An aerial photograph of a sandy beach. The sand is light-colored and shows numerous tracks from vehicles and people. A prominent set of tire tracks runs diagonally from the bottom right towards the top left. Another set of tracks runs parallel to it, slightly further to the right. In the lower right foreground, there are several distinct footprints. The background shows the ocean waves breaking on the shore.

# ISLAND JOURNAL

*The Annual Publication of the Island Institute  
Volume Four*





Marsden Hartley (1877-1943): *Maine Coast at Vinalhaven*.  
Oil on academy board, 24¼ × 22¼.  
Bowdoin College Museum of Art, Brunswick, Maine.

Circulation: Membership Department, Island Institute, Box 429, Rockland, Maine 04841.  
Use this address for all membership dues, inquiries, and changes of address.  
Copyright © 1987 by the Island Institute.

# ISLAND JOURNAL

The Annual Publication of  
The Island Institute

"The Island Institute is a non-profit corporation  
dedicated to studying and encouraging the  
balanced use of Maine islands' cultural and  
natural resources."

EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR & EDITOR  
*Philip W. Conkling*

SENIOR EDITOR  
*George J. Putz*

ART DIRECTOR  
*Peter Ralston*

ASSOCIATE EDITOR  
*David R. Getchell Sr.*

SCIENCE EDITOR  
*Richard H. Podolsky, Ph.D.*

CONTRIBUTING WRITER  
*Mike Brown*

CONTRIBUTING WRITER  
*Joe Upton*

CONTRIBUTING WRITER  
*Jeanne Rollins*

CIRCULATION MANAGER  
*Julie G. Levett*

FULFILLMENT  
*Sharon M. Smalley*

PROOFREADER  
*Deborah L. Davis*

DESIGN & PRODUCTION  
*Michael Mahan Graphics*  
Bath, ME

TYPOGRAPHY  
*High Resolution*  
Camden, ME

PRINTING  
*Penmor Lithographers,*  
Lewiston, ME

PAPER DONATED BY  
*Champion International Corporation*  
Stamford, CT

## Board of Trustees

PRESIDENT  
*Henry W. Taft*  
Halifax Island, ME

TREASURER  
*Kenneth K. Talmage*  
Boston, MA

SECRETARY  
*Margery S. Foster, Ph.D.*  
Great Diamond Island, ME

*Stuart O. Dawson*  
York Island, ME

*Rochelle M. Pingree*  
North Haven Island, ME

*Molly P. Scheu*  
Cliff Island, ME

*David G. Stanley*  
Cumberland Foreside, ME

*H. Jeremy Wintersteen*  
Prouts Neck, ME

*Steven Young, Ph.D.*  
Wolcott, VT

CLERK  
*Sharon Lawrence,*  
Dix Island, ME

## CONTENTS

3

### EDITORIALS

4

#### LOG OF THE FISH HAWK

by Philip Conkling

6

#### ALONG THE ARCHIPELAGO

Island Trail by *David R. Getchell, Sr.* / p. 6  
The Quinns of Eagle Island by *Todd Cheney* / p. 11  
The Guns of Casco by *Dr. Joel W. Eastman* / p. 15

18

#### FISHING

Less is More: *Swan's Island Lobster Trap Limit*  
by *Cynthia Bourgeault* / p. 19  
Blue Bottoms: *Mussell Farming* by *Joe Upton* / p. 22

28

#### POETRY

The Crotch Island Quarry, Maine by *John C. Witte*

30

#### BOATS

Walking Freight by *John Foss* / p. 31  
The Tragedy of Cygnus by *Eugene L. Swan, Jr.* / p. 33  
Monhegan Night Watch by *Jeanne G. Rollins* / p. 35

38

#### NATURE

Endangered Trees: *Legacy of Island Apples*  
by *George Putz* / p. 38  
Henry Bigelow by *Jennifer Logan* / p. 43  
The Razor's Edge by *Dr. Richard H. Podolsky* / p. 46

48

#### ISLANDERS

Them and Us by *Mike Brown* / p. 48  
Emily Muir Interview / p. 50

54

#### LIGHTS

Towers of Lights by *Christopher Glass*

58

#### RADIO WAVES

News from Offshore

66

#### ISLAND BOOKSHELF

67

#### MEMBERS AND CORPORATE SPONSORS

69

#### PROGRAMS AND PROJECTS

Cover photograph by Peter Ralston







**E**ACH WINTER for the past four years, a half-dozen island souls scattered up and down the Maine coast and offshore have come to Rockland to collect, piece by piece, the words and images for the annual issue of *Island Journal*. This issue, like the three before it, is our attempt to navigate the channels and shores among and around the endless variety of people and places that are half eager and half fearful of sharing their secrets.

From a biological point of view, the Maine islands provide a perspective gained almost nowhere else in America: they are places that record where the hands of generations past have worked and reworked the landscape. It is possible to see in one spot, on one island, the procession of and interactions between history and natural history because these living landscapes are such a precise index to the past.

From a human point of view, time and the experience of time are different on these islands. The meditation of waiting and watching for the tide or the weather is punctuated by short bursts of activity when "everything comes right." Islanders live on a kind of lunar or sidereal clock that is strange and inexplicable to those who have never experienced it. And because islands are isolated, the experience of change is also strangely different. Old ways hang on longer and are more important than in most of our culture. From an island it is possible to look back to the mainland at the brash and swift pace of change and see a little more of what's important and what's lasting. It's as if island time gets telescoped out so you learn to see things differently.

There is a place on the east shore of Vinalhaven tucked up inside the legendary all-weather anchorage of Winter Harbor behind the sheer granite face of Starboard Rock where a small tidal estuary fingers its unhurried way into the spruce and granite shore. Although unmarked on charts, this cove is called the Privilege, a reverential name for a place that provided generations of fishermen an important part of their livelihood and boatbuilders rare access to "inland" pine and oak stands for launching the boats that carried stone and fish along the East Coast. Recently sold by one of the island's most productive fishermen, who thereby earned a richly deserved retirement, the land around the Privilege is being subdivided.

Soon there will be summer houses set 75 feet or so from the high-water mark, full of the lively sounds of their deserving new owners, who will graciously pay small bounties in taxes to support services of the town and school they will use little, if at all. And like an increasing number of other islanders they will line up to jockey for a spot on the small crowded ferry. Such is the new economy of the Privilege and of the islands.

What, we wonder, is gained and lost here? The clam flats, with a new spat set, will not see diggers coming overland on foot with their forks and hods to work a tide for gro-

cery money. Mussel boats, though they can still come in and out of the cove at high water, will earn the understandable opposition of those new riparian owners who have a fondness for their own fresh mussels steamed in wine and garlic. The upland stands of pine, oak and timber spruce will not be felled again to build boats or pay island woodsmen's wages; their value as recreational amenities will be their prime currency and use. Most certainly, the granite monoliths still scattered about will not be hauled again from these shores, for the dust and noise of such industry interrupts the peace and quiet of the Privilege's new economy.

Not even figuring the costs of the diminished activity of seals and seaducks slipping furtively in and out of the Privilege, the possibility of four kinds of jobs which once helped support the patchwork island economy will be eclipsed here.

The development of the shores of the Privilege will send only small ripples around the island, but they will be noticeable nearly forever. It's a place not known to many and, in a sense, its destiny does not matter much. But viewed in the scale of the hundreds of subdivisions on the thousands of acres of equally subtle and significant shorelines along the coast, the issue is immeasurably greater. Many ways of life are at stake here and the outcome of hundreds of isolated, individual local decisions in the next decade concerning island privileges will determine the look and feel and texture of island life for the next century. In the politics of island place that fuels the most intense debate, it doesn't matter where you're from or even especially what you stand to gain or lose individually, privileged or not. What matters is what you care about.

*Philip W. Conkling, Executive Director*

**S**O CONVENTIONAL is the number four! And we suppose that with this, the fourth annual volume of *Island Journal*, a little convention has established itself in what is expected from the publication. The best hope is that we keep doing it better, and that an expanding readership enjoys it. Still, the broader our readership and membership, the more often we think to ask ourselves what (and who) we represent.

Both the Island Institute and *Island Journal* are sometimes perceived to be "summer-people" fare, an organization and its publication devoted to the needs and tastes of people from away; meaning, we suppose, pretty pictures, quasi-intellectual prose addressed to geographical sentimentality and the aesthetic pandering of the character of Maine island peoples. We've done some reflecting on the matter, and pass a few reflections along.

The islands of Maine are extraordinarily wonderful, and familiarity with them deepens the feeling. It is these same feelings that place the islands at risk — they now have become valuable in the general public's thoughts, no longer just in the hearts and minds of a nautical or rusticating cult. Since most resident islanders take their legacy for granted and seek a peaceful existence without outside interference, they are not prone to any but a private, person-to-person kind of communication. While islanders tend to be good readers, they are not especially inclined to display their world or their sensibilities on the printed page. Islanders are happy to know other people's business, but the kitchen table remains a perfectly adequate forum for obtaining it; making, we suppose, our business inherently tainted because it is public.

These days, fewer and fewer can afford ownership of island lands. Depending on what kind of eccentric or opportunist you believe yourself to be, this may or may not be good news. Fortunately, the vast majority of the island's new owners are anxious to learn more about their real responsibilities. As a result, they are sympathetic to the ways and means of accomplishing this, including the use of common sense. No doubt, there are some contentious personalities out there, including cynical ones, but they are the exceptions and are readily identifiable. Neither a complaint nor a publication will change them.

Our true identity, then, becomes a political problem, without benefit of either politics or politicians — a frustrating position at best. Loving Maine islands and 25 cents gets you thrown off of every wharf on the coast. To claim to completely represent all islands, islanders and their needs would be absurd. So, we resolve it thus: We think that people who were brought up on Maine islands should have special priority in determining their islands' future. Because islands offer citizens fewer economic strategies and occupational mobility is so limited, insensitive capital development on islands has much more severe effects than in mainland townships.

On the other hand, just as with all groups, islanders have their own codes and signals and these can quite understandably intimidate newcomers. The proper response is *not*, therefore, to not give a damn about what other people think. It is not enough just to learn about the birds and bushes and natural history of the islands and call it good stewardship. Island ways were framed by the islands themselves, and so they need to be learned and appreciated, if not copied.

As we move into this future of ours, we did not necessarily intend to find ourselves between different island constituencies. Nevertheless this is where we are, and we say, "Good!" We think that almost everyone has a lot to offer almost everyone else, and in such a context we find good faith something easy to come by.

*George Putz, Senior Editor*



# Log of the Fish Hawk

PHILIP W. CONKLING

UNLIKE ISLAND WINTERS, which we measure in the number of boats lost and dreams dashed by lashing gales and freezing spray, the summer of '86 wore us thin with little worries. Uncharacteristically, May and June were fine as spring warmth worked its way into the interior hollows of thousands of island hiding places where white mayflowers and yellow *Clintonia* lilies stiffly unfold in the spruce woods understory.

But as June wore on toward the equinox the weather patterns began to deteriorate. We were anxiously awaiting delivery of the new *Fish Hawk* since we had a crew of six volunteers out on Damariscove Island helping the new owners of the magnificent, abandoned Life Saving Station begin renovations. We were helping out there in exchange for future use of the one-time cook shack as a temporary research station toward the time when unraveling the colonial archeology of this remarkable island might begin. (See *Island Journal*, Vol. II, for two stories on Damariscove.)

There is nothing more likely to make you feel like a fish out of water than to have a work crew four miles offshore with whom you're conferring over a myriad of organizational and interpersonal details via VHF radio and using a borrowed boat in the meantime. The weather was no help as one logy low pressure cell after another gave way to fog mulls. Progress on Damariscove proceeded in barometric fits and starts.

But the following week when we launched the new 26-foot *Fish Hawk* with its twin 115 h.p. Yamahas, the world suddenly brightened. As soon as she was up on a plane in the Linekin Bay chop we knew we had a seaboot. Only three feet longer than last year's 23-foot *Seaway*, the new *Fish Hawk* has a deep-vee configuration carried further aft. And she is beamy, wonderfully beamy. From the moment we stepped aboard she felt exactly like what she is: a big-little, light, solid, shoal-draft, go-fast, go-anywhere boat. We were seaborn again and headed for Damariscove for the final week of work there.

The rest of July was soupy. George Putz, Peter Ralston and I spent three days in mid-July in the *Fish Hawk* between Criehaven and Matinicus harbors working on an assignment, living aboard, walking the wild back shores of the two islands, listening to VHF chatter, and talking to fishermen. Criehaven's 12 summer lobstermen have instituted their own private trap limit (600 traps per boat) around the island, almost unbeknownst to anyone else. No fanfare, no state law, no Department of Marine Resources negotiations. As can only happen in isolated places, the fishermen simply agreed among themselves that a trap limit made good sense in the waters around this island, a world away from the mainland.

Neighboring Matinicus fishermen were still geared up for the yearly lobster spurt and characteristically weren't saying much about the season's prospects. But they were curious to see what the *Fish Hawk's* twin 115s would "do" over the bottom — it being near shedder season and therefore lobsterboat racing time in places like Jonesport, Stonington and Winter Harbor. Although *Seaways* are no strangers to lobstermen, many of whom started fishing from the open commercial hulls which the company has produced for years, the Yamaha twins were something of a novelty, particularly on a 26-foot hull with an 11-foot beam.

The appearance of the motors, hanging like twin rising suns off the stern of the *Fish Hawk*, was like waving the starting flag in racing season. Since we were still breaking in the engines, we didn't know her speed and couldn't afford to find out, although we couldn't help but wonder ourselves.

August's gifts were meager. We left for a four-day trip early in the month aboard the *Fish Hawk* for Merchant Row, Swan's Island and Frenchboro. Sweeping out around the southern rim of Vinalhaven's bear-teeth ledges, we crossed East Penobscot Bay in a gentle swell and made Sparrow Island just before sundown. We tossed the anchor in a little cove near Russ Island and turned in.

When we awoke the fog had shut down most of the activity along Stonington's long, busy waterfront where we met a crew of sheepmen from Muscongus Bay who might be interested in sheep pasturage on places like Russ and Conary islands. We picked up a few supplies at Atlantic Hardware, hoping the fog would scale a bit before we cast off, and figured we'd be running timed courses over the water and guessing the tide set.

About an hour and a half later we made Conary Island and started out into the abandoned pastureland to talk about sheep. Perhaps two thirds of this 100-acre island is overgrown field rapidly being choked off by cat spruce and alder. The Conary Islanders remember when the land and seascape vistas were more open, revealing the long view,

the large day; when hiking across the island to visit a cellarhole or to scaling the height of land meant rambling not thrashing; and when the foreground patchwork of dark spruce copses against the background of yellow-brown island pasture created a sense of connectedness and visual diversity.

They have tried, annual resolution after annual resolution, to cut enough spruce and alder each summer to even the score between the edge of the meadow and the relentless woody growth. But it isn't even close. Even in those areas where the brush advance has been checked, raspberry canes and field rose are overtopping summer brown grasses. You might wonder how a Maine islander could honestly worry about too many ripe red rose hips or sweet black and red raspberries, but if you saw 60 acres of them, you'd be appalled.

Regardless of where you go, the questions islanders ask about sheep are similar: Who will shear them if they are put out on the island? Will they survive a winter or must they be taken ashore? Will they become rustled mutton during deer season? Where do they get water? Do they get along with dogs? How many would it take to keep a pasture open? Do they eat alder and spruce? (The 1985 Island Institute Conference Proceedings on Sheep Raising have further details and a few answers to these questions.) Although every circumstance is unique, we know that sheep have an important role to play in maintaining ecological diversity on Maine islands.

The next morning, the third solid day of fog, we headed for Frenchboro for the Annual Lobster Festival and meeting of the Frenchboro Future Development Corporation. The waterfront was full of all manner boats when we arrived and the Annual Lobster Festival was in full gear. Over buttered rolls, potatoes and lobster, David Lunt, the island's head selectman, master of ceremonies and chief logistician, related the story of the transportation nightmare that had occurred that morning on the mainland.

The Swan's Island ferry crew, which was on line to transport the expected 150 guests from Bass Harbor to the festival, had gone to considerable effort to augment the *Everett Libby's* standard complement of 75 life jackets. By borrowing 75 extra jackets from the ferry *William Silsby*, the standby boat, 150 life jackets were aboard as passengers lined up at the terminal. Moments before boarding, several U.S. Coast Guard inspectors arrived and ruled that because the additional jackets borrowed for the occasion had a different vessel name spray-painted on them, they were illegal. The discussion with Coast Guard was over before it began and 75 people, all of whom had bought tickets in advance, were turned away. Since the festival raises virtually the entire budget for the Frenchboro church, the loss of revenue was substantial and sad. Mainland I; Island 0.

The festival wound down along towards Saturday evening. We had kept an eye on the ceiling of low, fog-like clouds creeping in throughout the afternoon and decided to



This 13-foot Boston Whaler was a gift to the Island Institute.



head back to the westward as far as we could get before any dead reckoning drill chased us into an early anchorage. It also occurred to us there were family and dinner back on Vinalhaven if we could make it before dark. At exactly 6 p.m. the *Fish Hawk's* wake bisected Frenchboro's narrow harbor and we turned the corner by Harbor Island and headed west by south. For a month we had kept *Fish Hawk's* Yamahas under 4000 r.p.m. (and much less in the fog), but the question first asked on Matinicus as to what she'd "do" came back. Here was the chance (excuse) we'd been waiting for. Laying a course south of Swan's Island and north of Marshall, we nudged *Fish Hawk's* Yamahas up to 4000 rpms. From then on the chart changes come almost as fast as one of us could get below to lay a new course, shout the heading up to the pilot house, and then go back below to dig out the next chart.

Long swells rolled in from offshore at the entrances to the bigger bays, but Merchant Row was like a wide and empty boulevard, so calm we could see spikey black spruce shadows on the flat gray water. At Sheep Island off the east shore of Vinalhaven we turned a wide corner to follow the south shore around into Carvers Harbor. We came abeam of Folly Ledge and Lane's Island at 7:02 p.m. An hour and two minutes to cover 28 nautical miles — and a family dinner to boot.

THE TENOR OF ISLAND LIFE vibrates at a high pitch in August. The thousands of events which change winter to late spring and short spring to a sweet summer are small and quiet. But in August all discretion seems to break loose. The young of the year are out and about, schools of fish appear inshore in feeding frenzies, lobsters in new shells start to crawl and be caught, and every boat on the Maine Coast and half those on the East Coast show up in previously deserted coves and guts. It's a time of manic activity, when all things are possible.

Perhaps this is why, when we were approached about the possibility of helping to establish a caribou nursery herd on a Maine island, the idea was initially so appealing. Caribou at one time were native to Maine but disappeared, along with so much of Maine's wildlife, around the turn of the century. Viewed from the rare perspective of an August day, the prospect of using a Maine island to maintain a nursery herd, whose offspring might slowly build up a mainland caribou population, seemed calculated to dramatize a compelling reason why unchecked residential development of Maine islands surely dooms unforeseen options.

A group of citizens who had been meeting to discuss reintroducing caribou had arranged for the visit of two Canadian Wildlife Service caribou experts to survey potential habitat throughout Maine. Clearly the world's experts on caribou reintroductions, the Newfoundlanders were cautiously optimistic about what they saw in Maine. All but one of the 28 successful Canadian reintroductions they had made involved the initial establishment of an island nursery herd



The *Fish Hawk*, a 26-foot fiberglass Seaway loaned to us for the 1986 season, has been purchased outright and will see service throughout the region.

free of both predators and deer, since deer harbor a nasty parasitic worm which is a nuisance to them but fatal to caribou. Although the Canadians could not calculate the long-term prospects for caribou in Maine's north woods (which are full of deer), they were positively enthusiastic about the part Maine islands might play in starting nursery herds.

So in August the Island Institute began discussions with the Caribou Transplant Committee on the criteria for selecting a nursery island that would be available in the short run. They chose Allen Island, where the Island Institute had been working with its owner, Betsy Wyeth, on an integrated sheep and timber production program, might be worth considering.

An August trip on the *Fish Hawk* to the ruggedly beautiful Allen Island with the Caribou Transplant Committee members was encouraging. No, there'd be no problem with the sheep; limited timber harvesting was compatible too, since the caribou were used to this sort of thing in Newfoundland; the 450 acres of spruce and birch woods were ideal; and a house for the biologist was available. The only hitch appeared to be whether the caribou might get it into their heads to swim over to Benner Island and from there island-hop to Cushing or Port Clyde and then to parts unknown. Since all 30 of the caribou in the nursery herd would be radio-collared, it seemed there was a good chance that any migrants could be located before they got too far away. Allen seemed a good choice.

But then things started getting complicated. First was the problem that an island caribou manager/biologist would need to reside full time on the island, and the committee was concerned about isolating its biologist four miles offshore during rugged winter. Then members got nervous about ongoing sheep and timber operation. And finally, the threat of poaching raised its ugly head. The committee decided the caribou should be kept at the University of Maine at Orono in a fenced area under the watchful eyes of the University's fine Wildlife Department.

Now that the heady days of August had passed it was also clear that such a complicated wildlife project involved an inordinate amount of planning. Cooler heads within Maine's far-flung wildlife community suggested waiting until 1987 to get the project fully found. The more we thought about it, the more inclined we were to that point of view.

Undeterred, and with the island nursery herd concept on hold, the committee headed to Newfoundland in December. Eight caribou did not survive the pistol-fired tranquilizer method of capture on the Avalon Peninsula. Another two perished in the long, eventful truck trip from Newfoundland, and three others died at the university.

Twenty caribou and two stags are trying to adjust to their new lives, and if all goes well, the female caribou will produce calves during the late spring to almost double their numbers.

To the Committee's credit, the caribou transplant project is underway and we should keep our minds fixed on the fact that this project inevitably involves taking risks. Though our experience with the caribou project has had its ups and downs, it is not our intention to second guess the past. We keep learning that in wildlife projects the biology, however complicated, is easier to fathom than human behavior. We're rooting hard for the caribou.

Instead of hauling the *Fish Hawk* for the winter, we kept her overboard to support the Institute's new year-round research crew on Allen Island. They survived the December 19 southwest blow and three walloping January nor'easters. However, when syzygy (the condition of the earth, moon, and sun all lined up for one day) combined with perigee (when the moon is closest to the earth), we thought the Allen Island waterfront would about be swallowed up. So we held our breath and slowly exhaled a tide later. The sea smoke cleared to reveal boat, float, sheep and shoreline about where they were before the coupling of these mystical celestial events, and we turned our thoughts to the summer of '87, which we vowed would not wear us thin with little worries.



# ISLAND TRAIL

DAVID R. GETCHELL, SR.

*New developments in public access to islands have created the opportunity to establish a unique and exciting small boat route from Portland to Jonesport.*

THE LONG TRAIL, the Pacific Crest Trail, the legendary Appalachian Trail — “A Tunnel Through Time,” as the latter was recently called in the *National Geographic* — are all mountain pathways noted for their personal challenge and beauty. Is there now a place for a new trail, one unmatched in unusual features and potentially worthy of being ranked with the best? There is tremendous potential for a Maine Island Trail, a salty waterway that winds through historic country, packs excitement and challenge for novice and expert alike, provides its followers with magnificent vistas and is of a length that assures a formidable test for those attempting it from end to end.

New developments make such a trail possible; but much is needed to formalize the route, identify island stopovers where there are missing links and to monitor use as it gradually develops.

Here's what's happening: Several state parks with camping facilities are on islands or being planned for islands, or are in sea-side locations. More importantly, the state Bureau of Public Lands (BPL) is identifying dozens of state-owned islands under its jurisdiction. These islands are located along nearly the entire route of a possible island trail, and most of them not only are uninhabited, they are also tiny wilderness worlds set off by themselves along a busy coast. A majority of them can be approached only in small boats and are thus particularly attractive to individuals in small craft voyaging on big waters. An added bonus is that many of the BPL islands lie directly in the center of

some of the most spectacular coastal scenery in North America. Finally, recent developments in small boat types, design and boating skills are opening fresh coastal recreation opportunities.

Mix the above and you have an unusually tempting bouillabaisse: a watery trail over quiet coves, down swift saltwater rivers, around formidable, unforgiving capes and across wide bays where the next landfall is little more than a dark blue line on a distant horizon — and all of this with overnight stops at primitive campsites on islands owned by you and me.

The best location for a Maine Island Trail is between Portland and Jonesport, an air-line distance of about 140 miles and a fair piece of travel in its own right in a small boat. But a well-designed trail follows neither the shortest distance between two points nor the path of least resistance, but rather seeks a way that fulfills one's search for scenic variety, that maintains a sense of exploration, and that tests one's personal skills. The possible route delineated below does all of these and would be approximately 300 miles in length.

Why not a trail from Kittery to Eastport? There are several factors that work against the idea. In the first place, the land changes dramatically south of Casco Bay. Great beaches and coastal towns, both of which draw huge crowds in summer, front on the ocean. There are not many islands along this coast and virtually no state-owned islands that could serve as stopovers for self-propelled water travelers. Secondly, in a similar yet starkly different manner the coast-

line changes east of Jonesport with few good public islands and a 20-mile, cliff-fronted stretch of wide open ocean that holds little attraction for small boat skippers. By contrast, within the confines we outline here, one would cast off from the heart of Maine's largest metropolitan area, sample just about everything the Maine coast has to offer and end at a small fishing village situated in one of the loveliest and least touched regions on the whole coast. Here we have a distinct beginning, a middle and an end, a solid foundation for the design of a satisfying and memorable trailway.

The most important single component in the feasibility of a Maine Island Trail is the state-owned islands. Their existence is not the result of some sudden major purchase by the state. In fact, in almost every case they are in public ownership because no one else wanted them. Up until early in this century, Maine willingly sold its islands to any private purchaser who could come up with the few dollars needed. There didn't seem to be much left except bird rocks and half-tide ledges when the state legislature suddenly awoke to the fact that it was hustling the

Peter Rakston







public's coastal birthright. In 1913 it passed an act forbidding further sale of state-owned islands, and in 1972 solidified its holdings by passing the Coastal Island Registry Act that, in effect, said that any islands whose ownership was not registered with the state within a specified time automatically became the property of the people of Maine. By the time the dust settled in the early '80s, the state found it still owned some 1,500 islands of an average size of a minuscule one-half acre. Big deal. Care of the islands was turned over to the Bureau of Public Lands, which already had 400,000 acres to care for ashore, and for a time no further consideration was given to them.

It was the growing pressure of all aspects of coastal life that reignited interest in islands. Wondering if any of the state islands might have at least some marginal value to the public, the BPL contracted with the Island Institute to survey several hundred of the more promising ones to see if they had any recreational potential. In the summers of 1985 and '86, Institute researchers ranged the coast from Kittery to Eastport, and while this work revealed what was suspected —

most state-owned islands are too small, barren or unapproachable to hold any recreational potential whatsoever — a surprising number (several score, at least) are usable, and some of these are true gems among the baubles. As a result of these findings, the BPL has come just come out with a brochure identifying the locations of some of the larger and prettier state islands along with guideline for their use. (The brochure is available from the Bureau of Public Lands, State House Station #22, Augusta, ME 04333 or through the Island Institute.) Of course, the islands can be visited from nearby launching ramps just as hikers can walk selected parts of a land trail, but that is incidental to the concept we are discussing here.

One of the principal elements considered when judging the sporting qualities of a trail is the degree of difficulty it presents. The problems of a walking path in a lowland forest are not as great as those on a steep ridge above timberline. The same is true when one contrasts the skill needed in paddling on a quiet pond and that required to safely navigate a cape exposed to the full fetch of the ocean. In fact, we must state

right up front that unlike the case with land trails, end-to-ending a Maine Island Trail would *not* be for novices because of the simple fact that the sea allows fewer mistakes in judgement than one might expect when solid ground is underfoot.

With the above fact accepted, small-boat skippers with a solid grasp of basic skills can contemplate an exciting prospect. Waiting for them down the trail are powerful salt-water rivers that in places and at the right tides even break into boiling rapids. Outside, the sea can be glassy calm or frothing white with infinite degrees between. Only experience can tell one if safe passage is possible. A complicating condition along the coast, one rarely a problem during the inland water travel, is fog — thin, thick and thicker still. And if one is a cautious small-boat skipper (a reasonably high "chicken factor" is a commendable quality in coastal cruising), the sight of a wide expanse of open water without immediate shelter available always manages to stir up a fresh flight of stomach butterflies. Finally, there are no trail blazes every hundred feet or so; buoys, lighthouses, spindles and day marks are





*The western segment of a Maine Island Trail would thread its way among long-developed islands and coastal communities, taking advantage of protected, salt water river systems with only a few open stretches around major capes.*

G U L F O F

only guides. Charts and knowledge of their use are among basic tools needed to follow any water trail. Three hundred miles of this, and heaven knows what else, creates challenge enough even for experts in the art of kayaking, canoeing, rowing, sailing and — yes, motor boating. There are no man-made rules in this game, only those of the sea, and the fact that many of the state-owned islands we discuss here are approachable only by boats small enough to be pulled ashore for the night. A coastal voyage of 300 miles in a 14-foot outboard is high-quality sport in itself.

It is not our purpose to establish here the final route for a Maine Island Trail, but we outline one possibility to show the exceptional features available. It is set up to take advantage of state-owned islands for overnight stops, most of which are at points less than 10 miles apart so as to provide convenient choices for self-propelled boaters.

ONE BEGINS AT a launching ramp on the Fore River in South Portland with Maine's largest city rising on its hills just across the way. The trail passes north of Peaks and Long islands, around Deer Point on Great Chebeague and up the east side to Crow Island\*, an attractive little state-owned island located between Little Bangs and Great Chebeague. The trail turns southeast for three miles to Eagle Island, managed by the state Bureau of Parks, then west of Haskell Island and up Harpswell Sound to Strawberry Creek Island\*, at the mouth of Strawberry Creek. It continues up Ewin Narrows and turns east and north

\*An asterisk after a name indicates it is a BPL island.

around Sebascodegan Island and down the New Meadows River to The Basin on the east shore. Near the head of this cove is Basin Island\*, a one-acre islet in a highly scenic setting.

The route continues down the east shore to what can be a rigorous passage around Small Point. For the next three miles one is exposed to the sea, with huge wave-swept beaches to leeward and the sometimes wild mouth of the Kennebec River lying in wait. Three miles up that historic river is Perkins Island\*, and interesting stopover before turning north-northeast and proceeding up the twisting Back River to Hockamock Bay. Possible stops here are at Little Marr Island\* for the Appalachian Mountain Club's nearby 64-acre Beal Island, where campsites are available for members and guests.

Down Knubble Bay and through Townsend Gut takes one past busy Boothbay Harbor. One can stop overnight on Grass Island\* off Linekin Neck before threading The Gut at South Bristol and rounding Pemaquid Point. After standing up the unprotected east shore of Pemaquid Point, one keeps Louds and Hog islands to starboard before turning east to Crow Island\* and north again to Hardy Island\* at the mouth of the Medomak. Friendship is passed inside the islands and through Pleasant Point Gut to Maple Juice Island\* in Maple Juice Cove on the St. George River. Port Clyde and Hooper Island slide by before the rugged passage is made past Mosquito Head and inside Southern Island and its neighbors to Clark Island. A long day can end with a camp on Little Nortons\* or Little White-

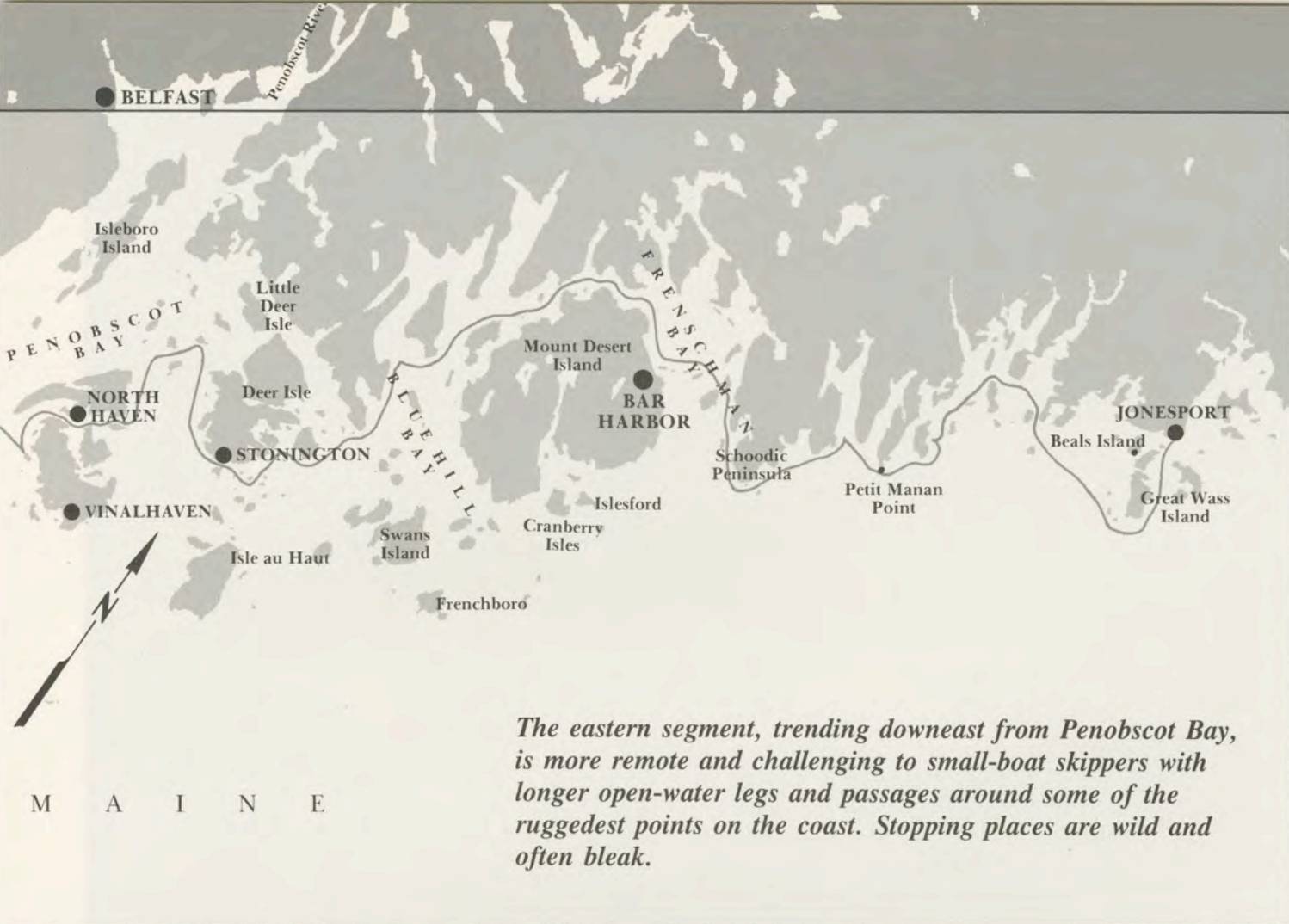
head\* islands. A question here would be whether to head east through the beautiful Muscle Ridge islands or follow the main shore via Spruce Head's inner passage and on up to Monroe Island.

Arrival at Monroe marks the first critical point on this version of a Maine Island Trail and calls for considerable judgment and complete honesty as to one's capabilities. Ahead the trail crosses West Penobscot Bay to the northerly end of Leadbetter Island off Vinalhaven, a passage of nearly seven miles of virtually open ocean. Fortunately, one could turn west at Monroe Island, go into Rockland, and put a kayak, for instance, aboard the Vinalhaven ferry. It's a straight judgment call.

Once across, one heads south through Leadbetter Narrows to the head of magnificent Hurricane Sound and the twin gems of Ram\* and Mouse\* Islands. The Island Trail then winds north through Dogfish Narrows and along the spectacular shoreline of the Fox Island Thorofare to the eastern end of Little Thorofare where one can stop at Little Thorofare or head further up Penobscot Bay past Butter and Bradbury to Crow Island.

The west shore of Deer Isle is then coasted inside Sheepshead Island, west of Crotch Island, and the trail then heads among a group of islands in the Merchant Row area described in a report to the state as "the single most spectacularly scenic group of islands in the state." There are several fine islands here, including Steve\*, Wheat\*, Ram\*, and Hell's Half Acre\*, the latter called the most beautiful in the entire BPL.





*The eastern segment, trending downeast from Penobscot Bay, is more remote and challenging to small-boat skippers with longer open-water legs and passages around some of the ruggedest points on the coast. Stopping places are wild and often bleak.*

system, with lovely pocket beaches on the shore interspersed with sloping pink granite covered with soft grassy areas overtopped by tall spruce trees.

The trail leaves this Shangri La via Little Sheep Island\* and Sunshine to Naskeag Point and into Blue Hill Bay. Near Harri-man Point is Ivy Island\*, a tiny protected islet with room enough for one campsite and sizable patch of poison ivy. The view compensates for its drawbacks. Blue Hill Bay is crossed south of Long Island and one coasts wild and big Bartlett Island to The Hub\* just off its northern tip. More comfortable accommodations can be found at Lamoine State Park some eight miles further ahead on the north side of Mt. Desert Narrows.

If a person were walking a land trail, he or she would now be facing the crux, the most dangerous and difficult section high above timberline. On the Maine Island Trail, the crux is not for the faint hearted — or for the inexperienced. There's tough going ahead. Over the next 30 miles is a lot of big water and two of the most challenging capes for small boats on the coast of Maine. Adding to the difficulty, state-owned islands are few in number and minimal (to put it kindly) in the comforts they offer for overnight camping.

In order to rest up for the push ahead, cruisers will be ahead if they have spent the night in the relative luxury of Lamoine State Park. An early start to beat the expected afternoon southwest wind takes one southeast to the northeast shore of Mt. Desert Island and down that shore almost to Bar Harbor before swinging east across

Frenchman Bay's middle. Helping here are the Porcupine Islands, a string of high islands that cut the longest crossing to a bit more than one nautical mile to the northern end of Ironbound Island. At this point, kayakers would probably be dealing with a rising southwester and thinking seriously of holing up so as to round always rough Schoodic Point the next morning. About their only choice is Little Crow Island\* off Grindstone Neck, a small granite ledge with a partly sheltered pocket beach.

After three miles the next morning, one is in the backwash off Schoodic with a long, open run ahead to the mouth of Gouldsboro Cay. A short distance up this small bay is barren Dry Island, a prime example of "any port in a storm." If this day has been tough, the morrow looks no better. A few miles ahead lies Petit Manan Point and Bar, a double challenge that may produce the most exciting boating of the trip.

Usable State islands are located at the head of shallow, uninhabited Bois Bubert Harbor, or permission can be obtained for camping in Seal Cove a mile further on. The Douglas Islands, Pond, Trafton and Dyer islands are coasted before the trail turns north of Strout to a group of three little state-owned gems off Wellard Point. It crosses Pleasant Bay to Nightcap Island and then turns south and east past Sheep and around rugged Cape Split.

Our Maine Island Trail still awaits final definition from here to its end at Jonesport. It could go directly up Tibbett Narrows to Moosabec Reach and straight to the finish, but this would miss some of the prettiest

island country one could ever want. Ideally, and still possibly, it would swing north up Wahoo Bay to a lovely state island near its head. Final ownership of this island is undetermined at this time so we'll bypass that one. A third choice is to bear southeast north of Plummer Island to Tiny Drisko\*, or for sheer excitement in a wild setting, to Little Sand Island\*.

The final section would take a wide sweep around the bead of Western Bay and down the west side of big and beautiful Wass Island, along its magnificent and exposed south shore and up Eastern Bay to Little Cape Island\* just off Great Wass. Using this as a base, one would be tempted to spend a day or two exploring this lovely bay before finally heading north past Pig Island to finish the trip at the excellent launching ramp in Jonesport.

So here is one possibility for a Maine Island Trail. We could wax poetic about sections along the way, warn of the labor and danger of others, and detail a dozen worthwhile side trips. But to do so not only would require a book but would also detract from the pleasure and excitement awaiting those who conduct further explorations for an island trail. As you can see, there is still much work to be done. In closing, we can say that it is astonishing that this late in the 20th century there remain so many wild and attractive places along a coast that has seen busy activity for some 400 years. There *has* to be a reason that so much of the coast has survived with its beauty intact. We believe the answers will be revealed to those who follow a Maine Island Trail with that quest in mind.





Peter Ralston



TODD CHENEY

# “IT’S THE ANCESTORS”

## THE QUINNS OF EAGLE ISLAND

**E**AGLE ISLAND lies in a string of islands fringing the deep waters of East Penobscot Bay. On the island’s northeast corner, the confluence of tide and current drive a timeless surge against 60-foot cliffs that rise black and sheer from the rockweed and water. At the top, the igneous rock wall curls back under a mat of soil crammed with the roots of stunted trees, their branches lopsided, growing away from the prevailing wind. Follow the cliffs to the west, and they subside to a beach that intersects the water at a gentle angle, in a sweeping crescent smooth as a curve of the moon. Spruce forests flank the beaches and cliffs everywhere, and the landscape is wild and primitive.

Without local knowledge or some study of history, one couldn’t know that a century and a half ago Eagle and many other Penobscot islands lay in pasture and field, and the largest of the islands — Pickering, Great Spruce Head, Butter and Bradbury — supported large families of farmers and fishermen. This island culture thrived at a time when transportation by water was easier and safer than by land.

Rail lines, roads and the resulting economic changes gradually took away the islanders’ self-sufficiency, and their isolation from schools, in particular, was a significant factor in the eventual migration to the mainland or to those islands large enough to sustain a community. So the small-island people and their farms are gone. The harsh climate and persistent forests quickly interred the remains of those outposts, and visitors often mistake these islands for bypassed landscapes of prehistoric and pristine beauty.

The extraordinary thing about Eagle is that the people held out, and the original homesteading family, the Quinns, survive on the island today.

Keep going west past the cliffs and crescent beach around another headland and you come upon the Quinn boathouse standing out into the water on lanky pilings. It is a battered structure built during the Civil War, and rendered on the gray shingles, on the crooked sashes, on the paintless wood, is the drama of man’s survival in a marginal place. Inside are the artifacts of generations of island living: boats, motors, boat molds, fishing gear, anonymous parts, rusted tools and cans of congealed paint. The building has met many needs — it’s been a herring oil factory, a boatbuilding shop, a meeting place and a warehouse. I see the boathouse as a metaphor for the Quinn family because of its adaptability, because of its tenacity.

The family’s 170-year presence on the island bends time and gives Eagle a unique sense of place.

Compare life on Eagle to our technology-saturated culture and it looks like a place that would drive a lot of people up the wall. Conveniences taken for granted elsewhere are non-existent, and the utilities here are showcases of Yankee ingenuity. An antique generator powers a handful of 40-watt lightbulbs, not without an occasional brownout or blackout. There are no drilled wells (an expensive attempt early in this century turned up dry), dish and bath water are rainwater, gravity fed, and drinking water comes from a hand-dug well a pail at a time, carefully, so as not to cloud the water with silt. There are no phones, no medical facilities, no grocery stores, no government, no entertainment, no sheltered harbor. Sometimes in summer, for a week, maybe longer, the island sulks in fog, a sopping gray cocoon that shuts out the rest of the world.

The island road makes a loop at the boat-house landing and winds uphill through the spruce then begins to level off when roofs of Quinn House come into view. The house is the seasonal home of Bob (Robert L.) and Helene Quinn and their children, the fifth and sixth generation to inhabit the family homestead, built, they think, in 1844. There seems to be some doubt about that because a census indicates great-great-grandfather Samuel Quin Sr. (he spelled Quinn with one “n”) was on Eagle in 1815, but the family speculates that Samuel, his wife Lucy and their 13 children at first lived in a house occupying one of the unexplained cellarholes and didn’t build Quinn House until after Samuel bought the island. Bob once commented on this issue, “I don’t know if we’ve been here since 1815 or 1844. Don’t know if it makes any difference.”

Quinn House began life as a small cape, but a second-story addition by Bob’s grandfather began a history of expansion. Another vernacular extension has been a boatshop, a dance hall, kitchen, laundry, and hotel dining room. Today, the house’s outsize shape looms out of the old fields and dominates the 20 acres of open land that stretch away to the south. Early photographs taken from the hill behind Quinn House show the island cleared its length, about a mile, and the sea shining on all sides of the island. Now the spruce encircle the fields, and the sea is visible only through spotty openings to the northwest where the trees, for some reason, have encroached more slowly.



Quinn Family Collection

**Big season!**  
Summer boarders at the Quinn House, Eagle Island, 1926. Opened shortly after 1900 to absorb the overflow from the “Dirigo” resort on nearby Butter Island, the Quinn House took in 30-40 summer guests at a time until closing in 1931.



The main road, a grassy way 200 years old, begins in the Quinn dooryard and curves along the high middle ground of the island, halving the fields, cutting through the stone fences, but holding the island together like a spine. The stone fences outline the four second-generation Quinn farms. No one's sure why only four of Samuel Sr.'s 13 children inherited island property, but Samuel Jr. received Quinn House and 52 acres, William 100 acres, James 70 acres, and Joseph, who later sold his interest to his brother, John L., 40 acres. Before his death in 1864, Samuel Sr. and his sons cleared the island and built the farms, wharf and boathouse, and established the cemetery.

Besides Quinn House, only the John L. Quinn farmhouse stands today. The other two are cellarholes, and where the stone fences run mostly through woods, I find in shadowed glades rusted farm machines with moss high up the spokes of iron wheels. Poplar and birch grow out of the cellars, and in spring, where there were dooryards, lilacs bloom white and lavender and the roses blood red. Just a whisp of breeze fills the fields with their scents.

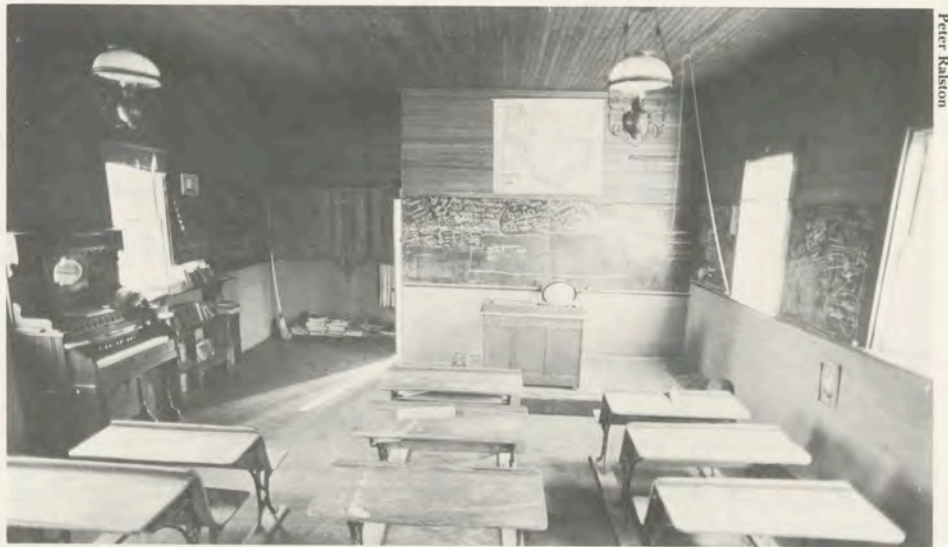
About mid-island, close to the road, sits the one-room schoolhouse. Rectilinear, clapboarded and painted white, it is the definition of the New England schoolhouse, with its shrunken yard among the spruces. Inside there is a profound silence. The Quinn families built this "new school" in 1910 and it closed in 1942, the year after Erland Quinn, Bob's father, removed his family to Camden, thereby lowering the school's enrollment below the minimum required for state funding.

But the integrity of the place has been preserved: the desks are still bolted to the floor, and the students' textbooks lie on the desks, left open by visitors who come to muse.

Of the four farms, two are no longer in the family. The John L. Quinn place was sold in 1844, and the James Quinn place has been sold off in pieces. Samuel Jr.'s farm, the site of Quinn House, is intact, minus several lots that summer boarders convinced Bob's grandfather to sell; and William's farm is still in the family but among members with conflicting interests.

ALMOST AS SOON AS they established their farms, the Quinns began to supplement their incomes in diverse ways. They fished, built boats, sold eggs and wool to the mainland; they cut wood for the lime kilns in Rockland and Rockport; they sold sand and gravel from their beaches to concrete contractors; they took seasonal jobs off-island; and they worked on yachts.

One venture that may have given Quinn House the momentum to survive the middle decades of this century was the practice, starting in the 1890s, of taking in summer boarders. Boarding houses, or "hotels," were popular in Penobscot Bay, and the most ambitious, Butter Island's Dirigo resort, was only a mile away by water and was served daily in the summer by steamships from Boston. An overflow of Dirigo clientele



Peter Ralston

encouraged John H., Bob's grandfather, to make over Quinn House to receive boarders about 1905, and he and his wife Hattie, with sons Erland and Bonney, ran the inn, which provided many jobs to other islanders and even to people from the mainland. The inn boasted a golf course, tennis court, the dance hall, the fine country cooking of Hattie Quinn and the renowned hospitality of the entire family.

When John H. died in 1917, Erland, aged 16, assumed responsibility for running the inn, which stayed in business until 1931 when it closed because Hattie was "warn out," and because the operation wasn't as profitable as it used to be. Times were changing. People didn't stay in one place for their vacations anymore. They got in their cars and drove around from place to place. Also, the automobile gradually put the steamboats out of business, making the islands even more remote and isolating them from the quickening mainstream of American life. Ironically, the inn's well known hospitality worked against it in the end. For years, the clientele had been nearly 100 percent repeaters, says Erland, and there was a particular group from Worcester, Mass., who resented new faces and made new visitors uncomfortable. "They drove the new people away."

With the closing of the inn it was no longer possible to support a family without working off the island, and both Erland and Bonney and their cousin Clarence Howard became involved in commercial fishing. Later Erland and Bonney captained large yachts for many years.

It was, finally, the problem of schooling that forced the fourth generation to remove to the mainland. It was the practice for Eagle and other islands to send high school age children ashore to board with relatives or friends during the school year, but Erland didn't like the idea of sending his children away to live with another family, and he made the decision in December 1941 to take his family to Camden. With the closing of the school, the few remaining families had no choice but to follow the Erland Quinns ashore.

"I often wonder if I made a mistake," says Erland, 84, in the kitchen of his Camden

**The Eagle Island School held classes on the island until 1941. Forty-six years later the classroom remains virtually as it was the day the school closed, shortly after the Erland Quinn family "removed" to the mainland.**



home. "Soon as we got here, the kids were smoking and hanging out in the streets."

The family continued to spend summers on the island, and Bob, in particular, spent as much time there as he possibly could, staying with his grandmother Hattie and her brother John Littlefield, who had moved to Eagle when Hattie married John H. Quinn in 1900. From the time of the closing of the Quinn House in 1917 until somewhere in the mid '70s after Bob Quinn had become firmly established, it was a lean time for Eagle. Bob remembers when his grandmother's income amounted to a few hundred dollars a year, most of which came from the seasonal cleaning of a handful of summer cottages. Hattie was known as "The Lady." She was a great organizer and kept Quinn House spotless. There was a quality about her that commanded respect, a strain of confidence that has come down to Erland and to Bob. "When they speak, you listen," says Helene.

Hattie carried on at the farm, caring for her brother John, who had suffered brain damage from polio when a child. He could do farm chores and repetitive jobs, but as he aged he grew increasingly dependent upon others. After Hattie died in 1953, John was unable to care for himself. Marion Howard, a granddaughter of Samuel Quinn Jr., left her job as telephone operator on North Haven and came to Eagle to be with John until someone permanent could be found. That was a time when the family grew sparse, when the year-round population was two, but it was also a time when the tree begins to renew. Here two branches of the family begin to intertwine in a curious way, until finally the branches grow together in a direction that, from the island's perspective, seems entirely natural and inevitable.

Marion, one of five children, daughter of Charles and Elva Quinn and the only surviving Quinn female of the third generation, was born on Eagle at the Howard place. In 1949 she bought the farm from her brother Clarence. The next year she was vacationing there when a faulty woodstove burned the place down. Today, the Howard dooryard is where the lilacs are thickest, the roses sweetest. It is odd to stand in the cellarhole, shallow and grassy and shaded by sumac, birch, and poplar, and imagine that here was a kitchen with the smells of cooking, with generations of Howards sitting around the table at mealtimes. One feels humble and mortal in a ruin; here nature's course is tangible, humanity's frailty undeniable.

Marion remained at Quinn House caring for John. Helene says that during the Marion years Quinn House looked like it had been stirred up with a giant spoon. For almost 30 years nothing was thrown out or put away. Hers was not an easy-going personality — she was intellectual and independent to extremes, never had a man of her own, and with old age approaching found herself responsible for a man she wasn't close to. In turn, she was dependent upon Bob, who delivered her groceries and bottled gas and made essential repairs to the buildings.

As John Littlefield grew increasingly insecure in his old age, he wouldn't let Marion out of his sight — if she left the room to go to the bathroom, John followed, too absent-minded to shut the doors behind him, which wouldn't have mattered much if it hadn't been for the cats. When the subject of the cats comes up, Helene shivers. She won't say how many there were but recalls that one of the original cats was albino and some of the descendants were blind, had pink eyes, and long scruffy hair. Marion tried to confine the cats to one end of the house, but with John leaving the doors open they had run of the place. Then the cat food attracted the chickens, and they, too, made themselves at home in Quinn House, resting atop the doors.

In September after school has started, Helene spends the weekdays in Stonington, where daughter Treena goes to school and Helene is secretary at the Deer Isle-Stonington High School. Bob spends his weeks on the island as long as the weather holds and brings Helene over to Eagle on Friday afternoons. Finally, around the end of October, Bob moves ashore too and commutes to the island every day the weather allows.

On Eagle for a long weekend, I walk up the hill on an early autumn evening to Quinn House and find, from the vantage of the high field, a show of sublime and contrasting lights. To the east, the sea, land and sky are fused in shades of blue and black; to the west, the water still shimmers with orange reflections of the sun, half-sunk in the Camden Hills and throwing shadows of the spruce trees across half the field. Imperceptively these shadows thicken. The field and trees blacken as the night spreads over the great curve of the land, and the ancient light of the stars begins to brighten the sky. I find Bob in the kitchen shadows, peeling potatoes; while waiting for them to boil, he pours a bowl of Grapenuts and smothers them with coils of dark molassas. "I'm not one to cook much," he says. "Get so hungry I can't wait for things to get done."

Robert Louis Quinn was born July 13, 1939, and so lived on Eagle only two years before his family moved to Camden; nevertheless, out of all the family he is the most intimately attached to the island and says, "I never had any doubt, from day one, that I would do anything else." And Helene says, "For Bob, there isn't any choice." He spent his childhood summers on the island, staying with his grandmother Hattie, and after high school he moved there and made a few dollars trapping mink.

Bob's first 30 years were a time of deep decline on Eagle. There was no economy, and, except for a cow and some chickens at Quinn House, even the farming had ceased. A 1972 photograph of the old homestead-hotel shows it sagging and gray. It hadn't seen a coat of paint in 40 years, the roofs leaked, windows were falling out, sills were rotting, the boathouse and wharf threatening to fall into the bay, and each year the fields shrunk and the spruce grew higher, shutting off more of the island world to



**Bob and Helene Quinn are the fifth generation of Quinns to inhabit Eagle Island tending to its wharf, boathouse, boats, farm, forests, livestock, light and power, roads, equipment, buildings, water, summer people and the island's ancestors.**



which Eagle belongs. Then, too, there was the time of Marion's tenure at Quinn House, and despite, or maybe because of, her dependency on him, she and Bob "did not hitch horses well." Those were the years when Bob would tell Helene that Eagle was a millstone around his neck, and that he had two choices: he could cast it off and watch it sink, or he could hang on and sink with it.

Helene grew up in Warren, Maine, where her grandfather Charles Howard had moved the family farm from Eagle, and where her father Richard had been a successful dairy farmer. She first came to Eagle when she was eight to visit her Aunt Marion at the Howard Place, but by the next time Helene came to Eagle, Marion's house had burned and from then on families would stay "mixed up together" at Quinn House. The romance between the two cousins must have made curious drama, set in that household. Helene's mother, especially, thought the blood too close and opposed the match, and there was a consequent period of secret correspondence before Bob and Helene married in 1966. This reunion, of sorts, of Quinn blood, may be a kind of Darwinian necessity in terms of the family's survival on the island, but for both Bob and Helene, assuming their respective places in the island scheme of things has not been an easy thing.

After Marion died in December 1979, Helene admits she was a "basket case" and filled with conflict about her new role on the island. Besides having had to put a lot of energy into making Marion's difficult life a happy one, she found herself in the shadows of two strong women and couldn't see herself in the image of an Aunt Hat or an Aunt Marion, whose eccentricities had made the latter something of a legend beyond Eagle's shores.

The summer after Marion died, Helene took off for three weeks to the West Coast. Bob wasn't sure if she would come back, and for that matter, neither was she. She did return, of course, and settle down, deciding she could make a contribution on her own terms, could do things in her own style, and make a good life on Eagle Island.

For Bob, too, setting himself up on the island proved to be a stressful time, a time when even Helene didn't understand his problems. For the first 10 years of their marriage, Bob lobstered and scalloped for a living, looked after the crumbling farm, and was responsible for Marion and John. Gradually, he picked up maintenance and repair work from the summer people on the island, charging a nominal fee, but because he had to take time from fishing to do it, he lost money on island work. Finally, he set up retaining fees, which was a break with island traditions; the native islanders had always been too proud to take a wage from summer people.

For the Quinns, helping a neighbor was a way of life, something you did without expectation, something you did as naturally as milk your own cow. The cottagers had always paid at special times, like Christmas, to lessen the embarrassing circumstances —

that was the situation Bob had to break out of, but when he did, things started looking up.

A visitor to Eagle once characterized Bob as having "the hands of a fisherman and the mind of a poet," a mix of practical and visionary inclinations joined together with the ability to direct thought into actions. I once asked Helene how the family managed to stay on the island when all the families on neighboring islands had disappeared. "It's the people," she said, "they hang on when there's no reason to hang on."

Recently, work on the island has picked up, a situation Bob views with mixed feelings; it's satisfying, a fulfillment of a dream really, that he can make a living on the island, but the flip side is that most of the work involves development, like roads and summer camps, and that means more people. Bob and Helene say they could "feel it" last summer, when the population for a while was up about 40, about the number of Quinns on the island 100 years ago. When he talks about building more places on the island, Bob says, "I call myself the Reluctant Development Company. I do it, but I hate it the whole time."

There's little doubt that if not for Bob Quinn the whole family presence on the island would be gone by this time. His energy has rallied the extended family's interest and participation; many who once turned from the decay and isolation have turned back and now see the island and Quinn House as something solid and unchanging in their lives. Quinn House has received life-saving structural repairs, interior restoration and a new coat of white paint on the old clapboards. The barn has been roofed, and the march of spruce and juniper into the fields has been turned back.

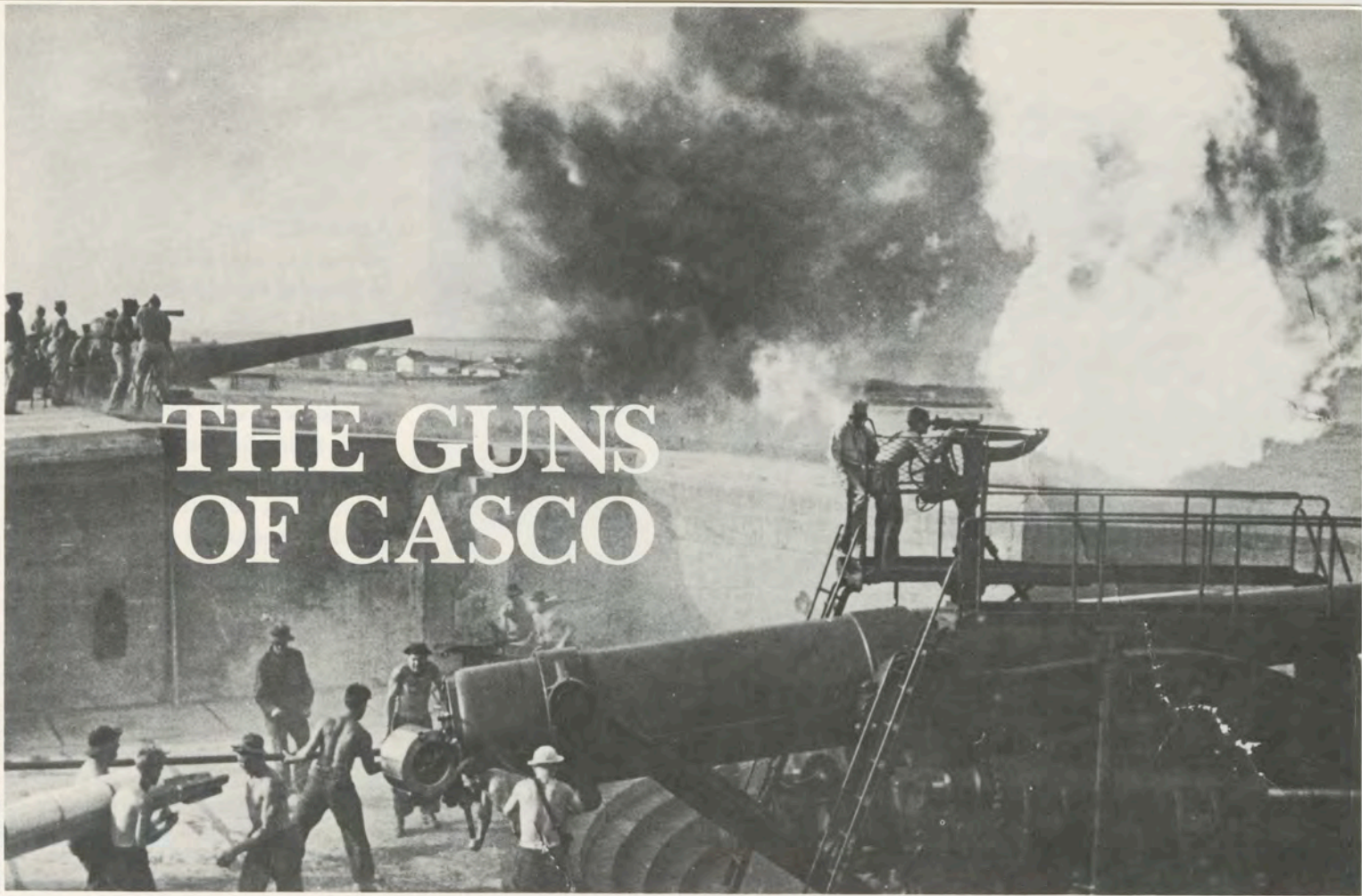
In the decade of the '80s things are upbeat for the Quinns on Eagle Island, but the struggle is ongoing, the future here no more or less certain than anywhere. The demographics of the Maine coast for more than a hundred years have followed a pattern in which the natives sell their land to people who live where there's big business and big money. Set against that erosion of tradition is Bob's goal of keeping intact the property, the customs and the history so they will be here for generations to come. He spends a lot of time fretting this mission, and much of his energy goes into exploring and following through on means to carry it out.

For now, however, I can say that the Quinns are more thriving than threatened. There is yet the feeling that something wise and more powerful is close by, something warm and human and comforting of a sort the rest of the world holds in short supply. It has to do with the past, of being conscious of its presence, of its meaning for our lives. It's something to do with what Helene feels about the island when she says, "It's the ancestors. We talk like they're still here. Our being here keeps them alive."

---

*Todd Cheney is a resident of Blue Hill, Maine. He works as a boat builder and specializes in sea-going kayaks.*





# THE GUNS OF CASCO

## *Twentieth Century Fortifications Off Portland Harbor*

DR. JOEL W. EASTMAN

CASCO BAY is such a magnificent natural anchorage for ocean-going vessels that its value was recognized by the earliest European explorers, and the Portland peninsula was permanently settled on its southern end in the 1630s. The vulnerability of the bay to attack by a seaborne enemy was forcefully demonstrated in 1775 when the British Navy bombarded the rebellious settlement, destroying most of the buildings.

The residents moved immediately to prevent another attack, selecting Spring Point, which commands the main channel into the inner bay, as the site for a small earthen-walled fort mounting several cannon. It was this same point of land which was picked in 1807 by the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers as the site of Fort Preble. At the same time a second work, Fort Scammel, was built on House Island across from Spring Point, to cover the channel from both sides. Fifty years later Hog Island Ledge was selected as the site of Fort Gorges, since it not only covered the main channel but also other approaches to the harbor and anchorages.

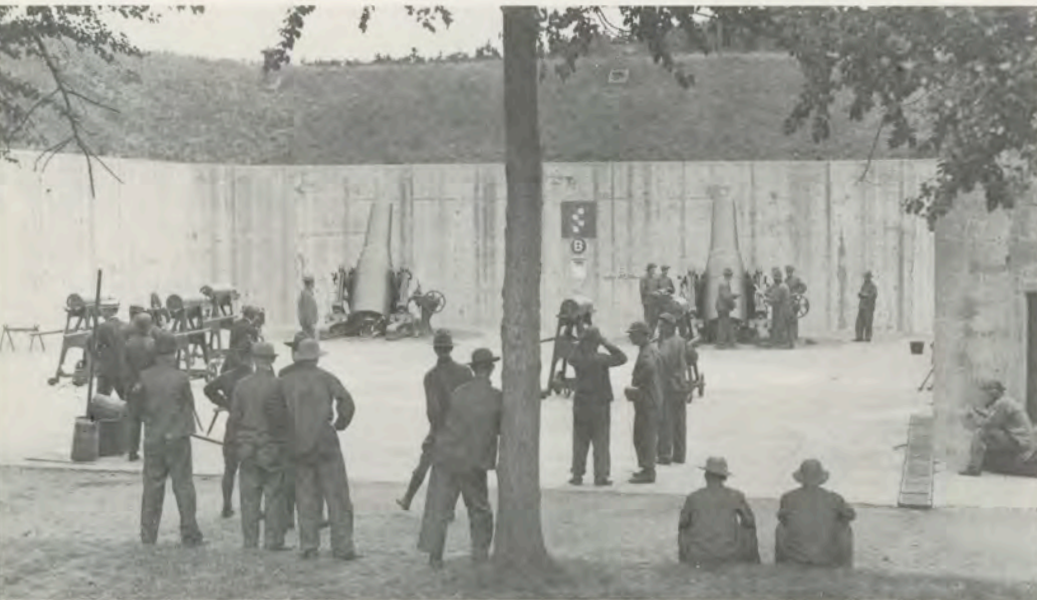
During and after the Civil War, plans were drawn to extend the defenses southeast to Portland Head on the main channel, and northeast to the Hussey Sound entrance to the inner bay. However, the Civil War had

ushered in such radical technological changes in warfare that the defensive strategy had to be entirely rethought. This was done in the 1880s, and new defenses were built in the late 1890s and early 1900s which would defend Casco Bay during World Wars I and II.

The core of the new harbor defenses was composed of modern, breechloading rifled guns and mortars mounted in heavily reinforced concrete emplacements, and electrically-controlled submarine mines. The guns and mortars were sited so as to cover all approaches to the harbor by all types of vessels, and the mines were to be placed in the channels in time of war. The largest guns and mortars fired a 12-inch, 1,000-pound shell to a range of nine miles to counter the battleships of the time. Ten-inch, eight-inch and six-inch guns were designed to deal with cruisers and destroyers, while scores of three-inch, rapid-fire guns would defend the minefields from minesweepers and attacks by fast motor torpedo boats. Searchlights were provided for night attacks and an elaborate system of observation posts was established and tied by telephone to central plotting rooms and command posts in order to quickly and accurately direct the fire of the guns and the detonation of the submarine mines.

A pair of 12-inch guns with an eight-mile range mounted on disappearing carriages in batteries similar to those at Fort McKinley on Great Diamond Island and Fort Levett on Cushing Island. The gun at the left rear has just fired and is recoiling down into position below the parapet where it will be swabbed out and reloaded with a 1070-pound shell and several hundred pounds of powder.





Alfred K. Schroeder Collection

**A pair of 12-inch mortars in a pit similar to those at Fort McKinley and Fort Preble. On the left are a pair of swabbers for cleaning the guns and several carts with 700-pound shells ready for loading. The mortars in this and an adjacent pit were fired simultaneously in a high trajectory to hit the decks of enemy vessels within a nine-mile range.**

Old Fort Preble on Spring Point was rebuilt to include four modern batteries with a three-inch gun, two six-inch guns and 16 mortars. A large new installation, named Fort Williams after a Maine West Point graduate, was constructed at Portland Head, surrounding the lighthouse there. Fort Williams contained six batteries with a total of 12 guns ranging in size from three to 12 inches. In addition, a mining casemate was built in Ship Cove to control the minefield in the main channel. Just across from Portland Head, Fort Levett, named after an early settler of Casco Bay, was built on Cushing Island to supplement the fire of Fort Williams in defending the main approaches to Portland with five batteries and a total of 12 guns of the same sizes as Fort Williams.

Hussey Sound and the northeastern approaches to the harbor were not neglected. In fact, the largest of the new forts was built on Great Diamond Island and named after the recently martyred President, William McKinley. This fort had four batteries and a total of nine guns sited to cover Hussey Sound, but five other batteries with 17 guns were laid out to protect the channels between the mainland and Diamond, Long and Chebeague Islands. In fact, the 12-inch guns of Battery Berry were sited to prevent capital ships from entering Broad Sound and making an "end run" down the inner bay. Fort McKinley also had two mining casemates to control the minefields in Hussey Sound and the other channels. Fort Lyon on Cow Island supplemented the fire of the guns on Diamond Island in Hussey Sound and the northern approaches to the harbor with two batteries of six guns.

Construction of these huge batteries was a mammoth project requiring large amounts of concrete, crushed rock, gravel and loam. The bulk of the aggregate seems to have been moved to the forts from other sites by schooners and then transported by construction railroads to cement mixers on site. All of the gun batteries were two-story structures with as much as 20 feet of concrete protecting the guns and magazines, and an additional 30 feet of sod-covered sand in front of the concrete. To keep the top of the

battery parapets level with the natural terrain, considerable blasting and excavation was required in the construction of the gun emplacements. Each of the batteries was served by underground utilities — water, telephone, electricity. Large batteries had their own electrical generators and latrines; small ones had privies with holding tanks.

Construction of barracks and ancillary buildings was as large a project as building the batteries. Fort McKinley, for instance, was a seven-company post, so that facilities were required for over 700 enlisted men, plus officers and their families. This meant that a complete community had to be built from scratch. While the Corps of Engineers designed and oversaw the construction of the batteries, the Quartermaster Corps was responsible for the rest of the facilities — wharves, roads, water, sewers, electrical system, telephones, barracks, officers' quarters, hospital, recreational facilities and all the other buildings. In addition, Fort McKinley had an ice pond and a schoolhouse. Its water came from a number of artesian wells pumped by a central pumping plant and treated in a water softening plant, with pressure provided by two storage towers. The plant was maintained as a back-up after Sebago water was piped to the island. Likewise, a central power plant provided electricity until Great Diamond Island was linked to the mainland system.

Manning of the new harbor defenses was by the traditional method of relying on the militia or National Guard in wartime. The forts were maintained by caretaker units of the regular Army in peacetime. Meanwhile the National Guard trained in the tactics of harbor defense in weekly drills and spent two weeks each summer in the forts, firing the guns, laying mines, and carrying out all of the other duties of the U.S. Army Coast Artillery Corps. The 240th Regiment of the Maine National Guard was designated a Coast Artillery unit and its officers and men instructed in their responsibilities.

The new Milk Street Armory in Portland was outfitted with a huge, 10-inch practice gun along with simulated observation posts and plotting rooms so that the men could

practice their new tasks. Other companies of the regiment, from Saco to Rockland, mastered the use of mobile coastal defense guns and searchlights. For two weeks each summer the regiment gathered at Fort Williams to put its training into practice on the real guns, mines and searchlights, firing practice rounds at towed targets in the bay.

The National Guard was mobilized three times for active duty during the late 1800s and the 20th century. The modern forts were not even completed when they were manned during the Spanish-American War. A decade later the Guard was called up again for World War I. Several six-inch guns were removed from the Portland forts and sent to Europe to be used as field artillery. The rise of the airplane brought the rapid installation of anti-aircraft gun batteries at all of the harbor forts, and improvements in artillery resulted in the construction of a new 12-inch battery at Fort Levett with a range of 17 miles. To control the fire of these long-range guns, observation towers were built on Jewell Island in the north of Casco Bay and at Trundy Point in Cape Elizabeth in the south.

While the harbor defenses were placed on caretaker status after the war, the quarters at Fort McKinley and Williams were used to garrison the Fifth Infantry Regiment when it returned from occupation duty in Germany. During the Great Depression, Fort McKinley also was the site of a Citizens Military Training Camp and Fort Williams of a Civilian Conservation Corps camp. The Fifth Infantry spent nearly 15 years in Portland, and the officers and men of the regiment became well known in the area. Residents visited the forts for band concerts, parades, reviews and athletic events. With the outbreak of World War II in 1939, the Fifth was sent to defend the Panama Canal. The 240th was then called up to man the harbor defenses and train draftees, and temporary wooden barracks were built at all the forts to handle the influx of recruits.

By the time of Pearl Harbor, the harbor defenses of Portland had assumed more importance than ever before. A major yard for the construction of Liberty ships had



**One of the 10 inch guns mounted on disappearing carriages of Battery DeHart at Fort Williams, Cape Elizabeth, with Portland Head Lighthouse in the background. The gun is in the raised firing position possibly for servicing. Portland Head Lighthouse was within this and another battery's field of fire. One near miss is reputed to have knocked a piece of masonry from the stone tower.**



Alfred K. Schroeder Collection

been built in South Portland, along with a crude oil pipeline to Montreal, and the U.S. Navy had selected Casco Bay as a major naval base. The Navy built a large, underground fuel storage facility on Long Island, blasting reservoirs out of the island's bedrock. Long Island also featured a seaplane base. A firefighting school and recreation area were established on Little Chebeague Island, and a receiving station was built on Great Diamond Island. In addition, the Navy took over the wharves and warehouses of the Grand Trunk Railroad, the Maine State Pier, Milk Street Armory and other buildings on the Portland waterfront.

With the arrival of the Navy, the defense of Casco Bay became a joint Army-Navy responsibility symbolized by the establishment of a Harbor Entrance Command Post at Fort Williams manned by representatives of both services. In addition to the defenses provided by the Army, the Navy laid contact minefields adjacent to the Army's controlled mines, ran a magnetic loop across the bay which could detect the metal hulls of vessels passing over it, and provided patrols by vessels, airplanes and blimps. Most important, the Navy rigged submarine nets and sunk old schooners between the islands and the mainland to completely enclose the harbor. This act made the batteries on the north and east of Fort McKinley superfluous, and only the batteries at Fort Lyon and one at Fort McKinley needed to be manned to defend the submarine net gates in Hussey Sound.

In fact, by 1942 most of the large guns had been outmoded, but the Army had developed plans for modern guns and batteries which were implemented with American entry into the war. The new generation of weapons was highly effective and sophisticated but simpler than the previous one. Rather than six types of fixed guns, there were only three — 90-mm, six-inch and 16-inch. The 90-mm guns were small rapid-fire weapons which defended against both torpedo boats and aircraft, and ten batteries of four guns each were sited at strategic spots from Portland Head to Bailey Island. The large guns were so much more powerful than the earlier weapons that only four bat-

teries totaling eight guns were required. Twin-gun six-inch batteries were constructed at Two Lights, Peaks Island, and Jewell Island, and a twin-gun 16-inch battery was built on Peaks. The six-inch guns fired a 100-pound shell 15 miles to deal with destroyers, while the 16s — which were surplus guns — fired a 2,240-pound shell 26 miles to counter the largest vessels afloat. The batteries were provided with electric power plants, camouflage and protection from aerial bombardment, naval shelling and chemical gas attack. The 90-mm and six-inch guns were surrounded by steel shields while the 16-inch guns were completely enclosed in a huge earth-covered concrete structure which also contained magazines and a power plant. The six- and 16-inch batteries were provided with observation towers, radar, and mechanical computers to determine target bearing and range.

Given the press of the emergency, the new defenses were merely designated "military reservations" rather than forts, and most batteries were not named but merely referred to by number. However, the Army engineers did give great attention to proper disposal of sewerage, drainage of ground water, and the use of the natural terrain and natural vegetation for camouflage. Existing trees were preserved wherever possible, outcroppings of rock and ledge were carefully created on top of batteries, and native varieties of plants, trees and shrubs were planted in natural patterns.

Although the possibility of an invasion or major naval attack on the United States became remote after Germany lost the Battle of Britain, there was considerable German submarine activity off the Maine coast. Several freighters were sunk and a Navy blimp and patrol boat lost to accident or enemy activity. In 1942 a German submarine was spotted on the surface off Jewell Island and attacked by destroyers. World War II, like earlier wars, brought radical changes in the technology of warfare. Nuclear weapons and missiles made fixed harbor defenses obsolete. After the war the guns and equipment were scrapped, and one by one, the forts were abandoned.

The harbor defenses of Casco Bay were built on some of the most desirable shore frontage in the bay. Once they were declared surplus, the land was offered to state and local governments at a fraction of its potential value, and four sites were acquired. Fort Preble became Southern Maine Vocational Technical Institute, and its shore frontage has been incorporated into the City of South Portland's Shoreway Park. Fort Williams has become Cape Elizabeth's major town park, while Two Lights has become one of the area's most popular state parks. Jewell Island provides a heavily-used anchorage and camping area under state control.

When state and local governments declined to bid on the other military land, it was sold to private parties. Fort Levett was purchased by the Cushing Island Association which has placed the south shore in a conservation trust and sold the fort buildings to members for use as summer residences. The Peaks Island property was acquired by a group of residents who deeded a large portion of the land to the city as a conservation area, sold Battery Steel to an environmental group and subdivided the land on the southern shore. Fort McKinley and the Long Island Fuel Depot were sold to an oil company which was unsuccessful in utilizing the fuel facility but has recently begun subdividing its other property. Fort McKinley was allowed to deteriorate until it was sold to a local developer who has plans to renovate the buildings and subdivide the remainder of the property.

Whether privately or publicly owned, the surviving batteries and buildings of the harbor defenses of Portland symbolize the important role Casco Bay played on the international stage during the first half of the 20th century.

*Joel W. Eastman, a native of Portland, Maine, is a Professor of History at the University of Southern Maine. He has researched and written on local history, including Sears Island and Bartlets Island. He has recently started to research the harbor defenses of Casco Bay.*





631611

SUNLIGHT II

FLYING VAPOR

FLYING VAPOR



# LESS IS MORE

CYNTHIA BOURGEAULT

## *Swan's Island Lobster Trap Limit is Beginning to Work*

**T**HIS PAST OCTOBER, amid the shuffling of gear that traditionally heralds the arrival of late fall fishing in the waters around Swan's Island, a newer tradition could be observed as well: several lobstermen stacking a portion of their gear permanently on the shore. Grumbling, yet with rising hopefulness, island highliners made their annual oblation to the Swan's Island trap limit.

Three years ago, in a move many would have considered impossible, the 40 some fisherman of Swan's Island, four miles off the southern tip of Mt. Desert, won permission from the state Department of Marine Resources (DMR) to draw a legal boundary around their waters and within its confines to implement Maine's first official trap limit as a six-year pilot project. When it went into effect in 1984, limits were set at 500 traps for a boat fishing alone and 600 for a boat with a sternman. Each year those numbers have been coming down by 50, until they level off in 1988 at the target quotas of 300 and 400. After two years of operation at this level, islanders will have the opportunity to evaluate, and if they so choose, to extend the limit for an additional six years.

"What we're trying to do is to prove you can catch as many lobsters with fewer traps," says Sonny Sprague, 44, Swan's Island's burly, sandy-haired First Selectman, widely considered to be the prime mover behind the island trap law. And indeed, they may just succeed. Although the verdict is far from in yet, there are good signs that the project, now approaching its midpoint, is well on

target. Hard feelings are beginning to heal, and some former skeptics have joined the ranks of believers. Through two lean fishing seasons not a single fisherman has gone out of business; in fact, a few are quietly admitting to their best season ever. And this year, for the first time in recent memory, lobstermen are reporting that they can begin to "see the bottom" — meaning that fishing room is once again opening up. "We don't want to talk about it too much yet," one fisherman cautioned, with a grin, "but you can see it's starting to work."

Perhaps the most remarkable aspect of this project is the direction from which it originated: not from the top down, from a panel of legislators or experts, but from the bottom up, as a grassroots response to a situation Swan's Islanders knew only too well. Despite a greatly increased fishing effort, the lobster catch was slowly but steadily dwindling. The fishermen had seen it happen too many times already over the course of the century: first the mackerel fished out, then the cod, flounder and

*Cynthia Bourgeault is an editor at International Marine Publishing Co. in Camden. As do many people in Maine publishing, she moves about the coast a good deal out of necessity. A five-year resident of Swan's Island, and a 10-year teaching veteran from Swarthmore College with a Ph.D. in Medieval Studies, she now devotes her personal interests first to her writing and then to sailing her 18-foot Typhoon sailboat hither and yon through island waters on missions of interest and friendship.*

herring; the clam flats, once deemed inexhaustible, and the scallop beds, a short-lived treasure trove. Lobstering was the only fishery left. If it died, so would a rich and proud way of life. "A lot of people were worried if there'd be any fishing left for their children. Hell, I was worried if there'd be any fishing left for *me!*" confesses one younger fisherman.

LIKE SO MANY of our modern conundrums, the source of the problem ultimately lies in technology, which, in Sonny's words, "turned us into over-efficient lobster-catchers." Back when he got his start in the business, it was with "about a hundred traps and an old skiff with a 10-h.p. outboard. Half the time the engine would break down somewhere out in the bay, and I'd have to row home." But even in those days, the early '60s, that style of fishing was fast fading into nostalgia as a series of innovations brought a steadily advancing sophistication to the lobster fishery. Hydraulic haulers made it possible for one man to do the work of two. Fiberglass boats and diesel engines doubled the territory that could be covered in a day. Loran and radar took the guesswork out of setting traps and finding them again, even offshore or in "thick o' fog." Most portentous of all were the wire traps, which made their widescale appearance on Swan's Island in the late 1970s.

"With the old wooden traps, you'd have to tend them every day or so or they'd go sour — they wouldn't fish anymore," Sonny explains. "But the wire traps will go on fishing





Tim Hindman/The Imagesmith

indefinitely, and they don't have to sit on the bank once a year to dry out. With wire traps, it means you can keep your entire string fishing all the time."

This sophistication had a price tag, of course: \$60,000 for a fiberglass boat, \$1,000 for electronics gear, \$30 to \$40 apiece for bare wire traps. Add to this the cost of pot-warp, buoys, baitbags, haulers and associated gear, and suddenly lobstermen were staring at a capital investment of easily \$100,000. But with it came enormous leverage as well. Suddenly the age-old natural limit — the number of traps a man could haul in a day — was a limit no longer.

Spurred on by these technological incentives, Maine lobstering expanded dramatically during the 1970s. Statistics compiled by the DMR tell the story. In 1965 there were an estimated 789,000 traps in the water along the coast. By 1975 that number had soared to 1,700,000, and by 1982 it had topped two million. On Swan's Island, 100-trap strings such as Sonny's starter rig steadily increased to 400, 500, then 600 — and for some high-liners, well beyond that. Though no one confesses to fishing more than 800 traps, speculation about what one's neighbor may have had out runs to well over 1,000.

But as islanders geared up during the 1970s and early 1980s, the fishing failed to keep pace. "I caught 1,000 pounds less in 1986 than I did in 1976," Sonny reports, with other fishermen citing comparable statistics. Again, DMR figures provide the larger picture. In 1965 those 789,000 traps landed 17 million pounds of lobster. In 1975 1,700,000

traps managed to land only 15.4 million pounds. And even with two million traps in the water, the 1982 catch was only 20.7 million pounds — well below the highwater mark of 25 million pounds logged in 1958 — with only 550,000 traps. In the face of this downward trend fishermen found themselves frantically throwing more and more gear into the water. This, in turn, dramatically increased the overhead: more bait to tend longer trap strings, more fuel to cover longer runs — and for many, hefty small business loans to keep their boat and gear competitive.

"There were plenty of days when I didn't even make enough to cover my bait and fuel," complains Stevie Wheaton, 34, one of the island's hard-driving younger lobstermen — "and that's not even starting to think about my \$3,000 boat payment twice a year." It was a vicious circle, and left unchecked, its outcome was only too clear. "Just like in agribusiness," Stevie points out. "First the smaller guy is forced out, then the whole industry is poached."

BUT BREAKING A vicious circle can be difficult indeed. The case for a statewide trap limit has been hotly argued in Maine for well over a decade, but legislative efforts, beginning with the Jackson-Greenlaw bill in 1974 and continuing sporadically thereafter, have repeatedly died in a sea of technicalities and territorial squabbles. To win approval for even a limited testing, trap limit proponents on Swan's Island, led by Sonny

Sprague and Sheldon Carlson, had to overcome resistance from within the community itself, from neighboring fishing communities and initially even from the DMR, which feared that the Swan's Island proposal might set a precedent for a patchwork series of trap limits along the coast. Perhaps the most formidable challenge was that of negotiating a legal boundary within which the trap limit would be operative: a move interpreted by many as giving up traditional fishing grounds — or worse yet, handing it over to state control. It took two years of grueling negotiation — both formal hearings with the DMR and informal horsetrading behind the bait barrel — before the fishermen of Swan's Island finally won their way. Even at that, it was by no means a united front. "It was maybe 85% to 15%," Sonny recalls. "But that 15% was pretty opposed, and of the other 85, some of it was pretty lukewarm."

The obvious weakness of the trap limit as a conservation measure is demonstrable by simple mathematics. Whether you have 20 lobstermen fishing 500 traps apiece or 40 lobstermen fishing 250 traps apiece, the number of traps in the water remains 10,000, and what you've really accomplished is not conservation but economic redistribution. Right from the start, this was the major bone of contention on island, evoking bitter and deep-seated hard feelings. With only about a half dozen of Swan's Island's 40 lobstermen fishing above the initial 500-trap limit in the first place, it could be argued that the motives of the majority were not entirely above suspicion. In fact, for a while during the fall



of 1984 the new trap limit was known on island as the "Joyce limit," in honor of the industrious lobstering clan out of whose pocketbook much of the economic redistribution came.

Robert Joyce, 71 and patriarch of the clan, remains ardently and eloquently opposed. "Without some sort of limited entry, a trap limit is just giving away our livelihood. There are as many traps as ever out there in what used to be our fishing grounds — only now they're Stonington traps and Sunshine traps. And at the same time we've been cutting back our gear, we've also let six new people start fishing in the harbor. How is that conservation?" If a trap limit is to have any credibility, he feels, it must be combined with a rigorous limited entry — a regulation of who and how many are allowed to fish.

But Sheldon Carlson, 60, looks at the economic redistribution argument from a different point of view. Whether it's 20 fishermen at 500 traps or 40 fishermen at 250 traps *does* make a difference to a small island like Swan's. Forty families make a community: enough people to support a school, store, fire department, and regular state ferry service. At 20 families, that community begins to grow marginal. And at 10 families fishing 1,000 traps — the direction in which things were headed — the island is no longer a viable social unit. "You just *hate* to do it, to limit a man's right to make a living," Sheldon says, "but there comes a time when you have to, for the survival of the community."

Perhaps the most significant discovery to emerge out of the Swan's Island project, however, is that a trap limit, even without a limited entry, does act as a significant conservation measure. It restores that imbalance created when technology enabled fishermen to extend their range beyond what they could fish in a single day. "Sure, it's possible to fish a thousand traps, haul 'em once a week," Sonny Sprague concedes. "But that kind of saturation fishing is incredibly wasteful." And he makes clear that he's not just talking about increased overhead for fuel and bait: lobsters themselves do not fare well when traps are not tended every day. "To show you what I mean, there was one week last fall when town business and the weather kept me in the harbor for almost a week. When I finally got out to haul, nearly half the lobsters in my traps were dead. They'd eaten up the bait and started in on each other. Now imagine what would happen if I had so many traps out that it *regularly* took me a week to get around to them all!"

Stevie Wheaton puts the point even more forcefully: "That kind of fishing is just a waste of fishing grounds — like throwing money away. It's a sin to ruin a natural resource that way."

Will lobstering ever fully recover from a decade of saturation fishing? Most islanders are dubious. Stevie Wheaton, for one, feels that the trap law is "probably 10 years too late," and that Swan's Island will never again see those bounteous hauls of the early 1970s. But what *has* started to come back is some of the old thrill of the hunt.



Tim Hindman/The Imagesmith

**Sonny Sprague, Swan's Island Lobsterman and First Selectman.**

"There's a difference between just hauling traps and fishing your gear," explains Sput Staples, 29, another younger fisherman, who may already owe his livelihood in part to the trap limit. "If you throw traps out everywhere, something's bound to crawl into a few of 'em. But in earlier days, a good fisherman could take a small string of traps and really make them count for something just by working his gear — knowing the bottom and where the lobsters were likely to crawl to next. It's a matter of instinct and skill — that's what made a good fisherman, not a huge string of traps."

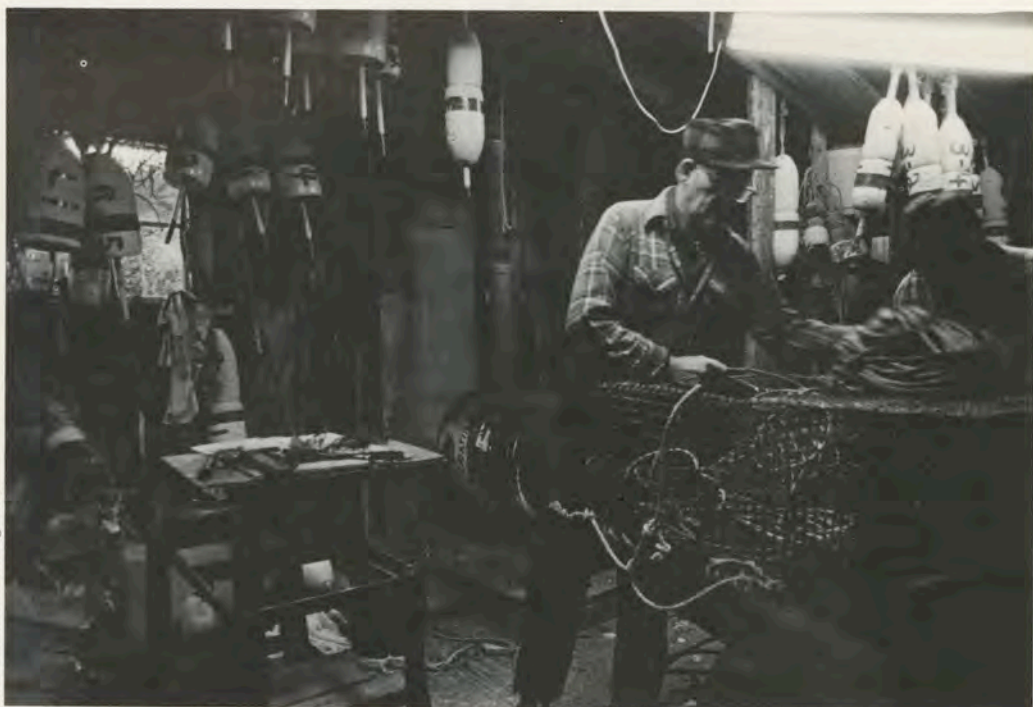
And this past summer, for the first time, most Swan's Island fishermen were seeing enough of a dent put into saturation fishing for those age-old traits of instinct and skill to come back into play. One lobsterman, previously lukewarm to the trap limit, found himself last August with a jackpot of lobsters and a whole back shore to himself and promptly became a believer. "Before, everyone would have rushed in and saturated the area with traps. This time they had to wait

while I had my turn. Then the lobsters crawled somewhere else, and I waited while they had their turn. This way everyone gets a turn."

Perhaps nobody is more pleased than Sput Staples. With a small wooden boat and only 250 traps, Sput couldn't even get into the ballgame when the waters were dotted with traps in the former saturation style. "Now the lobsters get a chance, and I get a chance." And evidently, he has been playing his chance well. On the verge of giving up in 1985, Sput logged his best season ever in 1986 and is cautiously optimistic that there will be more where that one came from. The trap limit? "Personally, I think it's the best thing that ever happened to Swan's Island."

ALMOST TO A MAN. Swan's Islanders would like to see the trap limit become statewide. That could once again become a hot topic along the coast if plans presently under way to introduce a trap bill in the 1987 legislative session come to fruition. Once again, that bill is certain to face a tough fight. But for the first time, it will no longer be a fight conducted entirely in the abstract. Already other fishing communities are watching the Swan's Island project closely, and initial skepticism has begun to give way to grudging admiration. Clearly, there are still bugs to be worked out, the most notable problem areas being enforcement, equitable trap quotas for boats fishing with a sternman, and accounting for traps legitimately lost or damaged in the course of a fishing season, as well as the whole limited entry issue.

But the first step, at least, has been taken, and Swan's Islanders have proved that it is possible to get to there from here. In turning a seemingly unapproachable good idea into a reality, they have demonstrated that the problems are not as insurmountable as many may have feared — and that the rewards may come more quickly than many would have dared to hope.



Tim Hindman/The Imagesmith

**Swan's Island Highliner, Robert Joyce.**



# BLUE BOTTOMS

JOE UPTON

*Winters  
aren't  
the  
hardest  
part of  
mussel  
farming  
offshore.*



“JUST LIKE PUTTIN’ money in the bank, boys...” The speaker was a burly ex-lobsterman showing us how to get into the mussel farming business. “Ya’ just drag up these raunchy-looking little mussels, move ‘em into deeper water, thin ‘em out a bit, ‘n ‘ya get two bushels for every one ‘ya put in...”

It was May 1983. A friend and I sought to put together some kind of ocean-based business on Vinalhaven that would not conflict with the traditional fisheries, would provide a little local employment in the winter months, and perhaps would be a model for others to follow.

Between us, we’d had a few previous ventures on the island: buying and selling herring for lobster bait — good money but ruthless competition and long hours; a mackerel trap — great idea but no mackerel the year we tried it; oyster cultivation — too much labor required.

Mussel farming looked real good on paper.

The Stonington fisherman was frank about the success he had transferring mussels from the intertidal zone into slightly deeper water. The goal was to optimize their growth, and to better utilize the millions of bushels of smaller mussels on crowded beds





Joe Lipan

which otherwise would not develop into a marketable product.

There was a strong market waiting if we could produce a quality product. A mainland mussel wholesaler encouraged us to farm mussels and offered technical assistance.

Step one was in the outboards traveling to all of Vinalhaven's extensive and intricate waters to learn the extent of the island mussel resource.

There were a *lot* of mussels around Vinalhaven. But no one could tell us how many bushels a particular area might have. The Stonington boys only said that, "You'll never believe how many mussels you'll be able to get out of some of these areas..."

On the strength of just these impressions and a shellfish biologist's analysis of the samples we sent him, we decided to take the big step — apply for an aquaculture lease and buy a boat.

A lease, granted or denied by the state after a public hearing, only gave us the right to harvest the mussels we "planted;" it posed no restrictions on lobstering, navigation, or herring fishing. It only prohibited other fishermen from dragging up the mussels we had seeded on the leased bottom.

We didn't expect the hearing would be the

most controversial and well-attended public event of the year on the island.

In preparation for our application, we spoke to many of the fishermen around the island, explained our proposal and asked for input on areas that would not interfere with lobstering. After much thought and discussion with others we selected a total of 50 acres in two sites, at Crocketts River and Old Harbor, both on Vinalhaven's west side.

But, oh, the distortions and the misinformation that went around! "We'll have to get permission from those fella's afore we set our traps..." "I'll have to move my mooring..." "It'll pooch the lob'stering..." One wealthy resident produced a bogus map with a "proposed mussel plant" on it.

No fun. It all played like a bad soap, with us in it.

Having a thick skin, we learned, was an essential part of being a mussel farmer.

Finally in August of 1983 my partner and I began seeding our proposed lease sites with our newly-purchased boat, a 37' fiberglass lobsterboat rigged for mussel dragging.

And what had seemed attractive in the abstract — going into all these picturesque little coves to drag up mussels for our lease — was revealed as repetitive, muddy work, requiring the two people aboard to work as

"human fork lifts," dragging and loading fish boxes with 15,000 pounds of mussels, steaming an hour, then dumping them all over the side again, "puttin' the money in the bank," as we frequently reassured ourselves.

Then came the amazing part. We began fishing some of these mussel bars for seed and realized the incredible volume of mussels packed into those small areas.

About two weeks after we began our seeding operations we discovered a mussel bar that we hadn't even noticed in our extensive prospecting in the spring. This triangular bar of perhaps three acres, located at the very head of Winter Harbor, offered the best seed we had yet seen, so we began fishing it the first week of September.

Some 30 trips and some 40,000+ pounds of seed later, we were *still* at it, and there were still a *lot* of mussels left. We were stunned at the productivity of such a tiny area.

Then there was the thorny problem of cash flow. It would be a year before the seeded mussels would be ready to harvest. To bridge that considerable gap, we had assumed we'd fish a bed of good quality wild mussels that we'd found in Seal Bay.

It was a little naive, I suppose, to assume that we'd have such a creamer bed of mussels to ourselves. But all the same, we were unprepared to see our Stonington friends there in two boats, waving a friendly "hullo" to us as they removed almost 40,000 pounds of mussels a day from our winter fishing bed.

And so a month later when the hard weather came on, that little sweet spot was history, and my partner and I were faced with the distinctly unpleasant prospect of spending a winter "scratch fishing." You might also call it survival fishing.

*The following, an account of a rotten day fishing wild mussels on Vinalhaven in January of 1985, gives a taste of winter mussel fishing.*

THE DAY'S LAST LIGHT through spits of snow finds us in Winter Harbor, fishing a little mussel bar. Now and again the wind eddys down on us, just enough to let us know what it is doing outside — swinging through Nor'east, North, until finally it settles into the Northeast.

Most of the time we are bent over, our oilskin hoods up, totally concentrating on





Peter Ralston

what we are doing, almost oblivious to the world around us. The short day begins to go from the sky, and we are concerned about what it will be like outside, after dark, along a lee shore, with a full load on.

"Maybe we should hold off putting the plugs in," my partner suggests.

We have to put in the scupper plugs at around 140 bushels. When they are in, our whole working deck is no longer self-bailing.

Neither one of us fancies taking a sea over the stern, with no place for it to drain off to.

I look around. Already the stern is low in the water; another couple of tows will put the scrappers under.

"Oh, I guess we can call it good."

So we haul back, wash the mussels in the drag, and stack the heavy full boxes carefully.

At very last light we pass out of the shelter of Winter Harbor and into the full force of the building storm in East Penobscot Bay. We had hoped to be able to return to Carvers Harbor the way we came, the shorter route around the eastern side of the island. But with the wind Northeast and gale force there is no choice but to take the longer route — bucking into the sea and the wind until we make enough of an offing to quarter down into the lee of Widows Island and the eastern entrance to the Fox Islands Thorofare, almost an entire circuit of Vinalhaven.

The strong going tide, ebbing out of Seal Bay and Winter Harbor, opposes the Northeast wind and raises a short, steep sea. As soon as we are out into it, we are glad of our decision to get less than a boatload; even at a third throttle, it seems as if the bow barely has time to rise for each sea.

When the radar shows enough of an offing to clear the land, we pick a moment when the seas seem less steep and make our turn, putting the sea on our stern port quarter.

We have a few wild moments before we get out of the worst of the tide rip. My partner steers, and I watch astern as each sea seems to want to climb on top of us before the stern rises before it. Twice I yell out as a sea larger than the rest appears out of the gloom, and we change course to run before it rather than catch it on the quarter.

Then my partner calls to me as we roll towards an odd dark mass, barely seen in the failing light. Before we have time to react, it takes wing, exploding around us — a flock

of eider ducks. On a stormy winter evening off a breaking lee shore they seem a ghostly, eerie apparition.

When we make the lee of Widows Island, I go below. With insulated coveralls, long johns and three shirts on beneath my oilskins, I am still cold and need to sit a while by the engine to try and get warm.

An hour later I get ready to relieve my partner. When I step out of the cabin, all is darkness and swirling snow; he is a shivering face, peering into the radar screen.

"How's it going?"

"Some friggin' cold ... we're just coming inside of Dogfish now, coming up on Lead-betters Narrows ... couldn't see much life in the Thorofare." He quickly disappears below into the meager warmth of the unheated foc'sle.

The steering station of our boat is open completely to the stern and to port. Sometimes as I steer a gust of wind will suddenly eddy the snow around me, blotting out even the radar and the dim red compass light. Darkness is complete, the snow burns my face, and I feel very alone in a cold and hostile world.

Of the islands and reefs, of Hurricane Sound, of the narrow "reach" before Carvers Harbor itself, we see nothing. Guided by compass and shimmering green images on a radar tube, we twist and turn between the targets, hoping our memory and judgment will not fail us.

Finally a glow appears through the snow ahead, becomes the big light on the fish wharf, and we slide in to unload.

It is almost 7:30 before we are all unloaded and cleaned up. Then it is a 10-minute run through the black and the snow, around the corner to Old Harbor. On the third go-around, we find the mooring buoy, and at last we shut the engine down and

## THE POLITICS OF AQUACULTURE LEASING

**T**HE BLUE MUSSEL, with its deep purple sheen on the outer shell, is a pretty thing to look at on your plate and sweeter yet to taste in light garlic and sherry broth. All across the country Americans have suddenly discovered blue mussels, which might explain the new chain drags and wash troughs you see aboard an increasing number of Maine fishing boats.

Meanwhile the lowly mussel is being dragged into the middle of an increasingly public series of disputes among traditional fisherman, "wild" mussel harvesters and a new breed of mussel aquaculturists. Since the early 1970s mussel landings in Maine have increased from levels so low they often weren't reported in catch statistics to become the state's third largest fishery, surpassing clams for the first time a year ago. Although there are only 66 boats geared up to drag for mussels (as compared to, say 5,000 lobster boats), their visibility has far exceeded their numbers, perhaps because they operate close inshore under the watchful eye of a broad cross section of the waterfront public.

For the past several years arguments over both the state law permitting leases of subtle land for mussel culture and the environmental impacts of mussel harvesting have been sporadically reported in the press. But in the winter before last, a dramatic confrontation in Casco Bay between local lobstermen and out-of-town musselers put the issue on the evening news for a few nights running — long enough to get some legislators sufficiently fired up to submit a couple of bills to control mussel harvesting. The legislature tabled them to collect information both from the Department of Marine Resources and the public on mussel dragging and mussel aquaculture and recently issued a report recommending a one-year moratorium of granting new mussel leases which is now being debated.

Since mussel aquaculture appears to be the most contentious issue in the future of the mussel industry, a little perspective might be useful. Virtually all the culturing of mussels in Maine employs the bottom method, which has been adapted from methods employed in the estuaries of Holland. Bot-



**Sometimes as I steer,  
a gust of wind will suddenly  
eddy the snow around me,  
blotting out even the radar and  
the dim red compass light.**

savor the sweet silence for the first time in eight hours.

We get in the skiff and row for the dimly seen lights in the windows of my house.

"Long one, eh?"

My partner just shakes his head; we are both cold and exhausted. Fishing, stacking, loading and unloading five tons of mussels is a good day's work. But it is the worry and the storm and the cold that take their toll more than anything else; I am still shivering even inside all my clothes.

The snow slowly sifts around us. Finally the bow of the skiff grates on the shore. The light in the house is lost in the swirling white; the darkness is complete.

We half carry, half drag the skiff up the beach. Without warning we stumble into an obstruction where none should have been.

Mike fumbles for the flashlight.

A white cone of light shafts out into the snow, plays on an irregular wall of sea ice, chest-high and stacked across the entire head of the cove at the high tide line.

"Geez ... that wind must'a blown all that ice in here on the high water ... first time I ever seen that ..."

There is nothing for it but hoist the skiff up, shove it onto the plateau of ice beyond, then clamber up ourselves. For the briefest of moments I feel like Scott's or Amundsen's men must have, pushing the heavy sledges over the broken ice at the edge of the Polar Plateau. But I have a family and a cozy fire waiting for me; they, only another night in a cold tent.

On top the new snow is a foot deep, untracked, drifted by the dying wind.

Finally we make the land, turn the skiff over, and my partner moves off through the snowy dark, shining the light now and again to keep on the path to his house.

I make my way up a little knoll to our house. The welcome blast of wood heat meets me inside the door. The fire in the wood stove looks pretty good. I get myself a rum, and sit as close to it as I can.

I look at the tide calendar; then at the outside thermometer. In three more days the tides will have come around enough for us to start fishing again, mornings this time.

If the harbor doesn't freeze over.

ON OCT. 1, 1984, we dropped our drag for the first time on our leased bottom and were rewarded with tow after tow of mussels with the distinctive shell of pattern of a mussel that has been transplanted into a better growing environment — shiny, black, new growth. In little more than a year, the mussels had doubled in size, almost tripling in volume.

It was all that we had hoped lease fishing would be — we'd leave the harbor each day at 6:30 a.m., run out to the lease, just a 40-minute steam through sheltered waters, and load up in two or three hours with 9,000 or 10,000 bushels of seed we had put into that tract. A conservative yield would be 15,000 bushels.

tom culture is based on a system where small "seed" mussels (.5 to 1.5 inches long) are harvested from intertidal areas and moved to parcels of bottom acreage leased from the state. In the process the density of mussels is reduced from something like 6,000 bushels per acre in wild beds to about 500 bushels per acre on mussel leases. Controlling the density, like thinning your carrot patch, increases the food supply to individual mussels and hence increases their growth rate and quality. Six months to a year after seeding, the mussel farmer returns to his lease and can generally expect to harvest twice the seeded volume of quality mussels which, in turn, bring a premium price. On an average 20-acre lease at harvest time there are approximately 1,000 bushels of premium mussels per acre worth \$5 a bushel. Not bad for a little carrot patch.

Currently there are 20 boats fishing 32 leases comprising 700 acres, which produce approximately 15 percent of the total Maine harvest. So most of the mussels are still supplied from wild beds. Viewed from this perspective, it seems extraordinary that the relatively tiny group of bottom culture mussel harvestors could attract so much uncomplimentary attention.

The basis for mussel culture's bad reputa-

tion appears to be part human nature and part political. Politically, mussel leases are controlled not in smokey fishhouses along the working waterfront, where so much local business is conducted, but in Augusta. And although a mussel lease hearing before the Department of Marine Resources provided for public input, it is an alien forum for many fishermen. Those who defend the process suggest that fishermen don't like being required to furnish proof of their "facts." A spokesman for Great Eastern Mussel Company, a large mussel processor in Tenants Harbor, recently said, "the traditional way of going fishing is to earn your bottom in high school by going out and setting a few traps and then a few more and defending them against all comers. In mussel aquaculture you earn your bottom by going to Augusta with a lawyer and going through hearings." The emotional red flag of local control is obviously a key issue in this debate.

Then there's human nature. There are 66 mussel draggers in the state (perhaps 20 have been granted leases) who produce 75 and 150 bushels per day each. Depending on their market, they sell their catch for between \$3 and \$5 per bushel, which gives a gross cash flow of between \$225 and \$750

per boat per day. Since the higher prices and many of the higher hauls are recorded by those with leases, there is lots of room for those all-too-human emotions like envy and jealousy to run just below the surface of the discussion and further heat up a charged situation.

It's hard to guess, given the tricky cross-currents of emotion that permeate the issue, where mussel aquaculture is headed. According to one industry estimate, out of 600,000 acres of subtidal land in the state, there might be a total of 35,000 acres of bottom habitat suitable for mussel culture — only a small fraction of which would ever be required by the industry. But with only 700 acres now under lease, there appears to be some room for more leased acreage, given market demand and the attractive economics to those fishermen who have gotten leases.

In biological terms, some of the best bottom culture potential is around islands, where strong currents are the key factor for mussel growth. And who could argue that Maine's islands badly need to diversify their economies by carefully developing and managing their abundant natural resources?





Joe Upton



We needed the mussels. On the strength of our projections, my partner and I had bought some nifty shorefront overlooking one of our leases and were building new houses for our families on it.

Then one windy day in mid-December when the mussels were coming up a little thinner than we had been used to, my partner remarked, "We'll be done here before long ..."

"Naw," I replied, "there's plenty left, there's got to be ..."

To our great disappointment and chagrin, he was right. Instead of the conservative projection of 15,000 bushels for our harvest, we got 7,000.

"The ducks ate 'em," some said. "Crabs got to 'em," others had it.

"Better seed, boys, 'ya gotta' use better seed." This last from the biologist who had okayed all of the seed we had used.

But the bottom line was that once again we faced the hardest part of the year having to rely on wild mussel fishing to make our season. Except that by then we knew what was left around Vinalhaven was only skim milk; the previous winter we had pretty much combed the island for marketable mussels.

By the middle of March we were between a rock and a hard place; if we didn't find some more mussels to fish, we'd be hard put to keep paying our bills.

A tip and a couple hours of flying around in a plane at low tide led us to an almost unimaginably productive mussel bed 75 miles away.

Bluntly speaking, those mussels saved our ass. It also got us involved once again, in what we now cynically call, "Musselers in the news." The Casco Bay boys didn't care to see us coming; the week after we began fishing there five boats surrounded us rail to rail and told us to get out of Dodge.

We stayed. The next step was mussel wars, the wardens with their patrol boats, and ourselves on the 6 p.m. news. Not fun.

It was an ironic turn of events — we had set out to establish a viable alternative fishery on Vinalhaven and ended up being unwelcome "commuter fishermen" out of a mainland harbor 75 miles away.

It was obvious that we had to do something different to make our mussel farm work.

"Growth efficiency" and "super seed" were the new buzzwords in the mussel busi-

ness in 1985. A bed of excellent seed was discovered some 40 miles to the east — too far away for us to move economically with our boat.

We chartered an LCM, a World War II landing craft specially fitted out with dragging gear and a clamshell bucket for unloading, to move the seed. In one day the LCM could move more seed than our boat could in a week. We put 5,000 bushels of "super seed" in Old Harbor, hoping for better results than we had in Crocketts River.

On May 1, 1986, after fishing was closed in Casco Bay, we began fishing in Crocketts River to harvest some 2,000 to 3,000 bushels that had been too small the previous year.

Surprise! A heavy set of kelp covered the mussels we had intended to harvest. After a week of dragging boatload after boatload of kelp away from the mussel bed, we gave up getting them out.

Fortunately we don't discourage easily. On January 5, 1987, we steamed from Casco Bay to Vinalhaven, traveling past the bleak and lonely outer islands, picking up our old mooring below our houses in a beautiful pink and windy dusk. Vinalhaven was snow blasted from a weekend storm and starkly beautiful. We were very glad to be back.

On the 7th we towed up the first of our Old Harbor mussels. They were stunning — the best mussels we'd ever seen — with beautiful thin shells and full of meat.

As this article goes to press, we continue to fish the planted mussels. Although we won't know our yield until we fish the entire tract, my partner and I are — dare I say it? — guardedly optimistic. If we get the kind of production that the fishing so far seems to indicate, we will reseed the area as soon as we are finished fishing so as to get onto a yearly harvest schedule.

There is only one problem. Our lease is so close to the harbor that we don't get a good chance to finish our sandwiches on the run in before we have to unload. But I suppose we can live with that.

---

*Joe Upton is a fisherman-writer-photographer with homes in Camden and on Vinalhaven. His enterprises have moved from the inshore salmon fisheries of Alaska (beautifully recounted in his book, *Alaska Blues*), through a stint in the Maine coast bait-herring fishery, on to his current project, mussel culture amidst the Fox Islands of Penobscot Bay. His recently published book, *Amaretto*, is reviewed in this issue.*

**Steaming home through the new ice of a February afternoon, NOVA makes a clear wake after a day's dragging on the scattered grounds that characterize the mussel resource. Though mussel harvesting is still dominated by harvesting "wild" beds, bottom cultured production is a new high-value fishery with all the attendant fears, risks and hopes of new enterprises.**





Stonington—Deer Isle Historical Society Collection

### *THE CROTCH ISLAND QUARRY, MAINE*

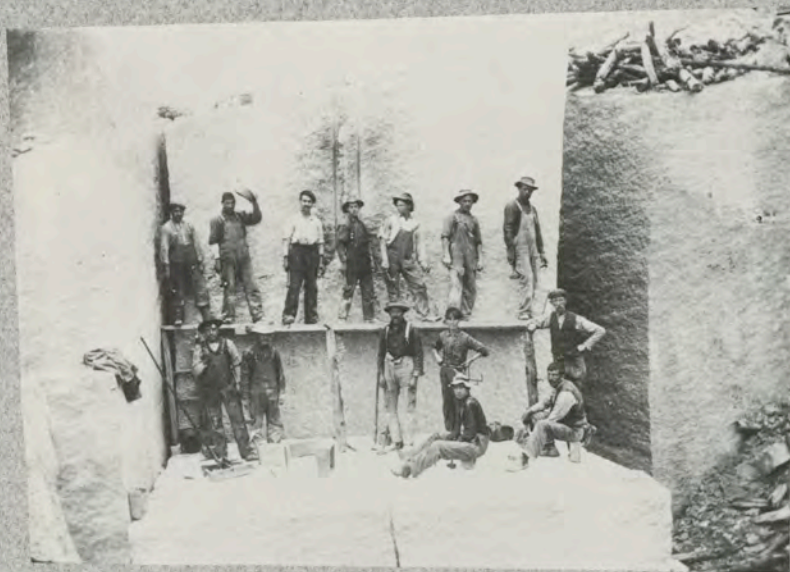
Deer Isle Pink, for seventy years, like roses  
 floated across Jericho Bay,  
 gaining Stonington — granite  
 block stacked and numbered  
 on an oily barge.

Quick shrills on the Company whistle meant  
*Accident* and the children watched for  
 the boat with the broken.  
 A stone cut loose spun  
 Mary Prescott's father into the quarry pit.  
 You could feel the crack: it went  
 almost around his head.  
 All he could taste was peas.

New York City starved for granite —  
 in the 1890s, one hundred twenty-one thousand tons  
 for Manhattan's Ninth Regiment Armory alone —  
 and the orders lined up:  
 Williamsburg and East River Bridges, Fine Arts  
 Museum in Boston, the Security Building  
 in Los Angeles. Ida Mae Eaton's boarding-house  
 angels wrestled quarrymen,  
 and dandies at the wedding-cake  
 Stonington Hotel Virginia-reeled the ladies.  
 The Cathedral of St. John the Divine  
 waited for word.

Herman Walker's wife snipped off his socks  
 to pillow the thin of his wrists.  
 Apprenticed, he lit the charge  
 and ran. They sent him back  
 crabwise when the powder didn't catch.  
 Nothing held together.  
 Herman's father kept in mind  
 the strainings of bedrock, his youth  
 spent quarryings with brushfires, with one hand  
 on the heated stone, the suddenly  
 rasping apart  
 blocks like houses.





Stonington—Dear Isle Historical Society Collection

The stonecutters ground  
to forty tons the fountain bowl  
for the Rockefellers' Tarrytown estate.  
They sank  
into the gardens of their lungs,  
silicosis blossom and bud.

Fifteen hundred stones  
rose into the light  
for Kennedy's memorial at Arlington,  
1966, and the quarry froze shut.  
Come spring, there were snakes on the island.

The old quarrymen remember best  
their round dinner pails, how their women  
treated them on the job.  
At the bottom was a well for tea,  
over that a section for soup,  
then a place for sandwiches,  
and on top room for a large pie.  
Set the pail over a fire  
and the tea warmed your whole meal.

Boston is pinned by silver  
slivers of glass and steel. No one calls  
for granite. Over the island,  
deep in timothy and bay bush, the quarry  
rails meander to the wharf.  
The stones appear fleshy.  
Feldspars, the sorrel flecks  
they call "horses in the granite"  
catch your eye. Kennedy's memorial  
has them. A summer rainstorm and the stone  
is skittish with horses.

*JOHN C. WITTE*

*John Witte is a poet, teacher and editor of Northwest Review in Eugene, Oregon. His poems have appeared in such journals as New Yorker, Paris Review, Antaeus, Iowa Review and American Poetry Review. He is a recipient of grants from the National Endowment of the Arts, Oregon Arts Commission and the Provincetown Fine Arts Work Center.*







JOHN FOSS

# WALKING FREIGHT

*Since we are all used to thinking about matters in terms of scale, it is always appropriate to point out specific examples of things where the conventional wisdoms about scale do not apply. For example, most of us who worry about the quality of the environment assume that the least impact on a natural place is the best, none perhaps being best of all. When it comes to Maine's uninhabited islands, many of us apply this rule: few people should be allowed access to these nice places, with or without the proviso that we ourselves be included among the fortunate few.*

*The irony of this position is that today virtually all of the serious impact to island environments is perpetrated by individuals, either alone*

*or in small company, and these always unaffiliated with identifiable groups. In the wild island context, thoughtlessness is a dish generally served alone or nearly so. The windjammers of the Maine coast, like the Outward Bound boats, and ship's companies, are identifiable and, as this thoughtful piece by John Foss explains, serve as collective stewards of the islands. What he does not mention is that, as conflicting social pressures converge on the islands, public and judicial notice will be taken of those works, for or against the welfare of the islands. In the scale of things today, the schooner trade is clearly a beneficent use. Just thought we'd mention that...*

COMMERCIAL SAIL has always been a visible part of Maine coastal life, although its importance in the overall picture has changed somewhat. Who can imagine a Maine harbor of the 19th century without a fleet of sailing vessels to link the community with the world? Who can imagine a drugstore postcard rack around here now without color shots of cruise schooners? Windjammers inherited the sailing tradition and have carried it on within an economy turned away from the sea.

Windjammers developed to their present form about 50 years ago. Before the Civil War working vessels were occasionally chartered for pleasure cruises Downeast. Summer hotels at the turn of the century might have had a sloop or two for an afternoon's pleasure. But it was the pinky schooner *Susan* built in 1827 at Essex, Mass., that may well have been the first Maine vessel to regularly carry pleasure-bent passengers for hire when she ran fishing parties out of Christmas Cove in 1899. Pictures of a cruise aboard her show that she meets the present-day criteria for a windjammer: she's an old schooner, there isn't much wind, the guests are having a great time eating watermelon, and at least one of the crew looks a little disenchanted. It could well be an August afternoon in 1987!

Modern windjamming — weekly cruises for groups of individual passengers — began in Penobscot Bay in 1935. For the first

15 years those aboard the schooners could see other commercial vessels still freighting under sail. Windjamming was successful enough that the fleet out of Camden and Rockland grew to a dozen vessels after World War II, but at the same time traditional "commercial sail" was dying, and the last load of pulpwood went up the Penobscot under sail in 1950. After that the windjammers were on their own. Vessels that failed to make the transition to passengers met sad ends; many were dragged ashore and smashed to pieces. Several that went ashore simply "failed to rise with the tide." The remaining old freighters were weary, and sufficient income to maintain them at all was no more than a vague memory.

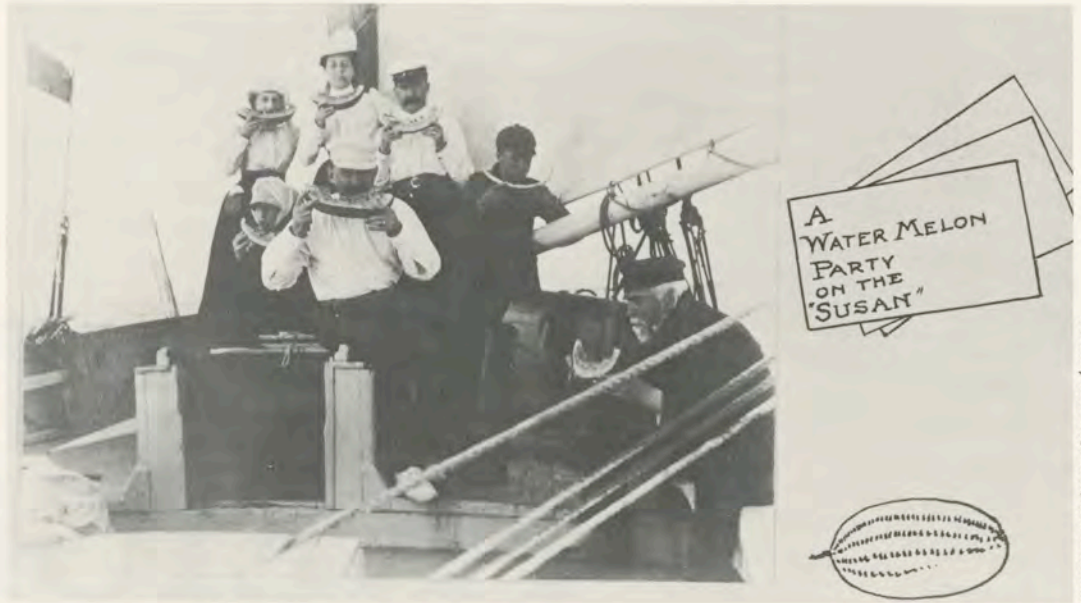
But a bright retirement waited for the few that survived beyond the black days of the early '50s. Compared to pulpwood or salt fish, people were an ideal cargo. While it wouldn't do to get them too wet, they loaded and unloaded themselves, weren't too hard on the paint, and unlike four-foot spruce and pickled herring, were generally fun to talk to. The future looked promising for coastal sail. Many of the captains made the transition too. Running a windjammer was a pleasant change: an opportunity to sail in good weather in the warmer months, a new and appreciative audience for repeating the same stories every week, a chance to get out of the house. One captain celebrated his birthday almost every week. The old salts of yesteryear never had it so good.

In the mid-1950s the regulatory arm of government embraced the windjammer fleet with licensing rules and periodic inspections. The rules weren't unreasonable — the kindling hatchet was renamed the fire axe, for instance — but some of the schooners couldn't take the initial pressure of this administrative bear hug and ended up at Simpson's Animal Park in Brunswick or somewhere on the bottom off Seguin. The schooners that endured were good ones, but some classic old types were lost — like the Chesapeake craft that years before had carried watermelons instead of people, and pert little packets from Blue Hill

**A century and a half of nautical romanticism does not dilute the loveliness of schooners. Here, seemingly at rest in fog off Stonington, they continue in their trade. They are at work as they always have been.**



**Schooner  
Pinky Susan  
out of  
South Bristol,  
Maine,  
taken in 1888.**



Peabody Museum, Salem, MA Collection

Bay and points east that at once represented the art and enterprise of small coastal communities.

In the 30 years since licensing was imposed, the windjammer fleet has more than doubled and has become more diverse in type. As workboats in many trades switched to power, more sailboats came on the market: lovely pilot schooners, Delaware Bay oyster boats, and New England fishing schooners. Some of these vessels wandered to the coast of Maine, and Voila! More cruise schooners.

Not all of the windjammers are recycled working craft. Three new vessels were built specifically for the cruise trade, so that by 1986 there were 15 windjammers operating in mid-coast Maine, ranging in age from three to 115. Under sail some of them gracefully shame the gulls in their flight while others clumsily scare small boats from their path as they bear down on them in the harbor. The vessels are usually sailed aggressively, with a spirit not unlike that of the lobster boat racers. Their attitude is, why motor when you can sail, or why row all that distance to reach shore when you can anchor close to the beach? August is the month when schooners anchor in quiet spots only to be surrounded come nightfall by first-time cruising yachts who discover to their dismay that some of these big, shallow-draft sailing craft may draw less than their deep-keeled boats.

Annually the schooners carry about one passenger for every 1,000 visitors to Acadia National Park, perhaps 500 a week in mid-season for the entire fleet. The experience for the windjammer guest climbing aboard for a week's vacation is very different from that endured by the automobile tourist on coastal Route 1. Life is uncomplicated except for operating the marine plumbing: no radio, no TV, no newspapers. There is also no room service, no easy chairs, and often no showers or hot water. But there is lots of fresh air, home-baked meals, days of bays and islands, and nights of stars from horizon to horizon. Of course, when a schooner is anchored at Islesford, part of

the twilight twinkle is car headlights on Mt. Cadillac, but where else can you see your anchor in 20 feet of water on a still morning — or in 40 feet at Monhegan?

A windjammer itinerary is much the same as cruising yachtsmen would choose if they drew between six and 13 feet of water. There is no fixed route, just the need to be back at the dock by the end of the week. From Memorial Day to Columbus Day schooners turn up in harbors from Portland to Schoodic and sometimes beyond. Breakfast and dinner aboard the windjammers are usually at anchor, with lunch while underway during a six- to eight-hour sailing day. There's an hour or two in the evening, or perhaps on a windless morning, to go ashore and stretch one's legs or mail a postcard, but then it's time to make sail, heave up the anchor, and test the breeze. In the course of a week on the water, one can't help but realize what an amazing place the Maine coast is, with the islands looking the best they have for a century or more. Only the busy quarries on Crotch Island off Stonington serve to remind us of what was and could have been if the coast had been industrialized. Almost everywhere else the stark barren shores of a few generations ago have recovered in fir and spruce, bayberry and juniper, with only plastic and cans as contemporary insults to the dignity of nature. Schooner passengers and crew collect tidal debris with enthusiasm.

The highlight of the windjammer experience may be neither the working of a sea-kindly vessel under sail nor the retreat from work and business, but rather a visit to a Maine island and a lobsterbake on the beach. We go ashore fully aware that there is neither plumbing nor a fire department on this unspoiled little bit of heaven, that this is nature as God made it and as man has left it, and that we'd better not mess with the last two. We generally know whose island it is, and, if not, hope that owners consider themselves as stewards for the greater good. We hope that our presence is part of that greater good.

In records kept by eight member vessels of the Maine Windjammer Association in 1986, there were 132 visits on 30 different islands resulting in the removal of 69 large bags of trash, most of which was found along the shore. This was done at the cost of about three tons of lobsters, maybe 300 pies and 100 watermelons. Sixty percent of the spots visited were privately owned, 25 percent under the care of conservation groups and 15 percent tended by town or state governments.

Schooner passengers are from all over. Some grew up on the Maine coast, have been away, and want to come back. Most everyone is on a vacation for fun and relaxation. There are couples, singles and family groups. Each comes away with his or her own memories of the trip: the visits ashore, the new friends, the schooner and the food. All have been exposed in a way that is different and un-modern.

Maine windjammers aren't the last of anything. They are part of the consistency of maritime spirit along the Maine coast, the present embodiment in plank and frame of prior generations of hard work and pleasure. A cruise schooner is the pretty sister to the working lobsterboats, seiners, draggers, coastal tankers and ferries, and on a breezy afternoon she may outpace some of them, bringing a smile to the hardest of locals.

We're all intrigued and a little impressed by large things, particularly if they're old and move, like locomotives or Tip O'Neill. Windjammers are both, and, particularly along the coast of Maine, they belong here.

*John Foss is owner and master of the new schooner, American Eagle, out of Rockland, an extraordinary business in this day of specialization. John began some years ago, in his partnership at the North End Shipyard of Rockland, rehabilitating the Lewis R. French, a schooner built at Christmas Cove, Maine, in 1871. Completely rebuilt, the vessel sails today in fine fashion every season, both she and the American Eagle proud participants in the growing Maine fleet.*





## THE TRAGEDY OF *CYGNUS*

EUGENE L. SWAN, JR.

ON MAY 7, 1933, Norman S. Moore, a 25-year-old man who was not quite right in his head, set fire to a dilapidated building in the heart of Ellsworth, Maine, a small seacoast city on the Union River. In his befuddled way, Norman had followed the acrimonious quarrel that was taking place on whether the old building should be demolished. He sided with those who wanted it removed, and he put the kerosene to it.

The consequences were catastrophic. A full gale was blowing when he set the fire, and 200 homes and 50 businesses were wiped out. The fire spread down the east bank of the river where several yachts had spent the winter in their cradles. It destroyed them all. One was the *Cygnus*, my father's 48-foot topsail schooner.

The fire that destroyed the *Cygnus* also ended the effective life of a salty and unusual little man named Frank Pratt.

There was a rare quality about Captain Pratt (only my father called him Frank). It was a feeling he gave of valuable antiquity. His appearance made him seem to be a throwback to the days when sailors tarred their pigtailed, danced the hornpipe and wore earrings. He was lively, no taller than a boy, and homely as a mud fence. His face, dark, creased and leathery, had a wide mouth, large, hairy ears, a truly huge nose, and eyes that blinked and squinted but

missed nothing. His crisp hair was jet black when we first knew him, and later pepper and salt. He was quite vain, shaved daily, and had his hair cut regularly. When he went ashore, he always was carefully dressed.

For more than fourteen years, Frank was master of the *Cygnus*, taking boys from Pine Island Camp on Whitehead, of which my father was the director, on exciting cruises throughout Penobscot Bay. The little yacht was his whole life, not just his livelihood. She was the reason his neighbors respected him. In harbors up and down the coast Frank was treated with deference by the dockmasters, merchants, and by the skippers of lesser vessels. The elegant little schooner was his domain. Aboard her his influence was unchallenged and his security complete. He lived in perfect accord with my father, a man of the Maine coast himself who respected Frank's seamanship and relished his droll manner.

Every fall the family would take a short cruise before the Doctor went off on a longer one. Our cruises ended at Hancock Point where my grandfather, in 1883, had built a small cottage. On one of these family cruises, when my brother Rip was about four, he was sitting by the wheel next to the Captain, talking to him with great earnestness. The Captain was paying no attention. Rip saw this and reached up with a chubby

hand and laid hold of the Captain's great tiller of a nose and hauled the Captain's face around to look at him.

Everyone in the cockpit was horrified, but the Captain was more than equal to the situation.

"Well, well," he said, blinking away, "what was that you was sayin'?"

This was typical of the gentle way the Captain treated us when we were small boys, even when we must have sorely tried him.

But as we grew older we were treated like young sailors. We were totally respectful and eager to do his bidding, and he had no trouble in exercising his authority. Aboard he had behind him the long traditions of the sea which give the master of the vessel absolute power, and we took it as a matter of course. If we were clumsy or slow in handling the sheets and halyards, he would spring from the cockpit with the agility of a monkey and snatch the rope from us, rumbling dissatisfaction.

"You've got everything a-dingle-dangle. Look aloft. And coil with the sun. You've got it all backwards."

Throughout the long fall, and again in the spring, he did the painting and scraping and all the other myriad chores that go with keeping a boat shipshape and seaworthy. During much of this time he lived aboard. The *Cygnus* was a refuge, a one-man clubhouse to which he could retire from the



strictness of his wife's housekeeping and her demands on his attention. Moored safely out there a short row from the wharf, he was secure. His bunk was wide and deep, filled with books and periodicals, with shelves above it and drawers below for his possessions. It was in the passage between the main cabin and the galley. It was a spacious galley for a yacht this size, with a large Shipmate range that burned hardwood scraps and could cook just about anything. Its cheerful warmth kept below decks snug and dry.

In the main cabin, brass kerosene lamps gleamed in mounts that swung with the roll of the ship. Tassled curtains, diminutive as a doll's petticoat, hung in the oval, brass-rimmed portholes. There was more brass on the Seth Thomas clock which the Captain kept shining brightly and which he took ashore with him each fall.

On deck was the roomy cockpit where he could sit, sheltered from the wind, smoke his pipe, and look ashore at the ant-like scurry of the town where there was so little that interested him.

If a man's home is his castle, the *Cygnus* was Frank Pratt's palace.

Anyone who ever sailed with Frank Pratt never forgot him. It was not only that he was a fine seaman, sometimes piloting us into a fogbound harbor simply by the sound of a church bell or the barking of a dog. The crooning quality of his voice and the quaintness of his speech and the things he chose to talk about set him apart. In spite of his weatherbeaten, rough appearance, he had a strong, romantic and poetic side that was unexpected and delightful. Sitting at the elegant brass-spoked wheel of the little yacht, squinting off to the horizon or up into the topsail rigging, he would be humming a tune and then break off to praise the way the *Cygnus* was performing as she bowled along with all canvas set, climbing up the long swells and racing down them in a smother of foam.

"See how she goes," he'd cry. "She's got a bone in her teeth. Ah, lovely, lovely!"

"And look at them hungry big swells on that bar over there, a-gnashin' and a-gnashin', ready to snap and claw her down if she gets too close."

At his post at the wheel, as we slipped along in a nice breeze, he might sing a plaintive chanty to himself, his great nose a sounding board for the quavering tune. He would squint off to the ledges a mile or so away where surf sent up a feathery spout of spray every now and then.

"There's Bill White's whale," he would call out excitedly.

We would peer and marvel, and someone would ask, "Who was Bill White, Captain?"

"Why the one who saw the whale, of course!"

The Captain seldom swore, but it wasn't because he lacked the vocabulary. This was demonstrated one windy day when we were running with a strong tide through the narrow passage between Mt. Desert Island and the mainland. Well before we reached the drawbridge, we sounded the horn to turn



Pine Island Camp Collection

**Capt. Frank Pratt was a rare individual on a coast of characters, and the loss of his beloved schooner led to the tragic ending of a life of joy and achievement.**

out the bridgekeeper. The bridge leaped into sight, but no keeper seemed to have stirred. We tooted and tooted, ripping along ever closer to disaster. There was no turning back. It was too narrow and the tide and the wind were too strong.

The keeper finally appeared, barely getting the bridge open before we shot through. The Captain stood on the after deck bellowing curses long after we were out of earshot.

It was September. We were bowling along a family cruise that would end the season for us all. As we flew across the sparkling expanse of Penobscot Bay, the stays humming in the wind, the reefpoints rhythmically slapping the big mainsail, no one was thinking of the winter to come. The Captain was in fine form. In his best humorously doleful and serious manner, he was explaining to the Doctor how the government was going to put a tax on the wind.

"They've got a tax on everything else we need, so what's left, Doctor? You know them government fellers can't stop, can they now? They'd lose their jobs if they wasn't to find something new to tax. Yessir, Doctor, it's going to be the wind."

"Well, Frank," my father replied, "you may be right, but how in the world can they reckon the tax? How can they tell how much wind a person uses?"

"Why, that's simple, Doctor. They've got that all figured out. They'll just measure your sails and charge you by the square foot."

"I see, Frank, but if they do that, I think we better cut down on our square footage and not rig the topsails next spring."

"By God, Doctor, I was thinkin' the same thing. Sail her bald-headed like the coasters do. Them topsails is mostly for show anyway."

THE ELLSWORTH FIRE made the New York newspapers and my father soon knew that the *Cygnus* was gone. He took the Bar Harbor Express to the burned-out city. He had been born a few miles away in the village of Franklin and had known Ellsworth all his life.

On the banks of the river he found all that was left of his yacht: some pig iron ballast, the old Palmer engine, ten fathoms of chain, and the warped remains of the galley range.

He found the Captain in the hospital. The loss of the *Cygnus* had overwhelmed him, a mountainous sea that had swept away his mind. He could not conceive of so great loss. All he could comprehend was that the ship's clock, which he had cared for so faithfully, had been left aboard for the first time ever and was now gone. Every other autumn he had carried it up to his little cottage where he found comfort in the energetic striking of its bell, sounding its ancient sea-going pattern of eight. This pattern, so much at variance with land-bound clocks, confused his wife. In deference to her, he had left the clock screwed to the bulkhead in the main cabin.

Now he was crushed with guilt. When the Doctor found him in the hospital, Frank hid under the covers, too ashamed to face him.

In a few weeks, Frank was gone.

The loss of his yacht was a terrible blow to my father, but the death of the quaint, proud, humorous little man with whom he had spent some of the happiest days of his life was a greater one. It was years before he could speak of it in a normal voice. Frank Pratt was one of the last links with his boyhood on the Maine coast, a time when he and his brothers sailed in leaky old boats cast aside by the fishermen of Frenchman Bay, a time when the brothers told each other of the fine vessel they would have some day, showing her heels to those swells over there at Bar Harbor.

Another schooner was found and outfitted. The Doctor, with his remarkable ability to draw people to him, engaged Freeman Closson, a bluewater skipper well-known and respected up and down the coast. But it was not like sailing with Frank, who was the sea itself, sometimes rough and demanding, brown and salty as a piece of kelp, and with eyes that sparkled and blinked as blue and lively as breakers on a ledge.

Bill White's whale still spouts its feather of spray high into the air. It is the only stationary whale in all of Penobscot Bay. It is a suitable monument to a unique and unforgettable Maine man of the sea.

---

*Gene Swan lives in Athens, ME where he makes maple syrup and raises percheron horses. His family still owns the Pine Island Camp where Frank Pratt worked for his father. The Swans spend two months a year on Whitehead Island in the Muscle Ridge Channel, and take their "boys" for 5-day field trips throughout the summer.*





# MONHEGAN NIGHT WATCH

JEANNE G. ROLLINS

Many of the young and those not nautically inclined think that a "pilot" is someone who flies airplanes. They are, therefore, surprised to learn that a large part of aeronautical terminology has been adopted in whole or in part from ancient maritime vocabularies. Until about 300 years ago "pilot" referred to the fully enfranchised mariner, one completely responsible for the conduct of a vessel and its missions. Since then, the responsibilities of pilots have been divided up between titles such as "captain," "master," "navigator," even "skipper," "owner" and "dispatcher." Meanwhile, the term pilot, itself, has been given to full-time professional mariners who have special knowledge of certain inshore waterways and systems, and who are by law required aboard registered vessels in those waters to see them safely into port. Should this seem to be a prosaic occupation, please understand that the service is mandatory 24 hours a day, in all seasons, in all weather, out of small boats which have to come alongside massive vessels often laden with dangerous cargoes. Many of these ships are overseen by masters and crews lacking the slightest inkling of the English language or, in some cases, even where they are going, other than a destination figured on a large-scale chart. Pilots are heros, of a sort, and Monhegan is a traditional American pilot station. Jeanne Rollins of Monhegan gives us a fine portrait of one of these elite mariners.



*From their lobster boats, the Stanley men  
of Monhegan put Penobscot Bay Pilots aboard ocean  
going vessels from around the world.*

**W**HAT AM I DOING at the beach on Monhegan at 10:00 p.m. in January with freezing temperatures and 48-knot northeast winds? The cloud cover is an eerie gray and the occasional lighthouse beam lights up the angry seas inside the breakwater. I question how badly I want to experience pilot work in the winter, but before I have a chance to run home and join my husband in our warm bed I hear other voices, little noises cutting through the intensity of the weather. Too proud to run now, I put fear and seasickness in the back of my mind and prepare myself for a rough trip.

Capt. Sherm Stanley and his son Shermie, both of medium height with sturdy and trim builds, appear out of the night. Of old families from Monhegan Island and along the Maine coast, they still make their living from the sea. Using his lobster boat, either one alone usually takes the Pen Bay pilot out to meet a ship that needs to be guided up Penobscot Bay to Searsport or Bucksport. But tonight the weather looks bad and the forecast calls for worse as the night wears on.

With the help of pilot Gil Hall, a veteran of two decades of this oftentimes hazardous work, the four of us carry the skiff across the beach to the rolling sea. It is going to take a

real trick to fit all of us into the little boat and go out through the breakers without being swamped. Sherm quickly pushes the skiff between the black waves, and, with his usual politeness aside, he hollers for me to jump in. Like tiptoeing across a cold floor, bulky hip boots and all, each of us leaps through the water and into a seat. Sherm lands between the oars and with one swift motion has them in the oarlocks and is driving the skiff over the coming breakers.

In the dark I watch the outline of Sherm's oars in the beam of the lighthouse. My fear, felt only minutes ago on the beach, has totally disappeared. Sherm has a strong respect for the sea and his overall confidence and unquestionable ability have a way of inviting trust from all his passengers.

It is beginning to snow and the tiny flakes sting my cheeks, hinting that this is just the harbinger of an approaching storm. I listen to the Manana foghorn, already a muffled blast absorbed by the snow. Heavy seas bear down on us through the harbor, causing the lobster boats to tug on their mooring chains.

Alongside the pilot boat *Phalarope* at last, I scoot onto the deck and into a corner next to Gil where I'll be most out of the way. Sherm and Shermie immediately busy themselves getting the boat ready to leave. Monhegan's

lobstering season has recently opened, so Sherm's boat is stacked high with trays of bait, lobster barrels and cull trays. I wedge myself between bait barrels, only later to consider the odor when rough seas empty the brine on me.

Sherm starts the engine and checks all his instrument panels as Shermie walks the skiff to the bow where he can drop the mooring chain. Through the darkness and growing storm I can't see Shermie on the bow, but I feel the boat's relief as we drift off the mooring.

Sherm heads out the mouth of the harbor while I press my nose to the windshield and watch the storm envelop the island. Gil turns on the VHF radio to listen for the expected tanker, the *Sprague Capella*. This ship, hailing from Liberia, is carrying 40,000 barrels of oil to Bucksport. Gil estimates an arrival in Bucksport by early morning, but he knows by the tanker's heavy cargo that they will have to await dockage until high tide.

Gil calls the ship: "*Sprague Capella*, *Sprague Capella*, this is the Monhegan Pilot boat, WZW-5628, standing by." His voice is calm, and anyone listening to the conversation could picture the man sitting at home by a warm stove.

"This is the *Sprague Capella* to the Monhegan pilot boat," comes the reply in broken English.

"Monhegan pilot back, please switch to channel 10, sir." Channel 16 is only a hailing and distress frequency.

"Mon-he-gan pilot, Mon-he-gan pilot, this is *Sprague Capella* on channel 10."

"Yes sir, this is the Monhegan pilot boat, what is your ETA?"

"We have been de-layed, our new E-T-A is 23:30," I groan to myself. It will be an hour's wait on the building seas.

A boat at night is a different creature. Whereas in the daylight you have plenty of visual stimulation, at night you have practically none. To avoid ruining our night vision, the only lights on in the cabin include the soft red glow of the compass and instrument panels, and the orb of green from the radar scope. I strain my eyes to see shapes and figures, but it's useless.

We idle about a mile behind Manana Island while Sherm keeps the boat into the seas and maintains headway to keep from drifting off course. My first challenge is to keep my balance at night. While in the daytime I can handle rough seas with little ef-







Shermie Stanley delivering Gil Hall to an inbound oil barge.

fort, in the dark I stagger around like a drunk. The bait barrels become surrogate sea legs. Clutching the barrel lip and throwing all my weight in the corner, I stay upright.

Other senses take over where sight leaves off. I smell the odor of herring pickle, feel the pitching of the boat, hear the rumbling of the engine and the howling wind. Despite the cold winds, sweat breaks out on my brow and seasickness becomes my chief concern.

For an hour we wait until the now familiar voice comes over our VHF radio. We switch back to channel 10 to hear the latest progress report.

"We are now passing the 14 M whistle buoy." I strain my eyes through the window to see the lights of the fast-approaching tanker, but still no sign.

"Roger, *Sprague Capella*, we will do a port boarding. Please maintain a speed of six knots." The port boarding will allow the 675-foot tanker to create a relatively calm lee, and maintaining a slow speed will give the skippers some control in the heavy seas.

As we near the ship, a glow appears through the snow as if the whole horizon were beginning to lighten. Soon we can see the tanker framed by the blizzard like a ship in a bottle. The sea levels out considerably as we drop toward the stern of our moving target. I can see a seaman amidships on the port side lowering a rope ladder over the rail.

Shermie climbs up onto the washboard and skates forward through the slush. He fastens a rubber bumper over the starboard side. The deck lights of the tanker are enough to light up our cabin.

With the stern bumper also in place, Sherm speeds up and closes on the tanker. The water boils between his thin hull and the wall of steel a few feet away, and I can feel the tremendous suction caused by the ship's propeller. Our engine echos loudly off her hull.

We are alongside the Jacob's ladder, and Sherm slows the engine to keep pace with the tanker. With hulls only about a yard apart, Gil climbs onto the washboard to wait. Except for his bright orange flotation jacket, he could be patiently waiting for the next train. He carries a canvas bag over his shoulder containing a copy of the most recent newspaper, a traditional offering to the ship's captain.

With the vessels barely a foot apart, I expect Gil to jump to the ladder, but instead he hesitates to study the motion of the boats. Then, when the *Sprague Capella* rolls into a trough and starts ascending the next sea, Gil steps across the ladder and quickly climbs out of reach of the *Phalarope*. If the vessels were both descending, he'd risk being crushed between the hulls when they rolled together.

Sherm revs the engine full ahead to break out from the suction of the tanker. We pull away as if in slow motion while Shermie again climbs forward to take in the bumper. Out of the ship's suction, the engine is slowed and we draw back toward the stern of the ship. Sherm warns me to brace myself for rough going as we come around the stern.

Sure enough, an old hisser is waiting for us, as if we were prey and it the predator. We take the sea off our starboard bow and I am immediately sorry that I didn't wear my oil pants as icy fish brine from the bait barrel pours down my leg and into my boot. Three bait trays stacked one atop the other flip over and pour their contents all over the deck. Almost simultaneously the *Sprague Capella* switches off her decklights and we are again in total darkness.

Sherm regains stability of the boat while Shermie cleans up spilled fish. I dig my nails deeper into the bait barrel. Between occasional glances at the radar scope, Sherm gazes into the blinding blizzard. He studies the sea and meets each swell with calm fa-

miliarity. However, by his straight posture and straining neck, I know he isn't taking our situation lightly.

Gil's voice rings clearly over our VHF: "Security, security. This is the tanker *Sprague Capella*, 2 miles west of Manana Island, inbound for Penobscot Bay. All vessels in the area, please be advised. *Sprague Capella* clear." This is a routine call when visibility is poor. Moments later Gil calls the *Phalarope* and asks Sherm to give him a call when we are safely on our mooring.

I resume my private battle with balance and seasickness for the 45-minute trip back to the harbor. The wind is now gusting to sixty knots and the seas continue to build. If the temperature drops a few degrees, we'll be in danger of icing up. Three quarters of a mile to go... a bit over half a mile... a half mile... a quarter of a mile. Finally the lights of Manana Coast Guard Station pierce the snowstorm. I am going to beat the seasickness!

We round Casket Rock without a glimpse of it and head up the harbor. For the first time since leaving, we are welcomed by the lighthouse beam. Except for the ever-present kerosene lamp in Rita's window, the rest of the harbor is dark. Still lacking the use of a spotlight, Sherm guides the *Phalarope* to her mooring.

I can feel my tension lift as the deck lights come on and my straining eyes relax to the contrasts of dark and light. Skeletons of red fish litter the slush-covered deck. Sherm sets to work scraping them into a shovel. I hardly hear Sherm and Gil's conversation on the VHF as my thoughts return to a steaming cup of tea and a warm bed.

This is the end of the trip for me, but for Gil Hall it is only the beginning. For over 20 years he has been piloting one or two ships a week using either Monhegan or Matinicus as a base. Along with six other Pen Bay pilots, he has navigated ships and tankers to ports from Rockland to Eastport in all kinds of weather. Delivering pilots to and from these ships is one more way in which offshore islanders serve coastal Maine.

---

*Jeanne Rollins is a year-round resident of Monhegan Island where her homemaking with fisherman-husband Steve finds expansion in good writing, a sample of which we are pleased to share once again. Her story about Sheila the pig, published in these pages last year, continues to attract sympathetic and admiring comment.*





Peter Kalston

GEORGE PUTZ

# ENDANGERED TREES

## *The Legacy of Island Apples*

OF THE ROUGHLY 3,000 varieties of apples in the world that have officially recognized names, about 1,200 are to some degree established in the northeastern United States. These are but a fraction of named varieties that were once locally esteemed but not universally recognized. Indeed, there are over 400 apple types identified just for Maine!

Many more were unique to a single property. A crab/domestic apple cross would be seeded by wildlife and thrive to fruition alongside a field or brook. A farmer would discover it in the autumn, try it and like it, graft it to rootstock and plant it, name and nurture it — and thus create a new variety. If neighbors came to admire it, they'd seek grafting scions from the tree, keep the name, and thus a new variety would enter the rosters of American agricultural history. Otherwise the tree lived out its time and died, or rerooted itself and managed to survive into our time, its name probably forgotten.

Today, when barely a dozen apple varieties are commercially available and perhaps twice that many offered in garden catalogs, our traditional apple types in all their wonders and possibilities are in crisis. That is what this essay is about: to save Maine island fruit types, especially apples, from extinction. They are rapidly falling into oblivion, and it is generally understood that forever is a long time.

Most of the early apple types brought to North America were from England, which had received its early stocks from the European mainland. Many of the old varieties that we enjoy today on the Maine islands are genetic combinations of these ancient European types recombined with influences of the native North American crab apples. Exceptions include the Pippins, Russets, Granny Smiths and Cox's groups, which have English roots going back at least 200 years. Pippins, especially the Nonpareils, go back over 400 years.



THERE ARE LOTS of reasons to like a particular apple, such as tree stature, longevity, sweetness, color, taste, and early or late blossoming. Then there are ripening, cooking and keeping qualities, resistance to heat, cold, drought, moisture, salt spray and fog, or shipability, pectin content, sentimentality, etc. People have their preferences and purposes. Generally, farmers and yeoman citizens made a point of minding their apples, and the islanders of Maine were as assiduous as any Americans in this endeavor.

Until the late 19th century all pomological propagation was essentially a folk wisdom. Left alone, trees produce a single variety throughout the canopy of the plant. However, new branches carrying entirely different varieties of fruit can be introduced by grafting. This is done by removing new shoots, called scions, from desirable trees and manipulating the tissues of scion and host tree so that they "take" or join into a common living structure. Several types of apples may therefore be grown on a single tree. Island dooryard trees often had two or three types; one healthy specimen on the Fox Islands has six! The fruit type is a function of the parent tree's scion. The character of the tree itself — its size, general growth character, disease resistance and longevity — is dependent on the rootstock, the host tree's genetic endowment by whatever source, wild or planted.

Almost all of our known varieties of American commercial apples were thus created. For example, all of the Red Delicious apples, sold by the millions of crates in the nation's grocery stores, share a single ancestor — a wild-seeded tree discovered growing in a ditch along a rural roadside in northern Ohio. Spurious wild trees in woods still produce and are solicited for their services by growers in the autumn. The old orchards still drop even as the spruce invade their feet. The cellarholes are yet visited by the knowing for their arboreal gifts. For example, most all of the Yellow Transparents on the inhabited islands are known and tended for their moment of readiness. Sauce from this variety is legendary in many island households.

Still and all, the prognosis for traditional island fruit is grim. Each year sees the death of hundreds of the old trees on the larger, formerly agricultural, islands. Thus it is imperative that we find old apple trees, pay attention to them, take care of them and, in cases where the fruit is desirable or otherwise of interest, consider learning to graft their scion stocks to healthier, more convenient trees or rootstock. It's not a difficult task, requires little time and few tools, and costs nothing when done by traditional methods. There are few activities more satisfying.

FOR THE MOST PART, old apple varieties, and certainly wild trees, are unique. Furthermore, nearly all of them are now environmentally stressed and have adjusted accord-



ingly. Although still producing, they are in a survival mode and sick. It is a mistake to assume that the apples they possess in this condition are a true expression of the fruit they would provide in decent circumstances. So when you explore for apples in the autumn, poke and taste for interesting possibilities. All are better than they seem; trees with small, bitter, acid apples can become valuable producers under optimum conditions. True qualities cannot be judged until a tree is allowed to thrive, so you don't really know at first and must rely on intuition on your fall tasting expeditions. Domestic genetic influences will generally not emerge until proper care is lavished on the host tree.

It is a matter of intelligent guesswork, something like that of the courageous vintner. Great wines come from environmentally stressed vines. By relieving the stress, whether grape or apple, production is vastly increased along with the size and inherent personality of the fruit. However, as in the case of wild cider apples, the fruit can become less interesting, even though the tree is more productive and happy.

For trees surrounded by woods and shrubby growth, a three-year clearing schedule should be set up. During the first year, all underbrush out to twice the distance between the bole (trunk) and drip-edge (a circle on the ground delineated by the vertical from ends of the outermost branches) should be cleared, plus any branches of surrounding, over-topping trees.

The same three-year schedule applies to pruning. The goals of a pruning program are, first, to clear away all dead or unhealthy branches, second, to shape the tree for optimum production and/or appearance, and third, to remove in the process about one-third of the living wood and growth. While all of the deadwood may come out of the tree the first year, removal of live wood must be done judiciously so as to prevent massive "suckering" growth in ensuing years.

Almost everybody prunes large tree branches incorrectly; that is, they cut them several inches out from their host stem. Branches should be trimmed close; indeed, professional arborists and orchardists cut right up to, and even a bit into, the host stem's bark. This helps prevent disease and pests from entering the tree, and healing is

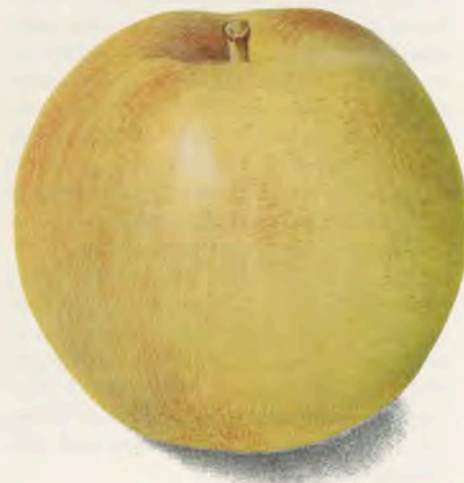
quicken. However you prune, it is always best to dress your cutting scars with a sharp knife, smoothing out the ragged surfaces left by saws. Branches small enough to be cut with a shears need not receive this attention.

Maximum fruit production is probably not a great priority for old fruit trees. Most Maine island fruit trees produce in some abundance every two or three years and with nearly suicidal fecundity at least once a decade. Since 1978 there have been five of these outrageous years on the islands, but we are yet to know whether this is good news or bad. Because of soil quality and root capability, closely spaced, super-productive years could hasten exhaustion and then death of the trees.

All trees play a tune and dance to it. There is an orchestrated way in which they branch, all beautifully multiplied into autotypic systems of sub-branching and twigs. Choreographed by genetic signal of the rootstock, some are pyrotechnic, some square dance, minuet, pirouette, fly and flourish in all manner of expression. Even "awkward" trees can be pruned into beauty by using their lameness or misfortune as a take-off point for brilliant sculpting. Just remember, no more than one third of the live wood should be cut during the first three years. In the process, try to open up the top to sunlight by eliminating branches that point either straight up or into the center of the tree. Owners owe it to themselves and their charges to be artists.

A few specific words about tending your arboreal children. Any tree whose station and condition in life has been improved will go a little haywire and bolt into rampant growth. Little of this phenomenon is beneficial, so it should be suppressed. We harp on this. As with persons who have been ill for a long time, pruned trees celebrate the end of convalescence with possibly destructive behavior. They need a period of assiduous watching and control.

Beyond shaping and maintenance pruning, old island fruit trees have little to gain from us. Though they are approaching the end of their natural life spans, such plain care can purchase the trees perhaps another decade or more of useful production. It also gives one time to assess the stock





for possible saving by grafting. If you are driven to really lavish your stewardship then you can rub down your trees. Professional orchardists note that many tree vermin and diseases are nurtured in the bark, moss and lichen matrixes that form a thick scale on the tree boles and limbs. Using thick leather work gloves give trees a vigorous rubbing to reduce the pestiferous environment. Just as an aside, you might want to explain this first to any neighbors who might see you vigorously stroking apple trees. Island gossip, don't you know...

The indigenous Maine island forests were often more eclectic than the covers of spruce, fir, birch, alder and soft maple that we see today. There was more pine, larch, cedar and hemlock among the conifers, and certainly more hardwood varieties — oak, hard maple, hickory, ash, nut and hawthorn. There is little doubt that by the late 17th century many British and European apples had been wedded to Maine island crab and hawthorn rootstocks and that potted, rooted tree saplings were transported from the Bay Colony (Massachusetts, of which Maine was a territory until 1820) and beyond. The French, Germans, Swedes and Scots/Irish all brought their apples into Maine with them and grafted them to local compatible stocks.

So why not us? Crab apples, wild apples and some hawthorns (both native and adopted) exist on all of the larger Maine islands. Once you have salvaged scion grafting stock and taken the initial conservative routes, why not try some crab and hawthorn grafts? Look for the shapes that you admire and take a crack at it. Trees thus established may take an inordinate period of time to begin production, but they also could take your barely salvaged fruit plasm and carry them without special nurture into the 22nd century! That's more than you can hope for in the case of contemporary commercial standard and dwarf rootstock types.

For peculiar reasons, old island orchards are especially appropriate for such attention. Generally speaking, dooryard fruit trees were developed for home-use purposes, mostly cooking, eating and down-cellar storage. On the islands, orchards were usually established for their cash crops, especially those varieties that could travel in barrels over long distances without change or loss. Typical of this type was the Baldwin. Not a great taster, cooker or juicer, this apple would travel reliably around the world and so was often loaded as ballast "shack" cargo by Maine coaster and Downeasters for sale in foreign markets. Even if not particularly desirable for their fruit, such old orchards today offer ideal grafting plantations — great places for antique plasm-saving without endangering another type of stock.

None of the standard commercial apples have anywhere near the interest or use-specific qualities as do many of the old varieties that languish in the woods, old fields and riparian yards of the northern New England countryside. The islands of Maine are a fine bastion of these precious and endangered trees.

## THE GREAT GROUP ISLAND CIDER PRESSING

**Y**OU WILL BE WANTING a cider press. Very large hardware outlets in Maine carry them, as do several well-known mail-order catalogs. For starters, though, it could be more fun to poke about the community and discover one of the old ones stashed away in a shed or barn, not yet pirated away by 'tiquers. The metal parts of these things are bullet-proof, but years of neglect will usually require that you replace all or part of the wood, especially the hopper-feeders and the slats around the press basket. Use clear ash or oak. Applewood is a bit brittle for the duty involved.

Most cider presses are operated by hand, lending an intimacy to the final product. Working the pommace ("pummy" on the coast of Maine) grinder is especially arduous labor, and most contemporary machinery offers an electric motor option. Since a primary purpose of the great group cider pressing is to get together with scads of people and have fun, the manual aspects of the gear offer continuous opportunity for participation, the righteousness of spelling friends and the welcome relief of being spelled.

Two dozen people is not too many, these served by at least two pickup trucks and sundry automobiles. Island roads and old field orchards being what they are, it is best to leave the BMW at home. The idea is to have a group of people for each truck — sort of pomological SWAT teams, in competition.

A week or so before the pressing everyone forewarned has their eyes out for promising sources. Wild roadside trees are obvious, as are old farm orchards, but permissions sought through the auspices of summer cottage and estate caretakers often bring in especially high-quality fruit. If you know the owners, go to the top. Most islands with present or former habitations are rank with apple trees.

Older tree varieties that have not been tended for many years develop an alternate-year production habit, and it seems that about three-quarters of the trees coordinate their high-production years. Some of this is dependent on the amount of sunlight and moisture available in May and June during the blossoming period. Cold wet bees do not pollinate the blooms so well as warm dry bees. But generally, this periodicity has to do with root exhaustion after highly productive seasons. They need a year to recuperate. In any case, a cursory examination in early August will reveal whether it is to be a killer year or not, and if so, to get word circulating among the cognoscente for the mid-October scramble.

Which is what it is! Let it be a bright sparkling island autumn day, with plenty of hot coffee and chocolate for the briefing. Some outfits like to have a master-plan — who goes where. Other truck gangs like to keep their places and intentions secret. Keep to the sense of the meeting. It doesn't do any good, but moral and responsible tradition requires that each adult, at least once, must yell at the children, of which many are mandatory, not to throw apples once the proceedings begin.

And so we're off, at least for an hour and a half..

There are some rules of thumb and principles. Collect as many kinds of apples as possible, and in quantity. Do not make the mistake of favoring only large, sweet and soft fruit. Small, hard and bitter apples are essential to the real zing and kapow in a cider — a spiciness with lots of trace elements that make for a vastly superior hard cider later on. Also, never completely clean out a tree of its apples. Wildlife takes a real beating on islands during deep winter, and apples save lives. Finally, do not demure at collecting bruised fruit or fruit on the ground, or even partially worm-eaten fruit. These add their vital components. This is a place for barbarism. Let moderate sin flourish here. Greed and gluttony have obvious value. Jealousy and envy spur folk on to greater effort. Let the pickup driver suffer a bit of venality and lust find its place after the children are tucked in....

Fill the trucks with baskets and boxes. As the apples are brought into the scene of activity, a couple of people secure the grinder and press to makeshift foundations, usually heavy deal stock or plywood. Both grinder and press want plenty of room around them. Keep good space in mind, and remember that the process inevitably creates a horrendous mess. Too, keep in mind that the kids are now at least a few hours since breakfast, have been eating lots of apples, are surrounded with rather care-free adults, and will soon be drinking great bouts of cider. Feed them!! Also recall your obligation to haplessly admonish children not to throw apples. The parents of the kid who finally breaks a window or hurls a hard apple at the little girl with victim-syndrome will not do anything about it. Love them all anyway.

Routine follows the first couple of awkwardly gained batches. Most presses have a one- to two-bushel capacity. Whole round apples cannot be pressed. They must first be





George Putz

ground into pommace, or pummy, in the grinder. This is a diabolical device in that all children seem to want a crack at turning it, and they are not usually strong enough to keep up the necessary momentum. So, barring that, they want to feed apples into the grinder hopper, thus tempting young hands to poke down at the reluctant fruit. This must not be done! An adult must be stationed full-time at the hopper to monitor the feed and to poke at stuck fruit with a stick. A half-length of old lobster trap lathe works finest kind.

A bushel of apples makes about a half-bushel of pummace, which collects into the cylindrical basket of the press. The filled basket is then placed under the press, the press-header pieces and buttblocks set into place, and the press worked. The cider is caught in a clean vessel via the rim that surrounds the base of the press. People have saved plastic gallon milk jugs during the late summer for the purpose of decanting. Very little of the first few pressings ever sees a milk jug. Your first swallow almost knocks your socks off, for its fabulous flavor is nowhere else available. Your contempt and derision of the commercial orchard pro-

duct, which is merely excellent, will be permanent.

It's a rhythmic thing. Hard-core grinding and pressing teams soon develop as the more disciplined children get into guaranteeing continuous supply and more temperate adults separate themselves from others, who suddenly seem to have new uses for the fresh cider. Over on the porch and around one of the pickup beds they are pouring another fluid into the cider. Someone at the press hears from across the yard something about "Matinicus milk." It's now time to remind three boys again about not throwing apples.

Anyway, one bushel of apples makes up to two gallons of cider, and two pickup trucks of apples make all the cider required for the needs of the participants. A final rule of thumb is that somehow there is an inverse of the work-to-cider-taken-home ratio that the protestant ethic expects. But still, there's plenty.

By late afternoon the big roast (or whatever) is done, and so all salads, casseroles and whatnot are brought out. Remember that every person there is now completely hypoglycemic and so a little crazy. Lots of

food is the only antidote. Food, cider and music combined have never been known to explode.

The next morning there is a mess. It's been there all night, but the dawn, often a grim one after the perfect weather-breeder that so often makes the best pressing day, casts a disheartening light on the extent of mayhem and abuse. What had been apples, then pummy, is now mast. The host of the party is left with a five-foot high pile of squashed apples. In the old days, this would be barreled and watered for distilled applejack. These days it's better to have, or know someone with, a pig. Apple squeezings are the best "finish" feed ever made. The resulting pork actually has a hint of apple in its flavor. Anyway, you have to dispose of this mast and hose down and clean all the equipment, because otherwise every yellow-jacket, wasp and hornet on the island, all of them now without viable nests, suddenly knows as much as you know.

The right day, right people and plenty of apples make for a memorable time and that most marvelous of fluids, Maine island apple cider, squeezed at the Great Group Island Apple Pressing.





The old island apple varieties are hardy veterans of a severe environment, demonstrated here by a Bailey Island tree daring surf to make its day ....

## Finding Old Apple Trees

FIRST, WE WANT some trees. Old orchards, island roadsides and houseyards are obvious places to find trees, but some of the most valuable pomological gold is to be found in the woods. This is because colonial pioneer habits differed from later homesteading practice.

The three primary considerations were sun exposure, availability of fresh water and defense — first from Indians, later from marauding hostile navies and privateers. Our colonial forebearers were not so enthusiastic about living down next to the water as were later islanders. They generally sited their homesteads along ridges, wherever they paralleled the shoreline and as much as half a mile from the water's edge. In the 19th century people moved down closer to the waterfront, though not yet right to it. Since 20th century roadways usually follow the 19th century routes, it becomes a good rule of thumb to assume, first, that there are older roadways further inland and, second, that ancient homestead sites line those routes at intervals of at least several hundred yards. These roadways and homesites will be very subtly defined and usually overgrown. A good way to plan your forays into likely areas is to find a vantage point that surveys the suspect hills and ridges, and to observe winter sunrises along their length and slopes. Using binoculars from a boat at sun-up during winter solstice is not everyone's idea of fun, but it may well tell. Take relative marks from known and findable places, and take note where the morning sunlight first falls.

Then the real fun begins. In the spring, begin at your known location and, using a compass, strike out for the determined destinations, cross-country and bushwhacking. Note all streams of running water, wells, stone fences, piles of field stone, and wet depressions that might have once been small farm ponds. Keep in mind that the horses and oxen that were critical to the creation of fences and stone piles often ate apples, and nicely processed them while the farmer discharged his loads or let them drink. Follow all fences and streams. Apple trees are often found where fences join or

converge, and homesteads were commonly sited near streams. (Groundwater tables surface at streams, so wells dug near to them tended to be reliable.) Too, remember that island pioneers were tremendous tree slayers, and it's safe to assume that most of the territory you survey was once cleared land. This means that during times of intense settlement and use there were not the millions of trees and shrubs transpiring water into the atmosphere. Moisture became runoff, and so it's best to assume that even the smallest and episodic trickles in the contemporary woods were likely reliable streamflows.

When you get up into the "sunrise" areas, keep your eyes open for non-island plants of any type — exotic conifers and hardwoods, hard rather than soft maples, elms other than American elm, and the long list of escaped or residual domestics — lilacs, daylilies, Johnny-jumpups, and so on. Any partially sunny glade with unusually healthy tall grasses is suspect, as are large old trees of any species. All the time, keep your eyes open for fruit trees. They will tend to be very shrubby, probably the self-planted progeny of ancient trees that fell over years ago and rooted from their fallen pieces. Right where the early morning sun is most intense, seek out the old homesite. Even if no cellarhole is found, remember that early homesteads were often simple structures. Get out your apple tree antennae and transect the area, back and forth, comprehensively. Even if you do not find trees, these "early sun" places tend to be interesting and worth at least a picnic. Wild animals like these places, too. New sites and sights call, in any case.

People have carried apples with them for lunch since classical times. So most workplace areas have so-called "lunchpail" trees around them, the products of discarded apple cores. Thus, stone quarries, shipbuilding sites, forges, old piers, factories, carriage sheds, dairy and hay barns — any place where people once gathered for work — offer interesting, though open-bred, apple trees. All the while, keep in mind that wildlife loves apples. Wild germinated apple trees can be found just about anywhere on Maine islands.





Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution Collection

## THE MAN WHO KNEW THE SEA

# HENRY BIGELOW

JENNIFER LOGAN

**I**N THE SUMMER of 1912, Henry Bryant Bigelow, a 32-year-old zoologist from Harvard University, ambitiously set out to survey the oceanographic resources of the vast reaches of the Gulf of Maine.

Over a 12-year period and often seasick, Bigelow worked from the decks of a fishing schooner and two steamers. The data he gathered on the fishes, plankton and hydrography of the Gulf were the basis of three book-length monographs that have been called "the foundation of modern oceanography in the coastal waters of the United States." In fact, his uniform approach to the study of the sea is at the root of interdisciplinary studies conducted by oceanographers worldwide.

In the introduction to the report on plankton of the Gulf, published in 1926, Bigelow described the enormous task that faced researchers in the early part of this century:

"Few living zoologists have been so fortunately placed as were we on setting sail on

the *Grampus* from Gloucester on the first oceanographic cruise in the Gulf of Maine on July 9, 1912, for a veritable *mare incognitum* lay before us, so far as its floating life was concerned...Everything was yet to be learned as to what groups or species would prove predominant in the pelagic fauna; their relative importance in the natural economy of the Gulf; their geographic and bathymetric variations; their seasonal successions, migrations, and annual fluctuations; their temperature affinities, whether arctic, boreal or tropic. We even had no idea (incredible though it may seem at this place and day) what we should probably catch when we first lowered our tow nets into deeper strata of Massachusetts Bay, for, so far as we could learn, tows had never previously been tried more than a few fathoms below its surface."

In an issue of the Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution publication *Oceanus*, compiled in honor of Bigelow following his death in 1967, British scientist Michael Gra-



ham wrote: "Until Bigelow started, there was virtually no knowledge of the biology of the off-shore waters, and for one man to have made such a clear and complete job of a relatively large area, which has a wide mouth open to the ocean, was a monumental job of which any man could be proud even if he had done nothing else in his life."

Working virtually as a "one-man band" (as his colleagues would later describe him) in the semi-enclosed sea that is the Gulf of Maine, Bigelow created not only a treasure trove of ideas and observations but also institutions of international repute.

Born in 1879 to a prominent New England family, Bigelow lived an active life typified by long associations with individuals, organizations, and ideas to which he was dedicated. At the age of 26 he married Elizabeth Perkins Shattuck, who was to be his companion for life. His association with collaborator William C. Schroeder lasted 44 years. If one includes his time as a student, his connections with Harvard University lasted over 55 years. He served Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution in an active role, beginning as its founding director, for more than 30 years. His days as a naturalist and avid outdoorsman started at the earliest age and endured a lifetime. He died at the age of 88 in December 1967.

Bigelow's published papers extend over 66 years, from 1902 to 1968. They begin with a study of birds of the northeastern coast of Labrador and conclude with two publications on fishes and skates in the Western Atlantic.

Perhaps his love of the sea began as a child when he spent summers in Cohasset, Mass. His study of the sea, however, dates to 1902, shortly after he graduated from Harvard, when he sailed as assistant to one of the original founders of oceanography, Alexander Agassiz, on a voyage to the Maldive Islands in the Indian Ocean.

Bigelow recounts his first encounter with Agassiz as a Harvard undergraduate in *Memoirs of a Long and Active Life*, published in 1964, when he was in his eighties.

"During the winter of my senior year (1901), I heard that he planned a trip to the Maldive Islands, and while I hadn't the least idea where the Maldives were, I decided I'd like to go along too! Finally I got up my courage and 'bearded the lion,' so to speak. Instead, however, of finding a 'lion' I found an exceedingly friendly old gentleman. So, I told him my name, said I'd heard he was going to the Maldives, and asked him if he would take me with him. His answer was 'yes.'"

In addition to caring for the medusae collected during the journey, Bigelow met the Sultan of the Maldives. "We were escorted to the throne room, and a few minutes later the Sultan came in, truly a magnificent figure, clad in embroidered green satin with a splendid turban topped with a golden aigrette." The splendor of the Sultan was followed the day after by "a revelation to me which I have never forgotten," writes Bigelow. Agassiz, the captain and Bigelow rowed out to a little island. They took a

"waterglass" with them and "through the glass the bottom at six fathoms looked hardly that many feet below us, and we could see the outlines and the colors of the corals perfectly distinctly. Schools of brilliant red, blue, green, yellow, and golden fishes swarmed among the branches of the corals or hung, motionless, beside the latter." The image of this young man transfixed by the sight of colorful fish is reminiscent of the remark the German naturalist Johannes Muller made to a young student in 1854: "As soon as you have entered into this pelagic wonderland you will see that you cannot leave it."

Bigelow's adventures with Agassiz continued off and on for eight years, with expeditions to the eastern tropical Pacific and the West Indies. Bigelow's reports on the medusae and on the siphonophores of the eastern tropical Pacific, illustrated by his own drawings and photographs, are still considered to be the most useful systematic reports on these creatures ever written. His work immediately earned him recognition; the year before he embarked on the Gulf of Maine studies, he was elected a member of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences.

In 1910 Agassiz died. Bigelow, by then a highly regarded assistant at Harvard's Museum of Comparative Zoology, was stranded high and dry without a mentor, without a ship and without funds to proceed. "I was at 'loose ends' for awhile," wrote Bigelow. "I was eager to continue studying the sea but I had no money for this purpose." With more than a hint of Yankee humor for which he was known, Bigelow described his predicament in his memoirs:

"The famous Scottish oceanographer, Sir John Murray, with whom I already was acquainted, visited the Museum in Cambridge and asked me what my plans were. When I told him what the situation was, he asked me, after a moment's thought, 'How much is known about the Gulf of Maine?' When I replied, 'Practically nothing,' the subsequent conversation went something like this:

Murray: 'Can you row?'

Bigelow: 'Yes, sir.'

Murray: 'Can you borrow a dory?'

Bigelow: 'I can do better than that, since I own a sailboat.'

Murray: 'Can't you borrow a deep sea thermometer from the U.S. Fish Commission?'

Bigelow: 'Yes, sir.'

Murray: 'Can't your wife make some tow nets out of her old bobinet window curtains?'

Bigelow: 'Yes, sir.'

Murray: 'Don't ask me any more damn foolish questions!'

WHEN BIGELOW SAILED in 1912 on the schooner *Grampus*, reversing thermometers were accurate only to  $\pm 0.15$  C and the shortage of water bottles required repeated samples for all but the most shallow stations. From 1912 to 1928 Bigelow visited a total of 350 stations in the Gulf, recorded tempera-

ture and salinity measurements at 137 of these, set 1,000 drift bottles for current measurements, and made 10,116 net hauls.

The outcome of his work "is that the Gulf of Maine is perhaps the best-known body of water of comparable size in the world, certainly the region most thoroughly explored by individual effort," wrote one of Bigelow's students in the foreword to a special volume of *Deep-Sea Research*, dedicated to Bigelow in 1955.

The first monograph, entitled *Fishes of the Gulf of Maine*, is available in reprint form today from the Museum of Comparative Zoology (Harvard University, Room 114, 26 Oxford St., Cambridge, MA 02138) and continues to serve its original purpose as a handbook "for the ready identification of the fishes occurring in the Gulf of Maine."

Bigelow made a conscious effort to write for the nonscientist. Charles B. Lyman, a Harvard Medical School professor who worked with Bigelow as a graduate student, wrote that Bigelow "hated scientific jargon, and his simple, uncluttered approach to a problem was the best training for all of us. His *Fishes of the Gulf of Maine* is a prime example of exact scientific writing, made readable and interesting by omitting artificiality.

By today's standards Bigelow's data tables in the back of his volume on the physical oceanography of the Gulf are understandably fragmentary. What continues to amaze modern oceanographers, however, is Bigelow's ability to synthesize important findings from a relatively small number of observations and limited instrumentation. If his interpretation of the "big picture" of the Gulf impresses modern oceanographers, perhaps we can forgive a few of his errors. Bigelow was wrong in his conclusions regarding the circulation along the southern side of Georges Bank, which was based on two data sets from stations sampled in 1914 and 1920. But it took satellite imagery, 40 stations and 20 cruises between 1977 and 1982 for the National Marine Fisheries Service to correct Bigelow's conclusions. How Bigelow discovered the distinct differences between inflowing and outflowing waters via the Northeast Channel in the Gulf of Maine, or noted the appearance of water from the Atlantic entering the Gulf in intermittent bursts, remain mysteries to oceanographers when they consider the paucity of his data.

Bigelow's particular talent for synthesis did not end with his Gulf of Maine observations. Beginning in the late 1920s, he entered another, more political phase of his life during which he helped define the intellectual foundation for modern interdisciplinary oceanography and create the great institutions which still dominate the field. He summarized his visionary approach to oceanography in an impassioned report to the National Academy of Sciences, a widely quoted summary of which appeared in *Science* magazine in 1930. Bigelow argued that a new oceanographic institution was necessary based on a fundamentally new way of conducting science.



The further development of oceanography, he wrote with characteristic lucidity, "requires physical, chemical and biological unity. We believe that our ventures in oceanography will be most profitable if we regard the sea as dynamic, not as something static, and if we focus our attention on the cycle of life and energy as a whole in the sea, instead of confining our individual outlook to one or another restricted phases." The new synthesis Bigelow sought would be "no mere piling up of data," but would try "to unravel the skein of factors that controls the lives of fishes in the sea," requiring an oceanographer to become "either a Jack of all trades or so closely in tune with colleagues working in other disciplines that all can pull together."

Bigelow did not underestimate the "appalling complexity" of creating such an intricate web of knowledge since, as he put it, "the proverbial 'way of a maid with a man' is glass-clear as compared with the way of a fish in the sea, for in the sea there is no such thing as a hermit fish — or fact: every sea animal depends on an endless chain of facts and events in its inanimate surroundings. And just as one cannot make a fish net until one has tied all the knots in their proper positions, so one cannot hope to comprehend this web until one can see its inter-nodes in their true relationship."

## Bigelow Lab, Boothbay Harbor

ALMOST 62 YEARS to the day that Bigelow set out on the *Grampus* from Gloucester, another group of scientists led by Charles S. Yentsch set out from Gloucester to start a new marine research laboratory. Yentsch and 14 scientists stowed boxes of chemicals and laboratory equipment on board the small R/V *Bigelow* and traveled to Boothbay Harbor from Cape Ann by water.

Under the auspices of the Northeastern Research Foundation, Bigelow Laboratory for Ocean Sciences was established in the West Boothbay Harbor facilities vacated by the National Marine Fisheries Service at McKown Point.

A year later, Yentsch wrote: "When given the opportunity of forming this laboratory and pressed for the need to name it, I could think of no person who represents more of all that is genuine and meaningful in oceanography than Bigelow." The Lab's mission statement, with its emphasis on biological, chemical and physical unity when investigating the sea, may be traced to the approach set forth by Bigelow in the late 1920s.

With the crucial support of then-Maine Department of Marine Resources Commissioner Spencer Apollonio, and with funding from the Maine Legislature, the National Science Foundation, the Food and Drug Administration, and NASA, Yentsch and his colleagues embarked on their first year of research in Maine.

To Bigelow, if they are to comprehend the "appalling complexity" of the sea, oceanographers must use every discipline and means at their disposal to understand the factors at work in the marine environment. For him, exploring ocean temperature leads "without a break" into the fields of astrophysics, meteorology and polar geography; and, in his view, understanding ocean currents requires "modern applications of mathematics to oceanic dynamics," just as plankton study "falls directly within the province of the chemist" since "the only sources for plant food in the sea are the substances dissolved in the surrounding water."

His report to the National Academy of Sciences led directly to the establishment of the Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution, with the aid of a \$3 million grant provided by the Rockefeller Foundation in its early years. Other recommendations led to the expansion of the Bermuda Biological Station, the establishment of the Oceanographic Laboratories of the University of Washington at Puget Sound, and the construction of Ritter Hall at the Scripps Institution of Oceanography in La Jolla, California.

Bigelow was elected director of Woods Hole in 1929 and succeeded to the office of president in 1939. Preferring a sailing ship over a trawler for oceanographic work, he at last was able to get the vessel he wanted. The

R/V *Atlantis*, designed by Owen and Minot, was launched at the Burmeister and Wain shipyard in Copenhagen on the last day of December 1930. To emphasize open ocean research, Bigelow required scientists to spend a week or 10 days on the *Atlantis*, seasick or not.

The founding of Woods Hole and the launching of the *Atlantis* marked the beginning of the long and illustrious exploration of the sea by oceanographers on the East Coast of the United States.

The legacy of Henry Bryant Bigelow may be traced not only in the institutions he founded, nurtured or inspired, but also in the still-accurate, sometimes uncanny observations he recorded in scientific publications; in the students of his students who view him as the "great-grandfather" of modern oceanographers today; and in a viewpoint which gives scientists today a way to tackle the complexity of the sea. Upon Bigelow's death, the famous Canadian oceanographer Archibald C. Huntsman wrote: "...He saw a job that no one was doing, (and went) out on the ocean (to) ask: why?"

*Jennifer Logan is former contributor to Island Journal with the 1986 article on Seguin Island. She works at Bigelow Laboratories as the Director of Communications and Development and lives in Boothbay Harbor, Maine.*



Woods Hole Oceanographic Institute Collection

**Henry Bigelow led an entire new generation of scientists into the many disciplines of modern oceanography.**

In a little over 12 years Bigelow Lab has grown from a staff of 15 operating with a \$300,000 budget to a major year-round employer in the Boothbay Region with a research and administrative staff totaling 48 people and a \$2 million-plus budget.

Within their first decade, Bigelow scientists earned an international reputation for the high quality of research conducted at the lab. Eminent scientists from this country and around the world have been attracted to Bigelow to forge their careers in basic research. Three recently-established facilities are providing them bases from which to work, including a remote-sensing image facility, a collection of 900 species of marine microalgae for marine and biomedical researchers, and a laser-based technology center.

One of many areas of research that exemplifies the "unified" approach recommended by Henry Bigelow is the study of "red tide," the toxic organisms that cause Paralytic Shellfish Poisoning (PSP).

Ground-breaking research on the topic was conducted in the late 1970s by a team led by Clarice M. Yentsch, who set up a field lab in the Red House on Monhegan Island.

Working from an island is ideal, in Yentsch's view, because "it's really pleasant to work from a stationary ship, which is what an island is." Monhegan is awash in oceanic, not coastal, water and acts like an egg-beater where strong tides constantly stir the waters.

Analysis of the Monhegan data coupled with information gathered remotely by aircraft and satellite have led to a detailed understanding of the local geographic and meteorological conditions of red tide and the red tide organism, *gonyaulax*. Researchers found, for example, that the 100-meter contour, located roughly 15 miles offshore where several Maine islands rise above the sea, is crucial in locating the beds where the dinoflagellate organisms "overwinter." Weather conditions, geology, offshore currents and a motile phase in the organism itself combine to move the organisms inshore when the red tide alerts begin on the Maine coast.

*BIGELOW LABORATORY for Ocean Sciences welcomes inquiries from the public regarding its research and programs. Write: Office of Communications and Development, Bigelow Laboratory for Ocean Sciences, McKown Point, West Boothbay Harbor, ME 04575.*





Dr. Stephen Kress



# THE RAZOR'S EDGE

DR. RICHARD H. PODOLSKY

**T**HERE ARE PLACES in northern Canada where when an American Robin is spotted people drop whatever they are doing and run from miles around just to see it. Every plant and animal on earth, no matter how common to you or me, has a place where it would be considered rare or bizarre, or even give rise to local legend and birth to whole mythologies. Every tree, snail, bird or bat has an edge to its range, a margin, a someplace where it is considered utterly special. For the Razorbill, the islands of Maine are the edge of its universe.

The Razorbill is a member of the auk or alcid family, which includes 23 of the most fascinating inhabitants of the surface of the sea. Sixteen alcids are found in the North Pacific and seven in the North Atlantic. In addition to the Razorbill, the other North Atlantic alcids are the Common Murre, Thick-billed Murre, Black Guillemot, the Atlantic Puffin and the Dovekie. All six of these alcids can be seen in Maine waters but the Razorbill is the real standout. Guillemots are as common as lobster pot bouys and although the Puffin is still rare, people are seeing too many of them on posters, at gas stations and on pot-holders, and too few on the water. The seventh North Atlantic alcid, the strange and flightless Great Auk, has been extinct since 1844.

Any time a Razorbill is spotted around the islands of Maine it is a special event. The Razorbill is the largest, rarest and by far the prettiest auk in the Gulf of Maine. At the extreme southern margin of their range here in Maine, they breed north to the Canadian Maritimes, Greenland, Iceland, Northwest Russia, Scandinavia, the British Islands and south to the coast of France. Along the way north the Razorbill becomes more abundant and is successively referred to as ice-bird, sea crow, tinker or just plain auk. Our name, "Razorbill," refers to the bird's thin upper mandible.

## PAST AND PRESENT STATUS

Razorbills are common nowhere. According to estimates compiled by the Canadian Wildlife Service, the total world breeding population is estimated to be around 700,000. This is the second smallest total world breeding population of any of the Atlantic alcids (the Black Guillemot, although the most abundant alcid in Maine, appears to have the smallest total world population at 200,000). The roughly 330 Razorbills breeding in the Gulf of Maine are thus less than one tenth of one percent of the total world population. Even in the geographic center of its range (Labrador and Iceland), Razorbill colonies rarely exceed more than a few hundred pairs of birds. There are in excess of 3,000 islands in the Gulf of Maine but only four of them are graced with a breeding population of this singularly elegant seabird.

Razorbills appear to be rebounding slowly and steadily since they were extirpated in Maine from 1894 to 1923. Historically, six Gulf of Maine islands were known to support Razorbills, but almost nothing is known of the size of these former colonies. As part of a contract from the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service to the Island Institute, we visited each of the four active colonies in 1986, conducting Razorbill counts and interviewing biologists on the status of the birds. Machias Seal Island has about 100 breeding pair, Matinicus Rock 40 breeding pair, Old Main Island 27, and Freeman Rock perhaps two pair. The Gulf of Maine supported approximately 330 breeding Razorbills in 1986. The total number of Razorbills seen this past summer was in excess of 600. The 300 birds over and above the known breeders are sub-adults (it takes Razorbills five years to reach reproductive maturity) or non-breeding adults. It is typical of most alcids that between 30 percent and 60 percent of the birds you observe at a colony are non-breeding "loafers."

Razorbills, along with most of the seabirds in the Gulf of Maine, were persecuted by eggers and hunters from 1700 to the early 1900s. By 1890 Razorbill numbers were substantially reduced throughout its range and the bird was considered extinct along the coast of Maine. Beginning in the 1920s Razorbills began to slowly reappear in Maine. Currently, the major threat to the auks (and other seabirds as well) are pollution, competition with fisheries, and disturbance of their nesting islands. These threats work in combination with the Razorbill's low reproductive output of only a single egg per year to make them a highly vulnerable species.

## PROTECTING SIGNIFICANT GENETIC LANDSCAPES

What is the significance of peripheral populations? Numerically, Maine's Razorbills are so few that one might rightfully ask, why the bother? However, from the standpoint of genetics, marginal populations are the evolutionary frontier, the ecological "front line" where a species is pitted against its natural environmental barriers. Each offspring that survives the gauntlet at the edge is an "experiment" in genetics. Success or failure of these experiments will control whether a species is expanding its range or is suffering a range contraction. Peripheral populations, although typically small, are significant genetic resources, the raw material for evolution.

Conservation biologists now talk about preserving genetic diversity rather than preserving an individual species. The preservation of genetic diversity is the preservation of future evolutionary possibilities. This concept allows us to ask, "What are our significant genetic landscapes?" On the global scale the answer to this question is, without doubt, the tropical forests that encircle the equator. Regionally the answer is islands and edges.

Because of the offshore collision and mixing of the cold Labrador Current with the warm Gulf Stream, the Maine coast and islands have more than their share of plants and animals whose ranges terminate here. Spruce trees, numerous wild flowers, most of Maine's seabirds, and a host of marine organisms (to name a few) live on the edge of their ranges on the Maine coast. It is critical that we identify, protect and monitor these edges and islands and treat them as the significant genetic landscapes that they are.

The loss of the Great Auk makes the preservation of all alcids, especially its nearest relative, the Razorbill, all the more important. Who knows, given the opportunity, the protection of their habitat, and a few million years of evolution, Maine's Razorbills may just surprise us and supply the North Atlantic with another Great Auk.



IT WASN'T JUST willy-nilly that certain people came to live on Maine islands. It was a hodgepodge of reasons, all simmered to broth, that these original "island folk" wanted to be left alone to pursue their own pursuit of happiness.

Oh, there were some escaping the law, such as it was, and a bunch too ornery for mainland society, such as it was, and even those who didn't fancy losing their scalps to the Indians who had the audacity to think they could retain their smoked oyster sea-shore style of life once the white man punted ashore. But most of the first-come islanders just wanted solitude.

The generations passed. The temptations came. Some left. Some stayed. Those who stayed were called Pure-Genes, adulterated only by suspicious marrying-ins usually wanted by at least one mainland posse or another.

A few decades ago, the Pure-Genes, once blissfully peaceful, faced their most formidable foe: those who would come to the rock nations to save the Pure-Genes from themselves. This was a mighty army comprised of battalions of bureaucrats, fishcrats, land planners, social snoops, academics in robed tenure and politicians in search of the aboriginal rock nation peoples to conquer.

It's not clear who came first; probably the bureaucrats, because the Pure-Genes were not organized. After all, they just wanted to be left alone. But other islanders sided with the marrying-ins and wanted such amenities as ferryboats and macadam island roads with a white strip down the true north for guidance.

The bureaucrats seized the opening like a cod to a gob of clams. Give us your huddled and confused few, said the 'crats, and we'll make of you a great detached but equal society.

First came the ferryboats with diesel umbilical cords complete with polyp ticket booths and officially licensed captains who eventually had to have double-ended, never-switch ferryboats because turning around was an old Pure-Gene maneuver.

The island dam was broken now and the mainland flood began. The public was slow getting to the islands because the bureaucrats had booked their own ferryboats for years. There was much to do with these virgin nations, they claimed, queuing at the free ferry line. Valhalla! Valhalla!, they cried making their rounds of these unstructured protectorates. There are roads to be built, offices to open, waste baskets to fill, taxes to be levied.

The Pure-Genes retreated to their fish-houses. The marrying-ins grew topsy-turvy.

The beach secured by the bureaucrats without firing a shot, the carpetbaggers waded ashore. There were the land planners to tell the islanders how to till their hills of beans and get the government to pay for it. Your solitary life is a mess, said the planners, do yourself a favor, islander, get a haircut and put your trust in FmHA.

The social snoops came ashore in their VW buses and old green Volkswagens and galvanized Land Rovers filled with husky mutts

and kids in duck down body slings. With typewriters and palettes, they invaded the island attics and minds with mainland etiquette, ravishing the story and scene of these lowly rock nation peoples.

From this came the years of island novels and tempura pictures of "island fishing folk in splendored oilskins sitting around the old pile wharf on a steamy-hot July morning having a mug-up," said the rotogravure captions.

Ayah, mimicked the novelists.

# THEM AND US

MIKE BROWN

The Pure-Genes retreated still farther but it was now almost impossible to escape those who came to save them. Some took refuge in the island church hoping God would at least temper their fright. But alas, the visiting minister was from the mainland missionary boat. Some Pure-Genes just got in their punts and skiffs and dories and rowed around their islands talking to the seals and gulls and other island resident Pure-Genes whose time was coming — boy! was it ever coming.

The fishcrats came next, seeing all that island marine stuff laying about for the licensing. Let us show you how to fish, said the fishcrats. You need bigger nets and larger traps and once we show you how to build and use them, we will assign you a quota.

One day the fishcrats arrived in the government boat and said to the islanders, let us be friends, let us take you on a ride around these shores and show you where to fish, for surely, all these years you have been hooking and lining in the wrong places.

And the island men agreed. But first, they went home and got their families, the island kids and island wives and even a couple of Pure-Gene grandpas. They came aboard the government boat much as Noah would have seen and the smallest Pure-Gene child sat smack on the stemhead.

It was an embarrassing predicament for the fishcrew. Mainland government boats have rules. But alas, de-boating was out of the question, and besides, the islanders had already circulated the beer and rum. It must be their native way of life, sighed the fishcrat captain. The response came from the stemhead where the littlest Pure-Gene yelled be-

tween slugs of Coke, "Let's get this sumbitch on the road!"

But the fishcrats were undaunted after that and they came and came to the islands. Once they had convinced the rock nations they could not catch anything from the sea, the fishcrats began to teach the islanders how to farm from the sea. The mussel, which grows to nuisance and was there for the taking, was cultivated. The oyster, which had left with the caribou, was reintroduced in captive cages. The clam was planted and penned. The sea urchin was gonaded. Only the voice of the sea turtle was not heard in the island lands.

Meanwhile, the island umbilical cords were pulsating with mainland nutrients. Great island halls were constructed where fisherboys and fishergirls could exchange their boots for sneaks and shoot basketballs all day, every day, 365 days a year. And the island journalists became ecstatic over off-shore basketball teams that were so damn, damn good. Where do they ever get that ability? they wrote.

The Pure-Gene island kids rarely shot hoops, they being holed up in smelly fish-houses filling baitbags and salting down mackerel. No matter, the um-cord pumped aboard cultural programs to woo the PG kids from their offal bailiwicks. Give a kid an easel, said the social worker, and save a life.

The island notions soon lost their schools to the mainland, however, and federal curriculum obliterated the need for island crafts and social mores. Math was by computer and the baitbag mesh board became a relic in the island antique shop. Abacus-less, the island lobstermen ordered their baitbags from the mainland plastic store.

The politicians, acquiring hustings, made hay while the tides turned. A lobster in every pot, was their promise. And when the islanders gathered on the village dock, they found political promises tacked to their spiling along with legal notices closing the clam flats because of mainland pollution. We know best. Trust us in health.

As the Pure-Genes retreated still more, they were left with slender slivers of their once great nations. Then, the developers and land scalpers moved in for the kill. The umbilical cord was plugged with them. Sell us your land, Pure-Genes, you have no use for it. You are defeated. You have lost your way of life.

And they sold, the Pure-Genes, and moved to the mainland, where they lived on reservations unhappily ever after.

*Mike Brown is presently managing editor of the Belfast Republican Journal. For many years he was a marine researcher and boat skipper for the Maine Department of Marine Resources, the state agency responsible for the administration of Maine's marine fishery laws. Also a commercial fisherman and author of the National Fisherman's famous humor column "Cap'n Sane Says," he brings depth as well as breadth to the castigations he spreads over modern island history. His excellent book, The Great Lobster Chase, was reviewed in the 1986 volume of Island Journal.*







# EMILY MUIR

## MISTRESS OF CONSCIENCE

Emily Muir  
at her home  
in Stonington  
with a sculpture  
by her  
late husband.



Peter Ralston

**A**T THE FAR eastward end of the Deer Isle Thorofare in Stonington, opposite Russ Island, you might catch a glimpse of an unassuming white clapboard frame house perfectly situated around a bold rim of smoothed granite. That house is like Emily Muir, which shouldn't be surprising since she designed it and has lived in it for nearly half a century.

Born in 1904 in Chicago, she came summers to Deer Isle as a child with her parents. She left Vassar College after a year because, among other things, she saw no reason for women's dress requirements, preferring instead men's shoes and knickers. She married the sculptor William Muir, and they moved to Stonington in 1939 where her father was certain they'd starve. Widespread recognition of Emily's talent coincided with President Dwight D. Eisenhower's appointment of her as the first woman to serve on the National Commission of Fine Arts. Later President Richard Nixon appointed her to the Advisory Committee for the Kennedy Center of the Performing Arts. Her paintings are part of the collections of the Brooklyn Museum of Fine Arts, the Margaret Chase Smith Library Cen-

ter, the University of Maine and innumerable private collections. Since 1959, she has designed and contracted 40 homes on Deer Isle and received Design International's Outstanding Achievement Awards for her house designs.

From her earliest days as a resident of Stonington, Emily Muir has been deeply involved in community affairs. One senses that her combination of disarming naivete and persistent determination have won her a measure of local respect, an achievement not shared by many "outsiders."

At 83, her work is still flowing so strongly and steadily out of her studio — sculpting, painting, drafting and writing — that you hardly know where to begin or end. Like all truly creative people, Emily would rather be known by her work than by description. In fact, it was hard to get her to agree to a first-person profile ("All this 'I' stuff makes me uncomfortable.")

To us, though, the impressive sum of her accomplished parts as painter, sculptor, writer, architect, conservationist and activist still doesn't fully capture her strong and determined character, her warm humor, or the keen edge of her conscience. Only her own words can do her justice.



**I.J.** What are your earliest memories of Stonington and Deer Isle?

**E.M.** As a child it was very exciting coming to Stonington with my parents. We came on the steamboat, the *Governor Bodwell*, from Rockland. How I loved that trip! You had breakfast in this charming dining room with a skylight overhead and pots of ferns hanging down. You'd look out the windows (they were windows, not portholes), and going through the Fox Island Thorofare, you felt you could reach out and touch the islands.

Then you'd come into town — you know how the wind always blows through there. All the flags would be snapping in the wind. You'd stand on the deck and the boat would blow its deep whistle: hooooo, hooooo. Oh, it was exciting to a kid!

Years later we drove down through Blue Hill and came on the ferry. You got your car dragged across on a scow. The man with the scow was very independent, like many. At first you had no idea whether he'd want to come for you or not. He had his hours — I think not after 6 p.m..

I remember the feeling of dashing down from Sedgwick and coming along the Reach. In Sargentville you'd turn and go down the steep hill, blowing your horn to make sure the ferry knew you were coming. You didn't know whether the ferry was on this side or the other, or full, or just pulling out. Anyway, you came down to the water's edge. The ferry had a gate that they'd put down on the beach, and there was hole in it. They put a ramrod down through the hole that would hold the ferry while you drove on. At first you were wondering when you drove on whether you'd roll off the front end until they put the chocks under the wheels. Then you'd yaw around after you got underway.

When you got about halfway across you felt the island; you felt you were there. You dropped everything else; it was the strangest

feeling. You'd almost feel yourself stretching over to the island and finally you'd be there. The city life was behind you and the summer just stretched out endlessly before you. I don't think people coming here now get that same impression.

**I.J.** You've been painting the Maine coast for 50 years. Who influenced your work?

**E.M.** In painting I'm still trying to unlearn the things that I learned. That doesn't mean I don't believe in teaching. The most telling teaching that ever happened to me was the training I got from Richard Lahy, the painter who my husband Bill studied under in Minneapolis. Lahy had come to the Art Students League in New York City and Bill suggested I go back and study with him. So I did. They had a model come in, and I set up the canvas and painted. Lahy came around for the criticism and said, "Did you paint that?" and I said, "Yes," and he said, "Don't you ever feel anything?"

Oh I felt something right then! It was as if the world had swallowed me. The next week we had a model who had a headache, so she sat with her head in her hands. I said if I have to get a headache myself, I'm going to put that headache on the canvas. Lahy came along and asked, "Did you paint that?" and I said "Yes." And he said, "Thank God." That's stayed with me, because all my other training was all the wrong way. You were just supposed to copy what you saw, to heck with the feeling.

**I.J.** You began designing houses after years as an artist. How did you get your start with the houses?

**E.M.** In designing houses, I didn't have anything to outgrow, as I did in painting and sculpture, so the buildings are more me. I could go into a house and right away criticize it, you see. I could see what I would do differently.

When I'd hear of someone who was going to build, I'd practically throw myself at their



*My Neighbors*, 1980.



feet and beg them to let me design their house. Of course, no one ever let me because they had no way of knowing whether I could. I didn't know myself, but I thought I could. I had unbounded confidence.

In 1959 when Bill was on the Board of Trustees at Haystack Mountain School of Crafts over in Liberty, the state put Route 3 right through their parking lot. They wanted to move, and Bill said "Why move on Lake St. George if you can move on the Ocean?" They said, "There's nothing left this side of Eastport." So we looked around and found a couple of pieces of land. Haystack bought one, and I said to Bill, "I'm going to buy the other piece and build a house on it, and someone is going to buy it." And I did.

That was my first house. It was over on Crockett Cove. Fortunately I had a good head carpenter or I might have gotten into trouble (laughs), but I designed it very carefully and did the whole job and it's still a nice little house. That's the way I got started.

That whole property on Crockett Cove is beautiful — huge boulders covered with all kinds of ferns and mosses. I didn't even think of building on most of the backland. I wanted to protect it, so I ended up giving about 100 acres to The Nature Conservancy. But it wasn't like giving a way a million dollars, because that land wasn't on the water. People came here to be on the water and no local person would have bought it. The Nature Conservancy has put through some trails since then, and it really is a very attractive piece of land. I bought another piece of property next to the first one and ended up building 13 houses on Crockett Cove and two more over on the Burnt Cove side.

**I.J.** So in a sense you were one of Deer Isle's first developers.

**E.M.** I'm afraid so.

**I.J.** How would you describe your houses?

**E.M.** They're contemporary. They're not meant to be contemporary, in a sense. They turned out contemporary, but they're not copies of anything I ever saw. They're meant to fit the needs of the landscape. There are a lot of old farm houses in Deer Isle and Stonington. Most of them have a certain nice proportion. But they're out in the fields or near roadsides, not in the woods. Most everything I built was in the woods near the shore and that requires a different approach entirely. My idea was to make the approach friendly and leave the drama for the water side.

**I.J.** Did you ever have trouble getting builders to go along with your designs?

**E.M.** (Laughs) One time I was building a chimney for a house on a steep hillside. I thought it would make a nice visual brace if I could incorporate the angle of the hillside instead of just a straight chimney. It needed that brace visually, not structurally. I tried to describe it to the masons, and it didn't make any sense to them at all. So I said, "Throw your pumb line away, you don't need it for this. Just imagine you're trying to model a fat lady."

**I.J.** It's almost a painter's way to design a house.

**E.M.** It's an artist's approach, but it's practical, too. I like to have a house work. I've always said I think women should design private homes because they have to live in them and work in them, bring up children in them, wash dishes and do the laundry in them. They know what works.

**I.J.** Is the pace of development picking up in Stonington and Deer Isle?

**E.M.** Oh yes. I certainly hope we can get some good zoning before we get condominiums. They say they're coming fast. I was talking to a friend about development. I told him I wasn't taking any credit for doing a good job on my development because my parents left me some money that I used to get started. I think that if I had to struggle to earn a living at the same time, I couldn't have done as good a job, and I admit it. And this friend said, "Well, Emily, most of the developers are millionaires anyway, they're just trying to squeeze the next million out, which you don't." So I said, "OK, I'll take credit for that."

**I.J.** You've served on lots of local boards in Stonington such as the Conservation Commission, the Planning Board, the School Board and the Nursing Home Board. How did you do it all, in addition to your work?

**E.M.** I just wanted to *do* things, and I guess I just persisted. When we first came here we used to have the island kids down here for Red Cross swimming lessons. There was a dam across the lower end of some ledges where we built a swimming pool. We had a schooner come in with granite and lay it up and then our neighbors came down to put in the concrete. It was poured by the teaspoonful. It took I don't know how many tides to build it. But it always leaked. When they were pouring the concrete I think every tide left a little layer of silt that of course washed out. We kept that thing mended for years but it finally wouldn't hold any water. I've always said that if it's the last thing I do, I'm going to get a swimming pool for this island, but I haven't. I'm afraid if I do now, it will be the last thing I do.

I was on the Nursing Home Board because I felt if there was going to be an institution, it shouldn't look like one. I served eight years and I'm very proud of it. It's been really successful. Of course I had ideas about its design and interior decoration. When it came time to buying things like the curtains, I wanted to put some pep into the rooms. So I went up to Bangor and did a lot of planning out color schemes. We had a committee of the Board to do this sort of thing. Then the Board decided to go to Atlanta because someone found out we could get the furniture cheaper there. I didn't go to because a friend of mine from Los Angeles had been planning to visit and I just couldn't walk out on her. Some of the others went and they talked to a decorator there, a 'real-honest-to-goodness' decorator selling things for the company. Of course, the decorator told them what to get.

I didn't know how to say that I could have done something quite nice for those rooms. When they got back from Atlanta, I just

Of course I'm wearing two hats all the time—conservation and development. I suppose I'm crazy and I don't know how to reconcile it. But some development is inevitable.





Peter Rakison

Two of Muir's Crockett Cove houses. The Crockett Cove Woods Nature Sanctuary on Deer Island is in the background.

couldn't understand why they wouldn't take my word on the decorating plans. I think people say "I have a house with curtains, why can't I do it? Why does Emily think she knows more than I do?" I wanted to put an ad in the paper and say, anyone thinking of redecorating his house please call members of the Committee, and anyone who wants to know anything about fishing call Emily Muir. (laughs) All I can say is that you better have a sense of humor about these things. I learned an awful lot, especially about people.

**I.J.** In addition to your painting, sculpting and house designing, you're also a writer.

**E.M.** When I got my book *Small Potatoes* published, that started me off great, but that was back in 1940. That's a long time ago. I can't get anything published I've written lately. I don't know why. It's maddening. Oh, they publish all my letters to the editor and everyone speaks about them. I get letters from Portland and Bangor and places saying, "Good for you; it's nice you can express so well what we all want to express." But nobody wants to pay for anything I write.

As Mr. Scribner said, "Times have changed." A lot of my stories are about the two brothers who were our neighbors when my husband and I first moved here. They always spoke so appropriately. They didn't just sit down and tell a story; something would bring it up, you know. One of them would say something like, notice how the hair grows longer on the north side of dog, and that would be the beginning of some kind of a story. They didn't make any effort to be this way. Now, people are demanding more plot, more murder, more sex. Something more gripping. Whereas what I like is character, good English, something worth thinking about.

**I.J.** What are your letters to the editor about?

**E.M.** Oh, all kinds of things, but particularly these days about nuclear disarmament. Everything today is military, military, military. There's just complete blindness on the

subject. We're never going to change things until people themselves demand it, and people aren't going to demand it until they see that it's our slack morals and our slack caring and our greed that is responsible for all this.

It's that basic — it's people. We created the nuclear business and we're the only ones that can undo it. But we're not going to undo it until we have a different view of things. That's why I like this group Beyond War. Their whole attitude is educational. We're trying to get enough people involved — each in their particular field. Then we can change the government's thinking, but not until.

**I.J.** The islands out in the Thorofare and Merchant Row seem to have been a major focus of your creative life for the past 50 years.

**E.M.** Yes, I've owned all or parts of five islands: Let's see, Russ Island, Sheep Island, Georges Head, Big Coombs, and a third interest in Wreck Island.

I sold two of them and I gave my interest in Wreck Island to the Nature Conservancy when they bought the rest of it. I put a forever-wild easement on Big Coombs before I sold it. The new owner of Big Coombs only uses it to go out there in a sail boat. With the easement on it he can't do anything else, but he is very conservation minded. I put an easement on it when I guess I thought I had plenty of money. Since then I've changed my mind about the money part but I'm sure it's the best thing, the most comprehensive thing if you don't consider finances. Of course I'm wearing two hats all the time — conservation and development. I suppose I'm crazy and I don't know how to reconcile it. But some development is inevitable.

**I.J.** Why did you acquire all those islands?

**E.M.** Well there's a little island out here, Grog, with a beautiful cove on it. We used to go out there and picnic. We wrote the fellow who owned it and asked if he ever wanted to sell it to give us first refusal. He said yes, but he didn't. He sold it. I guess that's when I became aware that things could happen to the islands. This must have been in the 1940s. So my husband Bill and I started buying islands because ... we were afraid of what would happen. I could just see houses built all along their shores. Now I just own one island across the Thorofare over there (pointing out the window). Russ Island.

**I.J.** What do you think should happen to Russ Island?

**E.M.** That's one place I depend on you. I'm thinking of turning Russ over to you people.

**I.J.** What influence has this area been on you?

**E.M.** Sometimes I've denied being an islander because of the bridge and because I come from the city, but I realize that one thing the island has done for me is keep me out of contact with, I guess, sophistication is the best word. The things that are "put on," not quite honest, not quite real. It's not that I hobnob a lot with the fishermen here, but I like them. They make me feel like there's something solid about them.

Everything today is military, military, military.

There's just complete blindness on the subject.

We're never going to change things until people themselves demand it, and people aren't going to demand it until they see that it's our slack morals and our slack caring and our greed that is responsible for all this.



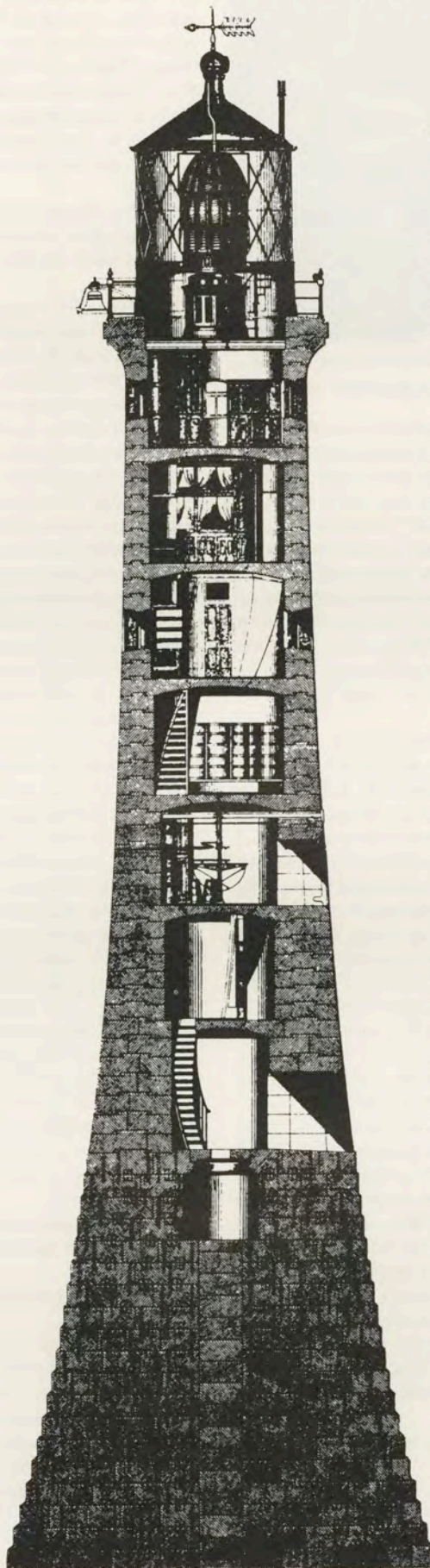
# TOWERS OF LIGHT

CHRISTOPHER GLASS

*It is our enduring position that the importance of lighthouses goes beyond the countless number of lives that they have saved. We will continue to harken to their human and humane role in our position as a mercantile marine nation, and will continue supporting any group, program or institution that acts to maintain and use lighthouse facilities in the public weal. These lonely outposts are more than winking lights tendering help to mariners; and more, too, than old-fashioned places giving focus to the sentimental memories of the surviving keepers and their families. We need to be reminded that lighthouses and their towers are imprinted on our minds as unique places, as forms — powerful symbols with implications that go beyond the functions of a few watts of optically-enhanced incandescence across watery hazard.*

*Christopher Glass here outlines the special architectural history of Maine's beacons.*

*The illustration on the right (from Lighthouses of the Maine Coast, 1935, Robert Thayer Sterling, loaned by Earle Shettleworth) shows the cross-section of a "stag" light without outbuildings. Notice the keys cut into the horizontal joints to increase lateral stability.*



**W**HEN WE HEAR the word "lighthouse" we immediately have an image in our minds of a tall, slender tower perched on some bold promontory. The lighthouse, like the church steeple, is an architectural archetype, an instantly identifiable shape. We associate that shape with all the tales we have heard — tales of stormy nights, shipwrecks, and lonely lighthouse keepers solaced by the occasional mermaid. Lighthouses have been adopted as symbols of vigilance, caring, and guiding by newspapers, churches and financial institutions. These associations are by now built into our perception of the lighthouse, and because of this network of associations we mourn the passing of the lighthouse and its replacement by some skeletal, high-tech contraption that reminds us more of Star Wars than clipper ships.

Despite the clarity of our mental image of the lighthouse, in real life lighthouses come in a wide variety of shapes and sizes. Differing site conditions, navigational needs, technologies and symbolic associations have resulted in buildings with significant differences, even among those built within a few years along the Maine coast. Those differences tell us stories about what life was like when these buildings were put up that enrich our appreciation of these symbols.

Basically, the lighthouse as a design problem is simple: make a tower high enough so a light at its top can be seen from far enough away so that ships can avoid dangerous obstacles and steer a safe course. It is this simplicity of function that gives the lighthouse a clarity of form that we can instantly appreciate. A less significant but important function is for the tower itself to be visible during clear weather as a reference point. When we think of a lighthouse, we include in our picture of it more than just the light. We think of the tower as the body of which the light is the head. It is this kind of body standing on the rocks that gives lighthouses their power as symbols. A lighthouse without a tower is not satisfying.

The first Maine lighthouses apparently were unsatisfying in this way. They were houses with lights on their roofs. As storms periodically demolished them, and as larger ships required more distant warnings, these earlier buildings were replaced. The favored shape for this second generation was the classic tapered cylinder we think of as the "real" lighthouse. This shape was not a conscious effort at creating a symbolic form, however, for the tapered hollow cylinder is essentially the most efficient functional

*Christopher Glass is a practicing architect living in Camden, Maine. His office overlooks Curtis Island Light, one of the more beautifully situated lighthouses on the Maine coast.*



shape for a masonry tower. It produces the greatest resistance to the lateral forces of wind and waves with the least amount of material and with the least "sail area" of flat surface catching the wind. If you imagine a cross section of the cylinder, you can think of the round tower as a horizontal arch that transfers force like wind or water around the entire structure. For the same reason castles developed round towers after the introduction of artillery, since round stone walls could distribute the impact stresses of cannonballs. The hollow cylinder provides greater stability than a solid tower of equal mass, and incidentally allows for the access stair up the middle. So the cylinder is the ideal masonry form for a structure to resist horizontal forces.

The taper of the cylinder is less significant to its function, and many of our lighthouses are not tapered. The taper is a visible expression of the need to support greater weight at the base of a tower than at its top. If the interior hollow, with its spiral stair, is to be kept a constant width, then the extra stone needed to support the weight of the stone above can only be added by making the base wider. This use of interior space is even more elaborate in the so-called "stag" lights, which were on sites too inhospitable to support a house and garden and therefore not kept by a family but by a bachelor (hence "stag"). As the illustration shows, the functions of the whole station had to be fit into the shaft of the cylinder, and the size of the rooms increased as they went up, again to provide more mass at the base.

It is this ability of shapes to "look" more or less satisfying that is one of the mysteries of architecture and one of the fascinations of the lighthouse as a form. One of the best theories to account for this phenomenon is that of Geoffrey Scott in *The Architecture of Humanism*. Scott says that we "transcribe architecture in terms of ourselves" by a "tendency to project the image of our functions into concrete forms." So, for example, the Greeks considered the massive Doric columns of the Parthenon to be "masculine," having a height-to-weight ratio based on that of a male athlete, while Ionic columns, which are thinner in relation to their height, were considered feminine. By this kind of analysis the typical Maine lighthouse, with its relatively wide diameter, becomes some kind of superhero, an Arnold Schwarzenegger among cylinders.

The thinner or taller ones such as Boon Island light look more daring, more precarious, because of their thinness. In fact, the



Shore Village Museum Collection

**Boon Island Light is one of Maine's two tall lights, Petit Manan being the other. The picture shows it before the installation of the iron reinforcing rods.**



Shore Village Museum Collection

**Whaleback Light is tapered shaft of rusticated cut stone with a clearly Egyptian stone cornice topped by a Renaissance dome. The foghorn indicates that technological trashing is not a new idea. At least the tapered tank echoes the shape of the stone tower.**

tall thin towers at both Boon Island, and Petit Manan Island are not pure masonry cylinders. They are reinforced with vertical tie rods that brace the top third of the tower and keep it from overturning. The weight and arch action of masonry alone is not adequate to the height and exposure, so iron rods act like a kind of bowstring to resist the forces trying to topple the tower. Our perception of them as thin is physically correct, in the sense that they are too thin to survive without bracing.

The tapered towers were originally built of stone. Solomon Willard had developed the Quincy granite quarries and built the Bunker Hill monument of the cut stone. Alexander Parris used it to build Boston's Quincy Market in 1825, and he was commissioned to build lighthouses the same way; in Maine he is known to have designed six lighthouses, from Saddleback Ledge in 1839 to Monhegan in 1849. For isolated or especially vulnerable sites the advantages of prefabrication and the greater strength of cut stone were important. Closer to shore, on more sheltered sites, random rubble stone was used, laid up around a brick core that gave precise shape to the interior spaces.

When the towers were not built of stone the problem changed. Toward the middle of the 19th century engineers became interested in cast iron as a replacement for stone. Whole buildings were made of iron cast to look like carved stone, and though we now think of these buildings as exotic and interesting, at the time they were regarded as cheap imitations of the real thing — the vinyl siding of their day. But cast iron was ideal for the lanterns at the tops of the towers. It was relatively fireproof and weatherproof and required only assembly on-site, not fabrication. Prefabricated sections light enough to be lifted into place were simply bolted together. The use of iron gradually increased, until entire structures were made of it, so that the lighthouse at Cape Elizabeth, made famous by Edward Hopper's painting, replicates in iron the tapered cylindrical shape and proportions of a stone lighthouse.

More extreme is the little "Bug" light of 1875 at the Portland Breakwater in South Portland. Here the whole building is iron, including delicate Corinthian columns and other classical details modeled on the Choric Monument of Lysicrates, built in Athens in 334 B.C. The design was possibly influenced by Thomas U. Walter, architect of the Capitol dome in Washington, which is also a cast iron structure resembling classi-



cal stonework. Significantly, the Bug differed from its Greek prototype by being stouter. The departure from the unadorned cylinder indicated the desire to have the structure symbolize its function in cultural and not just geometric ways.

This cultural symbolism characterizes the last type of lighthouse built in Maine. (Last, that is, not counting the metal monsters of the present.) These are the square, tapered towers of brick build beginning in the 1870s. The tower at Grindle Point on Isleboro is a good example of this type, and there are others at Nash Island, Two Bush Island, Indian Island and the Rockland Breakwater. Lighthouses on reasonably protected sites did not require the same attention to maximizing strength that more exposed ones needed. Brick was adequate and easier to work, if laid in straight lines. The need for greater strength at the base remained, however, so the tapered sides still made economic and structural sense.

But also entering into the design of these square towers was a cultural message. The clue to that message is the shape of the iron cornice which curves out from the top of the tower to support the gallery. This curved cornice on top of the square, tapered tower is a reference to the shape of the pylons of Egyptian temples. In the 19th century Egyptian forms were often used for symbolic reasons. Cemeteries were an obvious application of Egyptian devices, but lighthouses were an equally obvious opportunity, since the most famous lighthouse of all was the pharos of Alexandria, one of the seven wonders of the ancient world. So these otherwise simple and straightforward structures were designed to recall the progenitor of them all.

Also suggesting symbolic meanings were other details such as the preferred 10-sided geometry of the lantern. The decagon was the basic organizing symbol of medieval masonry, and that tradition had survived, along with the symbolism of the lighthouse, in the Masonic ritual. It is significant that when the Masons built a monument to that famous Mason, George Washington, they chose the city of Alexandria on the Potomac and modeled their building on the Pharos. Our square, brick lighthouses represent the same tradition.

Aside from the formal symbolism of the tower itself, there is the relationship of the tower to the keeper's house. Except in the case of the stag lights, Maine lighthouses consist of the tower and the support buildings for the family of the keeper. The tower is often attached to the house in the way a silo is attached to a farm. The family that lived at the station lived in the same way a farm family did — raising children and crops and chickens and maintaining a nearly self-sufficient homestead. The lighthouse took the place of the "cash crop." Instead of raising produce for market, the keeper provided the service of keeping the light lit.

The physical relationship of the tower to the station was, like the tower shape, capable of a great deal of variation, depending on



Shore Village Museum Collection

**Saddleback Ledge Light** was an early stone tower with a pronounced taper that does not conform to our idea of correct lighthouse proportions. It looks as if it has eaten too many starches and should be called Saddlebag, not Saddleback.



Shore Village Museum Society Collection

**Deer Island Thorofare light** was the low-budget version of the Grindle Point type. The tower is not tapered, there is no graceful Egyptian cornice, and the keeper's house is of board and batten, which, though briefly fashionable as Gothic Revival, usually meant clapboards were too expensive.



Shore Village Museum Collection

**Goat Island Light** is an extreme example of the relation of keeper's house to lighthouse. Presumably the need for the light to be visible over a wide arc dictated the semi-detached placement of the keeper's house. Either that or the keeper insisted on keeping up his bowling.





Grindle Point Light Station. The first lighthouse on this site was built in 1850 and replaced in 1875 by the present structure. It is an aesthetically unsatisfying house light, where the keeper's house seems to have been impaled on an unseen shaft.



Grindle Point Light Station today. Though the lantern is neither much bigger nor much higher than its predecessor, this tower is more "correct." This is one of the Egyptian towers, with references to Masonic precedents. The picture also shows the present state of the art in lighthouse design.

## KEEPING THE LIGHT

### HOW TO LICENSE AND MAINTAIN A LIGHTHOUSE

The Island Institute, with a grant from the Mildred H. McEvoy Foundation, has recently published *Keeping the Light — A Handbook for the Adoptive Re-use of Maine Island Lightstations*.

This Handbook details what non-profit organizations and interested citizens need to know about licensing and maintaining automated and abandoned island lighthouse building complexes. Based on two seasons of field investigation and two Maine lighthouse conferences, *Keeping the Light* will be of interest to anyone interested in caring for or living in island lighthouse buildings.

the site and period of construction. Often the tower is clearly the dominant, solid element, and the other buildings appear as temporary appendages. But just as often the tower is actually no taller than the roof of the keeper's house, and though the tower preserves its characteristic shape, it has lost its position of dominance. One interesting case is the very late Rockland Breakwater Light, where the Egyptian tower appears to grow up through the roof of the ell of the keeper's house. The only constant is that the tower is visible from the sea as a tower, using its shape as much as its light to identify its function.

Like any cash crop, tending the light and tower took time and attention. One reason Maine lighthouses tend to be all white instead of the multicolored variety is that one of the keeper's duties was to give them their yearly coats of whitewash, and the job was one that did not lend itself to fancy work. Writing in 1935 (in *Lighthouses of the Maine Coast*), keeper Robert Thayer Sterling described this duty:

"It is a job in itself to cover one of these lighthouses whose height is over 100 feet and whose circumference, on some stations, is nearly 46 feet. There is much work in getting the tackle ready for hoisting up the basket which the keeper must stand in while whitewashing. Strict precautions are taken to see that the ropes and blocks are good and fast before ascending.

"The rigging does not last more than two years; then new has to replenish the old. Whitewash has a tendency to rot the rope and great care is taken to inspect it before anybody goes aloft.

"The best time, so the keepers find, to whitewash towers and other outlying buildings and fences is either the last of May or the first of June, the latter being chosen as the best. It is understood that you must wait until you get westerly or north-west wind that will dry up the mixture of lime as fast as it goes on. With these conditions one gets a pure white tower.

"It is necessary to have two keepers take part in this work, for while one is putting on the fluid the other is attending to the hoisting and lowering of the pannier."

And whitewashing, which could be done to fit the weather, was one of the easier tasks.

The work of maintaining such a light could be done economically by a farm family. It is not economical in today's world. The new metal monsters are the self-sufficient robots of our time, needing little maintenance but inspiring no great love. They do not inspire because they transmit only light, not the great variety of structural, architectural and cultural messages the great towers and their appendages transmitted.

The message conveyed by today's steel towers is that all of these values are not relevant to the overriding requirements of technology and economy. I hope our generation does not leave that message as its legacy to the future, or, at least, that we will do what is necessary to keep the old lighthouses sending out their messages of vigilance, caring and ingenuity.



# RADIO WAVES

*In keeping with our editorial policy, the "Radio Waves" section remains a place to round up, collect and speak of things, people and places which, for reasons of our hopelessly limited space, do not permit full feature coverage. These stories are the kinds of fragments of lives and events we hear of on the radio waves. Members of the Island Institute receive all kinds of these short radio bursts in our periodic Island Journal Newsletter. The first "Radio Waves" column describes the opening of the Second Century Exhibit on Swan's Island. We were so impressed by the photographs from the exhibit that we have used them throughout this section.*

## Swan's Island

*Second Century Exhibit*

Maili Bailey

*Is 200 years a long time ago or a rather short time ago? Clearly, any islander in the middle of life has at least two extreme perspectives to apply to this question.*

*At the short extreme, one has children, or knows children of friends, who have difficulty understanding why there are such nuances amidst their adult companies about Viet Nam — certainly Rambo has not made their understanding any clearer. Not so long ago Viet Nam was hard on young men from Maine islands. The kids cannot be expected to understand.*

*At the long extreme, Maine island communities tend to have a relatively large portion of elderly people who have lived in their communities all their lives. Let's do a mental exercise about this; assume that you are, say, 45 years old, and that you can remember speaking to someone who was 90 years old when you were 10 years old. From a 1987 perspective, this means that in 1947 you spoke with a 90-year old who was born in 1857, and who was 10 years old in 1867. Let's say, furthermore, that our 90-year-old remembers from age 10 speaking to a 90-year-old about his or her tenth year of life. Get the picture? This means that it is perfectly possible for a contemporary middle-aged islander to have spoken with someone who had spoken with someone who was alive and remembered the height of the American Revolution in 1777 — only two people separating us from the event. Obviously, it is a matter of perspective.*

*Most island townships were enfranchised just after the Revolution, and so bicentennial fever is beginning to infuse the archipelago. Here Maili Bailey describes Swan's Island's second year of its splendid "Second Century Exhibit." In 1989 the Fox Islands, Vinalhaven and North Haven, will celebrate their bicentennial with a season of exhibits and events. Too, the Island Institute is sponsoring a conference on island history this fall. Meanwhile, please give further consideration to the island elderly... they connect with the deep past and deserve our love, respect and attention.*

**A** YEAR AGO, on the eve of Swan's Island's bicentennial to celebrate the 200 years since Col. James Swan's purchase of "Burnt Cove Island" in 1786, a small group of islanders found themselves ankle-deep in bottles and cans. School children were milling around sorting and grading them for a fund drive, and no one could envision the Second Century Exhibition that was to be such a success in July.

That day the Seaside Hall sounded like a sardine cannery, and for some it brought back memories, which was why we had gathered in the first place — to give texture to memories.

The History Group was formed in the last weeks of 1985 and met once a week through the winter and spring of '86. We collected important photographs and artifacts and asked people to write their memoirs for a future book. We put together a calendar of 14 old photographs that set the stage for more exciting things to come. Once we secured the use of the Seaside Hall as the place for an exhibit, sleeves were rolled up, and we tackled the huge job of cleaning and repairing the old building.

Seaside Hall was built in 1905 by the Atlantic Improvement Association for "educational and moral purposes." H.W. Small, M.D., author of *The History of Swan's Island, Maine* (1898), had sold the shore piece in Atlantic to the association for \$100. (He had purchased the same lot in 1876 for \$20.) For over 81 years the hall was used for socials, dances and as a library. After the town acquired it in 1980, a summer recreational program for the island children and teenagers flourished. In the fall of 1985 a new recreation building was built in Atlantic next to the ballfield. So in June of '86 the Seaside Hall seemed to be a good place for the growing exhibit.

While the Hall was being scrubbed as clean as it could be on the inside, the washed-out underpinnings were reinforced, and repairs were made to the skirting. The old stairs were torn down and a ramp put up. A coat of grey was painted on two sides. Though we still had to contend with a leaking roof that defied assault because of its precipitous nature over Mackerel Cove, we forged ahead.

On paper we outlined an exhibit: "A store, school, kitchen, and nursery would be nice, and the old stage might make a good wharf." We went house to house asking for things that would fill in the outline...treasures were everywhere! Attics, cellars and sheds were rummaged. A few items were snatched from the jaws of oblivion, like a skiff found under a tree, and these were given proper status. "I didn't know that someone would want that old thing!" was often heard, but time and time again there was palpable relief in historian and donor for having rescued something.

Day by day the collection grew, but pieces seemed to lie about the floor and in corners without connectedness. Major pieces were missing. The History Group didn't know if the thing would really jell — it looked hopeless on some days. None of us had any experience as curators, so we relied on common sense, luck and stubbornness.

Display boards were built for the photographic reproductions that had been produced for the project by Tom Hindman. The photos had been chosen by the group, and after they were hung they were stunning. Suddenly things clicked: the school had five desks, a water bucket, books and a blackboard with a lesson beautifully chalked by Jim Gillespie and taken from a late 1800s text.

The store the group had despaired of having took shape quickly when the owner of Newman's old store down harbor, which is now a private home, let us have a counter and the store front sign. (He had to take it down years before because the boat people would come at all hours of the night to ask for groceries.)

It was wash day in the kitchen. The beautiful cookstove was moved over from the library and set up with a wash boiler and heavy irons "heating." Next to the sink a laundry stand held two galvanized tubs (on rainy days these were used to catch leaks). The scene came alive with a little ironing board with its miniature but accurate and functioning iron beside a full-sized board that had clothes rolled and waiting. Two rockers next to the stove looked as if mother and daughter might sit together after the morning's work to do their needlework.





Swan's Island Education Association

### Hauling Hay from Harbor Island

Carol Loehr set up a spinning display next to the kitchen, and old wheels came back into use alongside more modern machines. The days when families shared spinning wheels came back to life in that small space in Seaside Hall.

The nursery featured a wicker baby carriage that had been gathering dust in a barn in Minturn. A swinging bed with wonderful old quilts was loaned to the exhibit. A spectacular hand-carved "standing stool," which was judged to be at least 100 years old, came to the exhibit from Lester and Rose Staples. (Something like a playpen, it is too small for a child to lie in.) Kim Colbeth's large doll collection populated the nursery nicely, and Gwen May's fancy potty caused a sensation!

The wharf took shape after the men of the group fastened spilings at strategic points and then installed a ladder with the rescued skiff tied to it. Soon the wharf held several real prizes. Among these was a small steamer trunk with its itinerary still nailed to the lid. In old-fashioned script it told how it came from Harrisburn, Penn., by railroad to Rockland and thereafter by two steamboats to Swan's Island. On its handle was the original green "Swan's Island" tag.

Also on the wharf was a trawl tub donated by Cassie Scott with a hook bender on its rim still containing a line of hooks. Years ago island women earned a few dollars baiting the longlines of the trawls, and on occasion one would have to reshape a hook in a bender's curious ridges. Next to the tub was an old-style lobster trap that was made years ago for the library by Fritz Johnson.

Fritz Johnson died several years ago, and it was because of his passing and the more recent deaths of others, like Edwin Gott and Nellie Ranquist, that the work at the hall gained interest in the town: people recognized the need to respect and preserve the past.

On grand opening day, July 7, 1986, more than 140 people visited the exhibit in four hours. (Swan's Island has a year-round population of about 350.) By the end of the season more than 2,300 came through.

Some islanders visited two and three times and many still wanted more time to spend soaking it all in. Hours were spent at a table next to the store where photo albums and memoirs were available for study. Islanders welcomed the chance to see the old things again and learn more; strangers to the island became fascinated by the times that came to life in the old Seaside Hall in Atlantic.

Such was the success that the History Group asked for the use of the hall for the next few years. The 1987 version of "The Second Century Exhibition" has had a circa 1880's post office front and a blacksmith's shop added. The exhibition season begins July 1 and will run until the end of August. There will be weekend hours in September.

Hours: Tuesday through Sunday,  
Noon to 3 p.m.

Closed on Monday

September hours: Friday, Saturday  
and Sunday, noon to 3 p.m.

For more information, call Maili Bailey,  
Minturn, ME 04659, (207) 526-4350, or Gwen  
May, Minturn, (207) 526-4463.

"The Second Century Exhibition" is under the auspices of the Swan's Island Educational Society.

Visitors to the island are well advised to have a good look at the Swan's Island Guide Book, available at the Historical Society.

*Maili Bailey is a 15-year resident of Swan's Island. A member of the island's planning board, town librarian and museum curator, she is deeply involved in the island's public interest. When she is not being "Jill-of-many-trades" for a prominent seasonal family and broker for various rentals about the island, she writes for cookbooks and, fortunately, for us. With a mixture of pride and embarrassment, she mentions that her Hawaiian birth somewhat distracts from the fact that her great grandfather, a Methodist minister on Swan's Island, delivered his first sermon there during the 1890s, at age 19. Ah, youth!*

# North Haven

North Island Yarn

Nancy Foster-Wolf

"AND THEN IT goes beyond all your dreams." That's how Debbie Anderson describes what has happened at North Island Yarn this past year.

It would be hard to argue with her. Debbie and partner Chellie Pingree have seen their business bring in over \$100,000 in wholesale orders in the first 12 months, jump from two to eight employees, develop a second new product line and take both owners to 10 trade shows nationwide to market their sweater kits.

It started out simply enough back in 1980 when Chellie began selling yarn and sweaters from her farm vegetable stand to increase the value of the fleeces shorn from her own flock. The next move was to rent a small shop off Main Street in the former Knights of Pythias building. There Chellie sold yarn, knitting supplies and sweaters from the cottage industry of island knitters. The shop serviced a limited but loyal group of summer residents and visitors. Retail business was brisk for four months, but with the end of summer came the end of the selling season. The sweaters were too expensive to produce to seriously consider a wholesale market, so the business went on the back burner until spring.

In 1985 Chellie met Debbie, who had recently moved to North Haven with her husband and two children. Debbie owns a doll shop in Portsmouth, N.H., and had been designing and making doll clothes, including sweaters, for 15 years. Inspired by the scenes of everyday life on North Haven, Debbie began designing sweaters for adults and children using motifs of boats, spruce trees, birds, village buildings and farm animals. Packaged into knitting kits which use yarns spun in Maine and New Brunswick, the designs were a hit in the retail shop on North Haven, and Chellie and Debbie began considering the possibility of a larger market.

In January 1986 their little company, North Island Yarn, took a booth at one of the biggest yarn and knitting trade shows of the year in New York City. With a nothing-ventured-nothing-gained attitude and a few sample kits, both partners were prepared to use the show as a learning experience, hoping to sell at least enough kits to cover the cost of the show. Instead, they were both kept busy writing orders and dealing with sales representatives who wanted to take on their line.

It was clear that they had a product which appealed to a broad audience, and that the wholesale market was available if they wanted it. But did they want it? Running a year-round, volume-oriented wholesale business that required them to travel around the country to shows was quite different from running a retail shop on North Haven four months a year.

Fortunately, both partners agreed on the new direction. "It was obvious that the only



way to support two owners and full-time employees was to get big — fast,” says Chellie. So with orders in hand, and a preliminary business plan, Chellie and Debbie went to the bank for loans to finance inventory and basic operating expenses. It was a big step and a major lifestyle decision for both women.

“It’s interesting what the response is to the Maine Island mystique that we promoted a lot in the beginning,” says Chellie, “that our yarns are mostly from Maine, that our designs are pictures of the Maine coast, that our home ‘factory’ is on an island off the coast of Maine. It has some appeal, I think. It means something in New England, and even at the New York show, but for the most part, when you get to shows in Atlanta, San Francisco, Chicago or North Carolina, customers either like your designs or they don’t. A spruce tree and sailboat kit, or even a sheep kit, when bought by someone in Wisconsin, is probably bought because it reminds them of a Wisconsin lake or farm, not a Maine island. The colors of yarn, the packaging, and the instructions are more important as selling points to the shop owner than where the kits come from.”

For Debbie, the business end of the partnership is what she likes to stay away from whenever possible. “Creative people need to be creating, not running a business,” she laughs. As for design inspiration and motivation, she explains that it’s really not that complicated: “I just design sweaters that I’d like to wear.” The number of designs in kits is now at 16 and growing. New designs are occurring to her all the time, and there’s a constant battle to keep inventory and color selections under control.

For both Chellie and Debbie, North Island Yarn is a great source of personal as well as professional challenge and growth. The partnership, like any relationship, has gone through changes. “Partnerships aren’t for everyone,” comments Chellie. “Sometimes they’re easier and sometimes they’re not. For five years I had to make all the decisions myself. Not it’s nice to know that there’s someone else who can make some of the decisions when I don’t want to.”

One goal both partners place at the top of their priority list is the employment of island women. With wholesale business, North Island Yarn can now offer jobs at better than minimum wage to women who want to work outside the home but still need the flexibility of a work schedule that accommodates children and other family activities.

“The jobs on the island have been mostly in the service industries,” says Chellie, “and for men, the wages have been pretty reasonable. But most families now need two incomes, and the jobs for women here are not many and they are seasonal.” There’s another benefit in being part of the growing business: a sense of personal identity and daily contact with other women in a cheerful, supportive environment — something that is hard to come by during the winter in a summer-oriented island community.

So what’s next for North Island Yarn?

For 1987, the company has introduced a



Swains Island Education Association

#### Mackerel Seiner

line of cotton sweater kits in addition to their full line of 100% wool kits, a direct response to request from customers in the South and Southwest. These kits will not have the strong identification with Maine through the use of Maine-spun wool yarns, although they will use the same island-inspired designs. At the first big trade show of 1987, the cotton kits sold well even though the show was held in New York.

There is always the question of getting into the fashion/ready-to-wear market with knit sweaters, not kits.

“But that’s another whole market, another whole world,” sighs Chellie. “It’s fashion, and it can be very fickle. Plus it would mean learning a new market, different sales reps, different credit and payment systems. It would be another whole full-time job. And it would probably mean going offshore, which means to another country, to get them knit. One of the reasons we went to selling kits is because of the difficulty in dealing with the new federal home workers regulations. Still...”

She opens a file drawer and pulls out a folder. “There is a knitters trade show in Scotland next October. It would at least be a good excuse for a trip to Scotland. Meanwhile, we have about 650 wholesale accounts now. But there are 10,000 yarn shops in this country. We have a long way to go yet in this business.”

*Nancy Foster-Wolf, a native of Lisbon Falls, Maine, currently lives in Rockport, where her business, Blueberries and Granite, produces sweaters made from Maine wool.*

## Frenchboro

### Island Homesteading Update

Editors

FOR THE PAST three years, Frenchboro has been staring intently down the rifle bore of its continued survival as a community. Down to 51 year-round residents, the village has been near the edge of losing the critical mass of people necessary to make island life possible.

Just keeping institutions like the one-room school, the Frenchboro Congregational Church and the two-day-a-week ferry service are major concerns, given the number of residents and the advanced age of many of the local population. A store on the island is economically out of the question, so residents must buy groceries on the mainland where they have to add the cost of a night in a motel to their shopping because of the limited schedule of the Maine State Ferry Service.

With their island on the brink of becoming just another footnote in history, Frenchboro residents applied for and received a \$336,000 grant to make available 10 one-and-a-half-acre lots with water, roads and septic systems to people who would come and settle in the community. National media focus on the grant has caught the attention of thousands of Americans across the country apparently heartened by the idea that homesteading on an island frontier is not just ancient American history. Since six of the lots are reserved for persons with low-to-moderate incomes (which islanders, prac-



ticed in the art of scratching out a living offshore, are quick to distinguish from welfare), requests for information have come flooding in from people in all walks of life.

Last winter when the town officials announced the deadline for applications in a press release, they were shocked to discover that news travels almost as fast across the globe as it does across the island on the wireless grapevine — and with occasionally the same degree of accuracy. It took Dan Blaszczuk, the Frenchboro resident who helps administer the grant, a week to dig out from under the letters written in response to *Star* magazine's headline, "Come Live with Us on Fantasy Island."

But most other reporting has been more responsible. Frenchboro's press release, which appeared in the Portland papers, was picked up by the *Boston Globe*, which was seen and reported by the *New York Times* and was distributed on the *Times* wire service. Blaszczuk said, "I don't know which newspapers picked up the story, but we got clusters of inquiries from Dallas, Fort Lauderdale and somewhere in Colorado." Because the story was also carried in the international edition of the *Herald Tribune*, there were two letters from France and one telephone call Dan and First Selectwoman Tina Lunt think may have been from Yugoslavia.

Frenchboro, through its non-profit Future Development Corporation, is sifting through the applications and will select a number of new community members with an eye to starting construction on three to six homes this summer. Frenchboro officials expect the redevelopment project to prove itself gradually over the next several years. If this high-stake gamble is successful, it could well be a model for other small communities to hold onto their heritage whether they are on islands or elsewhere.

## Penobscot Island Telephone

*Reach Out and Talk, Someone*

*Richard H. Podolsky*

MOST OF MY TIME ON Maine islands has been spent on the outer islands where even trees look out of place. So when I see a telephone on a "civilized" island I just sort of stare at it long and hard the way a gull stares at a crab before pouncing on it. The first chance I get, I pounce and place an "important" call to who knows where. A phone is not as bad as a bridge, but an island without one. In spite of this, islanders know, perhaps better than anyone, the value of being able to "reach out and touch someone."

What types of communication systems are available to islanders without mainland phone service? Up until now the options have been either CB or VHF radios. CB

radio is the funny pages of island communication. People on islands turn on the CB for pure entertainment in the same mesmerized way that millions of Americans turn on *I Love Lucy*. Typically, there is someone on a channel giving the long version of their day spent mulching asparagus. Try to break in on these garden tips and share this "public channel" and you are treated as if you had tried to interrupt a closed session of the United Nations Security Council. On the CB, laid bare for public scrutiny, is a rich collage of drama, humor and half-baked opinions. Like a Chagall painting where in each corner of the canvas is a scene depicting the rich fabric of European life, the CB portrays and reflects the richness and beauty of island life. The real beauty of CB however, is the beautiful silence you get when you lean over and quietly turn it off.

Most islanders also know that by moving the VHF radio from a boat onto the island, and still using the vessel name and call numbers, they can access mainland phone lines by way of the local marine operator. VHF is therefore another major island communication system distinct from CB but with its own special uses, and equally as entertaining. The marine operators who connect you to your party on the VHF are sprinkled along the coast from Portsmouth to Portland to Camden to Southwest Harbor. However, unless you have applied for and received the special FCC permit allowing a land-based VHF radio, this shore usage is a violation of the FCC law that limits VHF to ship-to-ship communications. When I discovered I was breaking a law by using a VHF on land, I at least knew that I was not alone. With the camaraderie found only in a communal jail cell, I joined the swelling ranks of islanders blabbing freely on these "restricted channels."

Making a telephone call on the VHF is something like going to a busy city bakery because you get a number and get in line. While in line at a bakery you are seduced by the smell of baking bread and romanced by the aroma of cinnamon. While standing by on channel 26, 28 or 84 you get to listen in on the more private side of offshore life. Like the fisherman calling his wife in Stonington from Jeffrey's Ledge to say that he is running late and won't be in till late the next day. "You know," she says, "today's our anniversary." After an uncomfortably long pause, he replies, "Well, what are you going to do?" Her response, "Guess I'll get in the car, go up the hill and buy myself a gift." When your turn comes up on the VHF you can almost smell the baking bread when Helen says, "Please switch and answer channel two-six for traffic, Camden clear."

You wouldn't necessarily know it, but there are numerous good reasons to have a reliable means of radio communication available on an island. No doubt many lives have been saved because a radio was available on an island, as well as lives lost because no means of communication was handy. But many people go out to islands to escape being linked, electronically or otherwise, to the mainland and for some a telephone is

just going too far. For those of us who have this love-hate relationship with the telephone, you'll love to hate the new direct-dial portable phone now available to islands not connected to phone lines via underwater cable or microwave relay.

Prior to the development of the new portable direct-dial phone, the only direct-dial system available to islanders was from New England Telephone. For about \$5,000 you could erect an antenna that looks like the Nabisco logo atop your island home. This antenna points directly at an identical antenna on the mainland and patches the call to a New England Telephone line. The problem with this system is its great expense.

However, a new phone system is available to islanders: a portable direct-dial system similar in technology to the so called "cellular" phones popping up in metropolitan areas to the south. Through Pinetree Communications in Appleton, Maine, you can purchase one of these rechargeable portable telephones, about the size of a walkie-talkie, for around \$1,000. This system works by linking up with mainland phone lines via special radio frequencies. The power source for the charging unit works on either AC or DC currents produced by a generator or photovoltaics. The system uses the familiar seven-digit phone number plus a two-digit "access" code for incoming calls. For outgoing calls you have to press three buttons to access the receiving station on Ragged Mountain above Camden. Once connected to your party, you have to take turns talking, as this system is not full duplex like mainland equipment and you can end up "stomping" on each other. You also have to be within 40 miles of Ragged Mountain above Rockport to access the receiving station. Provided you are within range and press all the right buttons, in a few seconds that good old dial tone comes streaming out and you can direct dial any number anywhere in the world.

The Island Institute field tested one of these systems this past winter and found it to be a reliable way to maintain communication with personnel at our research base on Allen Island and a heck of a lot cheaper than the mobile phone New England Telephone.

Although we now have a reliable and private means of communication from Allen Island to any phone in the world, we wonder, is it enough? Our dream system would be a solar panel charging a bank of 12-volt batteries which powers both a CB radio as well as a shore-based VHF radio. Also on line would be the new portable direct-dial phone crystallized in to the nearest mainland mountain. Then in the corner of the room where all these boxes and wires sit you would be looking at an emergency communication system, a weather station, an agriculture extension agent, a marriage counselor, an auto mechanic and a home entertainment center, all wrapped into one.

But more importantly, don't ever forget that you can reach out and turn it all off.





Swan's Island Education Association

Charlie Rowe's Tuna

## Cranberry Isles

*No Parking Please*

*Carol Sue Jones*

WHEN IS AN ISLAND not an asset to its mainland base? The answer, as Cranberry Island residents found out last summer, is when the mainland community is experiencing a tourist boom and parking crunch of its own.

For years winter and summer residents of the Cranberry Isles have reached the island by private passenger ferry. At first the ferry carried passengers and mail from Seal Harbor, then from Southwest Harbor and presently from Northeast Harbor. The boats have always been passenger rather than car ferries, and neither the town of Cranberry Isles nor the various companies that serviced the islands through the years have ever owned land on the mainland. The host mainland town provided a parking lot, and the islanders patronized the local merchants. It is on the mainland across Eastern Way that Cranberry Islanders buy food and other supplies for their homes, do their banking, insure their homes, cars and boats, depend on the craftsmen there for repairs, and go to the local doctor, dentist, pharmacy and travel agent. In other words, they carried on a symbiotic relationship with the mainland community where the boat docks and the cars park.

As more summer folks flocked to the islands with more cars, it became necessary to use two parking lots instead of one, and sometimes in the middle of August cars were parked on the street for a few weeks in peak season.

Northeast Harbor has been experiencing a tourist boom of its own. New shops have

opened along the main street and the harbor is a bustling one with many pleasure boats and excursion boats departing and arriving daily. Suddenly Northeast Harbor was faced with the dilemma of more cars than parking spaces, and the answer was to limit parking for Cranberry Isles.

The decision was made to restrict 24-hour parking to one parking lot where 120 spaces would be leased yearly for a fee. The spaces were to be given out on a first-come, first-served basis with priority going to year-round residents. All other parking spaces in town were limited to two-hour parking. There are nearly 400 dwellings listed on the tax rolls of Cranberry Isles! Not every dwelling has a car, but neither does everyone have just one car per family! The fat was in the fire.

Arriving at their beloved island became a nightmare for many summer residents who were, in most cases, completely unaware of the problem. Summer residents, it seems, will do anything to arrive as quickly as possible on their island, so it is a common sight to see a bleary-eyed driver crawl out of a car and try to stretch the kinks out after 10, 12 or 14 hours on the road. Usually he or she is accompanied by the kids, the family dog, cat, turtle and enough luggage to last through several weeks or months of hot, cold, wet and in-between weather plus all the extras they have been saving from the winter to bring to the summer house. Now, things work about like this: You congratulate yourself because you have timed it just right. You can unload the car, park it, and catch the next ferry, which is right there waiting for you. The sign tells you that you can park by permit only. What a good idea, you say, shall I get a permit or go to the upper lot? What's

this? The upper lot has a new sign — two-hour parking only. Better see about that permit. A friendly, or in some cases not-so-friendly, inquiry at the police station informs you that there is a long waiting list for parking permits and there is no place in town that you can park for 24 hours except maybe some little side street. By this time your family on the boat is half-way to the island and you are trying to remember why you came here. To get away from what?

As more and more summer residents arrived tempers flared, misinformation abounded, letters were written, influence was peddled, talk of boycotting Northeast merchants was voiced, ad hoc committees were formed, meetings were held and the parking rule stayed! Shortly old-fashioned Yankee ingenuity and entrepreneurship provided some solutions to the parking problem. Some island residents began to rent parking spaces from several new private lots around town while others made private arrangements with friends or acquaintances on the mainland.

The private lots, while providing a solution for the hale and hearty, proved to be less of a solution for the elderly or families with young children who found the 20- to 30-minute walk from the private parking lots to the dock a chore. Many wondered why they were subjected to this regulation as they walked to the dock past the wide, circular, one-way road which was posted to parking of any kind at any time. Others forgot the problem existed once they had solved it for themselves.

As with most problems of coastal growth, there is no quick and easy solution. Both Northeast Harbor and Cranberry Isles will grow, and unless the parking problem is dealt with in a creative way and a long-term solution is developed, the existence of an island township could be in question. The obvious solution is for the town to buy land near the dock. Assuming that land were available and the island could print its own money, this would be a workable solution. The town manager of Northeast Harbor has suggested leasing the "air rights" above the parking lot to the town of Cranberry Isle so that latter can build a parking garage. Sky hooks and floating parking barges have also been offered as solutions. Not surprisingly, the fee for the permit spaces is scheduled to go up.

Meanwhile, Cranberry Isles is considering leasing a lot from a private organization with all the legal ramifications that involves, and the summer people have sent a simple message: we will support your schools, and put up with poor roads and infrequent garbage collection, but we must have a place to park.

---

*Carol Sue Jones has been a year-round resident of Little Cranberry for nine years and has served as a member of the School Board for most of them. She also runs her own business, Island Bed and Breakfast, and so has first hand experience with the island's parking skirmish.*





Marion Arey (in the middle) and the Mink Island Indians

## The Muscle Ridge

### Mink Island Stories

Marion Arey

*From our very beginnings, the Island Journal has received manuscripts from islanders describing in narrative form the lives and events of the islands. Both the volume and quality of these contributions has us thinking that more and better publishing outlets for them need to be created, and we are working on it. During the summer of 1987 the Island Institute will publish a volume of island fiction — short stories and excerpts from novels, none of which have been published before. Look for it. But real life often exceeds fiction in marvel and wonder.*

*About a year ago, Marion Arey sent us a handwritten manuscript, quite literally three dozen short narratives about her life as a youngster on Mink Island, three of which we share with you here. For reasons that are clear, we shall see more of these in the future.*

MANY OF THE really good times of my life were the summers I spent on Mink Island with my cousins Marjorie, Emily, Sylvia, David and Edgar. I don't remember how long I stayed, but they lived there all summer, going in to Port Clyde for groceries occasionally.

We were given free run of the small island without any warnings. We spent a lot of time on the back side of the island where there were cliffs and lots of rocks to climb. At low tide at the bottom of one of the cliffs was a wide, flat area that we made believe was a city street lined with fabulous stores. Also on the back beach was a big green boulder that stood out among the reddish rocks on the rest of the beach. The rocks seemed to be more broken up around this big boulder, so we imagined that it fell from outer space and the impact broke the rocks. We spent many

happy hours chipping away at it — it might have gold in it.

The lobster smack would come in to the wharf to pick up Uncle Maynard's lobsters, and I couldn't believe my eyes to look into the boat and see two-inch holes in the bottom and lobsters swimming in sea water. I could not understand why the boat didn't sink with all those holes in it.

Also on the wharf was a reel for drying the seine net which was used in the herring weir. This reel was probably six or eight feet in diameter and maybe 10 or 12 feet long; when there was no seine on it, it was fun to hang on to it and have somebody swing it back and forth. Sylvia was braver (or maybe more daring) than the rest of us, and hung on and let us spin her over the top.

Sometimes Papa took us out in his boat, the *Elsie M.*, for picnics. We went to Andrews Island and the Neck and walked around the shore to watch the blow hole just as the tide was coming in. It would rumble way back into the woods. Colby and I mentioned once that it would be a good thing to take flashlights and crawl up in there at low tide, but we never did.

Then we would walk over to the red cliffs and the popple-stone beach where all the rocks were round or oval. We threw rocks to see them bounce and loaded up our pockets with the roundest ones. Then we would walk over to the "salt pond," a big, shallow, low-water pool with all sorts of interesting things in it. We would usually stop at Allie Rackliff's store for a little candy.

On the way home when the wind and tide were right, in the channel between Grafton Island and Spruce Head Island, Papa would "ride the waves" in the tide rip. Up, up, we'd go to the top of a wave, and then down and down on the other side until all you could see was water. He let me ride on the peak of the bow with my legs hanging over. We went to Hurricane Island one day, where there were houses just as the whole population had left them — like a mass evacuation — with dishes still on the tables, and beds and

cribs with bedclothes still on them.

Charlie Rackliff, Maurice and I used to take three rowboats and row toward Spruce Head Island when the wind was blowing southwest, and then sit in the stern and "sail" back. I had the "pollywog" (a square-ended little boat); it was lots harder for me to row out against the wind, but I came back like a cork stopper.

Another exciting thing was going out to the weir to seine herring. I would climb around on the top of the "pocket" while they were running the seine around the fish inside. Tommy's Island weir had a fish-hawk's nest up on a platform about five or six feet above the pocket on one side. When there were babies in the nest the mother would dive-bomb us, but she didn't quite connect. The babies were ugly little things.

When the men (Papa, Raymond and Ralph) finished running the seine around, they would purse it up at the bottom and empty the loaded seine over the side of the dory until it was loaded to the top. I was allowed to get into the dory in my bathing suit or shorts and skull it out through the pocket and the pound to the waiting sardine carrier, where two men would swap an empty dory for the full one. Those flipping, flopping fish felt so tickly on my bare feet and legs.

Weirs were a big lot of work to maintain. The ice always wreaked havoc on them, destroying large sections. Then oak piles had to be driven into the ocean floor and horizontal pieces nailed to them and truckloads of birch brush nailed to the horizontal pieces. These weirs with their leaders, one or two pounds, and a pocket, would probably cover an acre. In later years the sardine boats just put a big vacuum hose down into the mass of fish and sucked them up. It wasn't long after that the weirs were abandoned altogether and the seine boats would circle a big school of herring, after a spotter plane had sighted a likely school, and suck them directly into the sardine carriers. This was progress.



# Peaks Island

*Succeed or Secede*

*Jane Day*

BY 7:00 on weekday mornings, Peaks Island people start heading for the boat—booted construction workers, high school kids, men and women in city clothes carrying briefcases. Their ranks increase by ones and twos as they pass the elementary school, Russ Edwards' hardware store, Feeney's supermarket, the Cockeyed Gull. They move with the unhurried speed of those grown accustomed to running on an inner timepiece, converging on the cobbled hill to the dock just as the 7:15 Casco Bay ferry grinds against the pilings.

Irene Fitzgerald came to the island 17 years ago and commutes every day to her business in Portland. "I love it," she says, "everybody walking to the boat in the morning." She is struck by the diversity of occupations among the ferry commuters: people who load their trucks, deliver beer, work in gas stations, accountants, lawyers. "If you lived in town...everybody would be isolated within their peer group."

The ferry provides a social transition between the city and the island, with time for neighborly gossip and home talk. The ferry is also the island's lifeline, the vehicle that puts distance between everything islanders don't want from the city, and much that they can't do without.

Peaks Island is about five to seven miles around, depending on how you navigate it, and totals about 720 acres, largely rural in aspect. Many island roads start as paved streets, then gradually crumble and bump into dirt lanes that twist and thread their way to houses snuggled in among old-growth trees.

Irene's husband Tim runs the island taxi and is its unofficial tour guide. On a drive around the perimeter road he points out the site of Greenwood Gardens, a former amusement park in the early 1900s, the narrow building that once housed a bowling alley, and the "Fifth Maine" — a rambling structure used as a boarding house for descendants of the Fifth Maine Regiment in the Civil War.

The road hugs the shore as it loops around the backside of the island, past abandoned World War II army bunkers and acres of overgrown bogland. Its proximity to the shore allows public access to the water and provides a buffer against shoreside development.

Years back, a development association bought all the land on the back shore, and people who put in money later drew lots for one-quarter to one-half acre parcels. Angular solar houses with weathered siding are being built here, evidence of the young professional people with rising incomes who are buying property on the island. The island is feeling the impact of the new sense of values and priorities they bring with them, not least of which is road improvement. Sentiment is strong both for and against paving. Easier on cars, says one

camp, while others fear more paving increases speed and works against the rural quality of the island.

It may be too late for those who urge, "Don't tell anybody about us." As more Portland professionals discover the rural charm of this commuter island, land values and taxes go up, and there are growing rumblings that the island is not getting its money's worth in services from the city. As part of the city of Portland, Peaks is represented on the city council by the council member from the Munjoy Hill district, but some chafe at the general inability of the islands to make decisions on island issues. Many families live with the nagging concern that the island is not a good place to be in a medical emergency. They can cite personal horror stories of near brushes with fatal respiratory arrests and cardiac attacks resulting from the lack of trained medical personnel and the time lost in dispatching the fireboat — the emergency rescue vehicle — moored on the mainland.

A group of islanders has decided to do something about their grumblings. Led by Russ Edwards, a former legislator and a year-round resident for 12 years, they organized the Alternative Government Committee to look into the feasibility of forming their own government, a separate municipality from the city of Portland, and preferably one that would include all the Casco Bay islands.

No one involved likes the word secession. It inflames sentiments prematurely and is, at this juncture, misleading. But it is hard to prevent its use. It certainly was in the minds of the 280 islanders, swelled by summer residents, who jammed the community building when the proposal was presented last August. According to Edwards, the crowd spilled over to the outside and people stuck arms in the door to vote. The final count was 80% in favor of proceeding with the study.

Less tangible but pervasive cause for unrest is the inherent nature of island people — the desire to exercise their own independence. No one feels this more keenly than Doug MacVane. He lives in the house his parents owned after they moved from Cliff Island, where he was born and spent his early childhood.

"This family has been an island family since day one. Oh, God, yes," says MacVane. "They came down from Prince Edward Island way back when. Went down to Long Island. Then went out to Cliff Island. Then to Peaks."

MacVane is a big man with tufts of gray hair sprouting from under the black-billed cap he wears habitually indoors and out. After 30 years in the Navy, 26 on active duty at sea, putting in at major ports of the world, he is still an island man.

From the kitchen window of his home, he looks across a patch of field grass a hundred yards or so to Casco Bay. Great Diamond Island lies a seemingly short row across the water. And beyond, the north shore of the city of Portland. A lobster boat steams through the channel, heading toward Hussey Sound — Housewife's Sound way back.

There is a soft, pastoral quality to the land as it eases toward the shore, a scant three miles from the busiest metropolitan center on the Maine coast.

"I like to put a little distance between the city and myself," Doug talks, as he serves up a steaming dish of hake and potatoes, liberally dressed with chopped onions, rendered bits of fatback and hardboiled egg sauce — a specialty for which he is known on the island. And reflecting back on the August 1986 meeting to discuss alternative forms of government, MacVane says, "People who wouldn't normally come out of their homes to investigate a fire alarm arrived at our Town Committee Meeting."

MacVane gestures toward the window and the series of creosoted pilings — 15 to 20 feet high — that march out in a straight line from the shore to the channel, recently planted by the city to support signs warning of shoal water.

"Ridiculous," he sputters. "A small buoy would be enough." He goes on to question the competence of any boater who comes in that close to shore anyway or fails to read his chart.

The we-them relationship surfaces when islanders talk about Portland. They groan in disbelief at the purported move to place No-Parking-Here-To-Corner signs on island thoroughfares that scarcely qualify as streets. Outrage, barely concealed by jest, greeted the city's recent installation of granite curbstones along streets in the town center, an elaborate demonstration of concern for pedestrian safety on the island. The curbs cost several hundred thousand dollars, an excessive figure for what is considered a questionable need. Worse yet, says Irene Fitzgerald, chairperson of the Peaks Island Town Meeting Committee and a member of the alternative government study panel, "Nobody asked us whether we wanted such curbstones."

Russ Edwards points out that the curbing was installed to help alleviate the town's drainage and erosion problems by isolating surface water from the sewer. "I'm not saying that's the only way they could have skun that cat, though." He is convinced the island doesn't need a "professional bureaucracy" to solve the relatively limited scope of island problems.

Following the August town meeting, the new committee rolled up its sleeves and launched a statewide research effort. They studied communities of the same size across the state and boiled them down to 15 that closely paralleled Peaks in population and value. They found that in these communities, the property tax is matched on a percentage basis to make up the total budget. The islands are assessed on 90% property valuation, the same as the city of Portland. On a valuation of 53.1 million, Peaks pays \$1,229,000.

The town meeting drew negative reaction from islanders concerned that going it alone might increase costs rather than alleviate them.

"Most fears seem to be expressed by those on fixed incomes, social security or retired.





The cost and value of real estate along with taxes has increased dramatically to such proportions that the native island resident is experiencing ever greater difficulty in maintaining the old homestead or in purchasing a home if one so desired," says MacVane. And looking out toward Portland Harbor MacVane sums up his feeling: "The islands do have problems they must resolve. The feasibility study just may produce some answers to our dilemma."

The major hurdles will involve replacing, or establishing, crucial services including: a secondary education system on the island either by building a new school or tuitioning students to mainland schools; a town administrative body — clerk, secretary, selectman; and emergency medical volunteers and professionals with a rescue boat stationed at the island.

Early last fall, the committee voted to contract with the Island Institute to research further the islands' revenue-to-benefits budget with Portland. Once the study is complete, the committee will present its findings at a series of public meetings on the islands. The committee is determined to conduct its study thoroughly without working against a deadline so it will be on solid ground when and if it goes before any legislative bodies.

The most negative reaction to overcome in Russ Edwards' opinion is "resistance to change...if it ain't broke don't fix it."

But others cast a skeptical eye at the dollars and cents of it all. Will it cost more each year as island town warrants reflect the islands' needs for more and better services? Will islanders be just as bad off — or worse?

But many share the hope that independence will stave off the ugly alternative waiting in the wings — the exodus of island

natives and older residents unable to maintain their island homes in the face of escalating land values and taxes, and the ready checkbooks of those who can.

*A freelance journalist living in Camden, Maine, Jane Day is an Island Institute member and a past contributor to the Island Journal.*

## Long Island

### Model Development

WITH INTENSIVE development activity spilling over from Portland's waterfront onto the islands around Portland, the effects on natural systems and island communities have many people concerned. Every once in awhile there is an encouraging counter-current to such trends.

Out on Long Island, 4 miles off Portland, a developer is actually giving away developable land — oceanfront land with a beautiful pocket sandy beach on it. Northland, a real estate company from Newton, Massachusetts which has developed residential properties throughout New England, purchased 174 acres on Long Island in 1984. The property was once part of the large holding on Long Island owned by King Resources of Denver, Colorado — the company that planned to bring an oil refinery and oil off-loading facilities to the islands of Casco Bay in the 1970s. Perhaps because of its oil legacy, Long Island has been just beyond the periphery of the intense development activity which has occurred nearby on Peaks and Great and Little Diamond Islands.

Long Island, three miles long and one mile wide, has a year-round community of

125 people which expands in the summer to roughly 2,000. According to Long Islander Chris McDuffie, distinctions between summer and year-round residents are blurred. "Year-round islanders who retire and move to Florida to spend winters become summer residents. Then there are the summer residents who retire to spend all of their time on Long Island." Unlike the situation on many year-round islands in Maine, McDuffie does not observe any socio-economic dichotomy. In fact the new "cottages" which are being built on the "Northlands" parcels have astonished Long Islanders, who have not seen new seasonal residences in 40 years.

In 1986 Northland deeded 6.5 acres of sand beach and ocean front property to the Long Island Civic Association as part of a subdivision plan for a 52-acre parcel overlooking Hussey Sound, Peaks Island and the rugged back shore of Great Diamond Island. The remainder of the parcel has been subdivided into seven additional lots averaging six acres apiece. Northland has gone further and added covenants to prohibit future subdivision of the seven lots, as well as deeded another parcel to the Association for use as a ballfield. Since Portland's island zoning allows one-and-a-half-acre lots here, the plans are both thoughtful and civic minded.

Frank Stewart, Northland's project manager for the Long Island property, says, "We have an interest in guiding growth especially on island properties and we feel that the private sector can be a positive force in this process." Examples like Northland's plan on Long Island are rare but can provide inspiration and give substance to the term "limited island development."



# Island Bookshelf

*Amaretto*, By Joe Upton. International Marine Publishing Co. Camden, Maine, 1986, \$25.00

IT IS A STANDARD complaint among professionals of anything that those who write about their profession do not get it especially right; and a complaint among writers that almost all professionals in any field are provincial in their perspectives — that they see only the part in which they work.

So no profession has a book that entirely pleases its practitioners, and few non-fiction writers find comfort among those about whom they write. The easiest solution to this universal problem is, as a writer, to participate in some portion of the profession itself and write about the experience, letting any analysis of the job seep out through the cracks. This way, some of the people get some satisfaction some of the time.

Neither a natal nor seat-of-the-pants fisherman, Upton has nevertheless been enthralled by the profession, thrice throwing himself into its breach. With this account he has now twice written books about what he experienced, and has done so with extraordinary, often lyrical, beauty. He doesn't write from "research," but rather from involvement, which he narrates across the plaintive perspective of time.

*Amaretto* takes its title from a sardine carrier, the ex-*Muriel*, that plied the Maine coast in her unusual trade from 1918, when she was launched out of the Hodgdon Brothers yard in East Boothbay, until she was cynically sunk somewhere in West Penobscot Bay in July 1985. Joe Upton purchased and renamed the old carrier in 1976, and spent a long hard winter and spring in South Bristol harbor completely refitting the vessel for a rejuvenated career in her old trade. Upton knew ships and fishing ways from a five-year stint in the Alaskan salmon fisheries, wonderfully rendered in his book (still in print) *Alaska Blues*, but he wanted to go back to the Lower Forty-eight, especially New England, and so naturally the Maine archipelago beckoned. The *Muriel* was available, and since her prescribed work was in the herring fisheries, Upton wisely let the ship dictate his occupational future.

All Maine fisheries are conservative and not a little proprietary. What Joe had going for him was that his vessel was an old friend along the coast, that he had fixed her up nicely, and anyone who had been kind to an old friend couldn't be all bad. Still, a man has to prove himself, and there is no lack of tests among established fishermen. Ten years ago, when the events described in these pages happened, the Maine herring fishery was beginning its sad decline, these days almost terminal. After a long dry spell, with few fish and those for the most part caught Downeast, the herring had returned all along the coast, but to an economic infrastructure and practice that had badly decayed. The sardine plants had been let go, and packing practice had not kept pace with either industrial or consumer standards. Only about ten factories remained open (today there are only three!), their handling capacities much reduced and their procedures obsolete. Much of the fishing gear was elderly and often weak, especially that given over to the "stop-twine fishery," which exploited the herring's habit of night feeding inshore by shutting off the fish in a cove with long top-to-bottom walls of fine-meshed net.

Meanwhile, the purse seiners were gaining in numbers with newer and larger boats and gear. Since the fish plants either owned their own vessels, or had long-standing understandings with ex-factory skippers, Upton had no choice, really, but to get into the lobster business — a notoriously cut-throat and individual occupation fraught with hazard and opportunistic warfare. Welcome to Maine...

Joe entered the business the day after he arrived in Carvers Harbor on Vinalhaven Island. His new fishermen clients were amused. His competition was not amused. His suppliers gave him chances. His competition did not. The lessons Joe learned in the business make this a very human book.

In narrating his first year, Upton anecdotally describes what amounts to a saga about the herring fishery. It is night work. During the day, the herring find deeper water and rest. At dusk they rise and begin to move. Knowing this, fishermen and factory carriermen spend daytime in anticipation — often in company at the foc'sles of the carriers when boats and unemployed gear do not need attending. The *Amaretto's* crew must spend much of this time selling their load of the previous night. In the early evening everyone casts off, and soon the radio crackles with possibilities and the special language of fishermen at sea. The conditions differ, depending on whether the herring are inshore and possibly due for a cove shut-off, or offshore and so available for pursuing. Whatever happens, the carrier must follow, monitor, harken and be available. Nine-tenths of the carrier's time is spent waiting, waiting.

When the action begins, so does genius. To protect their privacy, Upton uses pseudonyms for his fishermen and shipmates. But their stellar abilities are beautifully described beyond the extremely hard work the men do and the frustrations they experience. Art and mysterious science shine through. To fill one boat, say with 40,000 pounds of herring, is one thing — but these people often fill several boats in one night! In purse seining this requires a sense and sensibility that make the fish, the site and the ship all one thing, obviously a gift going beyond experience. In stop-seining, luck becomes the great giver, and as often as not the reaper, for the large shut-offs tend to be late in the season. This is a time when gales combine with easily-spooked fish, sea mammals, age-weakened gear and glutted fish plants to create maddening losses against spectacular (but hardly ever realized) possibilities.

Some of Upton's experiences were priceless. A huge shut-off was made out at Seal Island. Remote, peculiar and splendid, Seal has always been a fishy place. The crews camped out above the light to watch their presumed catch. Joe writes:

It was what the three of us had seen late the night before, but even more intense. First the flickers of light from all corners of the cove coming together in the center, coalescing into a tight, brightly glowing cloud, thousands of tons of fish milling tightly, nose to tail, and beyond, shimmering slightly in the tidal current, the net, clearly visible, a necklace, a shimmering curtain across the cove.

Next a murmuring in the crowd and then an audible gasp when, for the first time, the great body of fish drove as one for the net, as if they could sense that in the morning the boats would come and they would begin to die. They hit the net in the weakest part, between the two anchor lines, and it bulged way out. The crowd waited, afraid, but the net held, and just a few bushels escaped over the corkline.

Again the mass of fish drifted back to the farthest corner of the cover, regained its strength and mass, pulsed brighter and brighter as they pushed closer and closer together. Finally they drove forward again and the watchers gasped and the net bulged and held and everyone breathed easy.

It grew late, but the watchers were spellbound. Their lives and those of their parents before them were wrapped up with schools of herring such as this. But never before had there been this—the clear sense of a prey trapped, frantically trying to escape. And something else: this school that they had trapped was larger than any they had seen before. But there was intelligence in it. Anyone who watched could not escape that conclusion....



"Look up here." It was Ann. I followed her up between the boulders dimly seen in the starlight, beyond the tents, up to the ridge, where the land fell away steeply to the sea below. Tom was up there, staring out at something away to the east.

"Over there. See it?"

I looked where he pointed, and finally saw them — faint glowing shapes, bigger than dots, slowly moving in toward the island.

"What d'ya make of it?"

"Whales."

Dozens of such events pervade the book, interspersed with Upton's usual excellent photography. The book's production is first class, making it a fine and lasting addition to Maine's legacy of nautical writing. As for its status as an historical document, a life-long veteran of the island herring fisheries recently read the work, and decreed, "What a fairy tale this is!" — the highest possible praise for any writer residing in this archipelago. Beginning in a chill and lonely cottage, moving through scores of fishing adventure, and ending with the wedding of Joe's shipmates on the *Amaretto* off Seal Island, this book provides a memorable fairy tale about real events, real times and real people, all of them except *Amaretto* herself still fishing.

*Relations: Selected Poems 1950 - 1985* by

Philip Booth. Viking/Penguin, New York, NY. 259 pp. \$25.00 hardcover, \$12.95 paperback.

PHILIP BOOTH HAS BEEN quietly sharpening the edge of his poetry from the headlands of Castine, Maine for the past 35 years. His latest collection, *Relations*, containing selections from his six previous books, is, quite simply, astonishing. Where have we been all these years not to have carried this work around in our minds? The sharp focus of his northerly imagery and the edgy passion of his voice keep you reading late into the night when, it occurs to you, Philip Booth was carving these words in paper. What excitement! Like an ebb tide carrying you off to new places!

Perhaps most satisfying is the unhitched stride of the thirty-one new poems which end the collection. Selected new poems like

"Snapshot," "Small Town," "Burning the Tents" and "Stonington" explore a universal New England landscape of characters and scenes that either balance themselves on the edge of cliffy shorelines or traverse reverted sidehill thickets. *Relations* charts decade by decade Philip Booth's spiritual journey across a hard physical landscape.

Born in Hanover, New Hampshire in 1925, Philip Booth's family came summers to Castine where his grandmother had a house on Main Street, which runs down the hill to the sea and beyond. As a boy along this great waterfront Booth must have learned things from men who had been to that sea and beyond. (like father, we never boated/a fish, or gambled a widow / to cast for ourselves. We bank / in Boston, refusing the sea, / while men with Mediterranean / names gaff our daughters / to bed ...")

Married to Margaret Tillman in 1946 and soon with three daughters to feed, Philip Booth, like many poets, found work in New England's academic cloisters — Bowdoin (1949-1951), Dartmouth (1954) and Wellesley (1954-1961). Then beginning in 1961 and until 1986, Booth joined the faculty of Syracuse University's first rate graduate writing program. But always, Maine ("...in hard country..." and the sea ("...it's children, even baptized by disaster."), tugged at him, bringing him back again and again, in all seasons of the mind.

In addition to the spare personal history captured in the poetry of people like Jake, Ordway, the town drunk, a widow, grandmother and the postmistress, Booth's poems also catch the fine detail of the lives of wild creatures around us. Nowhere is there a better description of a cormorant taking off ("he raises / himself on gargoyle wings, / drops again, then rises / and runs as he bangs / on the sea on all fours.") or a heron stalking in a marsh ("awkward as faith itself."). There is no better hunter's description of white tail country than his poem "How to See Deer," or haunting exploration of the powerful draw of islands than "The Islanders."

Over and over again Booth shows the knack of turning image into feeling, of radiating New England's light outward, across the countryside. And though these words travel vast distances on the strength of Booth's voice, it is, in the end, clear as a bell.

## ISLAND INSTITUTE MEMBERS AND SPONSORS

### FOUNDING MEMBERS

Anonymous  
Thomas D. Cabot  
Rosamond Frost Howe  
George H. McEvoy  
Mr. and Mrs. Frank Simon, II  
Mr. and Mrs. Michael Whidden  
Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Wyeth

### FOUNDATIONS

Hope Goddard Iselin Foundation  
Island Foundations  
Maine Community Foundation  
Maine Charity Foundation  
Mildred H. McEvoy Foundation

### ISLAND ASSOCIATIONS AND CONSERVATION ORGANIZATIONS

#### DONOR

Casco Bay Island Development Association  
Mid-Coast Audubon Society

#### CONTRIBUTOR

Chebeague Island Historical Society  
Cliff Island Corporation for Athletics and Conservation Education  
Islesboro Islands Trust  
Friends of Nature  
Rackliff Island Association

### INDIVIDUAL

Atlantic Center for the Environment  
Chebeague Parents Association  
Chewonki Foundation, Inc.  
College of the Atlantic  
Prince William Sound Recreation Association  
York Island Sheep Association  
Audubon Ecology Camp in Maine  
Castine Conservation Trust  
Chebeague Island School  
Cushing's Island Conservation Corporation  
Hurricane Island Outward Bound School  
Islesboro School  
Long Island Civic Association  
Monhegan Memorial Library  
The Nature Conservancy

### 1987 Members

10/1/86 — 1/31/87

### PATRON

Anonymous  
Mr. and Mrs. Francis W. Hatch  
Harvey and Jean Picker  
Mr. and Mrs. Henry W. Taft  
H. Jeremy Wintersteen

### GUARANTOR

Stuart and Ellen Dawson  
Mr. and Mrs. A. Robert Faesy  
Dr. and Mrs. Irving S. Fisher  
Mr. and Mrs. Paul Gleason  
Laura Jackson  
Mrs. Francis T. Nichols  
Mr. and Mrs. Harold Soederberg  
Nan and Charles Stockman



## DONOR

Peggy Dulany  
Mr. and Mrs. David Getchell  
Mrs. Richard Krementz, Jr.  
Barbara S. Paul  
Pellet Foundation  
George Putz and Victoria Dyer  
Mrs. James C. Rea, Jr.  
Jenny Potter Scheu and John Ryan  
Mr. and Mrs. David G. Stanley  
Katherine L. Sulkes  
George H. Taber  
Kenneth K. Talmage  
Stephen P. Thomas  
Mrs. Douglas Williams

## CONTRIBUTOR

Frank Adshad  
Mr. and Mrs. G. William Allen  
Philip K. Allen  
Mrs. Alfred Bissell  
Benjamin S. Blake  
Mr. and Mrs. Nathaniel Bowitch  
Robert and Joan Brack  
Mr. and Mrs. Pierce B. Browne  
Mr. Richard P.S. Bryan  
Mr. and Mrs. R. Page Burr  
Charles C. Cabot, Jr.  
Chebeague Island Hist. Society  
Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler Conkling  
Mrs. Rogers M. Doering  
Mrs. Henry W. English  
Mrs. Charles H. Erhart, Jr.  
Frederic A. Eustus, II  
Chandler Gifford, Jr.  
Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Gomes  
Mr. and Mrs. Joel P. Greene  
Mr. and Mrs. John Gummere  
Robert & Dagmar Hamilton  
Christopher M. Harte  
Mr. and Mrs. James R. Houghton  
Mr. and Mrs. John C. Kenefick  
Mr. and Mrs. Robert H. Kriebel  
Charles and Mary Lakin  
Sharon M. Lawrence  
Dale McNulty  
H. W. Meserve  
James P. Modisette  
Mr. & Mrs. Charles F. Monzeglio, Jr.  
John H. More  
Mr. and Mrs. Roberts Owen  
Malcolm D. Perkins  
Mr. and Mrs. Roswell Perkins  
Elizabeth Runkle Purcell  
Jean Wight Rosahn  
R.D. Ryder  
Mrs. Campbell Searle  
Richard and Claire Sedgewick  
Jack Spear  
Mr. Robert K. Stewart  
E.T.H. Talmage, Jr.  
Mr. and Mrs. John Taplin  
Judith and Robert Tredwell  
George C. Underwood  
Dr. Catherine Upton  
Walter A. Wichern, Jr., M.D.  
Steve Young

## SUSTAINER

Mr. and Mrs. William Adam  
Dr. and Mrs. David Adams  
Adv. Sys. In Measmnt & Eval. Inc.  
Dick and Priscilla Alden  
Jack and Ellen Alden  
Joseph A. Aldred, III  
Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Alexander  
Mr. and Mrs. William Anderson  
Ross Anderson  
Ed M. Andrews  
Robert W. Armstrong, III  
Thomas and Rachel Armstrong  
Thomas M. Armstrong, Jr.  
Ralph Ashmore

Linda Atkins  
D. Gay Atkinson, II  
Atlantic Ctr. for the Environment  
Bruce Lord Bandurski  
David and Barbara Barbour  
Thomas C. Barron  
Robert K. Barton  
James Phinney Baxter  
Jay M. Becker  
Andrew Bendheim  
Louise Bennett  
Moritz Bergmeyer  
Ashod Bilezikian  
Paul and Mollie Birdsall  
Mr. and Mrs. John P. Birmingham  
Robert C. Boardman  
William H. Boardman  
Mrs. C.W. Bok  
Deborah and Bill Bower  
Mrs. Horace Bowker  
Mary W. Brackett  
Mr. Montgomery S. Bradley  
Mary K. Brandt  
Robert C. Brooks  
Barbara L. Brown  
James P. Brown  
Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Brown  
Mr. and Mrs. Lewis H. Brown  
Mrs. Francis S. Brown  
William and Harriet Brush  
John H. Buck, III  
Martin Burnette & Carole Mitchell  
Barnum B. Burrall  
Richard F. and Lee Burt  
Agatha Cabaniss  
Dr. and Mrs. Edmund B. Cabot  
Andrew A. Cadot  
Michael Carabetta  
Kathy Caron  
Daniel J. Carr, III  
Dave Carrigg  
Paul Carter  
Kitty Chamberlain  
H.J. Charles  
Chebeague Parents Assoc.  
Chewonki Foundation, Inc.  
Elinor Clark  
Eric T. Clarke  
Judith P. Clarke  
Lawrence Clough  
Sara Cobb  
Kenneth Cole  
College of the Atlantic  
Connie and Dee Dee Conover  
Andy and Jaki Cook  
Bob Cowan and Ellie Stein-Cowan  
Leslie Cowperthwaite  
Thomas J. Croke  
Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth L. Crowell  
John R. Crumpton, Jr.  
Douglas and Donna Damon  
Robert P. Darlington  
Lee and Jeffrey Darrell  
Ms. Anne Davidson  
Leverett B. Davis, Jr.  
Ed Deci  
Rev. and Mrs. Dennett  
Mr. and Mrs. S. Whitney Dickey  
Mrs. Horace C. Disston  
Carl Doane  
Roger and Mary Duncan  
Ann & Ken Dunipace  
Chesley M. Dunlap  
Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Eckel  
Dr. and Mrs. Robert H. Eddy  
Mr. and Mrs. Ralph E. Eshelman  
Elizabeth Falvey, Ph.D.  
William G. Farrar  
H.K. Faulkner  
Anthony Faunce  
Mary Ellen Fegan  
Eliot Field  
Thomas G. Fierke  
John H. Finley, III

Lee and Jean Fisher  
Tim and Irene Fitzgerald  
Harold Flagge  
A. Irving Forbes  
Diane R. Foss  
Stanley G. French  
Rebecca Frischkorn  
Betsy Fuchs  
Edward J. Gallant, Jr.  
Don and Martha Gardner  
Mrs. Darius W. Gaskins  
Edward L. Getchell, Jr.  
John J. Glessner, III  
Mr. and Mrs. Richard Goddard  
Mark R. Goldweitz  
Mr. and Mrs. Robert Gordon  
Norman A. Gosline  
Mr. and Mrs. L.B.P. Gould, Jr.  
Graphic Arts Consultants  
Wilson Greatbatch, Pres.  
Mark E. Greene  
William C. Greene  
Mrs. Zulma S. Grey  
Mr. and Mrs. Olindo Grossi  
Donald C. Guy  
Hilary G. Hadden  
Jane Hall  
Ralph C. Hamill  
Mr. William D. Hamill  
Robert & Dagmar Hamilton  
Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Harder  
Montgomery Hare  
Mr. and Mrs. Pegram Harrison  
Mr. and Mrs. John R. Haug  
Admiral & Mrs. John B. Hayes  
Robert and Priscilla Hayes  
Haystack Mountain School of Crafts  
T.S. Heald  
Mr. and Mrs. Morrison H.  
Heckscher  
T. Heidenreich, III  
Mr. Frederick Heilner  
Mr. Howard Heller  
David M. Hildreth  
John W. Hincks  
Mr. and Mrs. Brian Hirst  
Beverly R. Hodges  
Rosalind S. Holt  
Mr. and Mrs. Matt Hoopes  
Mary Devereux Hopkins  
Marie A. Hoskins  
Gary D. Howard, D.M.D.  
Mr. and Mrs. James B. Howard  
Anne S. Howells  
Charles E. Hoyt  
Frank E. Hurley, M.D.  
Meg Hutchins  
Henry R. Immerwahr  
William S. and Marion Ingalls  
John and Patricia Ingham  
George Mason Ingram, III  
Bruce Jacobson  
William M. Jewell  
Freeborn G. Jewett, Jr.  
Matt and Polly Jones, Jr.  
Elizabeth H. Kaufman  
Anne E. Kinter  
David & Suzanne Kitchen  
John Kittredge  
Betsy Krementz  
Mr. and Mrs. Richard Krementz, III  
Jeffrey & Alison Kuller  
Mr. and Mrs. Philip B. Kunhardt, Jr.  
Ms. Penny Lachmann  
Lane Technical High School  
Mr. and Mrs. Charles LaRoche  
Karen Ovestad Larsen  
Howard E. Leavitt  
Capts. Douglas and Linda Lee

Lance Lee  
Ed and Sylvia Libby  
Frederick Lord & Penelope Neumann  
Mr. and Mrs. John Lord  
Mr. and Mrs. R. Gordon Lutz  
William and Clair Lyon  
Robert S. MacNeille  
Doug MacVane  
Happy MacVane  
John and Catherine Madeira  
Maine Historic Preserv. Commission  
Suzanne and George Marsh  
Peter and Hannah Martin  
Ed Mascioli  
James Mathew & Deborah Burns  
Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Mavodones  
Mr. and Mrs. Robert J. McAndrew  
Kathleen McCarthy  
Mr. and Mrs. W.A. McCuskey  
Georgia Lee McElhaney  
Dr. and Mrs. Keith McKay  
Mr. and Mrs. Standish Meacham  
Linda Melenbauer  
James Mercereau  
Mr. Dwight H. Merriam  
Paul D. Merriam  
Mrs. Gladys S. Meserve  
Dr. C.R. Michie  
Mr. Harry Middendorf  
Mr. and Mrs. J.W. Middendorf  
Mr. and Mrs. W.K.B. Middendorf  
Robert W. Miller  
Mrs. Ruth H. Mistark  
Marcy Morehouse  
Mr. and Mrs. Richard S. Morehouse  
J. Christopher Morgan  
E.N. Morse  
Mr. Roger Mudd  
Rupert Neily  
Elizabeth C. Nelson  
Mrs. Martha Newell  
Robert and Susan Nielson  
Eileen Nivera  
Louise and Donald Norstrand  
Garrison Norton  
Eben Odell  
Offshore Publications, Inc.  
Old York Historical Society  
Anne and Vincent Oliviero  
Harry and Mary Olson  
Clare V. Overlander  
Mr. and Mrs. Peter Packard  
Mary G. Parmley  
Donald Parson  
Patricia J. Paulman  
Mr. Andrew Pearson  
Mr. and Mrs. Thomas H. Perkins  
Anne Peyton  
Marjorie Phyte  
George Pidot  
Pamela P. Plumb  
Mr. and Mrs. C.A. Poole  
Ruth Pope  
Mr. and Mrs. John F. Porter  
George B. Post  
Dr. and Mrs. Grosvenor Potter  
Prince Wm. Sound Rec. Assoc.  
William L. Pritchard, M.D.  
Sonia S. Ralston  
Mr. and Mrs. David Rogers  
Willard A. Ruliffson  
Emily Saltonstall  
Karen Sanford  
Cynthia Sartor  
Curtis and Cornelia Scribner  
Donald C. Seamans  
Samuella Shain  
Peggy and Henry Sharpe  
William P. Sharpe  
Mr. and Mrs. James H. Shaw  
Forrester Clark Smith  
Mr. and Mrs. Robert H. Smith, Jr.  
Mr. and Mrs. William S. Smoot

*Continued on page 70*



# Programs and Projects

Although *Island Journal* is the most public part of the Island Institute's work, for most of the year the staff of the Island Institute works on a wide diversity of programs. And though our interest is broad, our mission is simply to insure an understanding of the Maine islands' varied cultural and natural resources. The means we use to accomplish our mission are outlined below.

Please write us for specific information concerning any of the programs described below.

*Circulation* (see Statement on 1986 IJ)

Phone: (207) 594-9209

## INFORMATION SERVICES

An important focus of the Island Institute is to provide information in many forms to those individuals, organizations and municipalities concerned about the future of Maine's islands.

## Publications

### *Island Journal*

The Institute's award-winning annual publication.

### *Islands in Time*, by Philip W. Conkling

A singular blend of history, ecology, geology, botany, zoology, sociology; a personal tribute to Maine's coastal islands.

### *Killick Stones: An Anthology of Maine Island Writing*

A new volume for 1987 containing never-before-published fiction and essays of and about Maine islands and islanders.

### *A Handbook for Adaptive Re-Use of Island Lighthouses* (in Press)

A how-to book for citizens and non-profits which are exploring the possibilities of licensing one of Maine's orphaned lighthouses.

### *Island Recreation Brochure* (in Press)

A guide to selected state-owned islands, their location and a description of their appropriate recreational use.

### *Annual Conference Proceedings*

Printed transcripts of the 1984, 1985, 1986 and 1987 Annual Conferences held on Hurricane Island, Maine.

### *Maine Island Recreation Conference Proceedings*, 1986

*Maine Island School Conference Proceedings*, 1985, 1986

### *Reprint Service*

Individual reprints of all Island Institute publications and articles are available. The reprints include 25 major categories such as forestry, lighthouses, sheep raising, appropriate technology and many others for a total of 172 articles.



## Conferences

Island Institute Annual Conference on Hurricane Island, September 12-13, 1987.  
Maine Island History Conference, Deer Isle, Maine, October 1987.

## Presentations

Members of the Island Institute staff are available for presentations to community or state organizations with a 40- to 45-minute slide show and discussion about the work of the Institute featuring island industry and recreation.

## FIELD SERVICES

Each year the Island Institute strengthens and diversifies the field services available to island owners and communities.

### Ecological Services Program

The Ecological Services Program is a comprehensive natural resource management service designed to provide high-quality information on managing island land and seascapes. Natural resource inventories, forest management plans, pasture and sheep management plans, erosion, fire and trail control strategies to conserve important natural features for human use are a few of the services available. The cost of this program depends upon the scope of the project and the size of the island. Write for cost estimates and details.

### Research Program

#### *Peregrine Falcon Migration Research*

The Island Institute has a network of outer island research stations available for teaching and research programs. For the past five years we have been monitoring and observing migrating Peregrine Falcons at three of these offshore research stations. Amateur naturalists, birders and anyone interested are invited to join one of these falcon research expeditions for 10 days this fall. The cost of participating in the Peregrine Watch is \$750; all you need to bring are your clothes and binoculars! The dates for the 1987 Peregrine Watch are September 20-29 and October 1-9.

#### *Island Institute Research Fund*

Donations to the Research Fund are used to support field research programs being conducted exclusively on, or about, Maine

islands. The fund is used to solve problems and get specific answers to questions facing the Maine islands. Disciplines supported by this fund include forestry, aquaculture, marine biology, botany, ornithology and hydrology.

## Field Courses

### *Cold Coasts* — May 26-June 13, 1987

A field ecology course which is based on Hurricane Island in Penobscot Bay and focuses on the research and study of cold water marine and island-based systems from the microscopic to the macroscopic. It is a college accredited course, though it is open to all. Cost: \$1095. Limited financial assistance is available.

## Field Excursions

Members of the Island Institute staff are available by special contract to take small groups out to visit some of Maine's most interesting islands for purposes of scientific or educational observation.

## COMMUNITY SERVICES

The Island Institute works with island municipalities and island organizations to preserve options for traditional means of employment and affordable island housing.

### Island Schools Support Programs

Maine's 14 island schools are divided among ten different jurisdictions with nine different superintendents (six of them on the mainland). The Island Schools Support Programs has helped create a network of island teachers, school board members and administrators to exchange information and techniques for improving educational quality to isolated island schools.

**Island Defense Fund** was established as a means to intervening in public policy forums and regulatory proceedings to discourage over-development of the Maine islands and to encourage limited, controlled public access to a greater number of Maine islands.

### Lighthouse Preservation

With the automation of all Maine's lighthouses and the removal of their human keepers, we work with local groups interested in licensing abandoned buildings and structures for appropriate uses.



Joseph L. Snider  
 John I. Snow, II  
 John and Dorothy Spahr  
 Marshall S. Spiegel  
 Phineas Sprague, Jr.  
 John H. Staples  
 Roger D. Stone  
 Mr. and Mrs. Byron Stookey  
 James W. Storey  
 Mr. H.S. Streeter  
 Eugene L. Swan, Jr.  
 Mrs. Stuart Symington  
 Mr. and Mrs. Rudolf Talbot  
 Kay and Gene Taylor  
 Joseph O. Thibodeau  
 John Todd  
 F. Tompkins  
 Mrs. Ernest Town  
 Barbara W. Trafton  
 Mr. and Mrs. H. Frank Trautmann  
 Theodore C. Tryon  
 Dr. & Mrs. Cornelius Tyson  
 Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Valdina  
 Laurie Valentine  
 Mary E. Van Roden  
 Jerry Van Wormer  
 William J. Van Twisk  
 Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Wadsworth  
 G. Kennard Wakefield  
 Dorothy K. Walker  
 Mr. and Mrs. Franklin Walker  
 Nicholas M. Walker  
 Caroline F. Ware  
 Mr. James E. Weir  
 Mr. and Mrs. P.B. Welldon  
 Mr. and Mrs. Nils H. Wessell  
 Robert and Sarah West  
 Arnold Whitaker  
 Robert B. White  
 Florence Whitney  
 Mr. and Mrs. W. Bradford Willauer  
 Edward L. Williams  
 Alden C. Wilson  
 Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Wilson  
 Dr. and Mrs. Dennis Wint  
 Dr. Steven A. Winter  
 Dr. Michael Wogan  
 Barry Wright  
 Kathleen Wright  
 Charles and Clarice Yentsch  
 York Island Sheep  
 David A. Zeller

**1986 Members**  
**10/1/85 — 9/30/86**

**BENEFACTOR**

Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Picker

**PATRON**

Anonymous  
 Daniel J. Carr, III  
 Philip Carter  
 Margery S. Foster  
 Mr. and Mrs. Paul Gleason  
 C. Lawson Reed  
 Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Saltonstall, II  
 Mrs. Robert W. Tilney, Jr.  
 H. Jeremy Wintersteen

**GUARANTOR**

Charles F. Adams  
 Mr. and Mrs. E. Davies Allan  
 Alan C. Bemis  
 Sally Clason  
 Jacqueline Dutton  
 Frederic A. Eustis, II  
 Dr. and Mrs. Irving S. Fisher  
 Dr. and Mrs. Robert Hiatt  
 Elinor B. Jenny, VMD  
 Mr. and Mrs. John C. Kenefick  
 Mid-Coast Audubon Society  
 Barbara S. Paul

**DONOR**

Roger Berle  
 John S. Carter  
 Casco Bay Is. Development Assoc.  
 Helen Davis, M.D.  
 Mr. and Mrs. Peter Davis  
 Mr. and Mrs. David Getchell  
 Dr. Thomas Kane  
 Mr. and Mrs. George J. Montgomery  
 Mr. and Mrs. Peter Nitze  
 Peter D. Prudden  
 Ricardo T. Quesada  
 George Putz and Victoria Dyer  
 Susan St. John-Rheault & Bob  
 Rheault  
 Mrs. Stuart Symington  
 Dr. and Mrs. Valloti  
 James T. Wallis  
 Mrs. Douglas Williams

**CONTRIBUTOR**

Mr. and Mrs. G. William Allen  
 Roger Angell  
 Babak Bagheral  
 Mr. and Mrs. Walton A. Baker  
 R.P. Bass, Jr.  
 Benjamin S. Blake  
 Peter P. Blanchard, III  
 Mr. and Mrs. R. Page Burr  
 Charles C. Cabot, Jr.  
 Charles R. Callanan  
 Mrs. Arthur O. Choate, Jr.  
 Cliff Island Corporation  
 Mrs. Phyllis D. Collins  
 Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler Conkling  
 Mr. and Mrs. Matthew Cullen, Jr.  
 Mr. and Mrs. Leverett B. Davis  
 Mrs. Rogers M. Doering  
 Douglas Erickson  
 Peter V. Erickson  
 David Etnier  
 Bayard Ewing  
 John and Kathy Foss  
 Mrs. J.P. Fusscas  
 Elizabeth Deupree Goldsmith  
 Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Gomes  
 Lester W. Gott  
 Mr. and Mrs. Daniel S. Gregory  
 Martin R. Haase  
 Thomas C. Haible  
 Devens and Margery Hamlen  
 Edward R. Hampson  
 Francis Hatch, Jr.  
 Mr. and Mrs. William T. Hayes  
 Mr. Howard Heller  
 Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hildreth  
 Mr. and Mrs. William Hoppin  
 Paul S. Horovitz  
 Mr. and Mrs. James R. Houghton  
 A. Wilson and Sara Jones  
 Mrs. Alice C. Jones  
 Mr. and Mrs. Albert Keidel, Jr.  
 Rusty Kellogg  
 Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Kirkbride  
 Dunham and Elsie Kirkham  
 Mrs. Rodney M. Layton  
 Gus and Carol MacDonald  
 Charles and Carol McLane  
 Merle B. Grindle Agency, Inc.  
 Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Meserve  
 Mr. and Mrs. Robert M. Metcalfe  
 Paul L. Miller  
 Steve Miller  
 Ranlet and Elizabeth Miner, Jr.  
 Dennis Moonan & Pam MacBrayne  
 Mr. and Mrs. Richard S. Morehouse  
 Andrew Nichols  
 Mary L. Niles  
 Ann B. Omohundro  
 Dr. and Mrs. William B. Owens, Jr.  
 C.W. Eliot Paine  
 Mr. and Mrs. Henry W. Parker  
 Mr. and Mrs. Roswell Perkins  
 George and Katrin Phocas

Mr. and Mrs. Alvin Podolsky  
 Dr. Paul H. Potter  
 Richard Preston  
 George Putnam, III  
 Rackliff Island Association  
 Russell Rehm  
 Andre and Sarah Rheault  
 Carol Richards  
 Mrs. Lawrence M.C. Smith  
 Mr. and Mrs. Edward P. Snyder  
 James W. Storey  
 Philip and Ann Swett  
 Barry S. Timson  
 Mrs. John Train  
 Mr. Beverly W. Warner  
 Charles D. Whitten, Jr.  
 Robert G. Windsor  
 Mrs. Helen F. Worthen  
 Steve Young

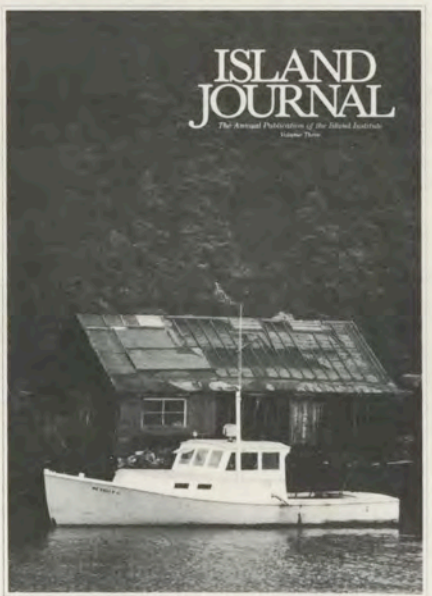
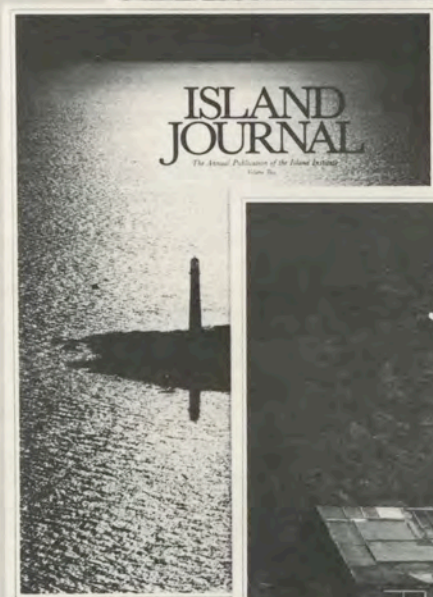
**SUSTAINER**

Gordon Abbott  
 Mr. and Mrs. William Adam  
 Mr. and Mrs. William C. Agnew  
 John and Mary Alden  
 John M. Alden  
 Mr. and Mrs. Richard Alden  
 C. Russell Allen  
 Philip K. Allen  
 Wilson S. Alling  
 American Antiquarian Society  
 Mrs. John A. Amory  
 David Anderson  
 Dr. and Mrs. Edward Andrews, Jr.  
 George and Linda Armstrong  
 Carleton Ashley  
 D. Gay Atkinson, II  
 Audubon Ecology Camp in Maine  
 Margaret and Norman Bailey  
 Douglas and Margaret Baird  
 Madge Baker  
 Sam and Virginia Baron  
 Thomas C. Barron  
 Nathaniel Barrows, Publisher  
 Robert K. Barton  
 Blanchard W. Bates  
 James Phinney Baxter  
 Janet H. Beggs  
 Dr. and Mrs. Harry Bennert, Jr.  
 Dr. and Mrs. Harry Bennert  
 Robert H. Bensing  
 Moritz Bergmeyer  
 Dr. and Mrs. Samuel Bernstein  
 Ronald Bickford  
 Anne G. Biddle  
 Stewart W. Bither  
 Mr. and Mrs. Robert Black  
 Pamela and John Blackford  
 Mr. and Mrs. William Blair, Jr.  
 John W. Bliss  
 Leigh Bloom  
 William H. Boardman  
 James and Elizabeth Bock  
 Timothy A. Boggs  
 Philip and Margaret Booth  
 Patricia and Neal Bousfield  
 Edgar M.W. Boyd  
 Elizabeth and James Boylan  
 Douglas and Alice Boynton  
 Tom Bradbury  
 Philip A. Brooks  
 Diane Brott  
 Barbara W. Brown  
 Cameron S. Brown  
 Bureau of Public Lands Director  
 Richard F. and Lee Burt  
 Charles A. Burton, Jr.  
 Frank Butterworth, Jr.  
 Agatha Cabaniss  
 Dr. and Mrs. Edmund B. Cabot  
 Ann Call  
 Camp Kieve  
 Sarah S. Carey  
 Dr. Robert J. Carpenter  
 Paul Carter  
 Castine Conservation Trust  
 George P. Caulkins, Jr.  
 Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Chandler  
 Chebeague Island School  
 Joan and William Chellis  
 Mr. and Mrs. Morris Cheston  
 Chewonki Foundation, Inc.  
 Ival R. Cianchette  
 Bronson and Eleanor Clark  
 David W. Clark  
 Susanne G. Clark  
 Ethel Cockey  
 Mr. David Colburn  
 I.W. Colburn  
 Gloria Colli  
 Connie and Dee Dee Conover  
 Katherine T. Coolidge  
 Jody and Bill Cowan  
 Leslie Cowperthwaite  
 Mr. and Mrs. Thomas A. Cox  
 Mr. and Mrs. James C. Cram  
 Mrs. Ambrose C. Cramer  
 Marcia and Fred Cranse  
 Mr. and Mrs. Albert Creighton  
 Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth L. Crowell  
 Cushing's Island Conservation Corp.  
 Rose C. Dana  
 Mrs. John L. Danforth  
 C.F. Danielson  
 Mr. and Mrs. Darwin K. Davidson  
 J. Staige Davis  
 Joel P. Davis  
 Stuart and Ellen Dawson  
 Jane Day  
 David Delsordo  
 Joseph DeRivera  
 Jesse C. Deupree  
 Jack Dianis  
 Richard and Ann Dickason  
 Eva K. Dimond  
 Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Dingee  
 Mrs. Grace M. Dingee  
 Mr. Henry Disston, II  
 Dorothy R. Dmitrieff  
 Carl Doane  
 Diane Doig  
 Edith Barnard Doughty  
 Mr. and Mrs. Christopher B. Dow  
 Mr. Richard Appleton Dow  
 Mr. and Mrs. William Drury  
 Constance B. Dugan  
 Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Dunbar, Jr.  
 Chesley M. Dunlap  
 Clifton Eames  
 Virginia Earle  
 Eastern River Expeditions, Inc.  
 Dr. and Mrs. Joseph Edgar  
 Rabbi and Mrs. H. Bruce Ehrmann  
 Patricia Eifert  
 Ruth B. Ellis  
 Dr. and Mrs. Kendall Emerson  
 Edward W. Emerson  
 Willie M. Emerson  
 Mr. Raymond F. Empey  
 Mr. and Mrs. William G. Erickson, Jr.  
 Irving and Cathleen, Esleeck, Jr.  
 Mr. and Mrs. A. Robert Faesy  
 Dr. Paul C. Fagan  
 Elizabeth Falvey, Ph.D.  
 Hr. Cyril Farny  
 Mr. and Mrs. H. Kimball  
 Mr. and Mrs. Warwick A. Felton  
 Daniel E. Field  
 Russell W. Field, Jr.  
 Andrew C. Files  
 Tatiana and Julian Fischer  
 Robert E. Flight  
 Paul H. Flint  
 John T. Foley  
 Sue J. Fontaine  
 A. Irving Forbes  
 Mr. and Mrs. G. Allan Forsyth  
 Nancy Foster-Wolf  
 Lewis R. French  
 Dr. George J. Friou



Mr. and Mrs. Peter R. Fuchs  
Thomas B. Fulweiler  
Dr. William Gallagher  
John F. Garber  
John M. Garber  
John and Susan Gardner  
Jane W. Garfield  
Christopher Gates, M.D.  
Polly Gates  
Anne W. Geier  
Robert G. Gerber  
Cheryl H. Gerding  
Hon. Gerhard A. Gesell  
Thomas T. Gilbert  
Stuart P. Gillespie  
Edward Glaser  
John J. Glessner, III  
Mr. and Mrs. Richard Goddard  
Mary M. Hallman  
Barney and Christie Hollowell  
Merrill Mark Halpern  
Julie Hambrook  
Jim Hamilton  
Joanne L. Hammar  
Mr. and Mrs. Morris E. Hancock  
Mr. and Mrs. Thomas K. Hannan  
Chalmers Hardenbergh  
Harriet Harvey  
Theresa Harwood  
Mr. and Mrs. Matthew T. Hastings  
Pamela M. Hawes  
Mr. and Mrs. Donald C. Hayden, Jr.  
Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm S. Hayden  
Robert and Priscilla Hayes  
Morgan Hebard, Jr.  
Mr. Frederick Heilner  
Peter Hewett  
Alison Hildreth  
David M. Hildreth  
Marjorie J. Hill  
Walter L. Hill  
Mr. Michael D. Hinkle  
Anne R. Hoagland  
Beverly R. Hodges  
Mrs. Nancy T. Holmes  
Rosalind S. Holt  
Mary E. Honeck  
Roger Hooke  
Ms. Alix W. Hopkins  
Tom Hopkins  
Frederick R. Horne  
Marie A. Hoskins  
Cynthia Howard  
Gary D. Howard, D.M.D.  
Mrs. Lawrence Howe  
Mrs. R.A. Hoyle  
Charles E. Hoyt  
John E. Hufnagel  
Tim Hughes  
Ann Humphrey and Aaron Glazer  
Malcolm Hunter  
Charles E. Huntington  
Nancy K. Hutchinson  
Norman D. Ingalls  
William S. and Marion Ingalls  
Anne Ireland  
Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Irland  
Islesboro School  
Margaret C. Ives  
Rev. Robert E. Ives  
Dick Jagels  
Stephen W. James  
David Jeffery  
Pat Jennings and Jim Hatch  
H. Peter Jenny  
James C. Jenny  
Nicholas F. Jenny  
Mr. and Mrs. John Johansen  
Dr. Irving S. Johnson  
Elizabeth B. Johnson  
Mr. and Mrs. Richard W. Johnson  
Rev. Mary and Robert Johnstone  
Matt and Polly Jones, Jr.  
Joan Kelly Jule  
Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Kaler  
Mr. Rudolph Kass  
Bruce R. Katz  
Geoffrey Katz and Carol Hess  
Elizabeth H. Kaufman  
James O. Kayler  
David Kellar  
Mr. James H. Kennedy  
Mr. and Mrs. Thomas W. Kennedy  
Michael Kenney  
Mr. and Mrs. Michael J. Kenniff  
Mrs. Elizabeth P. Kessner  
Mr. and Mrs. Robert D. Kilmarx  
Mrs. Howard T. Kingsbury  
H. Winston Kipp  
Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Kitchin  
Johnsia N. Knapp  
Dr. and Mrs. Mason Knox, III  
Betsy Kremenz  
Mr. and Mrs. Richard Kremenz, III  
Stephen Kress & Evelyn Weinstein  
Catherine Kulka  
Mr. and Mrs. P.B. Kunhardt, III  
Peter and Suzy Kunhardt  
Mr. and Mrs. Philip B. Kunhardt, Jr.  
Steve Kvarnberg  
Mrs. William J. La Fleur  
Mr. and Mrs. Edward R. Ladd  
Curtis Laffin  
Charles and Mary Lakin  
Mrs. James D. Lannon  
Roy Larsen  
Sharon M. Lawrence  
Thomas LeaMond  
Capts. Douglas and Linda Lee  
Sally and Charles Lee  
Mr. and Mrs. Edward Leisenring  
Joseph Lelyveld  
Mrs. Iver Lofving  
Long Island Civic Association  
Thomas Longfellow  
and Fred Mann  
Harry Byron Marcoplos  
Miss Alice E. Marginnis  
Esther H. Markman  
Dr. Paul Marra  
Ernest Marshall, Ph.D.  
Mr. and Mrs. Robert T. Marshall  
Peter and Hannah Martin  
Kenneth and Cherie Mason  
Mrs. Robert C. Mason  
James Mays  
George and Alice McAdams  
Steven McAllister  
David and Clotilde McBane  
Georgia Lee McElhaney  
David E. McGiffert  
Jerry McGurl  
Dr. and Mrs. Keith McKay  
John R. McLane, Jr.  
Mr. and Mrs. Standish Meacham  
Mrs. Winthrop Means  
Mrs. M.B. Metcalf  
Newell A. Metras  
Mr. and Mrs. John Meyer  
Dr. John L. Meyer, II  
Dr. C.R. Michie  
Cully and Carolyn Miller  
David P. Miller  
Richard Guy Miller  
Jim Millinger  
John Mills  
Mr. and Mrs. Ty G. Minton  
Mrs. Ruth H. Mistark  
Monhegan Memorial Library  
Robert A. Monks  
Mrs. John R. Moot  
Bruce Morehouse  
Dodge and Manny Morgan  
Elizabeth K. Moser  
Mr. and Mrs. George Moss  
Emily L. Muir  
Molly Mulhern  
Douglas Mullis  
Eric S. Murphy  
Stanley Myers  
N.H. Orthopaedic Group  
Douglas Nemeth  
Paul M. Neuhauser  
Newcastle Inn  
Dr. and Mrs. Edwin B. Newman  
Dr. and Mrs. Neil A. Newton  
George and Anne Nieman  
Margery M. Noel  
Amy Upton Nolan  
Diane Nolan  
Mary W. Norris  
Louise and Donald Norstrand  
C. McKim Norton  
Mr. Nicholas B. Noyes  
Roderick J. O'Connor  
Bill O'Neal  
Mr. and Mrs. Michael Odom  
John Olson  
Mr. Lennart Olsson  
Mrs. Richard P. Owsley  
Mr. and Mrs. Peter Packard  
Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Pardoe  
David and Jorjan Parker  
Mr. and Mrs. K.B. Parker  
Robert H. Patten  
Anne Pearson  
Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Pearson  
Capt. Dan Pease  
Mr. and Mrs. Ronald F. Pease  
Ruth R. Pease  
John B. Pepper  
H. Bradlee Perry  
Michael J. Perry  
Capt. Ambrose A. Peterson, Jr.  
Robert S. Pfaffmann  
Ronald L. Phillips, President  
Walter H. Phillips  
Marjorie Phyfe  
Charles and Rochelle Pingree  
Dr. Joseph M. Plukas  
Pamela P. Plumb  
Dr. Charlotte Podolsky  
Bruce L. Poliquin  
Edward J. Polk  
John H. Porter, III  
Dr. Benjamin E. Potter  
Dr. and Mrs. Grosvenor Potter  
Robert T. Pritchard  
William L. Pritchard, M.D.  
J.C. Prochazka  
Mr. Francis Putnam  
Mr. and Mrs. Robert L. Quinn  
Mr. and Mrs. David E. Radka  
Mark Ralston  
Sonia S. Ralston  
Susan and David Ramsdell  
John and Sally Rand  
Royce H. Randlett, Jr.  
David and Kathleen Reppucci  
Mrs. Barbara G. Rhoad  
Rev. and Mrs. Edward Rice  
Betsy B. Rich  
Kenneth M. Rich, Jr.  
Stuart Rich  
Sherwood and Mary Small  
Andrea Smith  
Forrester Clark Smith  
Gail Clawson Smith  
Harvey and Pat Smith  
S. Leland Smith  
Mr. and Mrs. William S. Smoot  
Joseph L. Snider  
Mr. and Mrs. Irwin E. Spalding  
Nelson H. Spencer  
James A. St. Pierre  
Mr. & Mrs. John P. Staman, Jr.  
Dr. and Mrs. John Stanbury  
Laurie Standish  
William Stanhope  
Gordon Stanley  
David and Judy Startzell  
Virginia Steel  
Dr. and Mrs. T. Douglas Stenberg  
John J. Stephens, III, Ph.D.  
James A. Sterling  
Mr. and Mrs. Pendleton Stevens  
William F. Stevens  
Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Stockwell, Jr.  
Bayard and Enid Stone  
Roger D. Stone  
Ann W. Stratton  
Donald B. Straus  
Roslyn Strong  
James L. Strunk  
Thomas G. Struthers  
James T. Sullivan  
Eugene L. Swan, Jr.  
Ripley A. Swan  
Ken Swanton  
Mrs. James E. Swiggett  
Mr. and Mrs. Rudolf Talbot  
Kenneth K. Talmage  
Deborah Taylor  
The Nature Conservancy  
John C. Thomas  
Stephen P. Thomas  
Val Thompson  
R.P. Timothy, M.D.  
Judith and Robert Tredwell  
Barbara Jean Trentacosta  
Theodore C. Tryon  
Tiffany Tucker  
Mr. and Mrs. Konrad Ulbrich  
Laurie Valentine  
Sue Van Hook  
William Vaughan  
Allan P. Vaugh  
Charles Verrill  
Von Huene Family  
Harold H. Wade, Jr.  
Dr. Hans Waecker & Martha Feehan  
Ian and Diane Walker  
Capt. and Mrs. Homer A. Welkup  
Mr. and Mrs. R.E. Warren  
Douglas Watson  
Mr. and Mrs. Robert P. Weiler  
Marian and Nils Wessell  
Ms. Christy West  
Robert and Sarah West  
William Westcott  
Henry and Marian White  
Mr. and Mrs. John W.L. White  
Mrs. F.F. Wilder  
Marcia D. Wiley  
Alice H. Willauer  
Mr. and Mrs. Peter O. Willauer  
Mr. and Mrs. Al Williams  
Ralph and Margaret Williams  
Roderick and Dorothea Williams  
Mr. and Mrs. C.P. Williamson, Jr.  
Mr. and Mrs. Allison Wilson  
Claire P. Wilson  
Mr. and Mrs. John Wilson  
Mrs. C.B.R. Withington  
Louisa C. Witte  
William S. Wright  
Robert Yambor  
Mrs. Gratian M. Yatskevitch  
Thomas Yoder, Jr.  
Mr. and Mrs. William H. Zuber





**ISLAND INSTITUTE MEMBERSHIP/  
SUBSCRIPTION RENEWAL POLICY**

Beginning in 1986 the Island Institute initiated a new membership policy which we hope will be both more convenient and manageable. All membership contributions convey benefits for an *entire year* from the date of the contribution. *Membership renewal requests* will be handled on a *quarterly* basis.

Therefore, members who joined in the First Quarter (January-March) will be notified of their membership renewals the following February. Second Quarter members will be notified in May of the following year, and Third Quarter members (July-September) will be notified in August. All renewals *prior to October 1* will receive an acknowledgement card, the current calendar year *Island Journal*, three newsletters, conference invitations, and discounts on selected Island Institute publications.

All renewals and new memberships in the Fourth Quarter (Oct-Dec.) will automatically become members for the *next calendar year*. You will receive the acknowledgement card, three newsletters and publication discounts. The *Island Journal* will be sent the following June. New Fourth Quarter members may purchase the current year *Island Journal* separately. Please let us know if you have any questions.

Thank you for your membership support.

*Island Journal*, submitted by Penmor Lithographers, was awarded first prize in the book category for the Printing Excellence Program sponsored by the Maine Graphic Arts Association.

**SLIPCASE FOR VOLUMES I-IX OF  
ISLAND JOURNAL**

This year we offer for the first time a slip case covered in dark green fabric with *Island Journal* embossed in gold along the back spine. The slipcase will hold up to 9 volumes and may be ordered from the Island Institute. Cost: \$9.00.

**DEBUT OF NEW ISLAND FICTION**

The Island Institute is pleased to announce the publication of *Killick Stones: A Collection of Maine Island Writing, Volume One*.

*Killick Stones* is a collection of a dozen pieces of short fiction and literary criticism of, by, and about Maine islands and islanders. The pieces selected for publication from among the scores of manuscripts we received represent strong, new writing from the archipelago.

*Killick Stones* joins the four volumes of *Island Journal* and our Technical and Scientific reprints to broaden the focus of the Island Institute Publication Services.

To order *Killick Stones* please send \$6.95 plus \$.55 postage to Island Institute, Box 429, Rockland, ME, 04841. (Maine residents add 5% sales tax.)

**ISLAND INSTITUTE FEATURES IN  
NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC**

The November 1986 issue of *National Geographic* featured the work of the Island Institute in its President's Column. National Geographic Society president Gilbert Grosvenor praised the Island Institute as an example of the "robust strength of the conservation ethic [of] private, non-profit organizations working at the local or regional level ... [that] turn problems into opportunities."

Citing the Island Institute's role in creating a broad forum to discuss the future of Maine islands, Mr. Grosvenor went on to praise *Island Journal* as a "handsome annual report for wide circulation." We thank *National Geographic* for their recognition of our work and ask you to help spread the word about the Island Institute to enable us to fulfill our mission of encouraging the conservation of Maine islands' cultural and natural resources.

**CATEGORIES OF  
MEMBERSHIP**

\$25 Individual	\$500 Guarantor
\$35 Family	\$1,000 Patron
\$50 Sustainer	\$2,500 Benefactor
\$100 Contributor	\$5,000 Life
\$250 Donor	\$10,000 Founder

**MEMBERSHIP BENEFITS IN THE  
ISLAND INSTITUTE INCLUDE:**

A. \$25, \$35, \$50 members receive the current *Island Journal*, invitations to Island Institute conferences, and discounts on existing publications.

B. \$100 members receive *Killick Stones: An Anthology of Maine Island Writing*, plus the benefits listed in A.

C. \$250 members receive *The Great Lobster Chase* by Mike Brown, plus the benefits listed in A.

D. \$500 members receive *Lobstering and the Maine Coast* by K. Martin and N. Lipfert, plus the benefits listed in A.

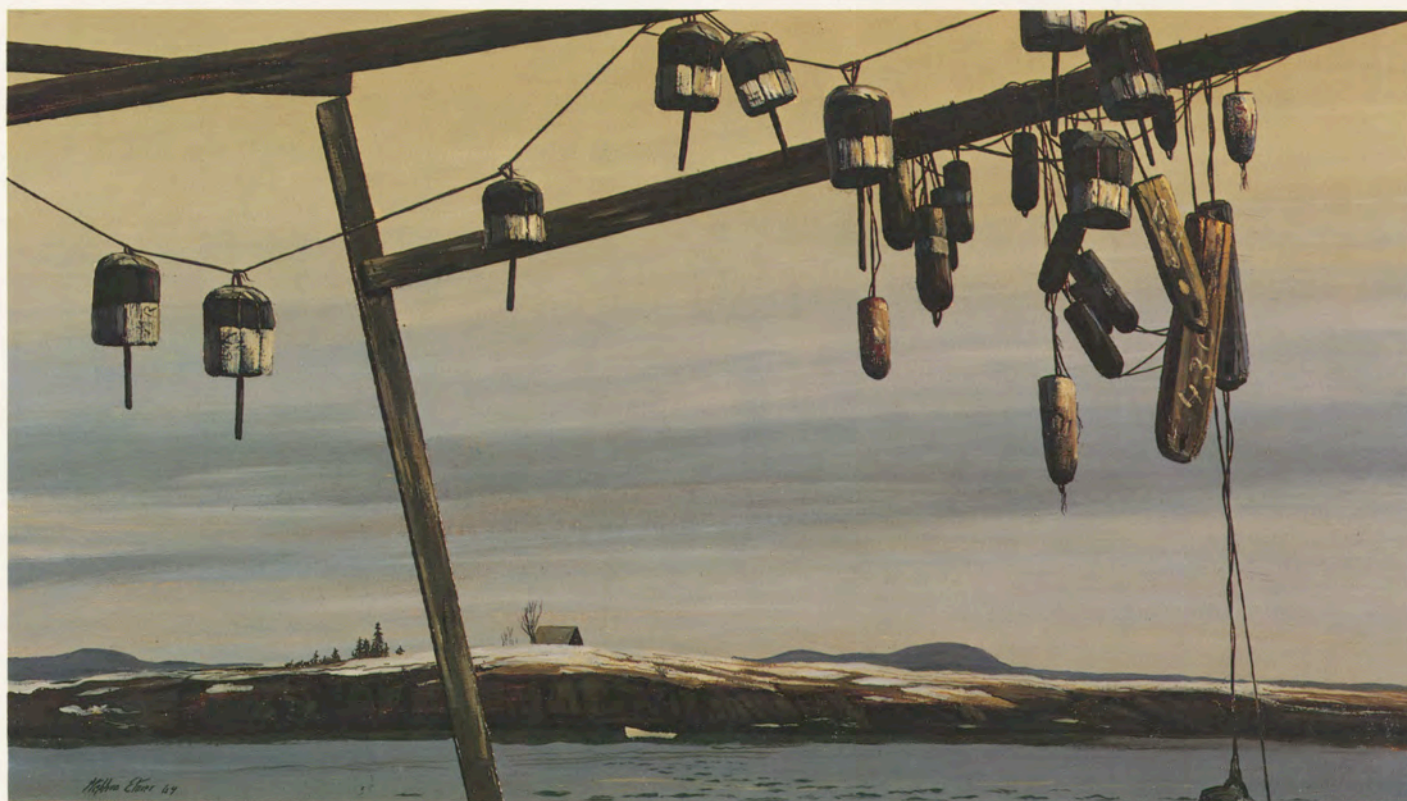
E. \$1,000 members receive *Amaretto* by Joe Upton, plus the benefits listed in A.

F. \$2,500 members receive a poster of the 1987 *Island Journal* cover, plus the benefits listed in A.

G. \$5,000 members receive "Sheep in Dory," 1984 *Island Journal* cover photograph by Peter Ralston, signed, plus the benefits listed in A.

H. \$10,000 members receive a signed and numbered, limited edition Andrew Wyeth collotype "The Reefer," plus the benefits listed in A.





Camden Hills, 1964. Stephen Etnier

### CORPORATE FOUNDING MEMBERS

Bernstein, Shur, Nelson & Sawyer,  
Portland  
Champion International  
Corporation, Stamford, CT  
Curtis, Thaxter, Stevens, Broder &  
Micoleau, Portland  
Seaway Boats, Inc., Winthrop

### CORPORATE BENEFACTORS

Eastern Express Airlines,  
Bangor/Rockland  
Education and Resources Group,  
Inc., Boston, MA  
Jaret and Cohn Real Estate, Camden  
Northland Investment Corporation,  
Newton, MA  
Samoset Resort, Rockland

### CORPORATE GUARANTORS

L.L. Bean, Inc., Freeport  
Imagesmith, Swans Island  
Island Photographic Workshop,  
Cushing/Port Clyde  
Penobscot Air Service, Ltd.,  
Rockland  
Prock Marine Company, Rockland  
Silverline Studio, Camden  
Wood Structures, Inc., Biddeford

### CORPORATE DONORS

Ellsworth Building Supplies,  
Ellsworth  
Great Eastern Mussel Farm, Tenants  
Harbor  
Marine Atlantic, Inc., New  
Brunswick, Canada  
New England Stone Industries,  
Smithfield, RI  
Tectonics, Cushing

### CORPORATE SUSTAINING MEMBERS

Akers Associates, Portland/Camden  
Allen Agency — Insurance & Real  
Estate, Camden  
Aqua-Terra Enterprises, Bayside,  
Northport  
Arts Lobsters, Tenants Harbor  
Bar Harbor Banking and Trust, Bar  
Harbor  
Bass Harbor Marine, Bass Harbor  
Brook Farm Inc., Falmouth  
Brooklin Boat Yard, Brooklin  
Camden Marine Radio, Camden  
Camden National Bank, Camden  
C.R. De Rochemont Real Estate,  
Rockland  
Dark Harbor Agency, Islesboro  
Dark Harbor Boat Yard, Islesboro  
David Etnier Photography, South  
Harpwell  
Douglas W. Endicott, Inc., Castine  
Downeast Enterprises, Inc., Rockport  
FMC, Marine Colloids, Rockland  
Finestkind Excavators, Cliff Island  
Fisher Engineering, Rockland  
Flye Point Marine, Brooklin  
True Hall Realty, Tenants Harbor  
Harbor Builders Associates, Port  
Clyde  
Imagineering, Inc., Rockland  
Inn at Canoe Point, Hulls Cove  
The Iroquois Company, Providence,  
RI  
Jaret & Cohn — The Island Group,  
North Haven  
Jeff's Marine Service, Thomaston  
Key Bank, Vinalhaven

Kimball Terrace Inn, Northeast  
Harbor  
The Knowles Company, Northeast  
Harbor  
W.C. Ladd & Sons, Inc., Rockland  
Lindenwood Inn, Southwest Harbor  
Lyman-Morse Boatbuilding,  
Thomaston  
Morris Yachts, Inc., Southwest  
Harbor  
National Fisherman/Journal  
Publications, Camden  
North Island Yarns, North Haven  
Old Town Canoe Company, Inc.,  
Old Town  
Page Marine Services, Inc., Camden  
Penmor Lithographers, Lewiston  
Pine Tree Communication,  
Appleton  
Port Clyde Food, Inc., Rockland  
Port Clyde General Store, Port Clyde  
Port Island Realty, Portland  
James W. Sewall Company, Old  
Town  
Spruce Head Marine, Spruce Head  
Sun Yacht Charters, Camden  
Union Trust Company, Ellsworth  
WoodenBoat Publications, Brooklin  
Yankee Marina, Inc., Yarmouth





### STONINGTON

Fog come over us.  
Come under sea wind  
over cold tide, fog

blown home against  
the sharp ebb, Fog  
at the harbor bell.

Fog on the headland.  
Fog in the goldenrod,  
fog at the fishwharves,

come over the island.  
Fog tall in spruce,  
feeling inland; a soft

quiet on porches, fog  
after dark; in small bedrooms,  
the harbor bell close.

Spruce full of fog,  
fog all this night,  
come over all of us.

"STONINGTON" from RELATIONS by Philip Booth. Copyright © 1986  
by Philip Booth. Reprinted by permission of Viking Penguin, Inc.