9-1977

Peaks Island Times : Sep 1977

Gary Chapman
EDITORIALS

OUR SLOGAN

The vital measure of a newspaper is not its size, but its spirit and its responsibility to report the news fully, accurately and fairly.

This September 1977 issue of the PEAKS ISLAND TIMES will be the last issue covering the summer months.

In a few days many of the summer residents, visitors, friends and relatives will be leaving for their homes throughout the country.

The members of the staff of this paper wish to thank all of you for the wonderful support you have given this new island paper. It was YOU and the advertisers who made it a success and we are very appreciative of your interest.

We wish you and yours a safe trip home, a nice Christmas, and we will be looking forward to seeing you again in the New Year.

I wish also to thank Jackie and Art Moore and Ruth Sargent who spent many hours behind their I.B.M. machines typing and correcting all material used or written in the "Times".

They give this service free and ask for no recognition. They do this because they believe in the paper and want others to read and enjoy it.

How does one say thank you to people like this? All I can say is you were just terrific and the whole paper was very well done.

The Editor
Leon Clough

PEAKS ISLAND TIMES

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CULTURE AT HAND

Staying at the Spring Street Holiday Inn on their initial visit to Portland, Jackie and Art Moore were delighted to find an Art Museum directly across the street. They were equally fascinated by the incredible harbor view from their windows. Spotting a tiny yellow and white passenger boat heading across the bay, they decided on the moment to buy passage and discover what lay out beyond the city's waterfront.

The ride's exciting beauty more than equalled their expectations and they automatically followed their instinct to debark and investigate the first island they reached. By the time they had circumferenced its 5 mile boundary, they knew it was definitely 'for them!' When their Portland visit terminated they had set into motion the purchase of an island home with all the intricate legalities involved. Within weeks they and their 4 teenaged sons were adapting to real living 'out beyond' with all the incredible surprises that had lured them to Peaks Island.

Jackie found commuting to her new job exciting and far more pleasurable than New York subways and Mass. turnpikes. As secretary to Director John Holverson, Curator of Collections at the Portland Museum of Art, her days were filled with challenge, learning and enrichment. A 'secret painter' of some talent, it provided first hand study of great value for her. Before long Art had joined the staff as Security Guard (days) and 'fill-in' for spots that needed tending. His interest and knowledge of art has grown daily and they both feel fortunate in experiencing this included-in-the-job exposure to the fine arts.

While Jackie's paintings are still kept hidden at home, Art's 'handwork' is currently displayed in the foremost spot at the gallery's entrance during a special 4 month exhibit. A large stand holds a gleaming gold eagle with nearly 5 ft. wing span. This supporting pedestal of forest green was carefully painted by Art. Actually a fun-task, he terms it 'needful daubing' which required no talent aside from muscle and patience. But it is an excellent example of the 'everyone helps' policy of the enthusiastic group there.

Perhaps you are a 'sometimes' visitor to the Museum, or a regular--constant attendant--or even a 'never-been-there' possibility? But it's a real MUST that everyone should get there before the end of October '77 to enjoy the fabulous exhibit built around the founders/donors from the McLellan-Sweat families. The memorial that fills the galleries holds something for everyone's interest with an opulent collection of furnishings, paintings, china, silver and personal belongings. Your summer and your life will be that much richer for the time spent viewing them.

Conveniently located on High St. just below Congress, you can linger slowly in the several galleries and continue on through the Sweat mansion with its turn-of-the-century elegant style of living which includes an extensive collection of now popular 'Portland Glass'.

The home was a gift to the city from Mrs. Margaret Sweat, widow of Lorenzo D.M. Sweat, as a lavish memorial to her departed husband. Her will of 1908 also bequeathed $100,000 to Portland for the erection of an Art Museum adjoining it.

During the 70 intervening years many collections have been bestowed upon it and today their permanent holdings catalogue well over 300 objects d'art. Names of Maine artists represented there include Charles Codman, Laurence Sisson, Andrew Wyeth, John Calvin Stevens, James Kahlil, William Zorach, Asher B. Duran, John Meunch, Paul Aker and one time Peaks Island resident--Claude Montgomery.

Mrs. Sweat stipulated that 'nothing was to be taken from the house and nothing was to be added'. Her directive has been carefully followed. The Museum is open 10-5 P.M. daily except Monday and 2-5 on Sunday. 'It's a feast--a treat--a rewarding opportunity not to be missed and--unbelievable for these times --it's FREE!'
Our First Year Cont.

An Idea Becomes a Reality

In the fall of 1974 meetings were held with the C.B.T.D.A. Steering Committee and Maine Medical Center representatives from the Dept. of Community Medicine and Family Practice to discuss the formation of a Health Council and the establishment of a Health Center on Peaks Island. The idea of such a facility had long been in the minds of many island residents, along with the services of a permanent physician. However, economically, this was not feasible and so a new concept—the nurse practitioner, an R.N. specially trained in many of the physician skills, was brought into view.

Marjorie Erick RN, who had recently resigned from hospital nursing and was enrolled in the 18 month Family Nurse Practitioner program at UMPC, and while she was studying, the Casco Bay Health Council had signed up island volunteers and headed up by Dr. Hay Morrill, became very active in fund raising, purchasing and renovating a house on Maine St. to meet the need. On Aug. 28, 1976, the formal dedication ceremonies were held and since then the number of patients at the Center has been increasing steadily. Approximately 600 different patients have made over 1000 visits to receive over 1600 services in the last year. Our Summer caseload is 16 to 20 people a day—a far cry from the 4-6 daily at the beginning.

Do you remember what was involved for a simple nail puncture wound when your tetanus booster was not up to date? If you didn’t have a doctor it meant a trip up town, a lengthy wait at an Emergency Room, and a whopping bill to follow. Now those things can be taken care of immediately during the week and at a fraction of the cost right here on the island.

Remember when your child had a fever or you had a sinus infection, or your child had tonsillitis or possibly strep throat? Now you can get advice over the phone or immediate treatment during the week if indicated. If you need lab work it can be drawn at the Center. So far the record is good—only 2have fainted while having their blood drawn and how much easier for our senior citizens to have followup visits right here on the island without spending half a day and all their energies getting to town and back.

Along with regular health services the Center hopes to sponsor educational programs like the 10 week class last winter. Special topics such as CEP, diabetes, hypertension, alcoholism, and drug abuse are all in mind. Any special interest programs can be planned if sufficient requests are made.

Staff

Bette Cenan is the "Mill of All Trades" who assists Marge Erick in running the office, triaging patients, giving first aid, assisting with lab procedures, and recepting. Jane Coolidge York RN, FNA covers the office one day a week while Marge visits homebound patients as a community health nurse. Jane was formerly with Family Practice full time but is currently on the nursing faculty at UMPC while continuing to work with her island patients.

Dr. Gregory Beasilt and Dr. L. Kristian Arnold, Family Practice residents will be at the Center each 1/2 day a weekly. Dr. Robert Caven, Assistant Chief of Family Practice, who guided us faithfully this past year, is no longer at the Health Center. He and his family will be in England where he will assess his assignment as Major Caven in the Air Force for three years. His position at the Health Center will be filled shortly by the new Assistant Director of Family Practice.

Marjorie Erick RN, FMA, once a summer visitor for 4 years, met and married Richard Erick, a Peaks native, 20 years ago. She has raised 6 children on the island and has always been interested in health care of her friends and neighbors, giving help when needed. With her newly added skills and education her capacity for helping in the health field has been greatly enriched.

The Health Center is always "heat and pretty" due to the faithful and dedicated efforts of Arnold... who is a silent member as he arrives early to sparkle the office for Marge; Bette, and patients. He cheery countenance always gets them off to a good start every morning.

Island Effort

Hundreds of man hours have been given by our volunteers in many ways—through transportation of patients to the Center, delivery of Rx items, voluntary secretarial services. The Health Center building would not have gotten together if it had not been for the time donated by the planning engineer, electricians, plumbers, carpenters, painters, and general advisors right from the start. The Health Council and support group continue to take care of Health Center needs. Anyone interested in joining the support group can contact the office for further information (871-2901).

CPR Class

Tilt head, check breathing, 4 quick breaths, check pulse, artificial respiration and cardiac resuscitation.

These are the easy steps 14 islanders learned Aug. 22 and 28 at a Cardiac-Pulmonary Resuscitation class on Peaks Island. A few basic, some hours of practice, (perhaps a few sore muscles), and you have some skills that could save a life.

The Health Center would like to arrange another CPR class in a couple of months. If you are interested, please call (871-2901).

Thanks to Pete Peterson and the Red Cross for their assistance in conducting these classes.

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Don Schei
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ICA News

Once again, for the third year in a row, the residents on the islands in Casco Bay have been subjected to a substantial rate increase. The most recent increase, effective July, 1977, of approximately 10%, is to last until September 30, 1977, at which time the rate will revert back to the rate in effect prior to the increase.

The Island Citizens Assn., Casco Bay Island Development Assn., and the Maine Department of Transportation have applied for, and been granted the status of internenor for the upcoming rate hike hearing to be held sometime in September.

Greg & Susan Scandlen and myself were present at the two initial hearings in June and feel that this year many of the questions that were left unanswered in prior years concerning the financial condition of, and the accounting methods used by Casco Bay Lines will be settled. In light of the fact that Peter T McLaughlin has the line up for sale, and that there are new faces on the Public Utilities Commission, I feel that this hearing will be of utmost significance.

The PUC had requested at the last hearing day that the ICA submit to them in the
to cope with the present management of Casco Bay Lines. Since its inception the ICA has consistently tried to offer an alternative to Casco Bay Lines through legislation and petitions. We will continue to offer alternatives until the transportation in the Bay is dependable and reliable.

IRENE MURRAY
PRESIDENT
ICA

McCANN SCHOOL OF DANCE

The Doreen McCann School of Dance will resume this month.

During the summer Mrs. McCann attended the 77 Olympic Dance Workshop in Boston where she acquired new techniques in tap, disco, jazz and ballet with special emphasis on Afro Soul Jazz.

She's now working on a Christmas Pantomime Theme, "The Old Woman in the Shoe."

Additions to the school will be two new assistant teachers: Kathy Saunders and Joan Hoar introducing ballet and jazz, also two new student teachers: Bunny Alves with tap and jazz and Susie Beamis with tap and baton.

Mrs. McCann has secretly become a member of the Maine Dance Teachers Association and is looking forward to a fresh new season.

The Origin of Fisher Lodge

As far back as anyone can remember, Fisher Lodge was built as a family home, in the 1860's, by Captain John Fisher, who came from Nova Scotia with his wife and family. This area was known for its good fishing and the Trefethen's had a fishing business on House Island.

The house was square without the ell part which was built much later. Captain Fisher's wife, Nancy, was sister of William Fraser, who was grandfather of Elwood Fraser. Mr. Fraser was born and still lives next door to Fisher Lodge, whose recent owners changed the name to "The Inn on Peaks."

Several years later, John's son Allen and wife Connelia, moved into the small cottage across from the large house. And the large house with the addition of ell at the rear, was rented to three families. It was divided into three tenements or apartments. The Barker Family lived in the ell section and one of their daughters was born there in 1905. Later, they lived on Centennial Street for many years.

In the early twenties, the house was abandoned, and had become an eyesore and in danger of being demolished. The windows were all broker the porches falling off, and the inside staircase had collapsed. Then, in 1928, Fred E. Ramsdell, a summer visitor since 1903, bought the property from the owner at that time, Mr. Brewer. Old timers said "The fellow who bought that place, must be a millionaire or is plumb crazy."

But that did not discourage my Uncle Fred a bit. He was a damn Yankee and he knew what he was doing. He had an idea and he proceeded to carry it out. He hired Fred Stevenson, a carpenter, well known on Peaks Island. He told Fred just what he wanted done, and then went off to Florida for the winter.

CONT. NEXT PAGE
The Inn On Peaks

Dining Room Opens
At 6:00 p.m.

Sunday Brunch
10:00 a.m. - 2:00 p.m.

RESTAURANT
Waterfront Dining Overlooking Casco Bay

Seafood Specialties - featuring Seafood Crepes Au Gratin, Stuffed Sole

Group Dinners and Special Parties Can Be Arranged

Dinners range from $5.50 – 8.00 Brunch, from $2.25

Reservations Appreciated 766-5525, 766-5004

FISHER LODGE CONT.

In the spring, he came back to Peaks to the newly renovated building, named it Fisher Lodge, and opened for the summer season, with great expectations. He knew what Aunt Sadie's cooking would do. And he was right.

Aunt Sadie was an excellent cook, soon made a name for herself, and the lodge became a very busy place.

When once a guest of Fisher Lodge, always a guest. People came back year after year bringing more people with them, relatives and friends. The rooms were full and the dining room was full and another large table had to be put up in the parlor to accommodate the many guests for meals.

Uncle Fred dug the fresh clams on the sandbar between the Diamonds, and he and the guests caught crammers and many kinds of fish from every rock all over Peaks Island. They were very plentiful in those days, as old timers and pictures will testify.

Aunt Sadie's famous pies, Clam chowder, Lobster stew, Fried clams and Steamers, and old fashioned baked beans and indian pudding, became known as far away as New York and New Jersey.

Uncle Fred dug the big dry cellar by himself. His prize dahlias were admired by everyone. His 200 foot wharf was a great place for swimming, sunning, diving, and boating. His last years were slowed by a very bad heart and he died in 1947. Aunt Sadie continued to run the Lodge but not on such a large scale. Many old guests came back and she took as many as she could take care of. At least one came back every year for 30 years.

In 1956 Aunt Sadie had a heart attack and from then on, her health forced her to live quietly. She lived in Massachusetts with her mother for three years in the winters still returning to Peaks for the summers.

But in April of 1960, she succumbed to a sudden heart attack. She bequeathed the Lodge to me, her only niece. Having no children, Aunt Sadie and Uncle Fred were like an extra set of parents for me and my brothers, his sister's children.

Leaving my work as an R.N. at a hospital in Leominster, Massachusetts, I opened the Lodge for business in July 1960. Like my Aunt Sadie, my cooking seemed to please my guests. Before long, I found my small dining room too crowded.

So I decided to build a big new dining room. Together with the late Roland Hoar, we drew a plan and built our new harborview dining room. To celebrate the opening, my husband Albert and I invited 75 Grange Members who had been on a trip with us to the Grange National Convention of 1949 in Sacramento, California. For three days, we fed and entertained them with a Buffet at Fisher Lodge, a supper at Brackett Church with Grange and city officials and Mrs. McCann's Dancers. A beautiful cruise on the bay, enjoyed to the fullest by all our Grangers on their first visit to Maine, from as far away as Maryland and Illinois.

Opening my dining room to the public by reservation, gave the people of Peaks Island, an opportunity to dine out without going to Portland. It was sorely needed, and I enjoyed doing it. After 12 years of cooking and serving meals to my guests and the people on Peaks Island, I was forced to give up because of my ill health and that of my late husband. He was my helpmate, my maintenance man, my garden my right-hand man. I could never have done it without him.

cont. next page
In 1972, with great reluctance, we sold the Lodge. Now after five years, it has been sold again.

It is now known as the Inn on Peaks. I give the new owners, the Gregore Family, my blessing and wish them great success and a long life at Fisher Lodge, a place and tradition close to my heart.

CARO S. BALCOM

If you can smell it, You can sign it.

John Hubbard

If you were on Peaks Island in July, you may remember a stretch of hot, humid weather around the 19th. It stands out in my mind because that's the date I finally decided to do something about the SMELL.

I had been working late uptown, but as I left work, the guard on duty mentioned to me that he'd heard on his police-band radio that some of my fellow islanders had complained to the police about the SMELL emanating from the Pine State By-Products factory in South Portland. The police had reportedly sent a cruiser over to investigate.

The night before, the SMELL had been so strong that my wife and I had hardly been able to sleep, so when I heard that other people were speaking out, I decided to see if something concrete couldn't be done. I wrote to the Maine Department of Environmental Protection (DEP), which has a local office on Congress Street, asking what could be done to abate the SMELL produced by Pine State. I knew from reading the Maine Times that a similar factory which renders chicken parts into

cont. next page
The chances for a public hearing are good. I have written the Acting Commissioner of the DEP in Augusta, Henry Warren, requesting that at least part of any hearing held be scheduled in the early evening so that working people could attend. Hopefully, the hearing will convince the DEP to tighten up its procedures for rendering the factory.

But let no one be deceived: If a hearing is held, and no one attends, then I can practically guarantee that we will have the SMELL around for another two years. Patrick Henry was right when he said the "Eternal vigilence is the price of clean air."

by JONATHAN HUBBARD

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CHURCH EVENTS

Twice a year there comes a special time in the life of our island and our two churches - gladness and expectation in the spring and sadness and reluctance at the end of the summer. All these feelings relate to our summer residents. Life is very full here all winter long, but it becomes even more vibrant with the first arrivals of our residents who winter elsewhere. They bring with them an awareness of how singular Peaks Island is as they make the long trek back from all points in the country.

Beginning in May it is such a joy to see the houses come alive, the church pews fill up and the choir becomes full to overflowing. The news of each arrival is passed along happily. The face to face meetings are loving and caring. Once again we have more faces at the potluck suppers, more hands to help at the Senior Center, extra help at the fairs.

But the summer is all too short. Much too soon the reverse begins to happen. Once again you slip away from us. This ebb and flow of tide and friends has been a pattern of island life for many generations. It is accepted by us year-rounders, but we want you to know that we love having you with us every summer. Next spring you will all be as welcome as the flowers and returning birds. Most of all we hope that the winter will be very kind to everyone.

Margaret Whittemore

TREFETHEN VESPER SERVICES 1977

The Sunday evening vesper services have been truly ecumenical and an inspiration to the many who have attended.

Those who have conducted these services are encouraged to plan them as they wished.

As a result each service has made a particular contribution to the spiritual life of those attending because no two are alike.

We have been fortunate to have Mrs. Perry Rockefeller as our pianist. The services have been led by the following:

- The Rev. Gretchen H. Hall, of the United Church of Christ
- The Rev. Carl A. Russell, rector of Trinity Episcopal Church of Woodfords
- The Rev. Theodore Warren, instructor of philosophy and religion at Phillips Andover
- Sister Ann Augusta of the Sisters of Notre Dame on Peaks Island
- The Rev. Carl F. Hall, of the United Church of Christ
- The Rev. Gerard N. Onos, pastor of the Elm Street United Methodist Church of South Portland

The Rev. Priscilla Schumm, co-minister of the Trinitarian Congregational Church of North Andover, MA.

On August 21st, the Rev. Edmund R. Greene, rector of the Episcopal Church in Sanford, will conduct vespers.

On August 28th, the Rev. Henry Huddleston, pastor of Brackett Memorial Church on Peaks Island, will conduct the last vesper service of the 1977 season.

Respectfully submitted, Carl F. Hall, chairman Trefethen Vespers Committee

LINE STORM

Now—the mid-December, when brief days are ever shortening.
A heavy grey lingers over the damp vast stretch of angry and disturbed bay waters.
A biting chilliness permeates the morning air, the harbor flow of incoming sea waxes in intensity and turbulence, forbidding of the advancing winter storm.
The sheltered idle boats with sudden dull and heavy thud, strike violently against the many wet and dripping pilings.
The constant beat of rain creates a staccato rhythm, as the lively, moving patterns of heavily falling raindrops, obliquely strike each in-rolling wave.
The air-borne flocks of grey gulls, fight hard against the North east winds—with all fury and bitterness.
Every hatch is tightly fastened down well, against the destructive fast moving—December, Line storm.

Andel B. Sterling
Clambake at Cabbage Island

By 8:00 a.m., on Thursday, August 11, so many senior citizens were at the Center that only one of each pair went in to pick up the seating members for the bus. As we gathered at the foot of Welch Street to take the 8:15, the celebration of each glimpse of sun was the only indication that anyone recognized the uncertain weather prospects. All were anticipating the main event of our outing, a Clambake on Cabbage Island in beautiful Boothbay Harbor.

Once the boat docked in town, 48 Peaks Island Senior Citizens hurriedly clustered at the door of the Brunswick Transportation Company bus waiting at the head of the wharf. Our Director, Ruth Woodbury, called out the boarding numbers for orderly seating; and we were on our way before 9:00 a.m. When we reached Boothbay Harbor a little more than an hour later, we saw where our boat, the Linekin III was waiting for us and scattered then to pursue our own interests and browse until departure time at 1:15 p.m.

Under a gray sky we went out the east side of the harbor and around Spruce Point into Linekin Bay, where Cabbage Island lies by itself toward the head of the Bay. Debarking was as comfortable as embarking had been even for the most senior of us. We followed our island hostess to the tabled area at the crest of the island above the spot where steam exuded from the seaweed still covering our feast. Cups of fish chowder relieved our hunger while onions roasted with the corn and potatoes, as well as the traditional clams, chicken, and lobsters. After finishing our blueberry cake and coffee, there was still time left before the return journey which some of us spent investigating a path around the wooded part of the island.

Picnic tables covered almost all sections of the shorefront while an open flat area provided outdoor games of horseshoes, volleyball etc. A large building for inside dining (in case of rain), also housed a small gift shop and lounge.

The longest part of our sail was the return trip, the first feature of which was the sight of at least five sea lions sunning themselves on some half submerged rocks. On seeing us, three slithered into the water, but two remained in no threat.

We circled to the other side of Linekin Bay, outside of Squirrel Island by Southport and Capital Island as far as the drawbridge connecting Southport with the mainland. On the way we caught a glimpse of our lost January's visitor, the Argonaut. Both going and coming, the captain's quiet and clear description of the points of interest we passed indicated the many years he had loved the Boothbay area.

Back on land again, the bus door was soon open to us with Ruth Woodbury inconspicuously making sure no one was missing. Soon we were on our way to the 6:30 p.m. Casco Bay boat: grateful once more to a fine driver, Mac McLeland, and especially to Mrs. Woodbury, who along with her many other fine talents, has a wonderful knack in planning our senior citizen good times.

GRETCHEN HALL

Paintings of Distinction
ON SALE BY APPOINTMENT
AT EASTERLING STUDIO
SEASCAPES LANDSCAPES
SHIPS STILL LIFE
PROSE WRITINGS ON SALE
"WEAVINGS AND MEANDERINGS"
TUTTLE BOOK SHOP
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PEAKS ISLAND TIMES
The Sunbeam IV has become a familiar sight at Peaks Island, the visit of August 20 being her third. The Rev. Stanley B. Haskell is the minister-in-charge of God's Tugboat, operated by the Maine Sea Coast Missionary Society. The Rev. Raymond D. Hahn is Superintendent, at 127 West Street, Bar Harbor. There are ten other ministers in the field, besides four on the office staff and the three members of the crew. Its parish extends from Muscongus Island to Lubec.

The Halls' fond memories are of the Sunbeam III, which they saw launched on December 26, 1939. Early in January 1940, the Kickapoo had to break ice in the Damariscotta River so Sunbeam III could come to Portland to calibrate its compass and adjust its direction finder to the radio beacon from Portland Lightship.

The picture over the Halls' piano is of Sunbeam III back in the Damariscotta River on January 7, 1943. Marr's shipyard had launched a navy transport; in war conditions the government did not dare risk its few remaining icebreakers in the tortuous channel. God's Tugboat had been sheathed in greenheart, and broke the ice up to Damariscotta to tow the transport down through the ice, considered the worst since another war winter of 1917-18. The ice of Damariscotta was twelve inches thick.

By the 23rd, Burnt Coat Harbor at Swans Island was frozen so solid that not a boat had moved in four days. The telephone cable to the mainland was operative; so I called the Bar Harbor Mission headquarters. The Sunbeam was there the next day to pick up an island crew of longshoremen to handle the mail and freight that had accumulated for us at Stonington. God's Tugboat was breaking ice most of the way, and we watched seals slither off ice cakes as we approached.

By February 17th, ice from four to six inches thick covered the entire Frenchman's, Bluehill, and Penobscot Bay areas. We called the Sunbeam to Swans Island again, this time in a blinding snowstorm. At Stonington this time, there had been no word from Isle au Haut for so long that they were worried lest someone be ill. So the Sunbeam took aboard the Isle au Haut mail too, and worked its way close enough to the island so that the harbor ice could be considered heavy enough to support the weight of a man. The blast from our whistle was heard and a group from the island came to meet the widely separated mail carriers from the ship. There was time only to learn that all was well on the island, as it was snowing hard and darkness was only an hour away, with ten miles to cover before we rounded Hockamock Head and the safety of Burnt Coat Harbor.
The summer on Peaks is drawing to a close. The chill winds from the Northwest begin to blow and our thoughts turn to our winter home in the sunny clime of Florida. How did we dyed-in-the-wool New Englanders ever decide to change our legal residence from Massachusetts to Florida? After retirement you have more time to look about our country and we decided to go look at that other Vacation land on the southern tip of our east coast. We drove down the first year (1971). It's about 1,600 miles from Boston to Deerfield Beach on the East Coast (south of Boca Raton, north of Pompano), where we eventually settled. For the first three years we rented an efficiency apartment going from 6 weeks to 9 weeks to 13 weeks in the January-March period. During these years we drove the length of the Florida East Coast, then to the West Coast looking at Naples, Clearwater, St. Petersburg, Ft. Myers, Sarasota, etc. We're glad we took the time to "look". Not all of us like the same type of environment and it is our advice that you should not be rushed into buying but should rent for one to three years so that you can investigate the various areas and the type of home you would like to have. We looked at all kinds and finally bought a condominium with 2 bedrooms, 2 baths, eat-in kitchen, large living room, walk-in closets, and patio. There are 54 units, 3 stories high in the shape of an U, 18 in each wing. We chose a 3rd floor unit with the back having a Southeast exposure, (SE is the prevailing wind), and with the patio facing an interior courtyard. In our case there is a Clubhouse, a beautiful swimming pool, putting green, and many exotic plants and shrubs.

In our opinion in selecting a condominium you should be sure you're getting "flow-through" air and not a unit that goes off of a center corridor as in a hotel. There are many questions to be answered when you buy: don't be bashful about asking your Florida friends to help you. Are dogs allowed? Are children allowed? Is there a land-recreation lease? What is the monthly maintenance fee? How is your condo governed? What will you be expected to contribute, etc., etc. Of course you may want a separate home in a complex where maintenance is provided, or a completely private home where you are master of your own domain.

We are within walking distance of excellent food and drug stores, banks, theatres, cafeterias, and most of the other smaller service stores. As one grows older and perhaps can't drive, it is desirable to be able to walk to these places.

We are two miles from the beach and go nearly every good day. In 7 years the water has never gotten below 68°F. We sit in the same spot each morning with 8 to 12 other couples and not only swim together but also "settle the problems of the world". Our beach friendships have developed into occasional social activities which supplement the "goings-on" at the condominium.

Eating out in Florida is a way of life and there must be 50 excellent restaurants within a 5 mile radius of where we live. In addition there are many more where one can get a quick luncheon snack on the way home from the beach.

What do we miss besides lobster, clams, fresh northern fish, etc.? There are no hills; it's all level and one is really pleased to see a nice long hill when he gets to North Carolina on the way North. The seasons don't change like they do in Maine. The days are longer in winter and shorter in summer than here. Where we are, the drinking water is excellent, but before buying check out your water supply. On the average it doesn't compare with Sebago Lake. No, we don't miss the snow and ice, although I must admit I'd like to go ice-skating once in a while.

We feel we're indeed fortunate to have Maine in the summer-Florida in the winter, the best of both worlds.

Have a pleasant winter!

RUTH AND PAUL WHITNEY

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