With OpSail 2000 information — schedules, photos and more

Waterplay
In August our theme is "Architecture." Deadlines are July 25 for stories, etc. August 1st for advertising.

Contents
Cover: Friends of Casco Bay visits a tall Ship 1
Editorial 2
subscribe 3
News Pumpout Service for Boats 4 & 5
Reflections (letters to the editor) 6
Spike and I Doug MacVane 8
Bulletin Board & Kids Page 10
My Life Aboard Ship as a Volunteer Scientist by Jeff Jenks 12
Fiction 14
Fishing Mortals by Jenny Ruth Yasi 16
Poetry and Photography 18
OpSail Info 18
Business Directory 20
solution to last month's Crossword Puzzle

From the Editor: Water Play
Jenny Ruth Yasi

The one regret I have about living on Peaks Island is that there is no community swimming pool. Water, water everywhere, but no place to really swim.

When I was a child, we had a community swimming pool outside in this big park. My parents would give us a quarter, and we would go there to spend the whole day. I remember sitting cross-legged on the bottom of the pool and "talking" to my sister underwater. We played remarkably well while holding our breath. We were motivated swimmers, because you had to pass this swimming test before you would be allowed into the deep end, and onto the diving board. What an accomplishment when I graduated from the shallows. For me that was the end!

On Peaks Island, my kids haven't had that same experience. They do a lot of wading and collecting crabs, but for most of the year the water is too cold for actual swimming. You might imagine island kids would be strong swimmers, but usually they are just very good at dealing with cold water. We do have some amazing divers. Jumping in and getting quickly out is a natural adaptation to our island conditions. Tamnis G. — I've seen him do back-flips off the boat dock pilings that would take your breath away. We have many children on this island who deserve to have their interest in swimming and diving supported.

I don't let my kids dive off the boat pilings. With tides coming in an out, moving junk around, it's just too scary to me, even though kids have jumped in this area for generations. Last year, the kids were bouncing around on the deck, one child threw another child off who accidentally wound up bouncing his head off a steel reinforcement on the way down. Police say he was lucky. I saw one boy throwing another boy off the deck just yesterday. They do this as play. Police tell me they've caught kids jumping off the roof of the ferry waiting shed, or from way up where the sign reads "Peaks Island."

"That's dangerous," the police say. "And it ruins it for everybody." The police said children are not going to be allowed to make high dives any more, though they may be allowed to swim off the floating docks. But how can police be expected to enforce this? Naturally kids aren't running around worried about spinal cord or head injuries — they're just interested in their own next logical accomplishment. When they can dive from the highest piling, they look for something higher. They are naturally ambitious which is a good thing. But the community doesn't create a safe appropriate place to safely grow in this sport. And that's a bad thing.

Better parents than me schlep back and forth to the YMCA. I do that sometimes, but it is hard if not impossible to make a commitment to mainland swimming lesson schedules.

There is an elite group who get "V" lessons at a private island pool, but obviously, not everyone can be accommodated. Building a community swimming pool on Peaks Island is not a luxury. A well designed community pool would be just as valuable to Peaks Islanders as our Library, or the Child Development Center, or the Health Center. Who knows, it might even serve more people. If you know an adult who can't swim, you know that they regret this. If you know an elderly who swims, you know that they stay healthy and flexible longer than anybody.

A pool serves all ages, but especially the age group in our community who's needs go most neglected — teens. What could be healthier for any child than to work toward getting a lifeguard or diving certification, or swimming in a team? And on the waterfront, there are jobs for scuba divers, whole careers that can be built out of waterplay. It's wrong to ignore the obvious interest many people in our community have in swimming and instead just let children fend for themselves — taking risks on a dock.

Our children (from Long, Cliff, and Peaks) grades five through 12, have generously been "invited over" by the Chebeague Islanders (who built their own community pool) for a dance and pool party. July 13th. They've even arranged transportation for the kids. You need to call (846-5068) and reserve a space by July 10th. Parents interested in chaperoning should call, too. When we invited these folks out to Peaks Island last fall to talk about how they raised their $2 million dollars for a pool and recreational facility (the pool was a small portion of the cost), we were impressed that they were able to do that in a community 1/3 the size of Peaks Island. Maybe someday we'll have a community pool, and we'll be able to invite the other island kids over here to celebrate.

IN HARBOR VOICES
We can agree to disagree: this is the intellectually open environment we value in our community, and hope to nourish in this forum.

Welcome to Perry O'Brien, a USM Department of Philosophy and Honors Program major, who joins us as a marketing representative this month.

Published by the Yasi/Presgaves Family on Peaks Island, Printed by The American Journal in Westbrook


Editor/Publisher Jenny Ruth Yasi
Marketing Representative: Perry O'Brien
Layout and photographs are by Jenny Ruth Yasi except where otherwise indicated

Barbor Voices Box 10, Peaks Island, Maine 04108 voices@maine.rr.com 207-766-2390

We currently distribute more than 5000 copies monthly. Harbor Voices can be found at Portland, South Portland and Pownal Shaws, Shop N Saves; The Whole Grocer, Videopet, Casco Bay Lines, the Portland Public Library, City Hall, local schools, UNE, Biskes Etc., SMVIT, School of Art, Java Joe's, Hannah's, The Porchies, Becky's and many other locations around the Portland Harbor. Display ad rates start at $25 dollars per month ($150 per year) for a business directory ad listing.
Harbor Voices Needs YOU!
to turn this into something really good

"Wouldn't it be great to have a real community journal, one that gives people all around the Portland Harbor an open-minded place to share stories, news and ideas, photos and jokes..."

Subscribe, write, and make it happen.

☐ Yes! I want to become a regular member of Harbor Voices.

☐ $30 per year includes subscription, and 25 word classified ad in each and any issue. You'll also get invited to special member events!

☐ Yes! I want to become a business member.

$150 per year includes monthly listing in business directory, and the above!

Name

Business

Name

Address

Phone

E-mail

What would you like in your listing?
Tom Fortier, Island Administrator, worked out a pretty good deal for Islanders, making sure we all get these fluorescent passes we can stick in our mainland windshielders during OpSail week. Stop at the CBL ticket office and get the pass — this will allow you to drive into the ferry terminal (to drop stuff off or whatever) during OpSail weekend. If you don’t have a pass, the police will have to stop you and ask to see your license and slow traffic down. As of yet, I haven’t heard if Long Island has gotten passes. I don’t think there are unlimited numbers of passes. Probably barely enough.

Did you already hear that a 19 year old Peaks Islander fell out of a moving vehicle? I’m told he was only suffered road rash.

However, it is illegal in the State of Maine for anyone under the age of 19 to ride in the back of a pickup, for all the obvious reasons, including a fatality just last year in Portland that occurred from a fall off the back of a slow moving truck. (Kids never are allowed to have any fun.)

Isn’t the Port Hole a wonderful place? I remember when the Ferry Terminal was next door, the Porthole was a cozy, if smoky, place to feed the kids breakfast. The smoke is gone now, and during the Old Port Festival, the Porthole was the most character-rich place to be. They had fixed up the outside deck overlooking the water, and boats which use their deck. There was a reggae band, and the smell of the sea. Well, sorry, the City changed their mind. Reggae parties are not a marine-related use? The Port-hole is having a ripping-out-the-hair day.

Parents feared their 18 month old tot had been stolen on Peaks Island, but he was eventually found, wandering by himself on the ferry dock.

Jeff Monroe’s has a great e-mail monthly newsletter. This month, it mentions that there is expected to be an oversupply of hake and codfish this summer. Wait — I thought there was a shortage of cod. But Canadians apparently won’t be buying fish for salting, which could drive the prices down. Folks are also getting itchy to scratch the market for seals, as there is a reported over-population of seals. Achieving that perfect balance is tricky when you’re not God herself.

During OpSail, the Portland Harbor will be closed to recreational boat traffic from 12-4. CBL will have extra boats, and they will be running tours to the various tall ships.

But guess how many liquor catering licenses will go out for selling beer outside during OpSail? Your guess is as good as any, because nobody knows, and it looks like they won’t know till just a few days before the big event. Restaurant/bars with beer/alcohol/wine licenses may apply for liquor catering licenses (outdoor sales) just three days before using it.

Peaks Island specific news:
Please don’t feed the deer. When you feed the deer, they lose their wilderness, and that makes them difficult to live with. Island deer — even though they are less than 60 strong — continue to damage gardens, and garden fences on Peaks Island. Deer Management meets July 11, 6 p.m. FI Community Room.

Heather LaBoe brings a whole new life to the Porthole, overlooking the Portland Pier across from the Harbor Fish Market. Yummy food. The CBL Ferry Terminal used to be right next door here to the Porthole. Breakfast was $1.50 then. Now it is $6 a la carte. Oh, and there is beer!

Three significant elections you should consider — there are three openings on the Peaks Island Neighborhood Association Steering Committee. The election will be at the General Meeting August 8th, Community Room, 7:30 p.m. And there will be board members elected to the Peaks Island Land Preserve at their Annual Meeting July 28th, Fifth Maine, 7:pm.

The Peaks Island representative to the City Oceangate Committee will be chosen on July 18th, 7:30 p.m. Anyone who is interested in being on the committee should plan on attending the meeting and making a case for their appointment. At press time, the use of the Community Room still hadn’t been confirmed. Look on the IGA bulletin board to confirm.

The Star Newsletter, which you can pick up at the Peaks Island Library, has a great calendar of Peaks Island events. Check it out.

Imagine if you were young, single, uninsured, and diagnosed with breast cancer. That’s what happened to Stephanie Elliot. Since she will have to take some time off from work — but those bills will keep coming in — Peaks Islanders rallied with a beautiful contra-dance evening fundraiser. What a memorable night! Stephanie’s gratitude for life inspires us all. There is a fund at the Brackett Memorial Church to help keep Stephanie stocked up with veggies and Chinese medicines, etc. while she heals. Send your check to Brackett Memorial Church, Peaks Island, 04108 attention the Stephanie Elliot fund.
OpSail Maine 2000
by Mary Cerullo
Friends of Casco Bay

OpSail organizers are expecting perhaps 1,000 recreational boats to line the parade route to watch 24 Tall Ships glide by in the Parade of Sail on Friday, July 28th. The Coast Guard has established designated anchorages and warned that all spectators should be in place early. Event coordinators say to plan for an 8-10 hour stay, as the Harbor will be closed to boat traffic during the parade and again during the fireworks that night. They suggest that boaters be prepared with food, sunscreen, fuel, a first aid kit, and, of course, proper sanitary facilities!

Event planners have been preparing for OpSail Maine for more than a year with a trial run last August of HarborFest which featured two Tall Ships. That event drew 35,000 visitors; this year, up to 300,000 people are expected to visit the Portland waterfront over the course of the three-day event. Throughout the process, Friends of Casco Bay has been raising the unglamorous but important issue of how to dispose of a summer’s worth of sewage generated over one weekend.

Untreated sewage contains bacteria that can contaminate chanflats and swimming areas. It also is high in nutrients that promote algal blooms. The untreated discharge from one dedicated weekend sailor contains the same amount of bacterial pollution as the treated sewage of a community of 10,000 people. Imagine the harbor after the deluge of boats expected for OpSail.

FOCB plans to have its pumpout boat working overtime to service the recreational fleet. (OpSail organizers have made arrangements to accommodate the Tall Ships.) Many marinas will offer shore-side pumpout service (see list below). But perhaps the biggest challenge is convincing the boating public to use the sewage disposal facilities. When the Friends of Casco Bay began offering its mobile vessel pumpout service in 1995, we emptied 51 holding tanks. Last year the pumpout boat emptied 650 marine toilets, diverting over 13,000 gallons of sewage from the bay to a sewage treatment plant.

To contact Friends of Casco Bay’s Pumpout Vessel, call 776-0136 or VHF 9. The Pumpout Coordinator will ask you about the location of your boat, the size of your holding tank, when you’d like to schedule the pumpout. Each pumpout costs $5, and you can call on an as-needed basis or schedule a regular pumpout through the summer and fall. You don’t need to be on board for the vessel to service your boat.

OpSail Origins

OpSail was originally proposed by President John F. Kennedy in 1961 as a maritime goodwill exchange in which training ships from around the world would gather to share the maritime heritage of the Age of Sail with new generations of cadets. There have been eight gatherings of Tall Ships, including the U.S. Bicenten- nial in 1976, the Statue of Liberty Centennial in 1986, and the Christopher Columbus Quincentenary in 1992. Portland, Maine is the eighth and last port of call for the tall ships of OpSail 2000.

Many of the Tall Ships will be open later for free tours at several locations: the Maine State Pier, Portland Yacht Services (next to BIW Dry-docks), and the Portland Fish Pier/Navy Reserve Center complex. There will also be music, dancing, street performers, and refreshments, as well as fireworks at 9:30 p.m. The festivities continue throughout the weekend with ship tours, boat races, and exhibits on fishing, shipbuilding, and the Port of Portland.

Visit the OpSail website www.opsalemaine.com or stop by the OpSail Maine office at the Maine International Trade Center, 511 Congress St, Portland to pick up information on the Maritime Heritage Trail, the Maritime Art Trail, and a calendar of events for the OpSail weekend.

Don’t Enable Scams

One of the things that happens when you start getting a huge difference between the have and the have-nots, is you start getting scams and scam artists going around. People who are financially frustrated look at the people who appear to have some money and feel (understandably) this is not fair. After all, everybody works hard. Not everybody has the lucky breaks.

I’ve been asked to let people know that at least one otherwise quite charming island person is getting into trouble with the law for selling something (for example, a house repair), collecting the money for it, but then not actually delivering what was paid for. Several families are saying they have lost thousands of dollars to him over the past few years. I’m told he has a criminal record.

Check with the county courthouse or the District Attorney’s office to see if a contractor has a criminal record of fraud before paying any money for anything up front. Make sure your purchase is delivered and work finished before you pay out money.

The evident loss and suffering of all involved is truly heartbreaking. We hope all the families involved — including the family of the accused — can find a way to heal and start over. J.Y.
I was born and raised on Peaks Island and my family lived there from 1972 to 1987, but my mom had to sell the house when my parents got divorced.

I now live in Arizona but think about Peaks all the time. I moved to DC, from Peaks, when I was 15 in 1985, have lived in Virginia, New York (in the Army) and now AZ. We are about to relocate to Denver, I guess we are still trying to find something as cozy as Peaks was.

Our first house my parents bought was a summer home that they purchased for something like 2000 bucks. It had no running water and only an outhouse where one could take care of business. It was not meant for people to live in during a Maine winter. Yet, we survived a couple years there, mainly due to the neighborly people who helped us out. When we needed to use the phone, we walked to the Kelsos, a block down the street. An old lady, whose name I can’t remember, used to provide us food because we really were quite poor. Peaks Island used to be a place for hippies. I tell ya, there were hippies everywhere. But while there was still conflict given the hippies lack of responsibility for almost everything, the community still supported each other greatly. When we moved to our second house there on Central Avenue was really where I have memories of Peaks. Sometimes my folks couldn’t afford to pay the heating bills, and my brother, sister and I would have to disburse among our friends houses. I don’t ever remember feeling uncomfortable staying at a friends house for an extended period of time. It was like your duty to help a fellow Peaks Islander out when times got bad.

Once when we were getting bullied from some local Portland hoods on Munjoy hill, everyone kind of gathered and discussed plans on how to protect us young’uns. I tell ya, man, it was like how it used to be, community pride and community help. I have never felt that community feeling since and in a way I believe I was spoiled by it because I have looked all over for that sense of community only to come up empty. It is quite depressing, actually. I imagine the Peaks veterans feel the same way the native Arizonans feel currently. In AZ, you have thousands upon thousands of people flocking here, people like me, and it completely ruins any sense of community that once was. Many of the newbies come with incredible wealth and build huge houses in parts of the desert that once seemed to be so pristine and it has got to frustrate the locals, the way your story talked about Peaks. I feel bad for those people, but then what can you do? Restrict people from buying property and building houses? That won’t work, we’ve seen it tried over and over, to no avail.

So, I guess, I’d like to say that a few years back I took my wife to Peaks for the first and only time. We walked around the island in a matter of minutes, whereas when I was a kid, that walk would take forever. The house I lived in, was still there, painted some crazy colors though. But, I guess, what was depressing was that it was obvious the rich people had found out about my little island and were taking over. A few knew about it before but they only came for the summer, and stayed out of everyone’s way. Now, its different. Peaks Island has become Yuppified.

When I saw Dick Morris on Fox News Sunday one time broadcasting from Bailey Island, I knew it was over. Casco Bay will never be the same. My home is no more. So goes progress, I suppose.

Thanks for listening.

Josh
Hi everybody,

We made it from Detroit to Beijing to Shanghai to Nanchung safely. We were the lucky ones; both the other couples that we are travelling with lost our luggage. God has been with us all the way. On Wed. 6/21/2000 at 8:30pm (8:30AM your time) Fan Tai arrived in our hotel room. She is a happy healthy little girl. She sleeps from 11pm to 6am every night, and she is full of smiles and giggles during the day. She likes her Papa, and she took to Susan the first night. Susan is cloud nine!!! We toured Nanchung today, and we will go to the mountains tomorrow. Monday, we will go to Guangzhou to finish the paper work. This place is wild. There are rice paddy fields plowed by water buffalo in the country and the streets are packed with people in the cities. It has been 95+ degrees and raining the whole time. I like it here. Sherry, please send this to everybody at work. Carol Bridges, please send this to David and Dad, Rose, please tell Al and Pat. Carol & Jackie, please tell Sharon, Mac, Mark/Tori and the rest of the Island. We will be home @ 3:30pm July 1st. Take care, Paul

(Paul Bridges and Susan Winslow adopted Fan Tai from China.)

The theme of our next issue is "architecture." Here, Daisy plays house.

"Seaweed in the garden"

by Lisa Pajak

Seaweed is about as welcome as the sharp shards of scattered seaglass that for some reason are so abundant on nearby beaches. Occasionally someone will come along with a rake and pull it all the way up to the top of the beach out of the way where it quickly dries and fills with sand flacs that explode in all directions like Mexican jumping beans if disturbed. If you're cleaning up the beach this summer—say company's coming, what will you do with all that "black gold?" Toss it into the compost heap! Rape it into your garden or pile it like a mulch around plants and shrubs. They'll love it.

Many of the earth's minerals are dissolved in sea water and seaweed is an important natural fertilizer. All seacoast peoples have used seaweed, from Mediterranean citrus growers to the Aran Island farmers in Ireland who built up soil on their rocky shores from clay, sand and composted seaweed. It contains all the micronutrients plants require, as well as growth inducing hormones that increase the yield of tomatoes, corn and peppers. It has fungicide-retarding properties and makes plants more resistant to disease and insects.

One of my most successful gardening friends has a few large trash cans filled with seaweed, that collect rain water and she uses this nutrient-rich water for her garden, flowerpots and even the grass. If more people knew about the wonders of seaweed, maybe it would be a regular sight to see folks clamoring over the rocks with pitchforks!

I'm Lisa Pajak. I live on the mainland in Portland, although I've been looking around for a place to live on the island, and my son Brendan is over there right now visiting friends. This paper is a lot of fun.

Our next theme is on "Architecture."

Please submit stories, opinions, art, jokes, articles etc. by e-mail, voices@maine.rr.com or on white paper or computer disc to Box 10 Peaks Island, Maine 04108.
It has taken considerable inner debate deciding whether or not to present my story to the public. A phone call and request from a former shipmate created the initial motivation and then, coincidentally, a nephew doing a school project, interviewing a member of the family who had served the military created stronger motivation. So this is my story.

It happened fifty years ago, in 1949, the month was April, and I think the day was the 19th. The boat was finishing it’s up-keep period, usually a couple of minor repairs and routine maintenance schedules on machinery and other equipment. Spikefish was ready to return to its assigned operational schedule of being a training boat for the submarine school students.

Being a “school boat,” the day started out routinely. The students marched to the pier, boarded Spikefish and went directly to their “maneuvering watch” stations. At this stage of my submarine career, still a seaman, I had taken to my station as “lookout” up in the periscope shears; another pair of eyes for the Captain and/or the “Officer of the Deck.”

Within a few minutes after the students boarded, the Captain gave orders to single-up and take in all lines; “Maneuvering, answer all bells,” “All back one-third speed.” Spikefish was underway for the operations area.

At this point in the narrative it would be appropriate to describe to the reader that during the evolutions that take place on the submarine -- “Station the Maneuvering Watch,” “Rig for Dive,” “Rig for Surface” -- The Senioretty Officer has the sole responsibility to make certain that his compartment is rigged for that particular evolution; it will then be checked by one of the boat’s officers. Spikefish was headed down the Thames River, New London, Connecticut. My recollection of the weather conditions were favorable. Seas were calm in Long Island Sound as we made our way to an operation area to the South of Block Island. On station, the Captain gave the order to “dive the boat.” The Officer of the Deck sent us, the look-outs, below to our stations on the bow and stern diving planes.

A last compartment called to the control room that the school student was on station. The Chief on the hydraulic manifold reported to the Officer of the Deck that all compartments had reported in; “All students on station, the boat is ready to submerge.” The Chief activated the #2 hydraulic plant. I heard the order “Clear the bridge,” the diving alarm, and the clear, precise words of “dive, dive, dive,” sounded throughout the boat.

The Chief of the Watch made visual confirmation that all major hull openings were shut, as indicated by green lights on the indicator panel, ("Christmas Tree"). He shut main induction, then commenced opening the vents on all main ballast tanks.

The Diving Officer gave the order to come to periscope depth, at 50 feet, and he wanted a one degree down bubble. The Chief of the Watch ordered negative tank blown to the mark -- an operation which he controls along with the auxiliary man on the air-manifold. Negative tank, one of the special purpose tanks in a submarine, was blown to the indicator mark. The Chief of the Watch also is responsible for venting the negative tank into the submarine’s atmosphere, thus increasing the submarine’s internal pressure.

Under all operational circumstances of a submarine heading out to sea, the first dive is the “trim dive.” Generally, and in the case of Spikefish, the trim dive is to adjust for any minor errors related to the compensation done in port. A satisfactory trim can be accomplished with propulsion going ahead at one third speed with a one degree down bubble.

The Bow Planesman on the dive was one of the most experienced planesmen on board, and I took pride in the fact that I was on the same watch with him and operating the stern planes as his team mate. We worked well together. The Diving Officer found it necessary to order various plane angles and speed changes, but as hard as we tried the boat wouldn’t hold the ordered depth.

Spikefish broached to the surface. Negative tank was ordered to be re-flooded and slowly the boat settled back down to the ordered depth; and once again the planesmen couldn’t hold her down. Back to the surface she went. Broach #2; re-blew negative is ordered; the boat settles away, back down to ordered depth.

Maneuvering room electricians increased speed to two thirds (2/3) speed. We (the planesmen) are still having varying degrees of difficulty trying to hold the boat at the ordered depth and angle.

The Diving Officer must have ordered a reduction of speed back to one-third (1/3), as it wasn’t too long, no matter how hard we tried to hold her down with the planes, that the boat broached to the surface for the third time. From the commencement of this trim dive, we (the planesmen) got one good workout trying to hold the boat down to the ordered depth. I imagine the diving officer experienced some degree of frustration. Suddenly, through the background noises of the control room, over the TMC (Public Address System) came the words, “Floodings in the forward Torpedo Room.”

My first reaction was a shudder, similar to a chill running up my back, through my shoulders, up my neck to the top of my head. For some unexplained reason I sensed that this was not a drill for the submarine school students. Apparently, and at this point I shouldn’t start making assumptions or guesses as to who did what and when, my attention was centered on the stern plane angle indicator. Apparently the words “Floodings in the forward Torpedo Room” froze those in the Control Room into inactivity.

There was no word received in the control room amplifying on the flooding, or what was involved in the flooding. Attempts to communicate with the torpedo room failed. At about the same time as the diving officer sent the L.C.Electrician (watch messenger) to find out what was happening up forward, someone, I think the torpedo man, burst into the control room shouting, “Blow her up.” “Take her up!” “The loading hatch is open!” “Get her up!” “We’re flooding!”

As I reflect back to that day, when the first word of flooding hit my ears my first thought was that someone had left the flushing valve to #1 sanitary tank open, that the tank had filled up and was overflowing into the torpedo room, or through some malfunction the breach door on the flare gun signal gun had fallen open. The seriousness of the situation was made quite clear with the load and clear report from the forward room. My eyes went to the depth gauge and to the stern plane angle indicator, but more nerve rattling, the bubble in the inclinometer had just passed 3° down and just rolled to 5° down angle. The diving officer called for “All ahead standard.” “All ahead full.” “Hard rise on the bow planes and stern planes,” but it was to no avail. The boat didn’t respond.

It would be irresponsible of me to make attempt to get involved in any details of what efforts were taken to bring Spikefish to the surface on the initial report of flooding. I’m aware of the order to “Blow all Main Ballast Tanks.” “Bow Buoyancy, Safety and Negative Tanks.” And in vain. The inclinometer reading 7° down going to 8° down bubble.
My thoughts were, "God how deep?" "God, there's no way God can help us now." And my thoughts went to my Cousin Arthur. "Well Art, I guess it's my time now. I didn't expect it to be this way. I'll be seeing you in a little while."

We're passing 10 down bubble. I glanced to the bow planesman. He's staring at the depth gauge. He has an expression that words are inadequate to describe.

Inclination 10°, 11°, 12°, 13°, 14° and going down. "God how deep?"

Early on, when the seriousness made its full impact, the captain took over the dive from the junior officer, and at one point ordered "All back emergency." In the maneuvering room the propulsion electricians put the propellers in reverse and loaded the main motors to the maximum. The boat refused to respond.

The thought passed through my mind "How deep?" The bubble continued to flow; I don't recall what the angle was. I put my head down and for a brief moment, I spoke to my Cousin Arthur. "Here I come. God, I hope it's brief."

The angle was steep enough now so that walking in the boat was impossible; it was necessary to grab and pull one's self. Stuff, like items on desks and shelves started falling to the deck in the crew's mess, forward battery, in the radio shack, pump room. There was an orchestration of noises, stuff slipping, sliding, and falling all through the compartments.

In the pump room, it sounded as if a tool chest had broken loose: the hatch into that space, under the control room, flew open. The student assigned to the space looked up into the faces of the officers and crew in the area and inquired, "Do you make dives like this all the time?" He came close to having his head smashed, when someone ordered "Get back down there," and slammed the hatch down, just missing the top of the student's head. It would be impossible, in fact impossible, for me to attempt an estimate of the time that lapsed from the third breach-re-flooding and venting negative tank, and receiving the amplifying words that the torpedo loading hatch had blown open and was flooding the torpedo room, up to the time of blowing bow buoyancy and all main ballast tanks.

It would be impossible, for me to put into words, to describe, the sensations and emotions one experiences under this very stressful situation.

On the stern planes my whole physical system tingled and shuddered with excitement; a terror radiated through my spine to the top of my head. As I recall our last order on the bow and stern planes was "Hard rise," (maximum angle up). Although my focus was on the angle indicator and depth gauge, I can't recall what the readings were when it happened. The bow started dropping steadily, the bubble on the inclinometer disappeared. There was no way to stop the descent to the bottom.

God! How far? How deep?!

I sat there staring at the diving panel and not really seeing anything. At some point blowing on the ballast tanks had ceased; the air banks had been depleted of any pressure, except for #1 air bank – this one is referred to the "Captain's air bank."

Suddenly, a sound and a tremor ran through the boat. Spikefish had struck bottom. It was as if she had rammed into a huge sponge, the mud seabed. On bottom, activity started up, phone reports coming in, orders, instructions going out. The officers, chiefs, and senior petty officers started making things happen in an orderly, professional manner. As a seaman just recently qualified, and planesman, I was doing my best to stay out of the way.

The torpedo man got everyone out of the torpedo room. No casualties, no water into the forward battery compartments (officers quarters). Main battery forward and aft had not spilled any acid. At this point I realize that I may be going into too much detail which I didn't intend to do.

Word was passed to remove locks on the operating gear to the flood valves of all fuel ballast tanks, and open them manually. One of the officers told the auxiliary man on the manifold to cut in the Captain's (#1) Air Bank.

When control received word that all fuel ballast tank flood valves had been opened, the order to commence blowing was given to the man on the 600 lb. (psi) air manifold. All eyes in the control room were focused on the depth gauge, which, if memory serves me well, was indicating 235 or 250 feet. I'm certain it wasn't at 300.

The aft end of the boat seemed to be moving, lifting toward the surface. This action continued for a few moments when the whole boat gave a shudder. Apparently this was the bow breaking loose from the mud, and we were started slowly back to the surface.

Receiving an award aboard the U.S.S. Rasher (S.S. 269)

Apparently, during the excitement, stress, and emotional expression, my sense of smell had been neutralized. At a moment of calm as well as others picked-up the aroma of over-heated electrical insulation. For reasons quite apparent at the moment, getting back to the surface took higher priority. Back on the surface a detail of men including myself were called to the bridge for the purpose of going on deck to recover the emergency submarine marker buoy which had been released by the men in "after torpedo room." Another team of men went forward on deck, which was awash, then into the deck superstructure to the torpedo loading hatch and shut it. The deck was slippery as an eel's back with the coating of diesel oil it acquired after surfacing.

Taking a quick look around, out to the horizons, I could see several vessels coming in our direction. They were apparently responding to the May-Day distress signal sent out by Spikefish at the time of the flooding.

In hindsight I think we (Spikefish) created one of the largest oil slicks in that area since World War II.

With the emergency submarine marker buoy and all the cable stroved back on deck, propulsion was started up and Spikefish set a course back to the Sub Base at New London, escorted by U.S.S. Tringa, a submarine rescue vessel that was operating at sea that day. Spikefish arrived at the base some hours later. A mobile pump was waiting at the designated pier on arrival and immediately got to the business of pumping out the forward torpedo room. To expedite removal of the water while enroute to the base, the auxiliary men got to the tank of building up pressure in the forward torpedo room by opening the inter-compartment air salvage valve – a 225 LB (p.s.i.) air system available from the Captain's #1 Air Bank. With the low external air salvage line already opened from on deck (topside), as the compartment pressure built up, a stream of water was produced from the low salvage line that shot up about 15 to 20 feet in the air. Spikefish was a sick-looking submarine on entering the base.

There was no loss of life during this accident; injuries I have no knowledge of with the exception of the man on the trim manifold which has numerous valve stems protruding. During the height of the accident I recall glancing toward a noise and saw the man kneeling at the manifold, his face was blooded and I assumed he had slipped and his face must have struck the sharp valve stems.

Our stay at the sub base was brief, as best as I recall, but it gave the crew an opportunity to remove torpedoes, gear and all equipment from the room, clean it up and give crew members who berthed there an opportunity to salvage their belongings. At this same time while making preparation to enter the Navy Yard, the electricians discovered the source of the aroma of the over-heated electrical insulation. Pressurized water in the torpedo room had entered certain electrical cables, and like a water pipe, found its way to terminal/junction boxes in the control room, causing short-circuits and overheating of wires.

I frequently have moments when I recall the accident, and can't help but wonder if it were an operational directive that required trim dives in the shallow waters, or a stroke of good fortune that the Captain decided to make the dive inside the hundred (100) Fathom curve, Whatever, it saved the boat and crew.

The MacVane family has resided on Peaks Island since arriving from Cliff Island in 1930. Doug retired from active duty June 16, 1960, and full retirement (23 years) in September, 1971.

July 2000
In August, our theme will be “Architecture!”

Please submit stories, ideas, opinions, articles, photos, drawings, and JOKES by July 25th to Box 10 Peaks Island, or voices@maine.rr.com

Ads must be received by August 1st. Contact 766-2390 for more information

Does foul-weather gear make me look fat?

Doggie gets a treat?

Forever yours.

Members get FREE Bulletin Board Space
Support Harbor Voices. Become a Member! Details on page 3

Battery Steele has a long and somewhat twisted history. Did the Battery affect your life in some way? Do you have a story or some thoughts that you would be willing to share as part of an oral history project? 766-5792. Thanks.

Peaks Island Land Preserve
Annual Meeting
Fri. July 28th, Fifth Maine, 7 p.m.

Picnic
Sat. July 29th, Battery Steele, noon

Harbor Voices dance party
Details in August Issue

Peaks Island Dog Club
Meet Outside The Bakery
Saturday Morning 9:30 a.m. July 15
Leave Dogs at Home for this first meeting! Let’s schedule times to cooperatively train, socialize and learn more about animal behavior together!

Members can use bulletin board space for free.

Marketing Director
Harbor Voices is seeking a marketing director.
Write to Box 10, Peaks Island

Housemate/Handyman
situation desired. Reliable middle-aged man (an engineer by profession) seeks housemate and/or handyman situation for the summer here on Peaks Island. Non-smoking, non-drinking. For more information please call my cellular phone (it’s a local call from Portland) at 415-4098

Harbor Voices membership
subscriptions make nice gifts!
Details on page 3...

Thank you Rosemont Pharmacy for your reliable, FREE, Rx deliveries, Portland to Peaks and BEYOND! Life is tough enough as it is, you make it easy...anonymous

Harbor Voices has a long and somewhat twisted history. Did the Battery affect your life in some way? Do you have a story or some thoughts that you would be willing to share as part of an oral history project? 766-5792. Thanks.

Peaks Island Land Preserve
Annual Meeting
Fri. July 28th, Fifth Maine, 7 p.m.

Picnic
Sat. July 29th, Battery Steele, noon

Inanna
Sisters in Rhythm summer workshops performances & cd’s
http://home.main.rr.com/inanna
July Workshop for women with Ubaka Hill
775-7185, or 781-8954

Harbor Voices annual meeting
August 8
7:30 p.m.
PI Community Room

YOGA! Group or individual lessons. Come home to yourself and discover your natural strength, wisdom, flexibility, integrity and kindness. Call Rebecca Stephens for schedule 766-3384

Members can use bulletin board space for free.

Members get FREE Bulletin Board Space
Support Harbor Voices. Become a Member! Details on page 3

Battery Steele has a long and somewhat twisted history. Did the Battery affect your life in some way? Do you have a story or some thoughts that you would be willing to share as part of an oral history project? 766-5792. Thanks.

Peaks Island Land Preserve
Annual Meeting
Fri. July 28th, Fifth Maine, 7 p.m.

Picnic
Sat. July 29th, Battery Steele, noon

Inanna
Sisters in Rhythm summer workshops performances & cd’s
http://home.main.rr.com/inanna
July Workshop for women with Ubaka Hill
775-7185, or 781-8954

Harbor Voices annual meeting
August 8
7:30 p.m.
PI Community Room

YOGA! Group or individual lessons. Come home to yourself and discover your natural strength, wisdom, flexibility, integrity and kindness. Call Rebecca Stephens for schedule 766-3384

Members can use bulletin board space for free.

Members get FREE Bulletin Board Space
Support Harbor Voices. Become a Member! Details on page 3

Battery Steele has a long and somewhat twisted history. Did the Battery affect your life in some way? Do you have a story or some thoughts that you would be willing to share as part of an oral history project? 766-5792. Thanks.

Peaks Island Land Preserve
Annual Meeting
Fri. July 28th, Fifth Maine, 7 p.m.

Picnic
Sat. July 29th, Battery Steele, noon

Inanna
Sisters in Rhythm summer workshops performances & cd’s
http://home.main.rr.com/inanna
July Workshop for women with Ubaka Hill
775-7185, or 781-8954

Harbor Voices annual meeting
August 8
7:30 p.m.
PI Community Room

YOGA! Group or individual lessons. Come home to yourself and discover your natural strength, wisdom, flexibility, integrity and kindness. Call Rebecca Stephens for schedule 766-3384

Members can use bulletin board space for free.

Members get FREE Bulletin Board Space
Support Harbor Voices. Become a Member! Details on page 3

Battery Steele has a long and somewhat twisted history. Did the Battery affect your life in some way? Do you have a story or some thoughts that you would be willing to share as part of an oral history project? 766-5792. Thanks.

Peaks Island Land Preserve
Annual Meeting
Fri. July 28th, Fifth Maine, 7 p.m.

Picnic
Sat. July 29th, Battery Steele, noon

Inanna
Sisters in Rhythm summer workshops performances & cd’s
http://home.main.rr.com/inanna
July Workshop for women with Ubaka Hill
775-7185, or 781-8954

Harbor Voices annual meeting
August 8
7:30 p.m.
PI Community Room

YOGA! Group or individual lessons. Come home to yourself and discover your natural strength, wisdom, flexibility, integrity and kindness. Call Rebecca Stephens for schedule 766-3384

Members can use bulletin board space for free.

Members get FREE Bulletin Board Space
Support Harbor Voices. Become a Member! Details on page 3

Battery Steele has a long and somewhat twisted history. Did the Battery affect your life in some way? Do you have a story or some thoughts that you would be willing to share as part of an oral history project? 766-5792. Thanks.

Peaks Island Land Preserve
Annual Meeting
Fri. July 28th, Fifth Maine, 7 p.m.

Picnic
Sat. July 29th, Battery Steele, noon

Inanna
Sisters in Rhythm summer workshops performances & cd’s
http://home.main.rr.com/inanna
July Workshop for women with Ubaka Hill
775-7185, or 781-8954

Harbor Voices annual meeting
August 8
7:30 p.m.
PI Community Room

YOGA! Group or individual lessons. Come home to yourself and discover your natural strength, wisdom, flexibility, integrity and kindness. Call Rebecca Stephens for schedule 766-3384

Members can use bulletin board space for free.
Jokes

A man thought he was really good at training dogs. And his friend wanted him to prove that he was so good. The trainer got a puppy and started house-training it. When the dog went to the bathroom, he stuck the dog's nose in the poop or pee and tossed the dog out the window. A year later his friend came back and said, "Have you housebroken your dog yet?" And the trainer said "yep!" They watched the dog and after a while, the dog went to the bathroom. And then the dog stuck his nose in it and jumped out the window!

What do you call a deer that has no eyes?
Answer: No Idea (No Eye Deer)

Water Stories

I was swimming in a friend's pool, and I started jumping off at the shallow end. I dove in at an angle, and hit my head where the pool starts to slant down toward the deeper end.

I couldn't move for a little while. I was trying to get up, but I couldn't move my arms. It was kinda scary. Then I could use my arms again, and I got out of the pool. I felt like my head was full of water and my brain was shifted down. Then water came out of my ears. I had a really bad headache that lasted for a couple of days. I went to the Emergency Room the next day, and they told me that I was very lucky.

Jeff K.

Every summer I go to New Jersey. When we go to the beach there are really big waves, good for body surfing or whatever you want to do.

My cousin and I were swimming and apparently we got carried out by the rip tide but we didn't notice. All of a sudden all these lifeguards jumped into the water and started swimming out toward us.

And then one of them grabbed my cousin Drew. He said, "I'm fine," and started swimming in. One of them grabbed me. I said, "I'm fine," but then he didn't let me swim in! So I was like, "no, really, I'm fine," but there was this BIG wave coming in. So I dived to go under the wave, but I came up under the lifeguard. Again, he thought that I needed assistance. So I go, "I'm okay!" He says, "No you're not!" We were swimming in and he was kinda making me drown, pulling me under! I got to shore and Drew is sitting there laughing! #kiley C.

Do you like horses?
Sophi sez go to www.oce-pages.com/SPORTS/Equestrian/horse

A Great Catch
by Johnna Andorio

Amy Snyder, Sophi Presgraves, and I, Johnna Andorio, were at Amy's house playing with our dogs, Lion (pictured below-right), and Kizme. We decided to go crabbing at Centennial Beach during low tide. We found one large crab and a few small ones. To our surprise, we also found an eel under a large rock. Then I turned over a small rock in the seaweed and discovered an extremely tiny starfish. After walking along the rocky beach, Amy suggested that we check underneath the ferry dock to find more starfish since she recalled seeing a couple in that area before. Little did we know what we would find!

We were being closely followed by Amy's dog Kizme, as Lion was back at Amy's house. While she was exploring, we conducted as little exploration of our own. There were millions of starfish! Well, maybe not millions, but certainly a large amount. Amy ventured into the water, doing the "dirty work" as she collected all the starfish who were not on shore. Sophi found some cute ones. I stayed on land, not being brave enough to numb my feet in the exceptionally cold water. Plucking the starfish from under rocks, in between rocks, and all around. Then we encountered it. The big one. The "mother of them all"! It was the largest starfish any one of us had ever seen. It measured twelve inches across and was completely intact!

As the bucket nearly reached its full capacity, we chose to stop the mission. I volunteered to carry the bucket back to Amy's house. I did not realize how much the bucket weighed at the time, so it was a long, long way back. We took the starfish out of the bucket and arranged them on the porch and photographed them. When we counted up our total amount, we came to a whopping 77 starfish! I would have only estimated between thirty and fifty at the most. And Amy and Sophi made a very interesting observation! — As you tilt the starfish, the water inside slides around making one leg larger than the other!

Instead of letting the starfish dry out, we chose to set them free in their natural habitat of the ocean's tide. I guess you could say we definitely had a great catch! Note: The next day we returned to the beach and gathered another 57, having a total of 134 starfish released at "Our favorite beach."
Shaking Off Mid-life Malaise: My Life as a Volunteer Ship Scientist

Jeff Jenkins

Anyone who has ever done the same thing, every day, has felt that gray choking monotony. I knew something was wrong when I began to wish for another Great Ice Storm (we were without power for 17 days), just to have something to punctuate that flat landscape of my memory.

I’m convinced that while we need a certain stability to our lives, we also need some adventure, too—something unexpected just around the corner.

On my thirtieth birthday sometime ago and knowing nothing about sailing, I checked out 11 books and read all I could about sailing, navigation, ship handling. Later, I bought a 23 ft. sailboat and sailed it alone to Yarmouth, Nova Scotia (straight across—a 27 hour trip), and explored the coastline.

The trip was thrilling and full of new challenges. It was also uncomfortable, scary, cold and bone-numbing tiring. Although I’d do it again in a minute, if I were to have a job like that, I’d probably file a grievance.

I saw a lot of large ships while at sea, and I began to wonder what it would be like to be a sailor aboard one. Thanks to a chance conversation five years ago with Mary Jane Dillingham, who was then a lab tech at the Lewiston Maine Water Division, I learned that I could go to sea aboard a ship without actually joining the Navy, Coast Guard, or Merchant Marine. I could become a Volunteer Scientist aboard a National Marine Fisheries Vessel.

NMFS is part of NOAA, the National Oceanographic and Atmospheric Administration. Dillingham had taken two 11-day cruises as a Volunteer Scientist and she filled me in on the details. After a five year wait, I took the plunge and signed up.

While a scientific background is helpful, especially a biological background, anyone who is in reasonably good health, can take clear notes writing down numbers with careful attention to decimal points and units of measurement under adverse weather conditions, will qualify!

Cruises leave out of Woods Hole, Massachusetts, on a Monday and return 11 days later on a Friday. The scientific staff work six hours on and six hours off around the clock; however, when there are long steams between stations, you can do anything you want on watch, including sleep. The only thing you can’t do is go back to your stateroom (the off-watch is sleeping) or sit down to a meal. Snacking on watch is okay. When the distance between stations is short, you work all the time and so have trouble finding enough time to sleep.

The Chow

From the time of sailing ships, through the age of steam, and now diesel engines and satellite communications, food is still the biggest morale factor for sailors. If you have calm seas and warm clear weather, light work schedules and the food is poor, watch out! People will crab and grouse and life-long grudges can bud and flourish. However, the Albatross IV, under the direction of Chief Steward Richard Whitehead, had great food.

No expense was spared in provisioning the ship. Fresh orange juice, plenty of fresh fruit, green salads, tasty entrees and—desserts! While the Albatross IV was on a scientific mission, it did cook what it caught, too. Lobster, flounder, red fish, scallops and on and on. You truly have not eaten fish until you’ve had it fresh from the sea.

Mal de Mer

It’s been said that any ship is big until it is on the ocean. Since we were over the Grand Banks during a blow, comparisons to Juenger’s book, The Perfect Storm, were frequent and inevitable. Even when you overcome the seasickness completely, you are always aware of the ship’s constant motion. Getting from here to there is not necessarily a straight walk. Sometimes you feel like a pinball, lightly glancing off the walls of the narrow corridors.

Every surface is steel and in rough weather you begin to see every steel bulkhead, doorway, deck, and railing as a threat. You take only what you can carry in one arm. You can be doing fine, sea-sickness-wise, when you notice that the tide in the clear “bug juice” fountain is dramatically rising and falling with each roll of the ship. A wave of nausea passes over you. Oh well, you didn’t want to finish dinner anyway.

Sleeping in Rough Weather is An Art Form

I thought it odd that I had only one pillow issued to me, but two pillowcases. Then I found out why! You stuff a pregnant looking “off-shore” life-jacket into the spare pillowcase and when you are in your bunk, you wedge it in the small of your back. This helps keep you from flapping back and forth from stomach to back as the ship rolled. How do you sleep under these conditions? When you get tired enough, you do.

And so is bathing...

You have never felt quite so naked as being in a steel shower on a rolling ship. It’s cold.

In the shower is the room’s sole port light. It’s a foot or two above the sea, and while you are in the shower you can see the sea racing along. Every once in a while the lights seem to go out as the port momentarily submerges. The first few times, you hold your breath, waiting for daylight to reappear.

While showering, you firmly grasp the all too necessary handhold and sometimes, even though it seems like ice, you also wedge your body against the steel bulkhead to avoid being slammed about. Any operation which requires two hands—like removing the cover from a squeeze bottle of shampoo—is out of the question. You give up and instead run hand soap through your hair to avoid pitching into the shower’s control valve. You wash fast. No wonder there is always plenty of hot water!

And the noise...

For about two hours after I got off the ship, my Ford Escort seemed like a Lincoln, it was so quiet. Everything is noisy aboard ship. Two 565 hp engines, two 215 kW generators, the hydraulic winches used for bringing in the catch, the air handling system, pumps, compressors, refrigeration units, fans, etc. . . And no door or hatch made of steel closes quietly. Yet you can sleep, because you get so tired.

The purpose of the work.
The purpose of the work is to assess whether or not the fishery is being over-fished. On different cruises, different fishing methods are used. This trip, we were dragging the bottom for ground-fish, sometimes as deep as 700 feet. Our trawls were for approximately one nautical mile, about a fifth of what a commercial fishing boat would do. We were collecting a statistical sample. Fish brought up included commercial fish such as flounder of several types, hake, red fish, scallops, lobsters, and more. The variety of non-commercial fish is incredible and some are truly ugly!

If you volunteer, they put you to work.

OpSail Opportunities

*gleaned with permission from the Opsail website at www.opsailmaine.com*

**Bat'kivshchyna** (Motherland) began her sail up the East Coast of the United States in May. When she reached San Juan, Puerto Rico, this Ukrainian gaff schooner had already come over 7000 miles from the upper reaches of Dnieper River at Kiev, capital of the Ukrainian Republic. Her voyage has taken Bat'kivshchyna across the Black Sea, south through the Bosporus, Sea of Marmara, Dardanelles and the myriad islands of the Aegean, westward across the Mediterranean, and then out through the Straits of Gibraltar to simply *gain the Atlantic.*

"Our mission," says Captain Dimitri Birioukovitch, "is a straightforward one. We wish to acquaint Americans with our people and ship and with business opportunities to be found in our country. We are 52 million Ukrainians strong who are living in a country the size of France. For years nothing was heard about us but that is changing. Ours is a proud culture and we will travel a quarter of the way around the world to shake hands with other proud peoples — with Americans, Ukrainian-Americans and Canadians."

The Bat'kivshchyna was built in the Ukraine and sails as part of the "Discover Ukraine" program. She has taken part in maritime festivals in San Juan, Puerto Rico; Miami, Florida; Norfolk, Virginia; Wilmington, Delaware; Baltimore, Maryland; New York City, New London Connecticut; Halifax, Nova Scotia; and here!

"For those who've wished to join us" continues Captain Dimitri, "we have room for eleven crew members during our sails across the Mediterranean, the Atlantic, and our cruise along the East Coast of North America. One of the very special moments that takes place in each port is the traditional Parade of Sails. On those occasions we can have up to 60 sailors-in-training on board." Bat'kivshchyna and the brigantine Pochnia belong to Dimitri Birioukovitch and Roman Malurchuk who own a travel agency in Kyiv. They are letting to world know about Ukraine by sailing around the globe and acting as goodwill ambassadors for Ukraine. Captain Birioukovitch is a civil engineer and master yachtsman in Kyiv. Along with his two older brothers, he has been building ships with Ferro-cement hulls since 1960. Captain Dimitri Birioukovitch

- Discover Ukraine Expedition
- 11 Heroes of Stalingrad
- Flat 56 Kyiv 210
- Ukraine 04210 e-mail: discoverukraine@hotmail.com

For more information on the Volunteer Scientist program, you can visit this web site: http://www.wh.whoi.edu/library/history/ships/albatross4/albatross4.html Scroll down to the bottom of the page for the Volunteer Manual. Or contact Chief Scientist Linda Despres at Linda.Despres@noaa.gov

Jeff Jenks is an engineer, sailor, and publisher of New England Water & Wastewater News. He makes his home on Peaks Island.
Fishing Mortals

Jenny Ruth Yasi

I got to the ferry terminal a little earlier than usual, and there she was, and she was so pretty, ageless. Though I like your eyes better. Gosh, you've got gorgeous eyes.

So she said, "How come I never met you before? I know everyone on that island. My parents grew up out there too." I wore myself out positioning myself in island history, but then she goes, "well, have a nice vacation." Like she didn't even hear me. "You're going to love it."

We sat on the bench, a couple of bags of groceries rumpled at our feet, and I thought, maybe she's hard of hearing. My Grandfather wouldn't wear a hearing aid either.

I had to force myself to relax, even then I was old for a never-married man, trying to hide my excitement—like now, not too obvious, huh?—but she wasn't shy. She was almost as pretty as you—blond, blue eyes—not that cold athletic blue, softer than the average, like she had just forgiven someone for doing something unforgivable. There weren't any lines in her face.

Did you ever hear about the old midwife who used to live out there? She lived in my neighborhood. She got a gray hair and a wrinkle for every baby she ever delivered, but then another thousand for a baby she delivered dead. I remember there was a big commotion over that baby, because you know no one, especially a baby, is supposed to die. It was a big surprise as it usually is (makes you wonder about people, don't it?) and as people do in situations like that, folks went on a rampage looking for someone to blame. First it was that mother had been screaming her way through childbirth several hours, then it was word around that she wouldn't let anyone get her on a boat, the waves were too big and she didn't trust hospitals and didn't want to be jostled etceteras. Pressure was building for that woman to just get to her happy ending so folks could move on about the day. If you'd of known that mother you might've thought she was in a win some, lose some frame of mind anyway. That was her fifth baby in three years. And that family didn't have two nickels to rub together.

But when the baby came out gray and floppy you could hear her wail all the way down the library, though I didn't hear it myself, that's what people were sayin', and word gets around. That's when the midwife overnight lost control of her whole youthful property. You know how sometimes real estate can slip below the high water mark? Her skin rippled from forehead to elbows, pores big as clam holes stretched out in her cheeks.

Quite sometime later, she did get her day in court, you know, about that dead baby, and I saw her come back, acquitted. None of the neighbors would talk to her. It was like they couldn't even see her, kept about six foot away, and I guess she just slipped a knot. Her face untwisted, like she'd been cut off a string of lobster traps. It was amazing. She went hard to soft overnight, her face just unraveled. The wrinkles smoothed out, her hair turned white as a fog then she moved to Alaska. On an island like this, sometimes the only social solution is to leave.

The lady I met here had that same kind of softness. It made me curious, what disaster she was leaving behind somewhere. And the boat was late, so we had time to chat.

"Sure is a beautiful day," I said, which is I know lame, but it was. Fishing boats across the way, pigeons and seagulls doing their thing: from this bench you can watch the whole world go by and never miss a thing. The roses were blooming then, too.

Isn't this pretty? Do you smell 'em? That's heaven. It's right here, right in this beautiful day if you can find it. I'd go out of my way for it if I were you. I lost my sense of smell and that's the thing I miss most. The smell of roses, seaweed, too, yes, it doesn't bother me. Heaven, cycling along.

But that lady, she sighed a big one and says, you'll think this is weird, "I used to come here a lot before I died."

Of course I thought, she must be homeless. Or wacko. There's a lot of that a round here. Sometimes one will hang out on this bench. At least sometimes they go out there, you
the Custom House. But the City had to bring in fill, expand itself. Everything is always changing. Nothing stays the same."

So this woman reminiscing about before she was dead was interesting. I told myself, as long as I don't get nervous, and there wasn't really nothing to be nervous about, what was she gonna do? I might seem like a little guy, but I've got some muscle. Feel it. Ah c'mon. Nah, really. I used to be a body builder. everybody needs something to brag about. Pretty good, huh? I used to lift three nights a week with the cops on Peaks Island, they've got a place, you know, and we'd do that.

So this lady, finally I said to her, maybe I misunderstood. But unless you're a big believer in re-in-car-na-tion. I've seen dead, and you're not it. But like she's changing the subject, she goes (I guess I'm playing the same game with you now, ain't I), "Touch me," and holds out a hand.

That hardly ever happens, you know? People around here hug and kiss so much it's unhealthy, but you don't see hand-holding unless it's girlfriend - boyfriend about sixteen years old. But this woman had a whole thing planned out. and she's going "No really. It's a game. Touch me, and I'll prove it to you. See if I feel like I died." It's kind of funny now when I think about it. Har har har.

Now what would you have done? No kidding, like say I tried that on you now. Touch me. Any where you like. Yeah, so that's how I started out, no I didn't grab her muscle. All right, so you're not as shy as I am. Har har. But what I finally did -- and it was completely out of character for me, you know -- was tickle the daylights out of her and she laughed, really a good laugh, what they call a belly laugh, and I have to say it made me feel good. I may not have done a lot of good in this world but I did something good then. That was one opportunity that didn't go by, yes sir. It seemed to me that she had really needed that laugh.

She smiled, her face proud as a pail of fish, and she goes, "good news, bad news."

What the heck, I says, let's hear the good news first. And she goes (and I've got to say it to you now, cause it's the game) -- "look up mortal." And I says, go again? She says "Look up Mortal."

I looked it up in my pocket dictionary, and like I told the blond, big whoop. Mortal means "subject to death." I know that. I accept that. Don't you? Yeah, that's exactly what I said too. I told her, look, you need to come to terms with death, learn to really accept it, not be afraid of it, then your life will be even more precious.

The boat was coming up, like it is now. I was all talked out. Isn't that a pretty boat. But I wasn't really enjoying it like I could have. cause it wasn't until I finally looked up that I really saw it. And by then that woman had snugged my life for herself, tangled it up like a fish.

It seems like you were meant for me. But I can't stand here talking to myself forever, so let me offer this advice. When you're freaked out, all it does is scare 'em away. Forgive me, you're upset. You don't like fishin'? People do it all the time, they just gather up what they need, you think you're different. But picture this: some dreamy sun-lit morning, someone is going to come passin' by carrying a fat sack of liv-ing, and they won't hardly even notice you when you're dead.

Jenny Ruth Yasi graduated from Vermont College of Norwich University. She is the publisher etc. of this paper.

Please submit your fiction to Box10 Peaks Island Maine 04108.

July 2000
For my Father,
the trick to good health
looked like (maybe) a trip
to Bora Bora, With my Mother.

“One last time, Alice,” he said.
Big romance was always palpable
in the wink of his eye.

“My why so shy? The beach
was perfect.”
Dare I divulge these,
my Mother’s first words after her husband
died.

Magic.
That’s what they were after. A jolt was what they trusted
would restore the grander rhythm
to my father’s slowing heart. As if
the trip, or
the sight of one grandson
on Long Island, Maine,
were large enough goals (why not?)
to equal a long enough life.

So how do I voice my petitions
when face to face with Flopsie,
hand to lump on her neck?
Exotic vacations,
treasured grandchildren.
These hold nothing for a cat in the last of her nine elusive
lives.
Let’s pray, then
for me, for a lessened grip
around a largeness of desire,
“Maybe,” I whisper,
“Just one more day.”

What the day?
The sun please, 80 degrees,
its angle just so
to highlight the chocolate tones in her fur.
Money cat, butterretch chin, for her
might the scent of fish linger in the air
might the liver quiver in her
crystal bowl on the step?

And why not? Weave a Sunday
with her silliest purr; run it through
the waking morning, into the walkway, her three feeble
swings
at the bee. Richer, please, to match:
the randy roll in the driveway,
and what the heck? Another?
Follow-through purr, purr, and lick
at the rainwater crevice;
purr and lick the clinging debris –
“Sorry, no time for more.”
Lightning feet, back, forth,
and around the yard, a purring machine
chased by a feline-sized demon.
Dash up the ledge, Miss Purring-Pretty,
careful there, barberry,
next to the stones Roger spaced
just for you.

I petition for these; I name them:
“Peripherals.” Add one: the noontime
clawing at the Chestnut stump.
Difficult to translate, does a trace of
ego become a cat: “I was here.”
And what is this? A judgement?
Dare we save her crafty best for last?
Flopsie will disappear into the dewberry
patch. Dappled shade has beckoned.
Curl around, again, there in the grass
cool mystery. Dream, teacher.
Rapture Cat, with love limber enough
to round out the smallest seconds.
You were here, you purred up a storm.
That should equal enough.

Forgive me,
I want more. I want to
abandon myself,
become one as you were,
with the ever-lengthening moment of glee.
Susan Heister Webster lives on Peaks Island.
Outside In
Roger Dutton

On a long sultry afternoon, the rocks slide down the side of an Atlantic Island, breathing salinity, jetting, thrumming, touching the water in eternal composition of natural flow, pleasing the ocean, massaging the seaweed, fish flush mush mash, cavernous sloshing echoes of bubbling barometric repetition, within the confines of narrow tidal parameters which seek to change nothing, but erode precious irreversible beauty.

O that mankind could see the way out of the asylum of bandied drive l, and embrace the forsaken breath and pleasure of inner unbounded boundless serenity garnered by knowing and loving thy altruistic self at a place in heavens above the hell of greed and avarice and falsely perceived value in the projection and pose of phony images — icons to aimless insects.


Nature’s Mirror
by Patrick Henry

Dream of a world as true as a reflection... everything around you is suddenly tranquil and still. Amorphous waterways holds everything in suspended animation.
As if time were forgotten...

A rippling river branch, a glistening brook bank, and a shimmering serpent generate all that is pure. Look into the calm mirror. Do you see a chickadee in a tree? Do you see a breeze through the white birch leaves? Or do you see only you?

Oh mystical watery eyes of nature, echo a rolling, tumbling, splashing wave upon a rippling river water’s gaze. Reflect the shallow. Reflect the deep. Beholder of all that is near and far. All that is water reflects reflecting all that is life.

Our star, the sun, is an orchestrator of photographic reflections illuminating all that is real and pure — nature.

Patrick Henry works at Stone Soup in the Portland Public market. He’s traveled around quite a lot, but currently lives in Portland. He performs with Bruce a.k.a. Balo, in a group they say is from the planet Vykor, here to help the earth people, nature and the environment.

For Bob and Chris Arter

In 1968 when I came back from the war I felt angry and insensitive. I figured I’d given my all to the war, I had nothing left to give. I was driving too fast, drinking and drugging, and nothing went wrong for a while. This girl she tried to warn me once, saying, “Hey, don’t you know how to smile?” I said “You people are always asking for something, I’ve just got too much to forgive. I gave up smiling in the war. Now, I only want to live.”

It was me and Linda and Buddy — we hung out all the time. One night we all rolled a joint and went to skinny-dip in the full-moon shine. There was nothing there that scared me in the North Atlantic sea. That water though it was shallow seemed surely safe enough to me. It was my only dive that night that and I gave almost all I had to give. This thought caught as my neck cracked a stone, dear God, I want to live.

This body is not my body this mind is not my mind this sea is not my ocean nor this air or this moonshine something flowing through my vessels and nothing I need to forgive and no matter what we all lose forever I am this soul and I want to live.

She tells me after my long story she wants to roll me to her house where she could prop me up against a wall and kiss me on the mouth. The space where I begin and end, the place where she leaves off -- there I catch myself where I’ve been drifting between this endless hard and soft. What makes anybody happy? It all seems relative. She whispered as she took me in, dear God, I want to live.

The Unmentionable Truth About Water

When you die, your spirit goes to more than one place.
The small still Voice sings in space. The water-filled cells begin their happy race to mingle with the sky, and liquid all evaporates and flesh and bones go dry. And what once flowed through you corpuscle and cell becomes the mist that coats grass in the morning, the water in someone’s well.

Jenny Ruth Yasi

July 2000
OpSail Schedule of Events

Tuesday, July 25
8:00 a.m.: Argentina's 3-masted ship LIBERTAD arrives, Maine State Pier
10:00 a.m.—4:30 p.m.: "Heroes of the Tall Ships: Portland Harbor in the Great Age of Sail" Portland Harbor Museum, (Spring Pt., Fort Road, South Portland; 1-207 799-6337)

Local Museum Exhibits
10 a.m.—9 p.m.
"OpSail Maine 2000: Maine Art from the Collection" Portland Museum of Art, "10 a.m.—8 p.m. "Ships Ahoy!" Children's Museum of Maine

Tall Ships Anchor
Late afternoon: Inner Casco Bay, between Great Diamond Island and Falmouth. Watch for them from the Eastern Prom in Portland, Mackworth Island, and the other Islands

Wednesday, July 26  See Tuesday schedule —

Thursday, July 27  See Tuesday schedule —

Friday, July 28
Local Museum exhibits as listed for Tuesday continuing through the weekend, plus

PARADE OF SAIL
12:00 noon—4:00 p.m. Portland Head Light to Fore River, with live coverage and gun salutes at Fort Williams and Fort Allen. Portland Harbor closed to recreational boat traffic that is not registered in the parade.
10:00 a.m.—10:00 p.m. Local Sea Food and Maine Specialties in the Old Port from Portland Yacht Services to Naval Reserve Training Center (Commercial Street and inland)
2:00 p.m.—10:00 p.m. Sea Shanties, Bands and Live Performers Two main stages. One is near Portland Fishpier and Coast Guard, the other by BIW

OpSail Maine/Portland Harbor Museum exhibits:
12 noon—6:00 p.m. "Back to the Future—Developing the Port of Portland" Portland Yacht Services, 58 Fore Street, Portland "Deep Sea to Deep Fry—Fisheries in the State of Maine" Naval Reserve Training Center, 350 Commercial Street, Portland; "Messing About with Boats—Shipbuilding in Maine" Portland Yacht Services

8:00 a.m.—5:00 p.m. "The Navy in Maine" Naval Reserve Training Center, 350 Commercial Street, Portland
3:00 p.m.—6:00 p.m. Public Tours of Tall Ships Portland Yacht Services and Maine State Pier
6:00 p.m.—6:30 p.m. Welcome Ceremony Maine State Pier
9:30 p.m.—10:00 p.m. Fireworks Fore River/Casco Bay

note: schedules may change from date of publication. Current schedules on-line at www.opsailmaine.com

The Bowdoin (from Maine) is a veteran of several voyages to the Arctic including Robert Peary's effort to reach the North Pole in 1906.

The Brazilian Navy commissioned Scheepswerf Damen to build the Cisne Branco to be used as a training ship for naval officers and cadets. It's a new boat.

The yacht Mistral is based on the model of the legendary American yacht designer, L. Francis Herreshoff. It is a new boat, built in 1999.
Saturday, July 29

10:00 a.m.—5:00 p.m. Public Tours of Tall Ships Portland Yacht Services, and Maine State Pier
9:00 a.m.—10:00 p.m. Local Sea Food and Maine Specialties Old Port

OpSail Maine 2000 exhibits:

10:00 a.m.—6:00 p.m. see Friday’s schedule for locations.
9:00 a.m.—5:00 p.m. "The Navy in Maine" Naval Reserve
9:00 a.m.—1:00 p.m. "Charting Neptune’s Realms" Osher Map Library, University of Southern Maine, Forest Avenue
1:00 p.m.—2:00 p.m. US Coast Guard Helicopter/Search & Rescue Demonstration 3 venues: Coast Guard Moorings; Bug Light; Fish Point/Fort Allen, with live coverage
2:00 p.m.—4:00 p.m. Internship soccer games Southern Maine Technical College (SMVTI)
2:00 p.m.—4:00 p.m. Tug boat races Inner Casco Bay

Jenny Paquette 12:00 noon WPOR Stage
Diesel Doug & the Long Haul Truckers 1:30 p.m. WPOR Stage
Kelly Parker & the Cross Country Band 3:00 p.m. WPOR Stage
The Lynne McGhee Band 4:00 p.m. WPOR Stage
Dreamworks Recording Artist/Darryl Worley 4:30 p.m. WPOR Stage
Boneheads 12:00 noon WMGX Stage
Comedy 1:00 p.m. WMGX Stage
Blackbird Recording Artists/Angry Salad 1:30 p.m. WMGX Stage
Piners 3:15 p.m. WMGX Stage

Sunday, July 30

10:00 a.m.—5:00 p.m. Public Tours of Tall Ships (same locations each day)
9:00 a.m.—10:00 p.m. Local Sea Food and Maine Specialties (Old Port)
1:00 p.m.—2:00 p.m. US Coast Guard Helicopter/Search & Rescue Demonstration 3 venues: Coast Guard Moorings; Bug Light; Fish Point/Fort Allen, with live coverage
2:00 p.m.—4:00 p.m. Internship soccer games Southern Maine Technical College (SMVTI)
2:00 p.m.—4:00 p.m. Tug boat races Inner Casco Bay

Don Campbell 12:00 noon WPOR Stage
Kelly Parker & the Cross Country Band 1:30 p.m. WPOR Stage
Diesel Doug & The Long Haul Truckers 3:00 p.m. WPOR Stage
Curb Recording Artist/Steve Holey 4:30 p.m. WPOR Stage
Comedy 12:00 noon WMGX Stage
Arista Recording Artist/Dido 12:30 p.m. WMGX Stage
Dan Merrill 2:15 p.m. WMGX Stage
Bait the Hook 3:30 p.m. WMGX Stage

Stages are by BIW, and by the Naval Reserve. Which one is WPOR’s and which is WMGX’s is unknown at press time.

Monday August 1st

Ships departing early morning until noon

Saturday OpSail Music

Don Campbell 12:00 noon WPOR Stage
Kelly Parker & the Cross Country Band 1:30 p.m. WPOR Stage
Diesel Doug & The Long Haul Truckers 3:00 p.m. WPOR Stage
Curb Recording Artist/Steve Holey 4:30 p.m. WPOR Stage
Comedy 12:00 noon WMGX Stage
Arista Recording Artist/Dido 12:30 p.m. WMGX Stage
Dan Merrill 2:15 p.m. WMGX Stage
Bait the Hook 3:30 p.m. WMGX Stage

Sunday OpSail Music

Stages are by BIW, and by the Naval Reserve. Which one is WPOR’s and which is WMGX’s is unknown at press time.

Following a devastating earthquake in 1986, The Californian carried humanitarian supplies to the west coast of Mexico.

July 2000 page
## Harbor Business Directory

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th><strong>Casco Bay Kayak Rentals</strong></th>
<th><strong>The Breakaway Lounge</strong></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>(207) 766-2650</td>
<td>35 India Street * 541-4804</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>on the beach to the right of the dock as you arrive on Peaks Island</td>
<td>Live Music and Dancing Just a Short Walk From The Boat</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th><strong>Unisun</strong></th>
<th><strong>Gilbert’s Chowder House</strong></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>solariums, sunrooms, general contracting</td>
<td>92 Commercial Street * 871-5636</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>766-5780 Keith ~ 223 Island Ave. Peaks</td>
<td>GREAT CHOWDAH</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th><strong>Island Bay Services</strong></th>
<th><strong>Small Boat Maintenance</strong></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>766-3375 Covey Johnson</td>
<td>specializing in wherry and tender care, also marina grocery getter</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Backhoe Work, Earth Work Contractor</td>
<td>George Johnson Hamilton — 758-7779</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td><a href="mailto:george.hamilton@maine.edu">george.hamilton@maine.edu</a></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th><strong>The African Museum of Tribal Art</strong></th>
<th><strong>The Sean Mencher Combo</strong></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Free admission 10:30-5 p.m. Tues-Sat. Closed Sundays &amp; Mondays</td>
<td>Happy Music for Weddings, Graduations, Birthdays, celebrations of every kind</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Now Showing: Symbols of Power and Authority; Masks representing 1000 years of sub-Saharan History 122 Spring Street Portland</td>
<td>766-2611</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th><strong>FETCH <em>We Deliver to the Islands</em></strong></th>
<th><strong>Pet Positive</strong></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Munjoy Hill’s Alternative Pet Supply Store</td>
<td>P.O. Box 6247 Cape Elizabeth</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>773-5450 <a href="mailto:fetch@maine.rr.com">fetch@maine.rr.com</a></td>
<td>CLICKER OBEDIENCE TRAINING</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>102 Congress St, Portland</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th><strong>PRESUMPSCOT WATER TAXI</strong></th>
<th><strong>City of Portland Liaisons for Island Issues</strong></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>776-5384 or 767-3089 24hours</td>
<td>Tom Fortier, Island Administrator 756-8288</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Lt. Ted Ross, Portland Police 874-8569</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

---

**Terrance Edwards, Creative Landscaping**

*Free Estimates Fully Insured*

- New Lawns, Fences
- Shrubs & Trees, Rock Walls
- Walkways, Patios, Brick Driveways

*Serving the Islands Since 1985* tel. 207-766-5660

*fax 207-766-2364*