

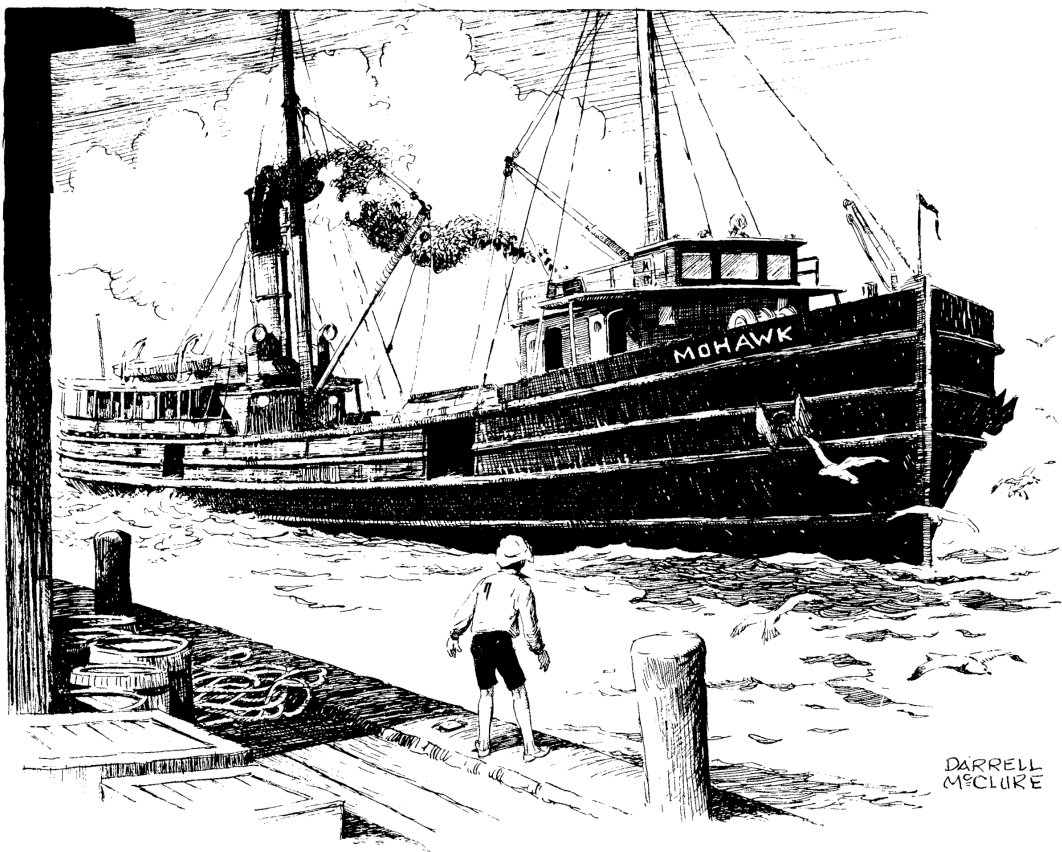
The Newsletter of the Tremont Historical Society

Vol. 11

No. 1

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. Newsletter Editor is John MacDuffie.

Coasting Steamer Knew Her Route



" . . . You could see her loom up now, black and solid and uncertain in her gait, not a soul visible on deck . . . And this small boy stood on the cap-log alone, half hoping for the honor of receiving her heaving line, half fearing that he would never be strong enough or quick enough . . ."
—Drawing by Darrell McClure

Story begins on page 4

The President's Page

Dear Fellow Members,

It's been a relatively quiet winter for your historical society. As you know, we take a break from public membership meetings in December, January and February. We here on MDI have been busy shoveling snow and trying to keep warm! The THS. Board also has been busy planning programs for 2008. Remember, our monthly open meetings are the 4th Monday of each month at 7:00 p.m. at the Bass Harbor Memorial Library in Bernard. Mark your calendars and watch the local newspapers for each month's topic. Don't miss one of these exciting meetings.

Monthly meetings will resume March 24th with a talk by Peter Bachelder on "The Green Mountain [Cadillac Mt.] Railway. April 28th, I will talk about the history of Bartlett's Island. May 26th Ginny and Wayne Libhart will provide historical information about Tremont schools. At the April, May and June meetings, two By-law changes will be read so that they can be presented for a final vote at the annual meeting in July. One By-law modification would change the annual meeting date to July to enable our non-resident members to participate and to follow the close of our fiscal year. The second would change requirements for attendance at Board meetings. The Annual Meeting this year will be July 28th. Following the annual membership business meeting, Dennis Damon will present "An Evening with Ruth Moore."

The Bass Harbor Country Store Museum will reopen the first week in July. This year the Museum will be open Monday and Wednesday afternoons from 1:00 to 4:00 p.m. to make it more accessible to summer visitors and to enable THS. members who are busy on Saturdays in the summer to volunteer at the museum. Please contact me if you're interested in donating time at the museum next summer. My telephone, mail and email addresses appear below.

The annual appeal letter mailed in October 2007 has raised nearly \$5000 toward our goal of \$6000. Thank you, members and friends, for your generous support!

Mike Smith and Chuck Liebow have installed the two new computers we purchased last fall and transferred existing files to them. We purchased a new version of Family Treemaker, and Ralph Stanley donated an updated version of his genealogical files that is now available on the new computers. We welcome donations of genealogical information for Tremont and Southwest Harbor families. This is your society and your local archive to preserve family history.

Sincerely,



Muriel Trask Davisson
207-244-3826
muriel.davisson@gmail.com
P.O. Box 215, Bass Harbor, ME 04653

Special Advance Notice!

The Second "Tremont Tribute" Concert will be presented on Sunday, June 29, 2008, at the former Kittredge Home across from the Tremont Community Center from 2:00 to 4:00 p.m. with the gracious cooperation and hospitality of Bill and Tina Baker, present owners. Featured performer will be Richard "Dick" Jordan, grandson of Wilford and Sarah (Carroll) Kittredge, singing Broadway and Big Band songs from yesteryear. A sing-along portion of the program will invite audience participation.

Watch the Spring Newsletter for further details.

“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.

From the last issue, the Editor wants to “Let’s Ask Ralph” the following:

Ed.: Ralph, in that story from the Ellsworth American dated July 8, 1871, the Masonic Lodge chartered a steamer to visit Bass Harbor for the day. Where did they most likely tie up to let the passengers go ashore for that great fish chowder?

Ralph: You know, I’m not too sure. Why don’t you talk to your neighbor, Harvey Kelley?

Ed.: I’ll do that..... Harvey, Where do you suppose that steamer tied up to let the passengers go ashore for that fish chowder?

Harvey: It would probably be at the wharf where the Rice Brothers later had a fish wharf—where the Tremont Town Dock is now. I’m pretty sure there was always a wharf at that location.

Ed.: After lunch, they went to a “large school building nearby” for dancing. Where would that have been? And, while folks danced upstairs there was a “railroad meeting” downstairs with speeches. What in the world was that?

Harvey: Up on Columbia Ave. across from where Art Paine lives now there was quite a large school, where my mother went. I believe it was a two-story building. As far as the railroad meeting is concerned, for a long period of time there was an effort to build a railroad spur from the head of the Island down to Bass Harbor, where very large quantities of fish were landed and prepared for market. These Masonic members and the local Bass Harbor business men who were there to greet them on the 4th of July excursion might well have had a lively discussion on that topic.

Ed.: The story says that a lot of the people went to visit a nearby place of business run by a “John Chinaman” who had an American wife and a six-month old baby. Have you heard of a place like that?

Harvey (seconded by Louise!): Yes indeed. That was in the place where Bob and Rosemary Tilden live today, which in the 1940’s was Mrs. Mitchell’s Store. [*Ed.: And Ralph Stanley says that the Cough family in Bar Harbor are descendants of that couple.*]

Ed.: Finally, a man and four boys were injured by the “premature discharge of a swivel” just as the party landed. Assuming that this was some sort of a gun on the steamer, if it was discharged how in the world could those five people not be severely injured or killed?

Ralph: Since it was the 4th of July, no doubt they wanted to shoot it off as a sort of fireworks display, without any shot in the barrel. But if the powder was not properly loaded and the blast not correctly fired, the explosion could scatter burning powder onto people nearby. These injuries were probably superficial burns.

Next time on “Let’s Ask Ralph” we can look forward to some information about the steamer Argo on which this excursion was carried, and perhaps more on the story of the Chinese man and his store. (Are there some Bernard old-timers who can fill us in?) Ed.

RALPH'S PAGE

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

At the final Membership Meeting of our Society for 2007, Ralph Stanley spoke on "Steamships and MDI." His talk was accompanied by a slide show taken from our collection of steamboat photos; thus it would not be practical to attempt a transcript here. In honor of the topic I offer the following article written by my father for the National Fisherman in 1968. As he was born in 1902, the period described here might well have been in 1910 or 12 or thereabouts. Editor

Visits Stirred Adventure in Boy's Mind By Malcolm MacDuffie

When I was a lad my family used to occupy Alan Lawler's winter home during our summer vacation. It squatted rather self-consciously by the main road past the head of Southwest Harbor, Maine. It boasted the only "flush" in town, modestly located in the cellar. The house is still there, not quite so distinguished. The location may have been remote from the stylish cottage colony on Clark's Point, but it was handy by the large wharf covered with the buildings of the Addison Packing Co., exuding rich, fishy odors, and the grimy sheds of the Walls Coal Co. The family launch was moored off that wharf; our skiff lay at one of its oily ladders, and I was one of the small but prominent loafers who added local color to the scene.

Here, when the gods were good, called the ancient tramp freight steamers, *Mohawk* and *Massasoit*, battered units of the old Maine Coast Steam Ship Co. fleet. Maybe someone was primed to expect a freight steamer on the day she arrived, but there was never any indication of it.

I remember one foggy day when you could just see the outlines of Black Ledge which guards the edge of the shoal part of the harbor. I was fooling around as usual when I heard a strange whistle signaling for a landing. It had a high, whining, slobbery voice, as if it were used but seldom and had a frog in its throat. (Much later, when my knowledge of the ways of steam had become more sophisticated, I realized the reason for this vocal weakness. Her fireman well knew that she was going to rest for a little, dockside, so he had knocked off work a bit early, with a consequent drop in steam pressure. One can fairly hear him mutter to himself, "Aw, to hell with this" as he drops his shovel and mops his brow with a murky sweat rag.)

But there was enough steam to give a distinctly irritable tone to that voice, like an old woman full of complaints and fed up with her lot. The *Mohawk*, for example, was born *Maggie Duncan*, and it was weary *Maggie's* way of saying, "Make a berth there; I don't care where, but make it quick! Here I come, butt end foremost, and I ain't got scarcely the strength to stop!" You could see her loom up now, black and solid and uncertain in her gait, not a soul visible on deck. The only active, vigorous thing about her was the fine stream of rusty condenser water issuing from the outlet under her guards.

And this small boy stood on the cap-log alone, half hoping for the honor of receiving her heaving line, half fearing that he would never be strong enough or quick enough to haul up the heavy mooring hawser and get the bight over the piling before the unseen crew snubbed it over a bollard on the freight deck. But I needn't have worried. This wasn't the Eastern's

smart paddler, *J.T. Morse*, or the Maine Central's *Norumbega*, always hustling to fulfill her mail contract.

Around the corner of the coal shed strolled an overalled teamster, hands in pockets. Here was no split-second, rat-tat-tat of heaving line coils falling on the wharf while bells tinkled and paddles or screw churned up the suds and sent a surge among the crib-work. Instead, the hands came out of the pockets just in time to receive the bight of the hawser handed up from the forward freight gangway by a smutty-nosed individual attired above the airily hung pants in the upper, and one hopes the most soiled, half of a suit of long-johns.

About this time there came the faint, familiar sound of go-astern bells from the engine room. One waited in vain for the nervous teasing of a "jinger"; that was a luxury reserved for dashing passenger steamers whose "full speed" demand really meant something. With the old *Mohawk*, however, reverse called for an appreciable pause, as if the engines were meditating upon their past sins and reluctant to commit any future ones. Then there came a mild sort of whirlpool under her stern as the blades took hold accompanied by a shuddering series of grunts as the big pistons rose and fell laboriously to "set her back."

On a larger scale she reminded me of another steamer in the Boothbay Harbor area, the *Enterprise*. Local folk who waited long for her languid arrival rechristened her *Old Struggles*. This honored her particular steam-song as she sculled her deliberate way from one Damariscotta and Sheepscot small-port to another collecting scanty cargo for Portland. It was a sort of one-more-turn-and-let-me-die which was lovingly transcribed as "Oh my, ah me, oh my, ah me."

You can bet I went aboard *Mohawk* as soon as she tied up. There I saw the towering "steeple" compound engine that had so dolorously complained at labor. For the uninitiated, a steeple compound is one arranged with the high-pressure cylinder over the low-pressure, one piston-rod traversing both. This was a splendid invention to save fore-and-aft space, (which, on these lake-type vessels with their engines crammed into the stern, was a consideration.) But their disadvantage was that they handled like a single-cylinder engine, having two "dead centers" for each piston stroke. The harried engineer had to be continually alert while maneuvering lest she stop on one of those helpless spots and be unable to start herself astern or ahead as called for. The scarred flanks of old Maine steamboats testified to fairly frequent mishaps of the sort.

As a small boy, I thought that *Mohawk's* crew resembled nothing so much as a gang of pirates. Certainly their ordinary conversation was as rich as limburger, and the forecabin in which they lived was dark, dismal and utterly primitive. There, as elsewhere aboard, the smell, odor or stench—I prefer the strongest word—was powerful. Basic to it was the flavor you used to detect aboard the oldest of the coasting schooners, retired from service and slowly expiring on some harbor mudflat. I think it was compounded of lamentable dry-rot and stagnant bilge-water. Added to that was a hint of open plumbing and a dash of the sweat of tired men and of unwashed unmentionables. A trifle, perhaps, of food sketchily refrigerated. Overlaid on these was the rich aroma of fish, in barrels and out of them, sardine oil, hot grease and soft-coal smoke.

I made no complaints of all this. To me, it was the very breath of romance. *Mohawk* made all the complaints that were called for, and I don't for a moment suppose that I have enumerated them all. For a while I used to watch the weary and disgruntled "pirates" unload barrels of cottonseed oil, in which sardines were then packed, and cases of empty sardine cans. Then she would load the recent output of the factory for the voyage to the westward. If the tide were high the freight-handlers wheeled their hand-trucks over a gangplank to the freight deck. At low tide *Mohawk's* cargo booms and steam winch came into play.

My puppy-dog curiosity and excitement about all this activity was usually brought to an end by my older sister being sent to fetch me to a meal, tripping daintily over the splintered

planks of the wharf, disdainfully ignoring the somewhat raffish stares of the *Mohawk's* hard-bitten gang.

Of course I would hurry back, resentful because I had been forced to fill the woodbox before taking myself off. And the berth would most likely be empty, the wharf deserted. Sometimes I caught a farewell glimpse of my old friend waddling and yawing her way along the Manset shore toward the Western Way. Again, she would be just gone, with maybe a smear of smoke over the land to show where she was plodding out past Long Ledge, or feebly contending with the tide on Bass Harbor Bar.

And I'd be left alone on the cap-log with nothing to do for the rest of the afternoon but to row my skiff from point to point along the cove, sounding my own bells, making my own landings and whooping with a wailing voice in imitation of *Mohawk*, last of the Maine coast steam tramps.

Mohawk was built at Ft. Howard, Wisconsin in 1890 and christened with the elegant name, *Maggie Duncan*. She was of 535 gross tons and 377 net, and her vital dimensions were 164.5' overall, 31.8' beam and 11.7' draft. Her "indicated horsepower" was 560 and one of her few friends reported that she could run circles around her smaller sister, *Massasoit*. But we are told by the same critic that *Massasoit* had so little power she would "go adrift in an average tide!"

These two ships and *Van* and *City of Philadelphia* comprised the fleet of the Maine Coast Steamship Co. They were true tramps, keeping no schedule but plodding almost continually between Boston and the Maine ports of Portland, Port Clyde, Rockland, Vinalhaven, North Haven, Stonington, Brooklin, Bass Harbor, Southwest Harbor, South Gouldsboro, Prospect Harbor and Jonesport. As she could make but six or seven knots, a round trip would take about two weeks.

Mohawk and her sisters operated without any real layup period. She picked up eastbound cargo at a number of Boston piers and was either steaming en route or loading and unloading cargo constantly. Her crew rested only when she was underway; her officers, only when cargo was being worked. Captain Walter E. Scott, who went quartermaster on *Mohawk* in the shipping depression of 1907, reported that he was never able to take his clothes off while aboard her. He lay down on the pilot house bench while she was docked. Otherwise, he slept only while at the wheel, a technique he claimed he mastered only because the ship was so slow in answering her helm!

Naturally, *Mohawk's* personnel turnover was terrific. She was a "workhorse" according to her freight-handlers, who usually piled ashore after one trip. In 1907 her officers were: Capt. Fred Pray, master; Capt. George Brown, pilot; and Charles Derby, freight clerk. There was a tough Nova Scotia first mate who kept the crew in line, but his name is lost to history. He had his work cut out for him.

Mohawk was lost on the New Jersey coast in the 1920's. Maybe she was on her way to Norfolk for coal for New England ranges, a service she sometimes performed. Capt. Pray, who thoroughly understood her weaknesses, was not with her at the time of her demise. He had gone on to a more distinguished career with the Eastern Steamship Lines, though perhaps a no more useful one than that of tramping the Maine Coast in the dear old *Mohawk*.

+++

Next time on "Let's Ask Ralph" we want to find out which was the Alan Lawler house where the MacDuffies spent some of their summer vacations. Ed.

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

Reprinted by Permission

Continued from last issue

Ruth returned to Maine in the fall of 1930 where she entered the Masters program at the University of Maine. After spending two years, she returned to New York in 1932, moving into an apartment at 23 Waverly Place in Greenwich Village. She quickly found a job as personal secretary to Dr. John Haynes Holmes. Holmes was an important liberal Unitarian minister, playwright and orator. He was also a friend of Mary White Ovington and an early supporter of the early NAACP. Ruth remained with Dr. Holmes until 1935 when the novelist Alice Tisdale Hobart hired her as a personal assistant. She moved with the Hobarts first to their home outside of Washington, D.C. and then to their house near Berkeley, California. In addition to editing manuscripts and assisting in publicity for Mrs. Hobart's work, Ruth took over management of a farm the Hobarts purchased in Martinez, California. The farm consisted of a half-acre of gardens and 18 acres of fruit and nut trees, as well as a large vineyard. One can readily see from her letters of that time how difficult the work was and how much she enjoyed it.

During a rare visit home to Maine in the summer of 1940, her sister Esther, a local school teacher, introduced Ruth to Eleanor Mayo, one of her former students. Eleanor displayed an interest in writing and had just returned from an admittedly unsuccessful year at business school. "The last time I went to California—I used to come home a month in the summer—Esther, my sister, who was teaching school, told me about this youngster there," Ruth recalled in 1988. "So when Eleanor was 19, she went with me to California to go to the University of California, because her family couldn't afford to send her to the University of Maine or around here. So I asked her if she wanted to and she said Yes she did. So we became great friends. We lived in California for a while and then she came back with me. We lived together for something like forty years. She was a wonderful companion, a wonderful friend."

Mrs. Hobart's health had been declining for years. Ruth told how she was often confined to lying flat on her bed and had to write on a pad suspended over her. Ruth realized that she did not want to be trapped in California if her employer should die or become further incapacitated. This coupled with the illness of her own mother back east helped Ruth make the decision to leave California in 1941. She and Eleanor spent time in Maine until her mother's health improved; they then embarked on a Thoreau-inspired "year in the woods" at the now vacant family home on Gott's Island. Ruth often told the story later on that her journal of the retreat had only one entry. On the first page was written "Damn that Thoreau!"

The couple returned soon after to New York, where Ruth answered a black ad in the *New York Times*. The job turned out to be with the *Reader's Digest*, and she began work there answering letters. Within a couple of years, she became an associate editor assisting in the condensing of books—the quickest such promotion in the magazine's history. She

credited the condensing process of “getting the inside out of a book” as being a “great deal of help with my writing.” During this time Ruth and Eleanor were both writing. Ruth described it as “pick-up work” fitting it into evenings and weekends. Ruth’s first novel *The Weir* was published by William Morrow & Co. in 1943, and Eleanor’s debut in *Turn Home* was published by Morrow in 1945. In its review the *New York Times* called *The Weir* “a notable first novel” and noted that “Miss Moore builds up her story with a capable hand.” The reviewer concluded, “It has atmosphere, it has characterization and it tells a rugged, sea-swept tale.” Two years later the *Times*’ review of *Turn Home* described the novel as having a “punch and cocksureness that command respect and interest.”

Many of the stories in this collection date from this period, the late 1930’s and early 1940’s. Ruth’s first published piece was a poem “Voyage” that appeared in the *Saturday Review of Literature* in 1929. In a letter to her sister Esther dated 28 April 1936, she mentions having submitted stories to *Scribner’s* and *St. Nicholas*. The *Scribner’s* submission is most likely “The Bottle-Green Bottle” as the manuscript has a hand-written note “Submitted to Scribner’s April 24” at the top. “Pennies on the Water” appeared in *The American Girl* July 1942; “The Ladies of Philadelphia” appeared in *Harper’s Bazaar* August 1945; “A Soldier Shows His Medal” appeared in a shorter version as “It Don’t Change Much” in *The New Yorker* October 1945; and “Farmer Takes a Newspaper” appeared in *The Saturday Review of Literature* July 1948. Ruth wrote in 1985 that “‘The Lonely of Heart’ and ‘The Gargoyle’ went the rounds in the early days, but nobody bought them. I got tired of rejection slips early on and chucked everything into an old chest where they came in handy for material in novels, now and again.” And there they remained in an old sea captain’s chest—perhaps the same chest she credited with inspiring *Candlemas Bay*—until they were discovered by this book’s editor. Readers familiar with Ruth’s other work will recognize, no doubt, a bit here and there—a gold-toothed whale, for example.

Ed. Note: The stories mentioned in the foregoing paragraph are included in the collection to which this biography is an introduction, When Foley Craddock Tore Off My Grandfather’s Thumb. The Tremont Historical Society has copies of this excellent book for sale at the Country Store Museum or by mail.

Ruth described her editor and Morrow founder, Thayer Hudson, as “a great encourager.” He promised anything she wanted in the way of publicity for her second novel. Keeping to his promise, when *Spoonhandle* was published in 1946 Morrow committed ten thousand dollars, a significant amount for that time, to promote the book. *The New York Times* review described the book as possessing “an authentic feeling for place, for the true and ordinary values of every day, the meaningfulness of independence, of work, of honesty and kindness.” *Spoonhandle* spent fourteen weeks on the *Times*’ bestseller list—in company with George Orwell’s *Animal Farm*, W. Somerset Maugham’s *Then and Now*, Ralph Gould’s *Yankee Storekeeper* and Robert Penn Warren’s *All the King’s Men*. Film rights to the book were quickly purchased by 20th Century Fox who produced it as *Deep Waters*, a feature-length film shot on location at Vinalhaven, Maine. The film, released in 1948, was directed by Henry King (*State Fair*, *Song of Bernadette*), starred Dana Andrews, Jean Peters, Dean Stockwell and Cesar Romero, and received an Oscar nomination for special effects. Eleanor’s first novel, *Turn Home*, was produced as a film by Republic Pictures, released in 1950 as *Tarnished*, directed by Harry Keller (*Seven Ways from Sundown*) and starring Dorothy Patrick and Arthur Franz.

The sale of *Spoonhandle* to Hollywood gave the couple the financial means to realize their dream of moving back to Maine. In 1947 Ruth and Eleanor purchased 23 acres of shorefront property in Tremont, the town of which Bass Harbor and Gott's Island are a part. With the help of Eleanor's father Fred Mayo, a cabinetmaker, they set about building their home. Ruth remarked that when one is an author, the last thing anyone wants to ask you about is writing. In line with this observation, after their return to Maine the press, both local and national, took particular interest in the authors' building project.. The press coverage, complete with photographs of the two looking at plans and hammering shingles, reached such proportions that Ruth remarked, amusedly, in the piece included here, that she feared that they would go down in history, not as writers, but as "lady carpenters."

The *New York Herald Tribune* included in its "Turns With a Bookworm" column a humorous story related by Ruth involving the building of their home:

"Miss Moore spent the summer hoping for electric power to arrive... Several men came and dug a posthole one day and went away... Many days later they returned with a pole and laid it down beside the hole and went away... Meantime Miss Moore's cat killed a sizable snake, and she thoughtfully draped the remains around the pole... Thereafter five large, able-bodied men came to set the pole in the hole; when they saw the snake they fell back to a strategic position, uttering yells of alarm... Miss Moore explained to them gently that the snake had intended to attack them, but had starved to death waiting.... Rural electrification was completed with unwonted speed..."

A degree of tension surrounded Ruth and Eleanor's return to Maine. The uneasiness, however, did not stem from the fact that they were two women building a home together. Companionate marriages, after all, were not limited to Boston. The Maine coast had a quiet tradition of "spinster sisters" living together. Ruth and Eleanor were in fact very distantly related. The undercurrent of tension that existed following their return stemmed from the fact that they had gone away. Locals have always had a natural suspicion of outsiders. The suspicion was compounded when the outsiders were also local. Ruth and Eleanor had gone away and got themselves an education, which by local standards meant they were "putting on airs." Ruth poignantly describes this mutual apprehension in her story "A Soldier Shows His Medal." She points to the local admonition, "born in the flesh and bred in the bone": *Don't put yourself forward. It's kind of cheap.* Even as she placed herself within the story, she maintained the reticence, the first-person narrator reflecting how she had "published a poem in a little magazine, dead now these many years, both poem and magazine forgotten. It wasn't much—not like the things of war—but I remember how I wanted people to know." The story's narrator never does mention her poem to anyone, the voices of her neighbors, speaking in her head, always staying her: "Guess she thinks she's something, bragging about her writing being printed, somewheres to the west-ard."

This biography of Ruth Moore will conclude in the Spring 2008 issue. Ed.

We are pleased to share the three issues in which this biography of Ruth Moore is published with the members of the Gott's Island Association, with the help of its Secretary, E. Northwood Kenway. We invite those folks to become members of the Tremont Historical Society and thus regular subscribers to this Newsletter. Ed.

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	Tired Apple Tree (poems)	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	9.95	10.45
Muriel Trask Davisson, Ed.	<i>Serially written by 24 members of the Tremont Women's Club, 1940's and '50's</i>		

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.

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.

Prepared especially for

FALL 2007 NEWSLETTER

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

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