

# 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 mailed to members and contributors. Extra copies are available. Newsletter Editor is John MacDuffie.



*The former "Aunt" Jenny Harding house on Gotts Island, owned by Northwood and Rita Kenway since the 1940's and lovingly restored with many modern conveniences. The house seen behind it to the right is also in the Kenway family, having been purchased by Northwood's mother many years ago and now in the possession of his niece. See the story inside. Ed.*

## The President's Page

On March 28<sup>th</sup>, the Tremont Historical Society kicked off its 2011 season with a program on “Antique Show, Tell & Discover” featuring Judith Burger Gossart, a local expert on antique histories and values. Ms. Gossart helped attendees to identify their own historic items and estimate values and age. She also provided information on ways to research historic treasures. As well, we displayed interesting items from the Bass Harbor Country Store Museum collection.

Among the programs you can look forward to this year will be a re-showing of the documentary film on the building of a wooden Robert Rich-designed boat by his son Chummy. The premier of the film at the Criterion in Bar Harbor on Friday Dec. 17 was well attended and highly successful. At the premier, and subsequently in local stores, many copies of the DVD have been sold. The original “printing” was 200 copies; we have ordered 100 more since and are about to order another 100. The DVD will be for sale in the Bass Harbor Country Store Museum bookstore this summer. Please contact me with ideas for any topics you would like to hear about in our 2011 programs.

The Country Store Museum will open July 6<sup>th</sup> and be open Monday and Wednesday afternoons from 1 – 4 through October 11. The dory built for Nan and Art Kellam by Cliff Rich to travel between their home on Placentia Island and Bass Harbor will be on display outside the Museum. One of the 2 new books added to the Museum bookstore in 2010, *We Were An Island* by Peter S. Blanchard, describes Nan and Art Kellam's life on Placentia Island from 1949 to 1985. Please consider volunteering in the Museum this summer. With more docents, we could have it open more than 2 afternoons a week. Minimal training is required. We will partner you with someone who has done it before and provide “cheat sheets” on the history of the Museum store and the Town of Tremont. You would meet lots of interesting people and find that it is really fun!

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# RALPH'S PAGE

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

*Faithful readers will remember that in the last issue I promised to bring you a talk by Ralph at a meeting of the Historical Society which he gave on Nov. 26, 2007. Here are portions of that talk, transcribed from a tape recording. An interesting feature is that Ralph was commenting on a series of pictures from the THS archives, not chosen by him, but offered to illustrate his remarks. I have omitted a few portions where pictures were essential to the sense of what was being said. Ed.*

Along about the 1840's there started to be quite a lot of steamboat traffic along the Maine coast, but Southwest Harbor was kind of by-passed because they had no docks where the steamboats could land. So Deacon Henry Clark and Seth Clark, brothers, decided that they would build a steamboat wharf; and they did, on Clark's Point. They did that in 1853. Seth Clark was my great-great grandfather. Once they built the steamboat wharf, steamboats started landing; then along came passengers, and they needed a place to stay, so Deacon Clark started up what became his Island House. At first he took boarders in his own house, and then he gradually expanded the house, and it became a complex of houses and buildings and eventually became the Island House with all the extra houses and buildings that went with it. The wharf kept getting bigger, and eventually the Underwood Company rented part of it. They started up a canning company, and canned lobster and later meat and vegetables. They even brought cattle down and slaughtered them there on the end of the point, and canned them.

Many steamboats came to Southwest Harbor after the wharf was built. Over the years this because a very busy part of life there. In the early days the summer people who came brought their help, and their trunks and their clothes and everything they needed for the summer. Some even brought their horses and carriages. They brought it all on the steamboat. A lot of the products that came from Mount Desert Island were shipped away on the steamboats, too. They stopped at the Manset Fish Wharf for fish, and delivered them to Rockland; a connecting vessel took them to Boston. The local stores got the products they would sell by steamboat, too. A lot of horses and wagons would go and meet the steamboats, and deliver the packages to the various stores. One time a package came on a steamboat, and it got dropped on the wharf. Something started leaking out of it. The crate was marked "lobsters" but it didn't smell like lobsters. Nobody claimed that package.

But a lot of things came by steamboat, and folks depended on them a lot. It was also very handy to get aboard the steamboat and go to Rockland or even on to Boston for business or a vacation. The steamers were pretty fast; some of them would go 14 or 15 knots—maybe better. So trips to Rockland or Boston did not take a great many hours.

There were some mishaps, when steamers ran ashore in the fog or ran into each other. There were no great disasters, at least around Mt. Desert Island anyway. *(Here some pictures of steamboats and the wharf with various buildings were shown. Members of the audience were asking questions about various sites; it is of interest that a bowling alley was pictured, but it preceded the building where Hamilton Marine is now located, which was also a bowling alley; the steamboat wharf was on the site where the Coast Guard wharf is now; and the Island House complex was where the Coast Guard housing units are located. Ed.)*

*After a well-known picture of the steamer Norumbega aground on Clark's Point was shown, during the ensuing conversation Ralph said:*

The run from Northeast Harbor to Southwest Harbor was so short that, since they would be tying up overnight here, the engineer banked the fire on the way over. She ran short of steam pressure just a few hundred yards short of the wharf, and the engine stopped. Her course was just a little too close to the point, so she drifted ashore instead of drifting down on the dock. She was not much damaged. When they came to tow her off the next day the tide did not run quite as high as they needed to get her off; but the *Moosehead* was quite powerful and could run quite fast. They had her come by at full speed, so her wake made a good surge right alongside the *Norumbega*. It lifted her enough so the tug was able to get her off.

The *J.T. Morse* was a popular boat which ran for years. One time they went across from Southwest to Manset to pick up some fish, and the engine got caught on center and they couldn't start it. Well, there was a man named Teddy Ware who was sort of a seagoing tramp. He lived in Rockland, and in the summer time he would take his dory and row up the coast. He'd stop and work a little bit so as to get a little money to get something to eat. He used to sleep on the fish-wharf in Manset while he was here. Somebody told the engineer on the *J.T. Morse* that Teddy Ware was on the fish wharf and if they went and got him maybe he could start the engine. He said, "Good Lord, Teddy Ware's just a tramp—what does he know about a steam engine?" Well, in desperation they went and got him, and he came down and started turning valves and the steam was a-hissing and first thing they

knew, he had her going. Come to find out he was a licensed steam engineer in his younger days. He'd had some kind of a mental breakdown, and it stopped him from working. So he just tramped around and got by the best way he could.

(A picture of the *Lewiston* was shown.) The *Lewiston* was 234 feet long and had 900 horsepower; her gross weight was 1127 tons. The *Lewiston* and the *Mount Desert* had a race one time. They raced in East Penobscot Bay, and the *Mount Desert* won the race. The *Mount Desert* was smaller—she was only 457 tons. They bragged about how big the *Lewiston* was and how powerful she was, but the old *Mount Desert* beat her. The *Mount Desert* was built in Bath in 1879. (A few pictures of steamers were shown. Questions were asked about whether side-wheelers were faster, or propeller-driven steamers.) Ralph: "Not necessarily."

The *Westport* was the last steamer to call at Southwest. I can remember the *Westport*. When I was a little boy I'd hear the whistle blow at the house, and I couldn't say "whistle" so it came out "whootle."

This is a picture of a schooner, that Bill Ballard took. I think that she is the *William Keene*. She came into the Manset fish wharf with a load of salt one time, and two old men were sailing that schooner, just the two of them. She was loaded right to the gunnels with salt, and they sailed her in to the dock. They put the sails down as they were coming in, and let her headway carry her in. They got to the dock, just creeping along. There was a crowd of men on the dock. I was about 12 years old, and I was there too. They threw a line onto the dock, with a bight spliced into it. I grabbed it, and one of the men told me to take it around the corner and put it onto a piling. It was so heavy I couldn't do it, but none of those men stepped up to help me, so I finally had to let it go. So they threw another line, while all the time the vessel was ranging ahead. The same thing happened—I couldn't get it over the piling, it was just too heavy. By this time she had gone by the dock and was just about ready to take out a bunch of boats on moorings near the dock. But I skinned down a ladder and got aboard a boat that was tied alongside the dock; they threw another line and I managed to get it around the bitt on that boat. They took a strain on it, and let some rope run out and gradually slowed her down so they could stop her; then they hauled her back and got her alongside where they could unload her. I always wondered why none of those men would step up and help me.

The steamboat era at Mt. Desert Island ended in 1934 when the wharf was sold to the Coast Guard. The *Westport* was the last steamer to call here, and by 1934 she was getting to be in pretty hard shape, as those were tough times. Ray Robbins went down to the K. of P. Lodge one night, and he took a picture with him. It showed the *City of Bangor* in Goose Cove. He told them what it was, and somebody said, "The *City of Bangor* never called in Goose Cove." Ray says, "It must be so, because this is a picture of it." Everybody agreed that was Goose Cove, and that was the *City of Bangor*. Turned out, Ray had made a model of the *City of Bangor*--a very good one (his son still has it) and they took it down to Goose Cove and took a picture of it. He had those folks believing for quite a while that the *City of Bangor* had called at Goose Cove. Of course, you couldn't have begun to turn the *City of Bangor* around in Goose Cove!

Another steamer that called here was the *Frank Jones*. She carried mostly freight, and she wasn't very popular as a passenger vessel because she was known as a heavy roller. Another steamer was the *Sedgwick*, that carried a lot of excursions in and out of here. In Gertrude Carroll's journal she tells about taking the *Sedgwick* to Bar Harbor, on the way to Winter Harbor with an excursion party. She had a bad tooth that had to come out. She'd already been to dentist in Manset, and he'd broken the tooth off. So a week later she went with her mother on this excursion, and as they were going around to Bar Harbor the steamer was rolling some, which Gertrude enjoyed. They got off at Bar Harbor, went to the dentist and got the tooth out and another one filled, then caught the steamer on the return trip that afternoon. That was something you could do in those days, even allowing for the time you had to take to walk to the steamboat wharf in the morning and back home at night.

A group of people got together and built a steamboat wharf in Bass Harbor. One of the steamers that called there was the *Cimbria*. She had a misfortune there, when the captain gave a signal to the engineer to put her in reverse; the engineer put her ahead, and before they could stop her she went ashore. She was damaged pretty badly, but they got her off eventually and took her to Brewer to have her repaired. While they were at it they lengthened her and gave her more power, and she went on for a good many years after that, on the Bar Harbor to Bangor run. +

After the pictures ran out, a considerable conversation went on with members of the audience, but it was too scattered as to subjects to record here. Suffice it to say, this was one of the more interesting evenings enjoyed by folks who were able to come out to the Bass Harbor Library. Ed.

## **A Little Dredging Story**

By John MacDuffie

As most people know, this winter of 2010-2011 a sizable portion of Bass Harbor has been undergoing a dredging operation conducted by Prock Marine of Rockland, and paid for by the Town of Tremont and the Army Corps of Engineers. This is being done to increase the size of areas where moorings can be placed for pleasure and work boats who choose to call this excellent harbor their home port. During the active phases of this operation, dwellers or workers along the shores have been treated to the sight (day or night) of barges full of mud being towed or pushed out of the harbor by a small tug, and empty barges coming back in after being relieved of their loads over in the Bay between Hardwood and Tinker's Islands.

One day I happened to be walking down at the end of Steamboat Wharf Road when I heard the familiar sound of that tug's diesel coming out of the harbor. When I caught sight of her coming past the old Underwood wharf, she seemed to be coming much more slowly than usual, though the engine sound was just as always. I stood on the Trask house lawn and watched her creep into the outer harbor, wondering what was wrong. Suddenly the tug shut down and as it was a very quiet day, it seemed as if they were almost next to me. Then I heard, as clear and plain as day, the voice of a man hollering, "You're supposed to tow her by the other end!" I realized then that the reason she moved so slowly was that the square end of the scow was ahead, and the shovel-nosed end was behind. No wonder she towed so hard!

The tug cast off, backed up and put her nose up against the side of the scow and pushed her until she turned completely around. Then they got another tow line aboard, and started towing her from the other end. Right away she moved along as usual, and soon disappeared around the Old Point on the way to the dumping ground.

Like Ralph Stanley, wondering how come those men didn't help him handle the lines from that schooner when he was 12 years old, I guess I'll always wonder why they didn't tow that scow from the right end in the first place. If it was because they didn't have room in the harbor to turn her around, how come that fellow aboard of her didn't know that, and presumed to tell the skipper he was doing it wrong?

So many questions—so few answers. +

### **POST OFFICES IN TREMONT**

*Someone recently passed along to us a collection of stories from the Bar Harbor Times published in 1985. Here are a few fragments of what was being written on the subject of post offices in Tremont. Ed.*

TREMONT – If all goes according to plan, the town will have a new post office by July 1985. The new one will probably consolidate the present two in Bernard and Bass Harbor. The announcement was made by Barbara Patterson, Bangor postmaster and postal service manager for this area at a board of selectmen meeting Monday night [Dec. 3, 1984.]

The change will be made because Hilda Sylvia, present postmaster in Bernard, plans to retire in July. Her retirement will open the possibility to plan for more economical service for Bernard and Bass Harbor deliveries.

Patterson said that the postal service seldom discontinues deliveries in one community except by attrition. She pointed out, however, that the town presently has four post offices serving a community of 1200 people. Some of the post offices are quite close together. People who could not get to a centrally located post office could take a box on the Star Route for home deliveries.

The centrally located post office would be called Tremont Post Office with a single zip code. If the communities wish to maintain their identity, mail could be addressed in the name of that community but would carry the Tremont zip.

She thought that within 5 or 10 years the consolidation would include the whole town with one centrally located post office.

The board of selectmen have long considered the present system with four post offices inefficient. They expressed some concern for the probable loss of jobs for some of the clerks, and for some inconvenience to patrons who would be farther from the delivery point. They felt, however, that more economical service made sense. Most of the citizens attending seemed to agree with them.... +

TREMONT – Over 200 patrons of the Bass Harbor post office, upset with the possibility of that office being consolidated with the Bernard post office at a new facility, have submitted a petition to the regional postmaster. The petition asks that the Bass Harbor post office be retained at its present location under its present name.

Stan Reed formed the “Save Our Post Office Committee” after reading the Bar Harbor Times account of the Dec. 3, 1984 meeting of the Tremont Board of Selectmen.....

The petition contained the signatures of 216 Bass Harbor postal patrons.... It enumerated [nine] reasons for the request....

#### VIEWPOINT: Bureaucratic Blunder

By Stanley O. Grierson

Bar Harbor Times

The dictatorial attitude of a postmaster 50 miles away making a decision to move the Bass Harbor post office without a before-the-fact survey is a bureaucratic blunder. To hold to that decision against the expressed wishes of the people being served is capriciously arbitrary. Furthermore, it is an infringement on our democratic way of life. Why was an opposition petition signed by 216 residents and businesses totally ignored by postal authorities?

The reasons given for the move were public safety and space. The safety record of Bass Harbor speaks for itself, with no bodily injury in well over 50 years. The present space is underutilized and is ample with some modifications to accept the present rate of growth for another decade.

Any coastal community's center of activity is its accessible waterfront and Bass Harbor is no exception. Moving the post office a mile and a half away from its present location will make it less accessible to the majority of its patrons. The marine interests, as well as those traveling by boat from the islands, will not be served as they are today. The more concentrated population of the village is in proximity to the present location, and to move away will mean more travel by automobile to pick up mail. A house-to-house delivery such as the many streets of Bangor now enjoy, will not be furnished to Bass Harbor homes.

For over 70 years the post office has been in the present area. Would the people of Northeast Harbor like to move their post office up to Asticou Terraces and ask the Seal Harbor people to join them at that location? Or how would the people in Hull's Cove feel if their post office was closed and they had to go to Bar Harbor?

*It is an interesting exercise to look back just over a quarter-century and remember the concerns and opinions of folks living here in those times—and for many of us, to remember our own reactions to those situations like the location of post offices. Furthermore, it is fun to see what has happened in this particular matter during the intervening years. Ed.*

## Gotts Island Harding Home History

By E. Northwood Kenway

In 1874, house-builder Samuel Torrey of Swans Island purchased from Samuel Gott an acre-plus lot on Gotts Island and proceeded to build a typical story-and-a-half house with barn for his family. They lived there until 1890, when they sold the property to William and Jenny Harding, who, after having been burned out of their Great Duck Island home in 1883, had been renting the upper story of the ice-house on the southern shore of Gotts Island.

The Hardings established themselves firmly with a cow, a pig, some chickens, a large vegetable garden and raising two fine sons: Charles and Clarence. They found time also to tend and shear the wool from large flocks of sheep on both Placentia Island and Great Duck Island. And as if that was not enough, Will and his boys pursued fishing and lobstering from a Friendship sloop, eventually shifting with the times to working from a gasoline-powered boat.

In 1925, the father succumbed to cancer and the boys moved to Bsss Harbor, but “Aunt” Jenny loved Gotts Island so much that she continued to spend summers there, hauling buckets of water from the well, heating the water in the great oval copper boiler on the wood stove, and wrestling with washtubs and hand-wringer to wash clothes for the “rusticators” until her death at her Bernard winter home in February, 1942.

The farm remained unoccupied for five years, when in late August 1947 a 23-year-old World War II veteran, Northwood Kenway, benefitting from long friendship between the Hardings and the Kenways, succeeded in purchasing the property from the Harding sons, Charles and Clarence.

From that time, Northwood has continued the lifetime project of restoring the place to its initial 1875 glory, adding modern conveniences but striving all the while to preserve the appearance. At the same time, he has applied the labor of love annually to maintaining the Island Cemetery fence and memorials. +



*E. Northwood Kenway and his wife Rita, on their 60<sup>th</sup> wedding anniversary, pictured at Collier’s Nursing Home in Ellsworth where Rita spent her last years. She passed away in February 2011. Among her many accomplishments, Rita wrote a history of Gotts Island.*

## The Restoration of the Kellam Dory--II

By John MacDuffie

As this issue of the THS Newsletter goes to press, the Kellam Dory *BLB* has been repaired at Chummy Rich's shop in Bernard, and awaits only a paint job before she will be put on display at the Museum this summer. We are most grateful to Chummy for the replacement of the top planks and rails of this dory which was built in 1949 by his grandfather, Clifton M. "Cliff" Rich. It is good to think that the portion of the shop in which this work was done was the original shop in which the dory first came to light.

As I wrote in the previous issue, this dory was christened *BLB* by Art and Nan Kellam, from their pet names for each other. He was Bear and she was Beum, and the dory was "Bear Loves Beum." She was a Banks dory, modified only to the extent of being somewhat smaller than one that would be used in the herring weir business which was very active in those times, with her bottom a bit wider for stability. Art and Nan would depend on her for their periodic trips to Bass Harbor where they would collect their mail, visit various libraries where they were prolific patrons, handle their financial affairs and shop for necessities of all kinds. Usually they were able to make these trips all in one day, rowing in when all was quiet, and returning in late afternoon, often to battle southerly winds and seas which typically made up at that time of day.

It will be wondered how they managed to get around on these shopping trips (which took place, typically, about every six weeks.) They owned a 1936 Ford coupe, dubbed The Spizzler, which had brought them from California to Maine, and now was kept in a rented garage in Bass Harbor to be their transport.

The Kellams had no nautical background or training—it was all hands-on learning for them with the new dory. The very first day *BLB* floated off the beach when the tide came, and Art had to swim to get her. At the Dory Beach, the shingle which rose from the Mitchell Bar running out toward Little Gotts, the grade was steep and very near the shore the tidal current could be strong. They apparently used some sort of haul-out line for a time. Here is a story in the book *We Were an Island* by Peter Blanchard. The first part is from Nan's writing in their journal which they called BB or Big Book:

"...with darkness came a change to gusty. Unaccustomed sounds rose from all sides. Before midnight the swaying of the trees and the roll of rising surf drove us into warmer gear and back by flashlight thru black night to check the dory once more. By then, each few feet down hill strengthened the voice of the storm.

"Jackets flying, we stepped onto the beach to behold the churning, white-capped sea, washing farther and farther up the bank, and no boat in sight. In frantic haste, we searched along the shore. No trace of a wreck on the rocks; no floating object on the dimly moonlit water. The dory had disappeared.

"Any rescue measures that occurred to us then would require the morning light, so for several hours—long hours—we waited in a mood less marooned than bereaved. At last, deliberate as daylight and with it, simultaneous, the stray boat came to light. She was rocking gently half a mile from shore. Slowly she had dragged her anchor on out to sea.

"Art prepared to swim off at once and tow her back home; only after hard debate was he persuaded to build a rescue raft instead. He worked fast there on the beach among the driftwood, prodded by the chance of losing his boat forever. – BB

"Art never had to launch his jury-rigged raft due to an alert response by a local lobsterman. While tending traps, Charlie Gott on the *Silver Dew* had heard the sound of hammering and then had noticed an untenanted boat adrift. He used a boathook to free the dory's anchor, which had become tangled with a trap line, and then



guided the *BLB* into shore. Art waded out in hip boots and, with the help of Nan, was able to haul the errant vessel well up on the beach. With a sense of great relief, the Kellams then secured the boat with a painter tied to a wooden post which Art had driven into the shingles. The *BLB* would never roam again without the knowledge of her skipper and crew.”

From my own recollections of our family’s friendship with the Kellams, I know that eventually Art built a crude windlass which was situated at the top of the beach. Using rollers to ease the dory’s progress up the rather steep grade, they could bring her well above any high-tide mark, even in severe storms, where she was completely safe. Because she spent so much time out of the water, the dory’s bottom needed to be kept wet so the seams would stay tight. So Art built a rack on which she sat to keep her level, and she was allowed to accumulate rain water. (One assumes they also bailed salt water into her during dry spells.)

That fresh water sitting in her no doubt did its share of damage, so it is not surprising that eventually her bottom was fiberglassed to solve leaking problems. At that point, they turned her over to prevent the accumulation of the very same rain water which was no longer needed for swelling. She rested on the same rack referred to above, to keep her upper works from moisture which would cause rot. After Art had died and Nan was no longer on the island, the rack gradually crumbled and collapsed, causing the damage which has recently been repaired in Cliff Rich’s old shop where she was built.

Thus the *BLB*, built in 1949, at age 62 has retired and will be enjoyed by many visitors to the Bass Harbor Country Store Museum where she will be at rest for many years to come. +

**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 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>
	<b>DVD</b> <b>Chummy Rich: Maine Boatbuilder</b>		<b>Members 14.95</b>
15.70	<i>The Building of Andromeda</i>		
Peter B. Blanchard III	We Were an Island	27.95	29.35
Photos by David Graham	<i>The Maine Life of Art &amp; Nan Kellam</i>		
Raymond C.S. Finney	Summers with Percy <i>A Biography of Percy Reed</i>	15.00	15.75
Dean Lunt	Hauling by Hand <i>History of Frenchboro</i>	25.00	26.25

24.95	Christina Gillis	26.20	Writing on Stone	
	Ruth Grierson (text)	A is for Acadia	15.95	16.75
	Richard Johnson (photos)			
	Wayne Libhart	The Jury is Out	10.00	10.50
		The Jury is Excused	14.95	15.70
	Virginia Libhart	The Enchanted Land	8.95	9.40
		Carrie's Dream (ages 12-15)	8.95	9.40
		Carrie Makes Waves (ages 12-15)	8.95	9.40
		Makin' Do (ages 12-15)	8.95	9.40
	Ruth Moore	The Weir	14.95	15.70
		Spoonhandle	13.95	14.65
		The Fire Balloon	15.00	15.75
		Candlemas Bay	10.95	11.50
		Speak to the Winds	10.95	11.50
		A Walk Down Main Street	10.95	11.50
	(NEW)	Time's Web (poems)	13.95	14.65
	<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	14.95	15.70
		<i>Stories by Ruth Moore and Eleanor Mayo</i>		
	Sandy Phippen, Ed.	High Clouds	16.95	17.80
		<i>Letters of Ruth Moore</i>		
	Paul S. Richardson	The Creation and Growth of Acadia National Park	29.95	31.45
	Wendell Seavey	Working the Sea <i>Autobiographical</i>	15.95	16.75
	Sheldon "Smitty" Smith	Memories of a Lifetime (poems)	10.00	10.50
	Craig Milner & Ralph Stanley	Ralph Stanley: Tales of a Maine Boat Builder	24.95	26.20
	Tremont Women's Club Muriel Trask Davisson, Ed.	Two Tall Tales	9.95	10.45
	<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.**

**The charge for shipping the Chummy Rich DVD is \$3.05.**

**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, or contributions to the Annual Fund in any amount, provide membership through the next June.

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

Name(s) \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

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

Address \_\_\_\_\_

E-mail address for meeting notices  or this Newsletter  (please check which) \_\_\_\_\_

**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.

**SPRING 2011 NEWSLETTER**

Non-Profit  
Organization  
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Permit No. 7

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