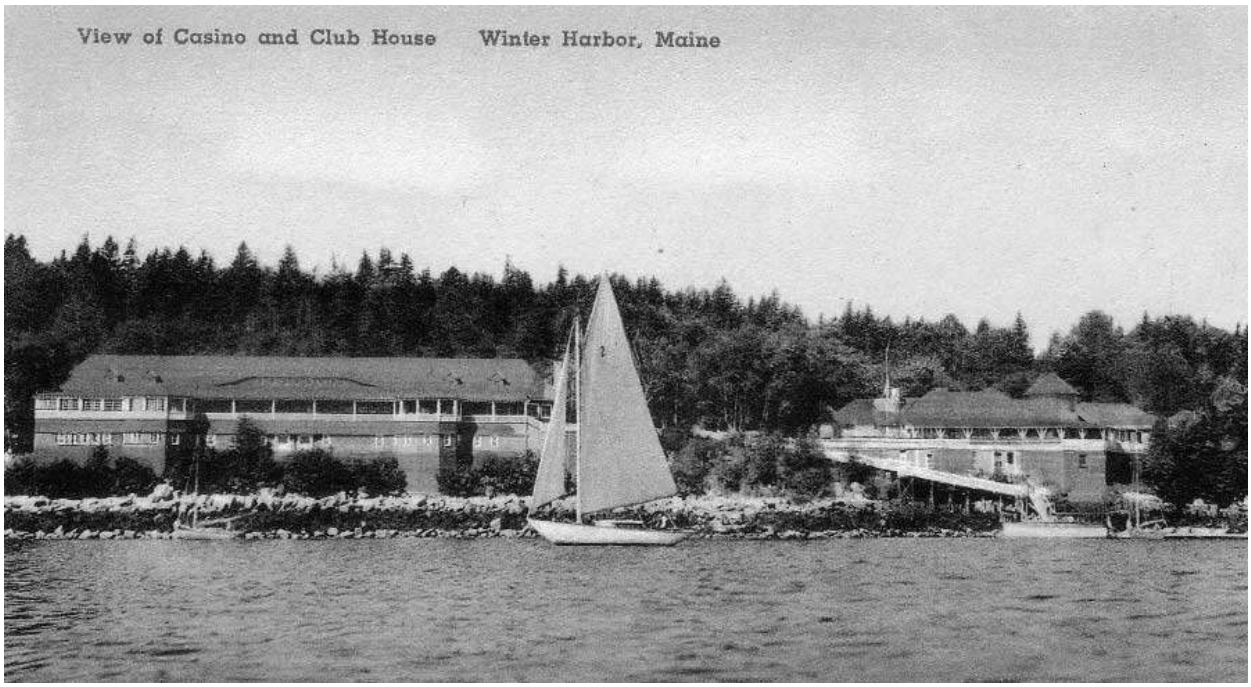

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Grindstone Neck 1764-1990

By Henrietta (Aunt Henny) Weaver

Henrietta and John Weaver

Henrietta Weaver worked closely with Allan Smallidge for a project they planned to prepare for the Grindstone centennial in 1990. According to Smallidge, she spent several afternoons in the summer of 1988 at the Hancock County Registry of Deeds "digging through musty records on the second floor of the Winter Harbor Town Office and sweeping the dust from some Grindstone memories." Unfortunately, Henrietta never returned to Grindstone after that summer and died in 1990. Her unfinished essay is an important achievement that provides historical context for this more recent project on Grindstone remembrances.

THE EARLIEST OWNERSHIP OF GRINDSTONE NECK was a grant given in 1764 to Francis Shaw. In 1796 Shaw sold his grant to William Bingham of Philadelphia, a United States senator who owned two million acres of land in Maine. Bingham had a plan drawn and developed lots which were numbered and put up for sale. The earliest known settler was Stephan Rand in 1820, buying 120 acres of land and building his home on the eastern side of Sand Cove. Then the Joys built a settlement nearby. George Grover built on the hill above Sand Cove about 1837. Nathaniel Stover originally built the Moore farmhouse about 1820, which was bought by Mark L. Bunker in 1841. For many years these were the only homes on Grindstone Neck. In 1889 a group of wealthy men formed the Gouldsboro Land Improvement Co. These men came from Phi1adelphia, Pennsylvania, New York, New York, and Providence, Rhode Island.

They purchased Grindstone Neck or Point, the smaller peninsula extending from the western side of Winter Harbor, Maine, into Frenchman Bay, which forms Winter Harbor Sound with Schoodic Peninsula. It is reputed that it got its name from a ship loaded with grindstones that wrecked off the point. The peninsula is one mile and a half long and one-half mile wide. These men felt they could build a summer resort to compare with Bar Harbor, Maine, which had become so popular.

They spared no expense and expert talent was employed. Mr. Nathan F. Barrett, a famous landscape engineer who laid out the Ponce de Leon [hotel in St. Augustine, Florida], was hired. He designed what is known as Barrett's Survey. In the plan a main avenue ran the length of the peninsula. Ovals were laid out with the central portion primarily for cottage lots. Lots were to be bought with the agreement that the owner erect a cottage within the year costing no less than two thousand dollars. If you purchased a lot in 1890, you had to complete a house by July 1, 1891. You could not sell or subdivide prior to 1892.

The Gouldsboro Land Improvement Co. reserved the right to erect a clubhouse, a casino, and an inn. Stabling and carriage houses were built in designated areas and a wharf on the west side. They also agreed to lay down two main sewers, secure adequate water supply, and adopt and carry out completion of roads no later than July 1, 1891.

Mr. William Paul Gerhard, the eminent sanitary expert, was consulted for drainage and water supply. Water was piped from Birch Harbor Lake, which was fed by springs some two miles away. It was piped partly by gravity and partly by pumping to a standpipe on the summit of Grindstone Neck. It was run

by the Grindstone Neck Water Co., in which the Gouldsboro Company had an interest. Sewerage was carried to the sea in rain pipes. The miles of roads constructed were wide avenues underlaid with broken stone.

The Gouldsboro Company was also interested in the Winter Harbor Steamboat Co. of which Mr. Charles S. Whelan of Philadelphia was president and which owned the steamers *Silver Star, Schoodic, Marjorie*, and, in 1905, *Ruth*.

The Grindstone Inn, accommodating over two hundred guests, was built in 1891 by the Gouldsboro Company in the center of the Oval. It was thoroughly modern, well built, and completely furnished. Facing east were the hills of Schoodic Peninsula and to the west beautiful Frenchman Bay across which lies Mt. Desert Island. The view is not surpassed by that from any hotel in the state of Maine. A brochure states: "Malaria, hay fever, flies, and mosquitoes are unknown." Activities were many. A splendid nine-hole golf course, two tennis courts, excellent sea fishing, and small boats could be rented. A safe harbor for yachts and good sailing. A swimming pool for the use of the guests, the Winter Harbor Club and Casino nearby for entertainment.

Large rooms and piazzas, an excellent cuisine, a telegraph, and long distance telephone office in the house as well as a post office with two mails daily and a laundry, all to make guests welcome and comfortable. It was a meeting place when the mail arrived and to plan the activities for the day, as there were no telephones in the cottages. Mr. George Dallas Dixon was always on hand to greet everyone. The tea was served every afternoon.

The Inn was so successful that in 1902 and 1903 it was necessary to have additional buildings for laundry and help. By 1912, every room was taken. The harbor was filled with yachts and sailing craft. About 20 automobiles on the neck with three transient ones kept busy.

Early managers were Gustav A. Dnowlauch, Enneor G. Grob, Henry W. Dutton, Otto E. Hansen, Frank M. Love, Evans Bargman, Stewart Hackenburg, Bill Christian, EWD John McShain, Milton Baker, and Edward Flather. Mr. Samuel Henderson ran the Inn at one time and it was bought by Isabel Henderson then to John C. Groome then Goodhue, then fire. The Inn burned down in 1956 one fall morning.

The community flourished through the First World War until the Depression and the grand manner of living passed. Wealthy guests no longer came to the Inn or the cottages, and business waned. There were some, though, who remained loyal and loved Grindstone Neck and the life it had to offer and continued to return. Some old cottages were torn down, many changed hands. The Gouldsboro Land Improvement Company disbanded, and on August 22, 1947, the Grindstone Association was formed. The lean years continued and if it were not for a few members who picked up the deficit, the community would have died.

Travel in 1890 was anything but simple. The Maine Central Railroad ran several trains between Boston and Bar Harbor. The steamer *Olevette* made tri-weekly trips between Boston and Bar Harbor. The steamer *Winthrop* ran weekly between New York and Bar Harbor. If you objected to travel by water there was a stage coach route between Mt. Desert ferry, Sullivan, and Winter Harbor in connection with the Maine Central Railroad, affording through communication by land.

So, if you traveled for the summer you took the train, and it wasn't a diesel or Amtrak, but a good, old-fashioned slow steam engine with probably a hot box or two on the way to delay the trip, and of course no air conditioning. You changed trains in New York and Boston. Nice old Pullman cars with lovely big swivel chairs. Upper and lower berths and of course the wonderful dining cars. When you got to Mr. Desert you took the ferry S.S. *Norumbega* or the *Moosehead* to Bar Harbor where you changed to the ferry *Schoodic* with Captain Harper to Dixon Point wharf on Grindstone Neck. You were met by horses and wagons to take you and your luggage to your cottage or the Inn. How many days it took to get from there to here I do not know, but several I would think. You did not commute in those days. You went for the summer and stayed put. No airports, no automobiles — the only wheels were horse and buggy or a bicycle.

Traveling was difficult enough but think of the packing. Steamer trunks were filled, suitcases, large and heavy in those days, shoe boxes and hat boxes. Ladies wore a great deal more clothing — undershirts, bras, camisoles, bloomers, whole slips and half slips made of satin or silk, stockings, and always a corset with stays. Lovely dresses made of lawn with pleats and tucks. Everything had to be dry cleaned or hand washed and ironed. White buckskin shoes had to be scrubbed with soap and water then whitened with Blanco and a sponge. Hats for every

outfit and of course gloves. Long tennis dresses and golf clothes. No shorts or mini-skirts and bathing suits were not bikinis.

Gentlemen wore undershirts, boxer shorts, flannel trousers, shirts, ties, vests, a coat or blazer, and a straw hat. A gentleman never went without socks and of course white buckskin shoes. Bathing suits had tops and knee-length shorts. All this too had to be dry cleaned or hand washed and ironed. If you went away for two months you had to take quite a large wardrobe with you. You and your husband, children, and servants, so imagine there were easily 20 or 30 pieces of luggage to keep track of.

Today you roll up enough wash and wear in a duffle bag hung over your shoulder to last two months. Bras, briefs, slips, a couple of pair of shorts and tops, a few skirts, enough dresses for Yacht Club dinners, a bikini or two, slacks and sweaters if it's cold, loafers, foul-weather gear and you have it made. If you forgot anything you just dashed into Ellsworth and bought it.

As for conveniences, your lighting was oil lamps or candles, cooking on coal stoves and open wood fires for heating. No washing machines or dryers, you used laundry tubs and wash boards and everything was hung out to dry. Naturally no electric appliances such as toasters, coffee pots, no dishwasher. Provisions of all kinds, including fresh meat and vegetables, butter, milk, eggs, and ice were daily served to the Inn and the cottagers. Whitehouse, the grocery store, sent a boy, Ralph Gerrish or Philip Whitehouse, for the order then delivered before lunch. Two farmers, Linwood Sargent and Wilkinson, provided milk, eggs, and vegetables. Mail was brought to the Inn twice a day. In the morning everyone gathered to make their plans for the day as there were no telephones. George Dallas Dixon was always there to greet everyone.

In the afternoons everyone gathered for tea. Activities are very similar today as they were then with a few changes and modernization. The gentlemen played golf in the morning. The course has been slightly altered, such as moving the seventh green further away from the church so you would not hear the mild profanity when a putt was missed while you were communing with the Lord on a Sunday morning. Then there was swimming in the old pool below the clubhouse. Good cold ocean water, not heated like today. Lunch was had at home, boating, sailing, or canoeing in the afternoon. Tennis was played and tea was served every afternoon at the Inn. In 1907, when the knockabouts came to Winter Harbor, there was racing twice a week and the rivalry was intense. The Saturday races were followed by a tea for which sandwiches and cakes were brought over from Bar Harbor by the *Schoodic*. All the ladies wore their very best clothes and hats and according to Emily Fisher there was no liquor in evidence. Dinner was served every evening for those at the Inn and also for any cottagers who wished to eat there. In the evenings you took walks or games or cards were played.

Arthur L. Williston of Dedham, Massachusetts, tells the story of the first time he ever saw Grindstone Neck in the summer of 1895. He was spending the summer in Sorrento and was invited to the Inn by Mr. Joseph Outhwaite, a member of Congress from Columbus, Ohio. Mr. Williston said: "I drove over in a small runabout with a horse that I had hired at a livery stable. As I approached the rise in the road leading to the Inn, I was met by a cavalcade of horsemen and horsewomen mounted on beautiful steeds and in regalia with top hats and all the elegant costuming of the period. It was a fascinating sight. May Dexter's older sister, Helen, led the parade."

He also told about a group of young girls who had come out in society and felt grown-up enough to undertake a dramatic performance at the Casino. The girls made elaborate preparations and hoped to create a stir. However, there was an active group of younger girls, too young to be included in the performance, and being left out, called themselves the Lemons. They decided to have some fun and secretly prepared a burlesque. When the date of their performance arrived, there was so much more fun, with a dash of devilry, that they put the older girls in the shade.

Charlene Blance Ray, George Blance Jr., and Elinor Blance Vassey. Their father, George Blance, played an important role on Grindstone Neck for six decades.

The Blance Family

George Blance was a familiar and indispensable figure on Grindstone Neck. His remarkable tenure began in the 1880s. His integrity and capacity for hard work made him a central and highly reliable resource in all aspects of service, including property management, payroll, greenhouse operations, and utility (coal and water) supervision. Blance, who was also supervisor of the local school, at age 54 married a school-teacher, Beulah Bunker, 30 years his junior, in 1921. He retired in 1952 at age 85 and died in 1957.

Here, their three children — Elinor Blance Vassey (b. 1923), Charlene Blance Ray (b. 1925), and George Blance Jr. (b. 1932) — recall their father and their affiliation with "summer people" through various jobs. Elinor, who raised a family with Emuel E.(Ed) Vassey, graduated from the University of Arizona, taught in business colleges, and now lives in Gouldsboro. Charlene, an alumna of Colby College, married Wendell A. Ray, a Colby professor, and taught high school for 10 years. She lives in Waterville and maintains the family home, Casa Marina, as a summer residence. George Jr. attended Colby College and worked for New England Telephone Company and its successors for 32 years. He now lives in Lowell, Massachusetts, with his wife, Alberta.

ELINOR [EV]: THOUGH OUR FATHER STARTED WORK on the Grindstone Peninsula relatively early in its development, he was not there at its very beginning. He was born in 1867 in Prospect Harbor, and at age 18 went to South Carolina for three years as foreman of a lumber yard. When he came home looking for work, he was hired by the Gouldsboro Land Improvement Company to assist the manager.

George [GB]: The Company was already in full swing. Grindstone Inn had already been built along with other Company structures. Lots had been sold and cottages built.

EV: Subsidiaries had been formed, such as Winter Harbor Land Co., Winter Harbor Water Co., Winter Harbor Improvement Co., Winter Harbor Transportation Co.

Charlene [CR]: So there was plenty to keep him busy.

EV: Papa had every good trait you could think of. Very honest.

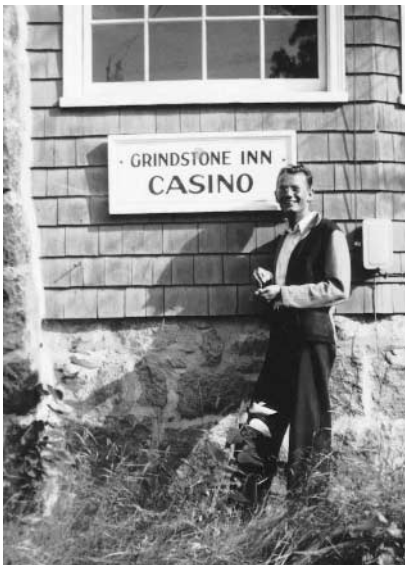
GB: He was a straight shooter and a very hard-working man.

Above: George Blance Jr.

Below: Eugene Bossart, pianist who performed at the Grindstone Inn

Left: Elinor Blance

Above, left: Charlene Blance, poolside.



CR: Never took a vacation. He didn't own any overalls or work pants. It was always a three-piece navy-blue serge suit, white starched shirt, black bow tie. He wore a fedora hat. He never went out without his hat, which he always tipped to the ladies.

GB: Cuff links.

EV: And the only difference we saw at home was that he would take off his jacket sometimes and his hat.

CR: That was his style. He'd go to the city and people would often take him to be a minister. They'd say, "Where are you preaching now, brother?"

EV: Father was responsible for hiring people to do groundswork, carpentry, painting, gardening, trucking, or anything else that had to be done. He would not only tell the ditch diggers how to do their job, but would get down in the ditch and demonstrate the efficient way to do the job, still dressed, of course, as we just described. He wanted things done correctly. Everyone liked to work for him.

CR: He supervised the men, kept a record of their hours worked, and paid them. By the time we were born, his biggest office was at home in our kitchen. That's where people came at the end of every work week to get their pay.

EV: As cottages were built and occupied, he became caretaker for many of the homes, adding to the workload required by his Company duties.

CR: There were no restaurants in town at that time, so the only places for Grindstone people to go out for a regular meal were: the Yacht Club Sunday nights, also Saturdays before the knockabout races [a special class of sail boat], and Grindstone Inn. For light lunches they would come to Gerrish's store [J. M. Gerrish, Drugs and Sundries] and have sandwiches, soup, and ice cream treats. I worked there during high school. Helped every summer until I got married. Marie Gerrish Clark was a lovely, honest lady with a great sense of humor.

EV: She had two children, became divorced, and moved back home with the children to live upstairs over the store with her parents.

CR: Everyone liked Marie. Her mother, A. Maude Gerrish, who, with her husband, Joseph, owned the building, was a keen judge of people, was astute, and had good practical business sense. I learned a lot from her.

EV: When kids came in for ice cream and penny candy, Marie would patiently help them match the coins they brought with the little pieces of candy they were thoughtfully picking out.

CR: Peppermint patties, bolsters, Tootsie rolls, lollypops, etc.

GB: During the summer Charlene tended the store at night.

CR: After working at the swimming pool, I would get home in time to have a little supper and then I'd go to the store. The store stayed open until 9 or 9:30. I got one dollar a day at Gerrish's and I got $60 a month at the swimming pool, plus gratuities.

EV: When I worked at Gerrish's, I worked from 8 o'clock in the morning until 11 o'clock at night, seven days a week for $5. I loved it, loved the job, loved Marie, loved meeting people. I asked for a day off one time. A step-uncle of my mother's from St. Louis, Missouri, had come to our house and was going to take a trip to Canada. He invited us to go along with him — my mother and me. I asked Aunt Maude if I could have that day off and she said that would be all right. But my father said, "No. When you took the job, you were giving your word to work the hours agreed on." So I didn't get to take the trip to Canada. My father never took time off work. We didn't grow up thinking you've got to have a vacation.

CR: The store was the center of activity.

GB: One half of the building was the post office. Marie's father, Joseph (Joe), was postmaster. He was businesslike and usually wore a three-piece suit.

CR: A little bit formal but still very nice. Everyone liked him.

EV: He was also Justice of the Peace.

CR: You may know Janet Buffett. She is Marie's niece. Janet's father, Alton, was postmaster after Joe. Do you know Adelaide Wakefield? She's about 91 — a sister to Marie and Alton — the only one left in that generation of the family. Another thing: under both Joe and Alton, Marie was officially a part-time assistant postmaster, working both in the store and the post office as long as they were in the same building.

EV: There used to be summer mail delivery twice a day.

CR: Yes, and Marie, taking her children with her, delivered mail in the evenings directly to the homes of Grindstone people. Their chauffeurs or others would generally come mornings to pick up the mail and take it home. The *Bangor Daily News, Boston Globe, New York Times*, and *Philadelphia Inquirer* were especially ordered in the summertime for interested Grindstone subscribers.

EV: My first job at Grindstone was at the swimming pool, the year after I had worked at Gerrish's. You of course have pictures of the old swimming pool. I was working with Richard Bickford, the first year on that job for both of us. Richard had been one of my teachers at Winter Harbor High School in my freshman year. The previous attendants had been Harland and Dorothea Whitehouse Keay, who had worked there for

a number of summers.

CR: It was a wonderful job. I was there 15 years and I got $60 a month, paid monthly. I was there all day, looked after things, saw to the children who came, and that no one drowned.

EV: From the little "cubbyhole" that was the office, we sold seasonal and one-day memberships and assigned dressing rooms. Seasonal memberships were $60; one-day, $1.80. We made sure people were eligible for memberships, and we learned to recognize the people who were, and who had signed up. There was a telephone but no electricity. Little time was spent in the office. Most of our time was spent around the pool. We had a long stick attached to a rigid ring-type life preserver in case a swimmer appeared to be in trouble.

The popular salt-water swimming pool

CR: Water was piped to the pool. There was a toilet and a shower at the far end of the pool, and a faucet and an antiseptic foot bath on the deck at the other end. We took care of the keys and the bathing suits. After swimming, patrons left their bathing suits in their dressing rooms. We retrieved them, rinsed them in fresh water, wrung them out, and dried them on a big clothesline. We learned to recognize and return each suit to the right room when it was dry. Towels were provided and laundered daily by local labor.

GB: One summer I had the contract to wash the towels. I washed them in the washing machine at home.

CR: Got five cents a towel, didn't you?

GB: I guess so.

CR: Or three cents. That was before inflation. I went there the year I graduated from high school, 1942, and stayed until I got married in 1956. The season went through July and August and closed on Labor Day, marking the end of the vacation season. Before Labor Day, though, after dark the boys in town might go down and swim although that was a no-no. They'd climb right over the wall, and sometimes Richard or Papa would go over and ask them to leave. The salt water in the pool would be kept in for a week or two. Temperature was in the low 50s right after it had been trapped; then the sun would warm it and it would get up to 74 or more. That was attractive to the town kids.

GB: There was about a 20-inch pipe with a big handle. It would take about ten minutes to turn that handle to open the valve. So when they changed the water, they'd open the valve and at low tide it would all be out. At high tide they would shut off the valve to keep the water in.

[Looking at hand-tinted postcards of Grindstone Inn]

CR: We knew the Casino and Yacht Club were there, but we didn't actually go there until after the summer people had gone.

GB: We did see the buildings off-season with our father because he took care of them. The floor looked like this one — wooden and beautiful.

EV: My only real connection with the Casino is that there was always a musical ensemble — students from the Juilliard School, who were hired to play at the Inn during dinner. They practiced for hours every day at the Casino. And the year I worked at the pool, I became acquainted with the pianist of the group. His

name was Eugene Bossart. At the end of that summer he was drafted into the Army. Planning a lifetime career in music and specially fearing hand injury, he asked if his military occupation assignment could be as a baker in a mess hall. Fortunately, his request was approved and he survived the war. He went back home to Michigan and became head of the music department at the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor, where he stayed for his entire career.

GB: You may have heard that matinee idol Nelson Eddy came here. Charlene has an autographed photo he gave to our mother because she was an organist at St. Christopher's by-the-Sea and accompanied him when he sang there.

CR: His godmother, Mrs. Gertrude Evans, lived on Grindstone, next to Grindstone Inn. She was a little bit of a stern lady.

EV: Among others, I remember the Frank B. Noyes family.

CR: He was or had been owner of the *Washington Star* and president of the Associated Press.

EV: Several summers I worked at Grindstone Inn in different secretarial/bookkeeping jobs. One of those years Mrs. Noyes wanted a letter written and asked me to come to her home to take the dictation. I'm sure she paid me something for my time and labor, but what I really remember is her gift to me of a lovely fine-pointed stenographic fountain pen (which lasted much longer than the money).

CR: She sent us some cookies every once in a while, too. Made with all butter.

EV: Oh yes, oh yes. She was a very nice lady.

CR: They were all genteel ladies that we worked for.

EV: The Noyes' daughter, Ethel, maintained summer residence at Grindstone throughout her life.

CR: She married royalty.

EV: Her husband was Sir Wilmott Lewis, a link between the *London Times* and the *Washington Star.* She was always addressed as Lady Lewis. They lived in the Log Cabin with their only child, Wilmott Jr., known as Bin. Frank's son Newbold kept a summer home in nearby Sorrento until he retired, after which he became a year-rounder there. His son, Newbold Jr., followed the pattern. The junior died a few years ago, but his widow, Beppy, lifetime reporter and author, still lives and writes in Sorrento.

GB: The Disstons we knew fairly well. They owned a cottage our father looked after. They were quite friendly. She had been married to Jack Groome first.

EV: I, being older than Charlene and George, even remember Jack Groome's mother, Edith — quite friendly too. Charlene and I remember Gladys and Jack Groome as a couple. They, with daughter Edo (Edith), a few years older than I, continued the friendship with all, even after Gladys and Jack divorced.

CR: We had many extended telephone conversations with "Aunt Glad."

EV: George, do you remember that our father performed their marriage ceremony? This time Gladys was marrying Henry Disston, owner, with his mother and two brothers, of Disston Saw Company in Philadelphia. Papa was a notary public and Gladys asked him if he would conduct the rites at her cottage.

CR: They wanted it private.

GB: I do recall that the Disstons had a dog named George.

CR: That's right. She told Papa she named the dog for him. That's what she said.

EV: This is a picture of Charlene and Wendell's wedding reception, which was held at Grindstone Inn. This was an emergency situation because it was to have been catered on the lawn of Casa Marina, the house we grew up in; but as the time drew near, it was pouring rain. On short notice it was arranged that the event could take place at the Inn. The staff there cooperated well with the caterer, and everything went smoothly.

CR: We were married 48 years. Many opined to us that a storm on a wedding day portended a long, happy marriage — a prediction that was realized.

GB: I worked at Morrison's garage several summers when I was in high school, and I got to know very well all the chauffeurs. Of course, Charlene and Elinor knew them too from Gerrish's because they would — they were a lot of interesting guys. One in particular who was probably there more than any other was Oliver Phillips, who was the Rosengartens' chauffeur. After Mr. Rosengarten died, Oliver became the Disstons' chauffeur. He came to Winter Harbor for probably 30 years. A lot of them used to hang out at Gerrish's in the evening, smoking their cigars. Some stayed at Serene Cottage, a boarding house near the town wharf. I saw some Rolls Royces. None of the Grindstone people had those. But Mr. Dixon had the little baby Austin that I think you still see on the road today.

CR: As did Aggie Dixon Rowland.

GB: The Landreths had the Model A convertible that's still on the road today, which I think John Banes must own now, because he drives it in the Lobster Festival parade each year. I serviced all those. I was the

lube technician; that's what they call them today. Back then they were called grease monkeys. One summer I worked at the A. B. Whitehouse grocery store, now Winter Harbor Five and Ten. I think I was 16 and I drove the delivery trucks, making a milk delivery to the Point early in the morning and a grocery delivery later that morning. Cooks from the cottages would call in the orders. I met most members of the kitchen staffs. They would always be anxiously waiting for me to arrive. I used to go one direction one day and the opposite direction the next. Kept them guessing.

EV: Speaking of the summer cooks, at least some of them, perhaps those with longer-term standings, received bonuses from their employers, figured as a percentage of the amount of the grocery bill. Even when ordering the ingredients needed for Madam's written daily menus, there was usually enough flexibility in amounts, brands, and recipes to tempt the cooks to pad the bill. On the other hand, perhaps Madam winked at the practice, thinking to keep a good cook from seeking greener pastures.

CR: Well, two more things Papa did. He had a hothouse on the Point where he started flowers. Most of the cottages had flower gardens, and during World War II a few would have some vegetables, too, but I think Papa did only flowers. So he had big flats down there in a pretty good-sized hothouse. He planted petunias, nasturtiums, and all kinds of things from seed — bedding plants. He'd have to go down regularly and water those. The water came from the well in the woods. You had to lower a pail down in there and lift it up — put it in the watering can.

GB: The hothouse contained a wood stove. Papa would start early in the spring when it's still pretty cold weather. He'd get the fire going to keep it warm enough for seeds to sprout and flowers to start growing.

CR: Then the hired gardeners transplanted them into the cottage gardens and the flower beds at the Inn, as you can see in the postcard pictures. Geometric flower beds bordering the entrance presented a spritely, colorful picture to patrons and passersby.

GB: Many years he probably did every cottage except for the Dixons' and perhaps a few others who had contract gardeners.

CR: Another thing he did: in winter there was no water at Grindstone; in summer it had to be pumped up to a tall standpipe across from the Inn because it was at a higher elevation than the pond. At the Sand Cove there was a pump to accomplish that. It had to be tended at least twice a day. I learned how to do it by myself so I could save him from having to make so many trips.

GB: The pumping station was a little green building. It had an electric motor for the pump, but a gasoline engine for backup. It was probably as big as this room, generating 25 horsepower. The flywheel was about seven feet in diameter.

CR: We'd have to start and run that gasoline engine at the beginning of every summer, trying to ensure that it would do its job promptly and smoothly in case of prolonged electrical outages.

EV: He chlorinated the water entering the system and collected monthly samples from several places to be sent to the state health department for testing. Also did the billing.

GB: To add a little about our mother. She was a teacher in Winter Harbor when she met our father. After they married she stopped teaching until the youngest, me, was in sixth grade. During the war she taught at the one-room red schoolhouse in Birch Harbor (next to Nicole's Ice Cream). The previous teacher had left in the middle of the year to go to Bath to build ships and our mother finished out the year there. Starting the following year, she taught in Winter Harbor for quite a number of years.

EV: The importance of education was paramount in our parents' thinking. Though with little formal schooling, Father, a lifelong reader with interests in many fields, became skilled to a professional level in some and conversant in all.

CR: Early in his employment he was asked if he could do bookkeeping. He said, "Yes, of course." Then he went out, bought the textbooks, learned the subject, and kept the books in addition to his other duties for the rest of his career. And didn't he keep good books! With his Spencerian handwriting — very fine — with the nib pen that you dip in the ink. No fountain pens.

CR: There was no bank in town. "We're leaving for Philadelphia next week, Mr. Blance, and we'd like $300." So he'd call up the Bar Harbor bank and they'd send it registered mail.

GB: From our earliest memories, he was a director of the Liberty National Bank in Ellsworth and went there weekly to board meetings. While there, he would withdraw pretty good amounts of cash to bring back. He paid his workers by check. They often wanted immediate cash, so they would endorse and return checks to him in exchange for the green stuff.

CR: He always obtained new money from the banks — very crisp bills, never used before. The Grindstone contingent liked new money, so that's what

they got — not just any old rumpled stuff. He was especially careful in counting them out because they might stick together.

GB: During World War II the Coast Guard confiscated private yachts and painted them all gray.

CR: Battleship gray.

GB: They put crews of anywhere from three to six men on each yacht, patrolling the coast. Yes, Mr. Dixon's yacht and everyone else's yacht.

CR: The Harpers had a three-masted sailing vessel that was confiscated. And the Hendersons' *Mohican* — remember all that mahogany? Imagine that painted battleship gray!

GB: Mrs. Henderson didn't want it back after the war because it had been ruined, in her mind. However, the government had it fixed up and restored. It was acquired by the Morrisons and used as a charter boat for hire for a number of years.

CR: From what I saw, those Grindstone people never gave a murmur. It was for the war effort.

GB: These yachts manned by Coast Guardsmen were coming in, spending the night tied up at the coal wharf just around the corner near the swimming pool. They got around town, so to speak. I know some of them hung around at the pool. Some came to our house and our mother played the piano while we all sang. I was invited onboard one of the yachts for dinner one night.

GB: There were German submarines off the coast, too.

EV: Yes, two spies came ashore from one of them at Hancock Point. Their capture was due to reports from locals who observed that these men were not locals.

GB: Speaking of the wharf and the pool — between them was a large shed where the coal was stored. Until after the war the coal was delivered in sailing ships. It was delivered ship to shed in a similar way that ice from the pond was loaded into the icehouse.

CR: Pulley-style.

GB: Yes, from the ship, loaded wheelbarrows were raised, using pulleys, up to a platform. There, men wheeled the barrows to an opening in the shed and emptied them, filling the shed by gravity. I remember the last load of coal arriving by ship. At that time our father as agent for the Winter Harbor Improvement Company, sold the coal for $6 a ton. Later loads coming by train and truck from Ellsworth were priced at $22, $24 a ton.

EV: Selling and delivering the coal, naturally, was a more intensive activity in fall and winter than in the summer.

EV: Father worked constantly on some endeavor or other all through the year. He always had properties to take care of. For many years, with no one living on the Neck in winter, roads were not plowed and snow accumulated. But he made the rounds every day, on snowshoes when necessary, walking around each property to see if there had been any kind of vandalism or other damage that needed immediate attention.

CR: After Christmas the men would come around and ask, "When you going to cut ice? We need a job." So they got a job cutting ice.

GB: Right about the middle part of December he'd start going to the pond every day and cut a little hole in the ice to measure the thickness.

CR: I think it had to be 18 to 24 inches thick before they would start to cut and sometimes that wouldn't happen till February. The harvesting operation would take about two weeks.

GB: Probably originally it was horses pulling out the ice, but when I remember, it was a truck. The same pond, Birch Harbor Pond, was the source of the water supply until just a few years ago. There was a barge at the side of the pond. A truck with a block-and-tackle arrangement slid long rectangles of ice up a sluice, where they were separated into smaller blocks and lowered into the shed.

EV: They were stacked in layers sandwiched with hay for insulation to preserve them until summer, when they were removed and delivered to people for their iceboxes, precursors of electric refrigerators. Customers included townspeople as well as Grindstoners.

GB: Whitehouse bought enough ice to fill his own icehouse in the rear to refrigerate the meat and milk. Whitehouse used sawdust instead of hay for insulation. Probably sawdust was better but hay was cheaper. Gerrish's too had the same setup for making its homemade ice cream and keeping it frozen.

CR: It was said by summer residents that there was nothing like "natural" ice for their cocktails. And when electric refrigerators replaced the ice chests, they said, "It's not the same."

One final note from Charlotte and Elinor:

"If there are errors of 'commission' in the above history, they are due to the relentless passage of time, with accompanying gaps of remembrance. Of more concern to us are the errors of 'omission' of Winter Harbor individuals who gave dedicated service in one or more areas of the Grindstone scene, as well as familiar Grindstone families who provided employment and caring personal relationships. Perhaps Volume II will follow to address this perception."

Fitz and Edie Dixon with Blueberry Muffin and the family Austin

Fitz and Edith Dixon

*The Dixon family of Philadelphia has a long and significant presence on Grindstone Neck. George Dallas Dixon built a cottage on lot 19 in 1891 and Thomas Henry (T. H.) Dixon bought the cottage on lot 9. T. H. Dixon had four children, one of whom was F. Eugene. F. Eugene's wife, Mrs. Eleanor Widener Dixon, spent virtually every summer here until her death in 1966.**

Fitz Eugene Dixon Jr. was born in 1923, ten years after his sister, Eleanor, known as "Dickie." Their parents divorced when Mr. Dixon was 13. After graduating from the Episcopal Academy of Philadelphia in 1942, he attended Harvard briefly. Classified as 4F, he returned to the Academy, serving as director of admissions for nearly 17 years, while also teaching French and coaching football, squash, and tennis, and serving as director of athletics for his last four years. He was introduced to his future wife, Edith, through one of his students. Fitz and Edie were married in 1952.

Fitz and Dickie Dixon would sustain their mother's strong interest in the Grindstone Neck Association and in preserving the character of the small summer community. Dickie and her husband, James Gentle (an All-American soccer and hockey player from the University of Pennsylvania and a soccer coach at Haverford College), and Fitz and Edie quietly ensured the economic viability of the Neck. Invisibly they influenced its life — from donating losses from cribbage games to a fund to paint the church to rewarding their staff, year-round Winter Harbor residents, for their cheerful and loyal service. Mr. Dixon also has donated more than $2 million to the capital campaign of the Maine Coast Memorial Hospital in Ellsworth, where a surgical center was named in memory of Eleanor Widener Dixon and in honor of Edith in 2003.

***Eleanore Elkins Widener, granddaughter and heiress to two family fortunes, lost her husband, George D. Widener, and her son, Harry Elkins Widener, when they died in the Titanic disaster in 1912. Eleanor survived the sinking and later, with her brother George, endowed the Widener Library at Harvard in memory of her son, Harvard Class of 1907 and an enthusiastic bibliophile. She died in 1937. Her daughter, Eleanor, married Fitz Eugene Dixon, father of Fitz Dixon Jr.**

THE HOUSE THAT WE LIVE IN NOW IS ON THE SAME piece of property where I was born. I was born right there. The doctor came the week before they thought I'd be born and stayed for a week after. I was born about 2:30 in the morning on August 14, 1923. Lester Merchant, Chester Merchant's brother, was the ice man. Ice in those days was sawn from the lakes. He would come around to the houses on Grindstone Neck every morning in a big, old, gray horse-drawn vehicle. This particular morning he started his rounds a little after 4:00, so I was told, and so he was first to learn about my birth. Everyone on the Neck could hear him shouting: "Ice man! Ice man! Ice man! By the way, there is an heir down to the Dixons!" That's how my birth was announced to the people.

Originally I had a nurse who I'd be toddled around by. There was a boardwalk from the Yacht Club to the pool. I could go from our house up the tar path up by the tennis courts and the Inn, then down the other side and get on the boardwalk. After [the nurse], I had "a tutor," and he'd play tennis and golf with me and other children. Years later, a student from the Episcopal Academy would take care of the children on the Neck. [The first one] was Benny Wilmot. They always said the person in this job was a "Benny." It wasn't a tutor, it was a "Benny." We've had a number of Bennys over the years and they take the kids and play with them, organize games, and things like that, almost like a little summer camp. But now, of course, we have Cindy Houghtailing with sailing and it works through that instead.

We would come up to Maine [in June], usually by train and in a private car shared by my mother and uncle, George Widener, called the *Rambler*. They would bring us to the Mt. Desert ferry, now known as Hancock Point, where the *Firenze* was staffed by Captain Stiles and his two stepsons, Stan and Howard Seamon. The three were crew, and they would bring the family back to Winter Harbor. That was before the so-called Singing Bridge or noisy bridge over the Taunton River was built in Hancock. Before that bridge, if a boat didn't meet us, there was a ferry. The ferry went across the Taunton River and we would have to reserve it well ahead of time. Of course, the tide runs awfully quickly there, and the ferry would go way up and then go, boom! It was great fun; quite an exciting experience.

You see in the old days, airplane travel was virtually nonexistent. I remember Gill Ervin had a seaplane and he'd fly it in here. My father would get a ride and I got a brief ride once or twice. But we usually traveled on the *Rambler*. My great-uncle, George Dallas Dixon, was vice president for freight of the Pennsylvania Railroad. He'd call my mother after she got back from Maine in the fall, in time for my school. He'd say, "Well, what day do you think you'd like to go to Maine next year?" She'd probably take a little while and she'd say, "Well, I may take the 25th of June." Why did he call? Because there were usually about four or five private railroad cars on the train out of Philadelphia and she wanted our car to be the last one so that nobody would pass through it except for maybe the conductor and the brakeman.

Fitz Dixon Jr. as a young boy

In those days, in the latter part of June or the early part of July, there were four trains: two trains out of Philadelphia daily, one out of Washington, and one out of New York. In our private car, three men worked for us. Baker was the chef, and Cliff and Robert were the stewards. From time to time, they would work, when asked, at my Uncle George Widener's place, so some of his white staff would take a holiday, usually in May and early June. Don't forget we had a staff of

probably about 12 up here for the house — it was probably 16, but nine were left back in Philadelphia. There were 25 servants altogether. There was one person, for example, who did the dishes just for the servants. One person did the dishes for the family. In those days, we had four chauffeurs in Philadelphia and one guy washed the cars. The chauffeurs only drove the cars. We always had two chauffeurs here. You also had a butler for whom the footman worked; the butler was in charge of the pantry. Mother always had a housekeeper and she was in charge of the whole machinations of the house, including hiring and firing. Every evening she would put out a menu book and Mother would decide what lunch and dinner was going to be the next day.

Hugh Mackay's father, Joseph Mackay, was right out of Scotland and he was our head gardener. Both Hugh and his brother Bruce worked on our property. His son, Joe, still works in our garden. That's three generations. Connie Mackay, Hugh's wife, ran Harbor Hill, which my sister and I bought years ago for $10,000. We also agreed to build two tennis courts for the Association.

The Austin

Another little story for you. The first car that I ever grew up with was a 1930 English Austin that my father brought back from England when he was a non-playing captain of the Davis Cup team in 1929 and 1930. It was the first car that I ever drove. It's a difficult car to drive because it was the first English-made car that had a self-starter. In case the self-starter didn't work, there was also a crank at the front of the car, which you could utilize if in dire need. The main problem was that the clutch had only about an inch give to it, so you had to time it absolutely perfectly or the car would sputter, sputter, sputter, and promptly stop. It was a wonderful little car. It could seat four people, two quite comfortably with adequate legroom and two scrunched up in the rear. There was also a little window in the top which I used to put my hand out of and wave at everybody as I would drive by.

One evening, as was my wont, I went to the Grindstone Inn to have a drink after dinner when we were living at Barberry Ledge. After having one or two snorts with some friends, I came out of the bar and to my utter horror there was my little Austin in the lobby of the Grindstone Inn — the whole damned thing was there. My friends — I'm sure that Mr. Banes and Mr. Clay might have been involved in such a horrible deed. They won't confess it, I'm sure. But at any rate, that's a true story.

The Inn

Mother bought the Grindstone Inn sometime about 1939. A good friend of the family was Charlie Reed, an architect. Charlie Reed remodeled the second floor and the third floor. Mother and her companion and I lived on that second floor. We had a lovely suite of rooms and a big sitting room up there for about three years. Then Mother got tired of the Inn food, which was pretty good, I must say. Then we bought Barberry Ledge and lived there until she built another house, which is where we now live. Barberry Ledge is now Emma Brown's house.

The help at the Inn were primarily "from away," as they say in Maine, not from the town. There was a large dormitory-like building just across the street from the Episcopal church, back in the woods. It's long gone, but it actually did exist, and these young people lived there during the course of the summer.

There was a large garage that was located as you passed the stop sign at the church, headed toward town on Grindstone Avenue. About a couple of hundred yards on the right, you'll see a little area where some cars park. If you walk back in there, you'll still find the remains of the concrete pad of that garage. That's where cars were parked by the bellboys when guests had their cars at the Inn.

I won't talk about a certain person, that's best left alone I think. But I did give friends jobs and I did give Mr. Swope a job as a bellboy, and he's never forgotten it for a variety of reasons.

The Inn was then sold by my mother to Colonel Jack Groome, who took us off the hook and ran it for a few years. But as time went on, it simply was really impossible to maintain or even break even, let alone make money. So he sold it to an outfit that I don't remember. But shortly thereafter, within a year, fire took the building. The entire building burnt down.

We muddled through the remains of the Inn for years and I still have, in my bar, an original demitasse cup and saucer from the ruins. The Inn had some 120 rooms and a huge water tower outside that fed the Inn through gravity flow, which is really hard to believe in this day and age. It was a fun place and we even had a barber on the ground floor. There were also two pool tables that the kids could play on on rainy days.

A Medical Legacy

After my mother bought the Inn, we lived in it for about two or three seasons. I know that we were there in 1940. I was going into my junior year at the Episcopal Academy, fifth form year. That was the year when I was just beginning to sail in the senior boat

races. One day I was not feeling well so I didn't race. As a matter of fact, the real reason is that I broke the mast the week before. But I was asked to go out on the committee boat; that day it was *Mohican*. *Mohican* was a 65-foot, Consolidated cruiser owned by Sam and Isabel Henderson. While I was out at the outer mark, which in those days was about two miles off Schoodic Point, I became deathly seasick, which I'd never been before in my life. That was the onset of my attack of hepatitis, which turned my entire body yellow — my skin, my face, my eyes were totally yellow. I was deathly ill for probably a week or ten days. It was an awful mess. I'll never forget it.

In those days we had a physician imported from the Philadelphia area who serviced the families on Grindstone Neck. One of them was Paul Havens, who treated me. Because of my severe illness, Paul Havens took a great interest in hepatitis and within a decade was one of the foremost and most knowledgeable men in the country as regards this disease. He became nationally known for his work with hepatitis. "It's always Fitzie's fault," you'll hear that many times from other people, I'm sure. Among the other doctors was Joe Hoeffel. Joe Hoeffel lived with his family in the rectory. His son, known as Jamie at that time, was a nice little blond boy. He went on to become the United States representative from Montgomery County, Pennsylvania, in the Congress of the United States. He just resigned that position to run for senator against my good friend Arlen Specter. I don't believe that he has much of a chance.

Orvie King was one of our doctors. Orvie King was a lovely fellow, a great friend of my aunt and uncle, Louise and Ferguson Mohr, and he was a very well-known surgeon in Philadelphia.

In those days, there was no hospital in the area. There was nothing, not even a clinic. My mother became concerned about this, particularly when we could no longer find a doctor to come to me. So Mother purchased a small building in Gouldsboro and that was the establishment of the Eleanor Widener Dixon Clinic. We had one doctor, one little room, and one small house in which the doctor lived. Today that clinic is known as the Eleanor Widener Dixon Memorial Clinic and it has been enlarged. A fairly large building when it was constructed about 15 years ago, it has almost doubled in size. We have five physicians and two physician's assistants at that clinic at the present moment and it's doing a rousing business. Last year they even worked out a program where one physician would be on call. In other words, if somebody stopped in, one of the doctors could see that patient without an appointment. It's performing a wonderful service for the hospital and the local community.

The hospital in Ellsworth was started in about 1946 and I was there at the groundbreaking for it in Ellsworth, the Maine Coast Memorial Hospital. Mother gave a great deal of money to assist in its construction. As I think everybody knows, we're putting up a $12.5 million addition at the present moment and over $5.5 million was raised from the community to enable the building to go ahead. It is the plan to have a ribbon-cutting ceremony on the 27th of September, and I was in a position, fortunately, to give enough money that was required to name the clinic in memory of my mother and in honor of my wife, Edith. The hospital is staffed by superbly trained physicians. Initially, there was one surgeon and now we have five, plus three orthopedic surgeons. We have two urologists and we have an ear, nose, and throat man coming on. The quality of the staff is really quite extraordinary.

I guess that [there were six of us involved in the beginning]: Jim Willis, Pat Foster, Ben Hinckley, Phil Lovell, and Charles Hurley. At one point, I was the second president of the hospital, even though I lived in Philadelphia. I would drive up to meetings. I'd leave on one day, have meetings all day the second day, and on the third day drive back to Philadelphia. This happened every month except January and February. Then I found that April was a perfectly Godawful month in Maine. It's really the mud season!

Eji Suyama was our first surgeon. He was born in Japan. He was a wonderful surgeon, could do most anything. My brother-in-law, Jim Gentle, was with Patton in World War II in Italy. One day Jim Gentle and Eji Suyama realized that they were about 100 feet apart from each other during the war. They knew exactly where each of them was: Eji, serving in one section of the army, Jim in another. They literally were within sight of each other at one point during World War II. They didn't realize it until many years later when they were in conversation in Winter Harbor.

The Church

Now then, the Episcopal church, St. Christopher's, was built about 1895. The Catholic church was built, I would say, about 10 years later. I could be a little wrong on the date, but why was it built? It was built because almost all of the residents here on Grindstone Neck had a number of servants, maids, cooks, and so forth. The large majority of those people were Irish Catholics. The church was built for the help by the homeowners. Now the priest has services at 4:00 on Saturdays, but in the old days,

there was a priest here a good bit of the time.

Talking about priests, we also had clergy here at St. Christopher's Church all season. Clem Kolb was with us for many years. This year we're celebrating the 50th anniversary of Tom Edwards being our rector and we're having a party in his honor. The Bishop of Maine will be with us. Our July rector, the Reverend Dr. James Trimble, has been with us for 45 years, quite an extraordinary record.

The Yacht Club and Casino

The Yacht Club in the old days was obviously members only. Nobody was allowed even on the deck of the Yacht Club until he or she was 21 years of age. Even if your mother and father were in there, you were not allowed to go on that deck. But we also had the Casino in those days, a large building directly across from the parking area. It paralleled the local road going out to the Point. The building was a large one with a beautiful big porch overlooking the water, and in the building there were four bowling alleys and four shuffleboard courts.

The purpose really of the Casino was to enable the Inn guests to have some place to go and recreate and have afternoon tea on the southern end of the building, beyond the bowling alleys. There was a lovely area where they served tea every afternoon and boy, wasn't that cinnamon toast good! It was wonderful. I remember that as a kid. In bad weather the kids all played in the building and we had all sorts of games we played on the big outside porch. If it was a lousy day with rain and fog, and people weren't playing golf, the [caddies from the golf course] would go down there and set up the pins in the bowling alley. That was the way it worked. The building was torn down by Sam Henderson for tax reasons years ago, but all of a sudden, after the building had been razed, he suddenly found he didn't own it. It was technically owned by the residents of Grindstone Neck, but nobody knew it at that time. Too late for repercussions. People were mad, but then, as a matter of fact during the war days and subsequent years after World War II, there were so few people here that we couldn't have used it anyway.

The Yacht Club schedule was quite different from what it is today. They served meals only occasionally and the daily schedule, for example, for my father, would be golf at 9:00 or 9:15. He didn't go to the pool, but some people did. Before lunch, most of them went to the Yacht Club for martinis and then home for lunch, served by the staff. In the afternoon sometimes a nap, sometimes a sail, and at 4:00 many would report to the tennis courts. Tennis was going wild until half past five or 6:00, when people would go home and prepare for 7:30 dinners.

Every Wednesday and Saturday in the month of August there were races. Winter Harbor 21s were raced. In those days, the big favorites were Mitch Rosengarten, Johnny Banes' grandfather, and my father, numbers seven and eight respectively. They were the two heavy favorites, with Sam Henderson running third. The same lunch was served every Wednesday and every Saturday, and that was martinis first, then cream of tomato soup, broiled live lobster with potato chips, soda biscuits, and blueberry pie. In those days there were no scheduled races in the month of July.

Racing Days

The Mosquito Fleet was comprised of a bunch of small outboard motorboats that we all had back in pre-World War II days, probably about 1936, when I was 13. We had a commodore, a vice commodore, and all the various officers. I had the illustrious job of being "the Fleet Measurer." His job was to measure each of the small boats. Needless to say, I didn't perform very well. The Mosquito Fleet was named after Mosquito Harbor, which is where the Round Bay [is today] — a short, small bay at the end of the Mill Stream and not known by many people as Mosquito Harbor, but that is its real name. Frazer Point, by the way, is named after the first black man to live in this area. What he did exactly I do not know, but that's the reason for the Point's name. Frenchman Bay, by the way, is Frenchman Bay, although frequently people call it Frenchman's Bay with an "s," which is incorrect. The Mosquito Fleet took all sorts of little trips over into Mosquito Harbor. We'd take picnic lunches and that kind of thing from time to time and we had little races. We had a lot of fun. From time to time we'd have a sandwich lunch at the club. [This was] probably about 1936, '37. I was one of the younger ones involved. Joe Thayer Jr. and Cappy Townsend were involved; they were the big cheeses. I was the little runt.

I recall one of the first days of my racing. My mother bought number nine, which was built by Ed Hammond, in 1924. I was racing and Charlie Reed owned number six. Charlie was wont to have more than one martini before lunch and I was wont, at my tender age of about 17, not to have anything before lunch. Well, we were racing out — going out toward the Mark Island buoy. I was on the starboard tack, just under Ned Island, and Charlie was coming up on me when all of a sudden I realized that he was going to hit

me. He struck my boat just ahead of where I was sitting and I was conscious of the bow of his boat going over my head, scratching back, and falling back behind me, scraping the cockpit. Charlie turned his boat around, got off the boat, never set foot in it again, and put the boat up for sale. Never sailed again. I think that was more martini than anything else.

However, that's just one of those things about racing. In those days the races were always about two and a quarter, two and a half hours. We sailed further than people do today. The crews were three-man crews and Joe Thayer was mainsail man, Joe Jr. was the backstay man and also set the spinnaker. It was great fun to watch those gentlemen sail and I learned a lot from them.

I was taught to sail by a fellow named Ralph Crane, who was the captain of number four. I think he did a reasonably good job. The song will tell you that some people — the joke was they might be home before dark after Fitzie won the race. My beginnings were slow, but after a few years I was really reasonably successful. I would say quite successful, as a matter of fact. However, it was a lot of fun. Numbers one through seven were built in 1907 and designed by Starling Burgess, who actually visited here. They're 31 feet overall, 21 feet waterline, and about eight feet wide. They drew about five feet with a nice lead keel.

Those seven boats were very evenly matched. Number one was always black. That was *Mystery*. The rest were white except for my father's number eight, which was blue, and number nine. When Ed Hammond was sailing, it was white on one side and orange on the other because he wanted to be sure that he blended in with the other boats and they couldn't see the orange part of the boat. That's what I was always told. At any rate, he was the donor of the land where they built Hammond Hall, as we know it now, in town.

In Allan Smallidge's book you will see some of the larger boats built, *Whiz* and so forth, that John Davis had. In my younger days, my family had a boat called *Firenze*. She was 87 feet long, 12 feet wide, and had twin speedways and did 25 knots back in the 1920s. The entire boat was mahogany, polished mahogany. It was absolutely beautiful and I have a picture of her in the hallway of my house at the present time.

I do remember my mother had a boat, a 101-foot houseboat called *Dream Girl*. She was often anchored off the coal wharf. I can remember swimming out to her and swimming back. The coal wharf in my younger days, when I was a kid, really a child, all the coal for the town of Winter Harbor came by the sailing vessels, two-masted schooners, and they would come in the harbor and tie up right there at the coal wharf and all the coal would be manhandled from the boat to the storage in that big building. That building is long gone but there are still signs — at low water, you can still see some signs of the building. [The coal was delivered to homes] originally by horse-drawn vehicles, then by trucks. Incidentally, the modern-day charts for navigation were originally designed by a man who lived on Grindstone Neck in the early 1900s. Matthew Fontaine Maury lived in what is frequently known as the Harper Cottage.

The Golf Course

One thing I can tell you about the golf course I am sure that Oscar Young did not tell you. When they decided to put the five holes on the Frenchman Bay side — now the first five holes — my father was involved in designing those and placing everything, and on the fifth hole as you approach the green, you will see that there are two mounds. My father, holding my hand, dictated how high they were going to be. I was there and I saw him telling the men handling the job how to go about it.

The Pool

The old pool was down at the northwest corner in what we call Sand Cove, fed by a big, round hole, which you would open up and the water would come rushing in and when it got to be stinky — when it got to be about 68 [degrees] and began to smell they'd let all the water go out and the water would come back in again and be freezing, freezing cold. There was a fellow named Herman. He and his wife ran the pool at that time and they made the most wonderful sticky buns. If you were a good boy, and you had made a good dive or a good slide down the sliding board, and you were a good guy, you would get a piece of a sticky bun. They had raisins and nuts, yes. Oh, they were wonderful. The pool was only usable most days until noontime because once the sun passed over all the trees, there was no sun down there at all.

The Tea Houses

If you go up the Mill Stream from the Mosquito Harbor, there are two entrances. Beyond the second one, going toward the headwaters, on the left-hand side, two so-called tea houses were built, one by Isabel Henderson and one by my mother. My mother never owned the land, but she leased it for a gift, and she built a very nice little building there. The family used to go over from time to time, and believe it or not, cook

for themselves or even have one of the cooks go over and cook the dinner. They'd have their cocktails and dinner there. It was a very pretty little place looking over the Mill Stream. The Mill Stream, of course, is tidal. Sometimes there's virtually no water out whatsoever, and at other times, even at high tide, *Firenze*, all 87 feet of it, would take the family in there. I used to go over there for overnights and cookouts with friends.

Fishing

We used to go flounder fishing on a boat called *Jonesport*. This was before *Mayi*. It was an all-open boat, about 30-feet long, and steered by a tiller, as is the current little tender, *Mayi*. We'd have lunch at the house, and if I wanted to go fishing, I'd say to Dad: "Can I have the fishing boat this afternoon?" "No." "May I have the fishing boat?" That's how the boat was named *Mayi*, because my sister and I said, "Can I?" and I was supposed to say "May I?" When mother and father were divorced that was the end of that, and he took that boat and the *Firenze*, and mother built a boat we called *Bonzo*. It was named after me because that was the nickname my Uncle George Widener and Aunt Jessie Widener called me all the time [when I was a little boy]. Don't ask me why. But we would go fishing in the afternoons occasionally for flounder and we'd either go to the Mill Stream or the Inner Harbor, never to Henry Cove; we never got any flounder there. The flounder had to be about eight inches and it couldn't be more than this big [six to 12 inches]. Edith will remember too that on a nice clear day at low tide you could see the clams down there on the hook.

Or we'd go deep-sea fishing out at Ragged Bottom. Captain Ralph Crane would site. He'd take the site off two points and then he'd drop the hook there and we were right there on top of Ragged Bottom. He knew exactly what to look for. Now, today, of course, you've got all these gadgets that will tell you when you've got the depth and so forth, but in those days, you took a site over this way and a site this way and where it crossed, there you were. That's how that worked. We got halibut, cod. Now they don't exist anymore. We used clams for bait, dropped probably 30 feet and your hands got pretty tired. [We'd bring in] probably ten or 12, I guess. Maybe 20 sometimes. We used to make codfish cakes and put tomato ketchup on top of them. They were wonderful.

Ralph Crane taught me how to sail and he took us all out fishing. He was also a lobsterman and he lobstered in a small sloop. In other words, he would sail it the minute he'd go up into the wind, get his boat to stop, and then haul the trap up. Today, the lobstermen have an automatic haul that brings up two traps at a time mechanically, but in the old days it was a hell of a job.

The Grindstone Neck Association

Right after the war it was pretty dead. The improvement company, I guess, owned the pool and the golf course and tennis courts. When the Hendersons died, the Grindstone Association was born. Houses were selling for $5,000. We really were an improvement association. Some people came for the full season. Some just came for a month. Originally there was a deal whereby you could pay monthly, let's say $200. If you were here for the season, you paid $400. But they couldn't make the place go for that, so we decided if you're a member of the Association, you've got to pay the same fee regardless of how long you're here. For many years, my mother picked up the tab for whatever deficit there was at the end of the season. I decided that wasn't my cup of tea. Get somebody to put the thing on a business-like basis.

By 1958, the pool had begun to crumble, so Edith, my sister, and I tramped the area to see where we could put a new pool, which my mother was willing to fund. After much thought and consideration, we agreed to put the pool in its current location because it would be under the brow of a hill, protected from the bite of the southwest wind that came in in the afternoon, and it offered a view of the harbor. As a matter of fact, it is in the same location as the old caddy shack. In the first years of the new pool, we pumped water from the harbor up to the pool, so it was a saltwater pool. Then after mother died, and I owned the pool, I decided this is ridiculous. Every year I had to put in a new heater and filter. So we decided we'd go to a freshwater swimming pool. Some said, "I'm never going to swim in the pool." I said, "The ocean's free right down at the end of the Point." Well, the people that bitched the most about the freshwater pool were the first people to use it. Traditional people said they were not going to swim in a freshwater pool and or in a heated pool. Of course, the children loved it because then they could stay in there all day. I had to rebuild the pool two years ago. I [continue to] operate the pool and dictate who can go there. As I say, it's for my friends and their immediate families. But all these changes came at the same time: The Inn burned down, the Reading School came, and the pool moved, all at the same time.

The Bar Harbor Fire

Bar Harbor changed radically [in October 1943] because there were many huge houses on Bar Harbor and the fire swept all of this whole side of the mountain — the whole mountain was without greenery for years and years and years and mother was here.

Actually, sparks and flying embers came over to this shore from that fire. It was a wild, wild fire. They had to wet down the roofs on the houses here. There were huge tunnels of wind. It was blowing 40 miles an hour all the time. [The mansions] were all destroyed, there were no trees left. That's when the people rebuilt and moved to Northeast Harbor, but Seal Harbor became the recipient of many families with big homes.

Weather

[Regarding memories of colder weather] In the old days, when I was a child, I remember we lived in a big house that was built by a fellow named Bliss and it was really quite cold. Even when Edith first came here, the year before we were married in '52, it was much colder than it is now. She came the year before and one of the first things that mother would do would be to take Edie over to Northeast Harbor and Wrexie, one of Oscar Young's sisters, had the store in Bar Harbor, and Mother would buy Edith a couple of wool suits and a coat.

People

John Price Wetherill had a chauffeur [named] Sylvester Moser, who eventually came to work for my mother. That's interesting because John Price Wetherill — his house was the house now owned by Binny Hubbard — was well known for his bird watching and the fact that he would band birds and watch them come back year after year.

Nelson Eddy was a great singer who stayed in a large house immediately adjacent to the Grindstone Inn, now the location of the Squirrels Nest, a small house owned by Alita Reed. It was quite a large house and he would come to play bridge with Mrs. Evans and she'd have a house party of bridge people. Couldn't have been nicer. Good-looking guy. He actually wrote the Winter Harbor racing song:

Come now, fill your whiskey tumblers.
This is racing day. Drive your cares away.

Old Mr. Harper was married to a much younger lady, and they had a son, Henry, a little younger than I. He was best known for the fact that he had a four-door Packard convertible, which he drove around in — he had wild hair that would flop around — and he'd drive his wife around in it, too. Their house, I think, originally was the Spedden House; Fred owned it, then the Harpers, then a list of other people. I once bought the house Seaview from Dinsmore, who was a Buick dealer. I paid $60,000 but therein were three original Audubons. The Audubons were worth as much as the house. I didn't lose any money on that!

Harry Platt used to rent the Chalet, which is now Kate Gribbel's house. He and a fellow named Yungman had an insurance company called Platt & Yungman. He handled all the insurance for my family and all of the Widener family. In those days, that was enough for anybody to make a living on. We had huge houses in all sorts of places, including my grandmother's house in Newport and a big, big house in Palm Beach and a house in New York. Harry Platt had two children — Harry, who was about my age, maybe a year older, and a daughter named Ann Page. I was with Harry when he was up on the veranda — the first little veranda as you enter the cottage. He was opening a package for his father and instead of drawing his knife away from his body, he came up to it and it went in his eye, and he lost the sight in that eye. Harry eventually became a lawyer. At one point, maybe 1930, before my school-teaching days, it was time for me to have my own lawyer. Ballard, Spahrr, Andrews & Ingersoll was our family law firm, and Harry Platt was assigned to be my lawyer. Harry was a nice guy and he was very, very honest and very, very capable, but slow. And I have a mind that is rather — I want a response. So I said, "This isn't working." I got Peter Mattoon, who now has a house at the end of Grindstone Neck on land I sold him. The first time that I saw Peter was when he was one of my students. Many years later he becomes my lawyer. He said, "Thou shalt not do anything without my say-so first. Don't sign any papers." Times change.

My uncle George Dallas Dixon owned the cottage now owned by Johnny Banes, and which I owned at one point. Uncle George had a glass eye. He and Aunt Mary had a wonderful cook who made the best gingerbread you've ever tasted in your entire life. From time to time I would say to my mother, "I'd like to go see Uncle George and Aunt Mary," and she would say, "Well, why don't you just pop over and say hello to them because they'd love to see you." At any rate, I would go over there and before I could get my piece of gingerbread, Uncle George would say, "Now Fitzie, what shall I do?" I would say, "Uncle George, pop your eye!" and that's how I'd get my gingerbread.

They'll tell you that at one point, we could have bought all of Sargent Point here for $6,000, but I didn't have any money in those days. I also had a chance to buy the southwest quadrant of Grindstone Point. I decided for $6,000 that that was a better investment. When the papers came back, all of a sudden I realized that a building came with it and that was the George

Dallas Dixon house. So that became a pretty wise investment. You see in the old days, when houses were first built, the ideal place to build was on Grindstone Avenue because you could see [right down to the water]. All the trees were virtually nonexistent. You could see most of the land on the western shore. Today I own virtually all the land on Grindstone Neck with the exception of two or three lots. From what you call the Frenchman Bay side, that land is worth supposedly millions and millions of dollars but it doesn't perk. I can't sell it, so it's worth thousands of dollars instead of the true value.

Mark Island was owned at one point by a gal named Bunny Richmond. Her brother was a fellow named Art Nelker, who was our organist at St. Christopher's Church and I used to pick him up. In those days, I had a 17-foot Chris-Craft runabout. If the weather was foggy and rough on Saturday, I would go out and bring him in. He'd spend the night at our house so we'd be sure to have an organist for church the next day.

Truxton Hare was the first All-American football player at the University of Pennsylvania. He owned [knockabout] number three at one point. And the number one, *Mystery*, was owned by a member of the Davis family and then it was owned by — a girl who was the great commodore — D. O. Edwards. She was the first lady officer of the Yacht Club.

It is not widely known that the Davis brothers gave the Davis Cup. Dwight Davis got credit for it but his brothers, John and Sam, (who was Alita Reed's grandfather), were the donors of the cup.

I think we're in good shape for the future. I like the place and have followed through with what my mother did; both Edith and I are able to do those kinds of things. I think my daughter, Ellin, will carry on with what we've done; our son has a place in North Carolina. My hope is that Grindstone Neck will stay the way it is.

Harry and Betsy Dixon

Thomas Henry Dixon, or Harry, was born in 1918. He had a sister, Elise, and two brothers, Philip and Sydney Fisher.

Harry [HD]: My father's name was William Boulton Dixon. My mother, Emily Thayer, was over in Northeast Harbor visiting a friend who was my father's stepsister and that's where she met my father. Quite soon after that they were married. My father joined the Army in 1918. I first came to Winter Harbor in July of 1919 when my mother brought me as a war widow. I spent my first birthday here. If you give me credit for the war years, I have been here some part of every summer for 85 years.

People that I grew up with in my particular group included Molly Thayer, Betsy's first cousin, and the Townsends — Cappy Maris and Emily. Emily Townsend became a close friend of ours and she is the mother of Mike Riley. Also in the group were Peter Thompson and his sister, Dallas.

We'd walk to the swimming pool, we'd walk to the golf course, we'd walk to the Inn, we'd walk to the tennis court. Never had a car until 1928. When we got to be teenagers we'd go to Ellsworth and occasionally to Bar Harbor.

After Betsy and I were married in 1941, I went in the Army in 1942. I spent four years in Europe. I came back and taught school for two years and then went into an old family business called Nathan Trotter and Company, which deals in nonferrous metals. That's also part of Winter Harbor; my grandmother's name was Trotter and there is a house here called the Nathan Trotter House.

My grandfather, whose name was also Thomas Henry Dixon, was one of the first cottage owners, the one that's right across from the old reading camp. The first house we rented was the rectory, which was much smaller than it is today. My mother rented that for about six or seven years and when she married my stepfather (Fisher), they rented again

for another four or five years. We've been in and out of several cottages. We rented the Log Cabin and we rented what used to be called the Rather Cottage. Then my mother ended up buying a house that was in my grandfather's estate. It must have been in the 1940s, maybe the 1930s. We spent a lot of time in that house. The times I remember best were when we were in the so-called rectory. I had my first birthday there but then I must have lived there for ten years of so. There were a lot of guys and girls my age and we had a guy called Al Griffith, I guess you could call him a companion or tutor. He was college age; there must have been eight of us he took care of all day. He got a free summer plus I don't know how many dollars. He did a lot of projects with us. We made a trail from approximately where the tennis courts are all the way down to the Point, the Red Arrow Trail. He did something with us every day, playing softball or exploring.

Betsy and Harry Dixon, 1975

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My recollection of the Inn was that it was very big, very spacious, and very formal. We used to go in there at night to see what was going on. We used to play backgammon and Ping-Pong.

I always crewed in the sailboat races and when I was in my teens I was very much in demand because I was reasonably agile and could do things that some of the older men who owned the boat couldn't. They had spinnakers in the sailboats then, and putting up the spinnaker required a lot of running up to the bow and putting the boom out. They'd usually ask for me a day or two beforehand [to crew.] "You available for the race on Saturday? I'm looking for a crew." My uncle, Ned Krumbhaar, owned one of the boats, so he was always after me to sail with him. One time I thought I was good enough to sail my own boat so I borrowed his knockabout, went out and ran it on a rock, right off the end of the Point in a thick fog. It bounced off again and he sailed it the rest of the summer.

We played a lot of tennis. And we used to climb up the water tower. I climbed up many times. It was kind of a dare. We did a lot of swimming at the salt-water pool. There was a man who worked there, Mr. Hearne, I think. Everybody was always asking him, "What's the temperature today?" So he would have it posted on a little slate sign, like 65 today, or 64. The temperature for the ocean, outside the tidal pool would be posted as well; that was usually at least seven or eight degrees colder. He also used to serve cinnamon buns.

There was a very well-known movie actor, a singer named Nelson Eddy, a matinee idol, who I think stayed at the Inn. He used to sing in his bathhouse. He wasn't a bit shy about it. The bathhouse was only about six feet high and I can remember as kids, while he was singing, we'd go into the adjoining bathhouse with a towel that we'd just used and we'd throw it over the side, tossing it while he was singing. He was the celebrity of the day. He wasn't very out going or personable. But he didn't mind singing in the bathhouses, and we loved to pelt him with towels. I guess his co-star in the movies was Jeanette McDonald. It's too bad she didn't come up here with him.

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HD: My mother? You could write a book about her. She was a very wonderful, wise, understanding woman, and everybody in the family always loved her.

Betsy [BD]: She was just terrific. We had more fun together. I used to take her for drives.

HD: She loved to read. She was far brighter than I ever was.

BD: She was really the mainstay of this place. She really was. I mean all these young people who never knew her have missed out.

BD: She lived to be 98. She walked, she gardened and picked berries. She read. She'd go to the swimming pool, regularly, and swim with a big straw hat on — up and down with the hat on. That was one of her main activities. She never wore long pants in her life and she always wore a dress. She loved it here.

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[Regarding favorite aspect] HD: I just think the Maine air. Betsy and I particularly like the people who live here all year round, and we got to know a lot of them. There's Alton Gerrish, who used to be the postmaster, and his wife, Mary Gerrish. Betsy and I were very close to them. Betsy and I talked about getting a tape recorder to record his stories, and then we were afraid we'd just scare him off. It was always stories of what he did when he was young and how they used to hunt out at Ironbound Island and they would throw the deer off the cliff to be picked up by the boat down below. He was quite a party man. He used to like his liquor and he went to parties in Hammond Hall; he'd tell us about riding a bicycle down the steps. He used to work for the post office when they had a boat that delivered the mail. They would spend the night in Bar Harbor. One night he rowed from Bar Harbor all the way back to Winter Harbor to go to a dance and then rowed back again the same night.

BD: I was thinking he knew how to swim, which he didn't. Oh, he was wonderful.

HD: We were always close to the Gerrish family. Marie, who ran the Gerrish's Drug Store, was lovely. It was 10 cents for an ice cream cone. When I went in the other day for a small, one-dip ice cream cone it was $1.85. She'd turn over in her grave.

As for Oscar Young, I always remember my mother referring to him as being a true gentleman. You know, he always is. He and I are very close. I call him up about once or twice a year when I'm home. And I did that with Alton Gerrish and some of the others.

BD: If somebody dies, one of us comes to the funeral.

HD: The fellow that ran the golf course, John Estes, died quite early of cancer. I flew up to the funeral and back on the same day. I went into the church and I sat down next to Oscar. Oscar said, "Hello, Harry. Where's Betsy?" I said, "Well, Oscar, flying all the way up here in one day and back is quite expensive, so I was the one that came and I suppose Betsy should have come because everybody up here likes her more than they do me." Oscar said, "You never said anything truer in your life."

BD: Well, the Maine humor is dry.

HD: We had a 50th birthday party for an old wooden lobster boat, *Gully Girl,* named after a dog. We've had it for 20 years. We had it down on the dock and our children and grandchildren decorated it. It's made by Bunker and Ellis, well-known boat-makers over in Southwest Harbor.

BD: We had flags and —

HD: A little bar set up.

BD: I wore a lobster hat.

HD: We had cocktails.

BD: We had a big cake.

HD: We spend most of our time just puttering around islands and exploring in the boat. We'd go to an island and anchor, row ashore, and spend the day walking all over the island.

BD: Yes, we've been on most of these islands, I think, all around here.

HD: Life really has been built around *Gully Girl,* going off on her any day we can.

BD: Well, our daughters know how to run it. So some days you go down and it's not there anyway. It's gone.

HD: It's a great place to be if you want to spend the day reading. No phones, nobody to talk to. Down below there are two bunks and a head.

BD: It's very old and creaky and needs a new engine. You can't go too far in it right now.

HD: We used to go off in it three or four nights at a time.

BD: Yes, we came over here across Frenchman Bay in the hurricane. That was really scary. We went off one night and spent the night in Bar Harbor. Woke up and the hurricane had started. Harry said, "Well, we can make it through, no problem." So we went down, way down below, and I kept hoping it would calm down, so he went to the bow to pull up the anchor and I turned around and the whole wheel came off in my hand. A screw sailed across under the back deck. I was lying on my stomach, the wind blowing. Anyway, we got it fixed and went across, but it was pretty hairy. We could've been killed.

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BD: It's a wonderful golf course. You can see the water on every hole. Except maybe one.

HD: All of them, except the first tee, you have to look backwards there. I used to caddy when all the local kids went back to school in September and we stayed up until the middle of September. We used to love it. I made money, I think maybe $5.

BD: We had two grandchildren, teenagers, who played 100 holes in one day. They couldn't get out of bed the next day they were so tired.

HD: I think both of us wish that Winter Harbor would stay simple and not become too structured.

Photo Gallery

Above: Peggy Rosengarten with her father, Mitchell Rosengarten

Below: Ice harvesting, Birch Harbor Pond

Left: Ellie and Bill Severn tee off in vintage attire

Above, left: George Dallas Dixon, at his West Oval cottage

Above: Richard Bickford dons vintage swimwear for a photo opportunity at the pool

Top: George Reath, 1954

Top, right: Bill Weaver and Alita Davis, newly engaged in 1936

Right: Oscar and Velma Young on their wedding day, July 20, 1941

Sydney Fisher

Sydney Fisher came well-prepared for his interview, providing not only a hand-drawn map of Grindstone Neck but 17 pages of handwritten memories. The detail and care that he brought to the occasion befits someone who has been coming to Grindstone Neck for 68 years. "The only person who can beat me at consecutive years, I think, is Francie Banes Rentschler," he says. One of his favorite aspects of the place is looking forward each summer to the change of air — "Just clean [with] a little tang of salt in it." He was born in 1931 and grew up in Chestnut Hill, a suburb in the northwestern corner of Philadelphia. He studied electrical engineering at the University of Pennsylvania and then continued on to graduate school at Cornell, where he earned a Ph.D. in electrical engineering. He moved later into computer programming, retiring in the mid-1990s. A gifted, nearly self-taught musician, Sydney played the piano and accordion well enough to entertain adults at the Inn and on picnics by the time he was a teenager. He has continued to perform with the musical society, the Orpheus Club of Philadelphia.

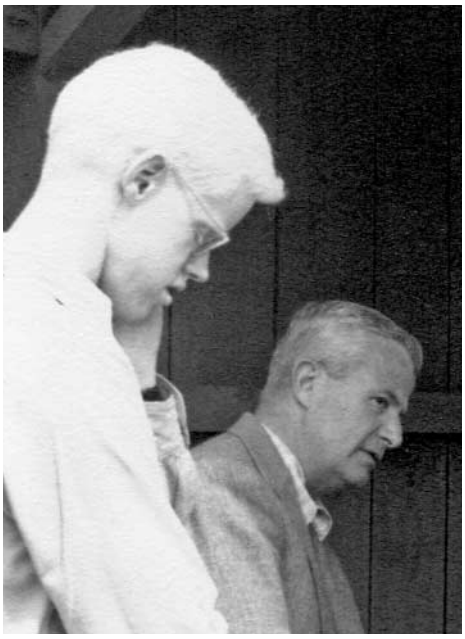
My mother's first husband was William Boulton Dixon, who was killed in World War I. I think it was "Aunt Helen" who coaxed my mother into bringing my father to Winter Harbor. My "Aunt Helen" Krumbhaar is my half-brother Harry Dixon's aunt — Fitz Dixon's aunt too. (I am not related to the Dixons, except Harry is my half-brother. We have the same mother.)

I think my father was a little dubious. He didn't know the people around Winter Harbor. But he got here and people were very nice to him, and then I suppose he got used to sailing and things like that. He got to love the place. That was the main thing. He loved the place. He loved to be on the water. He wasn't as much into the social things as other people were.

It was a good fit. He was well liked. He was a great camper, too. We had a couple of canoes. I know that when he would say, "Okay, Sydney, tomorrow we can go on a picnic, out on a sailing picnic." Well, then

we'd wake up and it would be foggy. So, we'd say, "Okay, we won't go sailing; we'll go in the canoe." And he'd put the canoe up on the top of the car and we'd go out to one of the lakes up north of Sullivan. It would be perfectly clear and we'd have a lovely time, same kind of picnic, cut wood, things like that. He'd do the very same thing, except we'd do them out on the lake instead of in the fog.

I first came to Grindstone Neck in 1937, when I was six years old, with my mother and a nurse and my brother Philip. Philip came before I did. He would come and visit with a close friend, David Krumbhaar. The first time I went to Maine was to Northeast Harbor for two years before going to Winter Harbor. We arrived in Ellsworth on the *Bar Harbor Express.* We took a drawing room, basically a big compartment. It was big enough so that it had two seats facing each other just like in the old Pullman cars. The seats got pushed down to make a bed. Then there was a sort of thing that you pull down from above that the porter — today called attendant — pulled down to become an upper berth. Across from us, against the wall leading into the corridor, was a couch that turned into a third bed. My nurse was on that couch. My older brother, Philip, climbed up a ladder into the upper berth. I was jealous of him for that. I was four years old. But I was put into the lower berth. We just jiggled along and went to sleep. We woke up and we had breakfast. I was a little bit young to be taken into the dining car, I think..



Sydney as a young boy

It was exciting. The porter would bring us supper in the drawing room. They'd put up a table that folded out against the window and we had our supper on the train. We went to bed on the train. Got up, had breakfast on the train. Got into Ellsworth, I guess, around 9:00 or 9:30 in the morning. Somebody came and took us to Northeast Harbor. Then two years later, when I went to Winter Harbor for the first time, it seemed a lot longer. I just remember saying, "Is this our cottage? Is this our cottage? Is this our cottage?" On and on we went. Finally we got to our rented cottage, the Alexander House. I could almost recite to you each cottage that we stayed in the succeeding years.

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Around 1938 I met and befriended Jimmy "Jinky" Christian from Aiken, South Carolina. His father ran the Grindstone Inn. We palled around everywhere. Problem was I had, and, have, bad eyes. Jinky could run rings around me as we scrambled over the rocks. He would say, "Come on, Syd. Come on, Syd," with a Southern accent; it sounded like "See-yud." He was my first Winter Harbor friend.

We had a pretty good lunch at the house every day, as a matter of fact. We had a fairly big lunch and we had lunch at 1:30. We'd get to the pool around 11:00 and then we had to get out of the pool about 12:30. My mother would be apt to go to the pool also. She loved the salt water. She didn't like the fresh-water pools at home.

Another little thing I can tell you is that Philip had his bicycle. Wonderful to ride down to the pool on the bicycle, but going back home was uphill all the way. Sometimes he'd persuade my mother to let him hold on to the door handle of the car as we very slowly went up the hill so that way he'd get a free ride up the hill. I never tried that.

I had an outboard motorboat for a little while. Not fast. Four or five miles an hour, was about as fast as you could do. I was old enough that I could go out by myself and do what I wanted to do. I'd walk down to the dock, get into the boat, and ride it over to the Inner Harbor. Walk up to Gerrish's, and at that time they had a soda fountain. Still did until, I think, last year. I would sit down at the fountain and I would say to Marie Gerrish: "I want one of my concoctions." Marie would know exactly what my concoction was. It was a chocolate sundae. Of course, today I wouldn't dream of eating a chocolate sundae. It consisted of vanilla ice cream and hot fudge with whipped cream on the top. Probably it cost 25 cents, 15 cents, 20 cents.

I remember buying my first war bond in Winter Harbor. My father took me over and I walked up to the post office. As one faced the two, the post office was to the left of Gerrish's. There was Whitehouse's on the opposite side of Main Street, where the five and ten is now. There were actually two stores connected

together. One was the food store and the other side was the hardware store. That's where my father would buy rope and things like that.

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A typical day: I wanted to sleep, but you had to be up and have breakfast. I think you had to be in the dining room either by 9:00 or 9:30. And then Jinky and I would go off and play, do things, scramble around.

From the Grindstone Inn you'd walk north on Grindstone Avenue and you'd come to the crossroads where the little nominally Episcopal chapel is — not really Episcopal — it was ecumenical, but it was nominally an Episcopal chapel. Turn to the right, go down Clubhouse Road. (The roads didn't have any names really in those days. It was just this road, that road.) But you would go down to the Yacht Club. Now, kids were not allowed anywhere near the Yacht Club at all in those days. They didn't have the snack bar. If you wanted to go on down Beach Road toward the village, you'd come to this coal dock.

The coal deck had a shed and a dock that stretched out into the harbor. I don't remember the schooners, but I have been taught or I've learned since that they actually brought coal into Winter Harbor by docking these big schooners at the coal dock. I guess they brought the big coal trucks down into the driveway and loaded the coal onto the trucks, delivering coal that way. Beyond the coal dock was the tidal swimming pool, which had walls of rock and concrete — two side walls that intersected with the natural curvature of the land to form the pool. They had a great big wheel with a valve. They'd leave the water in the pool for several days. The pool water would be anywhere from 62 degrees to maybe 68 degrees. At low tide they would open the huge valve and let out the water and then as the tide came in they would open the valve again to let in the harbor water to fill the pool. Then they would close the valve so that the salt water would stay in the pool for several days. I learned to swim in that pool. I learned to dive in that pool.

There was a diving board. My grandmother Elise Bower Thayer had a little prize for all of us children. The first time I swam across the pool without a life preserver, she gave me $5. The first time I ever dove off the diving board she gave me $5. That was big. I got a check. I'd never seen a check before. So my mother said, "Now just take the check over to the Inn and sign your name on the back of it. And the Inn will give you $5." It was thrilling to have $5.

Outside the wall that separated the pool from the harbor there was a ladder that went down into the water. We kids would go down the ladder and plunge into the harbor water, which was about 55 degrees, for about ten seconds, and then run up the ladder and dive into the pool, which then felt like a nice, warm bath.

I don't remember the slide that appears in old photographs. I remember where the slide was and I think somebody got hurt on it once, got a splinter or something. But that was before my time. Oh, here's another thing — I wish I were a cartoonist. My mother had a great friend named Marion Pepper. They were swimming around in that place on the other side of the pool near where the slide was and somebody, apparently somebody said, "They say it's good for the stomach muscles." They were doing the breast stroke, slowly swimming around. I wished I could draw that as a cartoon. "They say it is good for the stomach muscles." [laughter] Gradually the walls started crumbling and they kept repairing them and they kept crumbling. I think Fitz Dixon contributed the present swimming pool, which is near where the caddy house was.

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At that time the first tee and the ninth green were on Clubhouse Road. You had your first and second fairways going along toward the village, alongside Grindstone Avenue. Then you went out into the back on the third, fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh holes. Then you came back to the caddy house on the eighth and ninth. Well, the problem was that some people — I don't think they were our people — would cheat. They'd go out on the third, fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh holes and nobody would notice them back there. Then sometime, I don't remember when, but in my adulthood, about the same time they put in the swimming pool there, they moved the caddy house (now the Golf Club) over to its present location on Grindstone Avenue. That way it was harder for people to cheat.

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Then there was the Casino. If you went toward the Yacht Club and you go to the bottom of Clubhouse Road, instead of swinging to the left into the Yacht Club and walking on down the porch of the Yacht Club, you turned to the right and there was a long building that looked something like the Yacht Club. You went up steps onto a porch. You turned to the right into the building. To your left were two bowling alleys. To the right was a pool table on the far side and a shuffleboard. Now, a shuffleboard in those days was a wooden board with weights or pucks like the size of a hockey puck, roughly. The idea is to slide the puck

along the board as far as you could without it falling off the other end. And then your opponent would — if you got a good shot like that — try to knock your puck off the board and get a place for himself. If he missed you and you had a good position — you would send another puck down toward it, but hopefully stopping in time to block it so that your opponent would have a hard time getting the good one. And so forth.

I tried to bowl. I think I must have sent one ball down the right gutter and another ball down the left gutter. I must have bowled four or five balls before I finally knocked down some pins. That's the first place I ever tried to bowl. But I rather enjoyed bowling. I wasn't a bad bowler when I grew up.

The Casino was wonderful. It was run by the Grindstone Inn, but most of the time it was closed, especially on a nice day. I remember one time I said to Mr. Christian, "Can we open the Casino?" when it was not a nice day. He said "Oh, yes, I guess we can open it this afternoon." But usually it was open only on foggy or rainy days.

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From my first memories in Winter Harbor in 1937 until sometime in my later teens, or even later, except when we stayed at the Grindstone Inn, all our cooking was over a coal stove. Fortunately, we had cooks. Philip and I had to take turns bringing in buckets of coal from the coal bin every morning. I don't remember who carried the ashes out. Once the coal fire was started (very carefully with paper, kindling wood, and then very gradually adding coal), it usually burned all season. At night the fire was banked by closing the draft, opening the damper (I believe to reduce chimney draft), and adding lots of coal. The coal burned very slowly all night.

Early in the morning, the cook would come down, shake the ashes (but hopefully not the fire) into an ash bin at the bottom of the stove, close the damper, and open the draft. By breakfast time the range was hot enough to boil water, fry bacon and eggs, and so forth. Temperature control was how far the draft was open. For local control, pots and pans were moved closer to or farther away from the center of the range, which was the hottest. Draft control put the overall temperature in the right ballpark, moving things gave the fine control. How the oven temperature was controlled was — and is — a mystery to me. The oven door had a thermometer, but control, I suppose, was by the draft. But fine-tuning was accomplished by opening the oven door slightly. This would reduce the temperature from that with the door closed. I remember "helping" the cook make cookies. I do not remember whether she ever made a soufflé on the coal stove.

You did not want the fire to go out completely. It took you half an hour probably to get the fire started. I remember trying to start it and sometimes I'd put too much coal on it and then it would smother the wood fire. You had to get a hot wood fire going in the stove and then you started gradually, gradually adding coal until the coal started to burn. If you don't have an electric starter for a charcoal stove, it's hard to get the charcoal going. You start it with kindling wood, don't you? Then you gradually add charcoal. Now, of course, today you have stuff you squirt on it.

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In 1941, of course, I remember Pearl Harbor. I was at home. I was ten years old roughly. Up here in Winter Harbor I remember not particularly liking to go to bed in absolute darkness during blackout drills. My mother at one point let me into her bedroom, which was blackout-proof. They had shades that came down and she was allowed to have these dim, blue lights on. They didn't have blackout every night. They just had blackout drills every once in a while. I was allowed to go in and sit with my mother and my father. The radio was playing and all of a sudden it played "When the Lights Go on Again All Over the World," which I thought was very appropriate because we were in a blackout. When we were at home in Philadelphia we would sometimes have an air raid drill. My father was an air raid warden. We would walk around together and he would look to make sure that people had their lights out. If somebody didn't have their lights out, you'd knock on the door and tell them to put their lights out.

Yes, there was talk of submarines. It seemed so far away to me. I realize now that they were very close to the shore all along the East Coast. One of the main reasons for blackouts, especially along the East Coast down in New Jersey, is that otherwise Germans could look toward the shore and see the lights and then if an Allied ship went by it they would make a shadow across the lights, and then the Germans could torpedo it. I remember a radio commercial in which they would have a dramatization of people on a ship yelling: "Torpedo! Torpedo! Torpedo!" And the ship would blow up. And then a voice intoned: "Because you left your lights on we lost that ship."

I was a kid. It probably didn't scare me as much as it should have. But I guess I did say, "Are there really Germans out there in a submarine? Are there Germans

out there?" I didn't really believe that Winter Harbor was going to get bombed with torpedoes. But certainly the submarines couldn't come ashore. Although, we all know that Germans did go ashore on Long Island and were caught. They were spies. So the enemy was ashore here in this country.

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I can remember the Grindstone Inn so well that if it magically came back I would know every public room. I think everybody knows where the main tennis courts are on Grindstone Avenue. That is where the Inn was. As viewed from above, it was shaped a little bit like the letter "H," like a football goalpost. You would enter the Inn off of Grindstone Avenue. Actually, there was a little sort of driveway with hedges there that I didn't show in the picture. But you'd walk through the little driveway and you'd walk through a trellis or arbor covered with vines and things like that, and then into a courtyard with all sorts of little flower beds in it. You'd walk along a path and up steps onto a wooden porch, where there'd be rather elderly ladies and gentlemen sitting, rocking in rocking chairs. You'd then walk across the porch and through a front door into a beautiful, big lobby with a big fireplace on the other side of the lobby with a grindstone built into the chimney.

Now, a little aside here. The term Grindstone Neck is supposed to have come from a shipwreck that dumped a bunch of grindstones onto the Point. So one of those grindstones with a handle that you could rotate was up in that fireplace and there was a sofa on either side.

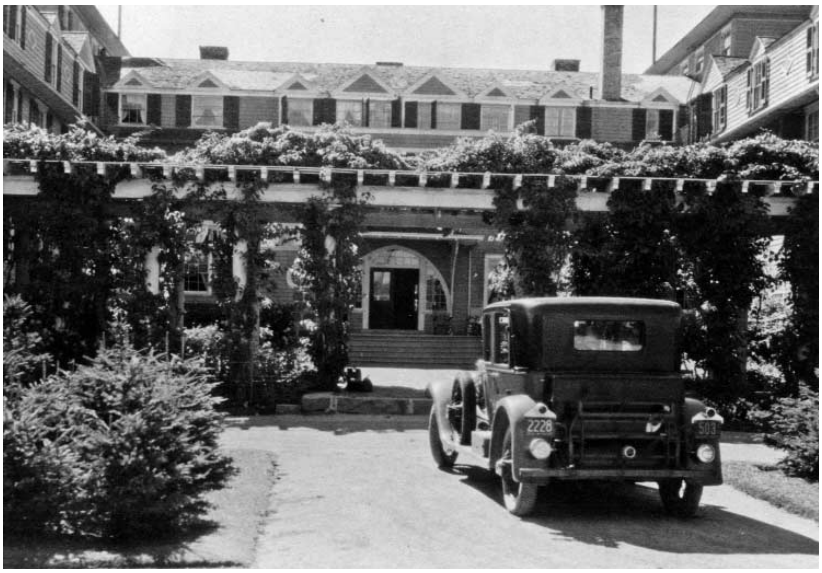
To the right was the reception desk. Then there was a little hallway in which you turned to the right from the lobby. To the right of that hallway was the elevator. At the end of the hallway was a beautiful dining room. And to the left of the hallway was the bar, where, of course, I wasn't allowed to go when I was a child. If you go back now to coming into the door in the lobby ahead of you, to the right and left of the fireplace you walked on back into a big room called a rotunda. It had a semicircular wall on the far end loaded with windows. Just all windows. You could look out over the western side of Grindstone Neck and out over Frenchman Bay to the west and the mountains of Mt. Desert Island, because there were very few trees at that time. It was almost devoid of trees. Apparently 50 years before that time or somewhere in that ballpark, there had been a fire that had pretty much leveled Grindstone Neck. So the trees hadn't had time to grow up from that. But you got this beautiful view across the bay and watched the sunsets. And for awhile there was a three-piece orchestra.

Now, another aside. When I was about 14 or 15 and playing the piano fairly well at that time, I was allowed to go into the bar because the orchestra played in there. As long as I behaved myself, I was allowed to go into the bar. Once or twice during the summer the orchestra invited me to sit in at the piano while the regular pianist moved aside. I sat at the piano and played along with the orchestra. That was thrilling.

I learned to play things like "Night and Day" and "Just the Way You Look Tonight" and all those. At home, they would have the "Hit Parade" on Saturday night and my mother and I would listen to it. I picked up songs by ear or by playing records and listening to them. I'd run back and forth between the phonograph — this is all at home in Philadelphia — I would run back and forth, listening to the record player, playing a passage, running to the piano, trying to play it, back to the phonograph, play the passage over again. That's the way I learned to play all these songs. I even played the piano for hire at the Grindstone Inn when I was about 16, I think. Twice a week. The Inn was owned by this fellow named Colonel Jack Groome after Mr. Christian died.

To continue the description of the Inn: if you came in the lobby and you turned to the left you were in a long hallway. Off the left side of that hallway was the library. I think it was the library. Then there was a doctor's office and bedrooms after that. But downstairs, to the right of that hallway, you went down into a big room where they had a pool table and a Ping-Pong table. Then you turned to the right, again, down there in the back room, not all the time, but for briefly at least, there were three slot machines: a nickel, dime, and quarter slot machine. I used to put in nickels; I couldn't afford quarters. My mother frowned on that, but she didn't actually forbid me to do it. But I found it just was too expensive.

There was a room off to the left of the rotunda that was rather euphemistically called the music room. They'd have movies there on Tuesday night and the sound was awful. It was terribly distorted. I could hardly hear what was being said and having bad eyes, I couldn't really see everything that was going on in the movie. I didn't really enjoy the movies that much. But then on Friday nights we'd have bingo. Bingo cost ten cents a card. I think they'd play nine cards and then the tenth card was 25 cents. I won at bingo enough so that I could keep myself in bingo money. I got awfully close once or twice to winning the final 25-cent card.



The Grindstone Inn (top) and its inviting interior (above). Next page, the Inn as seen from the west.

I think I split with somebody once. I think I won about $7. It seemed like a huge amount of money. When I split that big pot, later on somebody out at the reception desk said they heard me shrieking "bingo" all the way out there.

I think we stayed at the Inn when I was about 12 and 13 years old, somewhere in there. It was in the middle of the war. We didn't have the *Bar Harbor Express* at that time. We had to go up on a day train from Philadelphia to Boston and then take another day train the next day from Boston to Ellsworth or Bangor. Another time I think there was a night train from Philadelphia to Boston and then the next day we'd get on another train to take us to Bangor and then we could get on yet another little train that would take us to Ellsworth that ran with wooden cars. We stayed at the Inn. One of those years my mother had gotten all settled when she saw this notice sitting on the desk. It said in order to save electricity, you were not allowed to have baths after such and such a time. And you were not allowed to read in bed. That is exactly what my mother loved to do! She loved to have her bath before dinner. She loved to read in bed in the evening before she would go to sleep. So she was horrified. By that evening, I don't know who told us, we learned it was all a hoax. An old friend who was quite a jokester had written this note.

The room rent was $7 a night. That is incredible. $7 a night. That included meals. We'd have all different things, different things on different nights. Friday nights we had lobster. I remember Philip chiding me because I was dribbling things on the tablecloth and all of a sudden he pulled a steak right into his lap; somehow it slipped. I was glad because he was totally undone. Everybody roared with laughter.

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The Inn had an Annex where employees stayed. If you went north on Grindstone Avenue from the Inn to the crossroad and then diagonally off into the woods, there was another building long, long, long gone, but I think there's still a foundation. The older Grindstone Neck boys, much older than I, six years or so older (I won't mention names), used to sneak up at night and see if they could see the female employees in delicate conditions and things like that. I don't know if they actually succeeded. But they tried. I remember the Annex and I remember walking in there in the daytime a couple of times. But I never heard until I became friends later on of the antics of those older boys.

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I loved watching tennis, especially men's tennis. Jimmy Gentle was a riot. He was a funny, roly-poly fellow. He was married to Dickie, Fitz Dixon's sister. Gentle was a dancer at one point, and he would just do the most funny antics on the court, whirling around and somehow getting the ball back when no human being should be able to. Then he'd say "You're in" to his partner. "I'm in." Sometimes he would say "I'm in, no, you're in." In other words, returning the ball. I was in stitches.

There also was a younger guy, more my older brother's age or a little older, named Rodney Landreth, who could put the most wicked cut on the ball. You'd hear the sound of the racket zipping across the ball. People would get furious at him. They'd say "Stop that!" He was a very agile guy. One time when I was watching a game, he was playing the position to my left and also farthest from me, in doubles. In other words, he was in his left court. And the ball — his partner, I guess, was up at the net — came lobbing across, over the guy who was at the net and on the other court from where Rodney was. Rodney took off running, hell bent for election. Managed to get his racket on the ball to send it back across — was running so fast that he ran right off the court and along a bench that was empty in front of me and back onto the court fast enough to put it away when the ball came back to him. It was just incredible what that guy could do. He died of cancer a number of years ago.

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As teenagers we'd go to each other's houses and play games, particularly "The Game." It was a form of Charades. Each team would, one at a time, give a note naming something to be identified to a member of the other team. The other team would try to act out the phrase. They tried to get their own team to guess what had been given and they'd time it. When each person of each team had acted, they would count up and the team that took the shortest amount of time would win the game. Sometimes we'd get a couple of cars and ride out to Schoodic Point in the evening. I was fond of Peggy Bogan, but she was interested in Cussy Swope. I knew the game was up when Cussy Swope deskunked Peggy's dog. Just folded my tent.

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I learned to sail really gradually over many years with my father. We had a little cat boat about 14 feet long. A cat boat is a boat that has just one sail. The mast is way forward. It was technically my brother Philip's boat, but it was for practical purposes my father's boat. He'd just take me out and he'd let me hold the tiller. And he'd say, "Now, pull it toward you. Push it away from you." That was the earliest part of it. I learned right away that the boat did the opposite of when you're driving a car. If you push the tiller to the left, the boat goes to the right. If you push the tiller to the right, the boat goes to the left. So I learned that pretty quickly.

I remember the first time I went sailing I was scared because the boat tipped. I said, "We're tipping! We're tipping!" I was taught that the boat was supposed to tip. That it had a big keel on it and things like that.

Then in the little sailboat, the little cat boat, I was given the tiller and told to steer over this way, now that way. Later I learned how to work the sail. Pull it in a little bit, let it out a little bit. Then he'd say, "Now you're too high." That means that you're too close to the wind and the boat isn't going to sail properly. "You're too high. Now you're too far off." So instead of saying pull the tiller toward you or push it away

from you, my father would tell me basically what I was supposed to do with the boat and I would know what to do with the tiller. And then he taught me how to tack, meaning you go through the wind and out the other side. He taught me that you cannot sail directly into the wind. You have to zigzag to go up wind. You have to go back and forth and back and forth, to windward. But then it was fun when you turned the boat around and started sailing away from the wind, before the wind. You let the sail out and you just whizzed along. So I learned all that. Finally, once he said: "Sydney, now I'm going to take you out in the boat and I'm going to tell you where to go. I'm going to tell you: Now go over and tack around that buoy. Now come back and jibe." That's the opposite of tacking. You go so your stern goes through the wind. That's the more dangerous because the sail can fly across suddenly.

He taught me how to jibe properly. He taught me how to compensate a little bit with the tiller so that the boat wouldn't shoot up into the wind. He taught me all those things. Finally one day he kept saying, "Now do this. Go this way. Go toward this thing. Now come back. Now make a landing at the dock," all of which I did and well. So he said, "Now do that again." Then he suddenly jumped out of the boat and said, "Go out by yourself." I was thrilled. I thought I knew everything about sailing. Well, I did not. I would guess I was maybe about 12. I was thrilled that he just sent me out a little ways and then said come about. And I came about and came back and landed at the float again. That was my first solo.

But then after that I still was not allowed to go alone in the boat unless my father was watching from the shore. There was a particular time when I swung around and went before the wind and pulled up the centerboard, which you can do to make the boat go faster. I swung around so that I was more or less abeam to the wind and wondered why I was sliding sideways toward another boat. I suddenly remembered to put down the centerboard. I got back and I said, "Dad, I forgot to put the centerboard back down." He said, "Shame on you!" So that's how I learned to sail.

We would go to places like Turtle Island on sailing picnics. The northern end of Turtle would be a place we would go. My father had this rig with the anchor where the anchor line was held up by a buoy and there was a hole in the buoy with a pulley in it or maybe just the hole. And you'd run a line through the hole from the bow of the boat through the hole and then this long line would extend back in. And then there was another line tied to the stern of the boat. We'd anchor the boat, take down the sail, pull up the centerboard, and then we would row the boat to the beach, paying out the line that went through the anchor buoy. And then when we got to the beach we'd all get out of the boat. Dad would even sometimes carry me across the water a little bit. When we got ashore and got all the cooking equipment out and everything, then we would pull on the line to pull the boat back out to the anchorage so you wouldn't have to worry about the tide coming up. We paid out the stern line and then we would do the picnic and then we'd pull the boat back in again and reverse the whole procedure. But the picnics were just unbelievable. Dad would build a fire. He would cut down a sapling, a live sapling so that it would be green and wouldn't burn. He'd prop it up under rocks so that it stuck up at an angle over the fire so that he could put his various cans and cooking utensils close to the fire and then he could pull it up farther away from the fire because he'd pull it up higher on this — what he called a tea pole. And he would start with soup, hot soup, lamb chops, boiled potatoes, some kind of corn — usually corn on the cob. All of that for a picnic. Dad was a great woodsman; he used to go camping when he was younger. Thus, one of his picnics was a full-blown, cooked luncheon. It was a "picnic" only because it was outdoors on the rocks. My mother would wash the pans in salt water. I don't think Philip enjoyed them as much. He might have gone on separate picnics. We didn't pal around that much really. He had his friends. I had my friends.

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Wednesdays and Saturdays were the knockabout races. When I was a little kid, I was allowed to stand down on the float. I didn't have to wear a life preserver. Today all the children on the float must wear life preservers. I'd be standing there on the float and the typical prevailing wind was from the south.

A knockabout officially is called a Winter Harbor 21. Gaff rigged, 31 feet overall, 21 feet on the waterline. These boats were the ones being raced in those days and they had captains who would take care of them. On race day, while the men were having lunch in the Yacht Club, the captains would get the boats ready. Get the sails up and haul in the running backstays. These guys sailed them around all by themselves in circles. Up above in the Yacht Club I would hear this singing of the Yacht Club song in rather slurred voices after a two-martini lunch at least.

The chorus of this song has the words: "For it's

home, boys, home. It's home we want to be. Back in our homes by the side of the sea. Back in our seats at the Winter Harbor Club where we mix the bonnie liquor in a 20-gallon tub." It goes to the tune of the "Rambling wreck from Georgia Tech and a hell of an engineer" for anybody who might know that. That has nothing to do with Winter Harbor. Between choruses there would be a verse to the same tune saying something awful about somebody else or something at least jokingly about other people. There was a whole slew of these verses about various people. One was about my father. "When wind and storm are raging and the fog is rolling in, you're apt to find us standing round the hearth with shakers full of gin. Not so with Woodsy Fisher [my father] who was very apt to be southeast by south from Schoodic Point and way the hell at sea." My father loved to sail. That was his favorite place, in that boat.

We'd hear these roaring voices and then these crew members would come, almost pouring down the ramp to the float, and each crew would be met by its knockabout. The captain would come up alongside the boat, the sails roaring, crashing from flapping in the wind, much more loudly than our little sailboat would. Just flapping and crashing in the wind, so that they could slow down and land at the float. The captain would jump off. The crew would somehow manage to get aboard and off they'd go to the races. And I just longed to be with them.

Finally, when I was probably about 13 or 14 I'd guess, I was allowed to go out on the committee boat, *Bonzo*. You've probably heard about *Bonzo*. It was around for years and years. A wooden lobster boat, except it was never used as such. Very seaworthy. I don't remember who built it originally, but one of the Dixons, I think. I was allowed to go out on the committee boat. I was told I must be quiet, I must not root for one of the boats or anything like that. Just be quiet and watch the race. I loved doing that. And I did that for a couple of years and then finally, hoorah, hoorah, I was invited to be a crew on a knockabout. The first station as crew for a new guy was to tend the backstays.

Shrouds are wire lines that are permanently attached to the sides of the boat and run to the top of the mast to keep the mast up. But in addition to that, knockabouts have two other lines that run from further aft on the boat that also go up to the top. But one could cleat them. In other words, you could let them off or you could take them up. The rule was that as the boat tacked from one side of the wind to the other, the guy on the backstays had to let off the stay that was becoming loose. In other words, was now going to be on the downwind side. And had to quickly haul in and cleat the backstay that was going to be on the upside — upwind side of the sail to help hold the mast up.

Boy, you got in trouble if you didn't get that backstay up in time. You'd get yelled at. The skipper would have to put the boat up into the wind and lose time so you could get the backstay taut. Well, I have heard stories that I was not privy to actually experiencing. I have heard that there was betting that went on. It was competitive and it still is to some extent when they race the knockabouts now. Prizes and things like — they have a July series and an August series. And they were good sailors.

In later years, alas, knockabouts began to go out of the harbor. There were only eight of them when I remember. When I was a child, one of the knockabouts had already gone, gone across to someplace in Frenchman Bay, I think across to Mt. Desert Island. Then they just gradually were sold out of the harbor until there were just two left that belonged to Fitz Dixon, the number nine and number eight. Number eight was blue, number nine was mahogany. They just sat there. Fitz's back started hurting him, so he didn't sail the knockabouts anymore. I finally was afraid that that was the end of the knockabouts because they got decrepit. They got run down. So, as fools rush in where angels fear to tread, I called on Fitz. I was armed with a copy of the *Ellsworth American*, I think it was, that was talking about the Winter Harbor 21s. And I said, "Fitz, you've got to look at this. We can't let the knockabouts go." He looked at it and then he said, "Sydney, you bastard. You really want me to fix those knockabouts, don't you?" And I said, "Well, Fitz, that's up to you. They're your boats. But I would be delighted to see the knockabouts fixed up." So he did it. They were fixed and then I went to Fitz one time again on the telephone at home. I said, "I'd like to rent the knockabout sometime." He said, "You can have it, number nine." I said, "I'm going to give money to your hospital in Ellsworth." I gave I think $500 to the hospital. I had other guys who liked to sail and we'd go out and sail that knockabout.

Then Alan Goldstein came along. He had a Friendship sloop on which he took me for a couple of sails. I arranged to take him on the knockabout. I told him the story about the knockabouts. He immediately went on a campaign to find and bring back all the other knockabouts. Got people to buy them. And in 1991, which was our Yacht Club's 100th anniversary, I got to crew in the only race we've had since that had all nine knockabouts racing at the same time.

It was a thrilling experience. There was another time

they had all nine boats out going back and forth for pictures. I did skipper a couple of times in a knockabout race. I never won. I came in second once. I skippered when Fitz Dixon had to be away. I did win a kiddies' race once. They had a race where there would be an experienced sailor along, of course, to supervise a teenager who had the tiller. And I managed to win that one.

I had a boat of my own later on. My father and mother and I in 1960 chipped in and bought a new Bullseye. It had no name for many, many years until I finally named it *Sing Along*. I was playing the piano and singing. In 2002, I gave it to the Yacht Club because I was getting a little creaky trying to sail the boat by myself, which I did a great deal. I loved it. I had wonderful fun in it.

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The Grindstone Inn started going downhill after Mr. Christian died in 1945. It went from owner to owner and the people just didn't come anymore that much. It was too expensive to run. I believe it was 1956, in October, when it burned on a perfectly still day. Nothing else was touched, I understand, so I'm afraid the fire was set. The ruins sat there for a number of years. Then the trees started growing up around the back of it and then eventually the tennis courts were put in.

The water tower was next to the old tennis courts, which is where the playground is now across Grindstone Avenue from where the Inn was. The purpose was for the town to pump water up into the tower, and then gravity would feed all the cottages. "Cottages!" Now that is a misnomer if I ever heard one. They're all bigger than my own house at home. Huge houses. And yet they're called cottages. And I think that's true over in Bar Harbor and in Northeast Harbor. I never climbed that tower. I've heard that other people had. I don't know how they climbed it unless they threw a rope over the lower part of the ladder, which began about 15 feet above the ground. So I think people who were supposed to go up the tower would bring another ladder that they would hook to the bottom of the tower ladder so they could go up it. I don't remember if the tower was taken down deliberately. People started getting wells. But I do remember my father hired somebody to go up the tower and put a weathervane up there so he could see what the true wind was.

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In Winter Harbor, on picnics and sometimes at the Yacht Club later on, when I was old enough to belong to the Yacht Club, I played the accordion. Good, old-fashioned songs. I started playing music when I was little, very little. I think my mother knew a little bit. She played a little bit of music. But I remember tapping out "My Country 'Tis of Thee" with one finger and then my mother showed me a couple of chords. But I always had music in me. I would hear the sound of music in my ears; I could recognize harmony, even if I didn't know what harmony was. I was given music lessons starting when I was seven years old. My music teacher would say, "Now, I'll play you this and then I'll put the music in front of you and see what you can do with it." Well, the first thing I did was I tried to fake what she had played, playing by ear. She'd say, "No, no. Don't guess at it. You've got to play what you see in the music." Well, I couldn't see that well and I had to lean way forward. After a while my teacher refused to play the thing for me because she was afraid I would try to fake it. I did have a great ear. She did teach me, though, some chords and other things. She didn't insist that I work just on the classical music. She helped me learn some chords and things like that.

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Now I go down to the Yacht Club for lunch and enjoy it. But I used to come to Winter Harbor for sailing when I was young, before I stopped sailing. Now I like to spend my time in the afternoon sitting at Grindstone Point, on that wonderful old granite bench. Sometimes people, total strangers, come along and I'll strike up a conversation and enjoy that. It's just the beauty of the place. It's a beautiful secluded place.

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My stays at Grindstone Neck make me a new person, in a way. It's so relaxing. If somebody's having a cocktail party, at least until I rented my present place, I could just walk a few feet and I'd be at their house. Unfortunately, the place I'd been renting the last ten years was sold. So I'm now renting this Nuesse Cottage, which is next to the golf club. I'm a good walker. I can walk my legs off practically. That's important because I don't drive, not anymore. I decided it was not safe. Yes, I do get recharged when I'm up in Winter Harbor. That's a good way to put it.

Alan Goldstein and his wife, Vicki

Alan Goldstein

Alan Goldstein, 75, says, "This is a good place for sailors," as his own Grindstone Neck story illustrates. Fascinated by the Neck's historic knockabout sailboats, he went on an odyssey to find the nine custom-made boats and bring them home for the centennial of the Yacht Club. Goldstein, who learned to sail on Lake Ontario, graduated from Syracuse University and the University of Rochester and achieved early success in business through his furniture manufacturing company and real estate investments. Today he spends a great deal of time in both Winter Harbor and Key Largo, Florida, where he has been an instrumental member of the Ocean Reef Club.

I FIRST CAME TO WINTER HARBOR IN 1974 AND I'll tell you how I happened to get here. I sailed my boat in 1974 from Rochester, New York, where I lived, out the St. Lawrence Seaway, out around the Gaspé Peninsula, down the coast of Nova Scotia, to southern Nova Scotia. I had never been in the state of Maine before. I then sailed from southern Nova Scotia to Northeast Harbor, Maine.

The entire time that I was in Nova Scotia, there was fog, rain, thunder, lightning, but the morning that I sailed into Northeast Harbor, the sun came over Cadillac Mountain, and for the next three weeks, I cruised down the coast of Maine. I said to myself, "This is the most beautiful part of America and I'm going to buy a house here." So I contacted a real estate broker in Bangor and asked him to send me the listings on every house on the coast of Maine. This happened to be sort of a recession year, and I received a carton that was filled with probably 700 or 800 listings. So when I got to Florida — I sailed ultimately to Florida — I spent the winter going through those listings and eliminating the ones that didn't interest me, and I narrowed it down to about 20 properties that looked interesting. I sailed back up to Portland, Maine, and I started in

there, going up the coast looking at the properties that looked interesting to me.

Now, of real interest was the fact that there was one property located in Winter Harbor that consisted of a peninsula that went into the ocean almost a mile. It was called Harbor Point and it was just opposite Grindstone Neck, just across the bay, and it was a beautiful peninsula. On one side was the harbor of Winter Harbor, and the other side, across Sand Cove, was the Winter Harbor Yacht Club and a golf course. It just looked very interesting. But I did my homework and I started up the coast and as I went up the coast I looked at property after property and nothing really lit my fire.

When I got to Camden, Maine, I decided to rent a car and drive to Winter Harbor and take a good look at this property. When I got there, it was a day like today. It was foggy; you couldn't see a thing, but there was a small house there, built by a family that had just been transferred out west. They'd never lived in this little house on the Point. And it really did attract me. I went to Northeast Harbor, Seal Harbor, I looked at all these places, and then I got back to Winter Harbor, and decided to buy that property. I knew nothing about Grindstone Neck, nothing about the Winter Harbor Yacht Club. I had never heard of Fitz Dixon in my life. I just was in love with the house and the property, and I bought it [in 1974].

The next year I returned to Winter Harbor and, to make a long story short, it wasn't until 1980 that I became a member of the Winter Harbor Yacht Club. [It took] five years. I was not known to anybody there, and it was a very closed corporation in those days. But eventually I did get in the club and one of the things that excited me about this area to begin with was the fact that it was such beautiful water, deep water, wonderful sailing water. When I did join the Yacht Club, I was very interested in teaching youngsters how to sail. I'll never forget, one day I went out with Doug Moxham and Bill Holden in a Bullseye and worked on teaching their children how to sail. And that was the beginning of getting involved in junior sailing at the Yacht Club.

I think in about 1980 we had a tennis instructor named Bill Nelesky who worked mornings teaching tennis. I said to Bill, "Look, I think it's time you taught the children how to sail." He said, "I don't know anything about sailing." So I gave him a book on sailing and I said, "Stay one chapter ahead of the kids," which is what he did and so Bill Nilesky started teaching children how to sail in the Bullseyes.

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About 1980, or 1981, I became interested in the Winter Harbor knockabouts. There were two knockabouts left in Winter Harbor and they were both owned by Mr. Dixon. The rest of the fleet of seven other boats, a total of nine, were dispersed throughout the Northeast. So the fleet was basically gone and there were no official races at all at that time with just the two boats.

Now, a little history of the knockabouts. They were all built in 1907, except for Mr. Dixon's. His boats were built in 1921 and 1922. A gentleman came up here in 1921 in February and took the lines off what was the fastest boat at that time to build the other two boats. When they brought these boats in 1907, they raced them every Wednesday and every Saturday, and the races were preceded by a lobster dinner, with a lot of martinis and a lot of drinking.

So here we are, it's 1982. I've been in the Yacht Club for two years and I decided that I would try to put the fleet back together. So I found a boat in Sorrento, *Cloverly*. I don't know whether I saw an ad or what, but at any rate, I heard about the boats. So I went down to Sorrento and I met with the fellow who owned the boat, and his name was Sturgis Haskins. I think he bought the boat from Howard Flierl. So at any rate, I bought the boat and had it restored, and I brought it to Winter Harbor and now we had three. Then I heard of a boat for sale on Cape Cod and the boat was *Sphinx*, which happened to be owned by John Banes' grandfather. And I said to John, "You know, there's a boat up in Cape Cod and it's *Sphinx*, and we ought to go see it. It's for sale." Well, he was very excited, so I chartered a friend's plane and John Banes and I flew to Cape Cod, and we looked at this boat, and he fell in love with it. It needed restoration; it was a mess, but he bought it and brought it back to Winter Harbor, where he had it restored. There are some pictures of it here at the Winter Harbor marina. So now there were four. Shortly thereafter we found *Riddle*, which is another boat. We had that boat restored at the marina as well. In fact, there's a picture here of the two boats, a newspaper article of them being restored. So now we're five.

Over the next few years we found every single boat but hull number one, which was named *Mystery*. It was a total mystery. We could not find that boat. I was commodore now of the Winter Harbor Yacht Club and our centennial was coming up in 1990, 100 years. We had eight of the nine boats and we had

them restored and brought them all back to first-class condition. We couldn't find *Mystery*. One day, I was sailing in Winter Harbor, and a fellow that I know, a yacht historian, came up to me and he said he had a present. And he handed me a sheet of paper. On that sheet of paper was a lady's name and a telephone number in Rhode Island. And he said, this lady owns *Mystery*, but it doesn't look anymore like a Winter Harbor knockabout. Had a different rig, had a big motor in it. She used it for cruising.

***Sole,* one of the historic knockabouts**

I immediately called her and I said, "I want to buy your boat." She said, "It's not for sale." She said, "I have a gentleman" — she was an elderly lady, you could tell — "who takes me for a two-week cruise every year and I just won't sell the boat." So I said, "Look, in two years we have our centennial. I would just like to pay to bring that boat to Winter Harbor for the Fourth of July so we'll have all nine boats." Well, she said, "I'll think about it." So I wrote her a letter and confirmed the fact that we wanted to have her come. She didn't answer the letter, but in the spring of 1989 she called me. She said, "The fellow who's been taking me on my cruises has died. I'll sell you the boat." Well, at that time, Dexter and Mary Coffin had bought one of the boats. Dexter was a rear commodore of the Yacht Club at the time, and he was anxious to get *Mystery* here too. He had a jet plane at the time. We all got in his jet and we flew to Rhode Island. He bought the boat. I have a picture here, too, of the boat coming to Winter Harbor.

So now, we had the ninth boat, but it had to be totally restored. Well, I was on the board at that time of the Maine Maritime Museum, and they had a shipbuilding school there, and I was able to get the school to take the project of restoring that boat, and they totally restored the boat. It was a mess. And, as I said, the rig was changed, they had this big motor in it and everything. So they took the boat, they molded all the bronze fittings for the boat, they did the whole thing and they delivered it to us on the third of July of 1990. So on the Fourth of July, we had a parade of all the boats, a major event. We had a big race, and since then, there have been nine boats. Now all the boats are owned by individuals on the Neck. They've all come home. And it's a pretty interesting story. We believe that it is the oldest complete racing fleet in the country.

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When I became active in the Yacht Club, I became active in the community. So, the strangeness that occurred before I joined the club was forgotten. I was commodore for six years in the club, including during the centennial. When I retired, I was very honored to be made a lifetime commodore of the club. Now there have been two honorary commodores because the next one that was made right after me was Fitz Dixon, so the two of us are honorary commodores and we attend all the meetings.

When I retired as commodore, we still didn't really have a first-class junior sailing program. When Tony Harwood became commodore, I persuaded Tony and the board that we should have a real junior sailing program and hire a certified instructor. We needed a fleet of boats that were designed to teach children, and that's what we did. I think it was in about 1998 that we — each of five different people bought Opti sailboats, which are little boats for teaching children, and we hired a wonderful girl named Cindy Houghtailing, who is still our instructor. We have taught scores of children to sail. It's a very active program, five days a week, and it's been a very successful program. So I still oversee that for the club and we now have six Optis and probably will have another one next year

or the year after. We have a bunch of children participating, we have an instructor and an assistant instructor, and we've got a big fun children's program going.

I had a vision. The Yacht Club really wasn't a yacht club when I got there. It was a social club, the meeting place of our community, for the Grindstone Association as well. So, that's my real involvement here. I am involved in the community. I'm on the board of the hospital in Ellsworth, and I'm quite involved philanthropically in this part of the world as well.

Grindstone Neck and the Winter Harbor Yacht Club are really two and yet they're one. The members are the same. I'm sort of the new kid on the block, compared to many of these second- and third-generation people that are here. But it's a great place. It is growing because children are buying homes that are off the Neck, and we're not exactly on the Neck, we just happen to be between the town and the Neck. I think that it's a very special place. You'll find everybody says that. It's more the place than the people, really.

I think the fact that we're in a fishing village here, so to speak, and yet, we have a pretty sophisticated group of people over at Grindstone Neck and in the Winter Harbor Yacht Club. It's, I think, quite unusual.

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What I like most about the place, I think, is the geography. It's a very beautiful place. What I like least about it is the fog, this year. It's been really a bad year, but there's a wonderful bunch of people. Very different values, very different backgrounds, and this place means different things to different people. My wife is a gardener and she loves to garden. This is a wonderful place to have a garden; the climate here lends itself to beautiful gardens. And a lot of people have wonderful gardens. The reason I'm here this morning is I'm about to leave on my yacht to go to Nova Scotia and Newfoundland.

I was very disappointed [it took five years to be invited to join the Yacht Club]. In fact, I had the property back on the market, because I didn't want to be some place that I wasn't going to be wanted. But it all turned around. . . . I'll tell you how it turned around. One day, I was walking down the street in Winter Harbor and I came upon a friend of mine from Florida, and I said, "What are you doing in Winter Harbor?" And he said, "Well, what are you doing here?" I said, "I've got a house here. What are you doing here?" He said, "We're guests of the Dixons this weekend." So I said, "Come on over, I want to talk with you." And he talked to Fitz and Edie and that's how the ice got broken. He knew I'd been very active down in Florida in the community and he said to the Dixons, "I think you should get Alan Goldstein in your club. He'll do something there."

I love the knockabouts. They sail beautifully, and they were designed to sail in these waters. They're very, very well-designed boats and they're very beautiful boats. Once I had sailed on one, I knew they were really special boats. Then I bought one, and then a few things happened. In this world, you've got to be lucky. I think I've been a very lucky guy in a lot of different ways. We found John Banes' boat, and he was enthusiastic. Two boats were owned by people who came here and saw our other boats and said, "Hey, I've got one of those," and came into the town office and said, "Tell me about the boats. I've got one." They immediately called me. It worked out well for the club that I had just happened to be at the right place.

[The Centennial] was a fabulous event. And we should talk about that event because we had two major parties. There's a group that comes in July and a group that comes in August at Grindstone Neck. We had a big event at the Yacht Club on the Fourth of July, with fireworks and the boat race and the parade and all that. Then in August, we had a big dance with a band from Philadelphia. We covered the parking lot of the swimming pool with a tent. We had a great party.

In 2006 it will be the one hundreth birthday of these boats, and we will be doing something to recognize that in a big way as well. Of course it's very important that we maintain the boats, and they are maintained well, and also that we keep them here. As we all pass on, we've got to make sure to keep the boats in Winter Harbor.

Frances Banes Rentschler and John Banes

Francie Banes Rentschler and her brother, John Banes, can claim seven generations on Grindstone Neck; Francie has actually never missed a summer. She was born in 1928, three years after John. Her mother, Peggy Logan Rosengarten, died when Francie was eight months old. Today, Francie lives on West Oval in a home once owned by her grandmother's father, Edmund McCullough. An unabashed advocate for animals, Francie has distinguished her residence with a bone-shaped sign bearing the words "The Doghouse." She enjoys the company of a greyhound and another rescued stray she calls a "dingonese." Back home in Pennsylvania, she is a dog groomer and keeps an eye out for animals — cats, dogs and horses — who need a home.

FRANCIE: I CAN REMEMBER COMING UP ON THE *Bar Harbor Express.* Wonderful. Outside the window in the morning you'd see devil's paintbrush, daisies. Everybody's chauffeur was lined up at the station meeting us in Ellsworth. I loved it. It was freedom.

One thing we used to have that was lots of fun were hayrides. My grandmother would hire Lester Merchant, who had two big horses and a whole huge wagon full of hay, and they would come down the Neck and we would go to Summer Harbor and have a picnic.

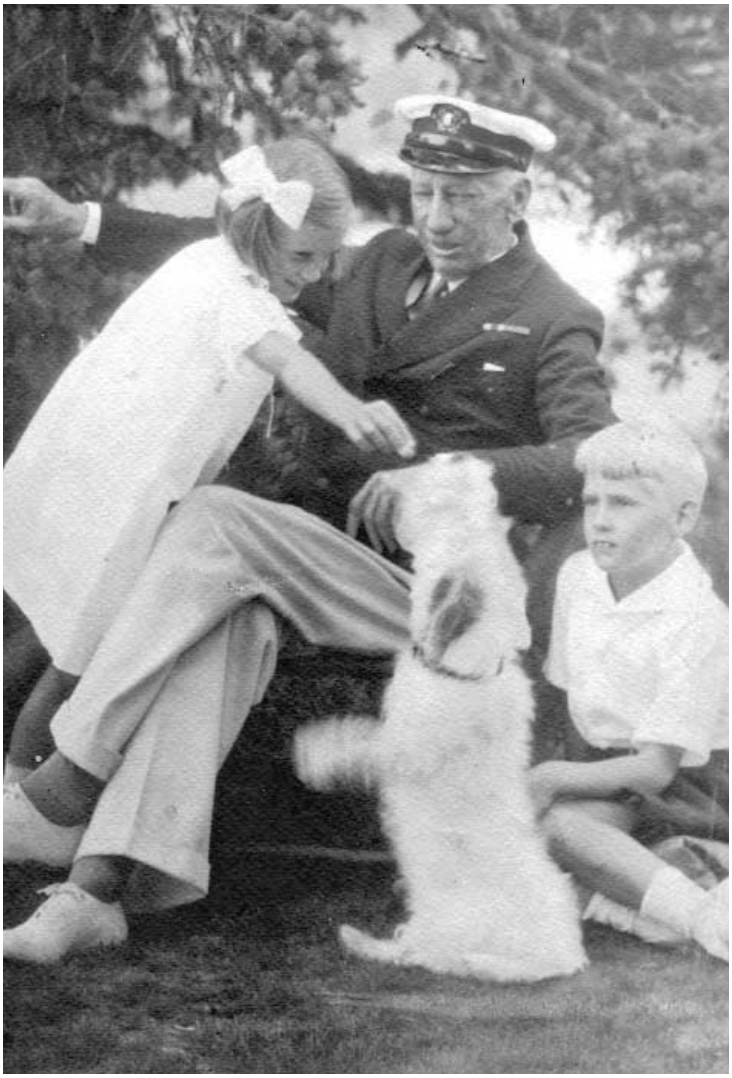
[My grandfather Rosengarten] was up there every summer until he got sick. He was a really neat person. He told me once he'd wanted to be an architect and his father wouldn't let him, so he turned out to be a sportsman.

I lived with my grandmother, Frances Rosengarten.

She wasn't crazy about children, but she knew a lot about nature and birds. She taught me a lot of things about nature. And up here there's lots of it. My grandparents used to stay up into October, and go hunting and shooting and doing all those awful things. They would have somebody in the village who knew where to take them.

I had a nurse, so I couldn't play with the other children for a long time. But I remember one thing. There was a big old barn down on the way to the Dixon Memorial. I think it belonged to the Noyes family. There was a carriage there and Fitz got his little Austin and hooked it up to the carriage. All these kids were in it. And they went speeding down the road and it turned over right in front of our house. We got talked to about that. Mr. Noyes, who had the big house, had a lot of cold frames, which all the kids went down and broke one day because they thought that was fun.

There were a lot of kids. And most of them still come here, really. Ed Clay, my brother, Henry Harper, Rodney Landreth. Mr. Landreth, his father, was a wonderful person. On bad days when all the other parents said, "Get out of the house," he would play games with the kids. He was a neat guy. Bin Lewis, Sir Wilmott and Lady Lewis, lived at the Log Cabin. He used to say to me, "Francie Banes, do you know what you are? You're an enchanting little baggage." This was when I was about five. Baggage!



Francie and John Banes with their grandfather Mitchell George Rosengarten

We had lunch at 1:30 in our house for a long time and all the other kids would be home having early lunch; that was awful. Finally, we fussed and nagged about it so long it moved to 1:00. When you have maids, you can't go in and fix yourself a sandwich. We were to keep out of the kitchen, because God forbid the cook should leave. And she was a good cook.

There were three big soapstone tubs [for laundry] but I think most of it went out. Somebody in the village. Sheets and stuff. I can see the cook now, ordering from Whitehouse, a store. And they would deliver. Those days are gone forever.

I loved Hugh Mackay. He was Mrs. Dixon's gardener. Joe Mackay is a good friend of mine and he's wonderful with flowers, too. We had Percy Merchant; he used to mow the lawn with a push-hand mower and he was paid $35 a week. The people up here are wonderful people. Absolutely wonderful. The women are iron tough. They know how to handle all situations and they're pretty kind to the summer people. All the stuff that goes on, they just [turn their head]. I've been coming up here what, 76 years, and I think some of them are just beginning to speak to me. I have a wonderful caretaker now. Evan Smith. It's really Larry Smith but there are so many Larry Smiths, I said, "Don't you have a middle name?" He said, "Evan." I said, "Well, that's what you're going to be." His wife also works for me. They're good people. But things are a lot different than they were [in terms of] people helping you. I remember my grandmother screaming out the window, "Water!" The gardener had gotten the hose out and the sprinkler

[when] she'd run her bath and of course the water pressure was gone, so they'd turn off the hose.

[I got married in the little church.] I was 20, I guess, and had to ask permission. David Krumbhaar's family was here for many summers. We did a lot of things, I'll tell you that, that we shouldn't have been doing. We'd climb, crazy things. We climbed up on the roof of the hotel, which was quite frightening, and climbed up the Ravensnest!

No, [I didn't climb the water tower] but there were girls who did that, friends of my grandmother's. Nelson Eddy used to come up here. They took his hat and put it all the way up in the top of the water tower. That was kind of fun to hear. I think people had a pretty good time up here.

Our family boat, *Sphinx,* is still on the water. Belonged to our grandfather. And all those boats, during the war, were sold or something. They were all found again and brought back. It was pretty wonderful. Ours was pathetic. Someone had put a hole in it and made a motor in the back. But they're great boats. I can't [take it out] anymore; you have to be pretty nimble. But they're wonderful. You ought to see a race on Saturday, they're beautiful. They used to do it in the fog and the rain, the old guys up here. You could hear them over the water, cursing and shouting at each other. That was really sailing. They didn't care if it was foggy or whatever it was, and they'd try to drive each other into the shore and do stuff — they'd all drink before lunch and have a good sail. They were good sailors. They all had captains, and the captains would fix the boat, get it this, that, and the other thing, pull it into the dock, and they'd get out and the guys would get in to sail.

I remember one night [Jack Groome's] wife was looking for him, called all over the place, and she finally called down to the club. Richard Bickford used to live in that little room up on top of the club, he'd sleep there at night. She said, "Have you seen Jack?" And he said, "Yes, he's down here." There he was in a boat, tied to the dock, rowing and singing hymns at the top of his lungs. He sang hymns quite often at night; you could hear him over the Neck.

We had lots of fun at the Inn. I wasn't supposed to go there but we'd go there. That was great. They had a rotunda where they had a pool table, but nobody went down there. Then they had slot machines, which we learned how to fix — the boys, not me. It would spew out money, and there was a nice bar. They had movies occasionally that broke down most of the time in the middle.

It was a very, I guess you'd say, opulent summer, I don't know. When the war came, of course, everything was just whammo. There were very few people up here. All the houses were for sale. The Reath House — that great big house was for sale after the war for $1,000, furnished. Could have gotten a bargain then.

There were people who were not accepted because they'd had some job or something. That's the way the things were. It doesn't go anymore, fortunately. Most of the people were from Philadelphia, or Chestnut Hill, or suburban Philadelphia. But there were other people. People are coming now from all over the place, which makes it much nicer. I see they're building new houses this year. I kind of hate to see that. The stretch of woods all the way down to the Point is so beautiful. There aren't birds anymore. It's kind of sad. But it sure is refreshing up here, that's all I can say.

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I purposefully didn't learn to play bridge because it represented old women sitting around gossiping. And there were people up here who played mahjong, such as Mrs. Davis. The three sisters, Mrs. Morgan, Mrs. Kendrick, and Mrs. Hare, they were all neat. They were just nice people.

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[You] could never find any place this beautiful. My grandmother left me the house when she died. Of course, it was in terrible shape. I didn't have a dryer, didn't have a washer. And I remember when I started at that house, washing sheets. It would be a foggy day and you couldn't hang them out, so you'd drape them all over the kitchen and everywhere else. Sometimes it would take a week before they dried.

[The house] was built in about 1891, I think. Most of them were. Neat house. It's all light and airy. All original. Bathtub that's longer than this table. Very deep. It's wonderful. I did get rid of the coal stove, which hated me. I'd get it all fixed at night, just the way it was supposed to be. I'd come down in the morning and it would be out. The boiler was right beside it and the pipe went through the stove, and if you had no stove, you had no hot water.

Reynold Bickford, in the village, was wonderful. He was the ice man, the trash man, the garbage man, everything. He was the kindest man; he never was nasty to us kids. We begged for rides and do stuff like that. Finally, he said, "Frances, you're the only one on this Neck who has an ice box; I can't deliver ice no more." I was the last person to give up my ice box. Ours was outside on the back porch. Every time you wanted something you had to go out the back door

— open the door — and the door would always slam. I kind of liked that. Now I have a wonderful [antique] one I use as a table; it's perfectly beautiful.

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I have wonderful neighbors, like Binny Hubbard. She's neat. I think she rises above everything. She's greatly to be admired. She has pugs, which are sweet. She had a mastiff once. I can remember seeing Maude (Binny's friend) on walks — Binny then had a little Pekinese. Maude used to put her in a baby stroller and strap it in and walk it. Dog loved it. I always remember Binnie coming up here. Boy, they used to have parties. I could never get mad at her because at 2:00 at night I'd be lying there and they'd be playing Ping-Pong and yelling back and forth and then Binny's insane laugh would break out and I'd have to laugh, so it didn't do any good to get mad. She's a very, very wonderful person.

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I have three children. Each summer they were dragged along in the car. We had a couple of accidents coming up over the years. Once we got sideswiped by the mayor of Stonington; I remember it well. We also broke down in the Lincoln Tunnel. That was really fun. We needed water, the car boiled over. Street cleaners just happened to come along, so we got some. I stick to a safe car now.

My daughter likes it up here. My son-in-law loves it, and my youngest son and his two children are coming up for a week. Grandchildren, that's nice. My son-in-law drives me up now. It's 12 hours and we only stop three times. The dogs behave very well; I do not. "Are we there yet?" I bet I've done that trip a hundred times almost. No matter how you do it, it can't be any shorter.

Johnny Banes

The following summary of Grindstone Neck, with historically significant dates, was provided by Warner J. (Johnny) Banes.

1904 Cottage Thornledge purchased by Edmond H. McCullough and deeded in 1917 to daughter Frances McCullough Rosengarten (Johnny and Francie Banes' grandmother)

1901 Birth of mother, Peggy Rosengarten, who spent summers at the family home in Maine until her death in 1929.

1925 Birth of Johnny Banes, who summers with family on Grindstone until 1942. Attended Camp Kieve in 1934.

1942 Johnny Banes enlists in the U.S. Navy and spends three years fighting the Japanese in the South Pacific as a U.S.N. Seabee.

1946 Johnny Banes marries and goes on to raise two children, Margaret (b. 1947) and Becky (b. 1957), who currently enjoy Grindstone Neck.

1946-86 Employed as teacher in Houston, Texas.

1972-78 Returns for summer vacations to Grindstone Neck, staying with sister Francie in family home.

1978 Banes family purchases George Dallas Dixon's cottage, which takes 20-plus years to refurbish, being liberally used while the work is completed. Johnny Banes currently lives here from March until November.

NB Banes family obtains their 1929 Ford, purchased new in Winter Harbor. The car runs perfectly to this day.

NB Banes family purchases *Sphinx* sailboat with sister Francie, originally owned by their grandparents, and currently enjoys sailing the knockabout during the summer.

2004 Johnny Banes growing old gracefully at the same location he has enjoyed there for 80 years.