

# the CASTINE VISITOR

CASTINE HISTORICAL SOCIETY NEWSLETTER

Summer 2005

vol. 15 no. 2



## Native Voices

*Two years ago, the Visitor published "Voices of Summer," a collection of interviews with people who had spent their summers in Castine in the thirties and forties. The newsletter has since then received several requests from those who grew up in Castine to tell "our story." The following article is adapted from interviews with three generations of native Castiners. As with that previous issue, we have unscrambled some syntax and pruned out the repetitions inherent in orality. These interviews are based on memory not historical research, and we have let factual errors go unremarked. The tapes we have used are in the archives of the Historical Society.*

**Phil Perkins** I was born here in Castine May 9, 1909. I was born at the top of Tarratine Street in the old Frank Morgrage place, and we moved from there (this is memory beyond my memory) to a little swallow cape cod on Court St. I lived there possibly four or five years, and then we built a place on Tarratine St. That became my home through elementary and high school and college, until I went away. My mother was Annie Johansen from Västervik, Sweden, born in 1884, died in 1964. She came to Castine as a servant for the Cormly family and met my father.

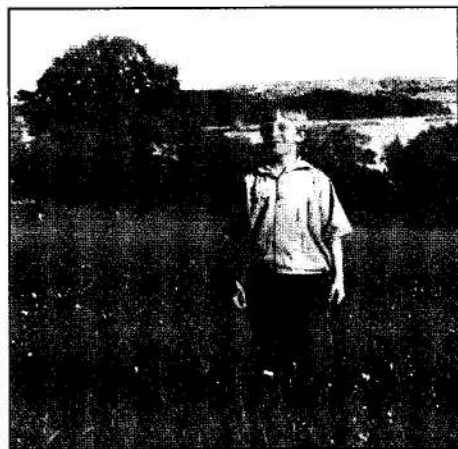
My father's mother and father ran a laundry. His name was Fred A. Perkins. Fred was a carpenter and also a ship carpenter. In Castine he built this house [across from the museum] for John Sheppard, he built Dr. Palmer's house on Battle Avenue, he rebuilt the house right below the Castine Inn, and he built the Morey house [now Kulis]. My grandfather told me Mr. Morey was a quite short-tempered man and he fired the foreman. My grandfather was asked to finish the place, and he was a little bit frightened about some of the construction problems, so they sent him down to Bowdoin College. It was a vocational course, which lasted only a few weeks.

My father and mother had five children—two girls and three boys. I'm the oldest. My father was born in 1884. He was born down here in what is today the Harris place. My father was a fisherman, clam digger, lobsterman. The earliest memories I have are going fishing with him out in the bay. The bay was loaded with cod and haddock. We had two boats. One was a dory



*Perkins House on Tarratine Street*

CHS Archives



CHS Archives

*Phil Perkins about 1920*

some fourteen feet long with a Knox Engine. He also had a boat built in Cape Rosier, which was some twenty-six feet long. It was ground trolling. We'd lay out the troll, put an anchor at one end; put an anchor at the other end. The tops were extremely long, and it seems to me they stretched from the bell buoy half way to Islesboro. We'd set the troll, we'd go aboard Mark Island for three or four hours and wait till the troll had "set," as they call it. Then we'd go out and haul the troll and take the fish back to the boatman wharf in Castine. My father had a scow there, and he'd unload the fish, gut, clean, and fillet them, and we would sell them to the summer people along the way to the head, to Dome of the Rock. My father died in 1970.

I went to school in Castine all the way. There were some teachers who were marvelous. In grammar school, probably the greatest teacher I ever had was Edna Harkwell. I started in 1914, and the state had only just built the addition for the first six grades as an adjunct to the normal school, so they could have their own training ground. There were two grades in each room. First and second grade,

*continued on next page*

third and fourth grades under Miss Harding, fifth and sixth grades under Miss Jellison. Then we went down to the grammar school [Adams School], which was run by Miss Harkwell. That included the seventh, eighth, and ninth grades—which I think was a wonderful thing. Gave you a little more chance to mature. Then you went into high school. High school principals changed almost year by year. When I first went in, the principal was Marvin McGloughlin from Brewer. Then we had Del King in my sophomore year. We had Harrison Small the junior and senior years.

My friends that I knew well were Lewis Clark, Bun Chamberlain, Gus Hooper, and, of course, the McKinnons. I was brought up with them. Bill was four or five years older than us. They were all marvelous baseball players. Their father tried out for the Braves. He didn't stay. Primarily from homesickness. We had a rinky-dink club right in the middle of where the Maritime gym is today. One winter I was awfully ill. I had terrible ear trouble. And in the spring my grandfather called me over to his house, and he said, "You know, I think you're in trouble. The McKinnon boys are being prosecuted by my brother Charles for breaking into his house." The only thing they took was preserves, things of that nature. Anyway, my grandfather said, "If you're involved in this, we'll see that nothing is done." In other words, "I'll just see my brother." Fortunately for me and unfortunately for the McKinnon boys, they were sent down to the reform school. I never forgave Charles for that. It was needless, pointless. Nothing was done. They just took a few jars of preserves. But he was determined to hurt the boys, and he surely did.

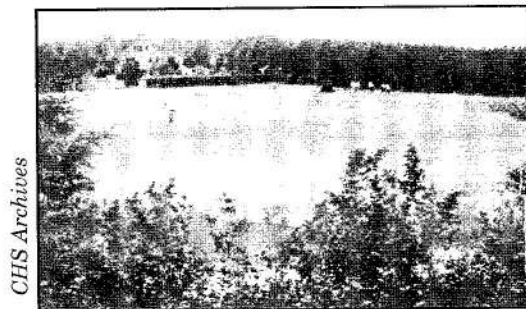
I remember the baseball games. In the normal school I was a catcher. I could throw well, but I was not a good hitter. The games were exciting because we would take the *Goldenrod* and go over to Camden at a nice time of year.

A man named E. Julian Seybt built the Folly Theatre in 1915. I used to pass out handbills for him. Matinees were a dime. Had wooden chairs. Bea Spurling played the piano. The orchestra that played on Saturday nights would be Art Morey. He had what they called a valve trombone, and he was marvelous up until the time he got false teeth, and that was the end of that. Sewell Perkins played the fiddle. Later, after I was in high school, I took care of the fire and the posters. One billboard was directly across from the Post Office and the other down on the corner. I got three dollars a week. Movies changed twice a week. What they had upstairs, in order to run the movies, was the old carbon-arc lights, and they had a huge barrel-shaped converter to convert the alternating current into direct current, and a friend of mine and I ran the movies. The movies were everything.

I remember the fire of 1921. I was down to my grandmother's, and all I remember is just going up in the morning. The fire was at night. I would say that if it hadn't been for the *Pemequid*, the Central Maine steamer out of Rockland, it would have been disastrous. With the town pumps and the crew from the *Pemequid*, they managed to save the center of the town. The fire destroyed both buildings on the west side of Main Street, but the heat was absolutely horrific and ruined the windows on the other side.

I remember caddying in the early twenties. The original caddy house, which I don't remember, was directly behind Betty Foote's [Pulliam house] where the lane starts to go up to the Baldwin Cottage [torn down in 1941]. The course was started around 1897, and I think the land was donated by the Bates family and the Whitney family, so the course was surrounded by private owners. Number one would be the Whitneys where Betty Foote lives, the others would be the Baldwin sisters.

The first tee was in the Fort. You would drive toward the Baldwin Cottage. And then you would hit back—this



Looking west toward Baldwin Cottage from Fort

would be the seventh hole, it's awfully difficult to believe. Where Frank Kneisel has his cottage now [see map] it was all cleared, and that was the place where they had the shop for the golf course. There was a green there. Then you'd come back to the eighth paralleling the sixth. After the eighth green you'd walk in back of the sixth green, down towards Betty Foote's, and hit back to the Fort. Now you'd have to hit so that your second shot would go into the Fort over against the opposite bank. You had the ninth green over in the northwest corner of the Fort, and the fifth green separated from it by say thirty yards, roughly where home plate in the Fort is today. The fifth tee was about in the middle of what's now the ninth fairway. Driving across the road didn't bother them much because they always sent a caddy ahead to be sure it was all right.

I caddied for Farnsworth, Brinley, Hubbard, Mikell, Cave, Thayer, Flamman. The top that we ever had was about 35 cents an hour for an A-caddy; 18 holes was good for a dollar. About three hours and a half. I remember Dr. Brinley going in to the caddy master's to get a dollar changed. Don McKinnon

who always caddied for him—only Don could do things like this—"Dr. Brinley," he says, "you do this every day. I caddy for you every day, you change the dollar every day. Why don't you break down just once and give me that dime tip?"

They were tight. Only a few years ago, Mamie Hart said to me, "You remember caddying for me?" Oh yes. She



Two golfers with their caddies on the 9th green in Fort George

would get a C-caddy—fifteen cents an hour and she'd run! The total price would be 35 cents. She said, "You probably thought I was pretty tight." "Oh, no," I said. "We were glad to get anything." "Well, you may find it hard to believe, but we were just married and on a very tight budget."

Wednesdays were the days for the caddy tournament. In the twenties, the greens were much better than they are today. They had five people working continuously. They put mercury compounds on the greens. That would never be allowed today. Deadly poisonous. They had plans for an eighteen-hole course. They were going to cross over and buy the Danforth land, which they could have gotten for a song.

I probably was the first to work for Dr. Pierce in Castine. I remember when Don was born and also his brother Laurie. The greatest fright I ever had in my life was working for Dr. Pierce. He had his garden right where

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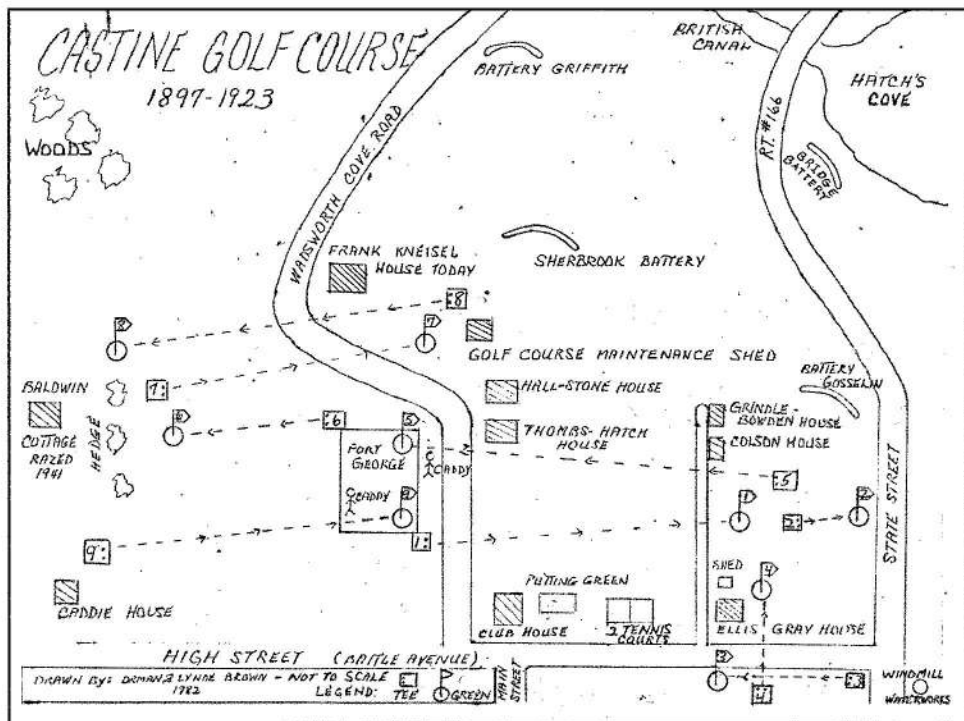


The mission of Castine Historical Society is to collect, preserve, protect, and make available a variety of materials that illuminate the historical development of the Castine-Bagaduce River Area from its beginnings to the present.

*The Castine Visitor* is published three times a year by the Society for its members and friends.

Carolyn & Paul Gray...Editors  
tarratinecastine@yahoo.com

**Castine  
Historical Society**



Scotty Vogell is building a house now. It was a huge thing. Oh how I used to eat tomatoes. He was really wonderful as a gardener, and he raised certain types of flowers which were his own. He was a breeder, and he knew what he was doing. He'd pick me up every noon, and one time I noticed a syringe with a needle. Oh, it was huge. The barrel was over an inch in diameter, so I asked him what it was for. He said, "Do you know what anthrax is? It's the most deadly disease known to man, and I'm conducting experiments. I hope you haven't been eating any of my cucumbers. They're loaded with anti-anthrax." I got out of the car and said, "I've got about an hour to live." But I never touched another tomato or cucumber again.

This was the days of Jung, Adler, and Freud, and Dr. Pierce was one of the great students. He's in the Who's Who. He would interpret the dreams of the summer people, or anyone who wanted him to. And he wrote a book on the interpretation of dreams. While I was at the University of Maine, I used to look up some of his writings. I never knew what he was talking about, but he was smart, there's no doubt about it, and I think the thing he loved most was developing new types of flowers, particularly snapdragons and flocks.

The Ames family [Perkins Street at Tarratine] didn't play much golf. They were primarily sailing people. The boat where Margaret's husband Bob and the two boys were lost was one of the greatest Castine tragedies I can remember. The boat was absolutely useless. Roy [Bowden] told me he used to sail with the Ames. Roy was very friendly with the family and so were the Sawyers. The Ames family was very democratic—marvelous people. Roy told me he wouldn't go across the bay in that boat. I talked about that boat with Alonzo Eaton, and he said it was criminal to even start across the Atlantic in it. She was unbalanced. But you have to admire the courage of these people. The father was steering, and he was washed overboard, and the two boys went over to save him. He had jibed the boat. They were sailing with a jury-rigged mast, 600 miles from the coast.

Mikell and Farnsworth and Hubbard and Ames—they were marvelous people, and a little bit of it rubbed off. Dr. Pierce started out as a very poor boy. He taught in rural schools and saved enough money to go to Dartmouth, and in the twenties, he became quite famous. Tommy Mikell told me his father was picked up off the street and read law with a friend of the family and became one of the great lawyers of America. They brought a different perspective. They were the soul of honor. It's a very difficult thing to describe, but it had its impact on a lot of us youngsters. They were great people.

**Correction**—A Memorial Gift was made to the society in memory of

**Frank J. Lochboehler**

Mr. Lochboehler's name was spelled incorrectly in the last issue. We apologize.

## From the President:

The Castine Historical Society will start the summer of 2005 with its core exhibit of the ill-fated Penobscot Expedition fully operational. A few refinements have been added to make viewing the video material more comfortable. Along with it will be the continued major exhibit about Castine in Revolutionary times.

As you know the Society has started a process to simplify its membership practices and computerize its financial procedures. Because of your understanding and cooperation, this plan is proceeding very smoothly. After this transition year, all memberships will have a common 12 month membership period of April 1 through March 31 for everyone. If you have not sent in your membership renewal beginning April 1, 2005, the Society urges you to do so soon. This will help greatly in getting our new system operational and our funding stabilized. From now on members will receive a membership renewal letter in March and an annual appeal letter in November. The Society relies on your continuing support so it can fulfill its mission and continue to grow and flourish.

The Abbott School will open July 1 with the annual reception for members and remain open through Labor Day, 2005. We hope you will enjoy not only the exhibits but the other talks and activities planned for this summer.

*Ann L. Miller*

# Bessie Bakeman Mixer

I was born in Castine in Dec. 3, 1924. There were eleven of us. Woodrow, Myra, Julia, Lurena, me, Frances, Norwood, Lenora, Earl, Lena, Alice. Woodrow, the oldest, is still alive. He's 86. My mother, Ella, was born in Castine, and her mother and grandmother were born in Castine. They were Moreys and our house on Water Street was where they lived. My grandmother burned to death in the house, but it didn't burn the house down. My mother almost caught herself on fire too, filling the kerosene stove. My mother had all of her kids at home. She had Alice Wardwell to help, but no doctor. There was a good-sized kitchen and a good-sized dining room, of course it had to be with eleven kids. My mother and father's room was downstairs. Upstairs there were four bedrooms. We had a little boat house on the water side of Water Street. We stored wood in it. Our house stood just about where the Whittemores' garage is today. It's hard to picture, because they've added on to the town end of Whittemores' house since our house was torn down around 1952. The only thing left of the place is a lilac bush down near the street. After that, the family moved down here [two houses toward town from the Yacht Club. Bessie's present house is three down from the Club.]. But my dad's boathouse is still there.

Dad, Leon, was born in Brooksville. Dad did everything. He painted toward the end of it, but he did everything from that to cutting brown-tails out of trees. Years ago he did fish, and he had a power boat.

We had a big garden. We had it up by the cemetery. Roger Danforth let us use the land. My mother canned. We used to pick berries around where the ice pond was at the top of windmill hill. We'd pick blackberries. Dad and I used to take a 10-quart bucket and go all the way round, down to Hatch's Cove, and get it full. There were raspberries there too, and blueberries down in the field behind our house. We ate a lot of fish and of course clams that we dug ourselves.

We went ice skating in the winter at the ice pond at the top of Windmill Hill. That was all cow pasture then. We went sledding—we used to go from the normal school all the way down Main Street.

We had an aunt over in Smith Cove—the Smith family was related to my father—and he used to take us over there. We used to cut up across to an old farmhouse. That house was torn down later. We had skids over here to haul the boat up; over there we went up on the beach.

There were a lot of kids on Water St. There were a lot of kids in town. They had about 60 kids in the high school. There were a lot of basketball games you could go to; and baseball—always up in the fort. High school had good teams. I know Myra and Lurena played basketball, but I don't remember which of my brothers played. Some of the kids in the neighborhood I remember were Scam and Arthur Scammons, Irma, Eva, Lynwood, Dickie, and Albert Gray, Lucille Farley, Morris Howard. We went swimming in the pool after they built it in 1934. It had two diving boards and was full of people all the time. I don't remember they ever had a lifeguard there. Everybody could swim. I went off the town dock before that. Norwood pushed me in and jumped in himself. There was a lot of coal on the beach from when the Coal Wharf collapsed, and we used to go down and pick it up. Uncle Ike (Isaac Gray) had a rowboat, and he used to have a mast in it at one time, and he'd let my brother borrow it, and Dad gave him the dickens when he took it one breezy day. Before high school, I don't remember



*Bessie couldn't identify this house as her family home on Water Street, but she says it looked very much like this.*

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## CHS Officers 2004-2005

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ever going to Bucksport or Bangor.

I went to grade school at the normal school. We walked from the North End to the normal school. We had no buses. There were 13-15 kids in each class. I went to Abbott School for high school. In high school I worked at the Moore farm [now Paul and Lois

Moore Cyr's on Rt. 166], taking care of Lois and her brother Clyde. The Moore Farm delivered milk.

Back then we had a lot of stores. We had Austin Macomber's right here on Water Street. That's the last place he had it; earlier he had it over across from Ethel Noyes near the Pleasant St. end. At one time Austin's store burned down, and all the kids got cigarettes and went down to the ice pond. Beside the Noyes shop on the water side was Ma McCleod's restaurant. At one time the A & P was down under that building. Then we had Wardwell's Market. On the other side of Water Street, at one time when I was growing up, we had a dentist, and Percy Wescott used to be over there with a shoe store. There was Harry Thombs on the corner. He sold everything, candy; I don't think he sold any clothing, but little things. On the other side of Main St., after the drug store on the corner, was the barber shop. In the brick block across the street, Marian Clark, who owned the Shetola House, had the biggest store in there. Then there was the little telephone office. Then Austin's store. He had candy and stuff, and I think he had beer, because I remember some booths. Charlie Thayer and "Bood" [George Bowden] used to sit out in front of it. Earlier, I remember a whole string of houses down by the old sardine factory.

In 1940, I went to work at a fish factory in Rockland. Rockland was busy then with lots of stores. Now you go down Main Street and it's only knick-knacks. In 1941, I worked in the Camden shipyard. I worked there for three years covering pipes. The men put asbestos on the pipes, and then we sewed the canvas onto the pipe. They converted LST's. All that time I was living in Thomaston with one of my sisters. We took a bus to Camden. I went to work at the South Portland shipyard, but it started closing down in 1945. I came back to Castine.

I got married in 1945. My husband, Jute, was one of the first people who went into the war after Pear Harbor. He lived in Penobscot. He was in the Philippines and all over the Pacific. For seven years we lived in Austin Macomber's house [Roessiger house] up on Green Street. When I was first married, Jute and I would go off the neck clamming to help out with the money. He was working at MMA, but they didn't pay much in those days, and no pension or anything like that.

I worked in Ma McCleod's, and I worked in Wardwell's Market. In 1959 I went to work at the Post Office. I was a clerk. Irene Bowden was the Postmistress when I went in. She got me in there. I think she quit in 1969. Lydia Howard, Sanger's wife, took Postmistress after that. I didn't want it. I had to fill in as Postmistress when she went on vacation. I retired in 1984.

I didn't play basketball in school, but after the school was closed [1961], we had a town team, and we used their suits. Helen Hackett, Lucille Farley, Adora Leach, June Bowden, Cynthia Perkins, Eliza James, and Kay Mixer and me. We played Stonington, Brooksville, Blue Hill, small places. We just had a good time doing it. Most of us were married.

I remember when they started Maine Maritime at the Pentagoet with 28 students.



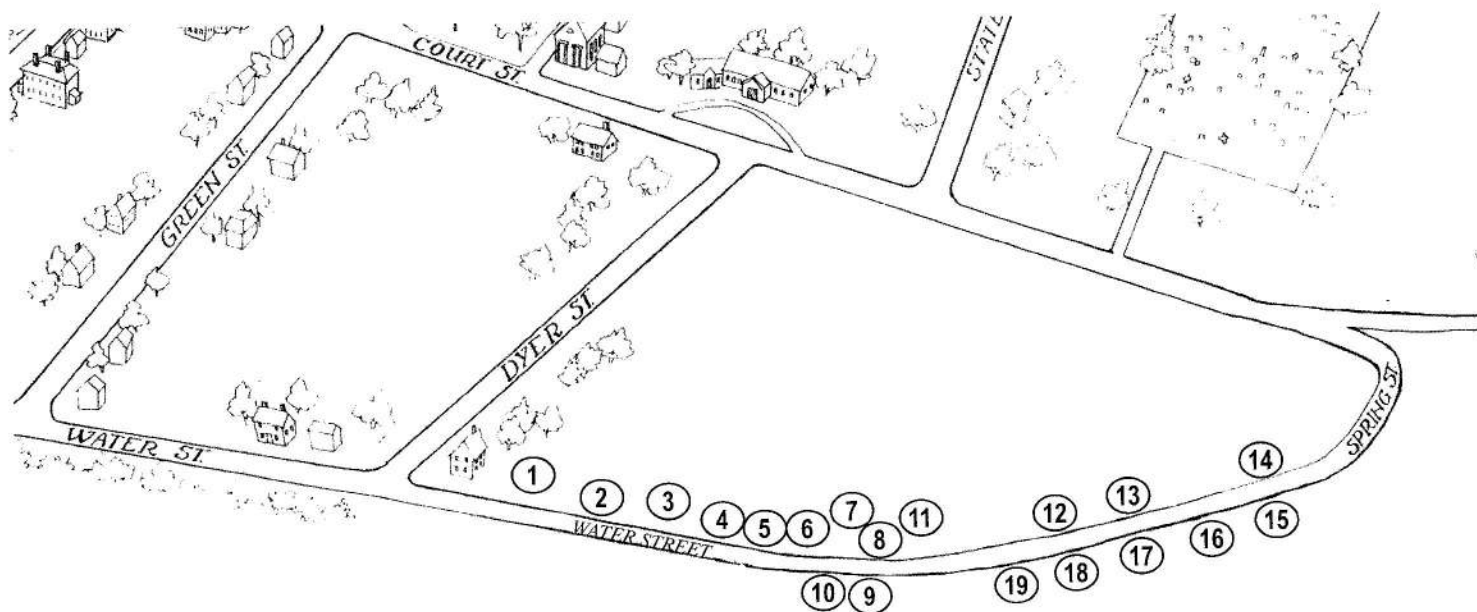
Bessie Mixer, Postal Clerk, 1960's

CHS Archives



**Bessie's Neighborhood: Water Street from Dyer's Lane to Spring Street**

On the other side of Dyer's Lane was the Hooke House (1), now gone. Nobody lived there, but Marion Clark put some boarders there in the summertime. Mother and I would hustle by there evenings. It was weird and spooky. Behind the Hooke House is a new house that wasn't there, and after that was Rob Conners—(2). After that is another new house and then a little white house (3). That's where Mollie Scott and her husband Ermo [Asst. to the principal of the normal school] lived. Then you come to some little houses close together. The first one is shingled (4), and Pete and Izzie Hutchins lived there. Next are the two houses (5, 6) where the Sawyer brothers, Russ and Stanley, lived. Then came our house (7). All three of those houses were originally owned by Moreys. Then there was George Grindle's (8). The Whittemores live there now. I think our well was where they later added some rooms and a porch. I remember my mother lugging water from it. Right across the street, over the bank, is where Ed Connor lived (9), with our boathouse on the town side of it (10). After the Grindle's was Ed Bridges (11). That's where we got our milk, because he had cows and a barn. Behind all those houses that are up close to the road was the rope factory. I don't remember it, but I remember some things from the foundation. It ran over to where Bob Scott's place is now. There's some houses between Bridges, and Scott's that weren't there then. The next house was Marie and Charlie Wood's place (12). They later dragged it off the neck. Anybody could have had it if they wanted it. After Marie's was Lloyd and Eva Farley's (13). It's still there. I played with their daughter Lucille. There wasn't anything after Lloyd's house except Walter Farley's (14)—still the last house on that side. On the water side across from Walter's is the Michel place where Alice and Perse Wardwell lived (15). Coming toward town from there was Lydia and Sanger Howard's house (16). It's been torn down, but the little house they built behind it is still standing. I played with their son Morris. Morris and I, when we were up at the normal school, used to take a shortcut home behind those houses —on upper Main Street and cross Court Street near State Street. Next was where Freddy and Josephine Wardwell lived (17) he was Ralph's son. After that was Joe and Mattie Perkins (18). He was a house painter. And across from Marie and Charlie's is where Oscar Olson lived (19).



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## Contributions

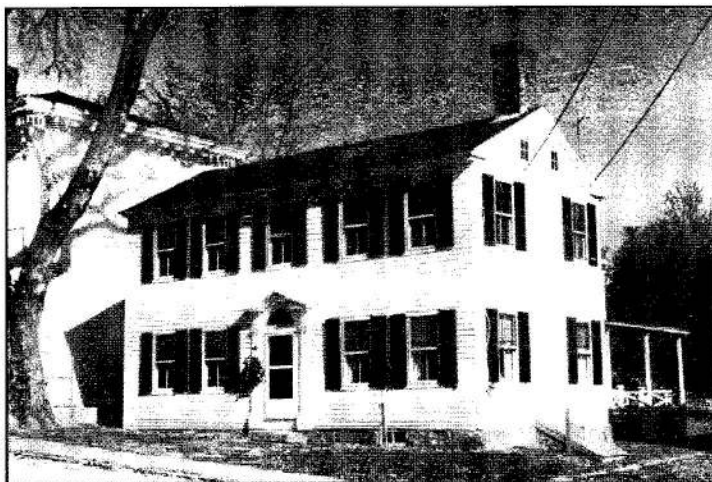
**Our grateful thanks to the following who have recently added their gifts to the Castine Historical Society Collection**

Carol and Robert Allen  
Carroll Coombs  
Dixie and Paul Gray  
Douglas Kinnard  
Susan Ruch  
Kenneth E. Thompson, Jr.

Peter R. Brooks  
Sally Foote  
Mark Honey  
George Marshall  
Laurie and Jim Stone  
Witherle Memorial Library

## Bill Macomber

I was born in '33, right here in Castine Hospital, Dr. Babcock presiding. So my family came here in '31 or '32. My brother Bobby was born in Portland. My father was working on the railroad there, and he got laid off during the Depression, and my Uncle Charlie (married to my mother's sister) over in Belfast, had a wholesale candy business. He had a route he drove all around the state. And he told my father that Castine or Camden would be a good place to start a store. My father chose Castine, and here we are. My aunt checked my family out, and the Macomers go back to the *Mayflower* and back to southern England. So that side of the family came a long time ago. My mother's family (her mother and father) came from Italy. They were peasants, came over in steerage through Ellis Island. He had a buck eighty-five in his pocket. He started with a pushcart, selling fruit; then he got a fruit stand; then he bought a gas station. He ended up being an Esso dealer; he had a set of storage tanks [in Rumford]. Dead River bought him out after he died for a million bucks, and this was forty years ago.



*The Main Street Macomber House*

When I was born we lived in the house across the street from the church on Court Street. We then moved to the house on Main Street, which Dad eventually bought. I think he paid \$4,500.

I started school at the normal school. I went to kin-

dergarten, first and second grade. Then they turned it into the Maritime Academy, and they came down here and rejuvenated the old school house. So I started my education up there, then I came down here. I went to grammar school, and I went over to the Abbott School and went to high school. Then I went back where I started and finished my education and graduated from the Academy. All two blocks from home.

And then I went to sea, except for eight years when I came home, and for six years I ran a grocery store, and I was on the school board for a while.

I worked for Mrs. Brinley. That was my first job. I worked for two hours a day for four dollars a week. I would rake the driveway, lay the fire in the fireplace, take out the trash, wash the windows, and do whatever errands Catherine, the big Irish cook, told me to do. They had another lady there to do the housework, Mrs. Newman. Mrs. Brinley's chauffeur's name was Albert Jakes, and one summer he had a racing hydroplane with him. That was really something. It's the house on Madockawando St. (below the Italian villa). It was all trees in front of it then.

We had a good time in the summer, but there were two distinct different groups. The young summer people were hanging out around the golf club, and we were caddies. After four o'clock, they were gone for cocktails, so caddies could play for free, and you know that's five hours of time to play golf. Sometimes there would be eight or ten, twelve or fifteen of us all in a gang. And some older people would come up. Max McKinnon used to come up and play. Mary Danforth was a good golfer. We had a lot of fun, but it was different. We did all the things we wanted to do. It wasn't like there was any jealousy or anything. The summer people had their program and we had ours. We had as much fun as they did. We just did it a different way. We would go down to the swimming pool. It had two diving boards and there was a float out in the middle. We'd walk down and put our bathing suits on in the woods. In the summertime, my schedule was: I'd start at my father's store, and I'd work an hour or so; I'd put up candy or fill the coolers, whatever needed doing. And then I'd go mow a lawn or something. Then I'd go up and play tennis up at the Academy courts, and then go swimming in the afternoon and come back up and play golf after four o'clock, that's if I didn't caddy that day.

We used to play ball down on the wharf. It was gravel then, and the old Acadia Wharf building was still there, where Noah Hooper had his undertaker parlor up-

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### Wish List

The Castine historical Society's mission is to preserve and protect items dealing with the rich history of the Castine area. We welcome donations of Castine-related photos, postcards, documents, artifacts, genealogies, yearbooks, and memories. Contributions are tax-deductible. Contact: Sally Foote, P.O. Box 33, Castine, ME 04421, 326-9787.

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**Looking for historical documentation of your Castine home?**

**Trying to research your family's Castine connection?**

**Please contact the Historical Society. Maybe we can help.**

# **Castine Historical Society Summer Events 2005**

July 1, Fri 5-7PM **Castine Historical Society's Opening Reception**

Celebrate the opening of the Abbott School for the season. **Abbott School**

July 2, Sat. 10AM **CHS Opening Day Exhibit Hours: Tues-Sat. 10-4 & Sun. 1-4**

Permanent Exhibit:

**THE PENOBSCOT EXPEDITION OF 1779: An American Naval Disaster**

The return of last year's summer exhibit: **EXPEDITION AFTERMATH —**

**Castine 1779-1814.**

**Abbott School**

July 6, Wed. 7PM **Lecture based on the book Historic Sacred Places of Philadelphia**

**Book sale and signing** to follow. Proceeds to benefit Castine Historical Society

Roger W. Moss PhD., Executive Director, Athenaeum of Philadelphia

**The Castine Unitarian Church on the Green**

July 20, Wed. 7PM **Illustrated Lecture "Weymouth's Expedition of 1605 and the Recreation of his Light horseman"**

Ben Fuller, Curator, Penobscot Marine Museum

**Abbott School Mitchell Room**

August 16, Tues. 10AM **Illustrated Lecture "Castine and Its Architecture"**

Earle G. Shettleworth, Jr. Executive Director, Maine Historic Preservation Commission

Sponsored by Castine Historical Society, Castine Yacht Club and MMA

**Delano Auditorium, MMA Campus**

August 26, Fri. 5-7 PM **Castine Historical Society's Annual Art Show**

**Member Preview & Reception**

**Abbott School**

August 27-August 29 Hours: Sat. 10-4 Sunday 1-4, Mon. 10-1 **CHS Art Show**

A few dozen or so of our local artists and crafts people display and sell their works in a number of mediums ranging from visual arts and pottery to jewelry and fiber arts. Old favorites will be back along with additional new talent!

Proceeds benefit CHS and its mission.

Call Sue Macdonald at (207) 326-8490 if you wish to participate.

**Abbott School Mitchell Room**

August 31, Wed. 7PM **Annual Meeting of the Castine Historical Society**

Followed by a **Lecture "The Feisty Anti-Federalists of Libertarian Maine"**

Russell Bourne, Author & Raconteur

**Abbott School Mitchell Room**

Sept. 5, Labor Day **CHS Exhibits Close for the Season**



CHS Archives



*Castine Town Baseball Team 1947*

*Bat boy in front - Edgar Bowden*

*First Row, Left to Right: Ed Langlois (MMA),*

*Eugene Bowden, Ed Douglas, Ken Bowden,*

*Leland Bowden, Dick Gray, Woodrow Bakeman.*

*Back Row: Max McKinnon (Coach), **Bill Macomber,***

*Norwood Bakeman, George (Fats) McKinnon,*

*Ruby Evans (MMA) Girl on bleachers: Marie Kaden*

stairs. We used to play with no teams; everybody played at once. You started in the outfield, and you'd go from one position to the other; then you'd go from one position to the other in the infield. Then you'd pitch, then you'd catch, and then you'd bat. It didn't matter how many there were; everyone would be in the rotation, and we might be using a piece of bean pole or a two by four; it might be a tennis ball or a rubber ball or any kind of ball we could find. We had a ball. Home plate was by the men's room. Sometimes we'd hit a ball through a window. One night it was a soft ball, and somebody fouled it out and it went overboard. It was pretty low tide, so Dwight Wardwell took his pants off and waded out to get it.

When I got out of high school, after the end of WWII, we had a town baseball team, and five o'clock every night was time for baseball practice, and that was good for about three hours. We played regular Penobscot Bay League games on Sundays, and maybe in the middle of the week we'd play seven-inning games maybe over here, maybe in Brooksville or Penobscot. On the team: Allie Gray, Dickie Gray, Gene Bowden, Kenneth Barton, Max McKinnon was the coach, and occasionally he's get up and bat when he shouldn't (he had his guts torn out in the war). Arthur McKinnon used to play. Unc [McKinnon] played sometimes. Fatty Douglas, Bert Grisham, Norwood Bakeman, my brother and I, of course, Leland Mixer, Jute Mixer. Cathleen Barton would pass the hat; that was our finances; take a baseball cap and go around to the people sitting at the Fort. You might get a couple bucks if you were lucky. We'd start a game, and we might have one new ball and another pretty good one, and that was it.

We formed the Castine Athletic Association at the advice of Bill Hall, [Principal, normal school], and he backed us and George Allen [insurance agent, etc.]. We sold memberships, I can't remember for how much, maybe \$5.00 a piece. We were trying to get money to buy uniforms and a catcher's mitt; that stuff is expensive, and people couldn't personally afford to buy that stuff. So we raised as much as we could that way, and then Mr. Rogers, Jimmy Rogers' grandfather, gave us the balance we needed to get the team

up and running. So we had nice uniforms, and we had what we needed, basic stuff, and the rest of it was what we got passing the hat at the games, and we lived on that. We played Penobscot, Brooksville, Blue Hill, Sedgewick, Deer Isle, Stonington, and Brooklin. That's eight and that was the league. We won the championship one year; there's a trophy somewhere. It used to be over in the library.

Rev. Reily, he lived on Pleasant St. I think, was instrumental in starting a basketball league, an intramural Castine league. We had four teams: Max McKinnon's "Max's Marauders," Ivan Bowden's "Invicibles," "Reily's Raiders," and I can't remember the fourth one. We played a couple nights a week in the town hall. Boyd Guild played; all kinds of people played. It cost five bucks to have heat in the town hall; we couldn't afford five bucks; we played in the cold. Nobody thought it was a big deal, no problem with that. We had a great time.

In wintertime as little kids we didn't do much. We played in the snow; we went sliding on the streets after a snow storm, right down Main Street till they sanded it, or sometimes they'd leave Tarratine Street unsanded as long as they could so we'd have a place to go slide. And we used to go skating after school on the ice pond up behind what was Leach's garage [Zeke's Pizza]. After school you didn't have much time, but we'd build a fire. And we used to skate Dunk's Meadow. We skated on the swimming pool too. Boyd Guild came down and tried to get hockey games going; he was rough; he was a good skater too. We had more cold weather then. It would have frozen over, but the town might have sprayed some fresh water on it to make it smoother. We don't have the constant cold and that amount of snow any more.

In the wintertime in high school, after school there was basketball practice, and then you went home for the night and listened to the basketball game on the radio, and you could get Cincinnati and New York and Kentucky, and we'd listen to all the college games. That's how I got to be a Boston Celtics fan, because Bob Cousy went from Holy Cross to the Boston Celtics, and I went right with him, and the Celtics were just getting started, and I've been with them ever since. And we'd listen to Tom Mix, Lone Ranger, The Phantom. No TV, so you'd sit there and use your imagination to see what you heard.

We used to go hunting. Phil Sawyer and I used to hunt rabbits down on Mayo's point after school. You could shoot around town; nobody worried about it. We could rent a boat for 15 cents an hour from Jake Dennett. He'd let us have a rowboat, and we'd row across the river and go floundering and think nothing of it. Nobody had any outboard motors. It was nothing to row across the river. If the tide was running, you had to aim your boat just so. I remember once harbor pollock were in, and a school of dogfish came at night under the light at the town wharf, and we'd take a hunk of pollock and put it over, and we were catching dogfish until my father made me come home. Boy I was mad. That was about as good as it got. Mark Sawyer and I were good buddies. We'd go over to Belfast, to the airport, and race down the runway to see how fast we could go in Mark's truck. There was a Boy Scout troop. There were five of us in my graduating class: Marie Kaden, Mark Sawyer, Ruth Bowden, Peter Maroon, Bill Macomber. Five others dropped out, a fifty percent dropout rate.

When I was growing up, my father's store was on Water Street just beyond the old telephone office. Walter Robinson had the Drug Store. Gus Wardwell had a grocery

*continued on page 11*

## Donors to Second Annual Appeal

The Board of the Castine Historical Society wishes to thank all contributors to the Second Annual Appeal for their generosity. The 114 contributions, totaling \$15,525.00 make it possible for the Society to operate within its budget. We hope we can look forward to your continued support in the year 2005.

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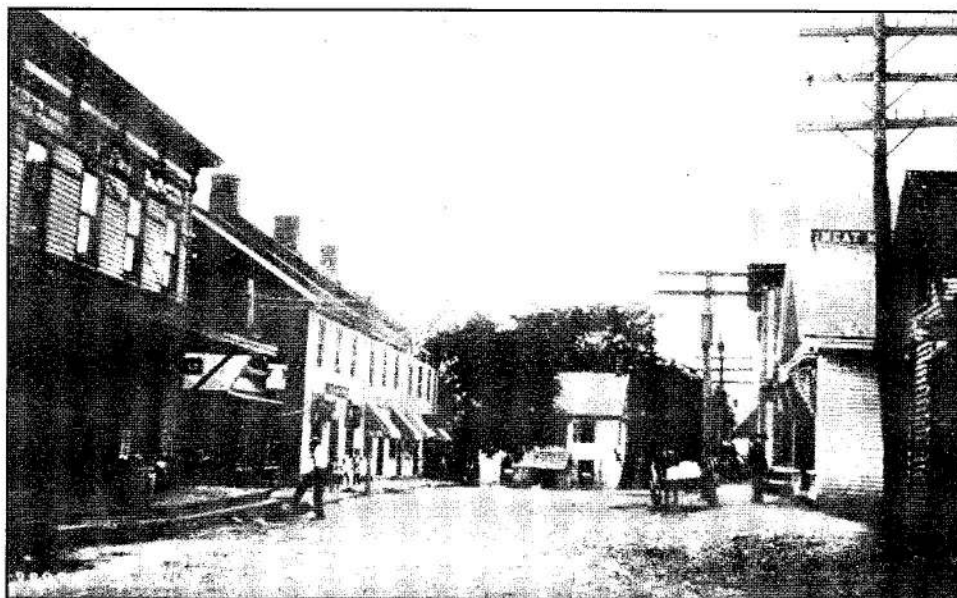
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store, Bud Mayo had a grocery store, Carl Wardwell, George Coombs had a hardware store, and Willis Ricker, who sold sheet music, pencils, paper, stationery, magazines, books. Charlie Parker had a photo shop in a building next to where T & C Market is now. In the brick block there was a store on the end near the telephone office. Marian Clark sold second hand goods and stuff. I don't remember anything else in there. It was pretty much vacant.

On Sea Street, going down river from the town restroom, the next thing was Arthur Ladd's wharf for the *Hippocampus* that ran to Islesboro and Belfast every day, and beyond that was Merton Hooper's Ford garage, and beyond that was the sardine factory, and on the other side of that there used to be some little cheap row houses that factory workers lived in. I don't know how many there were. Going the other way, the Acadia Wharf building, Dennett's Wharf, Eaton's.

I remember many of my teachers. Miss Sanborn up at the normal school, and Ethel Friend, at the normal school. Ethel Wardwell, and Miss Millican who wore tights and a little ballerina skirt. She taught us to dance and bow and say, "May I have this dance?" Down at the other school we had Rena Gray. At the last Castine re-



Water Street: Building that would later be Austin  
Macomber's store on left foreground

Courtesy of Bessie Mixer

union we had at the Castine Inn, I ended up at the table with Rena, and she said, "Billy, you don't have to call me Mrs. Gray; you can call me Rena." And I said, "Never!" She was tough, and she was a very good teacher. We knew she was tough, but we respected her, because we knew she was making us learn what we were supposed to learn. She wouldn't put up with anything, and she'd make you stay after school as long as she felt like keeping you. Well, we had Minnie Bowden, from Hardscrabble, and of course, Greth Howard and Marj Babcock, all good teachers. In high school I had Eleanor Fairley for English and Charlie Webb the first two years and Hamilton Giberson the second two years. He was a fine man.

## CHS APPRECIATES YOUR SUPPORT

We would like to thank all of our members for their generous support of the Society. Our ranks have swelled to over 400 members!

Each new or renewed gift membership conveys all privileges of being a member of the Society, including a subscription to *The Castine Visitor*, published three times a year.

If you have a mailing address change, winter or summer, please let us know. It is important to keep the files accurate so you receive all CHS mailings. Thank you for your support. It is what makes CHS and its members, near and far, an active part of the Castine community.

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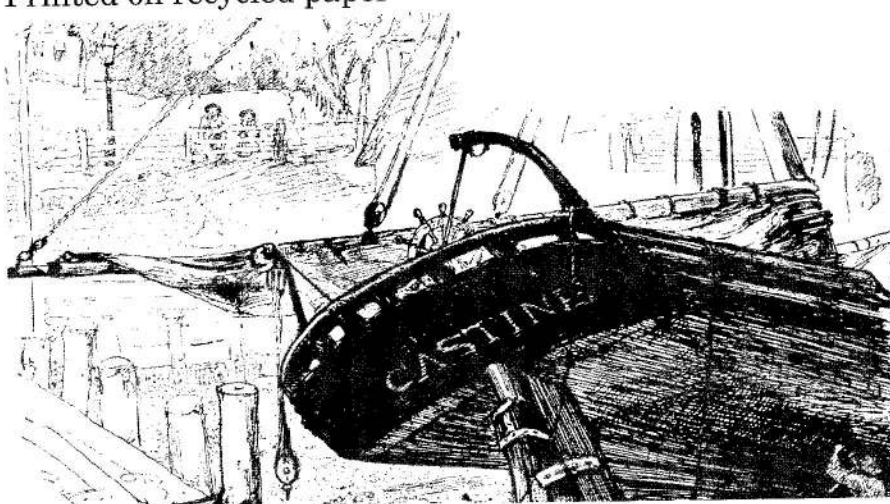
Courtesy of Bessie Mixer

*Castine Women's Basketball Team*  
*Back Row: left to right: Cynthia Perkins, June Bowden, Adora Leach, Helen Hackett (coach), Lucille Farley*  
*Front Row: Eliza James, Kay Mixer, Bessie Mixer*

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