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Peaks Island--As it Was : A Memory Tour & History of Peaks Island in its Heyday.

Katherine Wallace Stewart

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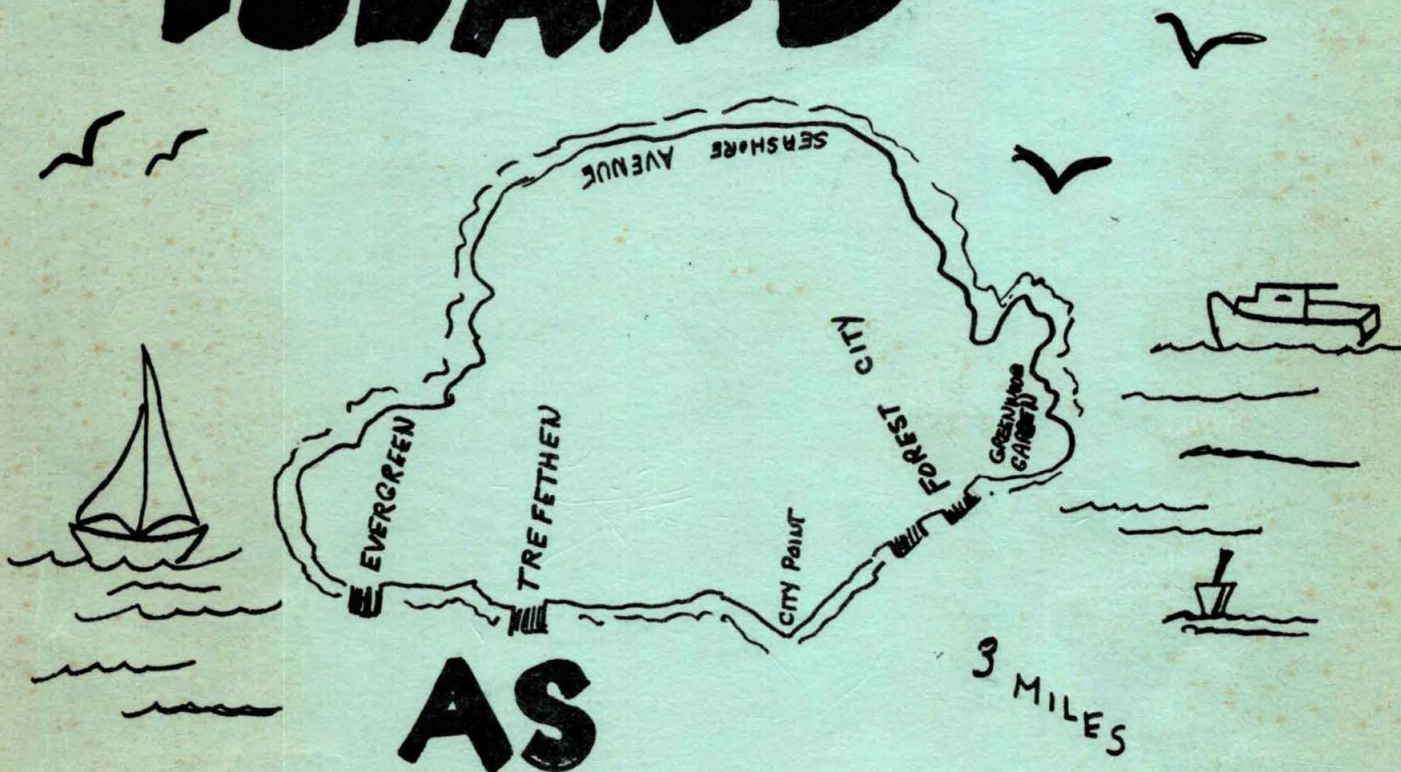
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PEAKS ISLAND



AS

IT

WAS!

PORTLAND
MAINE

PEAKS ISLAND -- AS IT WAS
A Memory-tour & History of Peaks Island
In Its Heyday

Dedicated to
Island Lovers Everywhere
And Especially to Those Who Love Peaks

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Martin L. or Althea P. Childs

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Peaks Island, Maine
1974

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The following Introduction & Memory tour of Peaks Island was written by Katherine Wallace Stewart, who resided for many years at Torrington Point. The memory tour, "Peaks Island--As It Was", was published in 1962. No attempt has been made to up-date the material, although Mrs. Stewart has made some changes in the material as originally published.

Included is a history of "The Fifth Maine Regiment Community Center" dated August 1968 which was also written by Mrs. Stewart.

Mrs. Stewart released to Leon S. Clough all rights to her history of Peaks Island, "PEAKS ISLAND--AS IT WAS", in September 1973; subsequently Mr. Clough transferred the rights to Martin L. Childs.

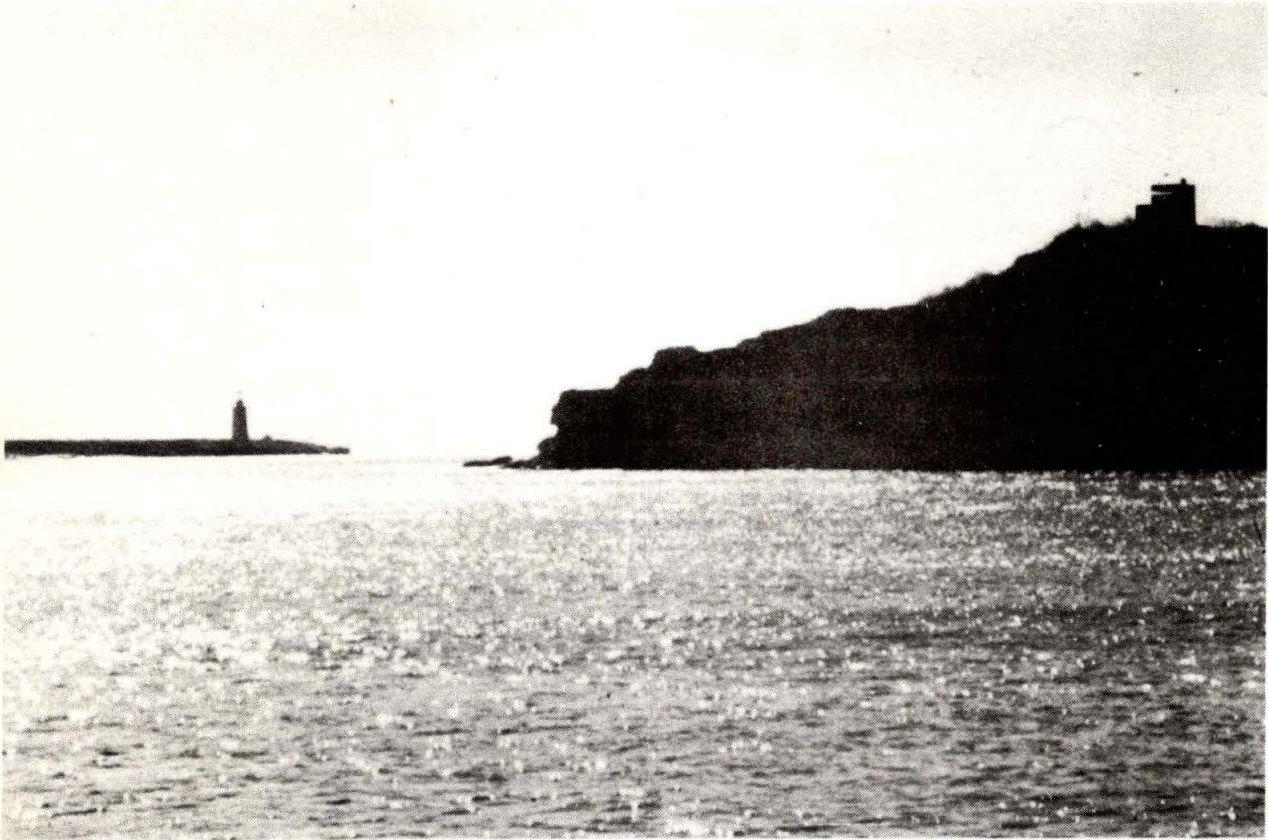
Appreciation is expressed to the following individuals who aided us in obtaining photographs which have been included herein:

Mr. & Mrs Donald("Cap") Crandall
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Mrs. Florence Gardner
Mr. Arnold Hoar
Mr. & Mrs. Carroll W. Mountfort
Mr. & Mrs. Donald Webber

Cover designed by Mrs. Richard (Betty) McIntyre.



KATHERINE WALLACE STEWART



OLD WHITEHEAD

Sculptured by Time and the Sea;
Swept by the Winds blowing free;
Symbol of Strength to you and to me;
Old Whitehead.

Majestic and proud its stand;
Surveying the Sea and the Land;
A general in full command;
Old Whitehead

What tales that old rock could unfold;
Of shipwrecks, perhaps pirates bold;
Or even of Captain Kidd's gold;
Old Whitehead.

In a world of change all around;
And too much "fury and sound";
It reminds of Truths Profound;
Forever and ever,..Whitehead!

Katherine W. Stewart

ISLAND BORN

If you were born on an island, no
matter where you may roam,

The sound of the sea will follow along,
calling, calling you home;

You'll have a restless feeling you
finally can't ignore,

You'll go back to that Bit of Heaven,
back to the sea and the shore;

For There's something about an island
which no one can explain,

Especially when that island is on the
coast of Maine!

Katherine W. Stewart

MY ISLAND

The cry of a gull is a lonely cry--

But I like it;

The fog is a veil which shuts out the sky--

But I like it;

The roar of the surf is an angry roar;

My Island has moods but it's never a bore;

And I like it!

K.W.S.

SUMMER PEOPLE

When vacation comes round in the summer
many people know where to go.
When they want to see real beauty
Peaks Island's the perfect show.

They love to see the green grass grow
as they travel through the paths.
They enjoy our trees that shade them
when their cottages they reach at last.

They think our shore is so beautiful
on a warm and breezy day.
When they can watch the breakers
as they travel along their way.

The sun, flowers, beach and shore
they think they've seen it all.
But they don't know what their missing
when they leave us in the fall.

When the leaves begin to tumble
and the trees are standing bare.
The crimson colors surround us
there is beauty everywhere.

You feel the cool crisp air
as the winds begin to blow.
And watch the sea grow darker
as the sun is setting low.

With colors like they've never seen
floating across our bay.
This is what they are missing
as they go along their way.

Althea P. Childs

How long ago I wonder
was this Island made.
How many before me
sat upon this rock to wade.
How long ago I wonder
since these woods began.
How many after me
will walk upon this sand.

A.P.C.

I've seen a lot of people
who come from near and far.
To catch the beauty of our Is'l
as they follow their summer star.

Then they see the wonders
God created for us.
And the Island people
add that special touch.

The pretty flower gardens
the trees that turn so green.
Dandelions and vegetable gardens
everywhere to be seen.

We have all sorts of wonders
some old and some new.
To share with our visitors
until the summers through.

A.P.C.

You can spend a lot of winter months
from Georgia to L. A.
But they could never compare
with the beauty Peaks can display.

When the blue water turns to green
and the sky is turning gray.
The clouds hang low and heavy
as they drift along their way.

The fog rolls in the world is gone
the snow begins to fall.
Then you wake up in the morn
to see the beauty of it all.

Our black rocks along the shore
white with new fallen snow.
Matching the white caps on the dark gray water
as the north winds begin to blow.

A.P.C.

As I sit here in the darkness
looking at the town across the bay.
Lights are gleaming on the water
makes it look so far away.

In the Morn when I awake
I shall look to see.
When the sunshine's cross the bay
how near the town is to me.

A.P.C.

PEAKS ISLAND--AS IT WAS (INTRODUCTION)

The history of Peaks Island, and all of the harbor islands, is closely related to the settling of Casco, as Portland was first called. The first house in the area was built on an island by Christopher Levett who came from the Isles of Shoals in New Hampshire, his first landing place. Historians don't agree as to the island,--one saying Bang's (Cushing's), one House (or Howe's), one Hog (Great Diamond) and one Pond (Peaks). Leaving ten men on the island, Levett returned to England to get his family but he never came back and it was not known what became of the men.

The first house on the mainland was built by George Cleeve and Richard Tucker near the foot of India Street in 1632 and, while building it, they occupied Levett's house. Three years later Cleeve went to England to clear the title to his land, which included Peaks Island, and brought back with him Michael Mitton who soon after married his daughter Elizabeth. Cleeve gave him a 60-year lease on the island and it was known for some years as "Michael's" or "Mitton's". The Mitton daughters married three Brackett brothers, ancestors of the Bracketts who later owned much of Peaks and a large part of Portland.

In 1675 the French-Indian Wars had begun and the Indian menace to the small settlement of Falmouth (the name changed from Casco) was ever present. In an attack of 1676 the Anthony Brackett family was taken to New Meadows and, left unguarded for a while, they found a canoe which the wife mended somehow and they escaped to Saco.

A few years after that attack people, the Bracketts included, began to return and by 1689 there were about forty families scattered over the area, four or five of them on the part called the neck, which is now Portland. On September 17th of that year 200 Indians were gathered on Peaks Island, and on the 20th they were joined by 500 more who had been hiding on Jewell's Island. On that day they launched their attack on the Brackett farm at the head of Back Cove on the mainland. There was a terrific battle in what is now Deering Oaks and the red men were repulsed but a number of the residents were killed including Brackett.

Some escaped to Bang's Island and when their meager supply of food was getting low seven of the men came to Peak's, known then as "Palmer's", to get some sheep pastured there. They were attacked and tried to defend themselves in the "Sone House", which may have been Levett's, but it was in such poor condition, having been burned, that all were killed. That house is believed to have been on Torrington Point near the cemetery. It had been occupied for some years by the Palmer family until they, too had been killed by Indians.

The next year, 1690, the savages struck again, killing most of the inhabitants and burning the town and Fort Loyall, a timber stockade, near the Portland Co. It was not until 1716 that the few who had been spared and taken to Canada escaped and began to return to the desolate town.

Incidentally, it is not thought that Indians ever lived on Peaks but visited it frequently in summer for "clambakes" as evidenced by heaps of shells which could be seen for many years at several spots. However, in the late 1890's several families of Indians camped on the Welch Street hill and made baskets to sell to island visitors, in the summer.

Although there may have been some fishing shacks and a log cabin or two here before 1762, the first substantial house was built that year by Thomas Brackett who was given a tract of land by his father when he married. The Brackett house was just beyond the parking space and the Trott house not far from it. In 1775 there were only four houses on the island, in 1833 there were eight and by 1869 there were only fifty.

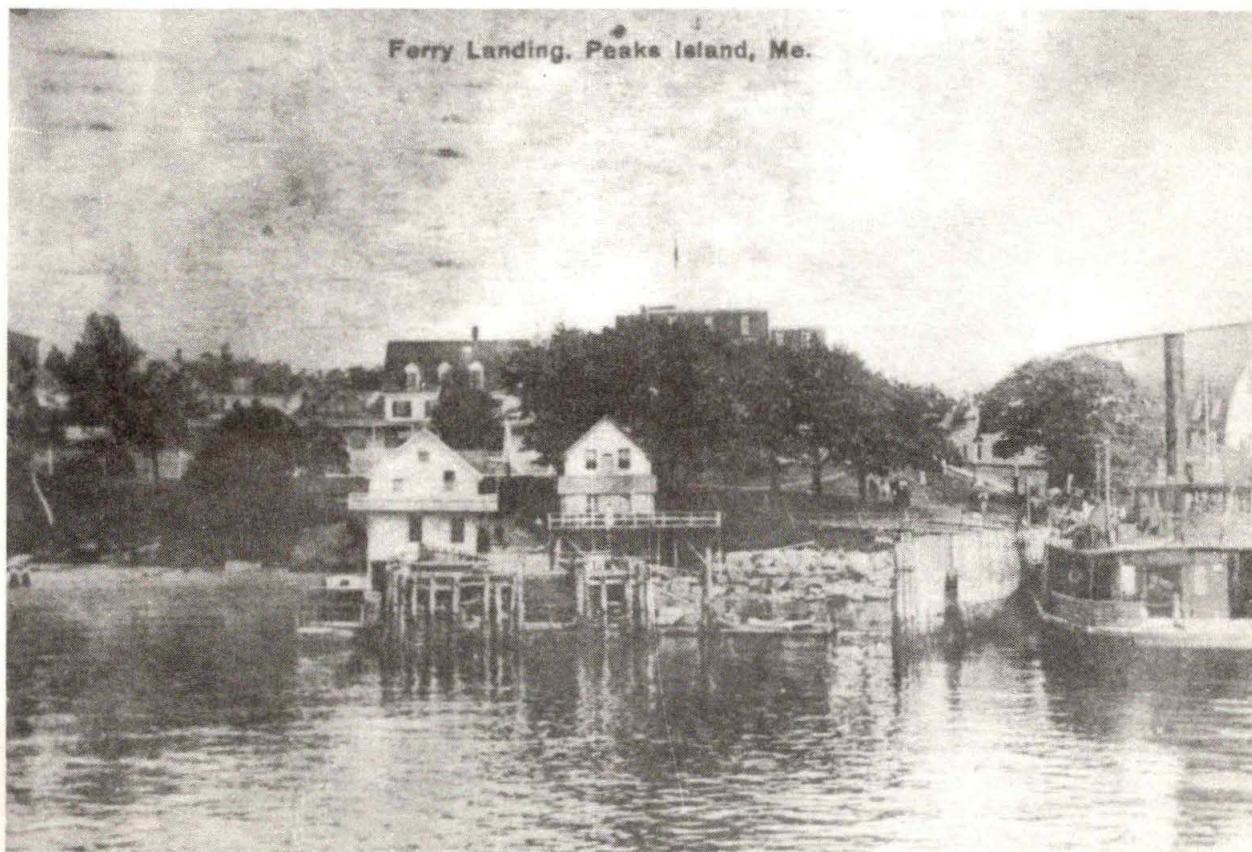
Our Island is God given
we know this for a fact.
For the sun shines upon her face
and the wind is at her back.

A.P.C.



We are somewhat like the ocean
breathing with its tides--
But the ocean never dies.

A.P.C.



PEAKS ISLAND--AS IT WAS

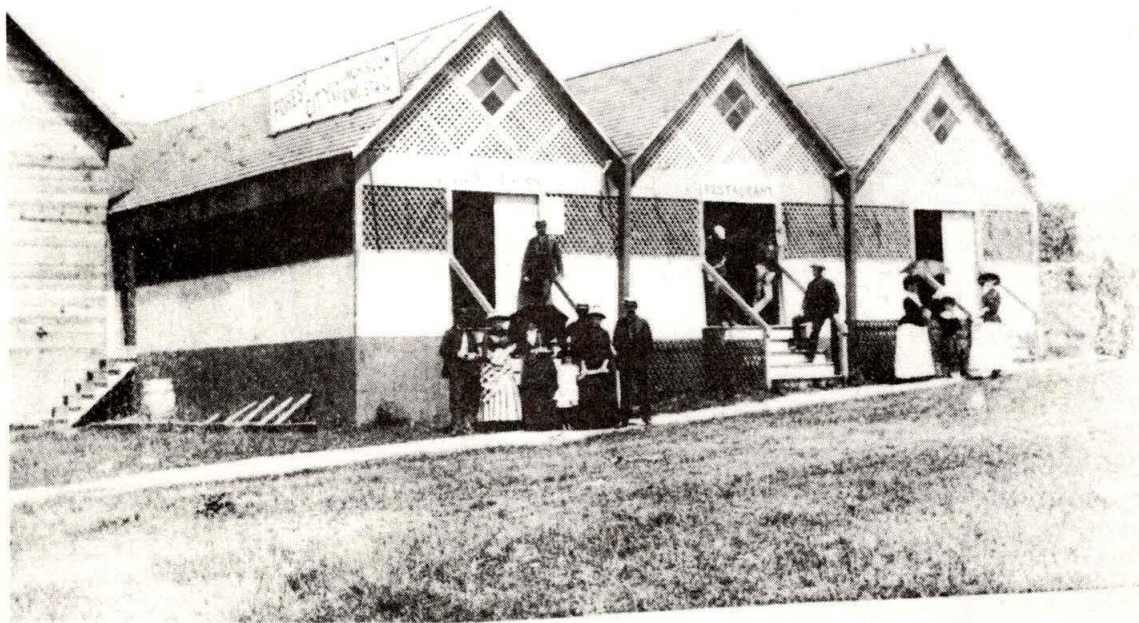
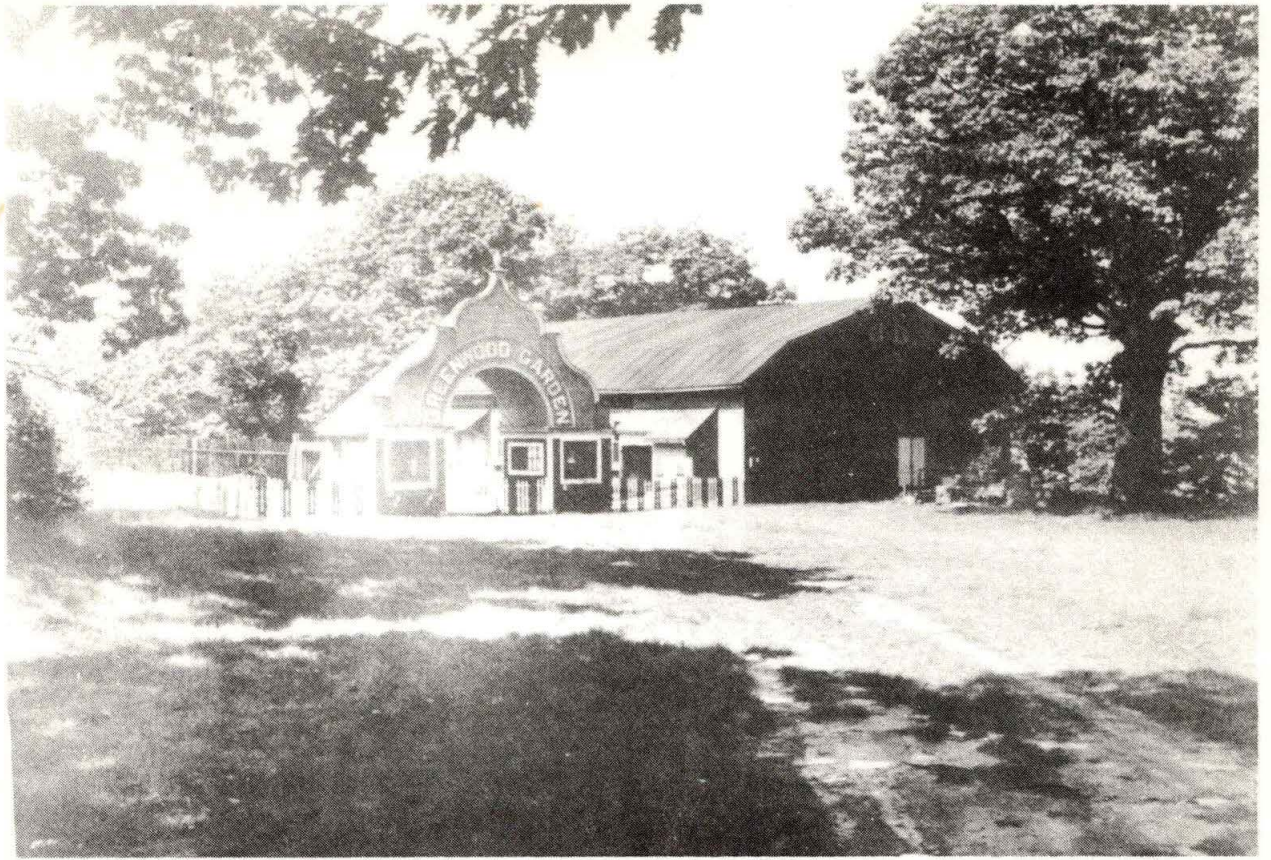
Haven't you often thought that someone should tell the story of Peaks Island as it was in its heyday--when it was the Belle of the Bay? Well, so have I and since no one seems to be doing it, here I go.

And now let's take a memory-tour of the Island when it was the Bell of the Bay, and I'll chatter away about what I remember--and what I've been told about it-- from 1900 on and let's start at Greenwood Garden and go along down to the lower end.

For many years B.C. (Before Cars) this island was one of the best-known summer resorts on the New England coast, especially popular with New York and Boston People, many of whom spent the whole summer, year after year, at one or the other of the twelve hotels, two Regimental buildings and several boarding houses. There was direct boat service between those two cities and Portland and every trip during the summer was crowded to capacity--the Ransom B. Fuller, the Gov. Dingley, the Bay State and others.

Long before the 1900's Greenwood Garden was a focal point for entertainment, with its Opera House,-- many of the performers going on to fame--its restaurant, merry-go-round, Punch and Judy show, bandstand and a 5-story observatory (now the site of "Jimmy" Brown's home). Also there were various animal and bird houses, including a circular enclosure for prairie-dogs. How often I tip-toed to that hoping to see one but I never did. They "Vanted to be alone", they had burrows, and they always won out. A 25¢ round-trip boat ticket entitled one to admission to the Garden and the Opera House--choice seats extra.

Between the entrance to the Garden and the Gem Theatre was a solid string of amusement buildings and refreshment stands-- popcorn drenched in BUTTER and no fooling; sugar cones made fresh, deftly rolled while you watched and filled generously with ice-cream, with emphasis on the cream. So Good ! Lunch stands; fruit stands; salt water taffy; a chunky white candy chopped off with a small hatchet to order; roo beer, birch beer, and ginger beer in fauceted barrels and served in glass mugs-- with a 2 or 3-inch head which left a delicious "mustache", a licking-good aftermath!



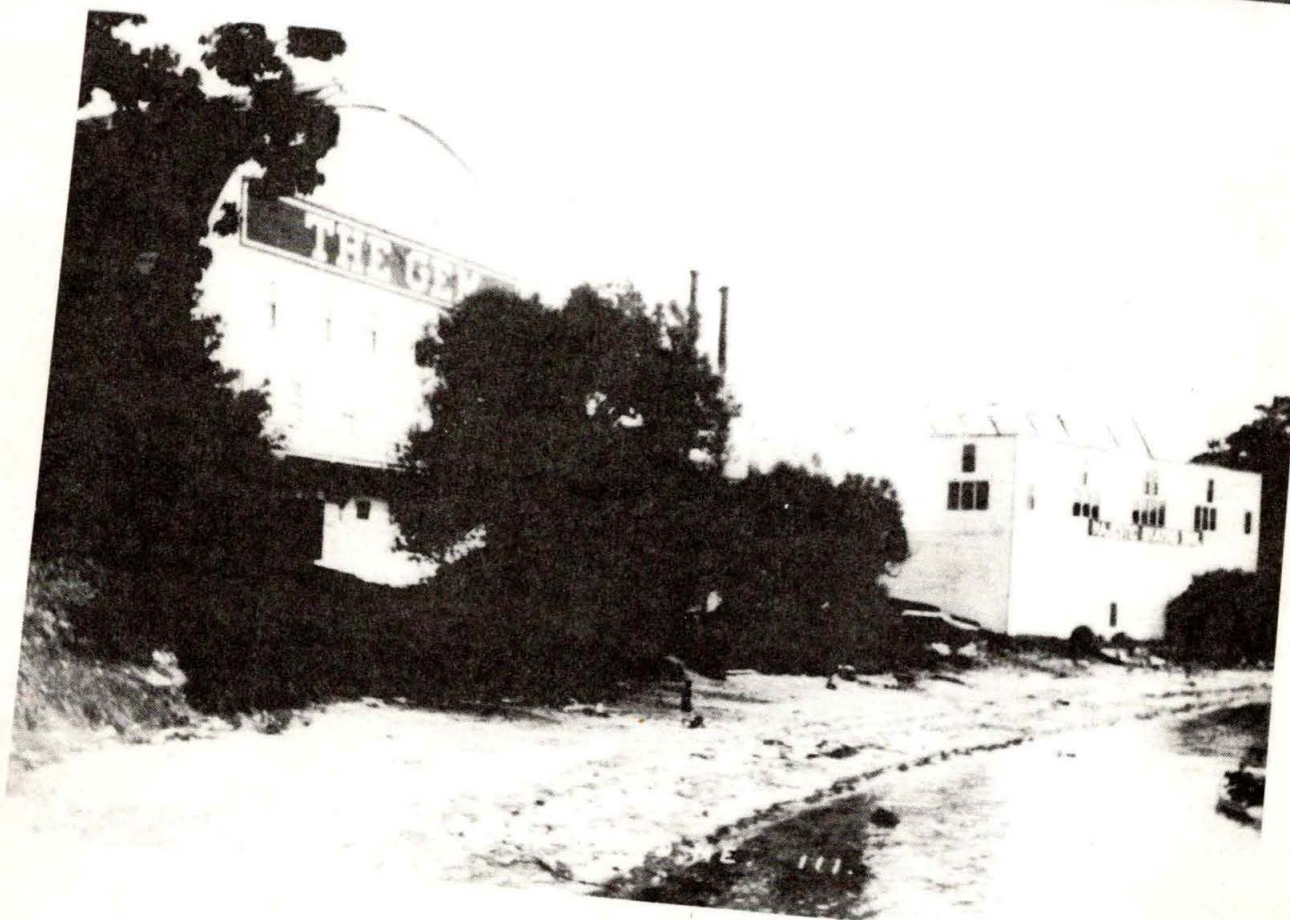
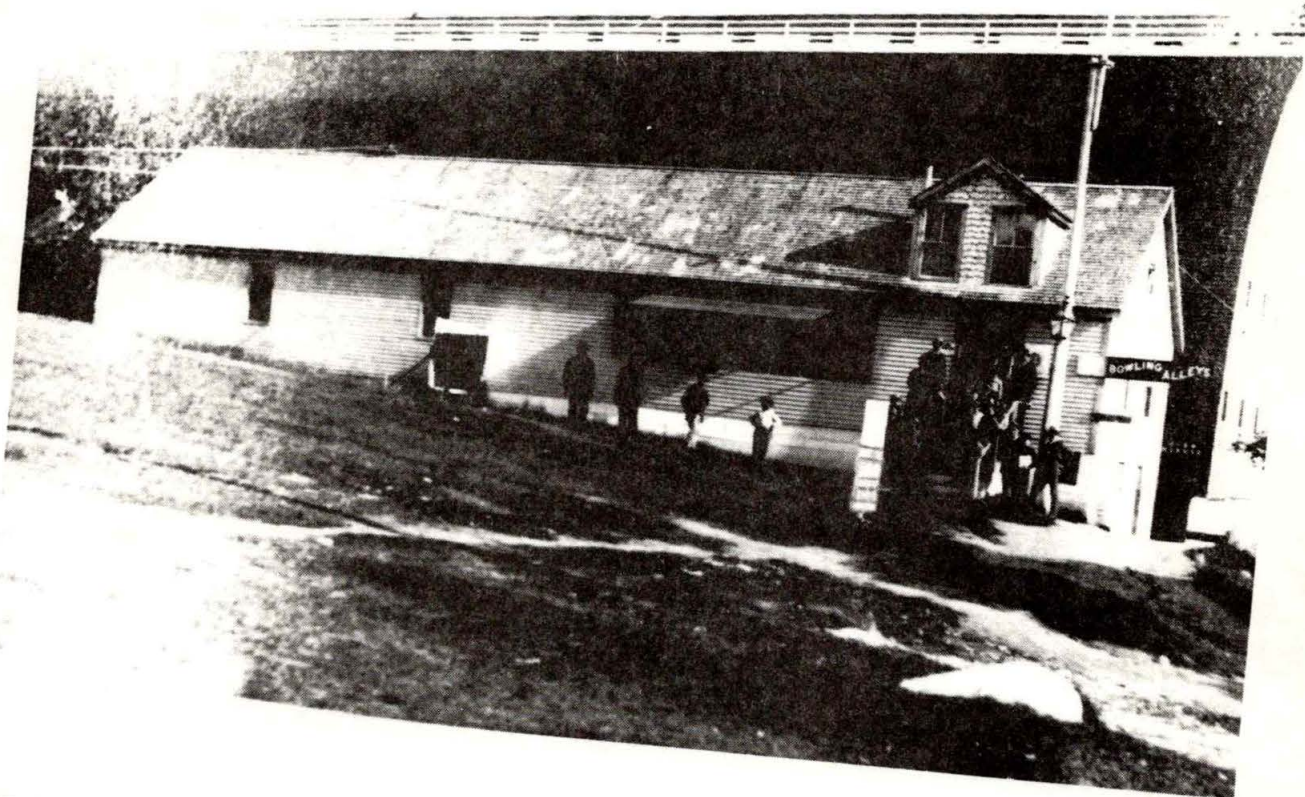
On Island Avenue to the left of the present parking area was Harper's Studio "Your picture on a post-card, 3 for 25¢"; and close by was "Uncle Abe" Sterling's Restaurant and Mineral Spring, "Water 1¢ a Glass". He was a stolid, picturesque little man with an over-sized beard (a la Hiram Ricker), whose home was across the street, a large white house where he and "Aunt Lyddy" rented rooms to summer visitors. A number of homeowners with extra rooms had no trouble renting them, such was the great demand during the season. About 1915 the stands burned and the house, partly burned, was torn down some years later, the stairs still marking the location.

Other stands replaced those burned and the last to occupy the space along the cement sidewalk were Floyd Austin's Refreshments,-- and Floyd knew how to grill a frankfort--; Smiling "Bill" Leavitt's Shooting Gallery, at which I once managed to shoot down one clay pigeon out of twenty shots; "Charlie" Brown's stand,--fruit, vegetables, ice-cream and whatever, and "Willie" Small's Ring-toss,--"Step right up, folks; try your luck; it's easy; you get what you ring". The prizes being set on blocks and the ring having to lie flat which, more often than not, it didn't, winning a prize was easier said than done.

Around 1910 "Jimmy" Brackett, owner of Greenwood Garden, sold the property and moved his house (built in 1847 and now the George Cotton residence) and the barn (the Stanton's comfortable home) to their present locations. The old picket fence was replaced by a high board one and a fancy brightly-lighted entrance housing two ticket offices was built beside the present bowling alley. One summer one of the ticket offices was occupied by Ralph Glidden's Nut Shop and it was a well-patronized spot.

Other structures, by the new owners, were a "midway" consisting of an ice-cream parlor and two rows of five stands facing each other with a sort of street between; a new band-stand, a new merry-go-round, rest rooms and, of course the Pavilion.

Band concerts by Chandler's Band of Portland, in full and resplendent unifor, were a sunday feature and well, and attentively, attended. Those were the days of real music--operatic selections, Viennese waltzes, Sousa's march tunes-- easy on the



eardrums and nerves, I might add. If there are melodies more beautiful than those waltzes or more inspiring than the march numbers, I don't know what they are !

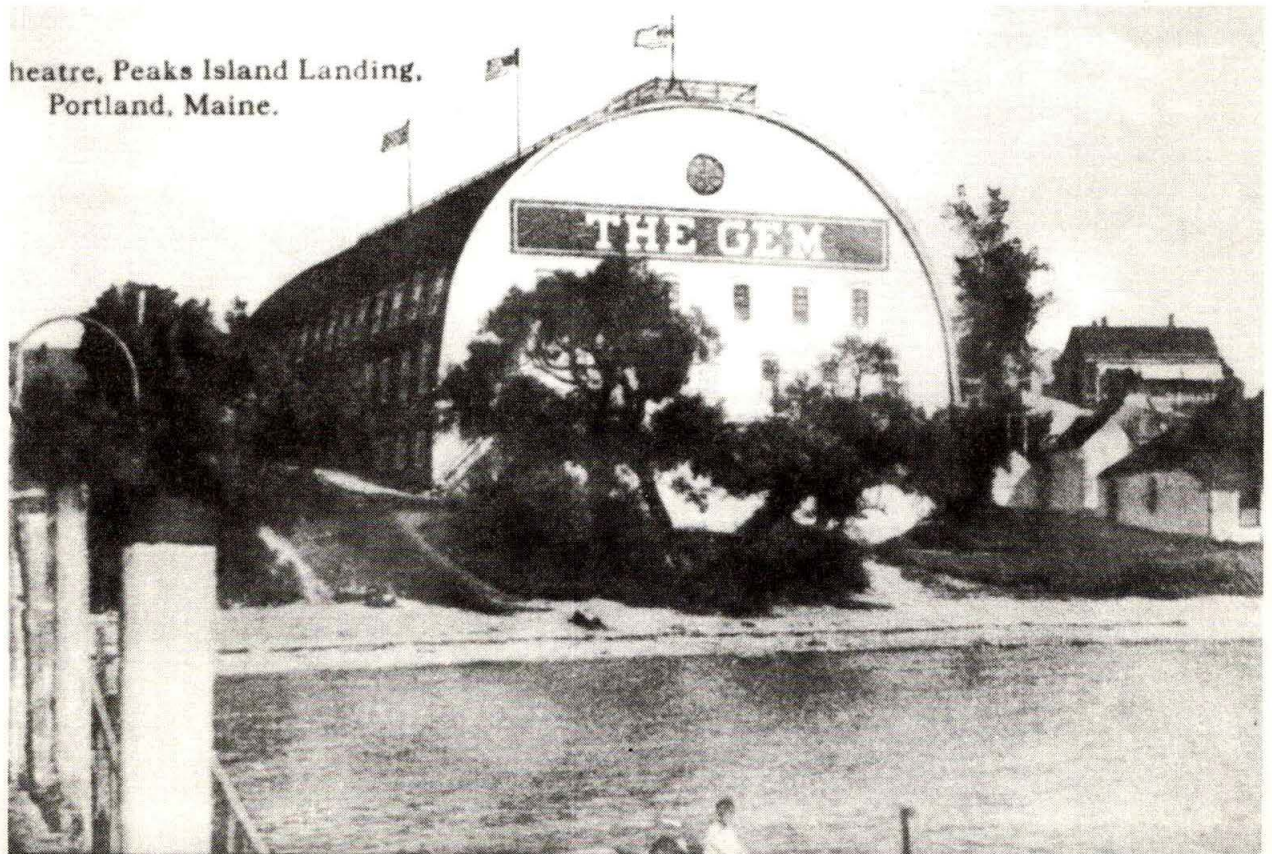
The Bowling Alley by the Garden entrance was built, after the old stands burned, by Mr. Fred Pine, a pleasant gentleman whose quiet manner kept his establishment under control at all times, but there are records of alleys being on the Island over a hundred years ago. One was on the hill above Hadlock's Cove, where there was also a wharf at which excursion steamers landed those on pleasure bent to picnic and roam the Island at will, as one historian but it.

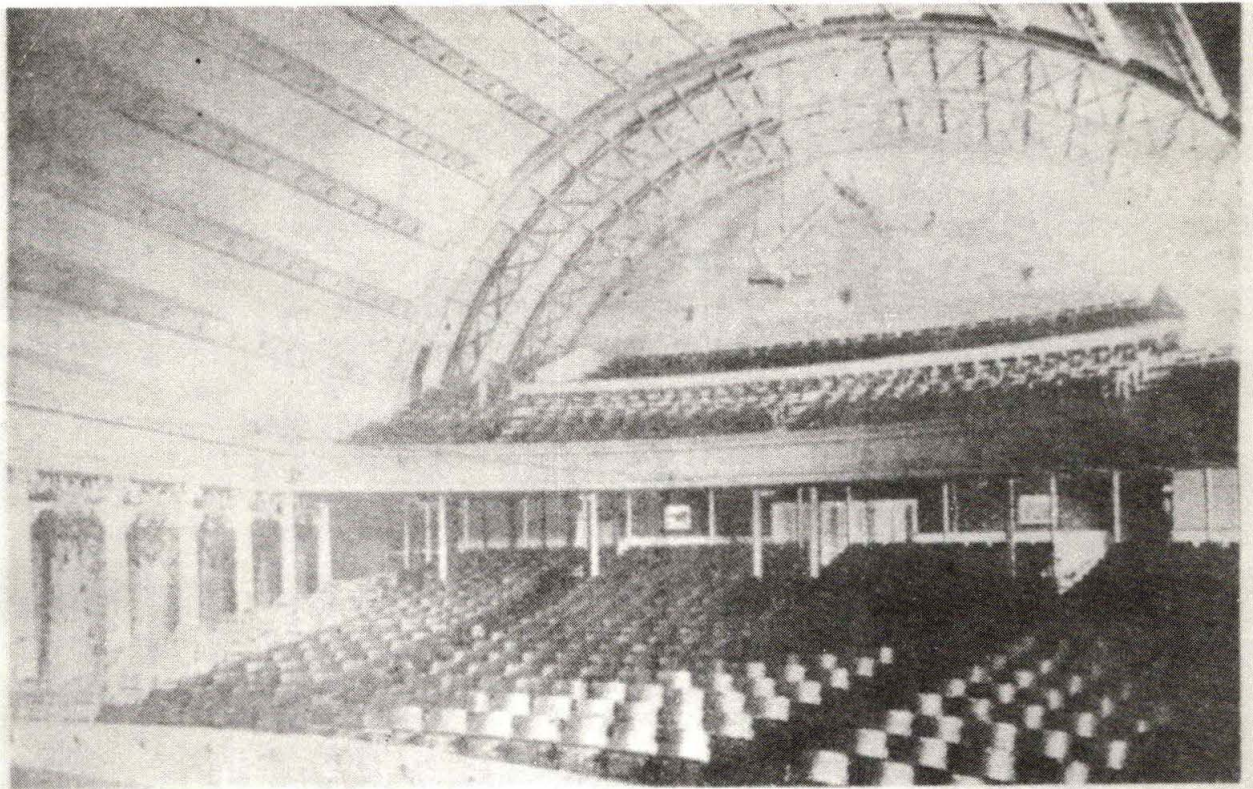
In the early 1900's Mr. "Ed" Rounds built the MAJESTIC SKATING RINK (behind the present Island Market), a huge building about one hundred feet square, and I often think of the old organ with Walter Crandall (Mr. Rounds' son-in-law and the affable purser of the ferry "Swampscott") at the controls. Waltz tunes seemed to be the best tempo for roller skating and the "Skaters' Waltz" and "Over the Wave" were favorites. On account of the noise of the "rollers" the music had to be loud and "Loud and clear" it was for some distance outside the building. About 1920 it was converted to a dance hall, with movies, and re-named "Roseland".

Mr. Rounds was a stout, red-faced, blustery gentleman who could "bellow like a bull" when displeased, which was often, but his "bark was worse than his bite" and he was one of the best friends the Island ever had.

The Sinott home, opposite the Island Market was originally owned by the Welch, later the Adams, and still later the walter Trefethen family. It was built in Cape Elizabeth, taken apart and brought in sections to Peaks about 1829. Even then man's ingenuity was colossal and in a time when facilities for such an enterprise were pretty primitive.

The GEM THEATRE, a huge Quonet-type building, with stores on either side of the lobby and bathhouses under on the beach side, occupied a large part of the present parking space at Forest City Landing. Built about 1884 as a roller skating rink (Forest City Rink) and roller coaster, it was converted into a





INSIDE THE GEM—In its heyday when George M. Cohan and other stars played there—this is what the auditorium of the Gem Theater on Peaks Island looked like. In the 1920's the main floor



GEM THEATRE & PEAKS ISLAND HOUSE

theatre in 1898, one of the most attractive summer theatres ever. Its intricate rope decorations and hangings, a large lighted ship's wheel over the stage and a lighted anchor over the rear balcony were so appropriate.

A myriad of electric lights in the high arched ceiling were intriguing to a small girl--"How did they get 'way up there?" --until she found out that they were inserted and removed for replacement from a sort of "attic". There were orchestra and box seats on the main floor and a balcony divided into "front" and "back", the back being the "cheap" seats of course. During intermission ushers passed glasses of ice-water to patrons in the boxes, orchestra and first balcony but usually the rear balcony was left "high and dry". On the roof, running lengthwise, was a cat-walk from which the American flag and dozens of pennants were flown and a beautiful sight it was.

Around 1918 a floor for dancing was installed, along with movies and the very popular Leo O'Brien was the manager. He had previously operated the Pavilion, which also combined movies with dancing. There Rudy Vallee and his saxophone were featured one summer at the start of the "Vagabond Lover's" career. Later it was used as a summer theatre for several seasons.

One of the high-lights of the season was the "Miss Peaks Island" night when all the beautiful girls donned their finest and trekked hopefully, with their escorts, to the dance-floor. One girl who was chosen said that it was the worst thing that ever happened to her--it was too hard to live up to. Another night "Mr. Peaks Island" was chosen.

Close by the Gem was a power-house used in the summer to supply current for the theatre, the hotels and a limited number of street lights.

In September of 1934 the theatre was destroyed by one of the hottest fires the Island ever had. A sad day for the Island! That fire also took the large dry goods and hardware store on the Welch Street side run by Mr. Israel Albert. Up to that time, for some years, Mr. Albert had operated a number of enterprises--a refreshment stand, motor-boat trips, a taxi and a real estate business--a very busy man!



Gem Theatre and Peaks Island House, Peaks Island, Me.



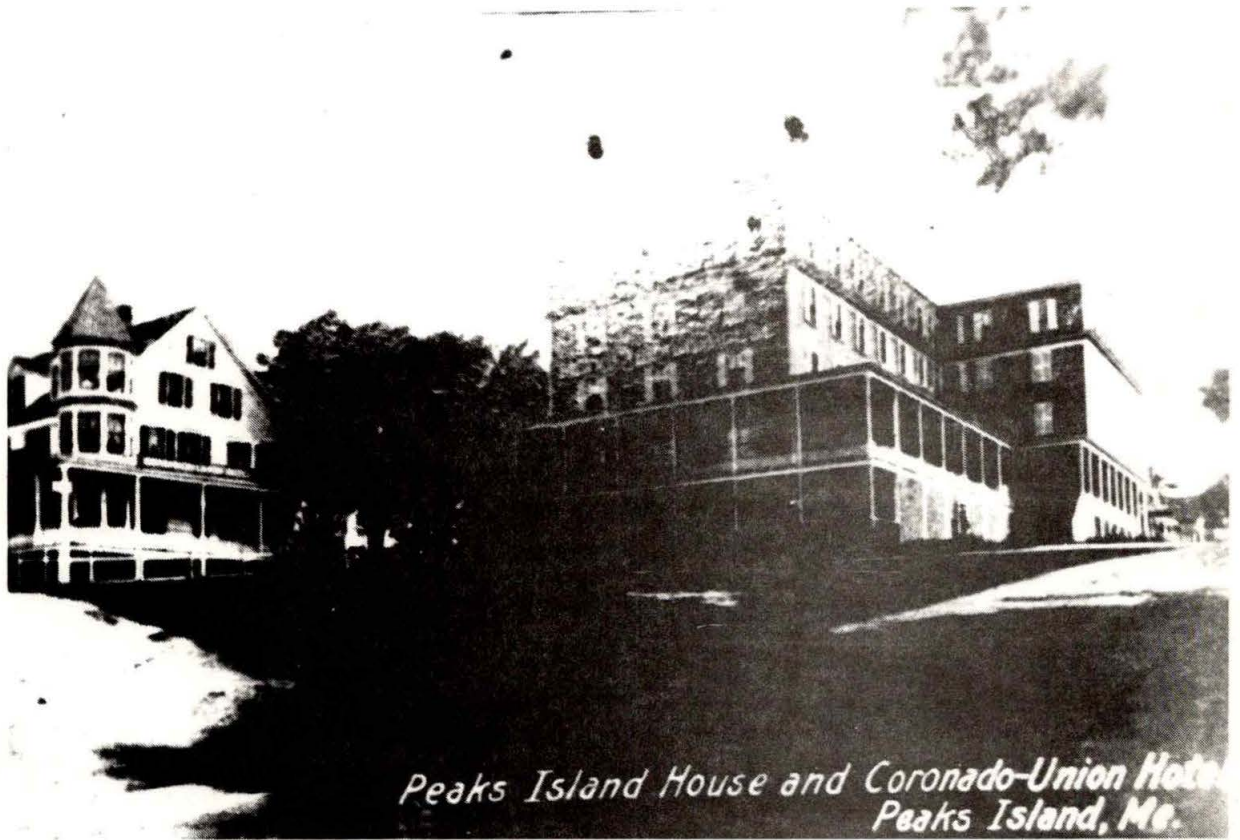
Half-way up the hill between Island Ave. and Adams St. (Formerly Elephant Ave. and don't ask me why) the balloon ascensions took place and thrilling they were as the balloonist (sometimes a woman) came floating back to the field via parachute and the balloon drifted off to be picked up later, often in the water. One year the hill was host to a "Chautauqua", and old-time semi-religious and educational tent-show, but it did not prove popular enough to return another year. Perhaps there were too many other more frivolous entertainments and frivolity was what the summer visitor was looking for.

For some years two of the high-spots of the season were the visits of the New York and the Boston Yacht Clubs,--"The fleet's in",--. They anchored off the front of the Island and the yachtsmen and their ladies came ashore to spend money and have themselves a gay time, with "the sky the limit". Their money was welcome but some of them would be in varying states of inebriation and their highjinks were not always appreciated by the Islanders.

And speaking of yachts, commuters to the mainland were treated for many summers to the sight of the Cyrus H. K. Curtis (Saturday Evening Post) and the J. P. Morgan yachts, beautiful vessels, anchored for several days in the upper harbor. Mr Curtis, as you probably know, was the donor of the Kotzschmar organ in the City Hall. Also for some years two of the "Shiloh" sloops (a religious organization) were anchored near old Bug Light; and many remember the 3 to 6-mast sailing vessels which were often moored near Fort Gorges, vessels which are nothing but a memory today. As Masefield wrote.--

"Those splendid ships, each with her grace, her glory,
In memory of old song, or comrade's story,
They mark our passage as a race of men,
Earth will not see such ships as these again."

The original PEAKS ISLAND HOUSE was a two-story home, built in the early 1800's, which was later enlarged for "Paying Guests". The second was built in 1903, a 4-story building with the main entrance on the corner now occupied by the Post-office. Its broad verandas and comfortable rocking-chairs were an attraction for both guests and non-guests.



*Peaks Island House and Coronado-Union Hotel
Peaks Island, Me.*

There was a huge dining-room on the main floor with kitchen in the basement which, with the slope of the land, made five stories on the lower side viewed from the wharf. A stringed orchestra, engaged for the season, played during the dinner hour, with the guests in formal evening clothes, and during the evening for dancing in the palm-decorated lobby and quite elegant the whole atmosphere was. Dancing was not as "primitive" then as it is today. The waltz, two-step and schottische may sound old-fashioned to this generation but they were graceful and "civilized" and a pleasure to watch. Incidentally the hotel contained about 70 rooms and reservations had to be made in advance.

On the water side a long stairway from the porch led down to the 30-room UNION HOUSE, built in 1860 by William T. Jones ("Jones' landing", you know, and grandfather of Morrell Jones).

A walk along the porch took one to another long stairway leading up to a covered "bridge" to the 4-story CORONADO HOTEL, situated on Island Ave. to the right of the present grocery store.

The three hotels being set in the shape of a sort of semi-circle the space between, on the Avenue, was occupied by a small building next to the Peaks Island House used for some years as a bakery and later for a couple of seasons by Coombs Drugstore; next was a game operated by a Mr. Erskine and next to that was Brackett's Restaurant operated by the Gilman Brackett family for many years. Between that and the Coronado was the grocery, lending library and ice-cream parlor of Fred L. Brackett.

The Peaks Island House was damaged in the theatre fire and finally torn down. Part of the foundation may still be seen to the right of the Post-office.

In 1918 the Coronado made another memorable fire which started in a cleansing shop. It was said that if the owner had used an extinguisher he could have put it out. Instead he dashed out into the street, allowing the fire to get a good start and, beside the hotel, a number of small shops were destroyed. Almost all of the foundation of the Coronado is still in place.

The Union House met its end in the big fire of 1936. The Island was certainly a busy place when all of these hotels were filled, and they were "stuffed" for a number of years.

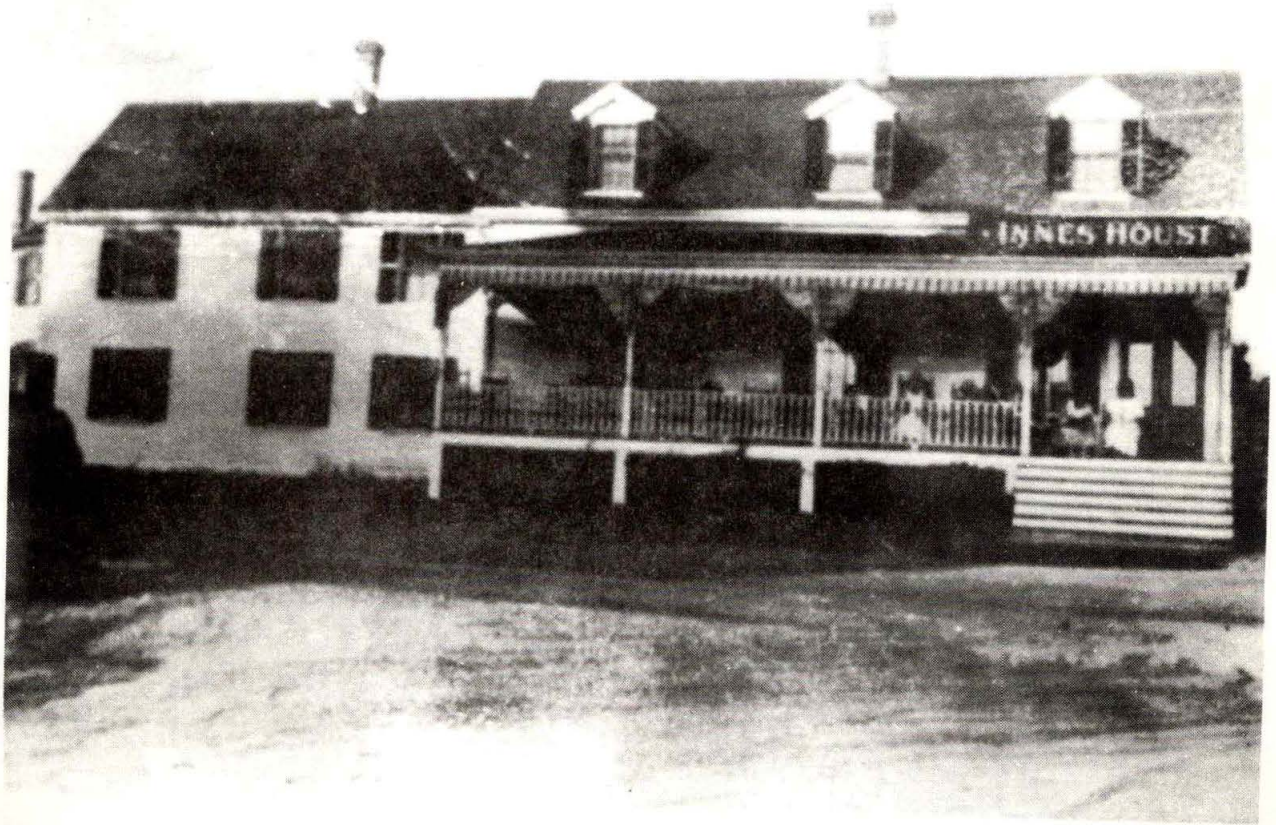
In the row of buildings destroyed with the Coronado was one housing a poolroom, a small gift shop run by "Ron" (now Dr.) Tolford and next to that the "Japanese Rolling Balls" presided over by two smiling, genuine Japanese gentlemen, a rarity on the Island in those days. Most of the prizes were Japanese china and some of the lustre-ware is now being seen in antique shops and is being collected, although it is not considered really valuable. There was still another small building next to that housing a hand laundry and between it and the Jensen block was a stairway leading down to Hamilton's Fish Market, about the cleanest fish market you ever saw.

The Jensen block near the Laundramat was built by "Tom" Johnstone who operated a grocery for some years until it was sold to "Reddy" (Anthon) Jensen and his father. For many years the grocery stores delivered via horse and wagon and I well remember the fiery steed owned by the Jensens, a beautiful animal but given to running away at the drop of a peck of potatoes. Brackett's Grocery owned two horses--placid old "Dick" and nervous "Bess", also with a habit of running away. These frequent bursts of energy sent pedestrians running for cover, "Let's get from here". "Reddy" also built the Peaks Island Garage and the present Feeney Market.

Let's stop here for a few minutes and catch up on the other side of the street. Going back to the corner of Island Ave. and Welch St., opposite the Post-office, the Inness House (now a private residence) was presided over by "Jim" and Ada (Inness) Lorette. Behind, on Brackett Ave., an overflow house, "Talladega" has also been converted into a private residence.

"Jim" also operated a poolroom which he built to the left of the Gem after the old stands burned and at that time "Ed" Rounds built the store which housed the Island Market. It was first used as a luncheonette and along one side was a passageway which led to a long stairway down to the Rink.

The Inness House, by the way, was built on Adams St. by Mrs. Lorette's family in 1872 and moved twice, first to within 50 feet of its present location and finally to the corner, in 1881, the last move at a cost of \$1 per foot. Imagine what such



A project would cost today! "Jim's" poolroom was finally moved up behind the Inness House and used as a dining-room for some years. It is now the attractive residence of Miss Montpelier.

In the early 1900's a large summer grocery and hardware store, Littlefield's, was located on the corner of Island and Brackett Aves., now a home, which was originally Brackett Hall where for some years dances, whist parties, etc. were held. One year it was operated as the "Pollyanna Tea Room". On the opposite corner was Harlow's Restaurant, the upper part of the walls lifting to make an open-air affair.

Up on Brackett Ave., where the road bears left is the second oldest house, built in 1820 opposite the electric plant and cut in two and moved in 1834, brawny oxen the motive power and brawny men the motivating power. Just think how long it must have taken to inch that house along such a distance but time was something which people had plenty of in those days,--time and patience.

"Time was when there was time; Time lingered awhile;
To sit or to saunter, to gossip, or smile;
Now Time wears a frown as he dashes along,
And gasps out the words of his "Hurry" theme song."

The present location of "Kitty" Grant's home was also the site of an older Grant residence burned in the fire of 1936. For many years Grant's was a gathering-place for Islanders. Evening after evening groups gathered around "Kitty" at the piano for old-time song-fests, John Grant assisting with his fiddle and Hiram with his deep bass voice. All three were prominent in public entertainments, Hiram's specialty being "Asleep in the Deep" and John's fiddling for square dancing.

"Kitty" was the authoress of "Rosemary of the Island", a play which was produced for a number of summers in the Methodist Church (where the story was supposed to have taken place years ago). Most of the parts were taken by long-time residents, among them Mr. and Mrs. Frellick, Mrs. Charles Sterling, Mrs. Hans Jensen, Mrs. William Berryman. The parts of Rosemary and her fiancée, however, were taken by various younger people.

Then, too, minstrel shows were an annual event for many years, with such jokes (?) as, "Mr. Interlocutor, why is Cushing's Island like an old, old man?" "I Don't know, Mr. So-and-so, why is Cushing's Island like an old, old man?" Because it has a Whitehead!", each one followed by a meaningless something like "And a rum-tum-tum and a tiddy-tum-tum". But it was all clean fun and a "good time was had by all".

Some of those who lent their talents to these productions in years past were Mrs. Ralph Purington, Sr., vocalist; her son, Clifton, and Mr. George Thompson, banjoists; a quartet, Arthur Ross, Phil Skillings, Oscar Seabury and Hiram Grant; Fred Sterling and a partner doing "Mr. Gallagher and Mr. Shean"; Neal Shea, Dr. Norris, the Pettengills, and there were many others.

On the subject of the fire which burned the Grant home, a resident of Torrington Point, who had looked on the wine when it was red,--and maybe white and blue--chose a very windy day to burn gypsy-moth nests along the shore in front of the beautiful, large Jewett cottage, now the site of the Stites home. In a flash the house was on fire and the wind carried embers to sixteen other buildings scattered over the Island. Among those destroyed, beside the Grant home and the Union House, were the Benjamin Randall home on Luther St., Charles Trefethen's on Sterling St., the John Fred Brackett home at Island Ave. and Epps St., the Brackett Grocery and the Brackett Restaurant. Many others were damaged.

After that fire the telephone operators were lauded for their heroism in sticking to their posts with embers dropping all around them, while the husband of one kept vigil on the roof with a garden hose. Those courageous operators were Althea Staples (Pedersen), Ruth Brackett, Ruth Brackett Smith, Mildred McKenzie, Doris O'Hara and Mrs. William Kane.

The fireboat was on the way, her annual "physical" just completed, waiting for launching on the high tide which was not due for about two hours but in one hour it was decided to make the attempt and luckily she floated free and arrived in time to prevent a real catastrophe. Also, the ferry brought two pieces of apparatus from Portland.

Back now on course to the Bay side, THE BAY VIEW HOUSE, run by Capt. C. W. Howard, assisted by his daughter, Mrs. Oscar Moseley, was situated to the left of the old Post-office (now the Laundermat). It was a two-story 60-room building which extended from the Avenue to the beach and, like the other hotels, was filled to capacity each summer in the good old days. In back was a large wharf, long since demolished, and for awhile Capt. Howard also ran a steamer, the "Comet", which landed there.

Up until sometime after 1910, when carrier service began, the Post-office was a meeting place for Islanders to exchange greetings and gossip and many times, as a child, I stood in line waiting for the mail to be sorted and the window opened. Once I told my mother tearfully, "There was no mail left for us; the man ahead of me got all of it".

Over the Post-office was Dr. Norris' (Dentist) office and in the brick house (the only one on the Island) Dr. Ernest MacVane had his office for several years. Later Dr. Black occupied the building (known then as the HARBOR VIEW HOUSE) across the street from the laundermat. But, through the years there have been intervals when there was no doctor. Then goose-grease, onion poultices, sulphur and molasses, mustard plasters, a woolen string around the neck to prevent croup and various other weird remedies were prescribed by the neighbors and somehow or other we managed to survive. Also each spring everyone was advised to have at least one dose of dandelion greens. I don't remember why.

Speaking of dandelions, one Island housewife buried a batch of the wine and planted flowers over it to make sure that her husband wouldn't start sampling before it had time to age. She marveled all summer at the way that garden grew and in the fall when she dug up her "treasure" she found the reason. You guessed it. Every single bottle had blown its top!

The house occupied by Dr. Sweeney in recent years was the William Alfred Sterling residence, to which a bakery (since removed) was added on the A St. side and some of the most delicious pies, cakes and their speciality, oatmeal bread, came out of their ovens. Every afternoon about 4 o'clock people lined up waiting for that bread to be ready and there just never was enough, so great was the demand.

Later, another bakery, "Andy" Englund's on the corner of Whitehead St. and Seashore Ave. turned out equally delectable goodies. His doughnuts were especially in demand but everything he made was of the best--no compromising on ingredients for "Andy". Still another well-remembered bakery was Mrs. Cotton's on Maple St., her pies and "Cotton Cakes" being a feature.

The building at the corner of Central and Island Avenues formerly housed the telephone exchange. "Ruth, I can't find my reading glasses and I don't know Sally Scott's number". "How are you, Mary? I'll try her but I think that she went to town today." Gone is the friendly operator and the little building across the street coldly and efficiently handles your call but there is something missing, isn't there?

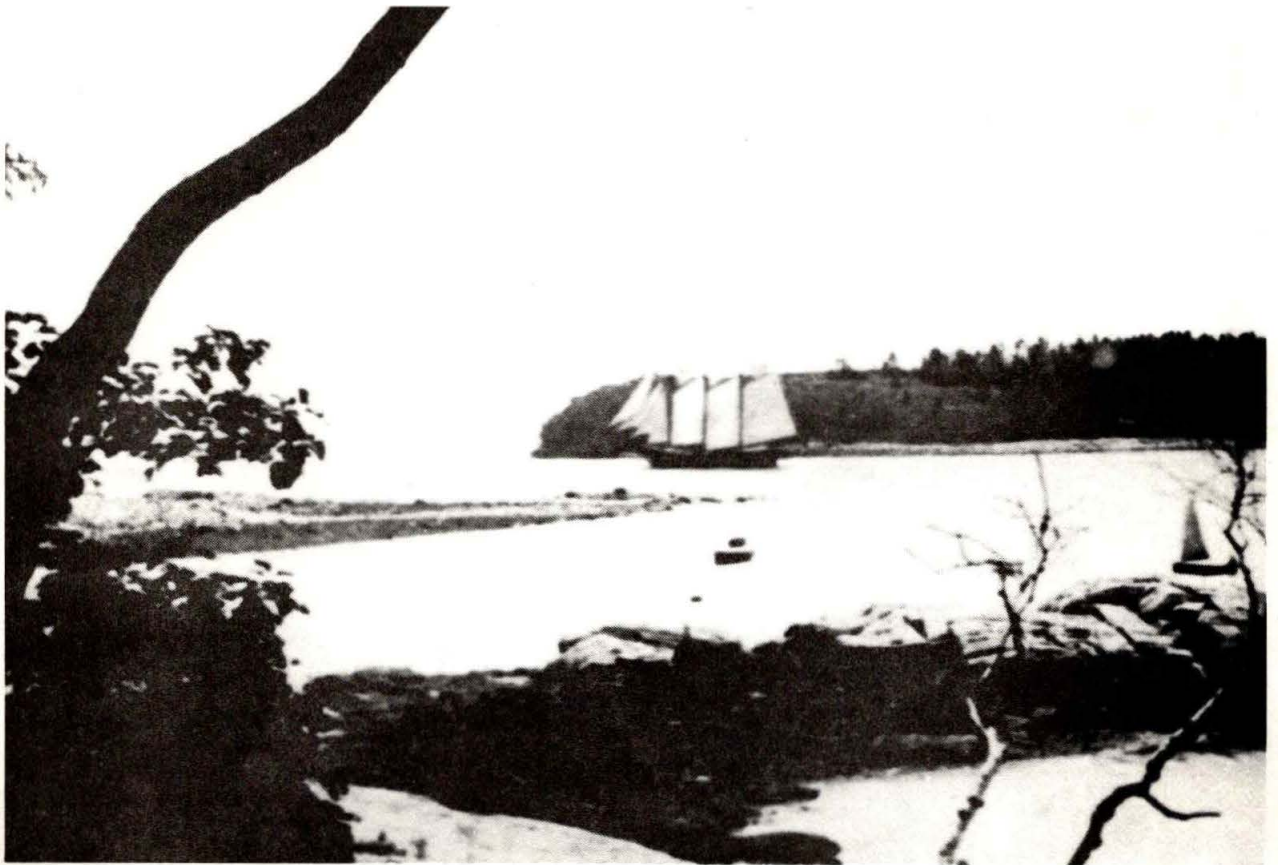
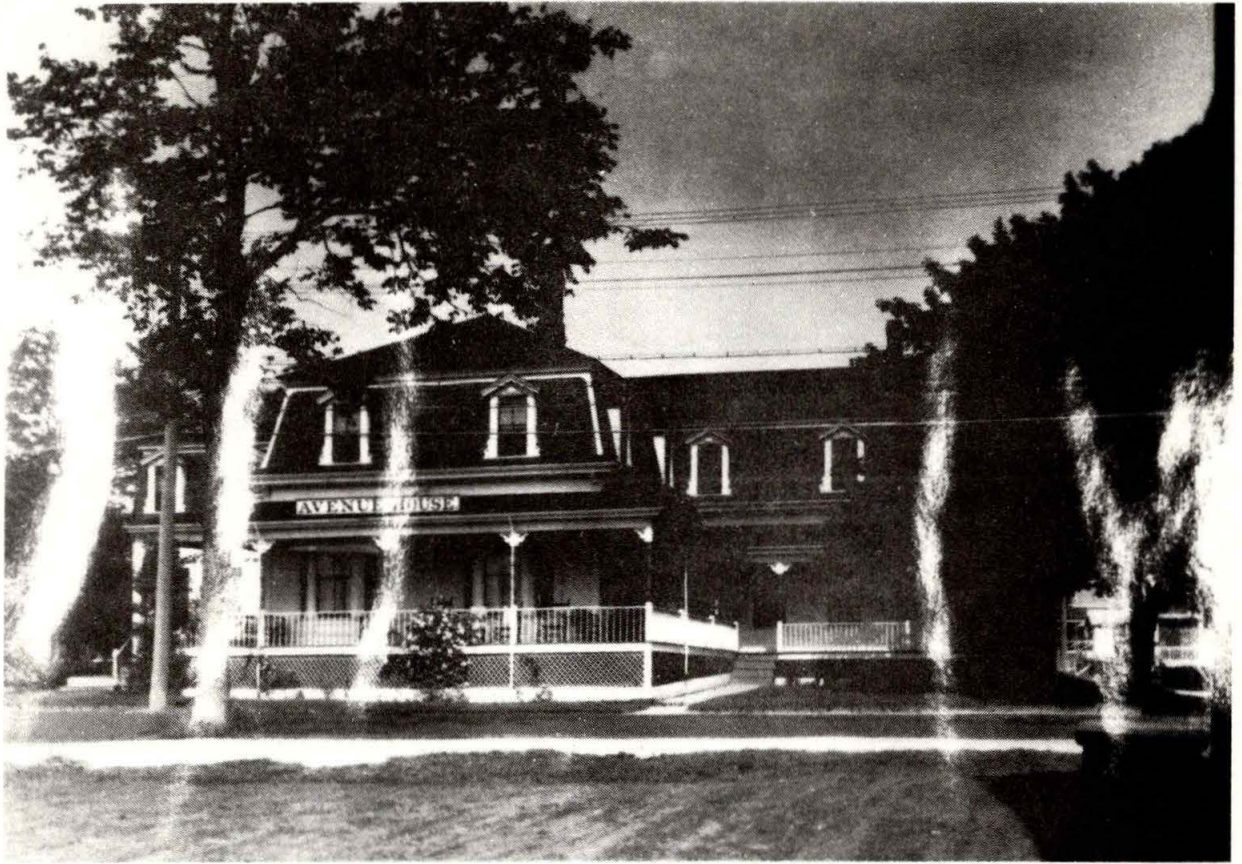
A few steps up on Central Ave. was the MACHIGONNE, built as a rooming house by its owner, Mr. Wiley, a fine carpenter who was the builder of a number of Island homes. It is now the site of the Parish House.

The AVENUE HOUSE at Luther St. owned by Mr. Henry Hoar and the only rooming house left, of the "Oldies", was run by Mr. Melvin Sterling in the old days, and later by Mr. and Mrs. Devine.

The fire-house on the opposite corner first housed a hand-pump, then a one-horse hose-wagon until trucks came into use. When the first alarm was sounded after the installation of the hose-wagon, it was said that the driver hitched up the horse, shouted "Giddap" and the horse dashed out of the barn minus the wagon. In his excitement, he had fastened some buckles but not the right ones.

Then, as now, call men did a good job. My father was one of them but he was away from the Island so often that he missed most of the fires. The pay for each one attended was \$1 and the penalty was 50¢ for each one missed, so by the end of the year he was in the red.

Next-door to the firehouse was Island Hall, built in 1850 and torn down in 1959. It was used as a school until the present one was built in 1870. This was originally a 4-room building but only three were needed as classrooms with three grades to a room, there being nine grades years ago. My class had eight graduates.



At Portland High it was said that our school turned out some of their best students. Perhaps the small classes and the keen competition accounted for that but in those days the three R's were planted in us to stay.

Reading was taught phonetically and there were few "Johnnys" who couldn' read; spelling and penmanship were emphasized and great pride was taken in them; "life adjustment" meant adjust to our teachers and our parents--or else; and juvenile delinquency was at a minimum and treated promptly and effectively by "Pa and/or Ma".

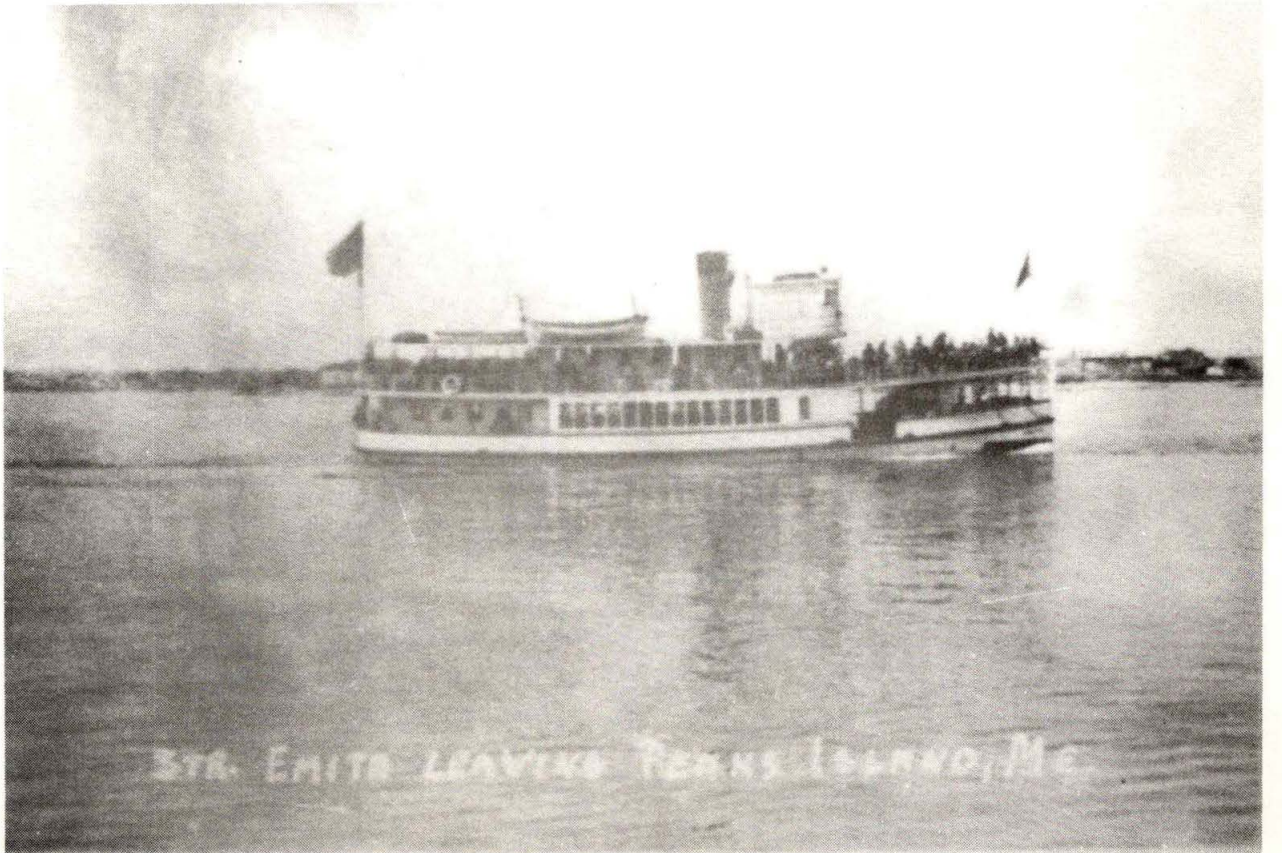
Two of the teachers who served for some years before 1900 were Mr. Ambrose Ackley and Miss Morrell; starting their teaching careers in the 1890's were the Misses Trulette Parsons and Laura Parker who were joined, upon Miss Morrell's retirement about 1914, by Miss Ethel Frost. These three were "permanent fixtures" until their retirement. Islanders who have taught here since and who have recently retired are the Misses Virginia Brackett, Margaret Randall and Beatrice Thompson. For the first time there are no "natives" on the staff and it seems strange not to have at least one.

On the opposite corner from the school Golden Cross Hall (with a store on the ground floor) was used for meeting of that organization, dances, etc.

There are four old houses on Pleasant Ave., the oldest the PARSON'S HOMESTEAD, built in 1818, the FRELICK house, 1844, and the TREFETHEN home, 1844, on the corner of Trefethen Ave., now occupied by Miss Jessie Trefethen. There is another built in the 1840's where the road takes a sharp turn to the right.

Still another old one (across from the Seaside Shop, which was originally Brewer's and later Files' Grocery) is the MANSFIELD HOUSE, the main part of which was built in the early 1820's as a tavern. However the original house of three rooms, which is now the ell, is believed to have been built much earlier. It is now the Files' attractive private residence.

Back on course again, "Don" Webber's store at Trefethen's Landing, at one time a barn was converted to a store in 1902 and run for many years as "Webber Bros.", "Don's" father and his brother.



ST. ERIC LEAVING PENNS. ISLAND, Md.

The TREFETHEN-EVERGREEN ASSOCIATION was organized by the Davies sisters in 1912. A well-run organization, its clubhouse is the entertainment center for that part of the Island. Its many activities include swimming and boating lessons, tennis, bridge parties, dances and the annual fair. Its location was occupied at one time by a dance hall, restaurant and bowling alley and the VALLEY VIEW HOUSE, which was partially burned and torn down in 1912. Trefethen's Landing was damaged in a howling northeaster in 1959 and has not been repaired and at Evergreen Landing only a few piles show its location.

Near the end of Knickerbocker Road, looking toward Long Island, the KNICKERBOCKER HOTEL stood. That, too was burned some years ago, arson being suspected. Not far from it, on Pleasant Ave. near Trefethen Ave., was the 30-room Oceanic House, which also burned some years later (1949).

The CHAPMAN HOUSE was built in 1889 in Rock Bound Park, near Tolman Heights, but it was not too well patronized, perhaps because it was off the beaten track. It was burned in one of our woods fires.

Between Spar Cove and Central Ave. and extending to the Back Shore was Blackman's farm with its log cabin--a beautiful spot which attracted many visitors throughout the summer. Fresh vegetables and flowers were for sale, sweet peas being a specialty from which it got its name of the SWEET PEA FARM, Why is it that flowers have clearer and brighter colors near the sea? Iodine in the air? If it's good for flowers it must be good for we, the people, too.

YE HEADLAND INN, a beautiful inn in a beautiful spot, is now the property of the Catholic Church and used as a nuns' vacation home,--St. Anthony's-By-the-Sea.

On the subject of churches, the Methodist (Brackett Memorial) was built in 1861, the Memorial Hall being added in 1956. Most of the work was done by volunteers, one of whom was Mr. Alonzo Foss of Pleasant Ave. who was well along in his 80's when he gave so generously of his labor. Until the hall was built, Island Hall was used for suppers by the "Willing Workers". Once the Boy Scouts put on a supper and when it came to washing the

dishes they ran out of dry towels. Their "Be Prepared" hadn't prepared them for that but they were resourceful--they used the Kitchen's sash curtains and then hung them back carefully, which didn't make the very neat Willing Workers exactly happy.

Another memory of about that same time is of an evangelist who came to the church and in those days some of them were the "fire and brimstone" type and he was really fiery. When he invited us to go forward and confess our sins several of the younger children did so but I'm sure that they did not know what he meant. He pointed his finger at me and by then I was so petrified that I couldn't have moved even if I had wanted to. That was another time when my mind went blank. I knew that I must have had sins but I just couldn't think what they were at the moment.

The Catholic Church on Central Ave., St. Christopher's was built in the 1920's. Before that Sunday Mass was said, in the summer, in the Pavilion. Many Islanders remember Father Donovan whose knowledge of medicine was such a help in an emergency.

The rectory was purchased from Mr. Herman ("Hermy") Littlejohn who for many years was the Island truckman. He was a rather small man and I well remember, as a child, watching open-mouthed as he carried huge trunks into the hotels on his back,--"Such a strong man!" His vehicle was a horse-drawn "jigger", a long, low affair close to the ground for ease in loading and unloading.

Our tour to the Lower End being completed, it would be nice if we could go on around the Island on a black-top road and we did have quite a good one until the fortifications were built and the road closed to the public. When it was opened again the black-top was "gone with the wind". It is passable now but has a number of "thank-you-ma'ams".

The fortifications on the back shore were built during World War II; also the Government Wharf. During that war the Island took on a military flavor and tourists were told, as they were stopped and questioned on Custom House Wharf, that if they had cameras they could not take them onto the Island. Everything was "top secret" but there were many stories and rumors, one of which was that if the largest guns, two 16-inch, were fired, almost every house on the Island would collapse. They never were fired so

luckily we never knew whether that story was true or not. Another was that a tanker was torpedoed a few miles out at sea and that probably was true, as there was a heavy oil cover on the shore for most of the summer.

In the dear, dead days when walking was in style I would have said let's walk back up the Island but now I'll say let's drive up to Whitehead St., where on the right near the lower corner is the Perry residence, formerly SUMMER RETREAT. Built in 1836 by Henry M. Brackett it had one story but was later raised and made into two and operated as a boarding-house, its dining room seating as many as sixty.

Mr. Brackett died in 1871 and in 1877 his widow married Dr. James Torrington and together they continued its operation. After their deaths a niece, Mrs. Hattie Fisher, presided assisted by Mr. and Mrs. Englund (Millie Fisher), and for many years they catered to visitors from Canada. It finally passed to Mrs. Englund who sold it to the Perrys several years ago. They have used Tender, Loving Care in re-arranging the interior but the exterior remains the same.

From the house there is a beautiful view of the ocean and Whitehead, which I have read got its name from the large number of gulls which used to roost on it. When they wing out late in the afternoon I often wonder where they spend the night now-- Ram Island, Green Island or Junk of Pork, probably. There is a story that Annette Kellerman once made a dive off Whitehead for a scene in an old-time movie. Not from the top surely!

The first boarding-house on the Island, which later served as an annex to "Summer Retreat" was that of Henry Brackett's brother Seth. Built for that purpose, in 1853, it is now a private residence, its appearance changed completely--a case of "before and after".

The two large buildings on Seashore Ave. are the 5th and 8th Maine Regimental Buildings, built as memorials by Civil War Veterans. The 8th, off the Ave., has always been kept in repair and the rooms rented but for some years the 5th, on the Ave., was allowed to go to seed and it is gratifying to see it repaired, largely by volunteer labor, and back in use as a Community Center. The main hall with its colorful memorial windows is well worth a visit.

Now, shall we go over to the Back Shore, park for awhile and watch the surf--"white horses, their manes a-flying"? I have some bits and pieces, more or less disconnected and of various dates, which I think may interest you.

Here is a good parking place at the end of the black-top. That lighthouse gleaming in the sun is Half Way Rock, which has keepers now but perhaps not for long, most lights being changed to automatic--"do-it-yourself". Automation creeping in everywhere!

Portland Head Light was the first lighthouse on the Maine coast, but not on the New England coast, Boston Light having that honor. The Head Light went into action in 1791 and the first keeper received \$160 per year.

Incidentally, the first keeper at Matinicus Rock Light was Capt. John A. Shaw who was appointed by John Quincy Adams, in 1827. In 1831 he was taken ill and brought to a Portland hospital where he died and he was buried in the Brackett Cemetery. Born in Quincy, Mass., history does not say how he happened to be buried on the Island.

Lighthouses are, of course, indispensable to those who "go down to the sea in ships" but aren't they a symbol to you and to me of serenity, security and hope in this Topsy-turvy world we live in today,--a world which seems to be getting topsy-er and turvy-er by the minute?

On a clear night Seguin Island Light's steady beam may be seen to the left of Half Way Rock and on a clear night, too, the moon coming up over the water is a sight to be remembered, more so if one is young and in love,--and weren't we all "once upon a time" ?

Looking toward the horizon there is nothing between us and Europe. I wonder if Longfellow could have been gazing out in that direction when he wrote, "A boy's will is the wind's will and the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts." Perhaps many an Island boy has sat in this very spot and had long, long thoughts of some day going to that land across the sea.

In the long-gone days his thoughts would have involved many weeks of sailing "before the mast", hard work, hard-tack,

rough seas, Mal-de-mer, no "Mothersill's" and nothing but the rail for relief. Today a boy's thoughts would be of a jet, a few hours, a comfortable seat, filet mignon and a brief sinking sensation on landing, A better world for a boy? It's all in the point of view. A happier world? Definitely not! The day when the "barefoot boy with a cheek of tan" had to make his own fun instead of adults planning it for him was really fun. It was also character-building and produced more "greats" than we seem to be doing today. The old "woodshed" treatment did a little character-building, too.

Before modern missiles were heard of, we smugly felt so safe with the Atlantic between us and potential aggressors but each summer target practice was carried on and was something to watch from the Back Shore. The Government steamers, Gen. Randall and Gen. Wilson (which ran between the harbor forts and the mainland) would tow the red targets several miles out to sea and Forts Levett, Preble and Williams would pop away at them. Householders were warned to open windows to prevent breakage and lobstermen were warned to keep out of range, which didn't set well with them, since they resented anything which kept them from their traps. I never did see a direct hit but I suppose there were some.

Going away back now,--Peaks has had a number of names through the years. Pond was the first, followed by Michael's, Munjoy's, Palmer's, Waite's, Brackett's, and others, according to who owned it. It is not known how it acquired the name of Peaks but there was a soldier named Joseph Peakes who lived at Cape Elizabeth in 1741 and he may have lived on the Island at some time but there is no record of anyone of that name ever owning it. The Indian name was "Utowna", "rock-bound place", and it is, isn't it?

The most prominent family names throughout the years have been Brackett, Jones, Parsons, Scott, Skillings, Sterling, Trefethen, Trott and Woodbury.

Long Island is the largest in the Bay, within the City limits, with 912 acres and Peaks is the second with 720. It is about $1 \frac{1}{2}$ miles long and $1 \frac{1}{4}$ wide, has 774 buildings, and a winter population of 800 to 900 souls, increased to about 3,000 in summer

There is a record of a "stone house" built sometime before 1670, "four rods northeast of the Brackett Cemetery", which would be on the Stites and Corcoran properties on Torrington Point. The cemetery at the time of that measurement must have been less than half its present size, as Mr. Henry M. Brackett is known to have given land for part of it in the 1800's. A few of the old stones bear dates in the 1700's and there are a number in the 1800's.

The house was in sight of settlers on the Cape, a fortified house on Cushing's Island, and the garrison-house of Capt. Munjoy near the Grand Trunk Station in Portland. Also it was in line with another fortified house on Jewell's Island. Their purpose was for the occupants to alert Munjoy by cannon or signal fire at the approach of Indians, hundreds of whom gathered on the islands bent on attacking the town,--Fort Loyall. There were a number of such attacks, aided by the French from Canada, during the Indian Wars. Indians also gathered on the Islands in the fall to feast on clams and fish and to dry fish, and whatever else they could take from the sea, for winter. Many of the Islands have evidence in the heaps of clam shells. the roadway at the foot of Greenwood St. was strewn with them.

Another stone structure, not a house but an enclosure, "The Refuge", was located in the woods near the end of Central Ave. It is thought that the Islanders built it as a place to defend themselves and to hide their sheep and cattle in case of attack by British cruisers which were prowling the coast during the Revolution but there is no record of such an attack.

The "Ottawa House" on Cushing's Island, built in 1850, was burned in 1886 and rebuilt the following year, only to be burned again in 1917. It was built by Canadians and catered to our "Neighbors to the North". An advertisement in 1862 announcing the opening for the season read, "200 rooms, ballroom, bowling alley, picnic room, \$9-\$12 per week board and room." Also a band had been engaged for the season.

House Island, which was always a sort of annex to Peaks, was at one time a very busy place, several families living there (the Trefethen family for one, The Trott for another) and carrying on an extensive fish business, the island being practically covered with racks for drying fish. No quick-freezing in those days! The remains of the old stone wharves may still be seen and the huge granite blocks of a lobster pound are still in place.

The first Fort Scammell on that island was a blockhouse of two stories, each of the eight sides having a porthole with gun. Built in 1808 it was replaced during the Civil War by the present structure which had embrasures for 71 guns but historians do not agree on how many were installed.

Neither Scammell nor Gorges fired a shot: in fact the building of Gorges was a controversial subject, many contending that it would be useless in the defense of the harbor and, as it turned out, the "many" seemed to have been right. In 1920 some boys ventured over a rotting board floor into the deepest part of Scammell and found some interesting storekeeper's records dated during the Civil War.

There was a brick building on House Island (now torn down) which was intended to be an immigration station but it was used only once, I believe, to detain the passengers of a ship on which smallpox was suspected. For many years the island was a popular picnic spot and it is now owned by Mrs. Hilda Cushing who hopes to develop it for camping.

The Diamond Islands have always been the dignified sisters of the Inner Bay family but, in the old days, when residents felt like a little frivolity, inter-island boat service was so good that they often came over to Peaks.

The most outstanding shipwreck on Peaks' rocky shore seems to have been that of the "Helen Eliza" of Gloucester in 1869. of the crew of twelve only one survived. He made his way to a "lighted farmhouse", that of Samuel Hadlock which is above the corner of Seashore Ave. and Maple St., (one of the very old houses).

The wreckage and the bodies of the others were strewn along the shore, that of the captain being found on the harbor side.

On the beach on Torrington Point there are some bones of a very old wreck (which my father said were old when he first saw them in 1900) and it is quite possible that they are from the "Helen Eleza". There is a story that this wreck inspired Longfellow to write "The Wreck of the Hesperus" but that poem was published thirty years before.

Pirates lurked behind the islands in the long ago and one historian has written that Captain Kidd buried treasure on (Pond Island in Casco Bay" and Peaks is the only one which had that name up to the time that famous one planted his ill-gotten booty; but I think that any digging would only result in disappointment and "Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of" liniment for that aching back.

Transportation to the islands was a haphazard affair until 1822 when the first attempt to run a steamboat line was made (to Peaks) with the KENNEBEC, nicknamed "The Groundhog", an old flat-bottomed hull with a too-small engine. It drew crowds and often the passengers had to help to drive it against the tide by treading the paddle-wheels. This little ditty was written about it:

"A fig for all your clumsy craft,
Your pleasure boats and packets;
The steamboat lands you, safe and soon,
at Mansfield's, Trott's, or Brackett's.

And down below they keep the stuff,
And everything is handy;
My jolly boys, I'll tell you what,
That steamboat is a dandy."

The description of it doesn't sound very dandy, though, does it?

In 1850 Horatio Cook built the ANTELOPE, 55 feet long, 8 feet wide and 30 inches (yes, inches) deep, with a 3-horsepower engine and it could carry one hundred passengers. This one sounds flimsy, doesn't it? After running this for two summers he built the CASCO, 75 Ft. ong, 12 wide, and 4 Ft. deep, capacity 300. This ran to Peaks and Cushing's until 1861 when, with a partner Cyrus Sands, he built the FAVORITE, still larger, 100 feet long, 400 passengers. In 1863 this went to the Government and was used, during the war, in the South.

Next came the GAZELLE, 105 feet long, 800 passengers. After a few years she was lengthened 20 feet so that she could carry 1,000. This one really seems substantial. Her name was

changed to "Forest City" and her last season was in 1895. Changing a boat's name is said to be unlucky but she seems to have run for a long time without trouble.

Mr. Cook's boats were all side-wheelers but before 1860 a stern-wheeler named CLINTON came from the Kennebec River and ran opposition for one summer and another summer the TEASER did the same. A Wm. Oxnard ran the steamer ISLAND QUEEN two summers and when she burned he built the GYPSY QUEEN. This line landed at Brackett's Landing, opposite Whitehead, but not for long.

In 1871 the Peaks Island Steamboat Co. was formed and built the EXPRESS, (a propeller) which could also be used for towing, skippered by Capt. Oliver. The company was composed mostly of Islanders and the object was to establish a line to run the entire year. The line was successful until opposition was established by C. H. Knowlton who ran the TOURIST AND MINNEHAHA for several years. Finally both lines were absorbed into one company, the Casco Bay Steamboat Co. Ever since 1871 there has been year-round service to Peaks and gradually other Bay islands were added.

From then on, until the automobile finally sounded "Taps" for the Island as a popular vacation spot, transportation was not a problem. The Company had a large fleet of steamers and practically every trip was crowded to capacity. The PILGRIM, the largest (with 3 decks) was run in the summer and carried a 3-piece orchestra; the MACHIGONNE, so elegant with its blue plush cushions and wicker chairs in the cabin; the FOREST QUEEN, almost as elegant, the MERRYCONNEAG, MAQUOIT, AUCOCISCO AND EMITA (Not to be confused with Aucocisco II and Emita II). All were coal-burners and what a quiet and pleasant ride they gave us. Later there were the TOURIST, GURNET, ANNABELLE, ADMIRAL, SUNSHINE AND SABINO, oil-fired and "shaky" and not so quiet and pleasant. Some trips stopped at Cushing's and about 1915 the "Admiral" made regular trips to that island and Cape Elizabeth, the attraction there being the Cape Cottage Theatre at the Landing.

On holidays and special occasions the larger boats were decked with flags and pennants and what an impressive sight the Pilgrim was when she was "all dressed up".

Some of the captains of the old fleet were Morrill (and later his son), Stockbridge, Thompson, Macomber, Williams and "Jimmy" Long who was popular with tourists on the day trip which touched at every island of any size as far as Harpswell, \$2 for the round trip.

The ferry SWAMPSCOTT, a side-wheeler, was brought to Portland by former Gov. Baxter and associates in 1910. After a few years it was taken over by Mr. Rounds. It had a capacity of 10 cars and later the cabin was also used for cars, increasing its load to 15 to 20 but cars were so much smaller when that dear old monstrosity moved faithfully back and forth on a generous time-table and extras whenever needed,--with no questions asked AND no increase in fare. The passenger fare at that time was 5¢ and for cars \$1 round-trip. Some of the skippers were Captains Seabury, Cushing and Eugene Barker, all of them "tops".

Mr. Rounds was an alderman and his influence at City Hall was a great asset to the Island. How we need "influence" now! He also operated the waterworks until Sebago water was piped under the Bay in 1920.

At one time Capt. Oscar Randall operated a third boat line (landing at "Jones") with the "Tourist" and "Gurnet" which were later sold to the Casco Bay Lines.

The "Swampscott" finally sank at her slip (Feb., 1934) after 24 years of service here and many of us still mourn the loss of our good old friend.

After that came the NANCY HELEN (Capt. Farmer), a fine steel ferry which had been used in Government service for transporting officers somewhere in New York State. It was a sturdy ship but it did not run for long,--burned at the slip one night and no one seemed to know how the fire started.

One of the Bay attractions for some years was the sloop skippered by Capt. George Randall, which took landlubbers several miles to sea for fishing,--chowder made and served aboard, \$1 for the the trip and no tomatoes in the chowder.

Some old-time chowder lover was inspired to write:
"Oh, Chowder! Monarch of the stews, with onion tinctured, I am fain
By aid of my enraptured muse, to sound thy virtues in a strain;
The Nation's glory, greatest dish by art conceived and born of fish."

For many years Capt. George's son, Capt. Clifford Randall piloted Casco Bay Lines steamers and, no matter what the weather might be, everyone felt so safe when "Cliff" was at the wheel.

Before many cottages were built tents were popular, with one camp-ground off Maple St., another at Trefethen's Landing. A wood floor and ridge-pole for the tent and a "cook-house" (doubling as winter storage for the canvas were the permanent parts of the set-up. Some had small porches and some had low wooden walls so that only a canvas roof was needed. Water had to be carried from springs and wells, sometimes from quite a distance, and living was decidedly on the primitive side but people loved it and came year after year. Many were introduced to the Island through camp life and were led to build cottages after a few years.

Many of the cottages are 50 to 75 years old but most have been kept in repair or restored in recent years. Adams St. has a colony of them representative of the architecture of the turn of the century, a number still "gingerboard" adorned.

Summer cottage residents made a three to four month stay and were a friendly and neighborly crew,--picnics, porch parties, card parties and just plain "sittin" parties being the order of the day and evening. One colorful event in which most owners joined was an evening set aside for a display of Japanese lanterns strung along the porches and a pretty sight it was. A fire hazard it was, too, as the lanterns were paper and the candles wax but I can't recall that any fires were started by them.

Most of the cottages had names and some still retain them. Visitors found it much easier to locate their friends by the cottage name rather than that of the occupant. Some of those names,--Avalon; Acosa; Big Enough (but it wasn't quite); Burystone (near a cemetery); Bide-A-Wee (and that sounds as though a spot of tea would be served there); Camp Comfort and Camp Lookout; Hate to LeaveIt (and they did); Lone Star; Twilight Cottage (Doesn't that sound restfull?); Oak Rest; Little Rhody (from whence the owner came); The Kiddery (and there were some there); Pulpit Rock; Woodbine Cottage (and it was covered with it); LiftTheLatch (sounds hospitable, doesn't it?); Cabot Lodge; Inverness; The

Chateau; Villa Spindrift (in Finnerty's Cove here it gets plenty of spindrift); Sans Faute and Sans Souci (and in case your High School French is rusty, the first is "Without Fault" and the second "Without Care"--I think). There were many, many more.

One of the pastimes indulged in by all cottagers was strolling the boardwalks "Down Front". Those walks extended from the Garden to Trefethen's and up a number of side streets. In the evening and on Sundays, between the crowds from Portland and the Islanders, a person in a hurry had to take to the street. In the winter the boardwalks were shoveled by hand at \$2 per day.

Cottagers meant business for Portland and for a number of years Geo. C. Shaw Co. delivered groceries on the Island, first by horse and wagon and later by truck; also two Portland laundries made deliveries; two fruit wagons came each week and a rag-man and a "kindelly" wood man made frequent visits. It was evident that all did a good business here but, of course, we did not have the freight rates which are such a handicap now.

Colorful visitors in the early 1900's and probably long before, were the gypsies who came several times during the summer to sell baskets and sweet grass,--and tell fortunes, of course, Some of them couldn't be trusted not to pick up anything lying around loose which might strike their fancy. Many of the cottages probably still contain some of their handiwork.

Also there were always a few men and women selling hand-made (?) laces and furs which had been smuggled(?) into the country --wonderful "bargains" for the unwary! The brogue would be thick, --Irish, Scotch or perhaps Cockney English, but all "just off the boat".

Around 1910 or '12 a gas plant was built (now the electric light plant) and homes were gradually equipped with that luxury,-- a big improvement over the old kerosene lamps but still pretty feeble illumination compared to electricity. Those old lamps! And the chimneys and wicks which had to be cleaned every day! I can still see the chimneys not in daily use with their paper bag dust-covers lined up on a pantry (or butt'ry) shelf.

And there were the Aladdin lamps, the bracket lamps and the Gone-with-the-wind lamps in the parlors,--with their horse-

hair furniture in the older homes,--parlors kept closed except for extra-special occasions, which was just as well since that furniture was about as uncomfortable as a "seating arrangement" could be. Time marches on and progress progresses but the wise housewife still keeps a kerosene lamp or two handy, just in case.

Too, I can still see the old gas street-lights and the lamplighter coming whistling down the street in the late afternoon and lighting the one on our corner, where we were allowed an extra hour of play as long as we stayed in the circle of its feeble glow. By the way, when was the last time you heard anyone whistling? It's a long time since you've heard that cheery, care-free sound, isn't it?

Speaking of sounds, I can still hear the mellow tones of the church bell floating over the Island, pealing its invitation to "meet with the Lord". Other sounds which come down the years are the cock-a-doodle-do of a distant rooster sounding reveille; and from Fort Levett on Cushing's the voice of the bugle, thin and clear, blowing "Colors" as the flag was lowered at sundown. Even the foghorn and the bellbuoys had a soothing effect once the summer visitor got through "blessing" them and became accustomed to the moaning and the clanging.

Another fond memory is the old black stove in the kitchen, a "Queen Atlantic", "Queen Quality", "Regal Atlantic" or maybe a "Crawford", the pride and joy of many a long-gone housewife who lovingly sent through the ritual of polishing it each day usually with a paste,--"Sunrise" or "Black Beauty",--not easy to use and hard on the hands, even with gloves, but, no matter, the results were soul-satisfying. Many of the cottages still have the old monsters, the owners refusing to replace them, and they certainly do give a bone-warming heat which no modern heating system can.

And the parlor heaters! Set up in the fall and moved to the shed or cellar in the spring, they were so comfortable to dress by on a winter morning. It was always good, though to see them being moved out, since it meant that summer ~~was~~ peeking around the corner and summer was such a gay visitor here. It was also a relief in the spring to see the fir boughs, with which some houses were banked, being removed.

Winters of the Island, by the way are not as cold or snowy as summer folks may think. Usually the temperature is a few degrees warmer than Portland and the snow not as deep, thanks to the wind and the salt air.

The old iron sinks, some of which are still in the cottages were probably disliked about as much as the stoves were loved. It was a frustrating job to keep them even reasonably sanitary, especially in these days when we are constantly being reminded that a little bug will get you if you don't watch out" .

Another memory is of the trip to Brackett's barn on Brackett Ave. where we waited with our pails while Mr. Brackett milked the cows. Pasteurization was not compulsory and probably those cows would have been verydiscontented if anyone had suggested that their milk was not of the purest. Anyway, we got it full-strength, no cream removed, and it looked and tasted like milk should. Did you ever smell a cow-barn? It's warm and sweet, equal to Channel #5, but different, of course.

And on the subject of cows, until the road was built, the back shore was a pasture, fenced off with barbed wire and stone walls which ran from the shore near "The Dump" for some distance up through the woods. I remember my mother and a neighbor taking us (my brother, sister and me) for a walk over there one day. We climbed the "bars" and had not gone far when we saw a bull headed toward us. Discretion being the better part of valor, we retreated, only to be confronted by a king-size gander with fire in his eyes. Our neighbor gave the "beastie" a hearty kick in the chest, which gave us time to make the bars. My mother, to whom all bovines looked like bulls, admitted after that the "bull" might have been an inquisitive and friendly "Madam" cow but we took no more walks in the pasture.

While the Island was famed as a summer resort, the winters were not exactly dull for the year-round residents. There were weekly dances, variety shows, whist parties, skating and sliding parties and some of us remember the bobsleds, Black Hawk and Silver Snake. Their run was down from the church and it took a bit of fancy steering to turn the sharp corner at the foot. One icy night the helmsman wasn't fancy enough and some of our prominent

citizens were dumped over the bank half-way to the beach, and funny it wasn't.

With no radio and TV there was time for visiting--get--togethers to catch up on the latest and the saying was that everyone knew everybody else's business and what they didn't know they had ways of finding out. Some reputations may have suffered a bit but let one of them have trouble and the whole Island rallied to help--actually a close-knit (and in many cases a closely related) community.

Then, too, the "Swampscott" ran a late trip on Saturdays and that was our "night to howl" when many Islanders went to town to take in a movie or, more often than not, to see vaudeville at the Keith Theatre or the play at the Jefferson. All of these were as "clean as a hound's tooth", no producer having the least idea of presenting anything not fit for the whole family to see.

Peaks has launched at least two outstanding Americans. The most illustrious, Thomas Brackett Reed, as you know, grew up to become Speaker of the House in Washington in a day when statesmanship rather than political expediency was the rule, not the exception. His father, grandfather and great-grandfather before him were Island residents. Another, John Lothrop Motley, historian and diplomat (and friend of Bismarck) who died in 1877, was a great-grandson of Capt. John Waite, one-time owner of the lower end of the Island.

Through the years a number of outstanding people have spent their summers here. In the 1870's Gov. Fisk of Kentucky was a regular visitor at the Oceanic House; Judge Tolman of Westbrook opened the section known as Tolman Heights; and Judge Peabody of Portland built his cottage at Welch and Adams Sts. Many Portland business men maintained summer homes here for years and, of course, the Regimental buildings housed many a Civil War veteran,--famous colonels, generals and majors.

John Ford, the director of many of the better movies, was a visitor for a number of summers at his sister's cottage (now the residence of Charles Franco) on Winding Way. Arount 1918 Mr. Ford brought a company of actors and actresses with him, one of them Gloria Swanson, to film scenes to be used in a movie, some

Islanders doing a bit of acting, as extras.

One summer Bernarr MacFadden, the physical culture exponent, and his family occupied a cottage on Torrington Point.

For many years Dr. Payson Smith (one time Commissioner of Education in Maine and in Massachusetts) spent his summers at his cottage facing Whitehead.

Still another, a present summer resident at Evergreen, and an Islander from 'way back' is Mr. George Sterling, formerly with the Federal Communication Commission.

Mr. Claude Montgovery, well-known artist, has had a cottage at Trefethen's. Another artist not so prominent but who paints because he likes to and does real well at it, is Mr. Roy Randall whose "Spar Cove" cottage is on the Back Shore.

Among our older folks, one remarkable gentleman, Mr. Elbridge ("Ellie") Trott, the plumber, is still practicing his trade at eighty-four and he can crawl under a cottage to make a pipe connection easier than some men half his age. Another remarkable person, born on the Island eighty-eight years ago but who in recent years spends her summers here and winters in Massachusetts is Mrs. Andrew Englund.

The Island has had its quota of characters through the years and one was "Joe" Trott (now deceased) a Jack-of-several-trades who could repair a boat engine, sometimes with a fish-hook, a piece of string maybe or abacadabra but, anyway, his ministrations usually worked.

Another was a crafty old codger, a smallish man we called "Charlie-horse" or the "Headless Horseman" because of his story that he had once been a jockey. His cigar smoking wife (and she thought nobody knew she smoked them) explained his sometimes "taking" ways by saying that he had a silver plate in his skull and he was not responsible. Her explanation was taken with a few grains of salt.

Still another was an odd-jobs man, a fibber we called, "George the 5th" because of one of his stories that he drank a fifth every day to keep in condition. Since he never seemed to

be in condition, seldom had enough to buy even 1/15, and Maine was dry anyway, we listened and laughed gaily at his ridiculous tales. There were others through the years, all part of life in a small community.

Beside the Trefethen-Evergreen Ass'n, the current Island organizations include the Lions Club (with a clubhouse in the Garden), the American Legion (their clubhouse on Welch St.), The Calends Study Club, The Peaks Island Citizen's Council, a year-round body, and the Island Development Ass'n which was started by summer residents but now has a hard-core of year-rounders who "hold the fort" during the winter. All are working diligently for the betterment of our Island and the entire Bay but progress has been slow, due in large part to the attitude of the City of Portland which persists in treating the islands as step-children.

But the day will come, we hope, when a more forward-looking City Council will take over, recognize the terrific potential of the Bay, which has been described as "one of the most beautiful in the world, studded with bold, green islands", and give us what we sorely need to bring them back, not as summer resorts only but as thriving year-round communities. That need is good transportation. The rest will follow "as the night the day".

The automobile which caused the demise of the islands as popular vacation spots may well be a factor in their eventual revival as such. With heavy traffic and speed, the pleasure of driving is fading so, that it is becoming just a means of getting from here to there and "there" could easily be our islands where city-weary people can spend an entire vacation getting away from it all-fishing, boating, swimming, walking or just plain sitting.

Being of sound mind (or a reasonable facsimile thereof) but of faulty memory, there probably are some errors and omissions in my story and some of my dates may be off a year or so, but I believe that those of the old houses and other buildings are correct, having been verified by the records.

To know the "then" is to understand the "now" and I hope that you have enjoyed our little trip and my rambling and that it has given you a picture of Peaks Island as it was when it earned the title of "The Coney Island of the East".

THE FIFTH MAINE REGIMENT COMMUNITY CENTER

The story of how the Center came into being goes back to the Civil War when "The Fifth Maine Infantry Volunteers" was organized in Portland as State militia, at no expense to the government, with the intention of enlisting in the United States service for three years for action in the "War of the Rebellion". The rendezvous was at Camp Preble (near the fort of that name in South Portland) where it was encamped for several weeks before being mustered in as the Fifth Maine Regiment, companies A-K, on June 24, 1861 at which time each man was paid a bounty of \$22 by the State.

Col. Dunnell, Lt.-Col. Ilsley, Col. Jackson and Col. Scammon served consecutively until late 1862 when Col. (later Gen.) Clark S. Edwards took over and remained in command until the end of the enlistment, June 23, 1864. Its chaplain, John R. Adams of Gorham, served throughout the entire enlistment. (Their names are inscribed on the memorial windows)

Of the original 1,046 only 193 were mustered out on July 27, death, wounds or illness having depleted their numbers. This marked the end of the Fifth as a unit, those who re-enlisted being absorbed into the First Maine Veteran Volunteers which served to the end of the war, April 1865. In late December of 1863 the men had been told that they might re-enlist for three years, or the duration, and if they did would receive bounties and a 35-day furlough. Many were so anxious to go home after $2\frac{1}{2}$ years that about 100 did re-enlist but the 35 days passed all too quickly and many who came home were sorry that they had bound themselves for further service.

The Fifth, as a unit, had served nobly at the first Bull Run (Manassas), West Point, Gaine's Mill, Charles City Crossroads, Crampton Pass, Antietam, Fredricksburg, Salem Church, Gettysburg, Rappahannock Station, The Wilderness, Spotsylvania and Cold Harbor.

In 1887 the veterans formed the Fifth Maine Regiment Memorial Society and in 1888 their desire for a memorial, re-union hall and vacation spot was realized with the construction of the Fifth Maine Regiment Building on Seashore Avenue, Peaks Island. It was financed by sale of shares to veterans and their families and much of the work was done by volunteers among them.

The stairway in the entrance hall was donated by the then Gov. Wentworth of New Hampshire. The large hall on the first floor at one time contained a fireplace; and the colorful memorial windows and many relics were presented by veterans or wives and families of those who did not return or perhaps never recovered from their wounds. One of the two small rooms on the first floor was originally a kitchen; the large dining-room and kitchen on the lower level were added later. The second floor was first an open space where the veterans could stay overnight on cots but when their ladies expressed a desire to spend some time at the building, it was divided into rooms. At first each occupancy was limited to one week, then two weeks and finally they were available for the season as the demand lessened.

Many members came for vacation stays year after year and a congenial group it was. Much time was spent in the rocking chairs on the porches with the ocean stretching off to the horizon, while across the channel Whitehead, that rocky symbol of strength and tranquility, stood guard. In the evening there was chitchat around the fireplace, card parties, or perhaps group "sings" around the piano. Other pastimes were fishing off the rocks or from a hired rowboat; strolling "down front" to see the boats come in; trips to Portland for shopping or to attend the theater, perhaps Keith's or the Jefferson; and, of course, on the Island there were Greenwood Garden, the Gem Theater, the Majestic Skating Rink, the bowling alley, pool room, popcorn, ice cream, candy, and lunch stands, game stands, shooting gallery; balloon ascensions, fire-works and perhaps a daily trip to the postoffice.

For some years a ceremony was observed each evening on the porch at sun-down, with the veterans standing at attention while a detail of soldiers marched on the parade ground at Fort Levett on Cushing's Island and, as the sunset gun boomed, taps sounded and the flag was slowly lowered, they saluted. Then, and not until then, there was a grand rush for the diningroom and "chow".

One of the most distinguished residents for a number of summers was Gen. Aaron S. Daggett who served not only in the Civil War but also in the Indian Wars, the Spanish-American War, the Philippine Insurrection and the Boxer Rebellion, after which

he wrote a book, "America in the China Relief Expedition". Born in Greene, Maine in 1837, he married Rose Bradford, a direct descendent of Gov. Bradford of the Massachusetts Bay Colony. He lived to 101 and on his 100th birthday received a letter from Pres. Franklin D. Roosevelt who wrote in part, "You not only saw history made, you helped to make it". Perhaps the General's longevity could be attributed in part to his love for blacker-than-black coffee. He was often found in the kitchen making his husky brew. An invitation to join him in a cup was frequently declined with thanks by those who weren't quite equal to downing his "kill-at-40-yards" concoction. Some of us who remember the gallant gentleman like to think that his spirit still walks the roads of his beloved island.

As the years went on the ranks thinned and by 1941 it was seen that it would be difficult to maintain the building and the decision was made to close it. It did not re-open for the summer of 1942 and remained closed until 1956 when an agreement was made between the Memorial Society and the Fifth Maine Regiment Community Center to turn the building over for use as a center "to promote the social, educational and recreational opportunities" of the island. The deed from the Society to the Center, dated Nov. 1, 1956, directs that if the building is not maintained the land is to be given to the city and shall be known as the Fifth Maine Regiment Park, the boulder to remain in its present, or a suitable, location; and the relics should be turned over to the Maine Historical Society. They have now been turned over to the State Museum for safe-keeping.

The building was re-opened, renovated and painted, largely by volunteer labor. One of its most enthusiastic boosters was the late "Jack" Feeney. The Peaks Island Grange used it for several years and installed a new heater and the winter water. Since the Grange disbanded the building has been maintained by members of the present organization with funds raised by an annual fair and luncheon, penny auction and bean supper. It is also rented occasionally for receptions, etc. It is hoped that the membership will increase as more people realize that the preservation of this link with the past represents a valuable asset to the island.