! He'd never been to New York in his whole life and he was 65 years old. I felt a little better.

The hours and seat companions went by. I napped on cove bonfires and clam digs and mackerel schools and dories full of silvery, flippery herring—and the Old Man. I wondered how on earth he was ever getting on without me.

The hours, the blurred slow hours went by. But one bus change and three peanut butter and jelly sandwiches later we arrived at the right New York bus station. The Ma'ams had said to call them when I arrived but we didn't have a telephone in the cove and I had only used one a few times at my aunt's house. Besides, I didn't know anything about money phones. I decided to walk. I would of done that in the cove.

I asked a stranger where Flatbush Avenue was and he told me. I found it and started walking with my cardboard suitcase cinched taut with the strong black leather belt. At first I wouldn't look at anyone. Just walked, my eyes a fathom or two ahead. The people going past me could of been sardines for all I cared. But then the new sounds and strange-talking voices and all that never was the cove became so powerful that I pushed my cap back a bit and began to look at the city folks. I had never before seen a black man. I had never seen a trolley or old men sitting on street curbs drinking from paper bags. As I walked I

wondered if the Old Man had known about all this and never told me. I was awfully hungry and saw a man with a cart and striped yellow umbrella selling hot dogs. I walked right up and said I wanted one. And like I had lived there all my life, the man said one it was. I was beginning to think strangers were not bad at all; oh, nothing like sardine boat captains, for sure, but not bad. I gave the hog dog man the up-front \$5 bill from the Old Man's wallet and he returned all but 25 cents. I had counted fish peddlers' money and knew the hot dog man hadn't cheated me.

The cardboard suitcase got heavy as the street numbers climbed higher but I knew I was not far from the Ma'ams house. A policeman on a horse came clopping by and asked me where I was going. I told him. He said it was not far down the street. I patted the horse and his skin quivered just like the baby porpoise the Old Man and I had caught once and released from our nets. It shivered in my hands when I let it go. That's funny, I thought, how can a city policeman's horse and a cove weir porpoise feel the same? All tingly.

It was getting late. The city September sun didn't stay high in the sky like the Maine sun. As I walked down Flatbush Avenue the tall buildings would catch the sun and then release it through street shafts that lasted only the length of my crossing strides.

And then it was there. The right number on a high iron post. It had a ship's bell, a city ship's bell, for sure, but a bell, and I rang it hard with the leather bell rope. The door of the house opened almost immediately and I found myself blushing and squirming amidst the hugs and kisses of the Ma'ams who came to my fishing world.

They were worried to death, they said, my not calling and all. But I told them of umbrella hot dogs and black people singing swaying songs and horses and porpoises and they just laughed and held close the two jars of our best spiced mackerel the Old Man sent them for my visit present.

And they said, standing there on their parlor Persian rug in their worn Red Ball Brand Maine rubber boots, "Well, will you just look at our grown-up man fisherman, all the way here just as straight and true as the herring pilot fish headed to a cove weir!"

Mike Brown is a free-lance writer and fisherman. Author of two books, Saturday Cove and The Great Lobster Chase, he also has been a syndicated columnist and editor on the staffs of National Fisherman, the Camden Herald, and the Belfast Republican Journal.



AIRMAIL

By Peter Ralston

When Chaney Ripley drove an axe into his left hand while cutting wood on Matinicus in April of 1984 his options were, to say the very least, limited. He wrapped the severed digits in a rag, made a call ashore, then walked across the island to a small clearing hard upon the bony northern shore. In a matter of 15 minutes he was airborne and well on his way to a hospital where his fingers were reattached.

When Kathryn Quinn's baby decided to make an early arrival and there was no time for a boat run from her North Haven home, she became one of perhaps 30 women in labor to fly across Penobscot Bay in the past 16 years; little Gregory was born just as Kathryn was being wheeled into PenBay Medical Center's delivery room. Since four-year-old Nicky Philbrook of Matinicus came down with leukemia in 1982, he and his parents have made hundreds of trips across the bay. Flying back and forth they've been able to maintain their island home while providing Nicky with the best possible medical attention.

With about 55,000 flying hours between them it's a safe bet that Herb Jones and his son Charlie, collectively known as Stonington Flying Service, regularly see

more of Maine's islands than anyone, with the possible exception of a few particularly well-traveled gulls. These two men love to fly, and their enterprise has touched the lives of all those residing on a handful of offshore islands. Boats are ever *the* classic island conveyance, but in recent years air access has become an increasingly important component of offshore life, a fact equally unlikely to reverse itself.

Old ways die especially hard on islands. There was stern, even strident initial opposition to the concept of regular air service, not without some understandable justification. When Herb and Charlie first tried going after the contracts for postal deliveries to Matinicus, North Haven and Vinalhaven, they ran into a wall of opposition. Matinicus residents realized that if their scheduled boat lost its mail contract, they stood to lose a vital link to the mainland. Charlie acknowledges, "The mail was subsidizing that boat." Vinalhaven residents weren't afraid of diminished ferry service but seemed generally united in their disbelief that planes could provide reliable service in the ever-mercurial weather of the area.

Stonington's first bid for a postal contract was defeated in 1976, but as Charlie

is quick to point out, "That Matinicus boat was scheduled for two days a week in the winter. Well, in 1978, they could only get the boat out there twice all winter. Rest of the time we flew everything in, and for a hell of a lot less money than the boat cost." When the four-year renewable contract came up for bids in 1980, deft maneuvering on their part at last rewarded the Jones men with the mail service for all three islands.

Matinicus did indeed lose its scheduled boat but has gained an inexpensive and reliable freight carrier which gives "one-day delivery of anything they need for what the boat was charging them 10 years ago." An evening call from the island to Stonington's office at Owl's Head results in fresh groceries on the island by 9 a.m. the next day. On all three islands the mail and newspapers are now usually put up by the time the old mail boat would be just clearing the Rockland breakwater. Herb allows that he likes to let his mail contract indirectly subsidize the personal cargoes he carries while still yielding the postal service a (three island) savings of \$30,000 per annum. He likes to double up his passengers and freight whenever possible; it's obvious that as born-and-raised islanders



Peter Ralston (2)

Herb Jones, pilot of the islands

themselves, Herb and Charlie appreciate the dynamics of imaginative cooperation and mutual dependence.

There is an unmistakable sense of pride and concern as Herb and Charlie talk about the folks they service. Herb was born on the southern tip of Deer Isle, in Stonington, where he recalls spending hours down on the wharves just watching the gulls fly around. He likes to think that the first airplane he saw was that of Charles Lindbergh who often flew in the area.

His early love for flying first got off the ground when he fought his way through a series of bureaucratic snafus and finally managed to talk his way into the Army Air Corps in 1944. At age 20 he found himself flying from Nashville to Karachi, Pakistan, a 95-hour introduction to life in the Air Transport Command. He recalls with visible relish that they flew their legendary C-47 "Gooney Bird" by celestial navigation across the Atlantic; "I've got more radios and other stuff in my Cessna 185 today than our whole outfit had in their planes combined." His war service was spent flying The Hump . . . the famous air lifeline to troops and equipment deep within India and Burma.

Like so many other veterans Herb returned home with a great talent lacking an appropriate application. For a number of years he fished, worked as a mechanic and in a shipyard; only occasionally was he able to fly. Gradually he integrated remunerative flying into his life, first by spotting schooling fish from the air for local fishermen, then flight instructing and every once in a while taking a passenger or two out to the islands. In between these jobs Herb also found the time to raise 12 children, Charlie being number five.

The owner of the old Thomaston air strip, Arthur Harjula, was a friend who would often direct a bit of business towards Herb and Charlie, the latter having started working with his father in 1971 at age 21. For most of the '70's the two men flew daily from their small, family-built airstrip in Stonington to Thomaston where most of the action was. It was during this time that they began buying powerful, hence more versatile, planes.

It was also the era that saw the Jones' only crash. Herb was taking off from Thomaston when his engine began to intermittently race and die. Gravity prevailed just as he spied a hay field being mowed and, while the field was adequate for an emergency landing, there was a problem in the form of a hay rake right in the middle of the only possible landing spot. Herb recalls the farmer made "the fastest exit off a tractor you'll ever see" as Herb hit the rake. The plane was a total loss in the ensuing fire. "I was out of business in a hurry with that one." Father and son managed to recover from that setback, and when Harjula retired they bought his business.

In those years the mainstay of the operation was instruction, sightseeing and sporadic island trips. They moved their families and business off Deer Isle to the mainland in 1978. Since then life has been a series of "ups and downs," as Charlie likes to describe their business; in fact, Stonington averages one take-off or landing every 12 minutes. Neither man ever sits still for long. The phone rings constantly with requests to move people and freight on or off the islands.

Some of the freight gets pretty strange, eclipsed in peculiarity only by some of

the passengers. Charlie recalls with affection an island woman whose life-style dictated a good bit of flying. She was a customer inherited from Arthur Harjula and was renowned for her absolute terror of flying. She would close her eyes for an entire flight, pretending she was in a taxi. The first time Charlie was on duty when she needed to get to Vinalhaven, he absolutely refused to tolerate her usual routine. "I just knew that if she would open her eyes once it would work out fine." By the end of that anxious flight, she was mourning the visual delights she had missed in her years of flying over the islands. She has since been an enthusiastic passenger.

Charlie has somewhat less of a twinkle in his eyes as he recalls the time his engine exploded through the top of the motor cowling while flying at 3,500 feet between Castine and the northern end of Islesboro. He just managed to glide into the Belfast airport where he informed his ashen passenger that there would be no charge for the flight. Herb says, "that made Charlie a firm believer in altitude for insurance." There are many other colorful stories which, along with the easy smiles of both men, belie their admonition that theirs is "just another business"; they have the rare satisfaction of truly enjoying their work, work that touches many lives.

It's easy for the casual observer to wax romantic about the mystique and allure of island bush piloting. However, an emergency midnight flight in gusty crosswinds over miles of water to a small, dark, dirt strip is totally devoid of romance. Herb and Charlie work long, hard days and are rewarded by being their own men and flying the machines they enjoy. Perhaps their real reward, one that remains largely unspoken, is the hard-won but seemingly genuine respect of the island people they service.

As one resident on Matinicus puts it, "That Herb can be some difficult but, by God, if any one of us needs him not much stops him. Weren't for those two, some people wouldn't be around today. Those fellows mean a whole lot to us out here."

Peter Ralston is the Art Director of Island Journal. A photo-journalist by profession, his work appears regularly in many national magazines, and his technical prowess is responsible for the quality of several of the Wyeth art books. He is director of the Island Photographic Workshops.



Hard aground

STEAMBOATING

By Clayton Gross

As with so many things pertaining to islands, the whole relationship between history, transport, and convenience was once far more efficient and comprehensive in the dear, dead days of small cash flow. For pocket money, you could get to dozens of island ports, regularly and reliably.

Today it takes thousands of dollars' worth of boat, either in your possession or that of a friend, if you are not to be limited to the one-port, short-run ferry traffic to far fewer locations. Where once the whole archipelago was a community of sorts, there is now an ironic parochialism.

Clayton Gross is a well-known writer, author of the book, *Island Chronicles*, and historian of Stonington, Me. He is a regular contributor to that town's newspaper, *Island Advantages*. When we asked him what he would like to write for *Island Journal*, he said without any hesitation at all, "the steamboats."

Many active island townships were devastated by the loss of their boat services during the first half of the century. The process sadly continues in the second half as places like *Matinicus*,

Frenchboro and *Criehaven* struggle to stay alive. We are pleased to carry this narrative of the old island steamboat service, not only for its own interest, but also as a historical message for those who would let the humane dimension of the islands languish.

Ed.

The sound drifted through the fog and drizzle, a sound I had not heard for many years; yet, it was instantly recognizable, the voice of a steamboat blowing for a landing. It was the *Sabino*, the last survivor of the once numerous fleet of small and medium-sized steamers that served the coast of Maine. She was about to land a group of tourists back at the dock of Mystic Seaport after a brief run on the foggy Mystic River.

In a sense it is sad that people from Maine must journey to Connecticut to ride on the last Maine coast steamboat, but it would be far sadder if there were no survivor at all. The sound of that whistle took me back to the steamboat wharf in Stonington where it was part of the daily rhythm of summer life to go down

to the dock and see the boat come in. There we duly noted who and what came ashore, and many people remained to watch as agent Reuben Cousins cast off the lines while the *North Haven* backed away from the dock and headed for Swans Island, where she would lie overnight before making another round trip to Rockland the next day.

Many of those watching this exciting, if routine, vignette of maritime commerce must have realized that this was a scene soon to vanish, leaving behind only empty buildings, rotting wharves, and pleasant memories. For nearly a century, Maine coastal and island communities had depended almost totally on steamboats for the transportation of mail, freight and passengers, but by the early 1930's change could be seen coming on the wheels of trains and autos. The days of the island steamers were ending.

The first record of a steamboat stopping at Deer Isle is a freight bill for a sail delivered to Scott's Landing at North Deer Isle by the steamer *T.F. Secor* in 1848. It was probably a non-scheduled stop, one which was made only when there was a need for it.



Clayton Gross Collection (2)

Steamboat Mount Desert

The first attempt to operate a scheduled steamboat service to the islands of Penobscot Bay seems to have been done with the 400-ton sidewheeler *Rockland* in 1857. Her long and circuitous route took her from Rockland to Belfast, North Haven, Deer Isle, Sedgwick, Mount Desert, Ellsworth and Machiasport.

When calling at Deer Isle, the *Rockland* stopped off at Sunset, probably because it was the easiest place to land between North Haven and Sedgwick. Henry Lufkin, Deer Isle's inimitable diarist, records being appointed "steem boat" agent and building a scow to lighter freight and passengers from his dock to the steamer, which anchored off because she drew too much water. During the latter part of this time, the *Secor* ran from Belfast to Bar Harbor via Eggemoggin Reach, although for how long is unclear. It could not have been much later than 1860, since both steamers went off to the Civil War and were lost to enemy action.

As the coastal steamer business grew, the Bangor and Machias Steamboat Co. placed the 246-foot steamer *Lewiston* into service in 1868 with landings at Rockland, Castine, Deer Isle, Sedgwick, Southwest Harbor, Bar Harbor, Milbridge, Jonesport and Machiasport. She operated successfully on this run until 1886 when she was switched to the Bangor-Boston run to replace the *Cambridge*, which had been lost off Port Clyde in that year.

One of the most memorable of the post-Civil War steamers was the *Mt. Desert*, built in Bath by Goss & Sawyer. She was 475 gross tons and measured 162.4'x27.1' with a draft of 9.6'. She

entered service on a wet, blustery day in June 1879. Her owners took advantage of the nasty weather to get the most attention possible from her maiden voyage. About 150 invited guests were treated to a free ride across the Western Bay, and they were not disappointed as she proved to be a comfortable sea boat. Stops were made for special festivities at Green's Landing and Southwest Harbor, where a lobster feed was served to all hands. A great ovation awaited her at Bar Harbor, and a grand party was held in Sullivan, where she laid overnight. On her return trip, she won handily in an impromptu race with the *Lewiston*.

"Old Mounty" enjoyed a long career on the Bar Harbor run. During this time she included various places on her list of landings which lamentably have been long forgotten. Such places as South Gouldsboro, Lamoine and Hancock as well as Mackerel Cove on Swans Island, were among them. Imagine such local service today!

It was while approaching Mackerel Cove, on a foggy night in the 1890's, that she is presumed (though it was never proven) to have run down a young couple in a rowboat, drowning them both. Sober and reliable observers claim that on several occasions on or near the anniversary of the accident they have seen a ghostly paddlewheel steamer near Mackerel Cove. They also claim to have heard the distinctive sounds of paddlewheels and even detected the pungent odor of soft coal smoke. The anguished screams of the victims and the jangle of the engine room telegraph calling for reverse were readily discernible.

After a few years the *Rockland*, *Mt. Desert* and Sullivan Steamboat Co., owner of the *Mt. Desert*, became part of the Boston and Bangor Steamship Co. "Old Mounty" operated under the firm's banner until 1901, when she became part of the steamboat empire of Charles W. Morse of Bath.

One of the first priorities of Morse's new Eastern Steamship Co. was to replace the faithful but aging *Mt. Desert*. The new steamer was the still fondly remembered *J.T. Morse*, whose keel was laid in 1903 at the McKie yard in East Boston. Her design seems to have been the work of Eastern's general manager, Calvin Austin, and was that of a miniature *City of Rockland*, which had come from the same yard two years earlier.

Her main deck contained freight space, engine room amidships and dining room aft. A graceful companionway led up to the passenger saloon, which ran about two thirds of her length. A feature not often found in sidewheel steamers was the walk that ran all the way around the saloon. Outside the walk on both sides were five staterooms and the paddle boxes. All rooms and saloons were carpeted. Decor also featured rattan furniture, leather upholstery with window shades, and curtains of silk velour. The *Morse* was 199'x31'x50' (over the guards) with 12.1' draft. She registered 780 gross tons. Her simple beam engine had a stroke of 9 feet (!) and produced 600 indicated horsepower, which gave her the very respectable speed of 16 knots. She could carry up to 400 passengers, and a dozen horses in specially built stalls.

One may wonder why, at a time when sidewheel steamers were a vanishing breed, anyone would want to invest in a brand new one, but paddlewheel steamers were more maneuverable and could make quicker stops than a propeller-driven ship. This was important when making landings at low tide in shoal water, and for running intricate courses. For instance, on the one-way trip from Rockland to Bar Harbor, a distance of 55 miles, there were 63 changes of course, some of which lasted as little as 60 seconds. Only three lasted as long as 20 to 25 minutes. In a season of 200 days, an average of 40 trips would be made in foggy or stormy weather without benefit of radar or radio.

Skill in ship handling and the built-in maneuverability of the paddlewheels paid off. The *Morse* had only two collisions while underway, and only two groundings in 27 years on the run. Three of her four mishaps took place in or near the Deer Isle Thoroughfare, off Stonington.

To the island and coastal towns around Penobscot Bay the steamboat served much the same function as the

railroad did inland. The "main line" was the Bangor Division with its daily runs from Bangor to Boston. The steamers *Belfast* or *Camden* would arrive at Tillson's Wharf in Rockland from Boston about 4 a.m. As soon as passengers and freight had been transferred, the *Morse* would leave Rockland for Bar Harbor at about 5 a.m. She would arrive in Stonington at 7 a.m. Thus, one could leave Boston at 5 p.m. and be home in Stonington in time for breakfast. Schedules were not exact, as time for loading and unloading freight might vary, or the Boston boat might be late in arriving. The connection on the evening trip was made at about 7 p.m. in Rockland.

Although those who reminisce about steamboats remember them mainly as an easy way to travel, it was freight, not passengers, that was the lifeblood of steamboating. The trucking company that now serves the region has on the back of one of its trailers an ad which reads, "From the cradle to the coffin, your needs move by truck." Back in 1906 they moved by steamboats. Up until 1934, it was possible to place an order with a Boston wholesaler by phone or telegram before 3 p.m. and it would be on the dock in Stonington the next day at 7 a.m. Mail and papers came from Boston in less than 24 hours.

A review of papers salvaged from the Stonington steamboat wharf, covering all sorts of business for the months of October, November and December, 1906, gives an idea of what went on at a typical Maine Coast steamboat wharf during the first decade of this century.

Stonington at the time was in the midst of the granite boom, which generated a great deal of passenger and freight traffic. "Freight" included all of the goods for the numerous stores then in town (there were 48 at the turn of the century), and all of the supplies for the quarries and sardine factories. Since there was no such thing as parcel post or U.P.S., all kinds of shipments to individuals, however small, became "freight."

Each major line ran one round trip to Rockland, making three boats to Rockland on most days. A typical schedule was that of Maine Central's *Pemaquid*. In 1906-07 she left Stonington at 7 a.m., made a way-landing at North Haven at 8 a.m., and arrived at Tillson's Wharf at 8:55 a.m. in time to connect with the train to Portland. A combination boat-and-train ticket from Stonington to Boston cost about \$5! The return trip left Rockland on the arrival of the afternoon train from Portland.

The standard form for shipping freight used by the Vinalhaven and Rockland Steamboat Co. listed barrels, boxes, bags,



Steamboat Castine

hogsheads, kegs, bundles, crates, baskets, half barrels, tea chests, tubs, rolls, bars of iron, casks and coils. It should be noted that most of the containers mentioned were made of wood. The cardboard carton had yet to come on the scene.

Much of the freight was listed by containers. For example, John Clegg got one crate at 15 cents freight. The Benvenue Granite Co. was the recipient of one box, two barrels, and one coil for a grand total of 25 cents. The Blake Granite Co. got one band, several sheets of iron, and a smokestack, implying the erection of some kind of steam plant. A few days later the Benvenue Granite Co. received eight boxes, 26 bundles, one vise, one anvil, four pieces of chain and one bellows. Joshua Maxwell and Simon Freedman both took delivery of horses for the standard fee of \$2.

Another storekeeper got a case of Moxie, which today is classed as a soft drink. In 1906 the shipping invoice listed it as a patent medicine. It may have been like Coca-Cola (and several others), which at the time contained something more than it does now. To be "full of Moxie" evidently gave one some kind of boost, and explains the expression that is still heard today. All this was before the Pure Food and Drug Act!

As the years passed, the decline of the granite industry, competition from the automobile, and finally the Great Depression, made themselves felt in the steamboat business. In 1931 the Maine Central withdrew the *Pemaquid* and quit steamboating altogether.

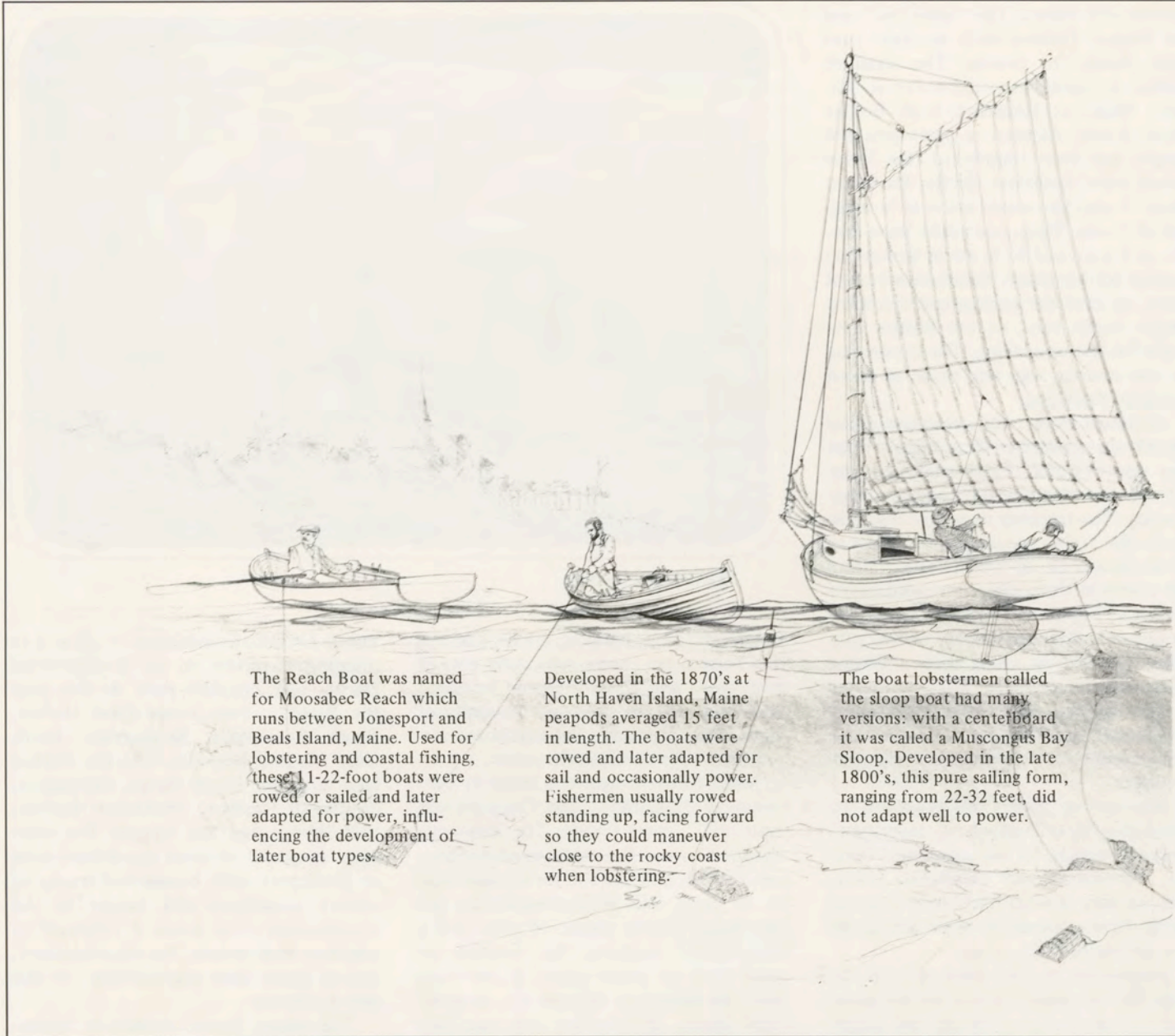
On Feb. 21, 1934, Eastern Steamship Co. announced that it was petitioning the

Public Utilities Commission to allow it to discontinue service on the Rockland-Bar Harbor and Brooklin runs. At this time the Brooklin boat served Dark Harbor, South Brooksville, Sargentville, North Deer Isle and Brooklin. The Bar Harbor boat landed at North Haven, Stonington, Southwest Harbor, Northeast Harbor, Seal Harbor and Bar Harbor. The company proposed to meet the Boston boat at Bucksport with busses and trucks to convey passengers and freight to the communities from which it proposed to withdraw boat service. The inconvenience, and in some cases impossibility, of this plan is obvious.

The reason Eastern wanted to discontinue the services was the claim that it had lost over \$122,000 in the preceding three years. Whether or not this was true, the request was granted. On Friday, the 13th of April, 1934, the steamer *Westport* made her final landing at Stonington and the following day made her last trip on the Brooklin line. Thus ended Eastern Steamship's local service to Penobscot Bay communities.

In December 1935, the last remaining steamer company, the Vinalhaven and Rockland line, offering connecting service to Boston at Rockland was dealt a mortal blow. The Boston boat made its last trip. A century of steamboating on the bay was nearing its end.

On May 30, 1942, the *North Haven's* whistle resounded over Deer Isle thoroughfare for the last time as she made her final westbound trip to Rockland. With this mournful note, the steamboat vanished from Penobscot Bay.



The Reach Boat was named for Moosabec Reach which runs between Jonesport and Beals Island, Maine. Used for lobstering and coastal fishing, these 11-22-foot boats were rowed or sailed and later adapted for power, influencing the development of later boat types.

Developed in the 1870's at North Haven Island, Maine peapods averaged 15 feet in length. The boats were rowed and later adapted for sail and occasionally power. Fishermen usually rowed standing up, facing forward so they could maneuver close to the rocky coast when lobstering.

The boat lobstermen called the sloop boat had many versions: with a centerboard it was called a Muscongus Bay Sloop. Developed in the late 1800's, this pure sailing form, ranging from 22-32 feet, did not adapt well to power.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE JONESPORT LOBSTERBOAT

By Michael Crowley and John Carter

When Maine lobstermen started strapping gasoline engines over the keels of their sailing work boats, the vessels were no longer subject to the vagaries of the wind or the helmsman's skill to work around the islands and ledges where traps are set. With this development, the indigenous nature of sailing work boats began to fade. However, along Moosabec Reach the gasoline engine heralded the beginning of a local boat type that successfully combined the function of a fishing boat with beauty and speed.

In the 1890's Edwin Beal owned a number of herring weirs that he tended with sailing vessels until 1901 when he had a Mr. O. Sheldon of Neponset, Mass., build him a 20-foot fantail-sterned boat with an enclosed cabin. The boat was powered by a 4.5-h.p., single-cylinder, make-and-break Grove engine manufactured by the Pennsylvania Iron Works. That boat is reputed to be the first gasoline-powered craft owned by anyone from either Beals or Jonesport.

Apparently it caused quite a stir, and it wasn't long before other fishermen decided there were better things to do than row or sail against the tide. Engines were soon crammed into peapods, reach-boats and Friendship sloops, none of which had been designed for power. So it wasn't long before builders started experimenting with hull form to design a better boat for the variety of engines available.

Another factor contributing to changing lobster hull design was the number of traps being set. An engine made it prac-



Originating in New Hampshire in the early 1800's, the Hampton boat saw many modifications over time. Used extensively in Maine for lobstering and other shore fisheries, the boat was from 17 to 24 feet in length and sailed with a variety of rigs until adapted for power in the early 1900's.

Popular in eastern Maine for lobstering from about 1915 to 1920, these torpedo stern boats probably were influenced by several other different types such as the peapod as builders adapted hulls to efficiently use the internal combustion engine. They averaged 20-24 feet in length.

Speed was considered an essential quality of a lobsterboat, especially in eastern Maine. This "razor case" style boat, averaging 25 feet in length with a length-to-breadth ratio of as much as 4:1, was an attempt to increase speed before the high-horsepower engines of today were available.

Modern lobster boats and their builders have responded to changes in the fishery. Lobstermen are fishing more traps and using boats for multi-purpose fishing which means more work space and wider boats to handle more traps. Jonesporter lobster boats typically range from 32 to 45 feet.

tical to set more traps over a greater distance, requiring a design that could handle more weight aft where lobstermen usually carried their gear. As a result, the after ends of such boats as peapods and fantail launches were modified. The peapod became a melon seed or pumpkin seed as fishermen and builders struggled to retain the traditional double-ended shape while making it more burdensome.

The fantail was eventually abandoned in favor of a sort of reverse fantail or torpedo stern, longer and wider at its base than at the top, a style credited to Maurice Dow and Edward Kelley between 1905 and 1907. An all-round fisherman, Kelley asked Dow to build him a boat with a curved, raking stern and flat floor aft. Dow is said to have charged extra for the boat because the stern was so difficult

to build. The boat, named *Blackbird*, proved to carry weight well and didn't squat aft in the water when the throttle was opened up like the converted peapods and other double-enders. But, just as importantly, the boat was good-looking and fast, major considerations along Moosabec Reach.

Whether the story of *Blackbird* is actually true or whether one of the other stories about the development of the torpedo-sterned lobsterboat is more on the mark may never be known. Suffice it to say that by the first decade of the 1900's a new era in the lobster fishery opened.

As the torpedo-sterned boat gained in popularity more builders began producing them. Alt Rogers and Frank Smith, both respected builders, were turning out the

boats in Jonesport along with Maurice Dow who moved from Roque Bluffs to Jonesport's Kelleys Point. George Brown began building them on Beals Island.

At about this time (1914) Will Frost moved to Beals Island from Whales Cove on Digby Neck, Nova Scotia. Frost was already a capable builder by the time he moved, and he worked for George Brown for a short time before setting up his shop in a smokehouse where he built a boat that was considered narrow for that time. The boat was a "razor case," some said, and there was reportedly a big turnout at her launch to see how she would perform. Harold Gower, another Nova Scotian builder who moved to Beals Island, said in an interview that the Frost boat about doubled the speed of any other boat on the reach. This marked another

100 Years Ago



Crie Family Collection

80 Years Ago



Crie Family Collection

step towards greater speed, and the formula was adopted by astute builders in the area.

Will Frost is often mentioned as the "father" of the long, narrow Jonesport-style vessel. There is no doubt that he influenced the design of these popular models, but other local builders such as Dow, Brown and the numerous Beals probably had a greater influence on the development of the type. The sleek, high-bowed, torpedo-sterned boat had been popular in the area for several years prior to Frost's arrival.

After the war technological breakthroughs were made in engine development. The heavy make-and-break two-cycle engines with a poor horsepower to weight ratio were replaced with new four-cycle engines that were both lighter and more powerful by at least a factor of 10. At the same time new mechanical developments such as transmissions and reverse gears made for greater versatility.

As a result, the beam-to-length ratios went from 1:4 to 1:5 as horsepower increased. These hulls were easily driven, good-looking and fast. Perhaps the best example is Will Frost's *Redwing* built in 1924. The boat was 25'10" x 5'6" and had a four-cylinder, 65-h.p. "Redwing Thoroughbred" engine. She proved very popular, with as many as 100 Maine coast lobsterboats reportedly built to her lines.

You might think that the new engines would have brought back the earlier, double-ended hulls that had been previously popular, since the new engines were lighter with greater horsepower for their weight. But two factors mitigated against this occurrence.

The increased horsepower easily drove the hulls past their designed hull speed and a narrow double-ended hull would squat aft much like earlier conversions which had heavy make-and-break engines. For best efficiency the hull needed a

straight run and good bearing aft. Secondly, technological breakthroughs in land transportation created a live purchase market linking Maine with metropolitan areas and making lobstering a full-time profession with many fishermen. They wanted to carry more gear, with some fishing as many as 250 traps. These factors forced builders to produce wider boats with a straighter run aft.

Another change in design occurred in the late 1920's and early '30's. Lobsterboats lost their torpedo-sterns or "Jonesport slides," as they were sometimes called. The rounded sterns of many of the older boats were simply cut off, probably giving rise to the term "cut-off stern."

By the 1950's other changes in the fishery pushed boats another notch up the evolutionary scale. The beam-to-length ratio once again began to decrease as larger horsepower engines such as converted Oldsmobile, Buick and Chevrolet V-8 automobile engines were added to boats. Trap runs also began to increase as the lobster fishery became more specialized and competitive. By 1964 beam-to-length ratios were approximately 1:3.2 and in 1984 some builders were constructing vessels with a ratio of about 1:2.8. Trap runs now average 400 to 500 with some lobstermen fishing 1,000 or better.

Lobsterboat design has been influenced by other innovations such as the hydraulic pot hauler. Previous to the introduction of this innovation in 1965, lobsterboats were designed with very low freeboard so that a fisherman was close to the water and didn't have to reach over as far to grasp a trap. The powerful hydraulic hauler was able to lift the traps to deck level and above so boats could now be designed with more freeboard. Increased freeboard raised the working platform until it was above the boat's

waterline, allowing for scuppers and a self-bailing watertight platform.

In recent years lobsterboats have become multi-purpose vessels with lobstermen also going dragging, shrimping and scalloping. These functions have introduced greater compromise into the design process. Lobstermen have also started fishing further offshore, some venturing into the great canyons just off the continental shelf. Changes such as these have produced a new class of lobsterboat that is larger and deeper.

On Beals Island most of the builders still specialize in a lobsterboat built primarily for lobstering. The average length has increased to 36 or 38 feet, but the basic form and construction remain the same. Each builder works from his own designs and this develops an understanding of the relationship between construction and form that others are often hard pressed to understand. But since the majority of the builders on Beals Island know lobstering first hand as nearly all of them have been or continue to be fishermen during a portion of the year, they can understand a necessary change when a prospective buyer mentions an annoying trait found in a boat.

Today the major example of individual innovativeness is found in hull design. Beals Island-Jonesport vessels can be described as semi-planing, round-bilged, skeg-built boats. But, beyond that, the hulls have some important differences that are dictated by what each builder/designer believes makes a functional, seakindly, fast and attractive lobsterboat.

For example, take the case of deadrise in the after sections of the hull. Deadrise is the angle of rise from the keel to the turn of the bilge, and, depending on what boat shop you enter, you'll find different advocates from a flat section to plenty of V in the after sections.

60 Years Ago



Maine Maritime Museum

"You can load her heavier, the boat won't pound and she runs cleaner," says Doug Dodge, as a way of explaining why he insists that a lobsterboat have lots of deadrise in her underbody. Dodge is the most radical proponent of maximum deadrise.

Somewhat more conservative is Calvin Beal, Jr., who builds his boats with a fair amount of deadrise in the after sections, along with reverse curve in the area between the garboard and turn of the bilge. Calvin believes this gives the boat higher bilges, allowing the forward sections to be very fine.

Willis Beal's shop lies some 200 yards eastward of Calvin's. Willis is a proponent of flat after sections. He doesn't think a boat used for fishing should have sharp deadrise aft. "She's too bouyant," Willis says, "and the motion is too tiring for fishing."

Deadrise is an example of only one design question that the builders disagree upon. Each individual has his own belief about what makes a good boat. These individual differences are enough to give a potential customer a definite choice.

One of the greatest changes to hit the lobsterboat building business in recent years is the introduction of the fiberglass hull. There were 14 boat shops in the Beals Island and Jonesport area in 1975. In 1983 there were five active builders of wooden boats. Their output in 1984 was expected to be eight boats. In contrast, Young Brothers and Duffy and Duffy (both fiberglass concerns) planned to build in the neighborhood of 30 boats each while Flye Point Marine in Brooklin, Me., expects to put out 50 fiberglass hulls over the same period of time.

The reason for the trend toward fiberglass was succinctly expressed by Calvin Beal, Jr., during a series of talks when he described the available timber for boat-

building as "junk" compared to wood available a few years ago. It is easier for the mills to turn out dimensional stock for general building rather than cut special-order boatbuilding wood. Calvin also believes that better pay for your time is available from glass. Calvin and Osmond Beal both believe that the production level and income to the builder is more attractive with fiberglass boats and both have seriously considered changing over.

The future of wooden boatbuilding in the Beals Island-Jonesport area is cloudy. Each of the current builders grew up in a tradition that didn't offer the alternatives in materials or the mobility now afforded the area's youth. For some, Beals Island in Washington County is a long way from what many have come to believe is the "world." Island life has always suffered, and, in many instances, gained, from this viewpoint as technology advanced and attitudes changed.

"Every tree on Beals Island has a boat's stem hidden in it," says Frank Dobbins. "But, if there are no builders, that stem will never get built."

15 Years Ago



Michael Crowley

Editor's note:

The Apprenticeshop of the Maine Maritime Museum has been studying the vessels of coastal Maine over the past ten years. A wealth of information has been banked over that period and a sizeable group (over 80) of indigenous small craft have been collected by Museum staff. Current areas of study include: Hampton boats, peapods, Maine pinkys and other small craft along the coast.

The study was funded in part by a grant from the National Endowment for the Arts and part of it focused on the Beals Island-Jonesport area of Maine. John Carter, Director of the Museum, was in charge of this segment of the study and Michael Crowley was a field investigator along with Douglas Alvord who did field documentation through drawings to illustrate facets of the lobsterboat building.

The Museum is interested in the preservation of Maine's unique boat types. Island Journal readers who want to help by supplying information, photographs or even examples of the boat types should contact John Carter, Maine Maritime Museum, 963 Washington St., Bath, ME 04530.

Note:

Copies of Douglas Alvord's timeline poster are available from Maine Maritime Museum, Bath, Maine.

TOY BOATS

By George Putz



Steve Miller Collection



Peter Ralston

Daily, for many years, I have walked the shores of Maine's Penobscot Bay. These walks are solace against winter, work, and the misbegotten affairs of state and heart. Almost always there are fishing boats in sight, and at the high water line a collection of debris cast up by the tide. Now and again, among the sea junk, little toy boats made by children wash up on the beach. Some of them are encrusted with barnacles and seaweed, their paint long gone except where it was trapped under the heads of nails and screws. Each year produces at least a couple of them.

In 15 years of regularly walking the shore, my collection tallies at around 30 of these witnesses to emerging skill, good counsel, hard work, enjoyment, and loss. It is the good counsel and loss combined that strike me most.

My neighborhood is an especially nautical and maritime one; the youngsters around here are knowledgeable about boats and handy with tools. Some of these lost creations are perfectly astounding in their fidelity to both reality and genius—unique to their creator, but unmistakably fishing boats. In an age of toy-store plastic, they are powerful and primeval, brought forth from Daddy's woodscrap pile, nail pouch, and by now misplaced hammer.

Remember those times at ditch and shore? How we were actually in those boats, doing boat things; carrying cargo, towing other boats, going really fast, winning naval victories? We built the craft, painted it, used it, and then, and then . . .

Something happened to it. The string broke. The dog ran off with it. The tide rose. We forgot.

These shores I walk are remote, almost never visited by children (or anyone else). They are surrounded by water with powerful flows of tide and current. The chances of a lost toy boat landing on them are not good—and yet there are so many—so many inadvertent Paddle-to-the-Seas.

These chunks of wood, with their crude working forms, are reason for optimism: their creators were intrepid enough to lose their creations. Unlaunched ships don't come in; to give our small works to the vast works of the world is a proper thing.

The lovely boats are not simply artifacts of childhood or lessons in pathos. They remind us that somewhere, for our own wither-away creations, a beach, a landing place, a walker-by-the-water is waiting.

George Putz, as Senior Editor of Island Journal, brings to this publication 15 years of adoptive island living in Penobscot Bay.

COASTAL KAYAKING

By David R. Getchell, Jr.



Peter Ralston

Sea kayaking is starting to catch on in a big way along the Maine coast. And sea kayakers love nothing more than paddling out to an island; it seems as if kayaks and islands were just made for each other.

The kayak takes its occupants closer to the water than any other craft; closer in both the physical and spiritual senses. Slipping along through wind and waves under your own power brings on a feeling of freedom that's incurably satisfying. You arrive silently and leave the same way.

In a sea kayak, you can drift past a half-tide ledge, eyeball-to-eyeball with fat seals sunning themselves so close by you can see their whiskers. You can enjoy eavesdropping on the raucous babble of a haggling seabird colony, or sniff the earthy spruce richness wafting off a headland. Few travelers come to know the sea in such an intensely personal way as do sea kayakers. Evidently, the Eskimos were onto something good.

Uncounted generations of Inuit (Eskimos) developed the kayak for hunting and transport as they ranged the fierce Arctic coastlines. They built marvelous oceangoing craft from the only materials at hand—sealskins, driftwood sticks and bone. The boats had to be small enough for one person to carry and paddle, stealthy enough to sneak into spear-throwing range of seals or swimming caribou, and seaworthy enough to bring hunter and captured game home time and again through exposed, viciously unpredictable waters.

Built for these purposes in such an unforgiving place, it's no wonder the kayak turns out to be so capable. What other watercraft is equally at home riding gray, windswept swells or ghosting across a sheltered cove, yet can be carried into camp at night under one arm?

Today's sea kayakers embody all the portability, seakindliness, and silence of their ancestors, but benefit from modern

refinements in design and construction which make them far easier to handle and maintain. Mention the word "kayak" to most people these days, and they'll probably conjure up two images: first, a cigar-shaped boat careening through rapids, followed shortly by visions of the same stubby craft shooting up into the air and promptly tipping over. The conception is understandable, given the macho advertising appeal of such whitewater antics, but quite unfair when applied to sea-touring kayaks.

Sea kayaks differ from their river-running cousins in several ways. River kayaks are short (11 to 13 feet), with rounded, "rocker-" shaped bottoms for maximum maneuverability. They can pivot instantly to dodge obstacles in a rapid, but are nearly impossible to paddle in a straight line on open water, especially in crosswinds. Sea kayaks are longer (15 to 17 feet for singles, 16 to 20 feet for doubles), with relatively flat bottoms for easy straight-line travel. Many feature foot-controlled rudders for extra control in tricky currents or contrary winds. Ideally suited to covering lots of unpredictably rough open water with a minimum of effort, sea kayakers will run straight and true under difficult conditions, the kind that would spin river kayakers in helpless circles. Modern sea kayakers are built with resilient nylon/neoprene skins over collapsible wood or aluminum frames, or, more commonly, have stiff, rugged fiberglass hulls which need no internal bracing at all. That leaves plenty of room inside for camping gear. Most will carry a week's worth of food and equipment (100 pounds or so), even more if you choose frugally and pack carefully. Watertight bulkheads often divide the hull into separate compartments which offer dry cargo storage and emergency flotation.

Most current sea-kayak designs are wide and stable enough to make even a beginning paddler feel comfortable. If a single (one-person) model feels too tiddley, the reassuring extra stability of a touring double should allay any disquiet. Admittedly, sea kayakers don't exactly offer stand-up-and-hike-around solidity in the water, but their popular reputation for extreme tenderness is largely undeserved.

Although these boats are inherently capable of making surprisingly long, rough-water passages, their very ease of handling can lead to initial overconfidence, with the all-too-real possibility of a terminally wet learning experience for the unskilled, over-enthusiastic newcomer. Without launching into a lengthy dissertation on sea-kayaking safety, suffice it to say that ocean paddling, like any activity

involving small boats and big waters, is best taken at first in small doses under controlled conditions. Even the most highly skilled paddler, with a "bomb-proof" Eskimo roll, can quickly find himself in desperate trouble by failing to keep a weather eye peeled or ignoring other basic rules of small-craft seamanship.

But given half a break on the weather, a reasonably competent sea kayaker in passably good condition can cover 20 or even 30 miles a day. Because the boats paddle so easily, even neophytes can usually handle 10-mile trips; often the problem with sea kayaking is not one of having too many miles to travel, but instead not plying enough miles, because there are so many fascinating distractions. It seems there's always another intriguing gunkhole to poke into, inlet to explore, or island beckoning.

The sport's infectious appeal is bringing out ever-greater numbers of kayakers to coastal waters. An annual Maine sea-kayaking symposium drew about 125 curious paddlers when first held in 1982. In '83, more than twice as many appeared, and some 600 enthusiasts descended upon this past summer's event held in Castine. Kayak rental and guide services have sprung up from Freeport to Camden to Mount Desert. Several schools and summer camps have initiated ocean-kayaking programs. Slim, brightly colored sea kayaks are no longer an oddity around popular anchorages and inshore islands; a few have even showed up in Monhegan's harbor!

This burgeoning growth raises some thorny questions for islanders, as yet another emerging recreational group seeks increased access to a distinctly finite resource—Maine islands. Exactly where can more and more kayakers land, especially when 95 percent of the islands are privately owned? Where can they camp? If they're such eager island-hoppers, what about their impact on seabird and seal populations?

Kayakers can pull ashore anywhere, public or private, in the intertidal zone under a law that dates back to colonial times allowing anyone to land below the high tide line to "fish, fowl, or navigate." However, though they may be able to land on the beach, even the most intrepid kayakers can't camp there (for long at least)—what if they want to spend the night? "Here's where access problems can be as far-reaching as your imagination," says John Forssen of Maine's Bureau of Public Lands.

Forssen might be overstating the situation a bit, but his point is well taken. So far, many sea-kayak-borne campers have capitalized on their literal and figurative low profile, sort of melting into the

scenery to pitch a tent. This may have caused minimal disturbance as long as numbers of kayakers and their impact stayed insignificant, but any increase in the practice will surely lead to friction between island-hoppers and island owners. The most straightforward solution seems to be simply asking permission; mere courtesy works wonders. But what if the landowner refuses, as is his right?

Then the kayaker has about 1,500 options—Maine's state-owned islands. Almost all are managed by the Bureau of Public Lands and are open to public camping—if the public can (1) find them (incredibly, no comprehensive list of state islands is readily available), and (2) actually get a boat ashore there. The Bureau claims only about 80 of its islands are "of suitable size—one-half acre or larger—for picnicking or camping." Hmm . . . maybe the Bureau means those islands are too small for the public in powerboats or yachts to land upon. Perhaps it means the remaining 1,420-odd state islands lack launching ramps, floats, beaches, or decent anchorages; all of which only makes a tiny island more appealing to a kayaker. All he or she needs for a campsite is enough space to carry the boat above the tide and pitch a tent, and that's not much. Perhaps that's the greatest draw of all for a paddler—to land and camp where no other boater can.

An attractive alternative for the less adventurous kayaker might be one of the more conventional campgrounds maintained by the state on several of its larger islands. Jewell and Little Chebeague islands in Casco Bay, as well as Warren Island near Islesboro in Penobscot Bay,

are three currently popular kayak-trip destinations. The state has placed jurisdiction of a few other campsite-studded islands into municipal hands, such as Strawberry Island off Harpswell.

Even though 1,500 state-owned islands may sound like many seasons' worth of islet-hopping, in truth their aggregate size amounts to a pitifully small 800 acres. This only emphasizes the loving care with which kayakers must treat any island. Minimum-impact camping techniques are paramount out there; live-tree cutting and roaring bonfires are completely unwarranted. Since many small islands also support large seabird populations, kayakers should stay away from nesting areas between mid-April and mid-July. Close-up seal-watching is fine, except during the pup season in late May and June; separating a mother seal and her pup at this time could break the life-sustaining bond between the two.

But enough cautions, enough rules for now. Sea kayaking's central attraction is the enthralling interplay between paddler and boat, waves and shore. It means traveling in silence, in utter harmony with the timeless rhythms of the coastline. It means going by kayak to places where no other craft can, then leaving no trace behind. Yes, the Eskimos were onto something good, something very fine indeed.

Dave Getchell, Jr., is managing editor of Canoe magazine. Sea Kayaking Symposium 1985 is scheduled for Aug. 9-11 at Maine Maritime Academy in Castine. Write P.O. Box 597, Camden, ME 04843, for details.

Summary of Island Acreage of Public and Conservation Agency

Although approximately 95 percent of the total island acreage is privately owned, we thought readers would be interested in a summary of island ownership for federal, state and private non-profit groups, some of which permit limited public access. —Eds.

State Ownership	Acres	No. Islands
Maine Dept. Inland Fish & Game	2,161	284
Bureau of Parks & Recreations	479	9
Bureau of Public Lands	530	1,064
Town or Municipal	2,069	20
	5,239	1,377
Federal Ownership		
Acadia National Park	33,421	11
U.S. Fish & Wildlife Service	2,665	10
U.S. Coast Guard	273	46
	36,359	67
Non-Profit Conservation Ownership		
The Nature Conservancy	4,015	39
National Audubon Society	554	13
Maine Audubon	340	5
Other	371	8
	5,280	65



The Herring Net by Winslow Homer

Courtesy of the Art Institute of Chicago

TO CATCH A HERRING

By George Putz

Few living creatures on the planet larger than a banana do not want to eat a herring. Vegetarian animals, landlocked in the middle of continents, have strange, provocative dreams about them they do not understand. Herring are the field mice of the sea, the first vertebrate rung of the marine food-chain ladder above zooplankton, manifesting themselves in huge numbers.

Recorded history describes the herring fishery going back over 2,000 years, and more than once major historical events and developments revolved around the presence or absence of the herring, especially in Europe. For centuries, herring was the sole reliable winter protein staple for the vast peasantries of Central and Eastern Europe, and twice empires rose and fell with the herring stocks of the Baltic. Today, tremendous fisheries, worldwide, are based on herring or their close relatives, with the northeastern United States actually being one of the minor ones.

But even at that, Maine alone has accounted for an average of 50-60 million pounds of fish annually during the past

five years; the usual fish being of so-called "sardine-size," 6 to 8½ inches long and weighing about half an ounce. Such fish are about three years old when caught, and represent 80 percent of the herring catch; the other 20 percent include larger "sea herring" up to 17 inches long and 15 years old but do not include one-year-old sperlings or "brit" which are under the 4½" legal size. In any case, simple arithmetic will tell you that in recent years Maine has captured and marketed an average of two billion individual herrings a year.

Maine island fishermen will tell you, sometimes in rather emotional detail, how cyclical the herring are; of enormous occurrences, on the one hand, and near-decade-long periods with hardly a fish, on the other.

Different areas of the coast have differing herring histories. The far Downeast region always was the leader in raw tonnages, as much as 100 million pounds being landed in the Bay of Fundy alone in some years now long past. Those were the days of many hundreds of brush weirs and dozens of processing plants, most

now defunct and closed; indeed "Cannery Row" could be refilmed today at Eastport without need of sets being built, or even costumes! But of course the fishery itself lives on, if with very different technologies and shifts in market emphasis.

For natural reasons island fishermen have always been in the thick of it, for the Maine archipelago constitutes the breeding and feeding grounds of the great schools of the fish that beginning in early spring can be seen working their way along the edge of the continental shelf from offshore of the mid-Atlantic states. In some years aircraft pilots report nearly unbroken shoals of fish over a distance of 75 miles or more (!), irrepressibly moving into the Gulf of Maine. And our boys are, of course, waiting for them, one way or another.

There are old ways and new, crude ways and sophisticated. Older fishermen love to sit down and talk about the Old Days when they with their dads got fed up with having to handline for sculpin, ringnet or spear for flatfish and crab, or flounder-trawl in the coves, all just for their damn bait. So, they and a group of

Sonny Lehtinen's 1982 record shut off near Southern Island



Jon Laitin (2)

like-minded men would “go torching” for herring and get some volume into their business. This was an exciting thing, a spectacular, and beautiful fishery, one considered fine sport by all concerned.

The procedure revolved around herring’s extraordinary fascination with flame light, fire. They rush toward it, and then school and swirl around it, which makes them perfect patsies for the small purse seine awaiting their Agni-devotions. The basis for the fishery is the same as that for all commercial herring’in, their penchant for schooling-up in coves. Although they breed, lay and fertilize their eggs in massive deposits on weedy bottoms some distance off the land, they use coves and bights to feed in. The reason probably goes back to Ice Age inter-glacial periods when gigantic continental run-offs poured unimaginably large amounts of nutrients far out into the Gulf, nutrients which in turn would be consumed by marine phytoplankton (plants) and zooplankton, tiny creatures that ate the even tinier plants. It is on these that the herring feed, and in the interim millennia, as the terrestrial run-off became reduced to its present levels, the herring progressively moved inshore for their feeding. Coves are, after all, what they are by virtue of their geological origins, usually involving a creek or stream feeding into it the nutrient runoff from its local watershed. Even though the surrounding waters will be literally alive with “fire,” the bioluminescent organisms that so excite anyone who sees them, it is their concentration in coves that attracts

herring. In brief, herring just *love* coves, love the light of fire, and fishermen do not mind this in the slightest!

Torching happened thus: A gang of men, with three boats—ordinarily a seinedory, a skiff (called a “punt” in island parlance), and a peapod, Maine’s marvelous double-ended contribution to classic small craft—would go to the cove known, via the local fisherman’s network, to host herring. Once there, while the men in the dory and punt set out the specially-designed seine (bellied out more than a regular purse seine), the peapod would gently row up into the head of the cove and rig its fire bail. This would be a longhandled basket net made of wire and charged with a bundle of rags soaked in a mixture of kerosene and gasoline. Once the fire boat and seine crews were ready, the dory and punt crews, at either end of the special purse set up in the middle of the cove mouth, would each show a light to delineate either end of the corkline.

The peapod men would then throw a match into the fire basket and begin to row just as fast as they could toward the middle of the corkline. The fish would go completely wild! As the basket flamed, fumed, sputtered and roiled, the fish would go berserk, often making it difficult to row the boat through them. And all the while they were being brought to disaster.

When the fire boat passed over the corkline, the dory and skiff closed with one another and with the headline, quickly pulled up off the bottom, they

captured the fish, which were then bailed into the dory. Generally, between 30 and 100 bushels of fish were caught at a time by this method. Many fishermen acquired their bait this way for years, until political pressure, applied by the keepers of cove weirs, brought an end to it.

It is now illegal, but remembered with considerable fondness and lament. Oddly, it remains one of Maine’s great secret fisheries (there are several), barely even heard of by the most assiduous of island fishing enthusiasts from away.

Of course, all the while there were the weir fisheries. Today, this form of fishing herring is nearly extinct, but for generations it constituted the backbone of the business. Also an inshore fishery, its basis is not only the herring’s penchant for coves, but also its particular swimming behavior in and ’long-shore between them. When herring are under way, they form dynamic, elongated, almost pulsating, elastic columns, prone to follow whatever game seems to be happening, directed by the fish of the avant-garde running point.

Neither fishermen nor scientists have the slightest idea what constitutes herring leadership, but it’s probably happenstance and the luck of the draw for lead fish, which are observably nervous and equivocal, constantly stopping, turning, changing their minds, and giving up position to contiguous companions, who in turn don’t seem to know what they are about either. Instinct and sheer mass seem to have their way, however, and the schools of fish overall appear to have a purpose and direction in mind—moving



Pumping herring

east or west, as the case and season may be, following the shore, bottoming during the daytime, and moving into the coves at night. Recent years have seen some significant changes in these patterns, but the conventional wisdom among fishermen is that this is an anomalous development, perhaps having to do with modern purse-seiner activity offshore. More on this in a bit. For now, weir-talk:

The fish follow the shore, and in coves tend to move in a broad circle, 'round and 'round about during the night, congregating and schooling up here and there, perhaps becoming a bit confused as they pass across the mouth of the cove but nevertheless maintaining a generally circular pattern. As one observes the location, position and construction of weirs, west to east, coves become *less* favored; but, in any case, all weirs show a general form that reflects general principles.

First, the fish must be blocked by some sort of wall-like obstruction. Down-east this used to take the form of a "brushwall," or leader, literally a fence of birch brush and in later years twine interlaced along a distance perpendicular to the shoreline. This would lead the fish into the pound or heart of the weir in various conformations: single and double, and with or without wings and other embellishments. Fish swimming along the shore follow the leader into the weir and because of its configuration tend to circle. The heart-shaped mouth of the weir moves the fish past the opening into the pound where they swim around and around. This is their doom, for inside the

pound the holding pocket awaits them, and in the pocket they again swim in a circle, at least until daylight; but then it's too late. Before dawn, the weirmen have closed-off the mouth of the pocket, trapping them. With the falling tide the pocket is "dried up," and the herring are ready for brailing into dories or small carriers, and so to market.

It was a day-in-day-out activity requiring constant attention just for its ordinary conduct, and often special attention because of the predation of gulls, shags (cormorants), and especially seals. Invading mackerel and dogfish would often mess up a pocket, either driving the fish out or holing the twine. It was a frustrating business, catch-as-catch-can, but nevertheless the backbone of the sardine fishery, supplying eastern North America with its sardines, and the north-eastern fisheries with bait, for three generations.

* * *

Then there are the "stop-seiners," these days in abeyance as the fish have not seen fit to indulge their usual cove behavior for three years. It is a matter of debate why this is so, and we will get to that. Meanwhile, this method of herring fishing largely replaced weir fishing during the past 20 years, and should be understood. Among other things, visiting yachtsmen may want to know what all the fuss is about when they come into a cove that is blocked off by a corkline, even though they understand that the

half-rotted stakes at the head of the cove are from an old weir. (By the way, many weirs are unofficially considered hazards to local navigation, even though it is a state law that all inactive weirs are to be dismantled at the builder's expense. This has seldom happened but has not been pressed by either the towns or the public, probably because of local sentiment, and the remainders role as accepted navigational marks.)

Anyway, the archetypal cove behavior of herring is again enjoined in stop seining, except this time the fish are simply prevented from leaving the cove rather than being trapped somewhere at its head. Quite literally, a wall of twine (netting) is placed across the mouth of the cove. At dawn when the fish try to leave, they encounter the twine and swim back and forth along it, attempting to find a means of escape. They do, except it leads them into a set pocket of even more twine—one that is small, enclosed and deadly. There, in the pocket, they are ready to be seined and loaded aboard waiting carriers.

Before we get to the pursing and carriers and all that follows, perhaps a word about monitoring herring—figuring out their behavior and presence—is necessary. It is a marvelous procedure, one that any boating enthusiast would envy, for the water is full of fire, with wave and wake gorgeously iridescent; and the serious purpose of the venture in the "bugboat" makes time disappear in a way that vacation and recreation pursuits cannot. Monitoring and following the

herring in the bugboat is a matter of being out there on assignment with no pre-determined intentions: only hope, and the living presence of the sea in a small boat.

The job is straightforward and systematic. Move up along the shore, look for fish, check the coves, look for fish, inspect the gear. Such gear is usually one, two or three dories full of stop twine, depending on the size of the cove mouth; and in the case of very active coves, a dory full of pocket and purse seines. The boats are open to the rains and, because of their loads, subject to the odd dollop from errant seas which make their way into the cove and which trick the cadences by which dories "keep their sea." Once these checks are made, often with some bailing, the bugboat crew is free to cruise, always on the lookout for a "flip," or a suspicion, when the "feeler-pole" will be swung through the water column to see if it strikes fish. Rendered obsolete by the small recording depth sounder, this 17-foot-long relic of fishing past was ingeniously carved, rather oar-like but with a very long narrow blade on a relatively short loom. There was a very satisfying rhythm to swinging it, each swing-through in fish yielding a count.

I recall one night when there were three pockets of fish holding at the time perhaps 30,000 bushels. We had established a resident guard boat at anchor near the twine. The bugboat had gone on a grocery run and, returning after dark, its crew took out the feeler-pole and began to swing it, shouting out purely imaginary counts for the benefit and excitement of the guard boat crew. "Four!" "Seven!" "Two!" "Six!" and so forth, on a broad arc through the cove, indicating that the cove was once again jammed with fish. The anchored crew went haywire, admonishing the bugboat to get over and pick them up so that we could reset the stop twine. When the joke was announced, there was considerable not-speaking for a spell.

Sardine carriers like stop seining or stop twine business as it is sometimes called. They don't have to be out all night chasing purse seiners hither and yon across open ocean, and then frequently having to move in close ashore at night, often in a seaway, near islands and ledges. There is hard work involved in stop seining, muscling miles of twine, often for few fish. But even at that, it is a genteel fishery involving only small craft and often lucrative markets.

Exceptions are those certain years when, all of a sudden, every cove in the area seems to have been shut off at the same time, glutting the market. Then loads of money-making fish that ought to

be destined for canneries become a drug, local lobstermen get half-price bait and the bulk of the catch goes into fish meal. There has been almost no stop seined herring for three years, and the picturesque twine dories, gracing a hundred coves along the coast, seem likely to become a thing of the past. The bugboats are languishing, the Powerblock boats (which are used in hauling back the miles of stop and pocket twine) are being dismantled and the blocks remounted onto new purse seine boats. Lots of gear, twine and dories are now for sale. The up to \$70,000 in capital required to operate a viable stop-fishery (in boats, dories, nets, and ancillary equipment) is too much for the intelligent fishing heart to bear. There are various theories as to why the fish have not been coving-up inshore, and most of them revolve around the purse seine fishery.

* * *

Purse seining too, depends on the shore-running behavior of fish, but here the fish are on their way, rather than there. Hiring a spotting plane, which takes off before dusk to seek and locate fish for a portion of the take, the seiners get under way to the known likely grounds in late afternoon or early evening. When fish are spotted, the seiners move in, set the seine around them in a broad circle, purse up, and discharge the fish into the waiting carriers. This method of catching herring is far and away the predominant form of the fishery. The inshore guys say that the purse seiners are breaking up the schools, interrupting natural school behavior to move inshore. The purse seiners say too bad. The old men say you never know—that herring never did seem prone to human consultation. We shall, all of us, see.

In all modern cases, the sardine carriers are intimately involved and crucial to the trade. For all the romantic loyalty given lobsterboats by yachtsmen and recreational boatmen, it is the appearance of a sardine carrier that most conjures the nautical feelings of visitors, second only, perhaps, to an old, original Maine sloopboat. The carriers are elegant with their classic "Eastern rig": perky pilothouse located well aft, boomed masts, and curved fo'c'sle companion rampart, all of which gives many a yachtsman the yearning sense that there, but for God and Yale Law School, go I.

If it is any comfort, that's right. It is one hell of a good job, and the boats are every bit as nice and fun as they look. The company boats, of course, have the best of it, with guaranteed markets and not too much fun and games with rival

carriers—some, but not a whole lot. The private, individually owned craft, mostly in the bait business, have a harder and more clever time of it, for the simple reason that they, in addition to having to get their fish like everyone else, usually have to lie their socks off to other carriers about their attentions and intentions, and then pull off their plans. But there are few boo-hoos in the business, and everyone in it brags about it to themselves, if to no one else.

Fresh herring, by the way, are wonderful eating, and any island township harbors within its bosom a hundred recipes for pickled herring that could turn the entire states of Minnesota and North Dakota (with their vast Scandinavian populations) into raving maniacs, er, Mainiacs. Treated simply like trout or smelts, the fish are terrific, but special recipes abound, and many homes make the gallon jar of split and heavy-salt herring, ready for magical herbal transformation, a weekend and holiday special treat.

Obviously, though, the primary role of the herring in island life is as bait. Redfish racks, the meated heads and backbone remainders of Canadian-caught ocean perch shipped by the truckload into Maine from Nova Scotia, are the preferred bait by some fishermen. But it's herring that is most usually wanted by lobstermen for their bait. In recent times, bait herring have been \$7.50 a bushel, a bushel weighing 70 pounds. Since the average herring caught weighs a half ounce, the average bushel contains 2,240 fish, making each worth, more or less, a third of a cent. Considering what they catch (say, 12 of them in a baitbag), roughly a pound of lobster per pot, that is good duty! On average, the little beggars catch 66 times their cost, and this is as bait! A deep moment of silence is here dedicated to the former herring, who have given so generously to the welfare of Maine islands lobster fishery.

But, heavens, it is a beautiful fishery! Under the lights, or even in broad daylight, the roiling mass of fish, pursed up and ready for loading, a riot of shimmering life, takes your breath away. Men who have fished for them all their lives occasionally stare down into them, wondering and deeply moved. There are so many. They are so fundamental. They are so beautiful.



Kevin Fleming

Feeding penned Atlantic Salmon

ISLAND AQUACULTURE

Notes on Growing Your Own

By Edward Myers

About 25 centuries ago, according to the oldest surviving scientific paper on the subject in Chinese literature, islands were specified as essential to "Aquatic Husbandry." If there were no islands handy, you were instructed to build them, and the instructions were precise: A one-acre pond required nine islands, so that the fish would be fooled into thinking, as they swam in and out and around, that they were in open water and therefore relaxed enough to grow swiftly and reproduce mightily.

Thermal pollution—or "thermal addition," as the latterday utilities call it—was introduced in China possibly 600 years earlier than the island paper, about 1000 B.C. Bucket brigades, personned (this is a non-sexist essay) by the emperor's retainers, poured hot water through holes in the ice; the fish which rallied round the warm spot were duly dipnetted to grace the emperor's table. The latter's descendants are too tactful to observe that he was clothed in silks and dining off porcelain plates when our ancestors were using sharpened sticks to spear muskrats for finger food and warm clothing.

In the warmer climes, of what is now called Southeast Asia, fish weirs were in use at least 3,000 years ago on the island shores, neatly placed after long observation of the fishes' habits.

With that leisurely historical perspective out of the way, we are naturally led to explore the aquatic-husbandry possibilities of the Maine islands. And they should be a natural, for a number of reasons.

Georges Bank is the marine treasure it is because of the upwelling all along the outer edge, which descends so rapidly to the abyssal plain of the ocean. Uncounted cubic miles of plankton-rich water, driven by tide, currents and wind, ride up and over the undersea cliffs to make Georges a magnificent fishing ground. The Maine islands, with the broken ground of outlying ledges, are smaller versions of the same upwellings—from soundings of a hundred fathoms to half-tide ledges, the distances are short. A lot of water has to make its way upward and around the islands, creating swirls and currents and upwellings.

The visible evidence of the great food chain is the thousands upon thousands of lobster traps set around the islands and the ledges. And the hundreds of herring weirs, active and inactive (therefore operated by future optimists and past pessimists), from Isle au Haut to the eastward into Passamaquoddy Bay.

We can fairly safely disregard the ecological insults of faraway places like New Bedford and Norfolk; the resiliency

of large bodies of water seems to have been proved by the recoveries of San Diego Harbor, Lake Erie, and elsewhere far faster than the biologists' predictions. So the carrying capacity of the moving waters around Maine islands can safely be considered largely untapped. Because of the beautiful inconveniences of an island, they are likely to remain so.

Let's establish a hypothetical Maine island with aquatic husbandry firmly in mind, and take it from the top. Because every island has a high point, go there and look around you. (If it's necessary to climb a tree, do that; take some cleats and nails back on the second visit to make it easier.) Most islands will have a northeast-southwest orientation, because that's what the glacier did to them. The grinding action usually makes for a bold shore on the southeasterly side and a gentler or scragglier shore on the northwesterly.

Take it easy. You are going to study the tide and current patterns from your vantage point, and that's going to take some time. Look for a line of sea foam indicating that two currents are coming together. Look for anything your horse sense tells you might be unusual over the full range of a tide.

Next walk the entire shore as close to low water as you can manage. The only remotely reliable pieces of information



Peter Ralston

Stonington

coming from the United States government are the tide tables, but even they must be adjusted to your island. Now you are looking for what grows there—sea urchins, anemones, clams, mussels, worms, kelp, Irish moss—indicators that the food supply is good, perhaps for them and for beasts who'd like to eat them. Watch out for cobble beaches, because storms created them and will again—not a good place for anchoring gear or seeking a stable food source.

Now go to your harbor and any coves that seem to be likely spots. Take a dozen oranges, number them with an indelible felt pen, and toss them overboard from your boat or the shore. An orange has low windage and makes a good current meter—low initial cost and consumer friendly, as the computer peddlers say. Take a clipboard with Saran Wrap covering your sketch or the chart and record the oranges' meanderings around the cove. Now you will learn whether the cove has good circulation, where it's best, and when slack tide really takes place. If there's no circulation, it's probably not a good aquaculture site.

You'd better know something about the bottom. Use a variation of the Dutch or British quant, with a ball on one end and a steel point on the other, if the water's that shoal. Otherwise, you can use the old-fashioned lead line with tallow in the hollow. Do not believe government

chart soundings under any circumstances. A good thermometer comes in handy, one that will read at least from -20 to +20 Celsius. Below-zero water readings should give you pause, but they're not probable around an island.

If you've done the foregoing faithfully for a year or two and have gathered all the local knowledge you can find, it may be time to select the species for your aquatic husbandry. This requires pure arrogance and presumption, since you don't really know anything about the ocean, and the Gulf of Maine is going to send you, along with the planktonic nutrients, about 60 species to settle on your gear, net pens, bottom plantings or whatever else you choose. The price exacted by this arrogance and presumption is patience, along with close attention to what's happening. But it will be worth it.

Under the Maine aquaculture law, you may not interfere with traditional uses, established fisheries, or navigation. So it's a good idea to discuss with your seagoing neighbors what you plan to do, and where you plan to do it. Don't be afraid to do this—the lobstermen and other fishermen are learning that aquatic husbandry usually concentrates one species in an area and that's bound to bring more food for predators. Lobsters and crabs are scavengers and predators who enjoy the new neighborhood, and the fishing is likely to improve around your plantation.

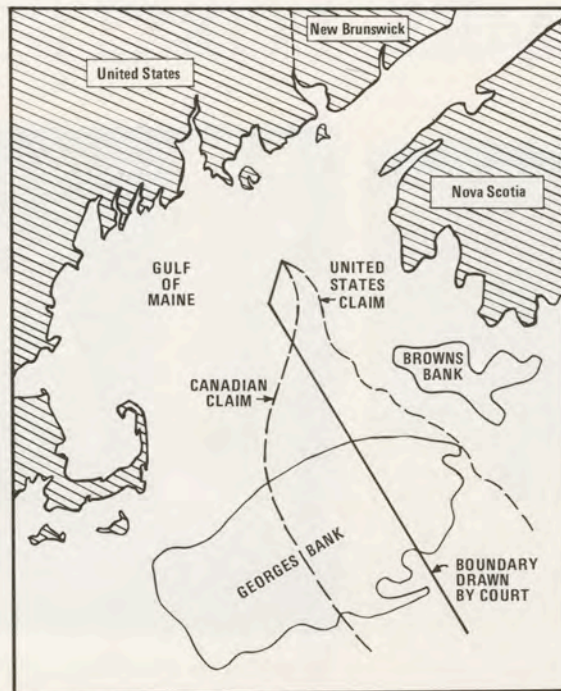
What we'd like to urge, thinking of the Maine islands as ideal spots for the work, is a sense of time that possession of an island already engenders—there is no hurry. Not for you the emulation of the Weyerhaeusers, Ralston Purinas, Coca-Colas, and other biggies who have sunk millions of dollars into southern shrimp and Malaysian prawns which do not docilely accord themselves with computer production predictions. Best to use a thoughtful approach considerate of the island and its working neighbors, and in the appropriate scale.

Because there are so many islands, the potential for aquatic husbandry is enormous, even though each individual enterprise may be befittingly small. Long after the tax-sheltered, accelerated depreciation of some condominium has gone to moth and rust, the surroundings of the islands can produce a steady supply of nourishment for centuries. And possibly as important, produce a breed of self-sufficient islanders, conformed to the sea instead of trying to dominate it.

Ed Myers' commercial mussel raising business, Abandoned Farms in Damariscotta, is the oldest continuously operated aquaculture enterprise in Maine. Ed is a celebrated and an unreconstructed sailor, island owner, conservationist and curmudgeon of the Maine coast.

A GULF DIVIDED

By Michael Crowley



Midnight Friday, October 26, 1984. That was the night the new boundary line between the United States and Canada went into effect, and New England's offshore fishermen lost part of the Gulf of Maine and a section of Georges Bank to the Canadians.

Swordfishermen, draggers and offshore lobstermen who once fished the northeast corner of Georges Bank and the eastern part of the gulf were suddenly pushed to the westward, where they have to compete with the inshore fleet for an already depleted stock of finfish and lobsters.

Donald Jones, a draggerman from Deer Isle who winter fishes 30 to 50 miles northeast of Mt. Desert, says of the new boundary: "I think it stinks. It's goin' to make it awfully hard on us, especially the big boats." The boats over 70 feet, Jones believes, are going to have a hard time finding enough fish to pay for fuel, insurance and bank payments, though he thinks the smaller boats may be able to persevere.

"The new boundary has been 90 percent devastating," says Stevey Robbins, an offshore lobsterman, who is also from Deer Isle. Lobstermen, he says, have lost almost 100 percent of the bottom they had been fishing. Like the other fishermen, they have been pushed to the westward by the new boundary, and Robbins says "there's just not much good ground to the west."

American fishermen haven't always been so confined. In the last 300 years they have ranged far and wide across the North Atlantic's offshore fishing grounds. From the New England ports of Gloucester, New Bedford, Boston, Portland

and island communities like Isle au Haut and Deer Isle, fishermen have worked Browns Bank, German Bank, Banquereau, the Middle Grounds and Western Bank (the area around Sable Island), the Grand Banks of Newfoundland, and the waters off Labrador and Iceland.

They have sailed in galleys, sloops, shallops, pinkys, schooners, and, with the advent of power, the eastern-rigged dragger and the stern trawler. Other than being limited by Canada's 12-mile territorial waters, New England's fishermen have ranged north and east with little hindrance.

Then nine years ago the U.S. fisherman's freedom to set his gear wherever he wanted to was drastically restricted. In 1976 Canada and the United States unilaterally established 200-mile fisheries zones off their shores. Not only did this move exclude the New England fishermen from the waters of Canada's Maritime Provinces, but also the two countries' claims overlapped in the Gulf of Maine and its adjacent waters, and neither side was willing to give in to the other.

This was one of the most serious in a history of disputes between the U.S. and Canada over territorial rights in the Gulf of Maine and on Georges Bank. The fisheries conflict involved only the water and resources that lived in it. But since the 1960's, the two countries had been arguing over a continental shelf boundary issue that was brought about by oil and gas exploration. As with the fisheries, it proved impossible to draw a boundary line that was acceptable to both nations.

With no solution in sight for oil or fisheries, ambassadors from the U.S. and

Canada in 1981 petitioned the International Court of Justice to determine a single maritime boundary covering the continental shelf and fisheries zones in the Gulf of Maine and its adjacent waters.

The U.S. claim to the waters of the Gulf and Georges Bank was based on a combination of two arguments. One was a geographical position stating that the proposed boundary line should generally follow a frontal extension of America's coast. The second argument was ecological in nature, namely that each country should be entrusted with the management of the fish resources of the principle banks in its area. This would have given German Bank and Browns Bank to the Canadians and Georges Bank to the Americans.

The Canadians countered with a proposed boundary line that was roughly equidistant between the two nations' coasts. They used the Cape Cod Canal for the outer limit of the American coast because, they said, Nantucket and Cape Cod were geographical anomalies and therefore not viable basepoints for calculating equidistance.

The World Justices, however, found neither argument to be equitable. They drew their boundary line on the basis of what they felt to be a more realistic geographical relationship between the U.S. and Canada. The first sector emphasizes the lateral adjacency between the coasts of Maine and Nova Scotia, while the second sector draws a median line between Nova Scotia and Massachusetts.

As a result of the new boundary, America's swordfishermen have lost some of their most productive waters over the northeast section of Georges Bank. More than 100 large U.S. offshore draggers (in the 80-foot to 120-foot range) have to find new grounds, while the Canadians now have most of the scallop beds the New Bedford fleet used to fish.

Once the move to the westward was made, catches for the larger draggers went from 70,000 lbs. to 30,000 lbs. a trip. Landings for some of the smaller draggers went from 40,000 lbs. to 25,000 lbs., and at least one lobsterman reported a catch of only one-sixth of what he normally would have taken.

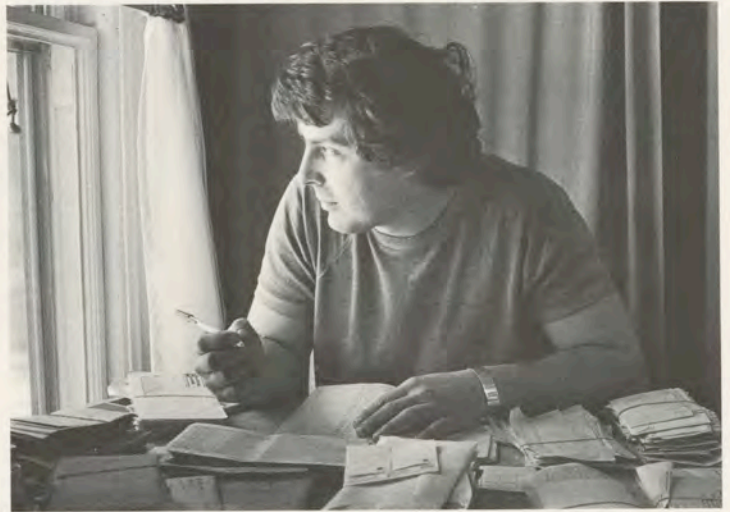
Obviously, New England's fishing industry is going to see major changes as a result of the new U.S.-Canadian boundary. But what the long-term changes will be and what the industry will look like—even a year from now—is perhaps best answered by Robbins: "God, I don't know."

Michael Crowley is a regular contributor to the National Fisherman, and other national nautical and maritime publications.

DANNY AMES, LOBSTERMAN



Stuck ashore, 13° below



The other side of fishing: tax time

A New Generation Gets Down to Business

By Jane Day

Danny Ames cuts westward through the Reach at Vinalhaven a little after sunrise most mornings, his new wooden-hulled lobsterboat driving smartly through the water, curling a neat bow wave. He has taken on bait in Carvers Harbor and is heading out to haul part of his string of 600 traps.

Danny lobsters year-round now that he has his 36-foot *Morning Star*, built at the J.O. Brown & Sons boatyard in North Haven. She was seven months in construction and Danny went lobstering in her the day after she was launched last July. This is the largest, best-equipped and most expensive—close to \$80,000—of the three boats Danny has bought in his 20 years catching lobsters. That's an impressive record considering he will be 26 in June 1985.

There's a long-held belief that anyone planning to lobster for a living is an unshakeable optimist or too cussed independent to do anything else. The cost of boats, gear and equipment has never been higher. Competition spurred by high-tech electronics has increased pressure for bigger and bigger catches. And serious talk of possible trap and license limits and the conflicting aims of scientific, economic and political interests threaten to snarl the industry like so much pot warp. Ironically, the solution to giving every lobsterman a fair deal might force some of that cussed independence to bow to compromise.

Danny Ames has lived his life at Old Harbor on Vinalhaven and has allowed

none of these considerations to daunt him. Medium-tall and sandy-haired, Danny is open and outgoing, likes a good time, but is dead serious about his work. He fishes every day he can.

He started lobstering when he was five or six years old, going with his father in an outboard boat. By the time he was 12, he bought a 15-foot boat with a 6-horse Johnson from his older brothers, Donald and Addison Ames. That first summer he took his grandmother with him because he was too young to go alone; Ruth Ames had retired after 20-odd years operating the Sea Breeze restaurant at Old Harbor. Danny fished 150 traps that year, going out every day in summer and after school.

"Even in school I used to take time off to go lobstering if it was a good day. Just seemed like I needed the money."

He was in the seventh grade when he bought his first new boat, an 18-footer, from Chester Greenwood in Nova Scotia that cost \$2,500 after he had rigged it. That took his savings plus money from the sale of his old boat, and he still had to borrow \$300 from his brothers to buy an outboard. For the next couple years, his grandfather Clyde Ames fished with him. Then Danny went on his own. By the time he was 14, he says, he was stocking \$8,000 to \$10,000 a year.

He fished the Novie boat seven years before trading up again, this time a 29-foot boat with a 6-cylinder Ford engine that he bought from Frank Osgood, a Vinalhaven boatbuilder. Danny was out

of high school by now and a full-fledged lobsterman running up to 900 traps. Four years later he was ready to make the biggest investment of his life. He sold his boat to his brothers and staked his earning power and reputation for hard work against a loan for a custom-built boat.

Morning Star is the latest of three lobster boats in Old Harbor designed and built by J.O. Brown and his sons, Jim and Foy. Its dimensions are the same 36' x 12' with almost identical hull lines as the *Flying Vapor*, owned by Danny's cousin, Chris Guilford. The *Venturer*, owned by Chris's father, Van Guilford, is 33' x 11'. All three are the traditional carvel construction with built-down hull that the Browns prefer, solidly put together with oak timbers—white oak in Danny's boat—and planked with Maine cedar.

One might ask how Danny got so far, so fast, so young. It is not uncommon to find a number of Maine coast men his age operating their own boats. Not many, perhaps, have gone overboard for a custom wooden boat. Danny's brother Addison—five years his senior—says it was more common "in his generation" for young men to go lobstering for a living. He points out that from 1972 to 1976 the price "increased dramatically" and everybody was going to the bank, borrowing money for powerboats. "When Danny come along now, it slacked up a lot. It's very expensive to have one built—in fiberglass or wood." Among his classmates, Danny believes he's the only one with his own rig.



Peter Ralston (3)

After he got *Morning Star*, he took up 300 of his traps and now fishes about 600, which is average around the island, he says. "Considering I go alone, that's quite a lot of traps to tend yourself. 'Course when I take a sternman in summertime, I can haul between 400 and 500 (a day) depending on weather and conditions. If I don't have a sternman, I take about three days to go through a string of gear." He prefers wire traps because they seem to hold the bottom better and will be glad when his remaining wooden traps are gone.

Because of his investment, he feels a greater commitment to go "any day there's a half-decent chance" than most fishermen his age, even to the point of pushing himself harder than he might with fewer traps and less boat. "I have to do a lot of what you call 'making days.' Go out days that it really isn't good at all. The hardest thing is just to keep going. The responsibility is on your shoulders."

He gets away from it all occasionally to go to the mainland, perhaps as far as Portland overnight for a rock concert, or farther afield for a boat show. But his friend Linda Whittington kids him for fretting about missing a day's haul whenever the weather is good and he's caught on the mainland.

Danny chafes at some of the commonly held misconceptions about the lobsterman's lot, particularly that the consumer price of lobsters reflects the lobsterman's take-home pay.

"A lot of 'em don't understand the expense. They come in and see these figures on paper. It looks good. But when you have to put half of it right back in the business and a portion for taxes, you

make a living, just like everyone else. 'Course now the competition is so hard, it's difficult.

"Today, in order to make it, you just have to go. Some don't leave as early, but they haul a lot more gear in a shorter period of time. Then you've got the real bulls, the drivers who go from daylight to dark."

Ideally, Danny says he'd be satisfied if he and a sternman could haul 500 traps on a peak summer day and average a pound a pot at \$2 each. That adds up to a good day's pay. But fuel and bait take at least \$100 off the top, and he cuts the sternman in for a fifth of the catch.

"When you got a sternman, you can haul more traps, but you've got an obligation to keep that sternman going. You got to make a living for him, too." He cites instances of 500 traps yielding only 60 pounds and 98 traps yielding none. The 1,400-pound days are hard-earned, if they come at all.

Lobstering appears deceptively easy to enter. All it takes is a \$33 state license, a small boat, with or without an outboard, a few home-built traps and a bucket of bait. But that's not a living. And that concept of lobster fishing doesn't share bottom space with the kind of operation young Danny Ames has grown into. Rough estimates of what it would require to start where he is now run something like this: 500 traps at \$30 each, \$25 if self-built (some would double this estimate). This accounts for \$15,000 plus about \$10,000 to cover trap rigging and pot buoys. A boat comparable to Danny's costs upwards of \$70,000. Tote up \$100,000 before adding wharfage and insurance.

Another hauling day

Boat payments are Danny's biggest lump sum expense. "You got to make at least \$2,000 a month just to make payments. The thing about the fishing business is that you got to make a living in four months' time, with eight months slack. You've got to make the big hauls. You got to get the big money. You just got to do it."

Danny starts his day before dawn. He packs a sandwich and a soda for lunch and heads off in his red pickup for the wharf he leases in Old Harbor. The name "Ames" appears on several mailboxes in the short stretch of Dogtown Road he travels from the house he shares with his parents. His grandparents live across the road from the landing, and from their kitchen windows they can look south across Old Harbor, embraced on three sides by a protective curve of shore. Danny moors *Morning Star* in the lee of Murder Rock, the small mound of rock and spruce in the center of the harbor where, legend holds, Indians killed two early white settlers. Once aboard, Danny makes a run into the town—"downstreet" in Dogtowners' parlance—to pick up bait. Shortly after sunup he is hauling his first string, while music from a country western station rises above the drone of his Cummins V555.

Like all seasoned watermen, he takes the elements in stride. Even winter cold doesn't bother him as long as he keeps moving, he says. But fog disturbs him. "Fog and wind together I don't like. Any day you go out and can't see too well in front of you. . . ." He shakes his head at the thought.

Morning Star contained the basic electronic equipment when delivered—loran,

radar and VHF. "I should have a survival suit. Should have a liferaft, too. It all depends on the weather. Lots of times there's somebody out there. But you can most always get somebody on the radio—providing it doesn't give out on you."

He doesn't venture much beyond the waters around Vinalhaven, a territory that has become familiar over the years. He relies on his loran and radar to navigate and questions whether he could plot his course, say, to Nova Scotia, for example.

"Today's different. You got loran and you got charts. You follow your loran bearings, so probably I could do it if I took the time and had somebody to help me. . . . But I never went to school to learn how to do it. That's why I enjoy talking to older fishermen. If you listen to 'em and pay attention, you can learn a lot." He reflects a moment. "But you know all that territory pretty much. You know it after awhile."

Territory holds subtle definitions for lobster fishermen, not necessarily recognized by the state. Danny and Addison cite the territorial rights of birth and custom largely honored by lobstermen. Although state regulations set no such boundaries, the Ameses contend that "one is born into a territory," and when you fish someone else's territory, "you're asking for trouble." Violators, they say, soon recognize the warning signs: pot buoys tied up, trap doors open, or after repeated signals, no traps at all. "Wicked storm overnight."

Fishermen may draw lines among themselves, Danny says. "There's a line between Matinicus and Vinalhaven and I fish fairly close to that line. If you take a chart, it's basically halfway, like halfway from here to Stonington, 10 miles from here to Matinicus. So we're talking five, six miles."

In the time that he's been lobstering, Danny has seen dramatic changes in the industry, in many respects for worse, not better. "There're too many in it and too many traps. I think there should be a trap limit and I think that anyone who doesn't work full time on fishing shouldn't be fishing. I don't think it's right for a guy who has a year-round job to come in and fish during the best of it. Sure they're going to get lobsters, 'cause that's when lobsters are going. But they don't rely on lobsters or fishing for their bread."

Where to draw the line on part-timers is a touchy issue among lobstermen, many of whom have become part-timers themselves after a lifetime of lobstering for a living. According to recent data from the Maine Dept. of Marine Resources (DMR), 53 percent of Maine's 8,700 licensed lobstermen fish less than

100 traps. Danny thinks it fair to consider part-time anything less than nine or ten months' fishing.

He is among a growing number of lobstermen who lately are expressing support for limiting the number of traps each individual can fish. A couple years ago, 80 percent of 3,200 lobstermen responding to a DMR questionnaire supported a trap limit. In October 1984, Swans Island lobstermen initiated their own plan, limiting traps to 600 at the start and decreasing to 400 by 1987 (see *Island Journal*, Vol. 1, No. 1).

Danny also agrees with the prevailing argument that after a certain point, an increase in traps results in more expense than the catch offsets. "I think it more feasible to haul 100 traps for 500 pounds than haul 500 for 500. To me, that's more money in your pocket—haul less traps for the same amount of lobsters and have less expense."

Then why the drive to run bigger and bigger strings of traps? Competition. "You have to compete with the next guy. I would think 500 would be plenty for everybody. But somebody would say, 'I want 1,000—two days' fishing, you know. That's what's keeping it up. Everybody would like to see something done but nobody can reach any agreement.' And there's the concurrent argument that Addison puts forward: It's futile to limit traps without limiting licenses. "What good would a trap limit do if you get another 3,000 or 4,000 fishermen into it?"

DMR figures show that the number of traps has tripled since 1963 from 731,000 to more than 2 million, but that the catch has remained relatively stable—22.8 million pounds in 1963 and 22.6 million in 1981. Licenses are up 3,000 over the 5,695 issued 20 years ago.

Proposals by state biologists to raise the minimum legal size of the lobster carapace from 3-3/16" to 3-1/4" also troubles Danny. But state officials contend that trap and entry limits alone would, in effect, manage the fishermen, not the fish.

Biologists point out that only 5 percent of female lobsters reach sexual maturity before being caught. Female lobsters must breed within 12 to 15 hours of molting. Since young females molt more often than the mature lobster 5 inches (carapace length) and over—illegal in Maine—their breeding chances are considered greater. But given the complexity of the ecosystem and the significant effect of water temperature on molting, no one can predict with any certainty that a marked increase will result by raising lobster's minimum legal "keeper" size.

"They tried it before and it just didn't work," Danny recalls. "The size of the lobsters was just not there and things were tough. It might work in time, but how many people are going to be out of a job?"

The latest flap surrounds the biodegradable vent, a new device designed to prevent the countless traps that are lost each year from continuing to catch lobsters, thereby destroying their chances to reproduce. Danny views the move as another expense to the fisherman because the vent requires frequent replacement. "If you don't replace it before throwing the trap over, you won't catch any lobsters," he warns. "I'd like to have some of those (state) guys with us when it's blowing 25 and 30, and fool around with replacing these vents."

"I want to see them do more like raise lobsters and let 'em go, and find a way to cut down on licenses and cut down on traps. But biodegradable vents—we can worry about this later."

Perhaps as a result of the pressure imposed by higher stakes for an ever-dwindling slice of the pie, Danny sees a lot of young men his age getting out of lobstering. "In the next two years, you're gonna see a lot of guys get out of it. It happened before and it's going to happen again. I feel it's going to come right down to the survival of the fittest."

Still, none of these concerns seems to shake Danny Ames off course, for a number of reasons.

"I'm not married, don't have a family. I think that's why I was able to get the boat. I was fortunate. Take a married man with a family, you just can't stand it—the cost of fishing and living expenses."

"I was brought up into it. I just like being my own boss. But you've got to like being on the water. I really do. I like it. And I've settled down more the last few years as far as being on the water. For a while there, I couldn't wait to haul and get back in. Go downstreet or something. Now that's changed. I've got more contented being out there. . . ."

That's enough for now. But next year?

"Well, I'd like to take someone with me all the time, and run more traps and go a little harder. I'd like to just keep building up. Get this boat paid for and buy a piece of land and buy a house. Then from there—well, we'll worry about that when we get there."

Jane Day is a free-lance journalist who lives in Camden, Maine.



The Rookery by Jamie Wyeth

© 1977 by Jamie Wyeth

GULLS VS. TERNS

By Philip W. Conkling

In 1977, there were 1,500 pairs of three species of terns nesting on Petit Manan Island off Milbridge. In 1980 there were none.

During those three years the diminutive gray and white, slender-winged terns, known to fishermen as "sea swallows" and to English explorers as "medrics," underwent similar, though less dramatic, declines on the 10 or 12 Maine islands where they have historically nested in large numbers. Although great black-backed and herring gulls are suspected as the cause of the coastwide decline of common, roseate and Arctic terns, the jury is still out among many gull lovers who understand that, if convicted, a certain number of gulls will be sentenced to be poisoned by DRC 1339. The use of a highly specific avicide such as DRC 1339, which causes kidney failure in gulls, is one gull control technique that some island seabird managers are reluctantly adopting as a last resort.

While on the one hand most of us like to think that part of our nature is captured in the graceful, freewheeling style of a gull on the wing, many ornithologists believe that gulls have become too much of a good thing. Over the last 40 years Maine gull populations have increased dramatically. Gulls are, to use a slightly anthropocentric description, savvy, opportunistic feeders that have learned how to feed on what we leave in our wake, whether it is fish wastes or garbage. You might say that gulls derive an income subsidy from their ability to live partly off what we leave behind.

Life hasn't always been so good for gulls. For a period of time around the turn of the century, the southern breeding limit of herring gulls along the entire North Atlantic seaboard was no-man's-land at the outer edge of Penobscot Bay. Great black-backed gull colonies were not known south of Labrador. A century of

collecting gull eggs for food and a few decades of collecting gull feathers for ladies' hats had reduced their habitat to a handful of the outer islands on the Maine Coast.

When a model bird protection law was adopted by the Maine Legislature in 1901, the prospects for all species of island nesting birds greatly improved. Gradually species which had been pushed to the brink of extinction—gulls, terns, cormorants, eider ducks and herons—began repopulating Maine's nesting islands. But the recovery of the herring gulls was spectacular. From a few nesting pairs at the turn of the century, their numbers ballooned to 15,000 nesting pairs by 1940. About that time the larger great black-backed gull began to appear on a few of Maine's nesting islands, and today there are 6,000-7,000 nesting pairs of these predacious scavengers.

Ornithologists like Prof. William H. Drury at the College of the Atlantic, Dr.



Chris Ayres

The predator

Stephen Kress of the National Audubon Society, and Thomas Goettel of the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, who have followed island gull colonies along the Maine coast for many years, believe that the success of the gulls has been achieved at the expense of smaller seabirds, particularly the three species of terns and the Atlantic puffin, all of which have historically shared nesting colonies with the gulls. Part of the problem for terns is that their tiny chicks make a good-sized meal for marauding gulls, and another problem is a matter of timing: gulls arrive on the nesting islands in mid-March while the Arctic, roseate and common terns do not return from their southern wintering areas until May. By that time the gulls already command most of the territory on the priority nesting islands near the waters where schools of herring congregate.

Because terns depend almost exclusively on small herring for food, their displacement from the islands closest to the best herring waters has serious implications on their reproductive success. In the last 10 years Bill Drury estimates the populations of Maine's three species of island-nesting terns have declined by 40-50 percent. During this period gulls have broken up colonies on Metinic Green and Wooden Ball islands in outer Penobscot Bay, Damariscove Island off Boothbay, Trumpet Island in Blue Hill Bay and Ballast Island off Jonesport.

But the most dramatic example of the collapse of a tern colony occurred on Petit Manan Island at the entrance to

Narraguagus Bay, owned by the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service. Here, on the state's largest tern nesting island, tern numbers tumbled from 1,500 pairs to none in four years.

A proposal by Goettel of the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Office in Milbridge to spread chunks of bread dipped in DRC 1339 around the gull nests on Petit Manan Island sparked a debate between those who feel that wildlife managers should intervene on behalf of the terns and others who feel that Nature should take her course. Although neither the common tern nor the Arctic tern is threatened throughout its range, the roseate tern is declining everywhere on the East Coast, according to Drury. And though the two other species of terns are flourishing elsewhere, "that doesn't do any good for those of us who appreciate seeing them on the Maine coast," Drury adds.

Goettel believes the use of DRC 1339 on islands like Petit Manan is both safe and humane. Although methods such as breaking up gull nests or introducing predators like raccoons or foxes have been tried in previous efforts to control gull populations around airports, these techniques have not been successful in Maine because other sensitive nesting species also suffer. What does work is 1339, the narrow-spectrum poison which causes kidney failure among nesting gulls.

With some trepidation the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service in 1984 put bread dipped in margarine and 1339 on Petit Manan Island. A few days later biologists returned to collect 660 dead gulls from

the island. Then they waited for the results of what was now one of their most controversial wildlife management gambles.

Meanwhile David Folger, a graduate student of Drury's, and a crew of College of the Atlantic interns were watching three other struggling tern colonies on Nash and Flat islands near Petit Manan and Egg Rock in Frenchman Bay. During the early part of the nesting season the terns were holding their own against encroachment of the gulls. Then a dramatic series of events unfolded in front of their watchful eyes. A spell of pea soup fog rolled in over the eastern islands and held on. The normally active gulls on Nash, Flat and Egg Rock stayed close to the islands instead of searching the shores and waters for food or following fishing boats for easy pickings.

"Then within a 16-hour period," says Folger, "the gulls on Flat Island moved in, taking a hundred chicks and annihilating the colony." Similar predation occurred on Egg Rock where gulls took adult laughing gulls in addition to chicks.

The destruction of these satellite tern colonies may have had the reverse effect on Petit Manan Island. Almost within days of the removal of gulls from Petit Manan, terns began hovering over the island prospecting for nest sites. And by August over 1,000 pairs of Arctic, common and roseate terns had nested and raised chicks on Petit Manan. Drury and Folger suspect that some of these pairs found refuge on Petit Manan after the destruction of nesting colonies elsewhere during the spell of fog.

The debate among conservationists over whether or not gull populations should be controlled on a few historically important Maine island tern colonies will undoubtedly continue. And other debates like this will surface, since what is fundamentally at issue is a deep philosophical dispute over the extent to which humans are responsible for the present natural or unnatural order of things and what if anything we should do about it. The use of chemical controls by those people we normally think of as "conservationists" seems to violate everything we've learned since the environmental movement began in this country. In such philosophical and emotional debates as swirl around gull control, biology is at best the referee.

WHALE ASHORE

By Steven Katona



Milt Moore/Cape Cod Times

Beached pilot whales

People have always been fascinated by stranded whales, dolphins or seals. Along European shores marine mammal carcasses were automatically the property of the king or queen. Even today after cultural changes eliminated the practical value of stranded marine mammals, the opportunity to observe closely these strange and otherwise remote creatures draws crowds to the shore until the odors of decomposition overwhelm normal curiosity.

America's enchantment with marine mammals coincided with growing realization that most of the large whales and some of the dolphins were endangered. At the birth of the whale protection movement in the late 1960's hunting was seen as the main threat to survival. There are still grounds for concern that resumption of large-scale hunting could again threaten many populations, but there is also a growing awareness that other human activities may pose even greater threats in the long run. Some of these, such as the use of preferred feeding or breeding grounds for development of harbors, or for oil or mineral production, are difficult to document. However, others, such as collisions with ships, ingestion of refuse, or assimilation of pollutants can be detected during post-mortem examination of a carcass.

Centralized records of the occurrence of stranded whales and porpoises have been kept for well over 100 years in England and European countries. Similar records for strandings in the U.S. have been assembled by the Smithsonian Institution starting in the early 1970's. Stranding reports are organized along the U.S. coastline. The New England Aquar-

ium is the regional center responsible for scientific investigation and reporting of strandings from the New England region. An informal network of scientists, veterinarians, conservationists and law enforcement officers sends notices of strandings to the aquarium.

Overall responsibility for marine mammals in U.S. waters is given to the National Marine Fisheries Service. Protection technically extends not only to living animals, but also to carcasses. For this reason anyone finding a washed-up whale, dolphin or seal should immediately call one of the places listed at the end of this note.

If the animal is alive, you will be instructed about any actions to be taken before help arrives. If there is any chance that a dead animal might float away before help arrives, you might try to secure the carcass above the high-tide line and make drawings or photographs that could be used for identification.

During the last several decades a new emphasis has been placed on the care and study of stranded marine mammals. Live animals can sometimes be treated and released. Specimens unable to fend for themselves sometimes get a second chance in captivity at an aquarium, where they receive excellent veterinary care.

Dead marine mammals can also make significant contributions to our knowledge of the biology of their species. Nowadays a carcass is rarely disposed of before undergoing intensive postmortem examination. Skeletons of poorly known species are prepared for museum collections.

A lot of questions remain about why marine mammals strand. Progress to date suggests that many factors are involved.

The number of strandings of a species reflects, to some extent, the number of individuals of the species in the surrounding waters. Single individuals which get stranded are often very young, very old, sick or out of their range. Group strandings usually involve animals in healthy condition. Social factors such as leader error and refusal to leave distressed comrades may explain the stranding of whales in groups. Investigations are under way to find out why some locations, such as Wellfleet Bay on Cape Cod, attract so many strandings. Even phenomena such as magnetic variations are being studied. Large databases are essential to the study of such questions, so it is important to obtain information from as many strandings as possible.

Those of us interested in New England strandings have a difficult task. Our complicated coastline is long, rough and generally privately owned. Many strandings will go unrecorded unless interested citizens file reports.

Stranded marine mammals should be reported to the National Marine Fisheries Service Enforcement Office, Portland, Me. (207-780-3241) or Gloucester, Mass. (617-281-3600) or to the New England Aquarium (617-742-8830). You can also report a stranding to College of the Atlantic, Bar Harbor, Me. (288-5015) or to your local police or marine patrol officer.

Steven K. Katona is on the faculty in biology at the College of the Atlantic, in Bar Harbor. He is director of Allied Whale, and Supervisor of the Mt. Desert Whale Watch project.



AVIAN CHOLERA

By Elizabeth Cary Pierson

June 8th was a day of thick fog and eerie silence in Muscongus Bay last summer. Evie Weinstein, an instructor at the Audubon Camp on Hog Island and a research affiliate of Cornell University's Lab of Ornithology, was headed out to Eastern Egg Rock, where she has worked for nearly a decade with puffins, terns and other seabirds.

"It was my first visit of the summer," she remembers, "and I went out expecting to see what I've seen every other summer." But as Evie and three other researchers approached the rock, they noticed how few terns were around. The previous summer Eastern Egg Rock had been the largest tern colony in the state, with over 1,000 pairs of birds.

"Then we landed," says Evie, "and immediately we started finding dead birds. We felt like we were walking around a cemetery." Surveying the seven-acre rock, the researchers found 58 dead birds, mostly common eiders and common terns. On nearby Western Egg Rock, about two miles distant, they met a similarly weird and ghastly scene: 108 dead gulls, cormorants and eiders, many of them dead on their nests. "It was an incredible and devastating sight," says Evie.

Back on the mainland Evie called the Maine Dept. of Inland Fisheries and Wildlife, and the following day seabird biologist Al Hutchinson went out to Muscongus Bay himself. By the end of the day he had found over 2,000 dead birds on seven other islands. From the look of things he suspected avian cholera, and lab tests on collected birds later proved him right.

Avian cholera, also known as fowl cholera and avian pasteurellosis, is an

infectious disease caused by the bacterium *Pasteurella multocida*. Commonly associated with domestic poultry, it also occurs in wild birds, especially waterfowl. Although it's been recognized for over 200 years and has been well studied, the disease is poorly understood. Domestic poultry are thought to be the most common carriers, introducing the cholera into wild birds through direct contact or through contaminated soil, food and water. In dense populations typical of wintering waterfowl and nesting seabirds, the disease can spread literally like wildfire, often killing birds so rapidly that they don't even have time to exhibit signs of illness. The few birds that recover become chronic carriers. Not all species of birds are equally susceptible to cholera, however. Susceptibility varies from outbreak to outbreak, depending, perhaps, on the given strain of the disease or on the feeding habits, behavior, and population density of each bird species.

The first recorded outbreak of cholera in wild waterfowl in this country occurred in Texas in 1944. Since then the disease has recurred at infrequent intervals and places, with die-offs ranging from just a handful of birds to several thousand. A look at the records shows just how calamitous the disease can be: 40,000 swans, geese, ducks, coots and shorebirds killed in San Francisco Bay in the winter of '48-'49; more than 60,000 waterfowl killed in Texas in the winter of '56-'57; and, in February 1970, more than 88,000 sea ducks and whistling swans killed in Chesapeake Bay.

Cholera was first reported on the East Coast in the summer of 1963 in Maine. A local fisherman observed several dead

birds floating in the water near Goose Island, about six miles east of Camden. An investigation of area islands by Maine Fish and Wildlife biologists found 128 dead birds—116 common eiders and a few gulls and terns—on Goose Island, East Goose Rock and Robinson Rock. Although the source of the infection was uncertain, biologists had two educated guesses: shipping refuse or, more likely, domestic poultry. Several poultry processing and broiler houses are located along Penobscot Bay, and gulls frequently carry refuse from the dumps out to the islands.

Cholera didn't occur again in Maine until 1970, when the disease surfaced in Muscongus and Penobscot Bays, but since then it has occurred with increasing regularity: '72, '74, '80, '81 and '84. The worst epidemic, that of 1980, hit 16 islands in Blue Hill Bay and killed over 2,500 birds.

Avian cholera typically occurs in populations of crowded and/or physiologically stressed birds. Outbreaks in Maine have all peaked in mid- or late June, when eiders, gulls, terns and cormorants—our most abundant and densely concentrated colonial nesters—may still be incubating eggs. The breeding season is a stressful time for all birds, and this is especially true for eiders. Female eiders feed little or not at all during incubation and may lose up to 50 percent of their body weight. Stress and lowered resistance, then, may well exacerbate a latent cholera infection in a bird, quickly leading to a full-scale outbreak of the disease and contamination of associated birds.

Unfortunately, it seems nothing can be done to prevent avian cholera in wild birds. Regular monitoring to detect die-offs at an early stage, collecting and burning carcasses, and controlling scavengers such as gulls and crows may help control an outbreak once it's detected. Dispersal of birds should be prevented to avoid spreading the disease, says biologist Al Hutchinson, and fresh water pools—where birds transmit the disease when drinking and bathing—can be disinfected.

Avian cholera will occur again in Maine, although it's anyone's guess as to where or when. Since the disease is density-related, the worst outbreaks probably will continue to erupt in and around our largest seabird colonies. "I think we'll see more of it," comments Hutchinson, "but I hope we don't see worse examples." As Hutchinson adds, though, on a sobering last note, "We may end up having seen the peak of nesting seabird populations on the Maine coast."

Liz Pierson is a free-lance writer from South Harpswell, Maine.



Right and Left by Winslow Homer

National Gallery of Art, Washington, Gift of the Avalon Foundation 1951

GUNNING ROCKS

By David R. Getchell, Sr.

Petit Manan Bar intimidates me, probably because when I cross it I'm usually in a small boat. This late October Friday afternoon is no exception. Despite the fact that it is cool, crisp and calm, the butterflies in my stomach are reminding me where I'm headed as I leave Corea Harbor after fueling up. Turning eastward behind Bar Island I stay inside until the Eastern Way and then head my 18' skiff directly for the thin finger of rock that marks the tip of 'Tit Manan.

The point is as wild a spot as one would want to find on any coast: stunted spruces crouched atop low ledges that tilt only slightly toward the sea. The flat coast hints, even from afar, at the extensive rocky shoals that break the blue of the sea into long streamers of green and white from the swells that pile up on the bar and sweep shoreward. I coast the west side of Petit Manan Point and see that the passage across the Inner Bar is free and clear. For the first time since leaving Corea, my butterflies settle down as I turn east across the bar. I put up a small raft of eiders feeding among the ledges and then another of several hundred birds when I swing northeastward toward Bois Bubert Island. My heart lifts with the ducks; this is the Maine coast as I dream it was a thousand years ago: wild, clean, unmarked by man, and blessed with vast stocks of seafood and game.

On the thwart in front of me lies a handsome eider drake I shot off the lower end of Ironbound Island a couple of bays back. The big duck will be the centerpiece of my supper, a thought which hones the edge of hunger already sharpened by the cold salt air. I begin thinking about a place to hole up for the night.

My goal is Roque Island where I will spend the weekend visiting with caretaker Ken Rich. Roque is only another 20 miles or so, but I'm in no hurry, so I put into Little Bois Bubert Harbor, grounding out on a steep beach on the east shore of this uninhabited, south-facing cove. While stretching my legs, I watch a small skiff with three men aboard skitter into view from the direction of Jonesport and bank into the rock-guarded entrance of the cove. Moments later their aluminum skiff crunches the gravel next to my boat. Well bundled up in warm clothes, the men have decoys and shotguns.

"Just wanted to check and make sure you w'ant in trouble," says the hunter at the motor.

"Thanks for the thought," I reply, "you never know. Any luck?"

"Nope, but we're hopin'." The comment comes from a big man whose girth nearly hides the center thwart on which he is sitting. Their friendly concern is typical of sea duck hunters, and much appreciated. They leave, and I follow soon thereafter, convinced the harbor is

too exposed for my peace of mind. A few miles to the east I find what I'm looking for, a lovely little north-facing cove on an island near the mouth of Pleasant Bay. The tide is just about high as I idle up to the beach in water as calm and still as an inland lake. Behind the little rock and gravel beach is an old field angling gently up to a ragged woods of mixed spruce and hardwoods. A few bushy cat spruces dot the meadow; with their shelter and clear skies I see little need for the tent. And with the high tide and lack of swell, I'll be able to tide out the boat and float off at about the same time in the morning. Perfect setup.

I'm not the first to enjoy this little paradise. Just above the storm tide line is a small stone fire ring and even a rusting steel wire grill leaning against a rock. With bits of driftwood gathered and a fire started, I clean the duck, a two-minute job despite its large size. Using a sharp filleting knife, I make a shallow slit in the breast and cut out two large breast pieces of meat. The carcass is placed in a plastic bag for later disposal.

To many people, the thought of actually eating a sea duck is abhorrent. (Everyone knows the old saw: "Bake 'em with a brick inside, and when the duck is cooked, throw it away and eat the brick.") The idea of eating *fresh* sea duck—without aging the meat—is preposterous.



David Getchell, Sr.

How wrong they are! When the fire is down to a bed of glowing coals, I fry a couple of slices of bacon for their fat. Then, with the fat spitting and roiling from the heat, in go the fillets of meat with a sharp sizzle and a puff of smoke. The meat scorches for a minute or so on one side and then on the other, a process repeated several times until the outer skin is crisp, deep brown, sealing in the juices. After about four minutes, the pan is lifted from near the coals and the meat allowed to cook at a moderate temperature. It is here that care is needed: the thick fillets want to be cooked through, but not overcooked. In just a few minutes I check their progress by cutting one of the fillets at its thickest part, watching for the dark purple of the meat in the center to turn a blood red. When the meat reaches this point, the duck is cooked and is taken immediately from the pan and placed in my plate that is already heaped with little canned potatoes smothered in butter, and a generous helping of green peas. A bottle of dry red wine, brought along for just this purpose, complements the rich, tender duck meat to perfection. I feast on fresh eider, hot spuds and a glorious view of the quiet bay and distant hills of eastern Maine.

The evening air is on the edge of frost when later I sip hot tea and watch a waning moon chase Orion up the eastern sky. I lift the collar of my jacket close about my neck, put another stick on the fire, and think pleasant, disjointed thoughts about eiders, old-squaws and scoters, all

lumped under the misnomer of "coots" by coastal gunners. Although marsh ducks in general and black ducks in particular are in decline or just holding their own, sea ducks and eiders particularly are at wonderfully plentiful levels, thanks to good management, relatively light hunting pressure, and the natural protection of the sea. Twenty-five thousand nesting pairs of eider produce about 100,000 eider chicks annually on the Maine coast.

Eiders are true birds of the ocean, spending virtually all of their lives on the water with the exception of the spring and early summer breeding season. Since legal hunting for these birds is in the fall and early winter, rough seas and stormy weather—which don't bother rugged eiders in the least—keep hunters ashore for long periods, while the broad dispersion of the flocks protects many from ever being hunted at all.

I recall my introduction to eider hunting off The Graves in West Penobscot Bay: my brother-in-law and I crouched in my big outboard-powered seine dory tied to the dripping weed-covered rocks and watched flight after flight of fat eiders zero in on eight wood decoys that I'd carved with axe and drawknife and covered with flat black paint. I thought the dekes were pretty rough, but their crudeness didn't bother the ducks. I later discovered that painted, plastic milk and anti-freeze gallon jugs were equally effective, although I prefer the pleasure of hunting over decoys that bear some likeness to the real thing.

Long ago I gave up all hunting except for sea ducks but have continued gunning for them because of their plentiful numbers and the exciting sport they provide; and because on days like this I get hungry. Taking to the sea in a small boat in late autumn and winter is a challenge well-matched to the quarry; one hunts on the birds' terms as much as on one's own.

But best of all, to my way of thinking, is the chance to go among the islands at a time of year when few others are about. To tie a boat carefully to a half-tide ledge, to hide in the redolent seaweed watching over a line of decoys bobbing in the surge, to look for the swift, low-flying silhouettes of cruising eiders, to feel the sharp sting of sleet and the damp cold of December passing against layers of wool, all of these etch themselves in one's memory.

And always—nearby, in the middle distance, or low on the horizon—are those tiny worlds of their own, the islands. The ducks have drawn me to where I want to be.

David R. Getchell, Sr. is a free-lance marine writer and editor, formerly editor of the Maine Coast Fisherman, the National Fisherman, Small Boat Journal (of which he is still contributing editor and columnist), and the Fishing Gazette. His knowledge of the outdoors (mountaineering, cycling and boating) are local Maine coast legends. As Copy Editor of the Island Journal, he's become the surrogate uncle of the publication.



Kosti Ruohomaa/Black Star

RADIO WAVES

News from Offshore

As was bound to happen, we soon discovered that everything a magazine devoted to the islands of Maine ought to do cannot be done. Among the implicit imperatives is the feeling that every inhabited island should have its fair share of space and coverage. Since this is not possible in any one issue, we now reserve the Radio Waves section for those islands that receive short shrift in the feature section, pledging ourselves equitable feature coverage in the next issue. What a'ya goin' t' do? Switching to Channel 16 and standing by.

Cape Porpoise Islands, Kennebunkport

By Thomas E. Bradbury

The islands of Cape Porpoise are special places. Towards the end of the 16th century English fishermen were the first to make use of them. Here they spent their summers, harvesting the sea and curing their catch on the island we now call Stage. The islands provided a safe anchorage for their ships as well as an element of safety against any threats from shore. By the turn of the 20th century they had become the sites for camping, picnicking, and peaceful summer walks. And with a developing tourist industry, their beauty convinced all who visited of the natural splendor which could be found along the Maine coast.

In an impressive recent grass-roots effort, Kennebunkport has found a way to preserve much of this island heritage for all time. What the town has done is worth some study.

Change is coming to Maine. In some communities it is slight, barely perceptible with the passage of time. In other towns growth and development have become an everyday occurrence. Older citizens of our state notice the difference the most. They talk of the swimming hole, the picnic rock, or the sandy beach where they spent so many pleasant hours growing up. In too many cases a distant look comes into their eyes as they finish their remembrance. They shake their heads nostalgically and add, "Of course, you wouldn't remember. That land was built on some time back."

And it's just such areas which are developed first, for the desire is in each of us to live in the most scenic area which we can afford.

This is not to say that development is bad; it is simply to point out that no town should take for granted those places within the community which have been traditionally cited as the most beautiful or the most recreationally important. For if these areas are to remain the focal point of the community, then the time to guarantee their protection has come. Growth is occurring far too rapidly to wait any longer.

Ten years ago a group of citizens in Kennebunkport shared these same concerns. A piece of land in the center of

town had come up for sale. It was a small parcel of land, less than an acre, yet it was the last open space left in the center of this resort community. A meeting was called to discuss not only the future of this lot, but also the whole concept of local conservation.

They voted to raise the \$32,000 necessary in order to purchase the "River Green." And as a vehicle to help them with the purchase, they formed a tax-exempt organization called the Kennebunkport Conservation Trust.

The drive was started, and with a great deal of work and worry, events and donations, the needed funds were collected and the Green became a source of pride for the community—a place for speeches and concerts, craft shows and fairs, and a place for a weary vacationer to rest and relax in the midst of the hustle of a hot summer's day.

The Kennebunkport Conservation Trust continued to grow, slowly at first, for many failed to notice the gradual changes which were happening about them. A freshwater pond at Goose Rocks Beach and another near Ocean Avenue were added, as were several marsh lots. Though small in some instances, they were nevertheless an important start.

In 1981 an area considered essential to maintaining the character of the community was threatened with development. This was Cape Island.

After lengthy negotiations, the Kennebunkport Conservation Trust agreed to buy Cape Island for \$100,000 plus inter-

est over a five-year period. It was a small but enthusiastic group that started the fund-raising drive to save the island. None were professional fund raisers, but all cared. Bean suppers, auctions and boat races were organized. Pamphlets, T-shirts and postcards were printed, and the conservation movement grew. With the first year's payment raised, work was begun on the balance of the island bill. More people joined the trust, and the forever-wild status of the island became closer to being a reality.

What's more, the trust's goals were attracting attention outside of the community. The Green Island Foundation of Boston agreed to match all of the funds which would be locally raised. With a great deal of gratitude and joy the island drive was revitalized.

Other landowners also wanted to see some of their holdings protected. Vice President George Bush generously granted an easement against future commercialization on his Walkers Point estate. The Nature Conservancy, recognizing the desirability of local management, also deeded both Vaughns Island and Redin Island to the Kennebunkport Conservation Trust.

Within three years, with the support of a community that cared, the entire amount needed to purchase Cape Island was raised. In addition, a \$10,000 bank account was established so that the payment of future taxes and operating expenses would be guaranteed. This secured all of the trust's holdings and made its future look bright. The citizens of the Kennebunks can feel pride in their accomplishments and foresight.

But there is also a lesson that can be learned by these efforts as well. It's a simple thought, often stated, but so very true; namely, that a few people who really care can make a difference.

And behind our pride rests the knowledge that not only is a piece of land preserved, but also the traditions which go with it—Maine traditions that go back to the days when English fishermen first visited our shores.

Information on forming a land trust can be obtained by writing to:

*The Maine Coast Heritage Trust
Box 426
Northeast Harbor, ME 04669*

Thomas Bradbury is one of the Founders of the Kennebunkport Conservation Trust and a Director of the Maine Coast Heritage Trust.

Frenchboro

By Rebecca J. Lunt

Our main concern at present is the lobstering. Lobsters are much scarcer than in the past. It appears that the scallop draggers have ruined many of the lobster bottoms; scallop divers say the bottom is a mess.

There are only four children in school this year: Warren "Pard" Higgins, Bobbi-Jo Lewis, April Dawn Davis and Donnie Badger. In June Pard will graduate and go to high school come September, but Wayne Crossman (my grandson) will start school in the fall. We would have five in school, but Arin Teel is teaching her son Will Rian at home.

The women's group "Little Stitches" is still making crafts and getting ready for the Lobster Festival that comes again in August.

I would like to tell you about Joseph Warren Lunt, known to us as "Innie." He was born and raised here in a family of 14. God gave him the ability to write poetry. You could give him a few suggestions and he could almost compose the poem in his head as you told him.

Joe passed away in August 1954 as he was on his way home from the store. He sat down on the cement steps that lead up to the church and just went to sleep—never to awake again.

No subject was too "un-poetic" for Joe to tackle. When Frenchboro needed storm protection, Joe was ready to jump into the breach. Here are excerpts from his poem to Congress which he called "The Breakwater":

Come all you brave sailors
Who sail 'cross the sea,
We are trying to secure
What we know needs to be.
That's a safe, quiet shelter
From tempest and storm,
A safe little harbor
Where you'll lay snug and warm.

You've heard of Long Island
Way out in the sea
Where our fishermen toil
With a will strong and free;
Many ships seek our port
To hide from a gale,
Though in a north-easter
'Tis of little avail.

Oh! Grant them a breakwater!
May Congress so stand.
'Twould help the poor sailors
And make it so grand;
'Twould cost but a little
And do so much good:
How can they refuse it?
I don't think they could.

Rebecca Lunt is a long time resident of Frenchboro. Through her delightful writing we can hear the true heartbeat of island communities—their people.

Isle au Haut

By F. A. Eustis

One of the most basic problems on Isle au Haut and, most probably, many places along the coast, is the pressure of summer money on real estate values. This drives the price far above what local people can pay and at the same time encourages

them to sell their holdings whenever they find a sudden need for money because of illness, old age, or the human adversities which come to nearly everyone at one time or another. The result of this process must ultimately tend to be the reduction of the year-round populations to a largely propertyless status in the midst of property owned by others. This is a calamity for the communities involved as well as for the year-round residents. It is by no means in the long run best interests of the summer people.

The situation is aggravated by the retrograde nature of the tax laws that support local government. The large landowners have mostly wriggled out of paying a significant share of the tax burden by means of the tree growth tax law. This throws nearly the entire burden of local taxes onto houses. Here again the year-round resident is at a disadvantage. If property taxes pinch the summer owner, he or she can readily rent out his or her house, or rent for a longer period than before. But the year-round resident needs his or her house to live in.

Communities do benefit from the increased interest in trees, a renewable resource, which is encouraged in the large landowners by the tree growth tax law. But this comes at a high price in terms of fairness and social cohesion.

The basic problem of the economic competition of metropolitan-originated real estate values for recreation with locally oriented traditional resource economy values may be so difficult as to be practically insoluble without the adoption of some sort of leasehold system which is not really acceptable in terms of traditional ideas. But the aggravation of the problem by the local tax structures should not be beyond the ability of local governments to address and, one hopes, improve if not solve.

Frederic A. Eustis, II, is the Secretary of the Isle au Haut Planning Board.

Islesboro

By Agatha Cabaniss

Island communities are struggling with the demons of development which have placed added demands on ferry and emergency services, water and sewage facilities, and created major—even traumatic—changes in land use. Islesboro, a long narrow island in the sheltered waters of upper Penobscot Bay, is experiencing many of the same problems, but her proximity to the mainland and distance from the ocean have given her a different perspective and economy than those of the islands of the lower bay.

Islesboro's career as a summer resort began over a century ago when Bangor area residents came downriver by steamboat to the wharf at Sabbath Day Harbor to vacation at the sprawling Seaside House, to enjoy the dance pavilion and

bowling alley, and to build the island's first summer cottages on neatly laid-out lots along the Billy Shore Road. Hewes Point and Dark Harbor were settled in turn and Islesboro became a part of the social life of Bangor, Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Connecticut and Texas.

These developments offered employment to the year-round residents but did not impinge on their territory. The winter residents live along the Main Road which runs like a spine down the center of the island. The island was big enough to absorb the growth and large tracts remained wild, access to the shore was fairly easy, and year-round and summer residents coexisted in a somewhat comfortable symbiosis.

Escalating land values along America's coastline have forced developers, second-home seekers and retired individuals to look further afield for property. Such a low-key, low-profile way of life as that on Islesboro holds great attraction to many urban people whose ample incomes permit them to look at the carefully planned lots in an island subdivision as economic bargains. Greater numbers arriving with greater rapidity have made many already on the island want to hoist the ferry ramp and slam the door.

Recently two major parcels of land were purchased for development with the potential for placing perhaps 27 more families on the island with a concomitant need for added goods and services.

Philip Carter of New Orleans, who purchased Keller Point with over three miles of shore frontage, views land ownership and development "as a chance to get a handle on the future, and an opportunity to become my own Planning Commission."

Carter is planning to divide Keller Point into 18 or 19 lots. He said each lot will have a point of land and share a cove with its neighbor, and the houses will not be visible from the water or each other except through their line of sight to the water.

The second major development is that of Ron Woods of Lincoln, Mass., who purchased a 37-acre tract which includes Big Tree Beach. The beach is the former site of a very tall tree which, according to local legend, served as a navigational aid in the upper bay. The beach is recessed in a small, seaweed-free cove and is exposed to a lingering southwestern sun which heats its gravel surface. The stones warm the incoming tidal water whose temperature often exceeds 70 degrees, a rarity for a Maine island. Two generations of the Mosely family have allowed the public to have access to the beach, which is close by the main road, and countless children have learned to swim in these sheltered waters.

Woods has obtained permission from the Islesboro Selectmen to subdivide his property into six lots, and the covenants which will run this property specifically exclude the public and forbid crossing the land to any portion of the shore between

high and low tides. Woods said at a public hearing for the subdivision permit he would be willing to sell the beach to the town, but that this would depreciate the value of a lot by about 50 percent or \$50,000-\$60,000. The 37-acre tract is presently assessed at slightly over \$80,000.

Legally the Islesboro Selectmen had little choice but to approve the new subdivisions under the existing Shorelands District Ordinance. Islesboro residents are split both in their perceptions of the economic side effects of such seemingly large-scale developments and their thoughts on the need for comprehensive planning.

Last December the Selectmen appointed a committee to poll the year-round and seasonal residents in order to determine the degree of interest in the development of a comprehensive plan. The committee was asked to make a presentation at the March Town Meeting which would include a request for any necessary funding.

Realizing that the island is at a crossroads, one which will determine the quality of life for years to come, the electorate in March voted to proceed with the drawing up of a comprehensive plan. This will include the determination of the sections of the island most suitable for residential use and those best reserved for commercial, recreational and scenic sites. The vote indicates a concern about the amount and quality of the underground water supply, the ability of the ferry to accommodate increased traffic, the actual and potential loss of scenic and recreational sites, and the demise of the island way of life.

Agatha Cabaniss, former teacher and writer for the Courier Gazette, is the editor and publisher of Islesboro's newspaper, called Islesboro Update, published 10 times a year.

Little Cranberry Island By Gunnar Hansen

When I was five years old, my mother took my brother and me for a visit on Little Cranberry Island—Islesford—two miles offshore from Mt. Desert Island. Newly arrived in America, from Iceland, and speaking no English, we were thrust into a collection of tall strangers, none of them meaning anything to us.

While the adults gathered one afternoon for cocktails, we played cars in the middle of the floor. One of the men, known to me later as Uncle Eg (for Egerton) walked by, drink in hand. Hearing us, he bent down to listen with a worried expression. Then, with deepening concern, he went on his knees beside us and cocked his head closer.

His sister Lou, who had been watching, said, "It's all right, Eg. They're speaking Icelandic."

"Oh, thank God," Uncle Eg said.

That's the way I heard the story. I don't remember it, of course. But it has now passed into family legend and is pulled out and polished on those occasions when someone wants to evoke a comfortable, nostalgic, private feeling. Along with the story itself, the people that surrounded it have also come into focus. Lou and her family have long since become familiar to me. Her son Bob is now a close friend and, after my years of wandering, a neighbor.

Little Cranberry has come into focus, too, and it is part of my personal family legend. It has acquired a value to me similar to that of the story. I pull it out when I want comfort or security, when I want to create a small past.

I continued to visit the island after that first summer, coming with Lou and Bob for a week or two at a time. We would drive from Searsport to Southwest Harbor, and in my memory we always arrived at night. Elmer Spurling would meet us at the dock. We would load our bags aboard his *Hobo*, and he would carry us out. Maybe because of this seemingly complex journey, I never knew where Islesford was. It was always a place far removed in my mind from home, another world.

We stayed at Lou's house. Through the picture window I could look out across the field at the two docks. The house had a big rock fireplace, where I first understood the idea of a keystone. Days we did whatever we could get away with. We explored the Heath, where, we assured each other, there was quicksand that had already swallowed cows and one child.

We walked to Gilley Beach, beyond the Heath on the ocean side, skipped stones and listened to the rote while lying on our backs on the big popplestones. We walked the length of the beach from the Maypole, the house at the head of the beach, to the old Coast Guard Station overlooking the bar to Baker Island. At low tide, we knew, adults could wade across. Kids couldn't. Their legs were too short; they wouldn't be able to figure the tides right; they would be washed out to sea; they would drown.

The best times, though, were at the docks, where we could peer down through the water and see the bottom. At Elmer's dock we watched the fishermen unload lobsters and load their bait barrels. There I discovered the redolence of fish gurry, a smell unlike any other and indescribable. A smell that somehow I liked. The fishermen would fill their barrels, and the gurry would slop across the dock. I'd listen to the sizzle of its dripping between the boards onto the water surface, and I'd slick my feet along the slime. The smell stayed on my shoes.

(One time this slime sent Richard Emmons pitching headlong into the harbor on his bicycle. It caused quite a sensation, so he began repeating it for passengers aboard the mail boat. His game came to an abrupt end, though, when one day he did it at low tide, only to discover

a fisherman in his punt below. Richard joined the fisherman in the stern of the punt. "You might have waited," the fisherman said. "I was almost in.")

Our favorite activity by the docks, when we could get away with it, was to take one of the punts for our own use. Armed with pitchforks, we would drift in the shallows between the two docks looking for sand sharks. Most of the time we'd miss. But there were days when we speared a couple. Ashore, we'd cut the fins and tail off, a rite we somehow imagined all fishermen of consequence did, and leave them rotting on the dock. We did that 'til one of the fishermen told us to get rid of the stinking fish.

Our greatest adventure came in the punts. We commandeered (I hate to say stole) two punts and loaded them with rocks and bricks. Then sitting on their bows as we drifted between the docks, we pitched these bombs at each other. Obviously we never hit our targets, but I don't know if we hit one of the punts. (It's only now, as I think about it, that I realize what we were doing. We came very close, I have recently found, to getting The Silence from the fishermen. This treatment, reserved for only the most vile, meant that they not only did not talk to you, they acted as if you were not there. They did not answer you when you spoke. They looked through you. They walked around you.)

Our adventure ended when Bob's mother discovered us. We were supposed to be at the house packing to leave. After waiting too long for us, she finally came looking. When she saw what we were doing, her anger doubled. Then she told us just what she thought of us.

Severely chastened, we boarded Elmer's *Hobo* for the return to the mainland. (I never knew our luck. By leaving right then we avoided The Silence.) I spent the return trip on *Hobo's* foredeck, my back against the windshield. I did not look back at Lou or Islesford behind her.

Then it all ended. In 1958 we moved away, and Islesford faded into memory.

Strangely, that is the same time that something similar started happening on Islesford. A generation of islanders left, too.

The moving away of islanders lasted about eight years, into the early '60s. By the time it was over, about 12 persons had left the island. They were all older than I—they're in their 40s or early 50s now. They had all been together in the island's school, and sometime after high school or college or the service they left.

That's a large number for a place as small as Islesford. There were about 90 people on the island then—about the same as now—and the island lost about 15 percent of them.

Why did they go? Economics.

Bruce Fernald, an Islesford fisherman, says, "I guess out here you're going to be either a carpenter or a fisherman—or marry one. And none of them wanted that." Now one is a pilot, one works for

an oil company, another for a computer company. One is a commercial artist. Half are scattered across the country as far as Oregon. The others are still in Maine.

There are certainly pressures living on an island. The most obvious is money. But there is also the confinement, Bruce says, not having the freedom at times to do what you want without some kind of hassle.

It's interesting, though, that this exodus happened when it did, about the time the whole country began to get restless. Bruce has told me he wonders if other Maine islands went through this back then. I wonder, too, if there might not be pressure from the perceived isolation of island life, a desire simply to see more of the world, to feel more connected with the outside.

Bruce worries about this drift away from Islesford, whatever the reasons. That, to him, is the toughest part of living there now. "It's the talk of other people thinking of leaving because of their kids' going to school, or whatever," he says. "Right now there are only four kids in the school. I know there are others coming along, but I don't want to see it go down. I worry about what's coming. Is the island going to be able to stay together?"

But there was an earlier group that, according to Ted Spurling, moved off before World War II. Hearing this, I wonder if maybe this is something that simply happens every 25 or 30 years. A new generation breaks away and defines itself in a new place.

Still, none of this lost generation, as far as I know, has lost touch completely with the island. Though they are gone, they keep contact. Many of them come back for visits in the summer. Several of them now own homes on the island or will eventually inherit homes there.

I wonder how long it took them to return? It took me 11 years. But it took much longer for me to reestablish any kind of relationship with the island. I had changed since I had last been back: I had grown up. I could no longer have the same feeling for the place as I had as a child. I wonder if this generation that left had to go through a similar adjustment? Maybe not. After all, it had been their home, while I had no blood connection. I became a day-tripper, tagging along at times when Lou or Bob wanted to visit someone.

Eventually that began to change for me. I started visiting the island again. I came out a couple of times to substitute for a day at the one-room school. I began to meet people—Greg, the school teacher; Martha, whose parents owned Lou's old house; Bruce Fernald and his brother Mark; Barbara Shirey, who worked as Bruce's sternwoman and is now married to him. We spent long evenings together, sometimes in front of that famous fireplace. We took Bruce's boat, *Stormy Gale*, out on picnics to Baker Island on Sundays.

I began to grow closer to the island again. And I began to see that, though I had been gone, I was still being offered a chance not to be a stranger.

It happened soon after I had started coming back. I had come out to a party. The next morning I was waiting on the fishermen's dock for a ride back to Mt. Desert. A fisherman came down to get his punt. He said hello and asked who I was. I told him I had come out the night before and Mark Fernald was giving me a ride.

The man relaxed. He smiled and said, "That's my son. I'm Warren Fernald."

And in that small gesture I saw that he had been unsure of who I was, this unexplained stranger on this island. I saw great pride in him when he said, "That's my son." And I saw that I had made a small step toward returning to Islesford.

Gunnar Hansen is a free-lance writer out of Northeast Harbor, an ideal place for his Icelandic roots to support his intense interest in, and care for, islands. He is a regular contributor to several national and regional magazines.

Swans Island

By Jim Haskell

During the past decade and a half, most of Maine's island communities, from Casco Bay to Downeast, have felt increased pressure for second-home development. Swans Island, a traditional year-round fishing community with a rapidly increasing summer colony, is a classic example.

Some islands have coped with change better than others by developing and systematically implementing their own local growth strategies or by relying primarily on the state's land use laws. Swans Island, located approximately eight miles southwest of Mt. Desert Island in Blue Hill Bay, chose to set its own rules.

Early in the 1970's town officials recognized that change was inevitable and that there were positive as well as negative impacts inherent in an economy based increasingly on recreation and tourism. They also recognized that growth must be planned for and controlled if the community's environmental characteristics and way of life are to be protected and enhanced.

The island's year-round population peaked in 1880 with 762 residents. Between 1880 and 1980 the year-round population on Swans declined an average of 5 percent a year and hit its lowest level in 1970 at 323 persons. Although the year-round population expanded slightly between 1970 and 1980, recent indications are that this trend has reversed with younger families of child-bearing age moving off due to lack of job opportunities and the higher cost of island living.

Swans Island has always had "summer people," but the last two decades have seen a dramatic increase in their numbers and a significant change in their habits.



Peter Ralston

Today seasonal residents are estimated to number between 1,000 and 1,200, with most only staying for two weeks and renting their cottages to others for the rest of the season.

During the late 1960's and early 1970's two major second-home developments were proposed on Swans Island. Concerned that the projects could result in up to 300 one-acre lots under the minimums of state law, the town, encouraged by local officials and concerned residents, enacted a strong, local subdivision ordinance which required a minimum of two acres per lot. At the time, this ordinance was considered one of the most stringent and comprehensive in the state.

Armed with the new subdivision ordinance, the Planning Board finally approved the larger subdivision at 40 lots on more than 200 acres and the smaller at 25 lots on approximately 100 acres. Application of the ordinance resulted in a total of 65 lots, with substantial acreage reserved as open space, compared to the potential of 300 lots under state law.

In the late 1970's the island's only publicly available airstrip was purchased for second-home development. This 50-acre parcel, including the airstrip, was subdivided into 20 lots. The Planning Board negotiated with the developer, under the provisions of the subdivision ordinance, and two lots were donated to the town for public use. One was subsequently developed into a regulation softball field and the other, which included two ponds and a beach, was set aside for public use.

In 1978 the town, concerned with the loss of the airstrip, a rapidly growing summer population, an increase in the purchase of large tracts by non-residents,

and a diminishing year-round population, established a 26-member Citizens Review Board to prepare a long-range comprehensive plan.

A wide-ranging opinion survey regarding community development problems and opportunities was part of the comprehensive planning process. Responses from both year-round and seasonal residents indicated that they felt that a general lack of job opportunities, particularly for young people, and a reduction in fisheries were the most important problems. Year-round residents were evenly split between wanting to see the population of the island remain the same and wanting it to increase slowly. Seasonal residents favored, 2-1, a slow increase in population.

Use of the comprehensive plan was quick in coming. In 1981 the town began work on an island resource development study focusing on the two major problems identified by the comprehensive plan: (1) a lack of jobs for women, and (2) a lack of a variety of jobs for younger males who do not want to fish for a living. This study explored six options: boat construction and repair, quarrying, aquaculture, expanded commercial fishing, fish processing, and craft production and sales. Since publication of this study, island craft production and sales have increased and town officials are still working to attract new boat construction, storage and repair businesses.

The second step taken to implement the comprehensive plan was a harbor improvement study. This effort resulted in a new harbor ordinance, along with mooring and traffic plans for both of Swans Island's major harbors.

During the summer of 1984 a well-known summer resident who had pur-

chased an old fish shed and dock in the major harbor renovated the dock for his yacht and applied for a permit to construct a guest house. His application was turned down by the Code Enforcement Officer and his appeal to the Board of Appeals was denied because of the applicant's inability to meet the 75-foot setback requirement. This matter was appealed to Superior Court where it is currently pending. The appeal includes an attack on the validity of the ordinance, since the ordinance was adopted prior to the adoption of the comprehensive plan.

Another 155-acre parcel is now being proposed for second-time subdivision. If the past is any example, the people on Swans Island will see to it that the development occurs on the community's terms.

The development and implementation of rules controlling growth on Swans was no bed of roses. It took long hours by dedicated local officials and concerned citizens. There was not always agreement, the results were not always perfect, and a minority still sits back and snipes at the effort. But the town met the pressures of the recreation-tourism boom head-on and is dealing with them on island terms; it has developed the tools and is constantly keeping them sharp as it continues to control its own future.

As the information brochure at the ferry terminal on the mainland says, "Swans Island is not for everyone."

Jim Haskell is a private Planning and Land Use Consultant with considerable experience in island and coastal community planning and resource management.



The Lifeline by Winslow Homer

Philadelphia Museum of Art: George W. Elkins Collection

SAVED!

History of the Life-Saving Service in Maine

By Wick York

Certain institutions in Maine island history have an undeniably evocative power. The lighthouse stations described in the last issue are certainly one, and here the lifesaving stations are another. Future issues will continue our coverage of all of those island institutions through which islanders were not just served, but through which they rendered service to others without price.

The United States Life-Saving Service was formally established as an independent agency of the Treasury Department on June 18, 1878. Created for the purpose of rescuing victims of shipwrecks, the service built a network of stations along all coasts of the U.S. to house the lifesavers and their rescue equipment. It was the only exclusively governmental establishment of its kind in the world as all other lifesaving organizations were either private or volunteer societies.

The history of the service and other organized efforts at lifesaving goes back to the end of the 18th century. The Massachusetts Humane Society, a volunteer group formed in 1786, was the first organization in the country created solely to save the lives of shipwrecked mariners.

The society's rescue efforts began with the building of small unmanned huts on desolate sections of the Massachusetts coast to shelter shipwreck victims who were able to make it to shore on their own. The first was built on Lovell Island in Boston Harbor in 1789. They were probably crude, one-story, wood-frame buildings, sheathed entirely with shingles and outfitted with only a stove and some food supplies. The first lifeboat station large enough to house a surfboat and other rescue apparatus was built at Cohasset in 1807. By 1845 the society maintained 18 lifeboat stations and numerous huts of refuge.

Although the Humane Society was successful in reducing the number of

casualties from maritime disasters along the Massachusetts coast, few such organizations existed in other areas. The need for a national network of lifesavers was apparent. Unreliable navigational aids, inaccurate charts and sailing directions, and scarce and inefficient lighthouses accounted for numerous shipwrecks and stranded crews.

Eighteen forty-eight marks the inception of the U.S. Life-Saving Service and the beginning of a federally sponsored nationwide system. During that year, a congressional appropriation provided for the building of 8 lifeboat stations on the New Jersey coast along the southern approach to New York City. The first was established at Spermaceti Cove, on Sandy Hook. Numerous appropriations during the next 6 years were used to build additional New Jersey boathouses and to extend the system to Long Island and the Great Lakes. Like the Humane Society stations, the stations had no living quarters but were manned by volunteers from

the surrounding neighborhood who were summoned to the station at the sighting of a wreck.

While the number of stations had risen dramatically since 1848, many problems continued to plague the service. A number of fatal disasters along the Atlantic coast during the winter of 1870-1871 demonstrated a lack of adequate protection and a need for better organization and more stations. A federal survey in 1871 of every station revealed undisciplined crews, stations in ruins, and rescue equipment either missing or in disrepair. A complete reorganization of the entire service was necessary. Incompetent keepers were removed and replaced by the most skilled boatmen.

Equally as important, for the first time a superintendent in charge of the entire service was appointed. He was Sumner Kimball, born in 1834 in Lebanon, Me., and educated at Bowdoin College. A lawyer and state representative, he moved to Washington, D.C., in 1861 to begin a career with the Treasury Department that would last until his retirement in 1915. His appointment in 1871 as chief of the department's Revenue Cutter Service included supervision of the Life-Saving Service.

As a result of the 1871 investigation, Kimball ordered additional stations for New Jersey, Long Island and Cape Cod to achieve a more complete coverage of their coasts, and planned to enlarge all other existing stations. For the first time, these were to be made large enough to provide live-in quarters for a keeper and his crew of 6, plus any shipwreck survivors needing temporary care.

With the completion of this building program, the heavily traveled routes along the coastal approaches to New York and Boston were adequately protected. However, for other trade routes to northern New England and the southern Atlantic states, little help was available in the event of a shipwreck.

The first major expansion to remote coasts came with the act of March 3, 1873, which authorized the construction of 22 stations in Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Virginia and North Carolina.

Five stations from this period were established in Maine. The east and west ends of the coast were protected respectively by the Quoddy Head Station at Carrying Place Cove in Lubec and the Fletchers Neck Station at Biddeford Pool. In between were three offshore stations. One on Cross Island served traffic en route to Machiasport, the Brownays Island Station to the west of Great Wass Island protected Jonesport, and the Whitehead Island Station off Sprucehead

guarded the western entrance to Penobscot Bay.

Built in 1874, these stations were nearly identical in appearance as all were constructed from the same set of plans. The buildings featured decorative wood bracketing in the roof gables and under the eaves, along with diagonal corner braces applied over a vertical siding. An open lookout deck, from which a constant watch of the coast was kept, projected from the roof peak.

On the inside, the buildings had layouts typical of most stations constructed during the 1870's and 1880's. The first floor contained a boatroom for the surfboat and other rescue apparatus, plus a separate mess room with a wood or coal stove where the crew ate and relaxed. Upstairs were crew's quarters and extra beds for survivors in need of temporary care.

Although keepers were required to live at or near their stations all year round, the stations were initially manned only from November 1 through April 30. In the event of a shipwreck during the period when a station was not active, the keeper had to summon whatever help he could find from volunteers. Pay was set at \$200 per year for keepers, while surfmen received \$40 for each month of the active season.

Like most Atlantic coast stations, all of the 1874 Maine stations used a shallow-draft surfboat for rescues. Kept inside the station on a cart or wagon, the relatively light surfboat left the building along a ramp which extended from the front doors. The cart was then pulled by the crew along the beach to a spot as close as possible to the wreck, and launched.

An act passed in 1878 formally created the Life-Saving Service as an independent agency, separate from the Revenue Cutter Service. By a unanimous vote of Congress, Sumner Kimball was appointed General Superintendent with overall administrative responsibilities. At that time, 186 stations were in operation or being planned: 137 were located on the Atlantic coast, 35 on the Great Lakes, eight on the Pacific and six along the Gulf of Mexico.

The 1878 act called for the construction of 37 new stations, one of which was built in 1879 on Little Cranberry Island off Mt. Desert. Although similar in appearance, size and layout to the 1874 boathouses, the building lacked ornate bracketing beneath the gables and eaves, and a covering of shingles on the walls replaced vertical siding and diagonal baces.

The year 1880 saw the completion of the seventh Maine station, established on Crumple Island off Great Wass Island. Although no photographs or drawings

have been found of the station, it probably was of the same type as the one on Little Cranberry Island. This station was built to replace the Brownays Island facility of 1874, and while the specific reasons for the replacement are not known, this practice was not unusual. A more advantageous site may have been procured that was not available at the time of construction of the earlier station.

Traffic on the Kennebec River, due primarily to shipbuilding at Bath during the 1870's and 1880's, necessitated the establishment of a lifesaving station at Popham Beach in 1883. Located near the hazardous currents at the mouth of the river, the Hunnewell Beach Station resembled the earlier Maine boathouses except for an enclosed tower which provided better shelter for the watchman.

Surfmen took turns keeping a watch of the coast from the roof tower or deck during the clear daylight hours. However, at night and during foggy weather, each station sent out a man to walk along the nearby shore. On sighting a wreck or vessel in danger, he would light a flare to alert the ship that it had been sighted and then hurry back to the station for help.

In 1886 a station was established in Cape Elizabeth just to the south of the two lighthouses at the entrance to Casco Bay. Although stations were occasionally located near or on the grounds of lighthouses, the Life-Saving and Lighthouse services were separately administered organizations with different responsibilities.

The Cape Elizabeth Station was the only one of its design to be built. In most cases, a set of standardized plans was drawn from which an average of 20 nearly identical stations were constructed. Occasionally, when the conditions of the individual site were unusual, or when stations were located in wealthy resort communities where there was a concern that the architecture be compatible with that of the surrounding buildings, a design was produced for only one station. Although it is not known why the Cape Elizabeth Station is different from others, its design may have been influenced by some of the large Shingle-style houses in the area.

During the 1890's two additional stations were established offshore between Portland and Rockland. The Burnt Island Station of 1891, located in the middle of Muscongus Bay, served traffic en route to Port Clyde and the towns along the St. George River. The 1897 Damariscove Island Station covered the Boothbay area.

The last two stations built by the Life-Saving Service in Maine were both completed in 1904. A new station constructed next to the 1874 boathouse at Biddeford Pool provided more spacious quarters for



Betsy James Wyeth Collection

Whitehead Station circa 1880

the Fletchers Neck crew. The Great Wass Island Station of 1904 replaced the one on Crumple Island. The Great Wass Station was built from the first design that did not contain an integral boathouse. Instead of being housed in the same building as the crew's quarters, the surfboat was placed in a separate building at the water's edge. This arrangement allowed the station to be set back from the immediate shore at a more advantageous position for sighting wrecks.

On Jan. 18, 1915, the Life-Saving Service merged with the Revenue Cutter Service to form the U.S. Coast Guard. At that time, Sumner Kimball, who had served as Superintendent of the Life-Saving Service since 1871, retired.

Additional rescue stations continued to be built in Maine after the merger. Three stations of the same design were constructed near earlier boathouses at Quoddy Head, Cross Island and Cape Elizabeth between 1918 and 1929. By the late 1920's, however, the Coast Guard

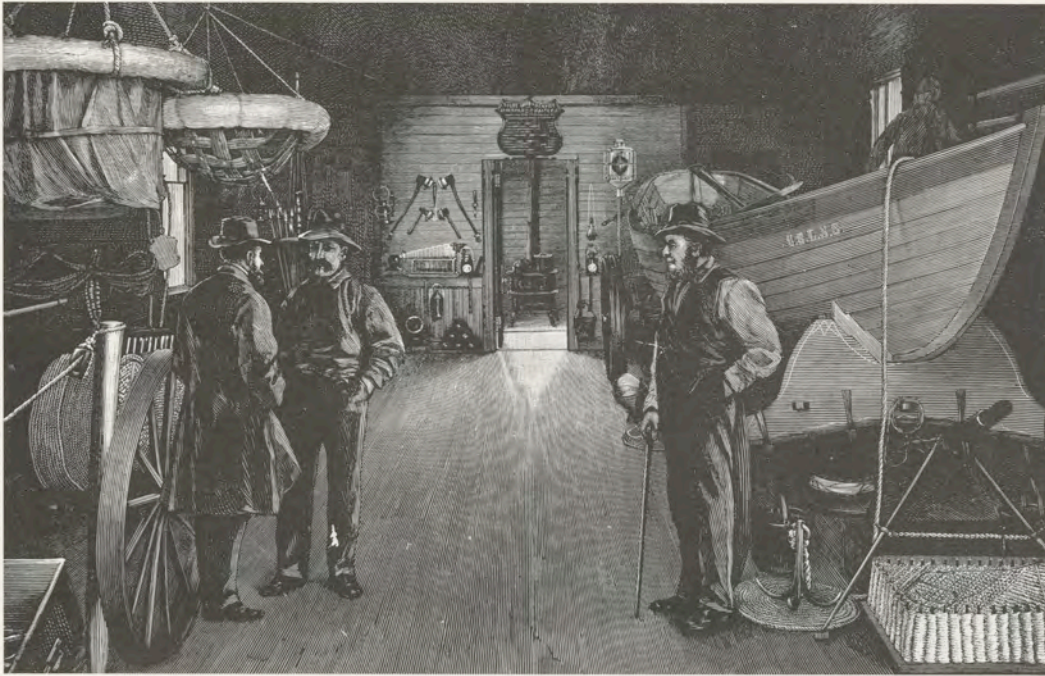
began to consolidate its operations as the tasks of sea and shore rescue necessitated a different type of station which was larger and more centrally located. New techniques of rescue, employing motorized lifeboats, high-speed cruisers, and eventually helicopters and search planes allowed fewer stations to cover a wider area.

By 1941 all 10 of the Maine stations in operation during the beginning of the 20th century were still active. Today, all except the one at Cape Elizabeth have been closed and sold off while modern search and rescue stations have been established at Eastport, Jonesport, Southwest Harbor, Rockland, Boothbay and South Portland.

Between 1874 when the first five stations were built and 1929, stations had been established at 12 different locations along the Maine coast. Eight were on offshore islands at Cross, Brownays, Crumple, Great Wass, Little Cranberry, Whitehead, Burnt and Damariscove, while

the remaining four occupied mainland sites. At Cross Island, Cape Elizabeth, Quoddy Head and Biddeford Pool, new stations were built on the grounds of previously established ones. Of these 16, all but five still survive: Only the two at Quoddy Head, the Brownays Island, the Crumple Island and the 1886 Cape Elizabeth stations are no longer standing.

The surviving Maine stations are used for a variety of functions. The Hunnewell Beach and Little Cranberry Island stations have been converted to private residences, while the 1874 and 1904 stations at Biddeford Pool serve as a community professional development center. Two others are owned by environmental groups. The Great Wass Island Station is a part of the Great Wass Island Nature Preserve run by the Maine chapter of the Nature Conservancy. The Nature Conservancy also owns most of Damariscove Island, though there is some question as to who owns the Life-Saving Station. The Whitehead Island station



Shore Village Museum Collection

is run as a summer camp by Pine Islands Camps, while the Island Institute uses the Cross Island stations as the Cabot Biological Station. The Burnt Island station is privately owned, though the island is used as the Muscongus Bay base for Hurricane Island Outward Bound School.

Although Maine has one of the highest percentages of surviving stations of any state, threats exist to those still standing. Most are in only fair or poor condition; the Damariscove Station is severely deteriorated. The Cross Island Station is under renovation by the Island Institute. Only the 1874 Fletchers Neck Station is on the National Register of Historic Places yet many others are clearly eligible for listing. While this designation does not, in itself, provide a great deal of protection, it can be an important first step toward an understanding of their historical and architectural significance. However, the preservation of Maine's surviving stations will only be assured when owners, historical societies and state and federal agencies recognize the role of the Life-Saving Service in the state's maritime history.

Wick York is a Building Restoration Consultant who has been involved in the preservation of New England lifesaving stations. He currently is conducting a National Register survey of Rhode Island lighthouses.

Maine Lighthouse Inventory

In 1985 the Maine Historic Preservation Commission will conduct a detailed inventory of all Maine's lighthouse and lifesaving stations to determine which surviving stations should be nominated to the National Register of Historic Places.

The Island Institute believes this inventory is of great significance because any stations nominated to the National Register which are in federal ownership cannot be destroyed.

The following tentative criteria will be considered to determine eligibility to the National Register:

- Age
- Types, including buildings, tower, light, and mechanical equipment (is the particular light unique or not?)
- Historical interest
- Navigation or technological importance
- Importance to artists or tourists
- Condition
- Architectural importance
- Quality of surviving building complex
- Ownership

Anyone with knowledge of the historic, architectural or artistic importance of Maine lighthouse (or lifesaving) stations, please contact: Island Institute Lighthouse Project, Box 429, Rockland, ME 04841, or Frank Beard, Maine Historic Preservation Commission, 55 Capitol St., Augusta, ME 04333.

Lighthouse Conference

Due to the rapidly escalating pace of Maine lighthouse automation by the U.S. Coast Guard, all but a few light stations will be abandoned, demolished or "site hardened" unless concerned individuals and groups assume management responsibility.

The Island Institute will cosponsor a Maine Lighthouse Conference at the Samoset Resort in Rockport, Oct. 18-19, 1985, to seek solutions for abandoned light stations.

Participants will include representatives from the Maine Citizens for Historic Preservation, The Maine Maritime Museum, The Maine Coast Heritage Trust, The U.S. Lighthouse Society, The U.S. Coast Guard and the Maine Historic Preservation Commission.

For additional information and registration materials, please write Lighthouse Conference, Island Institute, Box 429, Rockland, ME 04841.



DAMARISCOVE STATION

By Douglas Alvord

For those who live in Maine or are close by, fall is the ideal time to go cruising: no flies, fog or tourists; crisp sunny days, good sailing, and room to poke around. My wife and I wanted to visit an island or two this year, and I had only been on Damariscove once—years ago in a hard chance for a quick overnight shelter. I remembered the old Coast Guard Station and wanted to go back and do some drawings of it if, in fact, it was still standing.

It was a lovely September afternoon when we quietly sailed into the narrow but well-protected harbor. The island was quiet, even The Nature Conservancy resident had gone ashore, and I could settle down to some work undisturbed.

The main structure is very impressive; as elaborate in design as a fancy summer house, but now beginning to bow to age and neglect. I did some drawings of the outside and then wandered about the interior, looking in all the rooms and thinking about the life and activities of the various people who had inhabited this island for almost 300 years.

When I returned home I began researching the history of the island and more specifically Damariscove's Life-Saving Station. As I read old letters and firsthand accounts of the station, I began to draw a profile of the recruited seamen. Letting my imagination fill in a little of the color, I put together a composite of a fellow I'll call Willie Payson who grew up

on a farm near Alna on the Sheepscot River. Though he's fictional, his story is not—it represents something of island life in the early 1900's as well as the risky but everyday business of saving lives on the New England coast. The following is a day in the life of Willie Payson based on the diaries and log from Damariscove's Life-Saving Station.

* * *

We had a lot of drills, setting up the breeches buoy, running out the surfboats, and practicing rowing in the choppy water around ledges and rocks. Capt.



Damariscove Life-Saving Station

Godfrey, our leader, worked us hard. We had a lot of time to ourselves though. I liked to go up and talk to one of the Poole boys running the sheep farm, as it was kind of like home, except there was almost no trees. The islanders that live here all the time were friendly to most of us, but I don't know how they stood it, being here all their lives. I got kind of fond of one of the girls who lived over to the White House at the head of the harbor, but her old man kept her close to home.

I had to stand watch in the Tower, the lookout on the high ground on the other side of the harbor. You could see most everywhere from there, even to Monhegan, and at night you could catch most of the lights on this part of the coast.

In the winter it didn't snow much but it was awful cold. We still had to drill though, and of course with the weather so foul there was always some boat or

other in trouble so we had to work. But we had a nice place to live. Somebody told me it was the grandest station around, even though our bunk room got cold right through. But from the outside, the place looked like one of the summer houses down to Boothbay.

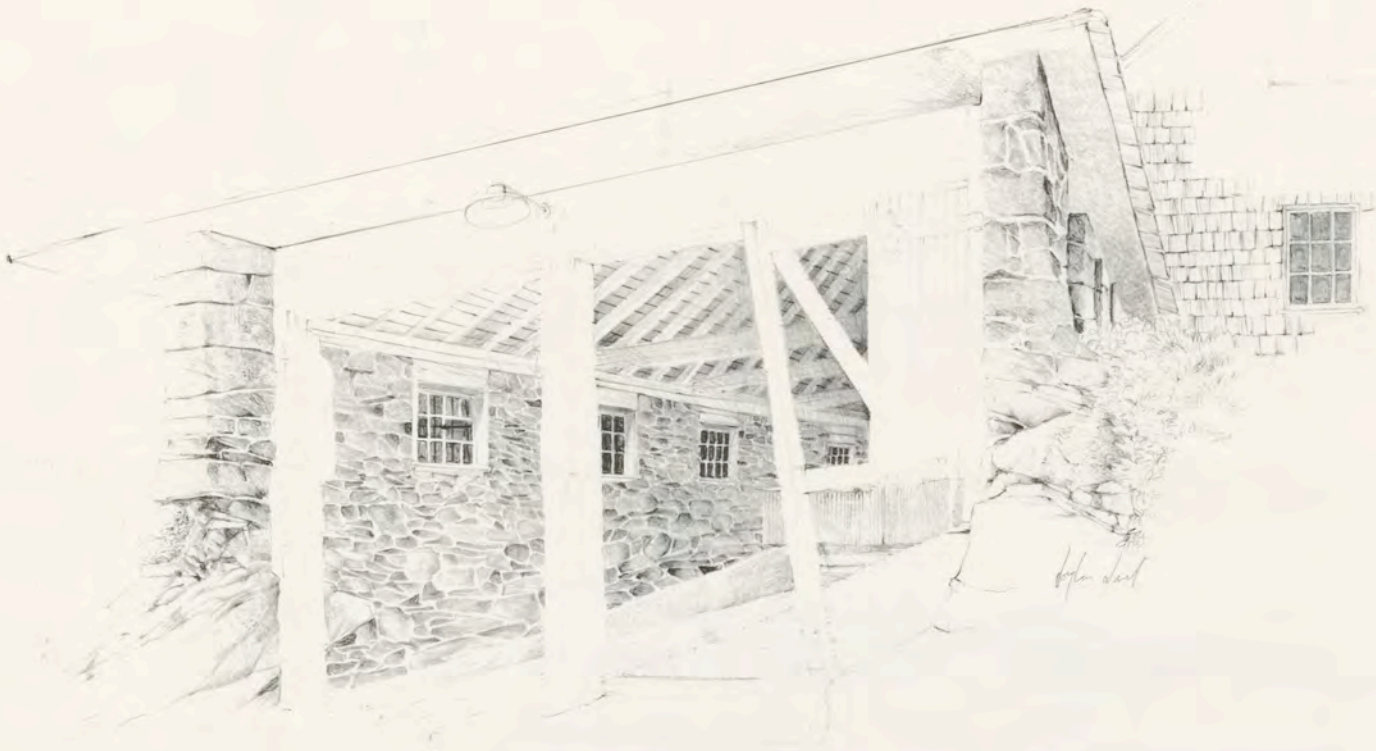
The other day we were just finishing breakfast. Capt. Godfrey was sitting with us and we had our usual good stuff—eggs, bread, biscuits, ham, a couple of pork chops, strong coffee, and some fresh-made codfish cakes. Sometimes, like on a specially cold morning as was this day, there'd be some pie or gingerbread too.

It was blowing for dear outside and there was sea smoke in it, a raw damp day such as we had had for two weeks. Billy was over to the Tower on watch, and he came running in all out of breath and said he'd spotted a sloop up on Fisherman's Ledge, and though he couldn't see her very well he knew she was taking a

pounding and her crew couldn't last if they was to go in the water.

We all scrambled downstairs to the boatshed. It's quite a sight, that shed, made of granite stones and able to stand up to any beating by big waves that are always crashing up beside it on account of it was built right on the ledge next to the harbor mouth. Our lifeboat was on a kind of railway car so we could get right down to the water quick. We could row that thing, but we also had a new engine—a 5-h.p. Victor, and the Captain got her going almost before we hit the water. I don't know much about boats, and to tell the truth when I first saw this lifeboat I couldn't figure how we could ever be safe in big waves, but I'll tell you, whoever figured her out knew what he was doing.

First of all, she had scuppers, they called 'em, which let the water that came aboard go right out again, mostly. The



Stone boatshed where the surfboats were kept and launched

first time I was in her, we pushed out with the wind coming at us from the east like she was today, and I figured we'd bury the bow, but I quick got to trust her because she just rose up and acted like she was some kind of fish riding the waves.

The Captain pushed the tiller over hard and we swung back to northwest, in towards the ledges, and we were surfing with the wind at our backs, making seven or eight knots easy. I lost one of my mittens getting aboard and my hand was near froze, but I tried to think of the crew of that sloop out there on the ledge.

It only took us about 20 minutes to get there. We could see the stern—she was pitching up and down, and it looked like her bow was stove in. Her crew was in the stern hanging on to the rail. There were three I could see, but it looked like there might be another on the deck by the way one of the others was bending over. Captain was some skilled when it came to handling a boat, and being shoal draft we could work ourselves around those ledges, especially since he knew these waters. He brought us up to the lee of her—we had two oars out, sort of sculling sideways to try to hold her to. The sea was really up and it was hard going. Me and Billy

heaved a line over to her but one of her crew, a young man, was waving his arms and yelling, and he jumped right in the water. I guess he was afraid because the boat was pitching badly and on the point of breaking up.

I grabbed his jacket, but my hand was so cold I couldn't hold on. Billy caught him just as he started to float past, and we hauled him over the rail. He'd of drowned in another minute. I could see now that one of the others was a woman—they seemed to be a family. I wondered what they was doing out in weather like this—mostly only fishermen would do that. We got the woman and what I guessed must be her father over pretty easy as they did what we told 'em. Then the Captain ordered us to get close alongside, and he grabbed the rail and heaved himself on board to tend to the man lying on the rear deck. There was some blood on the fellow's face, but it was so cold the bleeding had stopped. It was hard to get him overside and into our pitching lifeboat, but we all had worked at learning how to do this and we pulled away just as the sloop took another lurch and more water poured through her stove-in planking. We put the injured down in the bilge—guess he was the woman's

husband the way she was carrying on so—and headed back. We took some pounding going back as now the wind was dead on us. It took near an hour, but we came around the point pretty good and Billy and I jumped on the ramp so we could hook up the cables to pull the boat back into the shed.

We got everybody inside and warmed up. The cook had more strong coffee and a little rum to go with it, and he'd fixed up some biscuits and ham while we was gone. Seemed the crew of the sloop was a family named Miller from Small Point Harbor and they'd been headed down to Port Clyde because of a death in the family. The injured man, Walter, had been sailing while the family was below—the boom jibed and hit him down and the others couldn't handle the helm so they wound up on the ledge. We put them up at the White House till the weather was good enough for a boat to come for them. Guess their sloop pounded to bits, we didn't see it again.

* * *

My "Willie Payson" is reflected often in the letters, logs, and hand-down stories

of both Damariscove islanders and the men who served on the station. The Coast Guardsmen were a part of the fabric of life on the island, though they were always considered a little apart since they were not permanent settlers.

Those people who did live there year-round were descended from a long and colorful history, one that is most surprising given the size and geography of the island. About two miles long by half a mile wide, Damariscove is really two islands joined in the middle by a narrow rock ledge. The southern end contains the narrow harbor where the Coast Guard Station sits on the southwestern point, and where all of the houses and farms once stood. The northern end was all pasture, and is now covered by thick brush and forms a protected nesting area for eider ducks. Yet this tiny place supported a community for over 300 years.

The earliest known settlers came there about 1622 when British fishermen established a salt-cod drying station. As Maine's first permanent settlement, it was distinguished in its service to another more famous American community. At a time when the Damariscove fishermen were doing well, they were visited by Edward Winslow from Plymouth Plantation with an urgent request for food, their own having run out and the next harvest months away. The fishermen donated the supplies freely—something quite extraordinary given this was a time when all of the colonists were struggling to establish themselves. Later on the request was repeated, but fortunes were not so good, and the Plymouth colonists had to scratch for themselves.

In 1629 the island was granted to merchants who used the settlement to build a successful fishing base with a fleet of shallops. Through several administrative changes, the island continued to prosper until King Philip's War in 1676. After several Indian attacks, the island was evacuated and the settlement destroyed by fire. But the fishermen refused to give up their island outright and fought the Indians when they could. This led to

the island's personal ghost legend, that of Capt. Richard Pattishall, the owner of Damariscove at the time, whose headless corpse washed ashore after a battle involving the Indians and the men aboard his sloop. It is said he still walks about the island on moonlit nights.

By 1725 the islanders were beginning to plant seed crops and raise some livestock to make themselves more self-sufficient. In 1775 Daniel Knight bought the island and began an extremely lucrative sheep-raising venture. The family grew as well and by 1800 there were 18 Knights among the 40 residents of the island.

During this period several substantial buildings were erected including a farmstead, barns, smaller homes and eventually a schoolhouse for the island children. Around mid-century the stone wharf was constructed and exists today unchanged. At the time that the island's farming was prospering, fishing started to decline as the younger men were lured away to ports like Gloucester and Portland.

But a new industry was springing up around Damariscove—on nearby Squirrel Island a summer resort hotel was completed and Damariscove's newest owner, Capt. William Wright (he purchased it in 1882), set his tenants to dairy farming in order to supply milk and other dairy goods to the new summer colony. He also built an ice house near the freshwater pond to sell ice to the fishing schooners. And like so many Maine islands, Damariscove contributed the products of its limited granite quarry to the mainland, notably the now-famous jailhouse in Wiscasset.

In 1882 plans had been developed to build a Life-Saving Station at the mouth of the harbor. A modest structure was proposed, but in 1897 a much grander building was erected. Wright seized the opportunity to develop what he thought might be a good tourist trade and built three rental units, but grand as the new station was, it failed to make Damariscove a resort attraction.

The island returned to the province of the fishermen. It was purchased in 1927 by Ike Poole, and there is a fascinating

first-hand account of the period between 1930 and the present by Alberta Poole Rowe in *Coming of Age on Damariscove Island*, published in 1980 by the Northeast Folklore Society.

In 1959, the Coast Guard ceased operations at Damariscove in favor of more convenient facilities in Boothbay. In the 1970's The Nature Conservancy took over management of the island, using it as a wildlife preserve and cataloging both the migratory birds and the local flora. The Conservancy maintains a full-time nature resident in the summer who monitors the island and answers questions from the many summer visitors. The Coast Guard, until recently, retained ownership of the Life-Saving Station, although since 1959 no efforts have been made to preserve the structure. It is still in basically sound condition, though naturally the ravages of wind, water and vandalism will destroy it. Despite its beauty and historic presence, arguments rage as to whether to preserve it, and to what purpose it might be put. A group has recently been formed in Boothbay to try to prevent its destruction and to raise funds for restoration.

Admittedly it would be an expensive proposition and, since there is limited access to it, possibly of minimal public use, but it is a grand and historically important structure and its preservation would be a proper step in stemming the disappearance of Maine's coastal landmarks.

Douglas Alvord is a marine artist, a book designer and illustrator, and a serious amateur naval architect. Among many other publications, he designed the first two issues of Island Journal, and is currently working on a book about America's small boats.

Reviews

Islands Down East: A Visitor's Guide, by Charlotte Fardelmann. A Peter Randall Book/Down East Books, Camden, Maine 04843. 135 pp., illus. indexed, paperbound, \$8.95.

This book is as good as a visitor's guide can be; useful, interesting, readable, sometimes candid. It is written with love and enthusiasm and care.

Nevertheless, it contains many of the errors that cursory research necessarily produces, simply because of the way island enterprises come in and out of existence on short notice, and because you can't always believe what you are told, or speak to everyone you ought to speak to. Everyone from a particular island will spot mistakes, probably half of which are the fault of either hearsay or conventional wisdom.

So much for cavil. Islanders who approve of tourist and visitor development will like this book and should recommend it to their local bookstores and news agencies. Those who do not may, with all the others who lament the effects of itinerant visitation to islands, complain about its existence. Travelers like and use guidebooks, and the places that such books discuss are visited more heavily than places that do not get similar play in print. From the Isles of Shoals to the Cranberrys, here are descriptions of the places, means to get there, what to do there, where to stay and what to eat, and how and what to be aware of to remain happy and tolerated, if not always accepted.

That is its strength. There is throughout the book a general sensitivity to the social and services limitations that prevail on each island township by peculiar circumstance. For what it does, the book could not be much better, especially in light of the fact that many readers will object fundamentally to its purpose. There will be touring visitors to Maine's inhabited islands. There *could* be vastly worse guides than this one.

G.P.

* * *

Islands of the Mid-Maine Coast, Penobscot and Blue Hill Bays, by Charles B. McLane. Kennebec River Press, Woolwich, Maine, 1982. 508 pp., illus., \$35.00.

The cover of Charles McLane's *Islands of the Mid-Maine Coast* is FitzHugh

Lane's 1862 painting of Owl's Head which depicts the view of the mainland from Monroe Island in Penobscot Bay. The cover, like the rest of McLane's genuinely informative and original book, shows island people and their landscape in a clear, cool light. But McLane has gone further and deeper than all others whose work captures the beauty of the islands and the character of the people who have inhabited their shores for close to four centuries.

From books, maps, newspaper accounts, government archives, and from interviews with 50 individuals intimately associated with the islands (many of them now dead), McLane has reconstructed the history of 275 small and medium-sized islands of Penobscot and Blue Hill bays. He omits the larger islands like Vinalhaven, North Haven, Matinicus, Islesboro and Swans, all of which have their own published histories. The individual island histories, from thumbnail sketches to in-depth accounts, are divided into 10 geographical sections, each with its own introductory essay.

The histories present a startlingly complex picture of the ebb and flow of resource-based economies which determine the settlement, prosperity and decline of island after island considered here. Through the accounts of islanders, we catch glimpses of the personal lives of men and women who left their marks on the insular landscapes: Increase Leadbetter of Leadbetter Island, Robert "King" Crie of Ragged, Unadilla Weather- spoon of Butter, and two sisters, Polly Harvey and Phoebe Morey of the Deer Isle Thorofare islands, whose exploits leave one with a different impression than usual of the role of women in Maine's maritime culture. The reader should be forewarned that the price of admission into the islanders' world here is contending with the detailed genealogies McLane has assembled.

Aside from fishing, farming, lumbering, quarrying and rustication, some of these islands have also been used for such uncharacteristic enterprises as raising foxes (Noman's Land), an insane asylum (Widow Island), and a quarantine station (Hospital Island). McLane has sleuthed out the most comprehensive picture of the remarkable enterprises that have sustained the islands since European colonization began.

The volume is attractively laid out and illustrated with a fine collection of histo-

rical photographs and maps. Even if you have never been to any of these places, you will find McLane's book fascinating. And if you are possessed of or by one or more Maine islands, you will find a passion in McLane's writing that matches your own. Best news of all is that McLane is at work on Volume II, which will cover the history of islands east of Mount Desert.

P.W.C.

* * *

Secluded Islands of the Atlantic Coast, by David Yeadon. Crown Publishers, Inc., New York, 1984. Illus., paperbound, \$8.95.

If one has an interest in visiting offshore islands, it is natural to welcome any reading that might give insight into the specifics of access, accommodations and points of interest as well as perhaps a little perspective as to the nature and character of a place.

Such books on islands have ranged from Chamber of Commerce bare-boned information booklets to in-depth studies that the authors have developed over a period of repeated visits and extended stays. David Yeadon's book is unfortunately neither.

From someone intimate with an island and its community we can accept a subjective, even opinionated, introduction to the enchanted isle we are about to visit, but Yeadon's book assumes such familiarity with Great and Little Cranberry, Swans, Vinalhaven, Monhegan, Cliff and Isles of Shoals on the basis of a day or two of casual wandering. In his own view, Mr. Yeadon seems to know everybody immediately, but the portraits he gives us are shallow and clichéd. Rather than giving us more than a casual history or guide to the specific treasures of a place, he relates his own good times, which more than once seem to result in a hangover.

To be fair, it is clear that he is aware of the islands' charms, but treats them in a sketchy way—reflected in his pleasant but vague and often incorrect drawings that accompany the text. I do not doubt that some might find this entertaining reading, but a reader would be better served by more accurate and comprehensive material. And all these islands would be better served had Mr. Yeadon presented more thoughtful material.

D.A.

ISLAND INSTITUTE PROGRAMS

For College Students and the General Public

The Following are Descriptions of the Island Institute's
Educational, Research, Consulting and Conference Programs.



Educational Programs

The Island Institute is the college-level Field Ecology Division of the Hurricane Island Outward Bound School and has been studying and defining unique island environments along the Maine and Florida coasts for the past six years.

These islands today are relatively wild landscapes which have nevertheless experienced four centuries of human use.

Because the islands are isolated from mainland ecosystems, the effects of the past are carefully indexed on the landscape. Ecological differences between islands with different histories are striking. Islands are, therefore, ideal natural laboratories where researchers and students can observe ecological changes in the context of human use, and in the process gain a deeper understanding of our relationship to the natural world.

The educational tone of all Island Institute Programs is set by presenting students with a series of action-oriented problem-solving exercises which immerse them in the actual environment they are studying. These field experiences are integrated with classroom and lab activities so that both components complement and reinforce each other.

This experiential approach to education provides students with a challenge that encourages educational curiosity, the development of individual and group problem-solving abilities, and a time for defining personal values in dramatic field settings.

The following accredited courses and research programs are being offered by the Institute during 1985 and 1986.

THE COLD COAST

Cold Coasts, a college level field ecology course on the Ecology of the North Atlantic Coast. Participants in this exciting course must be well-prepared physically as well as mentally for rigorous activity on Maine's beautiful but rugged islands and on a variety of power and sailing vessels, including a 5 day offshore expedition on the schooner *Bowdoin*. The 20 students will be based at Hurricane Island and the Cabot Biological Field Station on Cross Island and must have one year of biological science. Topics covered include marine and terrestrial plant ecology, geomorphology of glaciated coasts, archeology and maritime

history, ornithology and marine mammalogy, and resource management.

The course is scheduled for May 27-June 13, 1985. The \$975 cost includes tuition, room and board, boat and lab fees. For complete information, call toll free 1-800-341-1744.

The Instructors

1. Dr. Steven Young, President, Center for Northern Studies, Wolcott, Vt; Ph.D., Botany, Harvard University, 1969.
2. Philip W. Conkling, Executive Director, Island Institute, Rockland, Me.; M.F.S. Yale School of Forestry and Environmental Studies, 1976.
3. Julie Hambrook, Ph.D. Candidate, (Aquatic) Botany, University of Rhode Island, Kingston, R.I.

This program is co-sponsored by the Island Institute and the Center for Northern Studies.



The Facilities

The Island Institute has bases on both Hurricane Island in Penobscot Bay and Cross Island in Machias Bay.

The Hurricane Island base includes simple, rustic accommodations in roofed tents on platforms, wet lab, classroom, library reading room and dining hall.

The Cabot Biological Station on 1,500 acre Cross Island is housed in a 12-room renovated U.S. Coast Guard Station with kitchen, dining hall, study area, classroom and sleeping quarters.

A fleet of 50 power and sailing vessels supports students and faculty in the field.

ISLAND SEMESTER

A College Level Lab and Field Course in Island Ecology, Maritime Anthropology, Naturalist Literature and Navigation

Introduction

The Island Semester course will contrast the use of island and marine resources by different groups of people through time along ecological gradients comprising the entire coastline of the eastern United States.

Facilities and Locations

Phases One and Two: Hurricane Island and Cross Island's Cabot Biological Field Station

Between the Hurricane Island and Cross Island bases are over 200 islands to which the course has access. Students will be assigned tent or cabin accommodations and have access to two classrooms, lab facility with wet table and microscopes, herbarium, study skins, library, student study carrels, and transportation by six power boats and 35 other small boats.

Phase Three: Two-Masted Schooner

Life aboard an oceangoing sailing schooner with field stops and lectures at: Nantucket Island; Chesapeake Bay Biological Station, Md.; Smith Island, Md.; Assateague Island, Va.; Daufuskie Island, S.C.; Key Biscayne Island, Fla.; Big Pine Key, Fla.

Phase Four: Florida Keys and Barrier Reefs

Includes accommodations at the University of Miami Field Station at Pigeon Key, classroom, library, coral reef diving, and field studies in the Great White Heron National Wildlife Refuge and the islands of Florida Bay.



Principal Instructors

1. Richard Podolsky, Ph.D. Ecology, Fisheries and Wildlife, University of Michigan
2. Philip W. Conkling, M.F.S., Yale School of Forestry and Environmental Studies; Administrator; Academic Coordinator
3. Christopher R. Mays, Master Mariner
4. Two U.S. Coast Guard Licensed Outward Bound Sea Instructors
5. Guest Lecturers

Academic Requirements

Enrollment and full participation in the four courses which constitute the Island Semester Program, i.e., Coastal Ecology, American Naturalist Literature, Maritime Anthropology, and Navigation. In addition, a final exam based on all semester lectures, field practice exam, submission of an Island Journal (field writing and observations), classroom, laboratory, and shipboard participation, and submission of a final project.

Guest Lecturers

1. Dr. Arthur Spiess, Archaeologist, Maine Historic Preservation Commission
2. Dr. Raymond E. Leonard, Senior Research Associate
3. Professor William H. Drury, Professor of Biology, College of the Atlantic, Bar Harbor, Me.

Registration Information

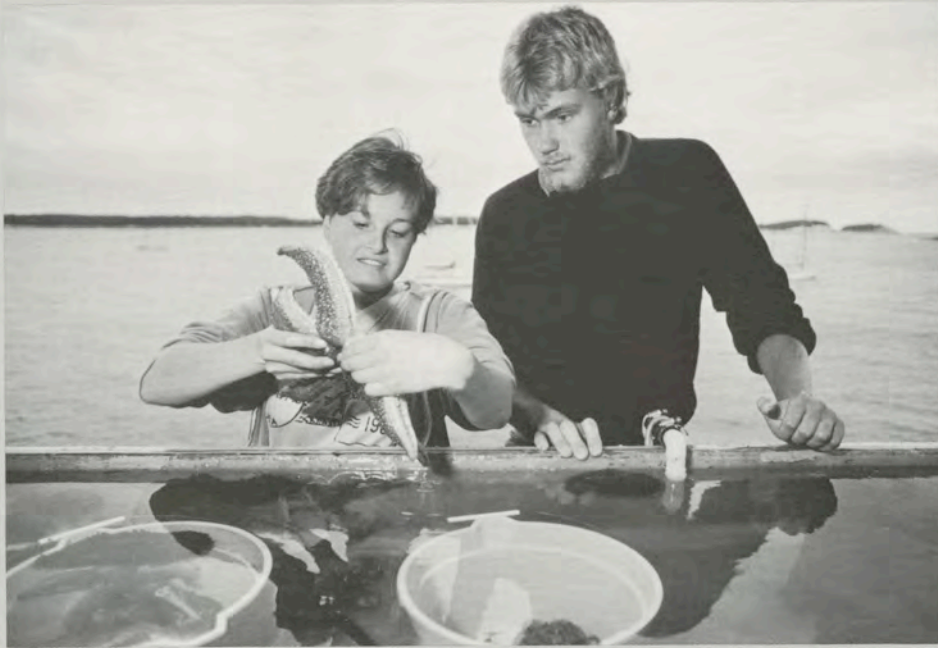
Prerequisite: Open to college sophomores, junior, and seniors with one year of natural science

Semester Cost: \$4,500 for tuition, room and board, boat and lab fees

Semester Size: Enrollment is limited to 20 students

Dates: Sept. 23 through Dec. 17, 1985 (12 weeks)
Feb. 24 through May 23, 1986 (13 weeks)

For a detailed course syllabus and semester enrollment package, call toll free 1-800-341-1744, or write Director, Island Institute, Box 429, Rockland, ME 04841



Peter Kalston

The Research Program

THE GRADUATE UNDER-GRADUATE FELLOWSHIP/INTERNSHIP PROGRAM

The Island Institute has established a research program for undergraduate and graduate students focusing on the history and present uses of the Maine islands and their influence on island ecosystems, both human and natural.

It is evident that the islands are rapidly changing due to the commercial development of the Maine Coast for recreation, tourism, and second-home development. For the islands to be able to absorb the demands for conflicting uses of the inherently limited resources, owners and communities require comprehensive, management-oriented, island-specific information on which to base decisions on the future use of island resources.

The Institute's Research Program will provide grants and support for study in the following disciplines:

- Forestry and forest ecology
- Landscape architecture and land-use planning
- Recreation research
- Social and economic history
- Aquaculture
- Wildlife
- Botany
- Agriculture

Completed Research Projects (Monograph reports available, \$3 each)

- Ground Cover Changes from Low-level Camping Stress (Recreation Research)
- Vegetation Changes on an Offshore Nesting Island Five Years after a Fire (Botany)
- Trail Development Capacities of Island Vegetation Types (Recreation Research)

Continuing Research Internship/ Fellowship Project

- Fall Migration Patterns of Hawks and Falcons (Wildlife)
- Characteristics of Old-growth Island Forests (Forest Ecology)
- The Use of Sheep as a Management Tool on Island Meadows (Agriculture)
- Models for Limited Island Development (Landscape Architecture)

Application Procedures

The deadline for grant proposals for the Island Institute Internship/Fellowship Research Program is March 15, 1986.

Proposals will be reviewed by members of the Island Institute's Research Advisory Board and announcement of grants

will be made by May 1 for each year. Grants will normally range from \$500 to \$2,000.

PEREGRINE FALCON RESEARCH STUDY

Research Program Open for Public Enrollment

Monitoring the Fall Falcon Migration from Outer Island Field Research Stations, Mid-Coast, Maine

Introduction

The windblown chain of outer Maine islands provide an ideal field research station for monitoring migrating hawks and falcons including the swiftest of all birds, the endangered Peregrine Falcon. For the last several years, research interns and volunteers have documented the number of Arctic Peregrines winging their way south from Labrador, Greenland, and Baffin Island. Peregrines funnel down along the chain of the outermost islands in huge numbers, a magnificent procession behind cold fronts on their way to South American wintering grounds. Annual counts of North American Peregrines and hawks is vitally important to monitoring the effects of changing land use practices and increasing chemical contamination in the southern hemisphere.

Facilities and Locations

Research stations in small cabins will be set up on two islands in Outer Penobscot Bay where interns and research volunteers will monitor Peregrine and hawk numbers, study their dramatic techniques for capturing prey species, and correlate flight numbers with changing weather conditions. 1985 will be the first year we will try to capture and band migrating Peregrines.

Course Outline

Small teams of research volunteers will be trained in field identification techniques, life history of the key predator and prey species, and will help run the offshore field stations.

This research program is a unique opportunity to participate in an exciting field research program with trained professionals on the Maine islands, and to observe one of America's most dramatic wildlife spectacles which few people have ever seen.

Principal Investigators

Richard Podolsky, Ph.D., Ecology, Fisheries and Wildlife, University of Michigan, 1985

Philip W. Conkling, M.F.S., Yale School of Forestry and Environmental Studies, 1976.

Steven Baird, College of the Atlantic, Bar Harbor, Maine, 1983.

Who Should Attend?

People from all walks of life from 18 to 65 who have a genuine interest in the environment and natural history of the Maine Coast—specifically, amateur ornithologists (bird watchers), college graduates with an interest in field studies as a career, conservationists interested in Maine island ecology and outdoor enthusiasts.

Registration Information

Cost: \$750 per two-week period. All food, field equipment, and supplies with the exception of binoculars will be provided by the Island Institute

Note: The cost to volunteers who participate in the program is *tax deductible*

Dates: Research Team 1: Sept. 16-29
Research Team 2: Sept. 26- Oct. 9

For a detailed course syllabus and enrollment package, call toll free 1-800-341-1744, Director, Island Institute.

- Comprehensive land-use planning
- Soils and bedrock features
- Tax planning

ISLAND PHOTOGRAPHIC WORKSHOPS

The Island Institute is delighted to announce that North Haven Island will be receive a reduction in tuition from the Island Photographic Workshops. *Island Journal* Art Director Peter Ralston has combined his knowledge of photography and islands in an intimate and comfortable series of sessions that will take small groups to a number of islands. For details write **Island Photographic Workshops, Cushing, Maine 04563.**

ISLAND WOOL PROGRAM October 6-9, 1985

The Island Institute is pleased to announce that Northaven Island will be the site of the first Island Wool Program. Designed as an educational vacation, the Island Wool Program includes presentations ranging from the practical aspects of sheep management on islands, to an overview of Maine island ecology, to the techniques for hand spinning and natural dyeing of the extraordinary island fleeces.

An experienced island sheep farmer will shear island sheep, providing the fleeces to be used by participants wishing to try their hand at spinning and felting. No previous experience is necessary, however instruction will be available for all levels of proficiency.

For more information contact **Island Wool Program, Box 429, Rockland, ME 04841.**

Additional Programs

ISLAND INSTITUTE CONFERENCES

As part of the Island Institute's effort to provide a forum for discussions of resource management and use island issues affecting the coast and archipelago, we continue to organize conferences to bring seasonal and year-round islanders from different parts of the coast together with members of the research community.

Annual Conference September 14-15, 1985 Hurricane Island

Each year in September the annual conference considers several resource management topics.

This year's conference will focus on:

- Island Forest Management: Opportunities and Constraints
- Recreational Access to Undeveloped Islands: Where and How Much
- The Island Real Estate Market

Additional Island Institute Conferences

- Raptor Conference, September 28-29, 1985, Hurricane Island
- Maine Lighthouse Conference, October 18-19, 1985, Samoset Resort, Rockland, Me.
Co-sponsored with Maine Citizens for Historic Preservation, Maine

Coast Heritage Trust, Shore Village Museum, and Maine Historic Preservation Commission

- Second Maine Islands Schools Conference, North Haven
March 1986

For more information on programs or proceedings write: **Island Institute Conferences, P.O. Box 429, Rockland, ME 04841.**

THE CONSULTING PROGRAM

The Island Institute's consulting program provides expertise and information to island owners and communities through staff of the Institute, cooperating college and university faculty and a network of consultants.

Consulting fees vary from project to project and are arranged in advance and billed on a project or hourly basis, depending on the nature of the work. Members of the Island Institute receive a 20 percent discount in fees and can deduct a portion of annual membership contributions from a project's cost.

Continuing consulting projects include:

- Ground water resources
- Forestry and timber harvesting plans
- Pasture and sheep management plans

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The Island Institute gratefully acknowledges the contribution of Seaway Boats of Winthrop, Maine, and Johnson Outboards of Waukegan, Illinois. Our new 23' Sea Haven is based on a Maine lobsterboat hull design powered by a 90-h.p. Johnson outboard and is renowned for its seaworthiness. This generous gift will enable the Island Institute to expand its offshore educational, research and management missions.

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Please enclose a list of publications

Name _____

Address _____

State/Zip _____ Telephone _____

payment enclosed

please bill me

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EDUCATION AND FIELD RESEARCH PROGRAMS

I am interested in the Island Institute's Educational and Research Programs

Please send me a detailed course syllabus, registration information and application for:

- Cold Coasts**
 - May 27 - June 13, 1985
 - May 1986
- Island Semester**
 - September 23 - December 17, 1985
 - February 24 - May 23, 1986
- Peregrine Falcon Research Study**
 - Team 1 - September 16 - September 29, 1985
 - Team 2 - September 26 - October 9, 1985

(participation in this program is tax deductible)
- Landscape Planning and Design Graduate Fellowship**
- Resource Management Internships**

Or call toll free 1-800-341-1744

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CONFERENCE AND CONSULTING PROGRAM

I am interested in the Island Institute's Conference and Consulting Programs

Please send me detailed information on:

- Island Institute Consulting Program**
- Island Institute Conferences:**
 - Annual Conference, Hurricane Island, September 14-15, 1985
 - Raptor Conference, Hurricane Island, September 28-29, 1985
 - Maine Lighthouse Conference, Samoset Resort, Rockport, ME October 18-20, 1985
 - Maine Islands Schools Conference, North Haven, 1986

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Dark Harbor Fisherman by N.C. Wyeth

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Peter Ralston

The sheep on last year's cover are, a year later, effectively managing Allen Island's pasture.

The dark spruce woods began to climb the top of the hill and cover the seaward slopes of the island. There was just room for the small farm and the forest; we looked down at the fish-house and its rough sheds, and the weirs stretching far out into the water. As we looked upward, the tops of the firs came sharp against the blue sky. There was a great stretch of rough pasture and here were all the thick scattered gray rocks that kept their places, and the gray backs of many sheep that forever wandered and fed on the thin sweet pasturage that fringed the ledges and made soft hollows and strips of green turf like growing velvet. I could see the rich green of bayberry bushes here and there, where the rocks made room. The air was very sweet; one could not help wishing to be a citizen of such a complete and tiny continent and home of fisher-folk.

Sarah Orne Jewett
The Country of the Pointed Firs, 1896