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Greenwood Player

Frances Gurgone, appearing this week as Terry in "Stage Door" at the Greenwood Playhouse, Peaks Island.

Edna Ferber Hit At Peaks Island

33 In Stage Door Cast At Greenwood

"Stage Door," the Kaufman-Ferber hit which was first produced at the Music Box Theater in New York City, opens Monday at the Greenwood Playhouse, Peaks Island.

Appearing in the leading role that of Terry Randall, is lovely Frances Gurgone, last seen as Yvette Yvette in "Ladies of the Jury." Robert Fitts-Johnson will make his fourth appearance this season, playing Keith Burgess, the role said to have been drawn from the life of Clifford Odets. Others in the cast are Bette Benfield, Constance Moss, Gay Searles, Betty Tillman, Joseph Granieri, Oliver Woods and Glenn Burns.

Vincent Renne's portrayal of Adolfo Cresta is characterized as one of the cleverest hits in the production. This marks Mr. Renne's fourth appearance of the season.

While "Stage Door" was being written, Edna Ferber lived at the Rehmann Club, a hotel for actresses in New York City. Because of this, the play is probably one of the most vivid portrayals of the lives of young actresses—their triumphs and their troubles. Much of the dialogue was recorded from actual conversations which Miss Ferber heard, and entire scenes were taken from the life of the club.

With a cast of 33, the Greenwood Players amusingly confuses that drawing-room space is at a premium, and as Russell Plowman has it in "Rum and Boogey," said, "everyone in the play seems to have a complete costume change after each scene."

Seize Car And Rum At Benton

State Police Capture Alcohol Valued At $1,800

Coupé Registered To Portland Man

Driver Vanishes After Telephone Call To Elm City Garage

FAIRFIELD, April 22. (Special)—Their curiosity aroused when they saw a wrecking car pass the State Highway Police barracks at 6:30 o'clock this morning, Troopers George Beckett and Sherman H. Hallowell, on night duty weighing trucks, followed the machine to the first bridge at Benton where they came upon a small business coupé which had run into the bridge rail. Noticing the heavy duty springs, they opened the rump seat to find 100 gallons of alcohol in cans. They traced the value of the figure at $1,800.

The troopers said the automobile was registered in the name of Harry Golden, 166 Middle Street, Portland. Roland T. Arko, driver of the wrecking car, told the officers that he had received an anonymous call to the scene of the accident.

The driver of the coupé has left the vicinity upon the arrival of Arko, it was stated. The machine and its contents were hauled to the barracks. It was stated that the liquor would be turned over to Federal agents. Meanwhile a state-side check-up is being made to locate Golden, alleged owner of the automobile. The police...
By Robert Thayer Sterling

This is a story told by our fathers who have passed on, and who have stepped to one side for the younger generation to assume the responsibilities of life. All has never been told of their hardships, and never will be. That which undoubtedly would interest us most, died with them. The history of Peaks Island dates back to the time of the Indians, when they alone were the first inhabitants to see Peaks as a wilderness.

Cleave Landed in 1832.

If you shut your eyes and imagine the island as an uninhabited wilderness, the whole scene undisturbed by any sound, save the cry of birds and waterfowl, you will be looking at the island as it appeared when George Cleave landed there in the year 1832. He came to these parts in 1829, and built a house on Sprinkle. After being driven out by Truelove's agent, John Winter, he landed with Richard Truelove, who took him in. In 1831, the house was occupied by the Grand Trunk Railway. Cleave armored the house, and built up a colony. In the whole of the long life of struggle and contention his enemies were his friends and the friends of his enemies, for he never was in the degrading age of enmity.

Those who remember Peaks Island as it appeared 50 years ago, will find that there has been an amazing change. Peaks was once known as the greatest playground in America, and many notable figures have summered there.

Milton's Island.

Cleave leased the island to Michael Milton for 60 years, and stated that the island should be called Michael Milton's Island for Milton had married Cleave's daughter, Elizabeth. The house was located on the eastern side of the island, and Milton lived at the head of the Portland Bridge and used the island for muskrat hunting. The island was named Milton's, after his death in 1860, to John Phillips, over the history of the island, which was sold to Milton. Milton was a merchant in Boston, George Mackay, for which Milton's is named, married Phillips' daughter, Mary.

Mr. Phillips realized that there were other things the island could be made use of other than muskrat, and so he began to make improvements by building the first house that was constructed of stone. The structure was undoubtedly used by him during the warm seasons of the year, and had a splendid view of Pine and Mount Hope Streets in Portland. His horse, named Majestic, was an old neighborhood, and it was so located that one could easily see the approach of the boat from any of the different entrances to the harbor.

Name Changed To Palmer's Island.

In 1832, when steamboats began to run to the island, it was a great novelty to go to the islands with them. This way of transportation brought many passengers from Portland during the summer months. The boat was called the Kennebec, a side-wheeler called the Kennebec.

In 1830, a boat builder and machinist, Horatio Cook, built a steamer, 900 tons, with 2,909 barrels of water, and of 50 passengers. The steamer was called the Casco, 75 feet long, and a side-wheeling 400 passengers. She plied between Peaks and Casco's Island.

In 1840, John Cleave's third passenger boat, and went into partnership with Cyrus P. Peet, and the boat was called the Casco. This boat conveyed the island to the city, and was a great change. In 1843-44 he built a new boat, the Casco, and ran to the island for several years. He made a profit and was looking for a place to settle. He named the island Cerise, and the boat was called the Casco. This line operated between Portland and Peaks Island.

Still Opposition.

It was not long before C. H. Knowlton, a patent maker at the Portland Company, became interested in passenger boats and started an opposition line. He ran two boats to the island, and the Casco and the Minnie. The other line was operated by Mr. Cook, who had opposition from the Kennebec River Line. The line operated between Peaks Island and the city of Portland.

A pavilion was built and called the Light Opera House, where Gilbert and Sullivan's operas were heard sung. Animal cages were set up, and the gardens were planted with vegetables, 90 feet high, was built on the highest spot, overlooking the ocean, the White Head and the neighbor islands.

Later a new passenger line was formed by the City Steamboat Company and the owners leased the land of the Welsh Pot. The most next to the Greenwood property, was run to the meeting of the two rival companies and a merger of the company called the Casco Bay Steamboat Company. This line is still in operation to this day.
Upper, left to right, Portland Head Light as it looked many years ago, one of the country's oldest and most picturesque lighthouses: Shore line of Peaks Island looking across the so-called Roads toward Little Diamond Island. The peaks shore front has many of these old willows just above the high water mark. Old View of the famous Bug Light at the end of the Breakwater. At the present time, the iron rail shown in the above picture extends the entire length, from lighthouse to shore. Fort Gorges and Diamond Island are shown in the center background with the Peaks shore at extreme right:

Lower.—View of Greenwood Garden with the old observatory. A few of many animal cages are shown: Hadlock's on the Peaks shore looking toward White Head and the old ship channel: The old McIntosh bakery and news stand was one of the first summer business places on Island Avenue.

They Got There!

Special to The Sunday Telegram
Limestone, Jan. 16—Limestone A. A. members carry out their contract. The team was due in Hold for a basketball game a few days ago, and roads between here and Caribou were not passable to automobiles. So the boys loaded their automobiles onto a horse sled, drove with it to Caribou and made the rest of the trip in the car in true style.

Consider The Gifts
Of a Good Teacher

Editor of the Press Herald:

Miss Beatrice Thompson, who is retiring this June from teaching in the fourth grade of the Peaks Island school, is one of those rare teachers who will be missed by pupils, parents and teachers alike. Quiet and sensitive to the needs of others, she has fine taste in art and music and inspires the young to excel in their efforts far above the commonplace. At a time when teachers descend into the market place to bargain for a better price for their training and abilities it is well to pause and consider the gifts of a woman like Miss Thompson, whose generous teaching has inspired the young people of this favored Island community over a period of twenty-six years and to try to understand that the dedicated teacher sells something besides her time—in fact not only sells but gives.

Joe B. Trafethen

Peaks Island
Peaks Island From Days When Only
Always Bright Spot In Social, Political And Amusement History Of Maine
And Old Pavilion Brought Greatest Dramati

Sea Gulls Swooped O'er Its Pines
Old Steamboat Days A Thrilling Episode --- Opera House In Garden
Stars In Country---Popular Resort Today

Portland Sunday Telegram
SUNDAY PRESS HERALD
JANUARY 17, 1933
How Spring Comes in Maine
By MRS. E. M. HARRIS

There's a stir and a bustle and flurry. You'd know that Dame Nature's awake. She means to clean house in a hurry, in the wind as a broom she will take. She asks the bright sun for assistance, in melting the ice and the snow. He would not dare offer resistance, so to work with a vengeance they go.

She rallies her forces about her; the task to each one she assigns. Not one seems to question or doubt her; from her will no one halts or resigns. Then she hastens below to awaken the plants that she tucked in so warm, that not one was troubled or shaken, no matter how fierce was the storm.

She sets the hens busily laying, and eggs grow more plenty each day. Each housewife is proudly displaying the seeds she last fall tucked away. There is new maple syrup each morning; there are tiny new lambs in the fold, the willow each branch is adorning with pussies so dear to behold.

The wind is a boisterous fellow, no respecter of persons is he. He brings out the freckles so yellow, and whisks off your hat in wild glee. With ozone the air is healthgiving. You breathe deeply oft and again, and feel, all at once, life's worth living, in March time in dear old Maine.

Date Unknown

NEAR THE PILGRIMS' FIRST LANDING

LONG POINT LIGHT AND FOG BELL, CAPE COD, NEAR PROVINCETOWN, MASS.

This lighthouse is situated at the very tip of Cape Cod, where the cape juts toward the west and then bends to make Provincetown harbor. It is a well-known landmark, though not so famous as the Highland Light which stands on the seaward side of the cape. Provincetown harbor has an interesting history, as the log men who settled here in honor of the Pilgrims attested ship, but it required over two weeks to make it seaworthy and the master of the Mayflower very wisely objected to exploring the shoals of the bay in the Mayflower. So the ship's long boat was first put off, and several exploring expeditions convinced the Pilgrims that the end of the cape was not a suitable place for settlement.

When the shallop was ready the explorers started along the cape to the south, on the bay side, and were at last

Joan Smith, for the town of Plymouth

from which the Mayflower had sailed.

The shallop took refuge under the lee of Clark's Island, in Plymouth Bay, where they spent the Sunday and where a sermon was preached by one of the explorers. Next day they went over to the mainland and sound water and good soil, and chose the site of the new settlement. Then returning the 20 or 30 miles to Cape Cod they brought the Mayflower to her mooring in Plymouth harbor.

The newspapers and to shires in
WRECK OF THE BOHEMIAN
GREATEST ON MAINE COAST

The English vessel "Bohemian" struck Trundy's Reef off Two Lights, Cape Elizabeth, Me., on a night clear and calm, in 1884. Forty-five lives were lost. Mrs. Amelia Staples Chamberlain, now 87, assistant keeper of the light, when 19, witnessed the disaster. This story is among the historical facts from Portland's Tercentenary.

BY HELEN SEARLES MARSH

There was no need of that terrible disaster.

The black eyes glinted with bitterness, filled with tears for a second, then cleared by a smile. The expressive face of Amelia Chamberlain, nearly 87 years old, remains one of a passing storm; cloudy, stormy, then clear and sunny. She passed a big car out of the setting sun in the Darien street. Portland, home, invited the "Dowsetter" to be comfortable while she related the witnessing of the wreck of the "Bohemian" on Trundy's Reef, 88 years ago, and the part she played in the disaster, when 45 persons were drowned within a third of a mile of the Western tower on Cape Elizabeth.

Asst Keeper of Light a Cape Girl

Mrs. Chamberlain, then Amelia Staples, was born in Cape Elizabeth, in the section known as the "point or pitch of the cape," a part of Maine's most rugged and dangerous coast. Huge breakers, steep ledges and reefs bound the shores-line. Her grandparents, Charles Staples and Edward Dyer, owned adjoining farms, originally tracing the land where the "Twin Lights" eastern and western, and the radio and coast guard stations are located, which they sold to the United States government.

I am raising my sons to be the best.
on certain passing public questions without presenting these views as
officially his. He was wily. He mistrusted all reporters who came with
that attitude, but his mistrust was sweet and friendly, and was revealed
only by the gentle placidity in what he said. He refused to tautise his hair politically.
He had no stories of his boyhood or youth that would not fit into the
Fourth Reader. I knew that somewhere behind the harmonies of
fortress or reserve a real man was hidden. Again and again I tried
to penetrate the fortress, only to find myself repulsed.

McKinley sat there on the veranda in a lightweight, dark alpaca
coat and trousers, with a double-breasted immaculate white vest
adorned only by his watch chain, with a dark purple four-in-hand
necktie meticulously arranged, a heavy man 5 feet 10 or 11 inches
tall, with a barrel torso. He had head and face, deeply cut though
not finely chiseled features—but without specklemarks, wrinkled
sign of care or sorrow upon the smooth, sculptured contour of his
countenance.

He sensed what I was seeking and guarded it from me. His bland
and unlovable manner, the politician’s tricks—to enchant acquisitions
and to hold friends—was somewhat concealed upon me as we talked. He could see
that through my affinity I was not caught, though he was not
exactly worried or irritated but puzzled—that the spell did not work—
and I caught his slight bewilderment as we chatted.

McKinley rose and stood before me. He smiled as he would to an
audience, for he was about to address it. The President put one hand under
his buttoned alpaca coat and in the other he held his cigar, a sign
that there was a public man on an occasion. I do not remember what
he said. He was answering to a sentiment that interested me. Somewhere
back in my youth or young manhood I had heard that man up and
had become almost unconsciously the figure that stands now in
Canton not far from his front door—William McKinley in bronze.

With Reed On Funeral Day

From Canton I hurried on to New
York, where I had appointments which would give me the material
for a story of Senator Thomas C.
Platt of New York. It was in the midst of my work on that story
in September of 1901 that William
McKinley received Colgrove’s bullet at
the Buffalo Fair. The funeral I sat in the Century Club
with Thomas B. Reed, former
Speaker of the House. We met
Together.

It had been decreed that for
five minutes during the McKinley
service in Buffalo the whole na-
tion should pause. Every wheel in
every factory stopped. All across
the land work hardened at rest.
Trains paused. The nation held a
session of silent prayers. I,
listening at the dining-room win-
dow in the third floor, looked down
and saw the flag and the crowd
suddenly halt. We realized that this
was the hour of prayer for the
spirit of McKinley, which also was
as he would have written the script
for his funeral.

McKinley and Hanna had urged
Reed as Speaker of the House when

An American Political Album—Left to right, President McKinley, Ex-Speaker
Thomas B. Reed, Senator Thomas C. Platt and Mark Hanna.

Twice 300 pounds. He stood six
feet of blubber, and yet power exu-
ded from his excess adipose, his
triple chin, his big, jeweled counte-
nance like visible electricity. He
was a man of wide erudition and ex-
ceptional culture—New
England Brahminism blowing 106 miles an
hour.

His Diatribe Exquisitely Brutal

As the east and eastward stopped in the street below, Reed slowly
hiked off, smoking his disappatape
hardly on the table or looked up and bowed—not a prayer, but a
discourse. He turned McKinley and Hanna. I have never heard such
exquisitely brutal, mercilessly re-
mended malapropism in all my life. It was an experience out of the bitter-
ness of a life that had been thwarted, for Reed had deserved the Presi-
dency in ’96 and had been defeated as Speaker behind the scenes
because he did not believe in the Di-
vrine alliance between business and politics cemented by the
Democratic
affair; because Reed cried out for
the gold standard, when McKinley
was wobbling, Reed had insisted on
his bitterness and contempt. He
poured his feelings out in a torrent of
wrath, a cold, repressed
New England cascade of ices.

That Icy Yankee Drawl

A good reporter, I tried to re-
produce it. I could not. It was
rage, chum into sarcasm and
fides, contempt. The man’s bleak
glacial passion—New England un-
derstatement freezing in inverte-
—flower in that icy Yankee drawl
access that histrionic moment, shat-
tering the drama of the hour. Per
Reed spoke as a man who knew for
a fact and, in deep truth, what
terrible thing was happening to his
country. And, as a patriot, but
mostly as a wounded man, he spoke
for 10 minutes, even after the clus-
ter in the street had resumed, with
such force and in such beautiful
language of power, that his
machine, simple diction, that I real-
ized I was witnessing a great occa-

Alas, the only witness! There was
a great figure, a huge, sturdy one
lived with petrified rage. I could
never regain that moment of re-
capture words that would reproduce
that mood. It was a Philipine. If
only it could have been reported
what a speech it would have made
for the school reader in the oppo-
site page from the story of
McKinley’s stage deathbed and stage
General.

The newspapers carrying the
story of McKinley’s death described
it curiously like a state deathbed
—thus he left consciousness—
that is, he was mumbling “Over. My God.
To Thee,” and that he reached an
affectionate hand to Mark Hanna
and parted with him in a well-set
school-reader deathbed scene. Cer-
tainly McKinley died—in truth or
in accepted fiction—in character; the
statue in L.C. park was expiring.

(Copyright 1896 by Boston Globe
and the McMillan Company)

Tomorrow Mr. White’s autobi-
ography discusses William Jen-
nings Bryan—“An innocent, in-
tellectually and emotionally, but a
discovering prophet of the world to
come.”
The Autobiography of William Allen White

When Reed Cursed McKinley, It Was Like a New England Cascade of Ice

The very human, likeable late editor of the Emporia Gazette—one of America's truly great editors—here, in the first of a number of articles on the outstanding statesmen and public figures with whom he, as a national figure, had contacts over a period of many years, reveals an intimate picture of William McKinley during the years before and during McKinley's Presidential tenure.

By WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

William McKinley, after his nomination, set forth under the tutelage and with the financial support of Mark Hanna, fronting for Wall Street, to tour Republican states.

McKinley was the candidate of the Republican party. He was a high-tariff man. The Republicans offered a high protective tariff as the solution for the depression. The Democrats were offering the free and unlimited coinage of silver, as their cure-all for hard times.

McKinley was a master politician, given to those hunches which are the result of keen, quick, accurate observation through eye and ear.

I admired his tact and aplomb. I watched his loyalty to those who had served him, and the way he kept himself at a decent distance from all men. I felt he was rather finicky about keeping out of political debts.

Yet, for all his virtues, I did not respect his mind. It seemed that the whole diplomacy of his spirit was to conceal how little he really knew about the real essentials of life and generous living and thinking.

On a campaign train by train through Kansas, it was interesting to see how carefully McKinley handled statesmen. He sat in an armchair in the rear of the observation car and back of the door, where the swing of the rear door-knob would catch anyone standing up before him right between the back suspenders. As the door swung frequently, it was unprofitable to stand long before the chair, and of course no chair could wedge into the door side of McKinley's corner.

He carefully kept any chair from his right-hand side. The politicians who drifted in and out of the car and on and off the train had to be satisfied with an introduction and a few normal words. The great man rose for the introduction, stepped into the midst of the arriving pilgrims, shook hands, chatted for a few moments, most formally, and then retired to his inaccessible throne.

This was McKinley's strategy: he did not want to talk to any man personally before a crowd. No man could say that McKinley had made any deal with him, that any man had his confidence. Because his bread and butter depended on knowing his right-hand side. The politicians who drifted in and out of the car and on and off the train had to be satisfied with an introduction and a few normal words. The great man rose for the introduction, stepped into the midst of the arriving pilgrims, shook hands, chatted for a few moments, most formally, and then retired to his inaccessible throne.

This was McKinley's strategy: he did not want to talk to any man personally before a crowd. No man could say that McKinley had made any deal with him, that any man had his confidence. Because his bread and butter depended on knowing
June in Maine
BY ESTELLA M. HARRIS

Fairest June, the Queen of Summer, all in emerald garments dressed,
Crowned with buttercups and daisies, and with roses on thy breast,
Nature bows to give thee homage, and the bright, blue sky above,
Mirrors deep in lake and river, sweet reflection of its love.

June, the month of graduations, gala month of weddings, too;
When, from the rim-rock of endeavor, youth starts out on paths new.
High ideals and lofty standards, all the earth seems now in tune;
Golden sunshine, silvery moonbeams, mark this perfect month of June.

Where the spring of living water, lingers in some shady pool,
And the branches, hanging over, deep their shadows, soft and cool.
You may fish for speckled beauties, fish and dream the hours away,
Mystic visions, sweet enchantment, waft you back to boyhood's day.

When the luscious wild strawberries blossom 'neath the morning's light,
And the dewdrops on the grasses, scintillate like diamonds bright.
When at eve, the lengthening shadows, whisper that the day has gone,
And the whoop-whoop is calling, then it's time to plant the corn.

In the forest's deepest run-ways, where the music of the pines,
Ebb and flow with rhythm cadence, chanting grand, majestic lines.
Tiny groves and mottled partridge, wary deer and startled fawn,
Rooftop will the leafy tangle, children of the forest grown.

From the mountain's lofty summit, when you've climbed its rugged side,
You may view a land of plenty, peace and joy that shall abide.
Mountain peaks and woodland stretches, interspersed with valleys green,
Set with village, farm and hamlet, over all, bright summer's sheen.

Rippling brooks and mighty rivers, sweeping seaward to the sea,
Surely fit at Land of Promise, that should spell 'Prosperity'.
Therew's no penalty laden because, rippling fields of golden grain,
Ring bird and droning insect, this is Summertime in Maine.

Peary Memorial to Be Set This Summer

PORTLAND, June 4-The late Robert E. Peary, Mrs. Peary and Mrs. Marie Peary Stafford are well known to Portland residents through their many summer holidays passed at Eagle Island in Casco Bay, and their list of acquaintances is greatly interested in news given out of an expedition to Cape York to honor the famous discoverer of the North Pole with a statue shaft erected in his memory.

The expedition, leaving aboard the schooner Morrisine in several weeks, will be conducted by Mrs. Peary, her daughter, and two grandsons, from Cambridge, Mass., and Captain Robert A. York, twice guided Peary's ship, the Roosevelt, through the polar seas, will be in command of this vessel.

The monument will be 60 feet, and one of the three angels to adorn the north, with the first initial of Peary's name forming a huge inscription which will be erected from a good distance and will tell the world of the explorer's work in that vast land. The monument will be made of native stone, and the Eskimos will supply the unskilled labor.

The expenses will be met by the Peary family, and the expedition is financed by the Explorers Club. The monument is to be erected on a black sandpail at Cape York, at the upper end of Melville Bay in Greenland.

At this present habitable region to the Pole, Peary made his base for expeditions further north. The basin has been described as 'the most magnificent spot on the face of the Earth' and is regarded as one of the most important discoveries of his lifetime.

EIDER DUCK BAN

AUGUSTA, June 4-The Migratory Bird Commission of the United States, of which George J. Stobie, commissioner of inland fisheries and game for Maine, is the New England representative, will hold a meeting this month at which some conclusion will be reached with respect to the new regulations that are to be adopted.

Commissioner Stobie favors the lengthening of the open season on ducks from one to three months, reducing the bag limit to eight or 10 and lifting the ban on the shooting of the eider duck. He believes that this will result in the killing of so much duck and may save the black ducks in Maine by discouraging hunters from penetrating into the interior where these birds nest. Commissioner Stobie thinks that ducks are greatly on the increase on the Maine coast.

Here's a Word of Advice to Wives—or Maybe Two

It needs no guilt to break a husband's heart. The absence of content, the mutterings of spleen, the unartist dress and cheerless home, the forbidding scowl and deserted heart—are, and other nameless neglects, without a crime among them, have Harragon to the quick, the heart's core of many a man, and planted there, beyond the reach of cure, the germ of dark despair.

O, may woman, before that sight arrives, dwell on the recollections of her youth, and cherish the dear idea of that tuneful time, awaken and keep alive the promise she so kindly gave.

And though she may be the injured, not the injuring one—the forgotten, and not the forgetting wife—a happy allusion to the hour of peaceful love—a kindly welcome to a comfortable home—a smile of love to banish hostile words. Else, and the hardest heart that ever locked itself within the breast of selfish man, will soften to her charms, and bid her live, as she had hoped, her years of matchless bliss, loved, loving and content—the source of comfort and the spring of joy—"Here the Chambers' Journal of 1933.
Facts from Portland's Past—1932

BY HELEN SEARLES MARSH

I am happy to tell of Peak's Island, where I was born, was probably the first to come here in May 1911. Mary Brimmer now 80 years old, was born on Peak's Island. Her great-grandfather, Brackett, was killed by the Indians in 1660. A few years before, her great-grandmother, Brackett, was born on Peak's Island. She was an witness of the great Portland fire of 1936.

There were only 25 houses on Peak's Island when my father bought the first store and had a horse pulled cart on the island. The first horse was the Island belonged to granfather, and he brought the second. It was a small, tin bucket, as there was no regular boat to connect us with the mainland. The mail was delivered in a small vessel to stop by the island and pick it up. My father was the only one on the island to have a horse and cart.

The Civil War

It was a time of war, and the soldiers were at war with each other. The soldiers were at war with the Indians. The soldiers were at war with the British. The soldiers were at war with the French. The soldiers were at war with the Spaniards.

The Old Gem Theatre

There were gay times when the Gem Theatre opened in the early nineties. Bertram McCollum, the manager, introduced many popular shows. The Old Homestead, Way Down East, and other popular shows. The island has grown to be a real city, about 100 people live on the island year round, and 500 or more during the summer. The automobiles have changed.
The Old German Church At Waldoboro

No. 66—The old German church in Waldoboro, situated on a hill about a quarter of a mile from the Atlantic Highway, commanding a fine sweep of river and countryside, is one of the three oldest churches in Maine. Dating from 1775, it is closely associated with the history and early struggles of the 60 German peasant families from the Rhineland who came here on the invitation of Samuel Waldco. Jr., in 1743 to join the 60 families of their countrymen who had founded Waldoboro about 1740 under his father, Gen. Samuel Waldco. Tradition asserts that the room offered them supplies for six months, as well as farms of 150 acres.

The emigrants, when they arrived in Grand Bay in September, found no provision whatever, but spent the winter in a cabin of about 60 feet long and 10 feet square, made of pine boards and hewn and stained and painted, and the earth floor.
FORMER DEPUTY SHERIFF WHO FLED FROM ARREST REPORTS IN COURT THURSDAY MORNING

William V. Nash of Vassalboro, indicted on charge of Conspiracy to Obstruct Justice, Admitted To Bail For Appearance At Superior Court From Day to Day Until Case Is Called

Appearing in Superior Court Thursday morning of his own accord, accompanied by his wife and his brother-in-law, William V. Nash of Vassalboro, who had been searched for through the night by deputy sheriffs, was placed under arrest by Deputy Sheriff Harry W. Pinkham and then bail was placed at the amount of $2,000, from day to day.

Nash, against whom an indictment was returned by the Grand Jury charging him with conspiracy to obstruct justice in that he was partner in attempt to secure money the same to be used in sending a material witness out of the State.

The man for whom a search had been made throughout the hours of the night before, appeared in court bright and early Thursday morning and was held, much as he up to that time, but had been actually arrested County Attorney Frank E. Musser said he did not accept the bail.

The court ordered the county attorney's bond. Benedict Holme is the manager of the former deputy sheriff and prohibition enforcement worker

Oct. 9

Ray Goldsmith of Vassalboro, who married a sister of S. Nash, and Mrs. Grace A. Nash, wife of the former deputy, promised sureties for Nash's bail to the amount of $2,000. Goldsmith stated that he owned a farm valued at $3,000 and a $600 piece of land with a $600 improvement on it.

Mrs. Nash said that the owner of a place, some land and also a house in Vassalboro near the Riverview road and there was no mortgage on any of her property. She would not take $5,000 for the place, if you offered it to me today. It is a fine house, stated Mrs. Nash.

The case will be continued Friday morning and he will not be in court.

Some Degas Horses

The Degas group includes a number of drawings of horses, all of which show much livelier reading of equine character than any of the paintings. One in particular absurdly resembling Manet's portrait of Degas with its innocent forefoot, its uplifted nose, its surprised eye.

WORK BY MARY CASSATT AND DEGAS CONTRASTED

One of the exhibitions of the month is that of drawings by those whom we call, with conveniently large inclusiveness, the "Impressionists." From courtesy perhaps to a lady and an artist, can, the first as you turn left after entering the Durand-Ruel gallery is Mary Cassatt. These drawings are mostly sketches, for drypoints. Some of them are more interesting than the subsequent prints, as, in feeling her way toward a final expression, the artist has caught fleeting aspects of the physiognomy more sensitively than after she has settled down to her work. One, a full length of a child wearing a coat and hat and with hair falling over her shoulders, presents an amazing contrast with the others. Either it is one of the early drawings of Miss Cassatt's childhood, resurrected for an editor's purposes, or it is one of those freaks of futility that happen to almost the best of artists, never to those who are quite the best. At all events, it would be entertaining to have the documents in the little case.

Degas, coming hard upon this group of sketches by one who was supposed to be his pupil but was not, is more impressive in his own drawings than in his paintings. He makes, that is, a livelier impression. There need be no reluctance in confessing that the drawings would be more continuously delightful to live with, and in casual art this is the test that make for one's self, not for others. A few surprises are here for those who know Degas only by his prints and muscles. The first is the delicate Grecian gesture of a woman standing, with a slow play of line in the scimitar drapery. It is easy to see Ingres and even Holbein, whose Degas once copied, in the fine close outline. For fun of contrast go next to the drawing of a dancer standing with feet wide apart—it hangs on the wall opposite the door. One could easily criticize its defects, and scrutinize upon it are the exit a critic Degas himself made; the distance between the feet, he finds "too small," and indeed it is; also the arms at the right is bad, "bras mauvais," he wrote, and it would seem as though he could have made it a good bras with less effort than it took to scribble the comment. Yet as it is, who would choose instead of it the graceful figure inherited from Ingres and Holbein?

Neither Mary Cassatt nor Degas was strictly speaking, an Impressionist with a capital I, and coming to see the pictures we find her hardly more so than an impressionist-in-law. Her charming sanguinity, graceful light in touch, flowing in line, stand quite alone in the art of the period. Feminine, if to be feminine is to be filled with a painless ardor and sensibility.

Puisis de Chavannes at one end and Toileuse-Lautrec at the other and really very little room for impressionist, but all to the interest of the walls. Puisis with the pule sensuality of what apparently are essays of his youth and Lautrec with a vivid monochrome painted for the cabinet Brant. Lautrec's picture is filled with portraits—Brant singing the"Comtesse de Chambord, and beautiful, derivations of the kind, Maurice, Duran the designer, Anguissola, Maximo "the legend of a gay writer," and there is the Louis XIV chair hanging upside down from the ceiling. Lautrec himself is there with his big lips and scornful eyes. In the Montmartre cabaret he must have looked upon many an orgy that was wild and infinitely stupid. Of those who took part he made pictures appropriately wild and anything but gaudy. This one stands out with a character that almost persuades one to accept Miller-Graef's definition of him as a "monumental" painter, whose special importance lies in his mastery of large surfaces. Without that character his hitting line and acid characterization would sink to personal caricature. It is very well to say that "one should paint for one's self and a couple of friends," but the wide wall and the commonplace call out greater power.
131st Anniversary Of Henry Wadsworth
Marriage With Mary Storer Potter And

Longfellow’s Birth Recalls
Early Life At Brunswick

February 27, 1938

At left: Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, top center: Where Longfellow
lived. This house, 206 Maine Street, Brunswick, was formerly a
suitable cottage around the corner on Potter Street, then called Longfellow
Lane. After Longfellow’s brief residence in it, it was brought around to its
present location, raised up and a lower story built under it. It is better known
as the Gen. Joshua Chamberlain house, for this great American made his
residence there while president of Bowdoin College. In the upper part of
the building are preserved some of the original pieces of glass and wall
papering which were there during Longfellow’s occupancy.

Below: The present remodeled building at 25 Federal Street, Brunswic,
where the Longfellows made their home during the greater part of
the four years of married life. It was here that Longfellow wrote “Outre-
Mer” and his numerous class texts which were pathfinders in the field
of pedagogy.

At bottom, center: This present house is the modern descendant of
the old Uniacke sallot Church, at Brunswick in which Longfellow worshiped.
played his flute, and taught a Bible class. The church building was sold to
the Mascardi Baptist Society and was moved out of town to a lot near the
junction of the Old York Point and Harpswell Roads, where it became
famous as the “Forest Church.” Years later it was again sold and moved
back into town where it was used as a Grange hall on the corner of Gilman
and Union Streets. It was again remodeled and today is used as a temenun.

At right: Mary Storer Potter Longfellow—“I have had my portrait al-
ready, the eyes are ruined.” After Mary’s death, Longfellow was seen standing
before this portrait, where it hung in her father’s Portland home, the
poet trying to recall “the poor counterfeits of sentiment” of her vanished face.
Mary wrote that although there were very few entertainments in the town in winter, time passed very quickly for them. They dined at five in the evening, and all seemed to prefer a late dinner. She found that her maid had more time, and this was true of herself. "It is a quite a relief," she said, for now I have only to think what we shall have for dinner, instead of dinner and tea.

President Sills of Bowdoin College has related an anecdote which illustrates this point. The story came originally from the Rev. Francis McKern, granddaughter of the first president of the college. "Longfellow," wrote President Sills in a letter to the author, "in the rather sleepy village of Brunswick had the reputation of being quite formal and a good deal of a misanthrope. On one occasion the Longfellows were giving a dinner party. I think it was a New Year's party, for the mail carrier was sent to the house to make a call. When the dinner was over, the doorbell rang. Longfellow turned to the very New England maid whose name I remember was given as Hannah, and said, 'Hannah, please go to the door.' Whereupon the maid, who was somewhat overwhelmed by her duties, said, 'Indeed, Mr. Longfellow, if you are going to have all these high-dancing callers, you'll have to go to the door yourself,' whereupon Mr. Longfellow rose slowly and answered the bell.

Before Longfellow's marriage, he had been instrumental in the establishment of a Unitarian Society at Brunswick. John S. Cushian, Master William P. Humpire, and Governor Robert Dunlap were other prominent citizens who had been the prime movers of the establishment of the society and were instrumental in its early success. The Unitarian group, however, had no church building.

The Brunswick Society of the town had a church, then located on the corner of Federal Street and the present Jordan Avenue; but they, in turn, lacked the financial strength to support a resident pastor. An arrangement had been entered into, whereby the Universalists were to give the Unitarians the use of the new church building, and the Unitarians in return were to assist in supporting the expenses of conducting regular Unitarian worship and pastoral care.

Sang In Choir
In this little church, Henry and Mrs. Longfellow sang and sometimes in concert with John Cushian on the organ. The church was a busy place.

A Young Man Called
Henry had no longer any mother to the confidante, and the grim old man had taken upon himself this rôle. The young man's name was Longfellow—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. He was a professor of science at Bowdoin College. A Young Man Called

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Learned Beat And Rhythm Of Nature
From Restless Sea On Maine Coast

Down Lengthening Parade Of Years, Public
Salutes Great Poet, Beloved By All.
Considered Closest Of All Americans

By Alberta B. Alpine

Today marks the birth of the greatest and most typical
of New England poets, born in Portland, 1807. 131 years ago.
Through a long life of scholarship and literary florescence,
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, toiling among his fellowmen;
as he himself phrased it "so much with book and pen,"
achieved much beautiful creation. His work is indeed re-
markable, both for the smooth and prolific ease of its im-
mediate production and for the lasting, enduring qualities
peured into it by his undeniable genius.

Poetry Of Culture
He was no rough-hewn poet. Although
he possessed the altogether desirable gift of ease and natural-
ness, although he never was guilty of one word or phrase of affectation,
although insincerity and artificial-
ness are totally unknown to his work
nevertheless he is polished, smooth;
his poetry is the poetry of

civilization, of refinement, of cul-

Continued on Page 20
Longfellow's love of nature, as prominent throughout his work, is also the deeper bed of all his scholarly manner of life. He sees the beauty of nature with the eye of a connoisseur; his love of the out-of-doors is tinged with a mysticism and an understanding that have sprung from thought and meditation on human life itself. Only one word might be capable of philosophy, of reason, of clearness, from fact to fact could have interpreted the ways of a primitive race to a more enlightened people. As perfectly as he has done in the great epic 'Hawthorne.'

By the power of his poetic imagination he has visualized the life of that strong, deep-seated, full-bodied tribe as hard for the Alden, New Englander to understand, but he has written down in the most beautiful physical language his own vision. He, rightly conceives to be the central meaning of their lives, has transmuted this to the logical gap between their existence and our own. He has intuited bridges by making use of the only thing that can be common to both—the external aspect, and the inner meaning of nature, the great elemental forces of all human life, and the final mystic problem and wonderment of death and its significance.

Spiritual Content

The tripping measures of the great story's wave breath deeply into his own spirit. Like most great poems of the kind, it is the 'Bird's' story that the greatest hope was that many advances in his time. At the end of the poem he said, 'The story of the life of Tennyson's 'Angels of the King' is the central realm of the hereafter.' His work is done as the poet's mission is completed. Never have similar drawn from nature been used with such taste and with greater felicity of feeling than in the 'Courthship of Miles Standish.'

The truest beard of 'Captains Standish' is the 'Fairest and Fairest.' As the hedges sometimes in November, seems to set the tone for the whole poem. It characterizes the hound and most significantly. As for characterization, no narrative poem familiar to New Englanders contains characters more real than those in the poem. The poet and Priscilla are perfectly human beings, alive to the nth degree. Can be read with understanding by a very young person, and power remain with the reader and have meaning for him all his life.

Emotional Treatment

Another work of art created by our New England poet is the 'Tale of Arden.' The most charming thing about that long narrative is its treatment of emotion. Most delicately does the poet treat joy, sorrow, despair, suspense, disaster, the arrival of death. Longfellow's love of the peaceful, rural life speaks out in strikingly clear, accurate, and beautiful narrative. The 'transquil evenings of summer' give way to the dreamy and magical light of the coming autumn, and the poet's eye and ear are filled with the joy and delight of this serenity and harmony of life. The very spirit of home is infused into the description of the quiet evening at Bellefontaine, Evangeline's father. The peace of the Arcadian life as a whole is of course emphasized so that the later parts of the poem will gain in effectiveness by dramatic contrast. The story of separation and horror and tragedy that is to come is heightened by these stylish opening scenes. But these scenes contain the most famous passages in the poem, and when we think of 'Evangeline' as a work of art, it is the love and beauty and adventure of the heroine's wanderings--true, though it is--that comes to mind. No; it is the line and sound and atmosphere of Grand Pre before its burning that lingers with us and becomes our own.

Down the lengthening vista of years we salute our great poet—the poet beloved alike by teacher and pupil, by aged men and children, by the sophisticated and the naive. From that very seat that still tumbling over the rocky coast of Maine he earned the best and highest of nature's honors. Now that he is in many ways the closest to us with his thought and his ideals we feel the most at ease with our language, and our hopes and fears he knows.
Author Of "The Face On The Bar Room Floor"
Tells Of Writing Epic While In Ohio Tannery

John Henry Titus, 91, Jotted Down Famous Lines On Bits Of Bark And Leather In 1872; Poem About The "Old Pine Tavern" Differs From Original
By Harry A. Packard

"Twas a balmy autumn night, and a goodly lot was there
That oversaw Joe's bar-room as Court on the square
leaps as in her arms forgiven;
And fell on the picture dead."

John Henry Titus penned these famous lines in 1872.
formed them first in his mind as he wheeled loads of tanning bark back and forth in the tannery in Jefferson, Ohio.
then put on paper the words that have since become
immortal—an epic of a crying jag!

Has Been Changed
Its author is a kindly faced man
81 years old. He seldom drinks anything stronger than ginger beer; but he convinced William Dean Howells that he knew just how it felt to have drunk too wisely but too well. Howells was at that time editor of the Jefferson Sentinel and published the verses that, in the past 85 years have been
written and rewritten into all sorts of rhymes. The original title—As the young tannery worker shaped the lines—is no more like the version that has since appeared than is a fat and nonsense Reed bird like the bob-o-link.

I wrote it," Titus told me, "as I wheeled the sides, going in and out in the tannery, whacking it aloud. When parts sounded correct to my ear I would jot it down on bits of back and front.

The white-haired bard has retained many of the settings as stories.

In the next few weeks, the poem will always have. They must remain on my shelves.

The scene of the poem was in the Old Pine Tavern, a famous tannery place of distinguished personal images as noted in Jefferson.

It was the home of William D. Howells and his brother Benjamin W. Howells and Vice President at the death of Lincoln. With third floor and the Tannery where the spectre scene occurred.

Put Titus insists that the epic was founded on fact, and even on his recollection of his original verses:

"A sighing laugh—wan woman cry!
Say Joe a brace, and I'll feel better.
And draw right here in memory the
time that drove me mad—
Parch the chair you mark the whiskey score and see.
Her face in fancy on the bar-room floor.

There was Josiah B. G. Honings congressman and aide to Lincoln during the Civil War. Lincoln had had Howells at the age of 24 to go to Italy as consul. My father, William K. Titus, a high literary critic, was associated with the Howells for 45 years and the verses first appeared in the Howells Sentinel.

The vigilante who returned after 20 years on a "balmy autumn night" had been a friend of my father's in the East. On his return he found the "goodly lot" (used in many) in the Tannery bar room. His former sweetheart Magdelene had married the Tannery keeper.

Impotent Men At Bar
The gathering at the bar room was not an ordinary group of hangovers. There were no drinks, but men of national and local importance

In writing the lines the romance was a mere filling of the warp. The warp was the absence of wisdom among the so-called temperance orders. The bartenders, good fellowship and drunks of the bar room interested me more than the romance it contained. There was much of the kindly in the bartending.

"The chair," not chair as it has often been reprinted, was burnt wood from the fireplace.

In some of the old books, "The Face On The Bar Room Floor" is given considerably in rhyme and meter of the period; but in the Titus original the story was very much longer and brought in more of the local color.

In it, "Face" refers to the Old Pine Tavern and the "balmy evening" refers to a storm brewing. In the use of the word the writer had reference to the rain—no storm saying. The barroom refers to barroom taverns and the monsterous life of grief and comed. The whiskey score that Titus tells me was a local option matter where the individual drinks must be charged upon a score board. The town fathers would have record of the amount on the bar and must each meet accounted.

Quincey "Tall" refers to the spirit of last love, and the "phantom of dread" is the ghost of lost love in the death hour. Willie Clark refers to the last drink of night at curfew. Rules of drinking in public taverns were more strict in 1872 than they are today.

And so the verse goes on:

"Oh image, divine at pillow and in your eyes, so quickly gone, she comes in girlish careens and accent of solace.

"I recall," he said, "Old Tom at the Pine Tavern had a fat stomach, and he was a good friend. When the stage drove up each new arrival was greeted as a friend. The old tavern typified fraternal greeting and, what would it be—"

Titus smiled. Then from this pursed lips of the poet the answer came back like an echo floating down the years:

"Whiskey, rum— or gin?"
Howells, Famous Novelist, Drew On Maine For Locale

10th Birthday Observance
Tuesday Recalls Works Describing State

By William C. Berry

William Dean Howells, one of America's most famous novelists and exponents of realism, was born at Martin's Ferry, Ohio, March 1, 1837. Older Maine residents will recall that he had summer homes in Kittery and York. People of those books will recall that Maine people, writers, and scenes made deep impressions on his mind and these impressions he gave back to the world in his famous books.

Impressed By New England

The New England landscape and character impressed him so much that his best books were set in this corner of the United States for their locale and their characters.

In the year of 1908, when the 26th anniversary of Howells' death was being celebrated, it was interesting to note that the bishop of England, William Dean Howells was a frequent visitor of the New Jerusalem church, and that correspondents of famous novelists were received in the Swedenborg communion.

In a biographical essay entitled "Literature and Life," Howells writes several essays of interest to New Englanders, especially to Maine people. In one, "Consequences of a Summer Colony," he describes Maine cottage, sea-faring villagers, fireworks and life in these localities in general, bringing in even his ideas of the speech and customs of these folk with whom he became acquainted during the summer months and expressing a wish that Winter had to swing around and demand his presence in other places.

In another essay, he compares New York with New England, and New England at his hands seems to get the better end. In this essay, he speaks of Sarah Orne Jewett and how highly he regarded her work, comparing it with that of the Englishwoman Jane Austen. He also mentions with respect the story of Mark Wilkins — Peabody.

in another essay which centers around his reminiscences of his life in his summer homes, he speaks of Sir William Pepperrell, and the Bay house which he remodeled the Pepperrells lived in by about 100 years. He says that a meeting of the Pepperrell Association of the close of his summer life there. He found his deepest excitement in watching and in the change he designates as Jim Howells a winter whose special charm is its capacity for sentiment, and something of the way of a good story is more or less irreplaceable. Howells' belief in the magic circle of society is one of the most remarkable phases of his writings. It is a perfectly ingenious belief, and shows itself quite unconsciously (and often very surprisingly) in every one of his novels. As for the many born outside the circle, he is far from lacking interest, in their ways and characters. They are not, he thinks, without importance, and of the manner of their lives he knows much.

With certain types, such as the "Down East" farmer, the rough grained old New England sailor, the merchant at the country store, he is more than superficially acquainted. Whether in the last analysis he has somewhat of the idea that they have always been there, he can say. He does not think of them as the representative, nor the most American of our American novelists; but nevertheless he has a

A Strong Winter

Howells is a writer whose claim to fame rests on his ability to write a story of sentiment, and something of the way of a good story is more or less irreplaceable. Howells' belief in the magic circle of society is one of the most remarkable phases of his writings. It is a perfectly ingenious belief, and shows itself quite unconsciously (and often very surprisingly) in every one of his novels. As for the many born outside the circle, he is far from lacking interest, in their ways and characters. They are not, he thinks, without importance, and of the manner of their lives he knows much.

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[Article continues on next page]
Antique Secretary, Property Of Waldoboro Man To Be Exhibited

A rare old secretary, the original bill of sale dated May 12, 1785, the property of Warren Weston Creamer of Waldoboro, antique dealer, and obtained by him from the Reed Collection of Waldoboro, comprises one of the hundreds of antiques which will be on exhibit in the Hotel Eastland Thursday, Friday and Saturday, when Maine's first Antiques Exposition, and the third of its kind ever held in this country, opens in this city.

The public will have the opportunity of viewing choice treasures of 31 leading Maine antique dealers and collectors, as well as prize pieces of several nationally known collectors at this exposition. The spacious ballroom of the hotel, together with the Sunrise Room and parts of the lobby, will be used to display the collection, which promises to be larger than the two previous expositions, held in Boston and New York.

The secretary, which today is in as nearly perfect condition as when the bill of sale was handed to Isaac Reed, is credited with having been used by General Knox of Revolutionary fame to pen important messages to Washington. General Knox was an intimate friend of the Reed family. It has always been used in the Reed family and more recently has served Mr. Creamer, its present owner. Mr. Creamer is also exhibiting four other pieces from the Reed Collection.
Fiction With Maine Setting Gives Boost To State's Summer Trade

Rachel Field's 'Time Out Of Mind' Is Among Best Of Volumes Depicting Rugged Life Along Our Coast In All Seasons

By William C. Derry

Among things which draw people to Maine for the summer, vacations, aside from the natural lure of seashore and mountain, rivers and lakes, quiet spots and beauty spots which the State holds within its borders, is the fiction that natives and its admirers have written about it. At this season of the year, with the coming of Spring, many people pick up to read again a lovely book, replete with Maine pictures and places, and full of descriptions of all the seasons of the year.

'Time Out Of Mind,' a novel dealing with life along the coast of Maine in the late 19th Century, Rachel Field has given to the English-speaking world, a beautiful and vivid picture of the rugged coast history and its inhabitants. Although in no sense a sociological novel, since its chief purpose is psychological, emotional, even perhaps a little sentimental, 'Time Out of Mind' does, nevertheless, present very well integrated, clearly shaded pictures of a definite local group—the boats and shippers of the Maine coast.

The work is in respect of the Field, whose mother brought up in the area is written into the family Major Fortune, a descendant of the conservative type, who does his part to the coming age of living brought about by the increasing use of steam and electricity. Major Fortune appreciates the old ways of shipbuilding, that lost his money and lives to see the destruction of all that he holds dear.

The Fortune homestead is situated on Little Prospect, not far from Rockland. Rachel Field, a Chicagoan, adopted Maine some time ago her own State. From the site and near about her summer home on Long Island, the smallest of the cherry islands, that rose three or four miles off shore of the mainland, 'Time Out Of Mind' takes its locale. The lighthouses of Maine, described with the deep touch that the Field knew so well, and the voice of the narrator, Kate Fernald, the sights and sounds of Maine more than any guidebook could ever be.

Shrews True Trans.

The traits of the people are portrayed with sympathy and appreciation; a sympathetic observer has here chronicled the sturdiness of character, their honesty, their stubbornness, their occasional narrowness, their rural colloquialisms.

The book belongs in the line of the beauties of nature. But all these things are made a frame to which is added the original theme of the book, the adventures of Kate for Nathaniel Fortune, the Major, whose constant companion and friend of his youth, becomes a great distance, a confidante of oracles and of the sea.

Major Fortune has had visions of a future career as a seaman for his son until an early trial in a fishing wreck wrecks his son's health and provokes a vain one. The father then sends his son to Harvard in an attempt to guide him into a scholarly mode of life. But for Nat there is nothing but music.

All these broken hopes seem symbolized in the fate of the 'Rainbow,' the last great ship ever to be built by the Major. Her launching portends her ill fate. A man is gravely injured as he takes to water for the first time. He is an employee of the Major and never recovers, mentally or physically from the shock of being crushed by falling timbers as he knocks away the last blocks of the great ship.

It is this very man who later sets fire to the 'Rainbow' and destroys her at a time when she is practically uninsured. He is not discoverable, and only Kate, the taller of the story, knows that he is guilty of the fact. She tells Jake, a neighbor boy, but Jake begins to be thick and his knowledge of the facts is soon forgotten.

Good, and might involve other and innocent persons. Jake is in love with Kate, and she is silent partly out of pity for him.

True To Fact

An early berry-picking expedition of the children—Kate and Nat and Walter Carriage—takes us down a Maine river in the summer time. The discovery of a school of seals in the stream is an outstanding event of the day. This incident is true to fact, for seals are no strangers to the ocean that washes along Maine shores. Elizabeth Blair, in her 'On Gilbert Head,' mentions discovering seals frolicking among rocks close to her island, saying that they were of a brownish color, and perhaps on that account of no commercial value.

The trees and tangled bushes of Maine, the heayy verdure, the fertile land with its fruits and leaves and flowers, are all woven in with the childhood escapades in Rachel Field's books. Throughout, the sea, ever fresh and new, ever enfolding yet with its own peculiar, maniaque, walls and watches. Here, as in so many of the plays of our great American dramatist, Eugene O'Neill, 'Ole Devil Sea,' at some time the beginning and the end, the promise and the threat, of life.

Much is made in 'Time Out Of Mind' of the lighthouses of the Maine coast, the 'far shore' of their lights and the 'lauters of boats in the harbor' keeps the narrator company near the end of her life. She speaks of the chance or the fate that threw her existence in with that of the Fortune children and a stranger, a prince.

Rockland, Mount Desert, many familiar points are mentioned frequently throughout the book. It is delightfully and beautifully written. The description of the life of the sea and the mainland, of the people, their very spiritual, is given with great care. This lovely saga of the Maine coast, every word is vividly American.
An old-fashioned flower garden bordered with coconut shells away back in Civil War days gave Mrs. Harriet Emery of Alfred the inspiration for the beautiful design of the hooked rug known the Country over as the "Emery Rug." A reproduction of this in all its loveliness, although eight by ten feet where the original was nearer 10 by 12 made by Mrs. Hazel A. Bullard of Governor's Corner, Alfred, was shown by Mrs. Bullard recently when she gave a talk on "Hooked Rugs" at a silver tea held in Conant Memorial Chapel.

Covers Wood Pile

The Emery rug made nearly 80 years ago after becoming too old and shabby for further use in the house was for some years used as a covering for the pumpkins in the Fall and later in the season thrown over the wood pile to keep it dry. After a long period of such treatment it was discovered a few years ago by a cousin in hooked rugs who advised the heirs of Mrs. Emery that it was probably worth a lot of money with the result that they held an auction for dealers at a Portland warehouse after sending out photographs of the rug. Bidding was so brisk that it brought $2,000 from a New York dealer.

Mrs. Bullard's rug is a faithful copy except that she varied the colors somewhat to go with the decorative scheme of her house and added such original touches as bees and butterflies, where she thought they would increase the interest of the pattern.

Two other room size rugs were on exhibition. One was a diamond pattern in blue, beige, rose, tan, red and green made by Mrs. Nancy Furlore of Berwick, grandmother of Mrs. Howard F. Blake of Alfred, who entered upon the task of dyeing the rug and hooking them, while her husband was fighting in the Civil War.

The property of Frederick A. Hobbs, Alfred attorney.

Blind Woman's Rug

In contrast to these both in size and coloring was the pretty little rug of sober hues braided and sewed by Miss Della Emerson, Miss Emerson will be 98 years old in March and as blind, yet blooms and bees as well as most people who can see.

The oldest rug of the 30 that were displayed was one made in 1838 by Emily Mitchell, mother of Mrs. Frank C. Lander, when only seven years of age, and next in point of years was the one made in 1839 by Eliza Gould, grandmother of Arthur H. Gould. Another nearly as old was hooked by Mrs. Sarah Emery of Alfred Mills who dreamed of the pattern one night and next day made haste to draw it on the burlap before she should lose any of the details. It has always been called the "dream rug" and has a variety of gay flowers and tiny houses in its design.

There were two "wedding rugs." One was the rug on which Herman J. Hayward and Miss Grace Roberts stood when they were married in 1899 and the other was the rug on which all couples stand who are married by the Rev. Daniel A. Gammon at Alfred. Its froeb, now a book is annotated for by Mrs. Gammon when during the 45 years of its use as a wedding rug has kept it wrong side
Library To Benefit By Celebration

A reverse of the World's Fair theme of the future will be the keynote of the celebration of the 75th anniversary of the Biddeford Public Library. The library will become the World of Yesterday. The event will be held Saturday, July 4, on the library grounds. The celebration will include a parade through the streets of Biddeford. The day will conclude with a fireworks display at dusk.

The event will feature exhibits of old Biddeford, including old photographs, old furniture, and old clothing. The library will also host a special exhibit of early Biddeford history, including a display of early library cards and a history of the library's growth and development.

The day will also feature music and entertainment, including a concert by the Biddeford High School band. A special display of vintage automobiles will be featured, including a 1920s Model T Ford and a 1930s Packard.

The event is open to the public, and admission will be free. The library will be open from 10am to 5pm on July 4.

For more information, contact the Biddeford Public Library at 283-4701.
A boat model constructed by Ralph Doughty of Vinalhaven is in a class by itself, as most model builders confine their efforts to full rigged ships or some other large type craft. His model is that of one of the familiar two-masted fishing schooners.

The nested dories are piled on deck, occupied by a full crew in oilskins. The captain may be seen at the wheel, while behind the sail several members of the crew are busily engaged in dressing out the day's catch on a hatch cover, the whole being very life-like.