

The Newsletter of the Tremont Historical Society

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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 ordinarily mailed to members and contributors.

The President's Page

It is a pleasure to write to you, the membership, as your new President. I was elected at our annual meeting that was held on July 23 at the Bass Harbor Memorial Library in Bernard. We also welcomed a new Board member, Mr. John Adams, and are pleased that two members - Juanita Stanley and David Lawson - whose first terms had expired will return to the Board. Resolutions recognizing outgoing President Arlene Bartlett and retiring maintenance manager Bob Bartlett were read into the minutes. The Bartletts have contributed substantial time to the Society over the years since they first joined the Board and their dedication has been instrumental in keeping it alive.

The Country Store Museum opened for the 2007 season on Saturday July 7th. It will be open Wednesdays and Saturdays from 1:00 to 4:00 p.m. until Saturday October 13th. A new item in the Museum Store is Tremont Historical Society tee shirts showing Bass Harbor Head Light. Please come and visit the Museum and see the new exhibits added this year. We can always use volunteers to welcome visitors to the Museum - it is not too late to sign up for this year. If you are interested, please contact me.

Members can make a big difference to our Society. On behalf of the Board of Directors, I would like to thank members Tina and Bill Baker for hosting a special musical event at their home, the old Kittredge house at the head of the harbor, and Mr. Dick Jordan, his sister Joan Jordan Grant and brother Paul Jordan, who honored their grandparents, Wilfred and Sarah Kittredge, their mother Evelyn Kittredge Jordan and their father Ray Jordan, with songs from the 1940s and 1950s and several sing-a-longs. Over 40 people participated in the event, which raised over \$160 for the Society.

Finally, we are now planning our monthly programs for the coming year. These programs for the membership are the fourth Monday of each month except December, January and February at 7:00 p.m. at the Bass Harbor Memorial Library in Bernard. We welcome your suggestions for program topics that you would enjoy. Please call, email or write me with your ideas.

I look forward to serving as your president and working with the Board in the coming year. I look forward to seeing you at membership meetings this year. I also am grateful to Arlene for passing on much useful information to help me get started.

Sincerely,

Muriel Trask Davisson
207-244-3826
muriel.davisson@jax.org

“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:

In the story about carrying a drunken lightkeeper to Mt. Desert Rock, Mr. H.M. Eaton refers to a method of rowing. He says “I had to row with one oar and steer against the oar, for the boat was not built for one person to row ‘cross-handed’ or ‘open-handed.’” Please, Ralph, explain the entire meaning of this sentence!

The first thing you need to know is that Mr. Eaton was not a seagoing man*, though he did grow up along the coast. He may not be using the most precise language that might be desired in describing how he rowed that boat. This was no doubt a pretty heavy, wide boat like a surf-boat or lighthouse tender, capable of carrying a good bit of cargo and standing up to rough water. So her oars would have been quite long and heavy, too much so for one person to row in the conventional manner, with both oars—especially if it was rough. So he probably rowed with just one oar, most likely pushing in a standing position, facing forward. (He would have chosen to row on the side which was most affected by the wind and sea—the starboard side if wind and sea were coming from the port side.) Then, for occasional course correction to keep her going as he desired, he would steer “against the oar” by means of an oar over the stern, or a rudder with a long tiller.. If he rowed from the aft thole-pins, he probably could reach this tiller from that position. (Ralph remarked that he had rowed a Friendship sloop in this manner.)

*(The foregoing is phrased by the Editor from a conversation with
Historian, Author, Speaker, and Fiddler Ralph Stanley.)*

** The Editor declines to include in this opening statement that Ralph added “He was a minister.” Having been the son of a minister who was very careful, knowledgeable and accurate in his use of nautical descriptions, and being myself a minister who has tried to emulate this worthy example, I am unwilling to contribute to anyone’s opinion that ministers do not know what they are talking about (in the present instance, of course!)*

RALPH’S PAGE

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

The following is a talk prepared by Ralph for some occasion held on Deer Isle, date not noted. Ed.

Mount Desert Island and Deer Isle, being the largest islands on the Maine coast, were settled permanently at about the same time in the early 1760’s. Many of these early settlers were well-acquainted with each other, having come from the same towns in Massachusetts, New Hampshire and western Maine. It is also quite possible that some of the settlers of Mount Desert and Deer Isle were related to each other.

Descendants of the early settlers of Deer Isle living here today could no doubt trace a relationship to descendants of the early settlers of Mount Desert. I am a descendant of twenty of the earliest settlers of Mount Desert Island and surrounding islands. My relationships to people of Deer Isle are through my Bunker, Gott, or Rich ancestry.

Many of the settlers discovered this area when they passed through on their way to the siege of Louisburg in 1745. Mount Desert was a point of rendezvous for ships bound to Cape Breton and it is likely some stopped at Deer Isle.

William Eaton was probably the first permanent settler of Deer Isle. His wife was a descendant of Samuel Wardwell who was executed at Salem during the witch trials. There are descendants of Samuel Wardwell on Mount Desert Island. My son-in-law is one of them.

William Eaton’s son Eliakim Eaton married Mary Bunker. She was the daughter of Benjamin Bunker who was an early settler at Mount Desert. It is quite likely that William Eaton and Benjamin Bunker were

acquainted, as family tradition says that Mr. Bunker and some of his family were visiting William Eaton at Deer Isle when one of Mary's brothers caught her bundling with Eliakim Eaton. Evidently he thought they were going too far and he made them get married. One story says the brother was John and another says it was Aaron. It may have been both. John Bunker settled at Southwest Harbor while Aaron after living a while at Cranberry Isles finally settled at Gouldsboro. Another sister of Mary was Comfort, who married John Manchester. In 1762 they were living at Machias, but by the time of the Revolutionary War they were living at Northeast Harbor.

I am descended from both John Bunker and his sister, Comfort. John was my great-great-great-great grandfather and on another line Comfort was my great-great-great-great grandmother.

Benjamin is said to have died at the age of 108 after he had moved back to Durham, New Hampshire and is buried in a cemetery across the road from Bunker's Garrison.

Another connection that I have tried to make with the people of the two islands is that of Samuel Robinson, an early settler of Deer Isle, and John Robinson of Robinson's Island, now called Tinker's Island in Blue Hill Bay. So far I have been unsuccessful. I believe that John may have come from Nova Scotia. Many of the people who went to Nova Scotia for the free land after the French were driven out were disillusioned with their lot and moved to Maine. He may have been one of those.

The Gilley Museum at Southwest Harbor was built to commemorate the work of Wendell H. Gilley in the carving of birds. Wendell was the grandson of George H. Gilley of Southwest Harbor whose wife was Abbie L. Buckminster of Deer Isle. She was the daughter of Solomon Gross Buckminster and his wife Rebecca Hatch.

John M. Noyes was the son of Joseph Noyes and his wife. She was the daughter of Ezekiel Morey. John M. Noyes married Emily Somes and lived many years in Somesville. Another daughter of Ezekiel Morey married a Mr. Day and lived at Mount Desert.

John H. Parker came to Mount Desert from Deer Isle with John M. Noyes. His wife was Sarah Haskell Powers. They built a house in Somesville which was passed to his son and in turn to his grandson. His wife was the daughter of William Eaton, Jr. who was the brother of Eliakim mentioned earlier.

Janet T. Mills who is the District Attorney of Franklin County (1994) is a descendant of Sumner Mills, who was a lawyer and judge in Stonington. He is a descendant of families at both Mount Desert and Deer Isle—Gotts, Hamblens, Thurstons and Richardsons.

The early settlers of both Mount Desert and Deer Isle came here by sea and their lives and livelihood depended upon the sea. Shipping and ship building were the way of life. Almost every young man went to sea and many spent their lives at sea in the fisheries and in the coasting and West Indies trade. Many vessels were engaged in the Labrador and Grand Banks fisheries. Labrador was a viable alternative for an older vessel that could not stand the rigors of the Grand Banks. A vessel going to Labrador would anchor in a safe harbor when the crew would strip the vessel of sails and rigging and stow them safely below while they fished from small boats near the harbor. When the vessel was loaded they would bend on the sails and sail home. This was a lot easier on an old vessel than the Grand Banks fishing where a vessel would be at sea for several months and its safety depended on a strong hull and good gear. The Labrador fishery became unprofitable after 1830. The Grand Banks fishery continued to some extent at both Mount Desert and Deer Isle while the shore fisheries increased.

In the 1880's, '90's and early 1900's the Friendship sloop became popular in the shore fisheries and for lobstering, and many were owned at Mount Desert and Deer Isle. The fact that so many Friendship sloops were owned and sailed here warrants an explanation about the origin of the model and construction of these boats that influenced the lives of so many people. These sloop boats influenced the way of life of the people of both Mount Desert and Deer Isle. Sloops were built at both places but mostly they were brought from the Friendship area. Some sloops like the *Dictator* changed hands between Mount Desert and Deer Isle several times. Other sloops that came from Deer Isle to be owned at Southwest Harbor were the *Gloriana*, *Genesee*, and *Gertrude and Herbert*—probably many more.

Whenever I had the opportunity to come over to Deer Isle I would go to Mr. Williams' yard to look at the *Dictator*. I always thought I would like to fix her up and take her to the regatta at Friendship. Little did I

dream that one day I would rebuild her. It was quite a challenge. The only wood left from the original hull is a block cut from the old keel and engraved in the new keel. We also saved the mast. We were careful not to change the model of the hull but that probably changed a little in the rebuilding.

Another sloop that I used to look at was at Little Deer Isle, She was in a dooryard on the first road to the left after going off the causeway. I believe she was a Morse built sloop and was quite large, probably 36 or 38 feet in length. After a while the place was cleaned up and she disappeared. I would like to know more about that boat. +

Let's Ask Ralph!

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? 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?

LONG ISLAND, MAINE

An excerpt from Chapter One of "Hauling By Hand, The Life and Times of a Maine Island" by Dean Lawrence Lunt, published in 1999 by Islandport Press in Yarmouth, Maine—reprinted here by permission.

More than 250 years after it first appeared on nautical charts and nearly two centuries after settlers built the first log cabins, Long Island survives. Out "amid the ocean's roar," as one writer put it, Long Island is one of only 15 Maine islands that still support a year-round community—down from more than 300 a century ago. And it is one of the smallest and most remote.

The island itself lies in Blue Hill Bay roughly eight miles southwest of Mount Desert Island, but a world away from the tourist-driven economy of Bar Harbor and the posh estates of Northeast Harbor and Seal Harbor.

The working-class village surrounding Bass Harbor is the closest mainland port and the one most frequently used by Long Islanders. On the run from Bass Harbor to Long Island, three main islands are clustered in the first four miles: Great Gott Island, Placentia Island, and Black Island. All three once supported year-round communities, but now Great Gott has summer residents only, Black has one house and Placentia is abandoned.

Between Black Island and Long Island, the second half of the boat trip, sit five smaller islands: Drum Island, the two Green Islands, Crow Island and Harbor Island.

This last stretch of ocean, exposed to the open Atlantic, can grow nasty when heavy seas roll in unobstructed from offshore. Many a passenger and more than a few captains have breathed a sigh of relief after making Crow Island Head and the more protected final run that follows.

In the summer, even on foggy days, that final stretch with Crow Island and Harbor Island to the right and Northeast Point to the left is unmistakable. Suddenly the cold, clear air off the open ocean gives way to the warm, sweet-scented breezes off the islands.

Because of its spot along the outermost line of Maine islands, Long Island was usually called Outer Long Island and sometimes Lunt's Long Island in the 1800's to distinguish it from a similarly named island closer to Blue Hill. Starting in the 1890's, the village on the island became known as Frenchboro, named after a Tremont lawyer who helped establish the island's first post office.

The town of Frenchboro, not officially incorporated as a town until 1979, is made up of 12 islands that run from Pond Island southeast to Placentia Island and Black Island, southeast to Great Duck Island and then back westward to Long Island. About 15 miles southeast of Long Island is Mount Desert Rock—a lonely

outcropping of ledge that features the state's most remote lighthouse. The Rock is part of Frenchboro. The other islands of Frenchboro are: Harbor, Crow, the two Green Islands, Little Duck and Drum.

Long Island also sits about four miles southeast of Swans Island. The harbor at Burnt Coat, sometimes called Old Harbor, is actually the closest port to Long Island. The daily mail still runs from Burnt Coat, but the harbor is not commonly used by Long Islanders.

Long Island itself is irregularly shaped, and generally considered about three miles by three miles. It is a generous measurement.

The community of about 70 year-round residents sits on or near the sloping banks of Lunt Harbor, a long horseshoe-shaped inlet that provides protection from all weather but a northeast wind. The sheltered and accessible harbor is one reason why Long Island has survived for more than 180 years while other island communities have died.

Lunt Harbor opens toward Mount Desert Island with the Mount Desert Hills looming ghostlike on the horizon. On summer nights, you can sit on a wharf and watch headlights from cars full of tourists as they climb to the peak of Cadillac Mountain, high above Acadia National Park.

The banks make sharply away from Lunt Harbor, providing a perch for mostly modest homes to sit in quiet observance of the daily goings and comings.

The island has just over one mile of paved road that starts at the ferry pier and runs around the cove to Lunt & Lunt Lobster Co., the island's only full-time business. Along the way, the road passes Frenchboro Post Office, the Frenchboro Historical Society, Becky's Boutique, the Long Island Congregational Church and Frenchboro Elementary School. The church and school were built in 1890 and 1907 respectively. There is no general store.

Leaving the harbor, paths and dirt roads wind through sometimes-pristine spruce forests, past bogs, lichen-covered ledges and small mossy patches where evergreen branches have given way to occasional glimpses of sunlight. There is little warning before these paths empty onto the island's granite shores, and suddenly the confining, sometimes claustrophobic woods give way to the mighty Atlantic.

Island animals are few. However, white-tailed deer proliferate, chomping their way through island flower and vegetable gardens and practically shaking the apple trees in the fall.

Meanwhile, bald eagles commonly soar overhead. Seagulls and mallard ducks are everywhere. Loons sometimes swim through the harbor and blue heron remain a common sight. Rabbits have come and gone and come again over the years, as have squirrels, mink and other small animals.

On ledges just off the island shores, seals often sun themselves when they are not diving into the ocean, then popping their heads above water to watch the watchers. Sailors may also spot the fins of porpoises as they run across the bay. Further offshore, puffins reward the persistent and ambitious.

For two months in July and August, Lunt Harbor is filled with yachts, their passengers taking advantage of the relatively easy and scenic walking trails. Or they might have stopped for a lobster dinner at Lunt's Dockside Deli. Or they might just sit and soak in the nighttime quiet broken only by the lapping of water against hull or the occasional clanging of Harbor Island bell.

On such crisp island evenings, which require sweatshirts even in August, you can look up into the clear night sky, and see more stars than you ever knew existed. In fact, they seem so numerous and hang so close it seems you can almost reach out and touch Heaven itself. +

More information about Frenchboro, this book and its publisher can be found at its web-site: www.islandportpress.com. Ed.



Long Island

Illustration by Mike Nasuti

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

The following is the second installment in a three-part story which my father wrote for an English class at M.I.T. in about 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

During the latter part of his narrative, the captain had been painstakingly paring thick, crinkly shreds from a plug of black tobacco held in the calloused palm of his left hand. Now, he paused to empty the shavings into the charred and notched bowl of an old brier pipe, but as he rammed the charge home with a blunt and broken-nailed forefinger, he continued:

“Next day ‘twas middlin’ fine weather so we got our hook aboard and stood out through Plum Gut for Merchant’s Row and open water. We made offshore fer about ten mile and then hauled our wind and started all sheets for Sibley.”

“That a’ternoon the air got light an’ var’able and smelt foggy and, sure enough, by night the old bucket was rolling kind of mournful in a thick fog and a strong on-shore set of tide. I was on the first dog watch, and when I went below it was gettin’ light overhead and the booms was slattin’ and the blocks jumpin’ at the horses like scared zoo-monkeys in their cage. The boy was standin’ by the kedge anchor and the light was on in the Old Man’s room so he must have been sleeping with his boots on.”

“I don’t know how long I had been in my bunk when I begun to hear the fog horn on Green Island bar. I lay harkin’ to it bellerin’ away there a few miles off and thinkin’ of the twins—but there was only one fog horn. It’d start out kinder low and melod’ius and then rise easy like and break inter a ha’ash sort of blat like a—well, exactly like an oneasy cow in the fall of the year.”

“Just as I was so thinkin’ I hears a cantankerous soundin’ snort from above, along with some stompin’ an’ scrapin’ from the direction of the he-bullock. Then all was quiet until Green Island cleared her old tin throat fer another whoop.”

Mr Bracket, mariner, stooped to replenish his tub of hot water from the shiny kettle on the floor beside him, before he resumed his narrative.

“It came right sudden-like, a splittin’ and a crackin’ and a screechin’ of drawn nails, the like of which would horrify a drum-major. As I jumped to the floor to see the fun, I heard a gallopin’ noise, a shout from the wheelman and a clatter of oars, showin’ that he had deserted his post to jump inter the yawl boat that swung over the stern in davits. I shook Mulligan and the cook and tumbled up the ladder and out upon deck. It was light enough by now, but still thick with fog, and I just had time to observe the wreckage of the bull pen, when old black-and-tan himself, who had been treein’ Nodding Bill in the boat, spied me and set out at a good clip in my d’rection. The cook’s head had just poked up through the companion so I couldn’t get below handily, but the fore-shrouds was handy enough, and I reached ‘em by a matter of half a jump ahead of that live beef.”

“I’d no sooner settled meself and got my heart to beating ag’in when the Old Man chose to come out of the after house to see what the trouble was. He stood his ground long enough to bid me seize onto the critter’s tail and take a turn around the fife-rail with it. Then he ducked below ag’in an’ slammed the hatch to after him. While Old Nick amused himself by staving the mahogany hatch to slivers an’ listening to the skipper swear, Cooky and Mulligan joined me in the riggin’. We never had any school-book knowledge of bulls that would tell us what to do if one on’ ‘em got loose aboard a vessel, so all three of us—able seamen and crew of the “*Irene*”, set like so many fowls on our var’ous roosts, while the skipper bellered through the skylight fer us to do somethin’, and the rambunct’ous beast hopped stiff-legged up an’ down below us, bein’ continu’lly agg’avated by Green Island’s love song boomin’ through the fog.” +

To be concluded

Let’s Ask Ralph:

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?

ANNUAL MEETING OF TREMONT HISTORICAL SOCIETY

The Annual Meeting was held on July 23, 2007 at Bass Harbor Memorial Library. Reports were given showing that the Board of Directors and Officers had guided the work and financial affairs of the Society during the preceding year with good results. The Nominating Committee presented a slate which was accepted by unanimous vote of the members:

President	Muriel Trask Davisson
Vice Pres.	Charles Liebow
Secretary	John MacDuffie
Treasurer	Michael Smith
Directors (to 2010)	Juanita Stanley David Lawson John Adams

Other Directors currently serving are Virginia Libhart, Michael Radcliffe, Ralph Stanley, Meredith Hutchins, Priscilla Keene.

The Board of Directors meets on the second Monday of each month. Membership meetings with programs are held on the fourth Monday of each month except December, January and February. All regular meetings are held at Bass Harbor Memorial Library in Bernard at 7:00 p.m.

The Country Store Museum on the Ferry Road in Bass Harbor is open on Wednesdays and Saturdays from 1:00 to 4:00 p.m., July through mid-October. Special visits by groups or persons doing historical research can be arranged by calling the President at 244-3826.

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

<u>Author</u>	<u>Title</u>	<u>Price</u>	<u>Plus 5% Tax</u>
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 Muriel Trask Davisson, Ed.	Two Tall Tales <i>Serially written by 24 members of the Tremont Women's Club, 1940's and '50's</i>	9.95	10.45

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.

A CHAPTER FROM “TWO TALL TALES”

The following is the penultimate chapter in “Family Legacies,” the second of the short novels serially written by members of the Tremont Women’s Club in about 1951. This chapter was written by Mildred Rich, wife of boat-builder Bobby Rich and mother of Robert “Chummy” Rich who carries on the family craft today in Bernard. This is a sample of the writing ability and imagination of these local women.

Inspector Hemingway, for all his brusqueness, was a very purposeful young man. He had the tenacious characteristics of a bulldog and he fully intended to solve this mystery. If he worked fast, he might be able to work it out before the arrival of the FBI, thus winning the promotion for which he had labored so long and earnestly. A word of appreciation from J. Edgar Hoover would be a real feather in his cap.

As his keen eyes searched the attic for a possible clue, he came upon an old diary—a volume really. This diary, he saw, was a day by day record, faithfully kept by the families of Ned Colbert and Capt. David Stanley.

As he hastily flipped the pages, it was apparent that the two families had taken literally the matter of red letter days, for the record of the days in which other than the usual had occurred had been written in red ink.

Time was of the utmost importance and Inspector Hemingway read quickly some of the notes written in red, hoping to find something which would answer the puzzling questions in his mind.

The secret of the passageway was uppermost in his mind, and the answer came to him almost simultaneously with the finding of the explanation in the diary.

In these days of wars and bomb scares, wasn’t it possible that this secret tunnel had been built for just such a protective purpose? Here in the diary was the explanation. Back in the early years of Maine’s development, there was much unrest among the settlers and during the War of 1812 the British were in possession of Castine and had captured Bangor and plundered Belfast. The generation of Stanleys who had built the house here on the Island were much afraid with war so close and had made the secret room and dug out the secret tunnel under the hill.

In 1841, when Ned and Esther Waldron had built their house on the hill, the passageway had been completed and the other outlet made to their cellar. Although these people had finished their project and had made use of the alley, it had, since the migration to Salem, been neglected and the secret unrevealed to the latter generation, who sensing something sinister in the Colbert attic, had left even that to grow dusty and undisturbed.

But how had Dr. White come to know of the passageway and the gold? That was the most important angle, as it must have some bearing on the murder of the man found under the hedge.

Years of experience and application to crime had given Inspector Hemingway acute powers of deduction and, although he knew Dr. White only casually, he thought it quite possible that he had inherited some of the undesirable characteristics of piracy from his father; and, if someone had inadvertently learned his secret of the gold, it was also possible that Dr. White was the murderer. The lust for gold has driven many men to murder.

During his perusal of the diary, Inspector Hemingway came upon a fact that was very confusing and led him to believe that the skeleton in the trunk was not that of Uncle John Stanley as everyone seemed to think.

One of the notations in red ink which concerned young Capt. Stanley was that Uncle John had broken his left leg in three places in a fall on a vessel.

Inspector Hemingway went over to the chest, which contained the skeleton, and raised the lid. From his knowledge of biology and anatomy, he knew that any old breaks of the bones would be evident on the skeleton. He examined the skeleton carefully. If John Stanley had broken his leg, these bones were the last remains of someone else. Who could it be?

While the Inspector was pondering these things, he heard someone moving stealthily in the secret room. It was then that Dr. White peered through the opening and was ordered by Hemingway to talk and talk fast. +

What fun it must have been to arrive at each meeting of the Tremont Women's Club to hear a fellow member read a new chapter of the unfolding saga, written in response to the challenge of gathering up the threads of previous chapters, and moving the narrative along to a new stage! How exciting to be the one to read on that evening, revealing the new twists which you had created to challenge the person who would be next to craft a chapter! And what a delicious thrill of anticipation to be the one who would write next, as your task was made plain by the reading you would hear that evening!

Have any of us heard of a serial writing project undertaken by a group of neighbors and friends, to relieve the tedium of everyday life and take them outside of their normal tasks and skills? Has any of us had the opportunity to hone our talents in such a manner? The nearest example this Editor can think of comes from an unrelated field—the maintenance, repair, improvement and adaptation of boats! Each successive owner adds touches or makes changes which bring that particular hull along to a new stage of usefulness and serviceability—with perhaps a touch of taste thrown in as the shapes of the construction and colors of the finish are chosen to please the eye and heart of the current owner.

John MacDuffie, Editor

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 _____

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

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

SUMMER 2007 NEWSLETTER

Prepared especially for

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.

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