

Cranberry Chronicle

NEWS OF CRANBERRY HOUSE AND GREAT CRANBERRY ISLAND HISTORICAL SOCIETY • AUGUST 2022

Cranberry House Addition Nears Completion

During the past century, the building formally known as the Mountain View Inn has served in a variety of useful capacities: as a destination for weary travelers; a storage building that kept the halfway forgotten things that are sometimes needed to keep an isolated island functioning. For the past two decades, it has been merging into its adopted landscape (see following photos) as a cultural center for Great Cranberry Island's ongoing conversation with itself. With the completion of the Cranberry House expansion, this building is ready to go into the next century of uses with more capacity, more versatility, and contemporary technology. What it becomes next will be what we are willing to make it.



2007



2022



1924

PICTURES CONTINUED ON PAGE 15

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Photo courtesy of Karin Whitney

Milestones

Passings

Ted Broadwell

5/25/21

Ralph Stanley

12/7/21

Cosmo Morrell

12/27/21

Neal Corson

1/21/22

Ashley Bryan

2/4/22

Mary Ann Avery

2/18/22

Maia Sampson

2/24/22.

Pauline Bunker

3/3/22

Anne Grulich

3/6/22

Jimmy Storey

4/19/22.

Maryanne Frazzitta

5/1/22

Mark Goldberg

5/3/22.

Naomi McShea

5/13/22

Stacey Wedge

5/16/22

Richard "Dickie"

Haydock

5/22/22

Transitions

Departures -

Bob Hudson & Laurie

Dobson

12/28/21

Arrivals-

Michael, Wendy, Ava &

Giselle Todd

12/31/21

Notes of Appreciation

Lydia Johnson,

For extensive inventory
and ordering work with
GCIHS publications.

Tyler Johnson,

For Installation of new
Cranberry Explorer Golf
Cart public address system

**Great Cranberry
Island Historical
Society**

*Great Cranberry Island
Historical Society
(GCIHS) collects, preserves
and studies the history
and genealogy of Great
Cranberry Island and its
neighboring islands, and
presents diverse cultural
and educational programs.
GCIHS promotes a strong
sense of community through
its museum, archives, café,
and lively arts center in the
Cranberry House.*

*The grounds also include 2
public trails to the shore, 3
gardens, Sammy Sanford's
Cabin, and 2 Fish/Frog
Ponds.*

*Every day during the
summer a free shuttle
carries visitors from the
town dock down the length
of the island and back.*

President's Report

PHIL WHITNEY



We experienced an overall average winter on the island, tougher than last year but milder than in the early 2000's. There were several significant snowstorms keeping island plow operator, Blair Colby, steadily busy this season. However, by late March all signs of snow were gone, and by early April the spring weather was unmistakably arriving. The number of tree blow downs on the trails was about average, with eight trees blocking the Whistler Cove Trail and no problems this year on the Preble Cove Trail. Ben Sumner cleared away all the downed trees. The trails were officially opened for the season on the 1st of April.

Construction activity increased around the island in March, normal for this time of year as the weather improves. Construction on the new addition continued throughout the winter. The Museum Addition was completed in February. The spacious and well-lit room has received enthusiastic and positive reviews. Work is progressing daily on the top floor Arts Center Addition with completion projected by the Memorial Day Weekend opening. During this time, the Arts Center has been shut down. No events have been held. (See separate article.)

Ric Gaither is doing extensive landscaping and gardening work around the property. The Operations Committee has completed its spring opening list - tables set out, bulletin boards in place, water turned on, signs placed appropriately, etc. The brand-new Cranberry Explorer golf cart is expected to arrive the first week of May and begin scheduled operations around June 15th. Cezar and Grace are expected to also arrive in early May. The cafe and museum will open the Friday of Memorial Day Weekend. The Whale's Tale Gift Shop and Sea Wind Second Chance Shop are also expected to open the same weekend. The ponds are being re-stocked with fish and frogs.

Sophie Robinson, our Archivist, will be returning. The Archives Committee has added new volunteers. They have already, as of this writing, begun setting up new exhibits in both the new and old museum sections. Most of the museum will see entirely new or re-located displays, including a mix of new audio/visual programs. The museum set up and the on-going archives research and cataloging are huge projects, but the committee has great enthusiasm.

As you may have heard, Cranberry Cove Ferry, which serves Southwest Harbor and Manset in the summer season, has been prohibited by the Town of Southwest Harbor from using the Upper Town Dock to

drop off and pick up passengers. The tourist revenue derived from this location would have been sharply curtailed for Cranberry Cove, as most of the Cranberry Manset Dock revenue comes from lower priced commuter fares utilized by island residents. As this is written, negotiations are in progress with a private Southwest Harbor business to permit docking access to the Southwest Harbor side of the harbor and insure continued tourist fares revenue. The tourists carried by Cranberry Cove spend thousands of dollars on the islands and losing that Southwest Harbor share of business would negatively impact the economic health of Cranberry Isles. Readers should watch this issue closely.

In response to the above developments, the Town of Cranberry Isles, at the annual Town Meeting, has authorized funding for the expansion of parking at the Manset property, as well as funding to research the construction of a year-round vehicle accessible wharf. Assuming the voters continue to support these proposals financially, and all necessary permitting challenges are met, the projects may be completed in 2 or 3 years. Maintaining lifelines between the Cranberry Isles and both Northeast Harbor and Southwest Harbor, including mainland docking and parking, is especially important to the financial and social well-being of the island residents as well as the survival of the town as a year-round community.

We anticipate a remarkably busy summer season at Cranberry House, rivaling last year's record-breaking totals. Inflation, rising gas prices, and lingering concerns about the covid virus are variable factors whose impacts are unknowable, but we have reasons to be optimistic. We have several new volunteers who are either already participating or are planning to help with various aspects of the operation this summer as museum receptionists, shuttle drivers, events, operations, publications, archiving and displays. Combined with the long-awaited completion of the new Cranberry House addition, which effectively doubles the size of the building, we believe this will be an exciting and rewarding summer for both the volunteers and especially for the thousands of island visitors. Come see us and enjoy our history, food, events, shops, and trails. We look forward to seeing you!



*Photo Courtesy of Karin
Whitney*

In Remembrance ~ Anne Grulich

BY BEN SUMNER AND BILL DOWLING

Cranberry House Dedications -Summer 2022

This summer Cranberry House will host several dedication naming ceremonies to honor individuals who have made outstanding contributions to both the GCI Historical Society and Cranberry House. These small ceremonies, whose dates are yet to be determined, will honor Bruce Komusin in the Arts Center (entire new building addition), Anne Grulich (new environmentally controlled basement archives room), Chris and Victoria Johnston (new museum addition) and Wini Smart (Smart Shack Kids Recreation Center). Engraved plaques and accompanying photos will be installed in each location. Further publicity about dates and times for each ceremony will be announced as available.



Photo courtesy of Karin Whitney

Great Cranberry Island Historical Society's longtime Archivist, Anne Grulich, passed away in Durango, Colorado on March 6, 2022, following a short illness. She was born January 24, 1954, and was the seventh of eight children. Anne grew up in a cheerful, active family in Crestwood, New York and Greenwich, Connecticut.

While her husband served in the Navy, Anne created happy homes for her own young family in Hawaii and Italy. She was a wonderful and loving mother to her sons, Luke and Andrew. Upon their return to the States, the family eventually settled in eastern Maryland, where Anne graduated, summa cum laude, with a degree in Anthropology/Archeology from St. Mary's College, followed by a Master of Arts in American Studies with material culture and museum studies certificates from the University of Maryland. Her subsequent work spanned a full spectrum of hands-on art and artifact processing to policy, planning, systems development, research, writing, education, communications, and publications for museums and other collections, in Maryland, New Mexico, and Maine.

Anne's initial involvement with the Historical Society began in 2013 as a part-time archivist. She worked with then GCIHS Vice President, Bruce Komusin, to identify, accession, and catalogue a backlog of over 10 years accumulation of items, and to make recommendations regarding existing collections and exhibits. After Bruce became ill and passed away in 2015, she became the sole curator for the backlogged collection items and the established collection of over 3,000 items. In her tenure as archivist, Anne improved upon existing collections management practices for both digital and tangible collections. She accessioned, catalogued, scanned, and photographed artifacts, catalogued data into the Digital Archive, and updated research pages on the GCIHS website.

Anne spearheaded the GCIHS information technology upgrade initiative which reconfigured and modernized the way GCIHS handles its digital business, including a network access server, web-based digital catalogue, and website. She oversaw the effort to transfer the GCIHS finding aid to the web-based digital archive

Archives Update

BY LYDIA JOHNSON

As construction wrapped up on the new museum addition, the Archives Committee was hard at work curating collections in preparation for the museum opening. Archivist Sophie Robinson came to the island to guide the committee on reorganizing and designing museum displays. Several hours were spent planning, moving, and setting up the displays. The increased size of the museum has allowed us to bring more artifacts out of storage to be highlighted, including a new feature display encompassing the life and works of trans-Atlantic navigator Carrie Richardson. The Archives Committee has also added items to the digital archive on the historical society website, making information more accessible to the public.

(<https://gcihs.net/digitalarchive/about>) developed by AvantLogic. She proposed, researched, composed, and coordinated production of exhibitions for web and museum display, and worked with regional museums and historical societies on joint exhibits and cataloging and exhibit endeavors.

Anne served on the Publications Committee, editing, writing, researching for the Cranberry Chronicle newsletter and shared expertise and editing on other proposed publications. She researched and coordinated projects stemming from GCIHS collections, committee work, and public interest. Examples of her work include: the Maine Memory Network Preble House exhibit in 2013; repatriation of four concealed 19th-century shoes discovered during the Parsonage House reconstruction in 2013 and the ensuing dendrochronological and historical study of 19th century Island Cape houses 2014-2016; the Stanley Cemetery preservation project of 2014-2015 as well as the Spurling Cemetery Project of 2016—including field work, research, photographs, and web presence; and efforts for a Medal of Honor memorial on Great Cranberry Island. Anne worked with an Island Institute Fellow and other volunteers who use the collections and computers for research and community/GCIHS projects. As liaison with the regional History Trust (www.historytrust.org), she attended organizational meetings and saw to it that GCIHS was an active participant in History Trust initiatives—particularly the History Trust Digital Archive. Anne also advocated for the development of the GCIHS Archives expansion to create a climate-controlled environment for the long-term maintenance of our collections.

In addition to her husband, Gerald, Anne is survived by her son Andrew, brother Bill Dowling, sister Margaret Wells and her husband, John, sisters-in-law Barbara Meyers and Debra Dowling, and numerous loving cousins. Anne's devotion and professionalism helped the Great Cranberry Island Historical Society develop a much larger footprint than an organization of our size and capacity could normally have. In recognition of her accomplishments, the GCIHS Board of Trustees has named the Archives in Anne's memory and a dedication will take place this summer.



General Manager's Report

BEN SUMNER

For more information and updates on these projects during the winter and spring please visit:

GCIHS Events Page
[**www.gcihs.org/events/**](http://www.gcihs.org/events/)

GCIHS Facebook page
[**www.facebook.com/CranberryHouseGCIHS/**](https://www.facebook.com/CranberryHouseGCIHS/)

Feel free to contact me at [manager@gcihs.org**](mailto:manager@gcihs.org) if you have any questions or suggestions.**

Work is wrapping up on the Arts Center expansion. Once the remaining jobs on the punch-list are done, the full three-floor Cranberry House expansion will be complete. The upgrades will make it possible for us to hold concurrent events and stage performances. The Arts Center expansion includes a full audio/visual technology upgrade. We have added wireless microphones and enhanced surround sound speakers in addition to an expanded 165-inch, 16:10, electric projection screen. The Cranberry House now has the capability to hold Zoom-type meetings with full audience participation. We anticipate making use of these improvements to offer public forums, remote live speakers, live sporting events, and other types of gatherings with one another throughout the world.

As we are winding up the expansion project, we would like to thank the following contractors for their hard work over the past four years: Jesse Jameson and Frame to Finish, Reggie Sanborn and Whitney's Electric, Connectivity Works, Mechanical Services, Gary Friedmann & Associates, Maine Fire Protection, Andrew McCullough Engineering Consultants, L.E. Norwood & Sons, Inc, and John W. Goodwin's, Inc.

The septic system replacement for the rental properties at 300 Cranberry Road has been completed. Given the difficulties with the location and the available space, it's a wonder that a modern functioning septic system could have been installed there at all. Our thanks to John W. Goodwin's for their efforts. The new system creates a unique geographic feature on the island, increases the value of the property, and supplies much needed health and safety improvements.

Two generous anonymous donations have allowed us to purchase a new Cranberry Explorer shuttle. We recently took delivery of the shuttle and will have it on Cranberry Road this summer. Volunteer drivers are always welcome, even if only for an occasional shift. Being a volunteer shuttle driver is a fantastic way to meet visitors from all over the world and helps many people who would otherwise be unable to see much of the island.

We have added the Bruce Komusin Collection to our website (gcihs.org) under the Archives & Research tab. This collection consists of many significant items that were once posted on other websites that Bruce had maintained and updated. Items will be added regularly until the collection is complete.



Photo courtesy of Karin Whitney

Part 2 of the Birlem Family Letters

PHIL WHITNEY



*Spurling Store (ca. 1900-1910).
Charles S. Spurling behind the counter
serving a customer.*



*Loading Spurling Store groceries before
a ferry wharf existed.*

This continues in sequence, excerpts from the Birlem Family Letters. The letters printed in the December 2021 Cranberry Chronicle were written between September 21, 1893 and November 29, 1893. We again extend our appreciation to Birlem Family descendant Lynne Birlem of Southwest Harbor for helping transcribe and subsequently donating the original letters to GCIHS. - Phil Whitney

Letter Dated 12/3/1893

Sunday Evening

To Mamie, from Mamma:

Poor Grandpa has met with some trouble. He ran ashore on Lookout Shoal in bad weather thick and a gale. He had not been able to see the sun for a few days to find out where he was. He was running in and made a light which he took to be Frying Pan Light and run according to it. But it was Leap Lookout and he run ashore on the shoal. She layed there four hours a'pounding and at last she came off. They all got ready to take to the boats and had their dunnage on deck, but Grandpa had his all packed and ready but did not take it on deck as he said he should stick by her to the last. But he had to pay \$2.50 to get her towed in. They had hard work to keep her free with three pumps a'going and they were pretty well tired out when they got into Wilmington. He is bound to Savanna. I suppose you know when he wrote he did not know what they would do, discharge her there or tow her to Savanna. He had given the cargo up to the underwriters. The first time he ever had to do it. He feels bad but they all say he did well to stand by and save the vessel. What four long anxious hours those must have been for Pa, but we can not be thankful enough to God for His care over him.

Monday Night

Sadie B. (*Sadie Bulger?*) does not go to school. Her mother is too poorly. John Bunker is terrible ugly, they say.

Letter Dated 12/3/1893

Unknown Writer: (*Probably Brother Charles Samuel Spurling*):

Dear Sister, I will write you a few lines this afternoon. It is snowing hard. It has been snowing all day. There is a lot of snow out of doors. There is a two top mast English schooner loaded with coal run ashore Friday night in the

snowstorm on the SE point of Bakers Island. They think that all on board must have been lost as the boat was cut away and a pair of oars were picked up. They think they must have upset their boat in getting into her as nothing has been heard of them. I was up to the harbor (*probably SWH rowing*). It was cold. My fingers and feet. I thought they would have frozen. When we came back I like to have frozen.

Letter Dated 12/12/1893

To Mamie, from Mamma:

Brother is making him a boat sail to use on his sled.

Mamie, you know we told you about the schooner lost on Bakers Island and crew supposed to be lost. Saturday they turned out to be all right. They left the schooner and lost three of their oars. Only had one oar to manage the boat with and they fetched up on Mt. Desert Rock the next morning. It had been rough so they could not leave until Saturday. They got here time enough to take the Frank Jones (*Maine Central Railroad steamboat*) for home. Wasn't that almost like coming back from the dead?

This is a very bad snowstorm with us this morning. We are having hard weather so far this fall. I expect we are going to have a tuff winter. George Renaldo makes a great fuss. He says he don't like to come here now. It is too lonesome without you. He wanted to know the other day why I did not send for you to come home.

Letter Dated 12/17/1893

To Sister (*Mamma*), from Aunt Flo (*Joy*):

(*Mamma enroute to Boston to visit Mamie*). I don't know where to think of you as being. Charles heard today at the harbor (*Southwest Harbor*) that the boat never left Rockland until this morning (*probably due to bad winter weather*) so if you are aboard the steamer, I expect you are tired out with waiting, but I hope you took the cars (*passenger train from Rockland*) and went right along and are now with Mamie enjoying the Sabbath. We are flooded with water all around the house and none of us started for Sunday School. It rained terrible all day yesterday and part of last night. We have read some in

the little book and Brother and I said our Sunday School lesson.

Charles churned and I dressed the butter. It was a large lump of butter but it came soft and I stamped it in the afternoon. I made a loaf of cake and a loaf of brown bread.

Monday Evening

Charles and I marked the Christmas things this afternoon. Brother is doing well with his lessons. He and I read Black Beauty and we cipher and he studies his spelling lesson. He went over on Del's pond tonight skating, Got back a little after dark. Charles Bracy killed George B cow today. I heard that George, Freddie and Walter were down there looking on as soon as she was dead.

Tuesday Morning

This is Brother's letter and I will write some on it. He and Mary Ann (*Carroll - school teacher*) have gone to school. She told me to day that the scholars are all doing very much better than they were. I have talked to Brother to be good and I think he will for he is afraid I will write to you to come home as I tell him I shall if he don't do right in school.

It is a really nasty rain storm today. There is a vessel ashore over to Seawall down in front of the hotel and she will go to pieces - a large two master. And another one ashore on the Bakers Island Bar. Got there early this morning as it was very thick between 3 o'clock and 5 o'clock.

Brother has his bobsled out with the sail yesterday morning. Millie (*Spurling?*) was cutting up limbs yesterday and cut his thumb nearly off below the last joint on the end. He fainted away.

Letter Dated 12/20/1893

To Mamie, from Aunt Flo:
Thursday Morning

(Mamma is visiting in Holbrook, MA with Mamie for Christmas.) All are well. It blows a hurricane. We are going to have a beef rib stew. Sam Stover is getting better slowly. Charles is going to the Harbor (*Southwest Harbor*) today to carry the mail. Uncle Dick Stanley is real sick threatened with Pneumonia. Has had the doctor. He hopes to break it up. Well, I will close wishing you a Merry Christmas. With Love. Aunt Flo.

Letter Dated 9/6/1898

Note: The letters have jumped five years to 1898. Mamie is now attending Castine Normal School, currently Maine Maritime Academy.

To Mamie, from Mamma:

The lightning Sunday Night struck between the flag staff and school house (*currently Donald residence*) passed under the house came out on the other side. We were at church. It was terrible.

Letter Dated 9/18/1898

To Mamie, from Mamma:

Jim Crosby (*Owner of Bay View Farm - currently the Red House*) wanted to have a sing and he insisted on Brother (*Charles Samuel Spurling*) and I going up so we went and it was 9 o'clock before I got back. There were not many there.

Letter Dated 12/21/1898

To Mamie, from Mamma:
Wednesday Morning

News has come that Maud Spurling was married the next night after her parents got home. They say her husband is 38 years old. I guess she will be an old man's darling instead of a young man's slave, but I think that saying ought to be reversed.

High School has begun this morning. There were 18 went to be examined. 17 were allowed to go to school. All of them but Alfie. Brother will tell you about it probably when he writes. It is a Mr. Fitzgerald of Waterville teaches. He is quite young. (*Note: It appears Cranberry Island had a high school for several years around the turn of the century. Location unknown.*)

Letter Dated 1/6/1899

To Mamie, From Frederick: (*Joy*)

Now I will tell you what books I study. Vi's large arithmetic, I began at Decimals Fractions and got over a little way in the nominate Number and in large Geography and in large Grammer and in large History and in large Spelling book away over in the back part of it, and I am in Physiology too. I like the teacher very much.

Today we have been sliding on the bobsled. Walter and I have been sailing on the bob. We sailed up the road as far as mamas. When we came home we hauled in the sail at Jim Crosby's (*currently the Red House*) and went as far as Rose Wedge. The we put the sail on her again at the old well and came as far as where the old post used to be and then we had to take it down because it was head wind.

Ma has just killed a big rooster and has just picked and she says that she wishes that you were here to help eat him tomorrow dinner. We had a book from Mrs. Reynolds. The name of my book is 'Robinson Crusoe' and the name of Viola's book is 'Little Women.'

Letter Dated 1/8/1899

To Mamie, from Gramma:

Well, I cried over your letter you wrote about you're not coming home Christmas - poor little Mamie - well don't cry but study hard and keep your feet warm if you can - this cold weather, I think of you. Say your prayers out loud together every night for Gramma. I wish you had a featherbed and a pair of warm blankets.

Here is \$1.00 for your Christmas present from me - buy you ----? candy or something to wear or keep - just what you think best

Cranberry Isles Sketches

PHIL WHITNEY (AS RELATED BY DR. LEWIS BARRETT)



Photo courtesy of GCIHS Archives

This continues our series of *Cranberry Isles Sketches*, written by Dr. Louis Barrett, covering the years 1945-1951. We again express our appreciation to the Islesford Historical Society and their President, Gail Grandgent, for permitting us to reproduce these anecdotal stories in the *Cranberry Chronicle*.

Shark Attack

Note: This incident occurred in 1955, four years after Louis Barrett moved off Cranberry Island. So, it may be Tud Bunker told this story to him sometime after 1955 and Dr. Barrett made it appear they were having a conversation about this much earlier. The adventure actually occurred. (See photos of the boat and shark taken on Bakers Island at the time.) The incident made national news. I wonder if author Peter Benchley incorporated the adventure in his novel "Jaws" which became the famous movie of the same name twenty years later. The shark chase and ramming of the boat are eerily similar. - Phil Whitney

I asked Tud where he had been all day yesterday.

"Took the old man out for tuna," said Tud.

"Sort of early, isn't it?"

"S'pose so; didn't know but we might run onto some, and might as well be doin' that as anythin' else."

The tuna have a short run in August, and for a few weeks the area north of Baker's Island is covered with boats every afternoon.

"See any?"

"Well, no; but we were about a mile and a half off Baker's, 'bout east of the whistlin' buoy, when somethin' cut fast across our stern, makin' a great froth: somehow it didn't look right tho' for a tuna. It was too fast for one thing. I told the old man whatever it was, if it came in near enough, I was goin' to get a harpoon into him. I turned the boat slow-like and gave the wheel to the old man; got put on the pulpit just in time to catch another sight of him. He was a hell of a big white shark; a man eater! I think he'd sure weighed a thousand pounds. I said, 'if he does that agin', I'm goin' to let him have it. Sure enough, after a little he crossed right under me, and I shoved the pole down with all my might, then I grabbed up all the line and



Photos courtesy of GCIHS Archives

the keg and tossed it all overboard, and away he went with us followin' fast as we could.

After a while, we came in sight of the keg and I grafted it aboard, and we took off agin' with him a'towin' us; I got the line snubbed over the bit just in time. He pulled us 'bout as fast as a man could row a skiff. Must have been over a quarter of a mile before he tired enough to let up. Each time he'd let up, I'd haul in all the line I could, then snub it taught to the bit, and away he's go ag'in. We kept that up for quite a while, with me takin' in and snubbin' whenever I could until we got him, oh, 'bout far's from here to that blue ketch off there.

He could pull like hell, and I told the old man, 'Now, we'd better be careful, that feller might decide to attack us. We've got him in pretty close and there's a lot of fight in him yet.' He slacked a little and I started to take in the line when, all of a sudden', he headed straight for us; makin' a white streak in the water 'bout like a torpedo makes; straight for the boat. By then, we were more than two miles outside

Bakers. He came at us in a straight line; his nose struck the boat 'bout two feet below the water line. It bashed a hole 'bout the size of a football right through the planks. It must have broke his neck, because he rolled over belly-up and laid there, tied to us, but quiet.



Photo courtesy of GCIHS Archive

I could hear water gushing in below, so I jumped down to pull up a board there by the engin', and found it already afloat 'cause there was so much water comin' in the bilge. Of course, I've got a damn ceiling in her, and that sheathing coverin' the side kept me from knowin' just where the hole was, and the water was comin' in everywhere along the side; if I'd had an ax aboard, I could have broke through that damned ceiling, and jammed somethin' into the hole, but I didn't even have a hatchet or anythin' heavy enough. I told the old man, 'I've got to go overboard with our shirts or somethin' and try to stuff 'em into that hole.'

What do you know, the old man wouldn't let me. 'No sir,' he said, 'You put for home full speed.'

'We'll never make shore before we sink,' I told him.

'Well, let's get goin' and try,' he said.

So, I opened the engine up wide as she'd go and headed for Baker's Island, but the pumps didn't have much effect against that amount of water comin' in, and some of the deck boards began to float around, so I got the old man to hold her on course while I went down and bailed what I could. Of course, with him at the wheel, I got thrown around a lot, and the water was splashin' all around, but I'll be damned if we didn't make Baker's. I found a little place on the shore where it was smooth enough, you know Baker's is most all those big granite slabs with sharp corners, and outside there, the wash makes it almost impossible to keep from bein' thrown against them;

well we found a little smooth place and I drive her right up on it, 'cause when that water all slopped aft, the weight of it started to slide us back off when the bow lifted, but I had jumped ashore with the line by that time and got it around a rock.

Well, we finally got word to the Coast Guard, over the little radio up there at the light house, and they came out with pumps. When the tide fell off a little, I nailed some canvas over the hole with some trap slats, happened to be there nearby, and it never leaked a drop all the way to So'west Harbor. We was lucky as hell!"

Chris Swenson

Thinking of Chris Swenson brings to mind the time (August 1919) a whale came ashore on Rice's Point on Great Cranberry; probably too sick to weather the storm; anyhow, he stayed there on the shore until folks tried to get rid of him, because of the smell. No one could move him; dynamite just blew big holes in him. Finally, Chris Swenson began running over to Northeast Harbor, and taking summer folk for hire to see the whale; twenty or more at a time in that old double-ender of his.



After a month or so, it became the desire of everyone to be rid of that whale from the island; it was damn strong smelling on sou'west wind. Judge George Hadlock was then skipper of a naval patrol boat, watching for subs off the islands. Seth Rice was engineer and they had other island men in the crew. They were approached about the whale nuisance and gladly accepted the suggestion of tying onto him. Fall was coming soon and Captain Hadlock knew from years of living on Little Cranberry that the men would soon be buying new manila mooring lines to go 'til time for chains. Folks never could quite figure out why he tied onto that whale with a full quarter mile of brand new government manila, but even the women turned out to watch what next might happen down at the whale. The patrol boat ran out to the full length of that fine new line; seemed to go a little fast for George, and the whale never budged, but the line parted way out at the boat, which then disappeared out into the fog. Everyone around the landing seemed to be busy splicing on new mooring lines for the next few days.

Sailboats and Sailors

The old BOB-CAT was loaded with the usual freight, a little lumber, all the daily mail and grocery orders for the two islands, somebody's new stove, some new trawl, plumbing fixtures, cartons, baggage, a couple of refrigerators on the stern, and twenty or thirty folks. Some were pretty tired after an all-night train trip from the cities, by way of Bangor and the long wait there for the 4:30 a.m. train Down East. Others had been off-island shopping for meat with which to make smothered beef to break up

the monotonous fish diet. And, as usual, we were all waiting for Ada and Charles Rice who had been after grain for their fine riding horses, which grain would still have to be lifted aboard by someone before we could leave the dock. Charles used to be skipper of the AMBERJACK II in which President FDR used to sail to Campobello on his vacations. But now, Charles was mostly waiting for Ada. Ada had a lot to do when she went off island which was about every day; and somehow, she never could quite get back before their last boat was loaded and waiting.

The tide was falling now, and the grain getting heavier by the minute. There was the salty smell of the harbor. There were the cries of the gulls, while across the slip, Harvard Beal was up there on his lobster wharf bellowing about something or other. It turned out that a "B" knockabout (a 26 ft., gaff-rigged sloop) had just come in from Cranberry and, to avoid the mail boat's stern, had slid past the town dock and up to Beal's lobster storage cars. The owner of the boat had stepped out to take the painter through a ring, during which moment the wind changed enough to back-fill the mainsail so that the boat began to back up a little. This hooked its boom under the arm of Harvard Beal's large platform scales. The mainsail then swung over and filled, taking the boat and scales out into the harbor where the boom broke, dropping the scales out into the harbor into twenty feet of cold salty water. Meanwhile, fishermen had come in to weigh their lobster catches. If there is one thing that Harvard Beal does not like, it is to lose business. This was becoming more and more evident as fog set in, some of which was probably brought on by Harvard's language, in the opinion of this writer, who was then maneuvering said sailboat. Meanwhile, Ada and Charles had arrived, and the mailboat had pulled out into the fog, under only her jib sale.

By now the BOB-CAT was half way across to the island and the fares had been collected. Wilfred suddenly, in the fog, pulled the wheel over hard, the boat was just passing the red spar buoy off the western point of Big Cranberry. The buoy leaned over so far at that tide it was about to poke a summer visitor off the top of the shelter, where he was sitting. This same buoy was way over that way on the last low tide when Tud was skippering Arthur Pew and his brother in their little home-made imitation of a summer boat, and they had bet Tud that he couldn't climb that spar to the top. Tud had immediately hopped out of the boat onto the spar, and the two boys had taken off in their boat, staying for over half an hour, while Tud had worked his way up out of the slippery part, but out quite far enough to take a ducking from overweighting the buoy. "It was a damned hard thing to hold onto," Tud said afterward.

Now docked at Big Cranberry, the boat load dispersed, some helping Wilfred to pass up the lumber and other freight, some helping Charles with the grain, and everyone carrying some box or other object off the dock and up the hill. Forrest Spurling was the only one with a wheelbarrow. It was empty and he ran. This was followed by the clattering of the old, beat-up, rusty delivery truck which took the grocery store orders around to the summer folks. All this for a quarter; telephone your food order for the day, before nine in the morning, and it's on your door step before noon. Better than some super market service.



Ada Rice c. 1940 from GCIHS Archives

CRANBERRY HOUSE EXPANSION THROUGH THE YEARS
CONTINUED FROM PAGE I

Photos courtesy of GCIHS Archive



Nov. 16, 2004



2005



2005



2007



2011



2019



2020



2022



2022

The following montage give a glimpse of the new spaces, but we look forward to what we hope will be the first of many visits in person

Photos courtesy of Ben Sumner



Hittys Café

CHEF CÉZAR FERREIRA

Cézar is battling his way through jungles and airports to get back here for another exciting summer on beautiful Great Cranberry Island. He wants everyone to know that he is looking forward to arriving and the fast-approaching 2022 season launch for Hitty's Café. Cézar has plans to kick off this fresh new season with some fresh new ingredients and creative culinary ideas that he has been cultivating while in Brazil. Be sure to look on the menu for these new and delicious options to tempt and delight your tastebuds. Hope to see everyone soon healthy, happy, and hungry.



Richard Beal Retires



Photo courtesy of Richard Beal

Richard Beal retired as Selectman for the Town of Cranberry Isles at the March town meeting after serving nearly twenty-five years on the board. Much of his tenure was as Chairman of the Board. In addition to that office, he also served at various times as Constable and Game Tagging Agent. Except for Leslie Rice, it is believed Richard was the longest serving Selectman in total years in the history of the Cranberry Isles. Over the last quarter century, he was involved in

and worked on most of the major projects and modern-day issues affecting the town, including the Manset property purchase and management, establishment and contracting for the islands' transfer stations, the GCI Gravel Pit development project (including transfer station, sand and salt shed construction, contractor storage), establishment of the Commuter Ferry service and various other ferry service issues, road rebuilds and maintenance, the wharf reconstruction projects, expansion of the wharf storage sheds, power, telephone, and cable repairs, GCI's new public restroom and parking lot paving, installation of wharf hoists, shoreland zoning issues, development of the broadband internet system, and continuing support for Suttons Island.

Richard could always be found in his chair at the General Store if Islanders had town-related questions, complaints, or just wanted to hear the news-of-the-day and other noteworthy gossip. Richard will continue to captivate his audience from his seat at the store but his colorful presence and humorous comments from the Selectmen's Meeting Table will be missed. Thank you, Richard, for your many hours of devoted service to the Cranberry Isles.

CRANBERRY ISLES STAYS CONNECTED TO SOUTHWEST HARBOR

MICHAEL D. TODD

What is the future of ferry services from Southwest Harbor to the Cranberry Isles? A friend once told me that an economy is like the human body “you need to use all parts of it to stay strong and healthy and you need to protect your extremities from the harshness of challenging environments.” Once the body’s extremities began to die, the body starts to lose its virility, and slowly begins to list until it relents into the great beyond.

Since 1940, Southwest Harbor has served as one of the major arteries supporting the Town of Cranberry Isles, when regular ferry service to the islands began. On the cusp of World War II, about 250 year-round residents relied upon these ferry services to access the mainland. Not only was this pathway vital for grocery shopping, but it allowed island residents to partake in the finer things in life – like Moxie soda (I quickly developed a taste for this magical elixir). The Town of Cranberry Isles was vibrant AND connected.

In 1972, the island economy changed when Beal and Bunker moved its operations to Northeast Harbor. Despite this alteration, summer service to the islands continued from Southwest Harbor from the town’s Upper Dock. With this change, came a shift in how the islands interacted with the mainland. More island business and money were split between Northeast Harbor and Southwest Harbor and more ferry options allowed for increased tourist activity to the islands and the respective harbors. The pulse of the Cranberry Islands was strong, the town was helping provide world-class lobster to the world, and provided a warm and cozy respite for the family that called Cranberry Isles home.

In a visionary and historic move, the Town of Cranberry Isles sought to strengthen its ties to Southwest Harbor when it purchased property at 15 Mansell Lane in 2003. There were a number of lively and hopeful discussions by the town’s residents before the purchase. Ultimately, the town knew it had to strengthen its relationship with the mainland and take some control over its long-term destiny. The idea was that this facility could provide much needed parking for town residents, as people no longer just had “family” cars but tinkered around in their own individual automobiles. Additionally, this facility allowed for further expansion, should it ever be needed, and allowed town residents increased use of the Manset dock. It was around the time of the purchase of the property in 2003 that the Steve Pagels as owner of Downeast Windjammer Cruises took over the summer ferry service. Cranberry Cove Ferry began shuttling residents and tourists to the Cranberry Isles. The body of Cranberry Isles was as strong as ever and the pulse of the community.

This Mansell Lane property purchase may have been more prescient than people realized at the time. During roughly the last year there have been a number of discussions about ferry service between of Southwest Harbor to the Cranberry Isles, and the fifty-year service from the Southwest Harbor’s Upper Town Dock was in peril. In January 2022, Southwest Harbor’s selectmen voted to cease permission for the use of the town’s Upper Dock for ferry service to the Cranberry Isles. This left Cranberry Cove Ferry and Cranberry Islanders wondering what to do. Would there be summer ferry service to the Cranberry Isles from Southwest Harbor? There were a number of potential options, but each of them had a snag, and many people on both sides of the sound were left bruised and battered after a series of heater discussions. Fortunately, the timing of Southwest Harbor’s decision allowed time for Cranberry Islanders and Cranberry Cove Ferry to seek out and solidify these alternatives.

After nearly three months of kicking around ideas and putting in hard work, Cranberry Cove Ferry services announced that it would continue running ferry service to the Cranberry Isles over the summer. Owner Steve Pagels stated he feels “he feels a strong commitment to the Cranberry Isles and the Cranberry Cove Ferry...” and that he realizes “the additional challenges that year round islanders face that those of us on the mainland would normally not think of...” Instead of running from Southwest Harbor’s Upper Town Dock, the ferry will now be running out of Beal’s Lobster Wharf at the end of Clark Point Round. The ferry will continue to go from there to Manset and on to its final destination – the Cranberry Isles. He said that the feedback he received was that both visitors and town residents felt it was very important to stayed tied to the heart of Southwest Harbor, Clark Point Road, so he did everything he could to make that happen. Mr. Pagels said the ferry would run on a similar schedule as it has prior years.

Spring/Fall Schedule
Memorial Day Weekend – June 30 & September 1 – October 1

Leave SW Harbor Beal’s Lobster Pier	Leave Manset (C.I. Dock)	Leave Great Cranberry Island	Leave Islesford	Leave Great Cranberry to SW Harbor
7:15	7:30	7:50	8:10	8:30
10:15	10:30	10:50	11:10	11:30
1:15	1:30	1:50	2:10	2:30
4:15	4:30	4:50	5:10	5:30

Summer Schedule
July 1 – August 31

Leave SW Harbor Beal’s Lobster Pier	Leave Manset (C.I. Dock)	Leave Great Cranberry Island	Leave Islesford	Leave Great Cranberry to SW Harbor
7:15	7:30	7:50	8:10	8:30
9:15	9:30	9:50	10:10	10:30
11:15	11:30	11:50	12:10	12:30
2:15	2:30	2:50	3:10	3:30
5:15	5:30	5:50	6:10	6:30

These recent developments have increased Cranberry Isles developing its plans for the long-term use of 15 Mansell Lane. Cranberry Isles plans on tearing down the old building located on the premises and expanding parking for both residents and guests. By doing so, the hope is to have a permanent sanctuary for town residents to park and stay connected to Southwest Harbor. Mr. Pagels expressed that one of the long-term challenges to ensure continued service to Cranberry Isles was having suitable waterfront access in Southwest Harbor. However, he hopes the ferry service’s relationship with Beal’s “is going to be a long [and] mutually beneficial one.” In an effort to ensure long-term access to Southwest Harbor, the Town of Cranberry Isles is in the initial stages of looking to create a year-round dock at Manset, thereby allowing Cranberry Islanders to control their own destiny.

Whatever ultimately happens, the wherewithal, grit, and determination of Cranberry Islanders and those who support them will always find a way. Life on an island has its challenges, but through these challenges there is a hearty spirit of adventure and creativity that has been the heartbeat of the Cranberry Isles for nearly two-hundred and fifty years. The blood pulsing through the veins of Cranberry Isles is as strong as ever and the future of the islands economy is bright.



Beal's Lobster Pier

Cosmo Morrell 12/24/2005 -12/27/2021

SHARON MORRELL



Cosmo, courtesy of Sharon Morrell

When I moved to Great Cranberry Island, I was taking a huge leap of faith. Moving away from the place I had lived for the last 20-odd years; leaving behind my grown children, a few friends, and the life I had known to head out on an adventure of sorts, to the life I knew I had been meant to live. On January 27, 2018, I loaded up my Volkswagen Beetle with my most important possessions, my books, my photos, my clothes, the coffee pot, and my long-time companion, Cosmo, and drove off into the morning, heading for the next chapter on a little island off the coast of Maine. Cosmo was the best travel companion. He was pleasant company, an exceptional conversationalist and one heck of a navigator. Cosmo had been my friend for a long time, and I do not think I can adequately articulate, even now, how much I depended on him. We came north together. He kept me motivated and validated my decisions when I found myself questioning my judgement and my choices. He gave my days a purpose when I did not know what the heck I was doing.

Cosmo did not immediately take to island life. He was rather insulted by the suggestion that he get his feet wet or that he could engage in small talk with sea gulls. Very quickly though, he learned how to hop on and off the boats on his own and thereafter was highly insulted if anyone dared to lift him over the edge like a common dog. He learned to love the smell of sun-dried seaweed on the rocks. He made friends with everyone and expressed particular affection for his various island girlfriends, Eileen the Postmaster, Holly at the store and Ingrid at the library. He kept the house for me when I was at work and looked after me when I came home, often delivering stern lectures on the dangers of overworking and of under sharing the peanut butter toast at breakfast. Cosmo was the center of my world.

In November of 2021 Cosmo started to have some worrisome health problems that hinted at larger health issues looming. He was almost 16 years old. Although we made many frantic trips to the veterinarian's office in the last weeks, nothing could delay the inevitable. Cosmo looked me in the eyes on Christmas eve and told me that he was ready. For 2 days I sat on the floor with Cosmo in my arms or laid next to him on the bed and told him how I could never be grateful enough for having him in my life. I wet his mouth with a cloth and cleaned him up when he needed me to and loved him while he finished his time here and moved on to whatever lay ahead. Cosmo died three days after his 16th birthday. I cannot explain the pain of losing him, but I have a feeling, I do not need to.

Cosmo was well-traveled, gentle, brave, curious, loving and a snappy dresser. There will never be another soul that can take his place. I hope somewhere, he is happily hopping on and off boats, watching sea gulls, eating peanut-butter toast in the sun, and remembering me once in a while.

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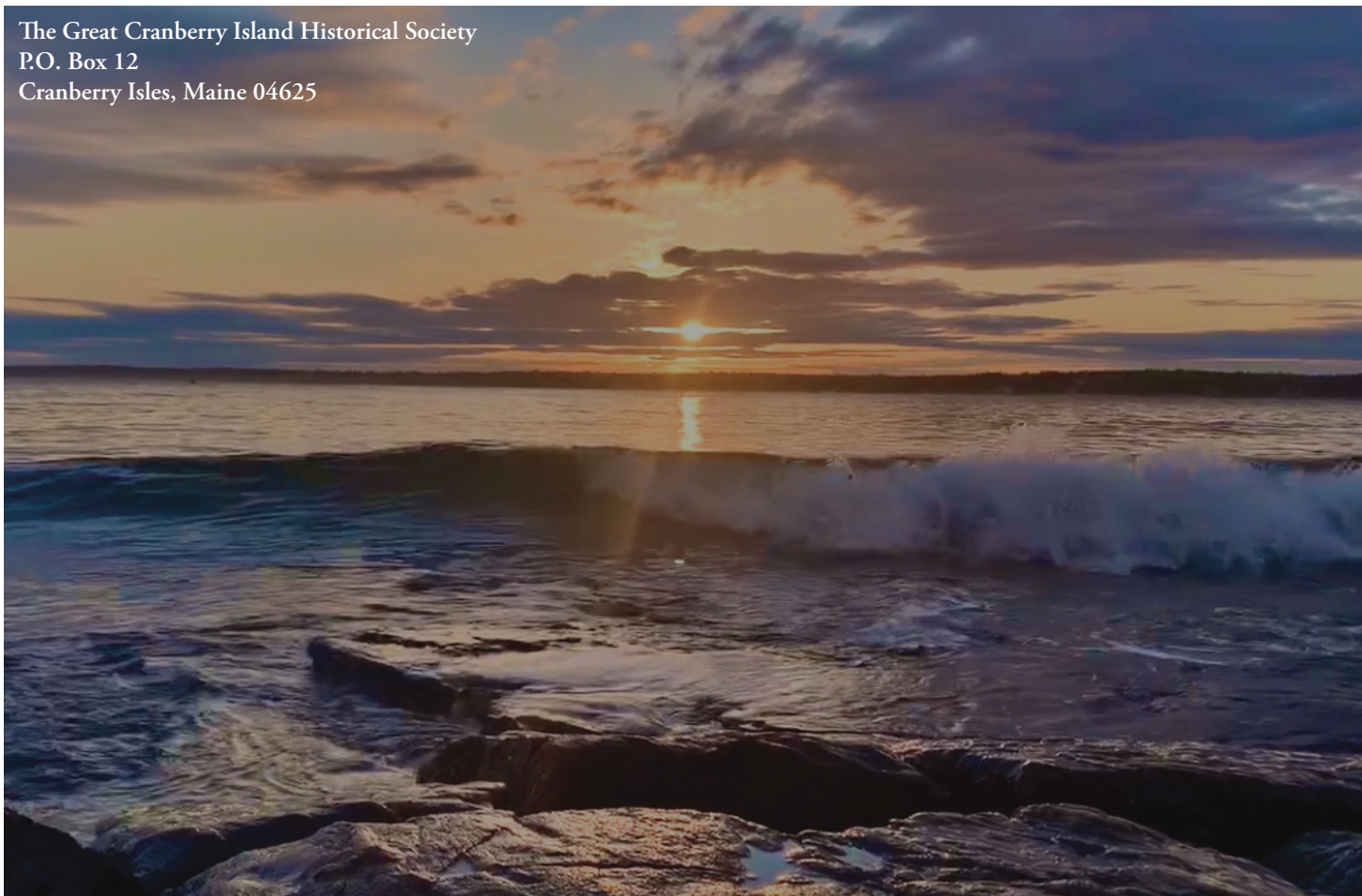
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