

The Newsletter of the Tremont Historical Society

Vol. 10 No. 4

Fall 2007

Published periodically at Bass Harbor, Maine. The Society is a non-profit organization, whose officers are: Muriel Davisson, President; Charles Liebow, Vice President; John MacDuffie, Secretary; and Michael Smith, Treasurer. The Newsletter is mailed to members and contributors. Extra copies are available.

The President's Page

Dear Fellow Members,

It's hard to believe another summer season has come and gone. The Country Store museum closed for the season on October 17. We had 174 visitors this summer from 21 states and 2 non-US countries. A big thank-you to all the members and Board members who donated time to be in the Museum to welcome visitors this summer and fall - Arlene & Bob Bartlett, Bonnie Hopkins, Meredith Hutchins, Priscilla Keene, Ginny & Wayne Libhart, Mike Smith, and Juanita Stanley. Anyone can do this, so please call me if you're interested in donating time at the Museum next summer. We will provide sufficient information or partner you with someone who has already done it so you will know what to do and how to answer questions. There truly is not much to it, and it's a chance to learn more about your Museum.

The Research Room is still available by appointment. A member of the Board of Directors will meet you there. Since the Museum closed I have met a member there twice. I also have provided information from the Museum documents to a young lady writing a paper on Tremont.

The Annual Appeal letter was mailed in October and many of you have replied already. Thank you! In the first 3 weeks of the Appeal, we have received nearly \$3000 in contributions. We are half-way to our goal of \$6000 from members and friends!

Our monthly programs this Fall were Raney Bench, Museum Educator and Program Coordinator at the Abbe Museum, speaking on "Maine Native People: Archaeology, Culture, Communities and Artists from the Four Tribes" in September; and Thomas Vining speaking on "Genealogy in the 21st Century" in October. Ralph Stanley spoke on "Steamboat Travel and Mount Desert Island" on November 26th. I'd like to thank Janet and Wayne Patten for their help in preparing the slide show for Ralph's talk. We will suspend these monthly meetings from December through February - see you back at the Library on the 4th Monday of March 2008. If you have suggestions that you would like to hear as one of these programs, write, call or email me.

Finally, we used funds from last year's Annual Appeal to purchase two new computers - one for the Research Room and one for downstairs in the Museum. Volunteer board members will transfer existing files to the new machines and then we will have an upgraded system for accessing the genealogy data we have in Family Treemaker.

In closing I remind you that the Tremont Historical Society is your society. If you have suggestions about things you would like to see us do or want to hear about, I encourage you to contact me or one of the Board members. We can't promise we can do everything, but we will do our best to make your society something you can be proud of.

Sincerely,



Muriel Trask Davisson
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“Let’s Ask Ralph!”

We have initiated a new feature in our Newsletters. Questions of various sorts are posed, sometimes by your Editor and sometimes by you—and these go to our Historian, Ralph Stanley.

Last time, we said “Let’s Ask Ralph” the following:

At the end of his talk given at Deer Isle:

Ed.: Ralph, the evidence of this piece seems to be that it was given at an occasion in Deer Isle. Thus it seems likely that someone in the audience might have known about that big Friendship sloop. Did you ever find out anything about her?

Ralph: “No, I never did. The next time I went by the place, she was gone and the yard cleaned up. The house was not in good shape, and the family living there seemed not well off. Later, it had been completely renovated as a summer cottage.”

Ed.: Also, you say that “on another line” John Bunker and his sister Comfort were both your four-times great grandfather and ditto grandmother. How can this be?

Ralph: “Comfort married John Manchester, who was my four-times great-grandfather on my father’s side; and John Bunker was also, through the Gilley connection.”

At the end of Malcolm MacDuffie’s story about Capt. Samuel Bracket:

Ed.: In the story above, the narrator says he was “on the first dog watch.” Can you tell us what that was? Also, the expression “hauled our wind” was used. And, he refers to “the blocks jumpin’ at the horses.” Would you explain these?

Ralph: “The dog watches are two-hour watches (whereas others are four hours in length.) There are two dog watches: from 4:00 to 6:00 and 6:00 to 8:00 p.m. So the first dog watch would be 4:00 to 6:00 p.m.

“The story says ‘we made offshore fer about ten mile and then hauled our wind and started all sheets for Sibley.’ They were starting from Swan’s Island. This suggests that they tacked to get ten miles out to sea, and then ran downwind toward Sibley. I think Mr. MacDuffie was a little careless here, because ‘hauled our wind’ and ‘started all sheets’ mean opposite things.

“The blocks on the main and fore sheets were attached to frameworks on deck called horses. When a vessel was becalmed but rolling in a swell, the slack sheets would set the blocks slatting and banging against the horses in a most annoying, nerve-wracking way.”

The Editor did a further bit of question-and-answer, as follows:

The mention of a place called Sibley toward which they set a course occasioned some research in Charles B. McLane’s book “Islands of the Mid-Maine Coast.” The only reference to Sibley was mention of a man by that name (a Boston lawyer!) who purchased over 3,000 acres on Long Island, off Blue Hill, holding the land from 1899 to 1915. His intent was to establish a kind of game preserve there. It occurred to me that perhaps he purchased farm animals and produce for this purpose, and these were the cargo of the *Irene* on the voyage described.

Looking up Green Island, I found many listed all up and down the coast, but only one which boasted a light station and fog signal. That Green Island is just to the west of Tinker’s Island in Blue Hill Bay, and a vessel heading to Long Island would pass it pretty close aboard. And, there is a ledge nearby of the same name. So, it is my considered opinion that the above pretty accurately describes the “local habitation and a name” of the story my father wrote as a young man. After all, as a small boat sailor summering at Southwest Harbor he would have been pretty well acquainted with Blue Hill Bay! *Editor*

RALPH'S PAGE

Being a reproduction of articles of historical interest, selected by Ralph Stanley

The Ellsworth American
July 8, 1871

Excursion to the Island

The steamer *Argo* made an excursion to Bass Harbor the Fourth, having been chartered by Esoteric Lodge of Masons. She left her wharf at 10:00 a.m. and arrived on her return at 10 o'clock p.m. The tide and wind were both ahead going down, but the trip was made in good time for dinner, and to enjoy a fine fish-chowder which had been prepared for the occasion by some persons who know how to get up this dish in good style. It seemed to us, however, that the two or three hundred persons, when landed, were the most rapacious crowd we ever saw; and had it not been that an ample supply of edibles had been prepared for an army of thousands, a famine would have been the result of the visit. But as there is always an end to all sublunary things, so this long drawn-out meal, in a beautiful grove, in the most favorable circumstances of agreeable company and pleasant surroundings, came to an end. And then, there being some three hours to spare before re-embarking for the return passage, the meeting was called to order, and Rev. W.H. Savary made a happy speech of half an hour's length.

The Editor of the *American* was then called for, and responded in a few remarks. Someone proposed going to a large school building nearby, with a Hall in the second story, where the dancing ones might enjoy themselves for an hour. So the crowd went thither, and business commenced at once, the Ellsworth Brass Band, which had kept us all in good humor for the day by its fine music, started the dancing ones "up and down the middle" etc. by starting up a lively tune. A railroad meeting was organized at the schoolroom below under the auspices of Messrs Brimmer and Hopkins. The speeches at this meeting were both brave and gay.

A "Heathen Chinese" sells Yankee notions in close proximity to this seat of learning, and most of the party visited his premises to see "his baby" and to get a drink of lemonade. John Chinaman has an American wife, marrying her at Eden; and the fruit of this union of the Mongolian with the Caucasian is a boy baby which is six months old; and the youngster excited the curious crowd.

The only occurrence during the day to mar the pleasure of all, both visitors and the citizens, was the premature discharge of a swivel just as our party landed, injuring Mr. David Nice and four boys. The boys were not badly injured, but Mr. Nice was, it is thought severely. Dr. Greely of our party was called immediately, and he thought he would in a short time recover. A collection was taken on the spot, and quite a little sum obtained for him.

At seven o'clock the steamer started her return trip, landing all her passengers safely at the wharf, as early as the tide would permit. The *Argo*, with her gentlemanly captain, careful and experienced pilot, and attentive officers and crew, won golden opinions of all on board. The Band did much to make the trip a delightful one.

Bass Harbor is a thriving village. S.A. Holden, A.C. Holden, Lewis Freeman, Capt. Benson, Capt. Abraham Richardson, etc. are the business men of the place. Two fine vessels are on the stocks, and will be launched this Fall. We were all under obligations to Mr. Freeman and the Messrs. Holden for their exertions to make our visit pleasant.

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A Biography of Ruth Moore of Gott's Island, Maine

From the Introduction to *When Foley Craddock Tore Off My Grandfather's Thumb*, the Collected Stories of Ruth Moore and Eleanor Mayo, published 2004 by Blackberry Press, Nobleboro

By Sven Davisson

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Just about anyone who has heard of Ruth Moore knows she was a fisherman's daughter. Publishers, publicists and feature writers rarely let one forget it. "The media got stuck," Ruth explained, "stuck in place. I'd just as soon be a fisherman's daughter as not, but..." Not desiring to buck tradition, I will begin where one would expect—with Gott's Island, the granite outcrop of an island two miles off Maine's Downeast coast. Ruth was born in 1903 and was a direct descendant of the island's original 18th century settlers. In addition to fishing, her father ran the island post office and store. Her father and her brother Harve also maintained a weir in the island's harbor.

Gott's Island is actually two islands, Great Gott and Little Gott, connected by a tidal bar. The islands sit among a small cluster of islands outside the mouth of Bass Harbor at the southwestern tip of Mount Desert Island. The first English mention of the island appears in Governor Andros's 1688 census referring to it as Petite Pleasants—an English rendering of Samuel de Champlain's *La Petite Plaisance*, named during the cartographer's expedition of 1604. The first Jesuit mission and colony in America was established in 1613 on nearby Mount Desert Island (Champlain's *Isle de Monts Desert*.) In 1688 Louis XIV granted the Mount Desert area to Sieur de le Motte Cadillac, but the first permanent settlement in the area was not established until 1762 when the English Governor of the Massachusetts Colony, Francis Bernard, began a settlement at what is now Southwest Harbor.

The vessel *Abigail* set sail for America departing from Weymouth, England on 28 June 1628. Two and a half months later, the *Abigail* reached Salem in the Province of Massachusetts Bay. Among those on board was one Charles Gott. Three generations later, his descendant Daniel Gott, Sr. and his wife Rachel Littlefield were one of the pioneering families of Mount Desert, moving to the island prior to 1763. Daniel and Rachel's son Daniel Gott, Jr. and his wife Hannah Norwood settled what was then known as Little Placentia Island, now bearing his name, in the spring of 1786. In consideration of 18 pounds, he received a formal deed to the island from the Commonwealth of Massachusetts in 1789. A Photostat of this deed hung above Ruth's worktable. In 1814 Daniel Gott, Jr. along with two of his sons, Charles and David, drowned while fishing off neighboring Duck Island.

The first Moore to come to the area was Samuel, a descendant of William Moore who made the crossing from England early in the 17th century and settled in southern New Hampshire. Samuel moved from North Yarmouth in what is now Cumberland County, Maine in the early 1760's and was lost at sea in 1790. A testament to the dangers of earning a living from the open ocean, in 1805 Samuel's eldest son Welch also died at sea. Welch's son, Samuel's grandson Philip Moore married Asenath Gott, the junior Daniel Gott's granddaughter, and by the census of 1840 the two had established a home on Gott's Island. Philip's son Enoch remained on the island as did, in turn, his son Philip, Ruth's father.

Ruth was born into and grew up during a time of great transition. Like most island communities along the Maine coast, life had gone virtually unchanged for the century or more of settlement. With the development of public transportation in the form of coastal steamers that traveled routes along the New England coast during the latter part of the 19th century, well-off families from the cities began to explore what they saw as untouched Nature. By the turn of the century, these 'rusticators' had made their way to Bar Harbor, Maine and established there a thriving enclave of summer 'cottages' and grand hotels. A few of these summer

people ventured into areas outlying the established Mt. Desert Island communities of Bar Harbor, Seal Harbor, and Northeast Harbor.

Gott's Island was not isolated from the influx of select families. Enoch Moore, Ruth's grandfather, was the first on the island to take in boarders, as in turn did Ruth's parents. By the first years of the century, summer people began to build cottages along the island's shore. Among this first wave of visitors were Charles and Elizabeth Ovington, owners of successful stores bearing the Ovington name, and Elizabeth Peterson whose father had been the publisher of the popular women's magazine *Peterson's*. The Ovingtons purchased land on Gott's Island and built a cottage there in 1905 on the shore near an island landmark known as Calico Rock. Miss Peterson built her nearby cottage "Petit Plaisance" sometime between 1901 and 1905. Ruth recounts Miss Peterson's story here in "The Lonely of Heart."

As described in Ruth's story "The Ladies from Philadelphia," which originally appeared in *Harper's Bazaar* in 1945, this first influx of visitors brought a new facet to island life—always a little apart due to economic and cultural disparity, yet still a part of a now heterogeneous village. The "regulars," Ruth's word, became familiar in their regularity and did not disrupt village life the way later arrivals would. They maintained a permanent presence on the island through their cottages, and interacted regularly with other island residents. This was especially true of the Moore family, as Philip Moore ran the local post office and provisioners, and took in boarders. These summer people were in sharp contrast to the second wave of partiers, who came to the island in increasing numbers on day picnics throughout Ruth's childhood. From Ruth's description, this second wave was treated with distrust—an attitude that seems, more usually than not, to have been well-earned.

The established summer families developed a symbiotic relationship with the island villagers. There can be little doubt that this exposure to people "from away" had a lasting influence on Ruth. The Ovingtons donated more than a hundred books to form the island library, housed in the basement of the Methodist church. Ruth admitted to tearing through all fifteen volumes of the complete works of Robert Louis Stevenson in a week. In "The Lonely of Heart" Ruth recalled how Miss Peterson showed visiting children her *Nature Encyclopedia* and "tried to get us interested in knowing the names of birds and grasses and mushrooms." The shelves that wallpaper Ruth's house still contain numerous field guides to every conceivable plant and creature.

Ruth's friendship with the Ovington family continued after she left the island. Charles Ovington notes in his diary that Ruth visited New York city in April 1924 and they attended a party held by Charles' sister Mary White Ovington. "Mary gave a poetry," Charles writes, "with Mr. & Mrs. J.W. Johnson, Ruth Moore and Helen Otis and we wrote and read poetry all the evening." Ruth was the Ovingtons' guest for Thanksgiving dinner in 1925 and spent evenings with them during their visit to Gott's the following summer.

In 1926 Ruth went to work for Charles' sister Mary as a private secretary, moving into her apartment in New York City. Mary White Ovington, along with William English Walling, Charles Edward Russell, Henry Moskowitz and Oswald Villard, founded the NAACP in 1909. The year Ruth worked for her, Ovington was writing her important book *Portraits in Color* and caring for her elderly mother. At the time, Miss Ovington wrote to a friend, "I have an old friend helping me with my mother, and I am putting up a prayer that she may stay. She is old in friendship, but young in years." After spending a year working for Ovington, Ruth accepted a position in the publicity department of the Y.M.C.A., where she remained until 1929. In that year she took a six-month position as Assistant Campaign Manager for the NAACP—working directly for James Weldon Johnson, author of *God's Trombones* and head of the organization until he took a leave of absence at the end of September 1929.

In the summer of 1930 Ruth worked as a special investigator for the NAACP—a job that entailed extensive traveling throughout the southern states. During her investigation, Ruth unearthed information to free two black youths wrongly accused of murdering a white boy. Reflecting back in a 1947 interview, she commented, “I was anything but a trained detective, and I suppose I didn’t keep my investigations very secret. People were nasty and I was finally ordered to leave town.” That same summer, she conducted a second murder investigation in Catskill, NY under “private auspices,” not the NAACP.

This biography of Ruth Moore will be continued in the next issue. Ed.

Life on the Schooner *Mabel*

By Harvey and Louise Kelley

As told to John MacDuffie

One day in 1957 Harvey asked Louise if she’d like to go for a ride. They were living in Belfast at the time. Harvey was principal of an elementary school in Rockland; Louise was teaching fourth grade in Rockport. But he took her to Camden, down by the harbor, where Capt. Frank Swift moored his several coasting schooners which had been converted to passenger carriers after World War II.

One of the schooners, painted green as all Swift vessels were, was *Mabel*, built 1881 in Milbridge, 60 feet in length, registered tonnage of 38. Harvey said, “How would you like to live aboard her?” (This was no sudden whim—he had dreamed and schemed of it for a while, and knew *Mabel* could be bought affordably right then.) Louise, always the adventurer and full partner in Harvey’s endeavors, said “Yes!” That’s how it began.

Imagine the delight of their kids, Harvey Jr. and Callie in high school and Margie in 6th grade. But imagine also the tasks that were before them. Accommodations in the schooner had been built by Swift to cram the maximum number of people aboard—but only for a week at a time, and in summer weather. The Kelleys must have room to breathe, to live aboard full-time. Teenagers need privacy, as parents do. The living space must be heated, food must be prepared, homework, class preparation, personal business managed—all in pretty small quarters. So Harvey tore out just about everything Capt. Swift had built, and started over again. There were private staterooms for their son, the girls, and themselves; a galley and dining area, and a huge salon 18 feet wide, the full width of the vessel. Heat, refrigeration, and cooking were fueled with propane, from 100 lb. tanks on deck. Water came from a huge storage tank already installed up forward, filled from time to time by rainstorms or a truck. The dockage they found for *Mabel* happened to belong to P.G. Willey, the area’s premier dealer in heating fuels, so even when frigid weather demanded replacement of a 100 lb. tank of propane or two in a week, they were well-supplied.

Mabel had hauled lime and coal as well as other cargoes in her coasting life—so one can imagine certain unpleasant surprises which may have been unearthed as Harvey built their new home. Last but not least might have been the discovery that numbers of their prized possessions, including Louise’s favorite roll-top desk, would not fit the companionway—so to move aboard, they had to take off the main cabin roof! Louise said they moved on the coldest day in February, 1958—and the next day, while schools in Rockport were closed because of snow, she got to open boxes and put things away.

They lived aboard for two years, and both stoutly insist they would have stayed much longer had not a job offer in Norwalk CT enticed Harvey away. The family was fully content in their floating home, even during the first

year in which they had no electricity aboard—only Aladdin lamps in the living areas and hanging lanterns in the sleeping cabins. Taking sponge baths was the rule, and this was seen as no hardship—just another part of the adventure.

One may wonder how the Kelleys passed their summers, and if they were able to put *Mabel* to sea under sail. First, it must be understood that Harvey and Louise both held summer jobs, so sailing was restricted to weekends. Going out of Camden, the crew of five was often augmented by friends, and as the labors of hoisting sails, furling, making fast and making all shipshape were more fun than work for the young, and there was ample room on deck, these helpers were welcomed and much enjoyed. One adventure that was very well-remembered was a sail across the bay to Pulpit Harbor, where because of a late start they entered past Pulpit Rock to their anchorage well after dark. Harvey had instructed Louise to “steer for that star” which she says to this day she never could find—but by luck and seamanship they found their way in without grounding. (It should be mentioned that *Mabel* drew more water than other schooners, because Capt. Swift had removed her centerboard and added some depth to her keel.)

Harvey’s summer job was acting as Captain for a Boothbay Harbor summer family, a branch of the Rayes of Eastport mustard fame. They owned a motor cruiser which was Harve’s exclusive domain—even his employer deferred to his judgment and authority as skipper when aboard, as he expected his children to do. So they sailed *Mabel* down for the summers, anchoring in Hodgdon Cove just past the Southport Island bridge so as to be handy to the Rayes’ dock. On some lovely summer days when a boating excursion was suggested, Mr. Raye and Capt. Kelley negotiated as to whose boat would be used. The Raye children no less than the Kelley ones found sailing a schooner to be a huge adventure. Harvey, Jr. learned to run the yawl-boat with its dependable Redwing engine in a professional manner at the captain’s orders, relayed through several crew members along the deck as a primitive walkie-talkie device. So wherever they needed to take her, *Mabel* went in the Maine coast tradition of sound seamanship.

There was occasionally some sort of severe weather to contend with. In one March storm, there was concern that she might not be securely enough moored to the wharf in Camden. Harvey brought out extra lines and she stayed put, but her up-and-down motion alongside that wharf was a frightening thing to see. Their dog, Paddy, was so agitated that she watched for her chance when the rail was at wharf level, and jumped ship, not to be seen for three days! Life was not too easy for her aboard, as a nine-foot tide or more made it pretty hard for her to regularly get ashore to “do her business.” She made a number of escapes, and was brought back by various neighbors who saw her prospecting for a new home on solid ground. At last they took pity on her, and found her a better berth.

When it was time to move to CT for Harve’s new job, the task of removing the cabin top again to get their larger belongings out was more than they could stomach, so they sold the schooner with those items still aboard. Two young men bought her in 1961, and being inexperienced took her sailing in 1962 during the tail end of a hurricane. They were off Seguin Island at the mouth of the Kennebec, where some of the wildest seas along our coast make up when the river current meets an onshore wind and tide, and in those extreme conditions her long bowsprit, working against the stem and the knightheads, opened up her ancient bow planking so that she filled and sank. Louise’s favorite roll-top desk went with her.

But the memories of the Kelley family have enshrined that vessel and their brief odyssey aboard her in the years of their youth, a half century ago—which they will never forget!

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*Schooner Mabel under sail, crewed by the Kelleys and friends,
off Port Clyde on the way to Boothbay Harbor for the summer of 1959.*

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF SAMUEL K BRACKET, MARINER
by Malcolm A. MacDuffie

This is a three-part story which my father wrote for an English class at M.I.T. in 1923. My father was the son of long-time summer visitors to Southwest Harbor, John and Abby MacDuffie, who were founders and proprietors of the MacDuffie School for Girls in Springfield Mass. He and my mother taught there, and later he studied at Bangor Theological Seminary and served several churches in Maine. Malcolm MacDuffie never went to sea except as a devoted small-boat sailor in the waters around MDI, though as a child he rode the steam-boats from Boston to Rockland and on to Mt. Desert. But he feasted on sea stories all his life, and cultivated not only knowledge and imagination but a writing style which gave him the ability to evoke the life of vessels and their crews which has always seemed to me remarkable. But then, he was my father! The Editor

Recap

Let it be remembered that in the first two installments, Capt. Bracket was telling how the schooner with the load of pumpkins and hay and farm implements, but also sheep and an ornery bull, was becalmed in a dungeon of fog, and the Green Island fog signal began to intrude itself on the bull's animal instincts, sounding for all the world like a love-sick heifer in the spring of the year. So the bull broke loose from his pen, and as the wailing of the horn continued became more and more agitated, taking offense at members of the crew for inhabiting the same planet as himself and charging them from all directions at once. The helmsman had fled to the yawl-boat slung on davits over the stern; the cook and the mate and the boy were all treed in the starboard shrouds; and the captain was below, loudly, profanely but in futility commanding everyone above decks to do something about the situation. That is where we left our cast of characters at the end of the second installment.

The Editor must now confess with considerable chagrin that the original copy for the third installment, which he has read sometime in the distant past, has now disappeared. He had hoped to unearth it in time for this issue, so the reader(s) waiting with bated breath to know how the story ended can be satisfied. Alas, this happy result is apparently not to be. So as a last resort the Editor is forced to tell, without benefit of the inspired imagination and colorful dialect of the original author, the story itself as he remembers it.

Capt. Bracket, concluded

As the Captain had said, the entire crew was rendered ineffectual to say the least, both as to capturing the rampaging bull and as to navigating the vessel. It was flat calm anyway, and thick of fog, so short of launching the yawl-boat there would not be much in the way of navigating that they could do. But having some general acquaintance with the waters over which they were moving as the tide dictated, had they not been so preoccupied with the state of siege in which they found themselves, they might have guessed that there was some degree of danger somewhere nearby.

So it proved to be. The fog horn on Green Island grew in volume as they neared it; the bull became even more crazed as the love-call penetrated his testosterone-laden consciousness to the point of complete apoplectic disintegration, and impending disaster seemed to hold the vessel and her occupants in thrall. It was then that Nature took control and neatly concluded the matter.

The vessel was drifting rapidly now in control of the tidal current which increased in velocity as it narrowed into the passage between Green Island and Green Island Ledge. She was moving sideways since there was no wind to give her forward motion. Thus when her keel fetched up on the portion of the ledge which was at the perfect depth to halt her sideways motion, the sudden arrest caused her to heel suddenly to starboard such that the bull, losing his footing on the deck which was greased by the humid air and his own dung, slid full tilt toward the rail. When his legs crashed into the bulwark, the bulk of his body tipped him directly overboard with a mammoth splash. The vessel soon righted herself and the bull quickly disappeared, swimming mightily toward Green Island where the fog signal continued its siren call to direct him through the fog. His own blating and braying seemed to the relieved crew of the vessel to be saying "Hold on, for I am coming!"

The legend of the wild beast roaming Green Island, driving the light keeper and his family indoors whenever the fog signal was operating, soon made its way throughout the whole area. When this story subsided it was correctly assumed that the lighthouse family had finally begun to enjoy some better table fare than the government supply system normally delivered on their bi-monthly visits.

And never again did Capt. Peter Tugger of the old schooner *Irene* agree to haul farm livestock, produce or utensils aboard his vessel, no matter who asked nor how much was offered.

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BOOKS FOR SALE!

As visitors to the Country Store Museum are aware, the Historical Society carries a number of books which we think might be of interest to folks near and far. Some are historical in nature; others are of various sorts, with Tremont authors. The Directors have recently decided to offer these books by mail to readers of the Newsletter. The following list will serve as your catalog.

Books Available from the Tremont Historical Society

Author	Title	Price	Plus 5% Tax
Abbe Museum	The Indian Shell Heap	\$ 7.50	\$ 7.88
Dean Lunt	Hauling by Hand <i>History of Frenchboro</i>	25.00	26.25
Wayne Libhart	The Jury is Out	10.00	10.50
Wayne Libhart	The Jury is Excused	14.95	15.70
Virginia Libhart	The Enchanted Land	8.95	9.40
Virginia Libhart	Carrie's Dream	8.95	9.40
Nan Lincoln	The Summer of Cecily	17.95	18.85
Nan Lincoln	Cecily's Summer	16.95	17.80
Ruth Moore	The Weir	10.95	11.50
Ruth Moore	Spoonhandle	10.95	11.50
Ruth Moore	The Fire Balloon	15.00	15.75
Ruth Moore	Candlemas Bay	10.95	11.50
Ruth Moore	Speak to the Winds	10.95	11.50
Ruth Moore	A Walk Down Main Street	10.95	11.50
Ruth Moore	Time's Web	8.50	8.90
<i>Native of Gott's Island, whose novels received the following plaudit from the New York Times: "It is doubtful if any American writer has ever done a better job of communicating a people, their talk, their thoughts, their geography and their way of life."</i>			
Sven Davisson, Ed.	Foley Craddock <i>Stories by Ruth Moore and Eleanor Mayo</i>	14.95	15.70
Sandy Phippen, Ed.	High Clouds <i>Letters of Ruth Moore</i>	16.95	17.80
Wendell Seavey	Working the Sea <i>Autobiographical</i>	15.95	16.75

Tremont Women's Club Two Tall Tales
Muriel Trask Davisson, Ed.

9.95

10.45

Serially written by 24 members of the Tremont Women's Club, 1940's and '50's

Book Orders should be sent to Tremont Historical Society, P.O. Box 215, Bass Harbor ME 04653. Please add shipping costs of \$3.00 per book, and 50 cents for each additional book in the same order.

We also have many copies of a booklet published in 1998, "The Historic Homes of the Town of Tremont," with photos and historical facts on 85 structures in the Town of Tremont. These booklets are available free on request. If mailed, we ask for a donation of \$1 to cover mailing costs.

The following Response Form gives readers of the Newsletter an opportunity to show support for our work in recording Tremont history and making various artifacts and materials available to the public through the Country Store Museum. Membership by payment of dues is only one way of doing this. Another is by responding to our Annual Appeal each year in late summer or early fall. For those who live in the area, we invite your offer of time and effort to help by staffing the Museum or work in other areas of interest to you. Please let us know of your interest in contributing to the fulfillment of our Mission.

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RESPONSE FORM

Please clip and mail to Tremont Historical Society, P.O. Box 215, Bass Harbor ME 04653

Yes I/we wish to begin membership in the Tremont Historical Society

Yes I/we wish to renew membership for another year.

Enclosed is my check in the amount of \$10.00 per person for annual dues.

Please make checks payable to Tremont Historical Society

Dues paid at any time of the year will provide membership status through the next June.

Contributions to the Annual Fund in any amount carry membership status until the following June.

Please list names of all persons for whom dues are paid, or all donors of contributions.

Name _____ Phone _____

Address _____

Check if this is a summer address If different, please enter winter address below:

Address _____

If you would like to receive e-mail notices of meetings, etc. please enter address below.

E-mail address _____

MISSION STATEMENT
Adopted June 24, 2002
By the Membership
Tremont Historical Society

The Tremont Historical Society shall be dedicated to preservation of the history of the towns of Tremont and Southwest Harbor and adjacent islands. It will achieve this mission by gathering, cataloging, preserving, and making available to the public historical materials, such as genealogies and information showing the growth and development of the towns, as well as artifacts.

Tremont Historical Society
P.O. Box 215
Bass Harbor ME 04653

Non-Profit
Organization
Postage Paid
Bass Harbor ME
04653
Permit No. 7

FALL 2007 NEWSLETTER

Prepared especially for