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salt

Journal of New England Culture

Maine's Penobscot Indians
Superstitions of the Sea
Spinning Pewter
Crafting Ships in Bottles

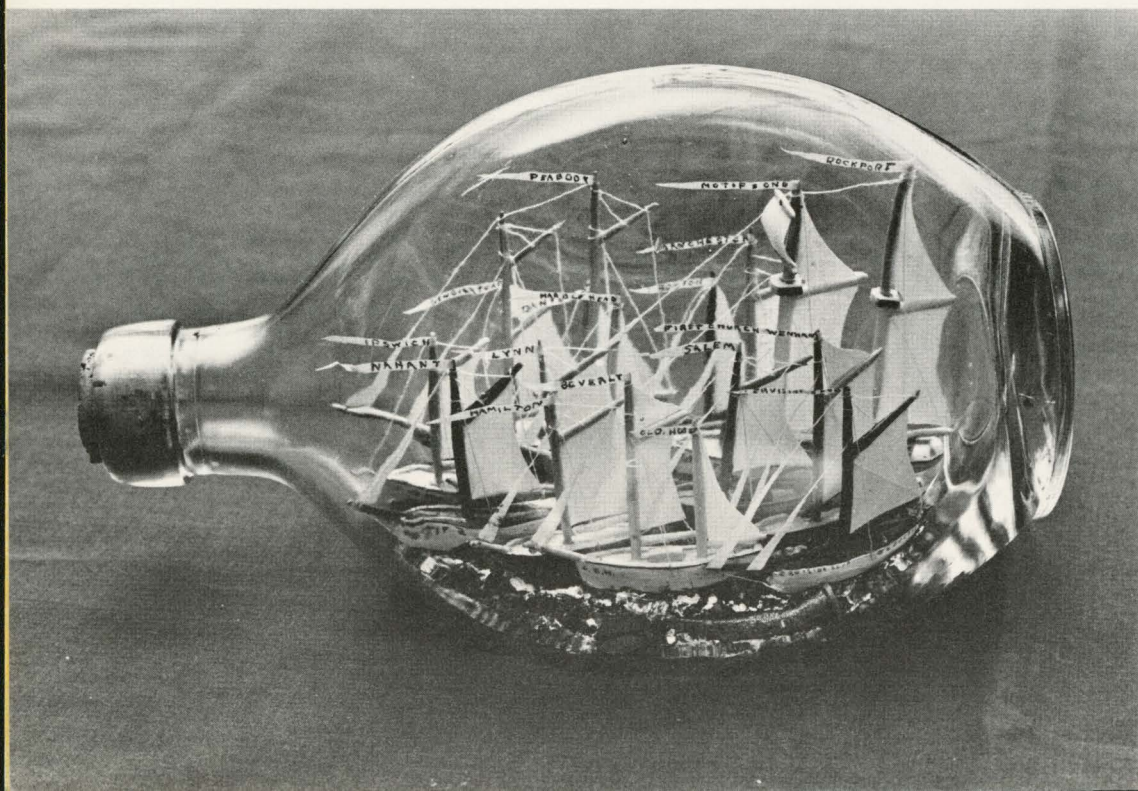




This issue features stories of which we are particularly proud. From Indian Island (photo above) we have brought stories of the Penobscot Indians that include interviews with two remarkable people: Senabeh, medicine man of the tribe; and Madas Sapiel, whose life spans five generations on Indian Island.

From the fishing community of Kennebunkport, Maine, (photo right, Arthur Gott) we bring you one of the funniest stories we've had the chance to put together, as fishermen spin tales about superstitions of the sea.

And from South Hamilton, Massachusetts, Winson Morrill shows us how to put ships in bottles (photo below), a story which features 48 how-to-do-it photographs by Lynn Kippax, Jr.



salt seeks in its pages to reflect the cultural variety and richness of New England communities, from seacoast villages to logging towns to blueberry regions to potato land; from "old salts" to French Canadian settlers to descendants of native Indian tribes.

The essence of the quarterly magazine consists of documented interviews with distinctive people whose roots run deep and whose memories span generations. *Salt* seeks to preserve the stories, record the skills and explain ways of doing things known to a fast vanishing generation.

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Cover Photo by Lynn Kippax, Jr.



INDIAN ISLAND

By Sheryl Lane

In her lifetime on Indian Island, Madas Sapiel has seen five generations of Indians and the changes incurred by each.

When her grandmother was alive and Madas was a young girl, only a few houses and a Catholic convent, church, and elementary school robbed the natural land of any space. There wasn't a bridge connected to the mainland; the reservation was thickly wooded.

Indian Island is part of Old Town, Maine, and is situated about fifteen miles north of Bangor. Only six miles around and three miles wide, the island is the residence of 400 Penobscot Indians. The river which once provided livelihood, the Penobscot River, surrounds the reservation.

Now, the island is connected to the mainland of Old Town by a narrow, one-car bridge. This bridge acknowledges the need of education, food, employment, and entertainment provided by the mainland.

Because of constant interaction with the mainland community, the Indians' standards of living have become close to that of middle-class America. Due in part to this, and in part to the absence of any Indian culture representation in the

educational system, most young Indians have very little or no knowledge of their culture; not many can speak Penobscot.

Madas remembers the woods, the river, and the way the land provided many needs for earlier Indians on the island. Many of life's necessities were supplied by the government when she was young.

In progressive attempts to modernize the reservation, the Indians are building almost identical row houses on one half of the already compact island. A large auditorium equipped with a gymnasium and municipal offices has been built. Across the road, is a single level building, half of which is occupied by a medical clinic, and the other half by a cafeteria for senior citizens. One small, sparsely-stocked market is the only shopping stop on the reservation.

Madas hesitantly accepts the new progress, but reflects on the past and hopes to save some of the virtues she grew up with.



By Lynn Kippax, Jr.

'We Don't Make Baskets Any More'

By Sheryl Lane

Photography by Lynn Kippax, Jr.



Down a short steep bank from the narrow road rests her home, the place where her life comes together. Here her nine sons and three daughters slept as children, and here now sleep the relics of her people.

The Penobscot River flows behind the small wooden house of Madasa Sapiel, encircling the island where she has lived all her life, "Indian Island," in the midsection of Maine.

A strong wooden railing, with aligning dirt steps, leads from the road to the door of Madasa, called "Madas" by all who know her. Long tree-wood poles lie off to the side, waiting to support a summer tepee. On the new vinyl siding of the house, which covers two layers of weathered wooden siding, visible from the roadway, is a white sign with the black spray-painted words, "WOUNDED KNEE."

There are but few trees in the yard, tokens of the vanished woods that once engulfed the house.

Madasa (the name means baby of the family) is half Penobscot (from her father) and half Passamoquoddy (from her mother) Indian. Her small robust body radiates energy. People much younger than Madas cannot keep up with her. Despite her seventy-five years, Madas' cropped hair has not completely grayed and wisps of black hair around her dark, firm, round face proclaim an Indian heritage that her eyes tell you is a proud one.

Inside Madas' house, the kitchen, with its oil stove, refrigerator, sink and table, is small and modest. Posters of Indians in traditional headdress cover her walls.

Behind the kitchen is her "Indian room", overflowing with regalia and assorted treasures of the past that have been handed

down from former generations. Some of her collection was given to her as she traveled around the United States sharing her traditions with Indians of other tribes. This is the only room she keeps locked. It is sacred.

To the side of the kitchen is a room which was once her grandmother's cold room. All food was preserved here. Madas has a large double bed, telephone and television in this room now. Posters of traditional Indians crowd the walls. An outhouse was used until ten years ago; now a bathroom adjoins the cold room.

When she was a girl her family heated the house by a wood stove; Madas' home is now heated by her oil stove.

"We had wood stoves; didn't have oil stoves then, or gas—just plain wood. My father would get up five o'clock in the morning, build a fire. This is what I always known he'd done. He'd get up, open up all the windows and the doors. We (children upstairs) was there huddled up in the cold, you know. I slept upstairs when it got cold. After you build a fire, then close all the windows and the doors. Warm up in no time. Let the dead air out, let the fresh air in and it would heat up quicker.

"We don't now, cause that's (oil stove)

constantly going. You wake up in the morning with this oil stove, you're hacking and coughing. I leave my water on boiling, so that I have some moisture in the house. We didn't have to do that 'cause the fire would go out quite late.

"This little room (cold room) was my grandmother's; they didn't have refrigerators in them days. Underneath the house, she used to put all the vegetables and perishables, you know. She kept her meats there.

"Every year they used to give Indians a half barrel molasses, half barrel pork, salt pork, you know. People don't use salt pork the way they used to. Cookies, old fashioned, they came in barrels and she put them in there. It was a cold room, they call it—where they keep all their stuff. There were many other things in there; her potatoes, carrots, turnips, cabbage, everything.

"She had a little cellar down there where she kept the food from freezing. The heat from the stove would keep that warm. There's such a beautiful way that they tell the stories of how they survived.

"You see, that was in our treaties. All that stuff was supposed to be given to us. In the fall, they was supposed to give us blankets, calico, chocolate, and gunpowder. Of course,



'I talk Indian most of the time. I pity my people here that can't talk old Indian.'

they didn't use gunpowder, so they got shells. Gradually, they started taking the stuff away from us. Now they (government) don't give us any of that stuff.

"But now we got gas, we got bathrooms now, we have everything like that now. You have to work to pay for these things now—before it was given to you. Gradually, when they get into this big money business, they gradually took things away from us. It was kind of tough at first, but you get used to it after a while.

"They don't make no baskets anymore, because they want to live like the white man. In offices, they're educating them all and things like that.

"Now they don't plant. People don't plant; they're too busy working in an office."

Most of the Indians had a garden when Madas was young. Sometimes after planting the garden the family had to travel and sell baskets.

"We would have a garden, but somebody would tend to our garden—the other people that stayed here. Them days, the people next door that didn't go away; some people were older and couldn't go, they would take care of the garden and things like that. Everybody helped each other them days.

"If I had a garden here and I went away for the summer, there would be no one to tend to it; it would just go.

"My son (governor of the Penobscots) has a community garden every year for everybody. But he gets paid for running it. Everything now, you got to have pay. I can't understand it. Years ago, you'd do anything for anybody. You never told them, 'I gotta have money.' But now if anybody does anything for you, 'How much you gonna give me?' That's the first thing comes in their mind now.

"They've gone way past that unity. They would all come and help you. Now they don't do that—it's sad. When I was a girl, there was nothing like the unity here.

"We had our own fire engine. Now they got to buy one—the new modern kind. Had

that little hat engine (double-sided, six people on each side, hand pumped, and usually drawn by horse). We didn't have no horse. We didn't have too many fires over here. They pulled it themselves—all the men. Of course, the men didn't work overtime then. They worked right around the place here.

"Then we had our own hearse. I seen six men pull a hearse to bury a person. We'd hire a horse to pull the wagon, but sometimes they (horses) wouldn't come, so six men would pull the hearse up from the church to the cemetery.

"Then when a man got married all the people would go and help him build his home. The women would cook, then the men would come in and eat. They'd build his home all up. But they don't do that no more.

"We used to have a lot of hulled corn, then we'd have deer steaks. All kinds of wild meats, they don't have anymore. Fridays (now) when the boys get paid, we all go someplace to go out to eat. We don't have to cook on Friday. I cook two meals a day; breakfast and supper. I have lunch up there (senior citizens cafeteria)."

"When I was little, I'd come home and say to my mother, 'I learned something new today: *For instance.*' She wouldn't answer me. She'd be cooking. She said, 'Madas, speak Indian. No instance. We can't talk about instance! We have to talk Indian!' I had to talk Indian. That's why I talk Indian most of the time. I pity my people here that can't talk old Indian.

"When I used to go to school and talk broken English, they'd laugh at me. I wouldn't care, I'd talk in Indian. I must have been a stubborn little kid. The more they'd laugh, the more I'd talk Indian.

"The sisters used to tell me when I talked Indian, 'Well, we don't talk Indian no more, because this is the language you're going to use from now on.' The English language.

"You know when the missionaries first

come—'cause everybody had an Indian name—and the missionaries come and Indians had to be baptized. Had to have an English—had to have a saint name like John and Joseph and all that. That's why all the names have been changed.

"They were gentle about it. Course, they couldn't understand me when I talked Indian to them. They didn't mean no harm to us, I don't think. My mother said when I was home I had to talk Indian. That's why I didn't forget my language.

"She couldn't understand a word of English. But you couldn't cheat her. She had no education in any way.

"We used to have gypsies come here to buy baskets—from New Hampshire, Boston—to come and buy the baskets. They cheated a couple of pennies. She could reckon in her head. I have to have a pencil and paper. She reckoned right in her head

what she wanted! Then she'd call that man back; he come back. She'd go like that (points right index finger to left palm), 'One more.' Couldn't cheat her. She knew when she was being cheated.

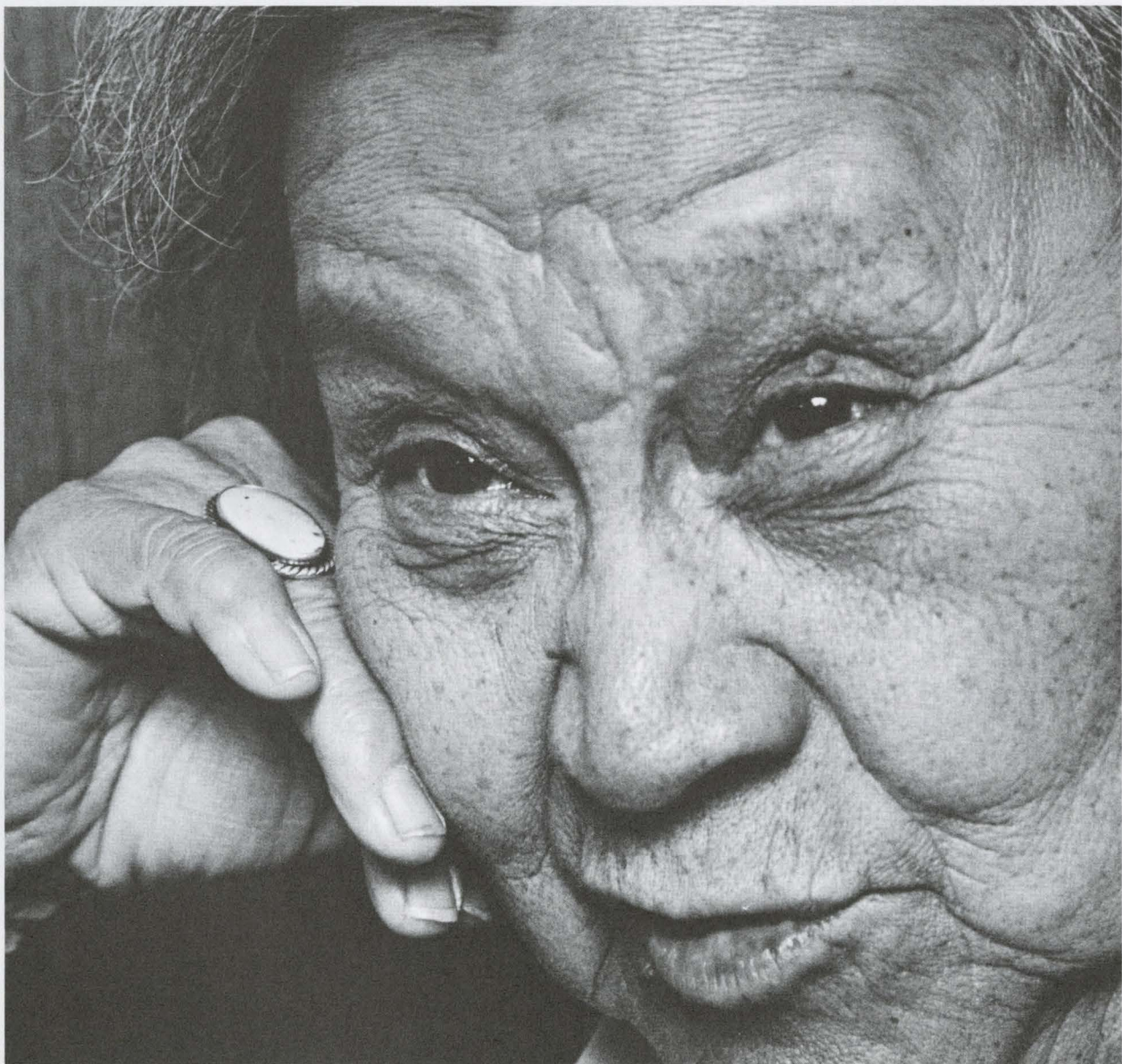
"My mother smoked a pipe. She had a corncob. She'd ask me to light it for her, you know. I used to burn my tongue. I said, 'Mama, don't you ever clean your pipe?' She said, 'It's all clean.' It was the plug tobacco they call it. You had to shave it off. That's the old fashioned way they had it.

"We used to play marbles, paper dolls.

"My mother died of 'brites'. You fill up with water; water backed up on her and it flooded her heart.

"See, my mother had children but they didn't live. I'm the only one living. I had another sister that lived that just died last year, and I had another sister that died that I could remember of. But the other little ones

"She'd go like that (points right finger to left palm), 'One more.' Couldn't cheat her.



were all small and died with pneumonia and stuff like that. I had three brothers and I had five sisters. I was born right here.

"My mother didn't have much to say to us. She was always having people here. They'd make baskets constantly. She didn't have too much time for us kids. We had to play out all the time.

"We used to love to play like sisters. We'd make things out of paper. Make a veil and walk around. We were the bosses then. Then we'd get the young boys to be the priest. We used to do that.

"And we'd play dolls. Husband and wife. Just like parents. Sometimes you had a lot of babies, sometimes you don't have any. We'd play just like ordinary people like that.

"The kids had to play on the road. It was hard digging holes and stuff like that to play. Making trenches like that and everything. The roads were all dirt then."

In the winter, the Indian men hunted the once wooded area which surrounded the reservation. Working on the river drives in the summertime was a common livelihood for the Indian men in the early 1960s. During this time, the Indian women would travel around the country selling sweet grass baskets.

"My father worked in the river drive piling up logs and stuff like that. He would go in the spring and come back in the late summer when the drive was all over. All the men from the Indians would go up there. The Indians, they were great boatmen. They were good hunters. White men always had Indian guides for hunts. When people would come in from out of state, they used to hire them."

Before the men left for the river drive, they would take the women down to seashore towns to sell their baskets they had been working on throughout the winter. They carried their baskets in cardboard boxes as they traveled by boat and then by train. They (men) would get the women set up before they went to work on the river drive.

"In the winter we'd stay home here and make baskets. Or we'd have a braiding party. They'd buy fruits and candies. Then we'd braid the sweet grass so that we can make the baskets. They'd do that one night here. Next night they'd go some other place. They weren't idle all winter. They'd go from house to house.

"We went to Camden, Searsport, Kennebunkport. That's where we would go to sell our baskets. He'd (father) take us down in the spring. He'd take us up there and fix us up so that we'd be all set for the summer. He'd come back and go to the river drive.

"We never had no men. It was all women. We had a regular tent and that's what we lived in. We'd go to the lumber company and buy a board, so that we wouldn't be on the ground. Make a flooring. That's what we done. They (seashore towns) let us stay there and let us sell our wares, and they never bothered us. They would let us rent free. We would go there every year and they would know us. We'd go back and forth that same spot; as long as we made money, we didn't mind going back to the same spot.

"Sometimes, from the big hotels, they would bring us food that was left over. The kids Indian danced for the people. They'd give us money. They never threw the money at us. They gave it to us in our hands. We never asked 'em, but they gave it to us. Or else they come and asked us to dance and give us a nickle. That's what they used to do to us. A nickle looked awfully good to us then. Nowadays, my grandchildren want a dollar and half a dollar.

"We always made enough to last throughout the winter. Sometimes we made \$5,000 selling the baskets. My father used to make \$2,000 in the year. Them days, we'd come home with \$5,000 to \$7,000. Wow! We was rich. We were rich people them days. Five thousand now and you're nothing.

"September, he'd (father) come back after us, then we'd come home. We used to wait for him when he come home, you know. He used to bring all the goodies, like molasses

*'They would bring us food that was left over.
They'd give us money in our hands.'*



By Mark Emerson

"The missionaries come and Indians had to be baptized—had to have an English name."

cookies and home raised bread. They used to give him baked beans to take home. We used to run to the little bucket to see what he had."

"He'd like me, and he'd pat me on the head, but he'd never lift me up and kiss me. I never seen my father kiss my mother. They're not affectionate. Indian people are not affectionate. They won't run up to you and hug and kiss you. They'll hold you at a distance. My mother and father used to say there's a place and time for everything

"They wouldn't show affection for all the kids, you know. My father never kissed me, but my mother did. The way I think it worked the men loved the sons and the mothers loved the daughters. That's what I think happened. My father would kiss the boys, but he wouldn't kiss the girls.

"Even my daughter, to this day, her and her husband, they will not fight and argue in front of the kids. They go into their own room. She believes there's a place and everything for it's purpose. She has that age old Indian belief. She won't argue in

In all the pictures, you see the Indian man walking ahead and the woman behind.

front of the kids. That's the way my parents were, too.

"The Indian men wouldn't be affectionate before the wedding ceremony. The man would have to talk to the Indian woman's father and mother to get permission to marry.

"Then they'd set it up so that they can get married. The medicine man would say the ceremony. The medicine man had more power than anybody. Course, he had the power to marry you. Sometimes the chief marry 'em.

"He's a healer. That's what the medicine man is for. It's born into him. If he can heal, it comes out. So you know he's the medicine man. From the time he was a baby, he can tell you things. He doesn't know he's doing it. He just tells you things. Finally, he becomes a medicine man. He's born with this. You don't get this learning from books.

"You used to have a medicine man on every reservation. Know all about the herbs. You go there. You know, anybody has a lot of respect for a medicine man. He just gave you medicine. He'd give you a medicine bag to wear. That protect you from everything. It's just like you wear medals now in the Catholic Church. Myself, I wear a scapula (a medallion made out of cloth and worn around the neck. There is usually an emblematic picture of a Catholic saint on the front and back.).

"He was a powerful man but he was in the background all the time. He never tell you what to do. He just took care of the medicine and things.

"They used to have an Indian blanket they used to put over the Indian when he get married. But they have got away from that now. You have to get married by the Justice of the Peace or you're not married. Or get married in the Catholic Church or you're not married.

"Now see my son (Bobcat) and his wife were going to get married the Indian way. They dressed up with all the Indian things on 'em but they had Justice of the Peace.

After an Indian marriage they would celebrate by having a feast of Indian foods. There was always an Indian bread made by the clan mothers and the medicine man was the overseer as the bread was prepared.

"They done away with the clan mothers and stuff now. A lot of these people don't even know what clan they're from! Well, they say my father. It's not the father's side; it's the mother's side—the clans.

"Now, my mother is a Bear Clan, so that makes me a Bear Clan. My kids would still be Bear Clan, 'cause they go by the mother. Then they have the Turtle Clan; then they have the Fish Clan. (all clans are named by animals) If I married a man from the Turtle Clan, I'd still have my Bear Clan."

"The women done all the work and the men just hunt. I don't know why, but that's the way it was. They always look up to men more than women.

"But the traditional long house (a long ceremonial house that was the church of most traditional Indians), it had men on one side, women on the other.

"The men are sacred where they go. The women aren't supposed to go where they go. If you notice, in all the pictures, you see an Indian man walking ahead and the woman behind. They were good to their women, they didn't abuse them or nothing. But now, this day and age, the woman is ahead and the man is behind. It's just reversed now!

"Well, I don't like it too well. I should think they have more respect for their men, like the old Indian people used to. Ahead of the men now; don't walk behind,

"These generations don't know what we done before. We've lost a lot of our elderly. They could tell you so much more stuff. I'm telling you just when I was a girl, see. Because a lot of that's changed, even before I was grown up.

"I know when they used to have an inauguration for the chief, the priest would come in and put the Indian hat on him. They



"You don't get this learning from books."

would put all this regalia on him because he's our chief. Then they go away from that. They don't call him chief anymore. They call him governor, because that's more political.

"I've seen the time when I was a little girl—the man elected would hit the table, have the table bounce back up, and he'd talk in Indian. He would hit the table and say, 'This is what I'm gonna do and this is what you got to do. You will abide by what I say.' He was the boss.

"We didn't have no twelve council. Nobody got paid to go to the meetings; everybody was there. They have a hard time to get a quorum now. But them days, they was all there, 'cause everybody had a voice. I've seen 'em there; we've spent four days sometimes there debating one thing until the governor had his way. That's what happened.

"As I said, the man walked ahead and the woman walked behind. But she was the law. The clan mothers (a chosen woman from each clan would form the clan mothers) were the ones that made the laws for the head chief.

"Whatever laws the mothers made, he had to carry it out. They would say, 'You do this and you better do it right or else!' This is what the clan mothers did—to the chief! All the clan mothers were the boss of the

chief. If he wanted to know anything, he would go to the clan mothers to find out what's the best thing to do. See, that's kind of a council.

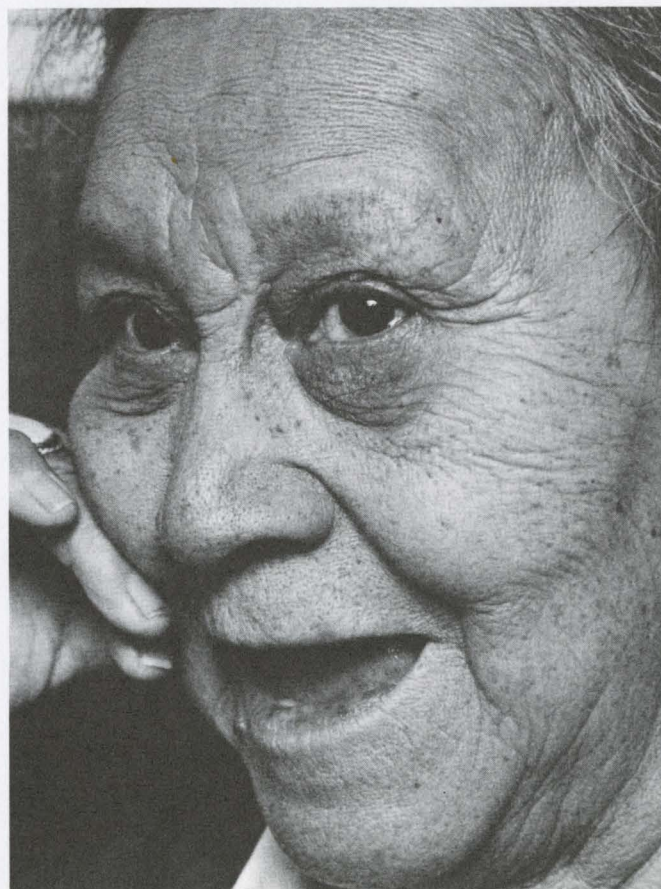
"But they all walk behind. They say, 'women's lib'; we always had it before anyone ever thought of it!" Madas sat back and laughed, "You learn something new everyday, don't you? They say if you don't learn something everyday—you're dumb!"

"My grandmother told me a lot of stories. She told me when I was a girl, 'When you grow up, you're gonna see a lot of changes in the world. You're gonna have music in the air'—that must have been radio. She said, 'You're even gonna have pictures in the house.' That's television. She said, 'You're going to see things flying in the air.' All this she told me.

"Course, you don't think of these things when you're young. Then she said, 'You're gonna live to see all this. There's gonna be so many different religions. There's gonna be wars.' Course, them days we didn't think of war. Until 1917, the first world war.

"So I lived to see all these things that she told me. I didn't pay no attention to it at that

"They say, 'women's lib'; we always had it."



'A lot of people comes. Put 'em all out in the tepee. I sleep out there when I'm home.'

time. Until later years, I said to myself, 'All this is coming true.' Everything she's told me has been true. Indians had visions like that before years. They always do.

"It just appeared from the Great Spirit. You're either gifted with seeing visions, you're gifted with story telling, you're gifted with something else. Everybody is gifted with something. A lot of people are gifted with healing hands. Sometimes it don't come out right away until later. Then it comes out. But the Indian people have it all the time."

Like her nomadic ancestors, Madas still feels the need to move on to places, to explore and be free.

"The white people that lived with us here, they couldn't understand us. They'd plan a week ahead what they're gonna do. But the Indian don't.

"I got two suitcases packed now. I just get out one, wash the clothes, put 'em back in, and get ready to go. Anybody says, 'Let's go.' I'm ready to go.

"I go to all these traditional places where I sleep on the ground with a sleeping bag. I don't have no kind of rheumatism or anything that bothers me yet. Like when we go to Oklahoma. We go ten days ahead. Sometimes we go two days ahead. They don't know exactly when we're coming, they know we're coming. See, that's the way the Indian is.

"My elders (other senior citizens on the island) up here are kind of baffled. They don't want to go nowheres; they want to stay right here. I'm a different kind of elder. I want to go. I want to see how the other Indians live.

"I worked at the shoe shop. I said, 'When I get through here, no more schedule!'" Madas worked at the shoe factory for 21 years.

"I had to get up at five o'clock, get my breakfast, clean my house, go to work. Eleven thirty go to lunch, be back at twelve thirty, work all day. Then at five o'clock come home, cook my supper, get ready if I'm

going out for the evening. I said, 'This has got to stop!

"I didn't quit; I got fired; I brought in the union. Seven of us got fired. After that started, they always say everything I done was wrong. They really didn't fire me. I quit (rather than be fired)."

After her many years in the shoe factory, Madas honors her vow never be tied down by a schedule again. "I just go. I just up and put my coat on and go.

"I'm a hard person to find in the summertime. I don't stay here long enough. I travel. Go to Oklahoma, go to New Mexico, go to Syracuse; everywhere.

"I'm a well-known person. Everybody knows me everywhere. This is the halfway house for everybody. All the Indians come. The Indians come from Canada. They stay here overnight and then they go to Boston. The people that comes from the west to go to Canada, they stop here, then go up.

"I have food in the icebox for them. We just leave the food here. We have a lot of people that comes here. Put 'em all out in the tepee. I do sleep out there, when I'm home.

"There's some people that locks their door day in and day out, but I never lock mine. They need it, they can have it, but I've never lost anything. Because, I don't know, maybe they know me that well that they don't touch nothing. Nobody bothers me. I don't lock my door at night. I'm alone here—I don't lock my door.

"One morning I woke up, I said to myself, 'I'm so thirsty I got to get up and get a drink of water.' You know, I couldn't even get from here to the sink. There were people laying all around here. I didn't know who they were. So I went into the bathroom and I had to use my hands to get a drink of water 'cause there was no glass in it.

"So I went back into bed and waited to see who they were. I must have dozed back off to sleep about ten minutes when a lady come in and said, 'Madas, your breakfast is ready.' I came out and had breakfast with 'em.

"No drinking. Don't allow liquor in the



'They don't make no baskets anymore. They want to live like white man—in offices.'

house. Not too many of them smoked either.

"I belong to the Catholic church. I'm a religious person now. I left the church for seven years, but I went back. I decided to go back for a purpose. We was losing our unity so fast that I thought there was something I could do to help. And getting them religious, they're not so sucked into politics like they were."

Madasa's door is always open to her twelve children, whether for an hour, a week or a year, as well as to the visitors who are invariably welcomed. Several of her children live on Indian Island or in Old Town, across the river, while others have moved away to take jobs in other parts of the country.

"You're never alone when you're a mother. They always come back to you one way or another.

"I had twelve children, three girls and nine boys. I been married three times. They're in the cemetery now. All my husbands died. My first husband was a Swede. My second husband was an Indian. My third husband was French.

"I have an adopted son; he's a medicine man in Oklahoma. He asked me if I'd be his mother. He lost his mother. I said I would; so I adopted him."

"**T**his was a beautiful Island. This place wasn't populated, you know. There wasn't anything up here then. I lived up on the hill. The school (a Catholic convent—grades 1-6) was where it is. There was no houses around here at all. There was only two houses; this one and another one. These houses are all lousy."

Madas leaned back in her chair, closed her eyes, and her hands went to her head as her face broke out in an intense, poignant smile.

"Oh, I can just see that so perfectly when I close my eyes. It was so beautiful then. The boat would land there, you know. All along the side, they had big trees. When we would come from over town shopping, we would

sit down on the grass there and relax 'til we got ready to pick up our stuff and go. Nobody carried our bundles then. We had to carry our own groceries. Sometimes, we buy just what we need; there was no store over here then.

"It only cost two cents to go on the boat. Four cents—that was beautiful. We had to come over on the boat. Then we'd come and sit down on the lawn. 'Course, the sisters and the priest—they had a beautiful place there. They had their own homes and then they had the church. They had a cement walk there from the path. We used to sit on their lawn and the people outside would be sitting there rocking.

"Indian men and women talking and making baskets (while rocking). They were getting ready for the people to come over and buy their wares.

"There was no road—just a little pathway coming up here." The pathway cut through the woods and led from the boat landing, past the Catholic church, and to her door. The bridge wasn't built. That wasn't built until 1952.

"Then gradually they start cutting the trees down. Cut all around. Progress—you can't stop progress. The only thing, it's going so fast it's hard to keep up. This is what happens, you know, they get away from this unity thing. This is where the traditional people is trying to bring unity.

"We're having a tough time of doing it, because this is all political stuff now, you know. They all have this big money coming in, and they don't want to do nothing except make big money. They don't want to plant. They don't want to do nothing. They're trying to get each other's jobs, you know.

"And they don't make no baskets anymore, because they want to live like the white man—in offices. They're educating them all and things like that.

"There's traditional Indians, you know, and there's political Indians. So my son's a political Indian and we're the traditional Indians. We try to keep the tradition for



"I'd straighten these Indians out."

Indian people going and he's the political part of it, you know. They don't have too much to do with us. They keep the island going. We keep the traditions going as much as we can.

"But lately, since my son has been in office, they're not fighting over jobs so much. He hasn't been in a year yet; just a couple of months. There's a little bit of change, because he says, 'for my people.' If you feel people that's all that's necessary.

"Because I fight for my people. My senior citizens. I'd do anything so that they'd have life easy. But if they want life too easy, then I tell them, 'You have to help yourself, too, you know. Others say, 'Oh, I can't walk, I got emphezema.' I say, 'Well, you shouldn't have smoked when you were younger, you wouldn't have that trouble. Or their rheumatism bothers 'em. 'You ought to be like me, I don't even think of my ailments—so I don't got no ailments.'

"But I have sugar diabetes. I think Indians, more or less, have sugar over here. Because they don't eat the right foods now, like they used to. They don't have the wild things to eat. They eat like spaghetti all the time. Eat like pizzas—everybody has pizza, tacos.

They eat that stuff now. I think that's what makes people have sugar over here. They don't eat right.

"But they (council and younger Indians) do treat the senior citizens pretty good now. We had to fight. At one time, we had to fight our way in to get the recognition senior citizens should have. But now we don't have to.

"I get mad at myself for fighting so much, but you have to. I guess I have a little bit militant in me.

"I'm trying all kinds of ways to help my people, but I don't know if I can do it. How can you help a person if he don't want to be helped?

"Sometimes I don't even know my own people. They're getting so selfish. If they hear and see this in the paper they're gonna skin me alive, but I don't care. That's the way I feel. The way everthing's going.

"I'd like to be governor here for one week. I'd straighten these Indians out.

"I would close that bridge off at 12 o'clock at night unless emergency. The ambulance had to come over or the police.

"We had one policeman running this island and he did a beautiful job. Now, we

got five of 'em and everything goes on. They don't even know what goes on. We never had lights over here. The policeman had to walk around with a flashlight to catch all the kids, you know, raising heck. Now we got all these lights and they still don't know what's going on.

"I fight for the elderly people because the Great Spirit says the elderly are supposed to be honored. They know what to do and they know how to live their life.

"Last year we lost seven of them. Right in a row, they died. They wondered why we lost so many elderly people. I says, 'I'll tell you why.' They say, 'Well, why do you know so much?' I said, 'They felt as though you didn't bother with them before. You could have gotten a lot of knowledge from those people. Those seven that died—you're not gonna find out for nothing from the other people. You had your chance and you lost it. You didn't bother with them before.

"Those people you should have asked before—who was Indian and who wasn't Indian. Now you're never gonna know.' I felt awful bad that our Indian people died.

"There's some people here say they're full blooded Indian; I can't see it. My Lord, they got blonde hair. We have an anthropologist here. He said, 'Well, you know, when you Indians get older, you bleach out.' I don't think I bleached out any. Here I am 75, going on 76 and I'm not bleached out!

"Well, myself, I don't care too much about 'em, (anthropologist), but they're people. I don't like them. I can't say I hate 'em; but they seem to interfere with our Indian ways so much that they bother our people.

"What we know is kind of sacred to us. They take the bones apart to find out whether they was Indian and everything. That's what I don't like. If he wasn't an Indian, why would he be buried on Indian land? Right?

"Like one Indian said, 'After you use them, give them back to us to bury 'em.' We want the bones!

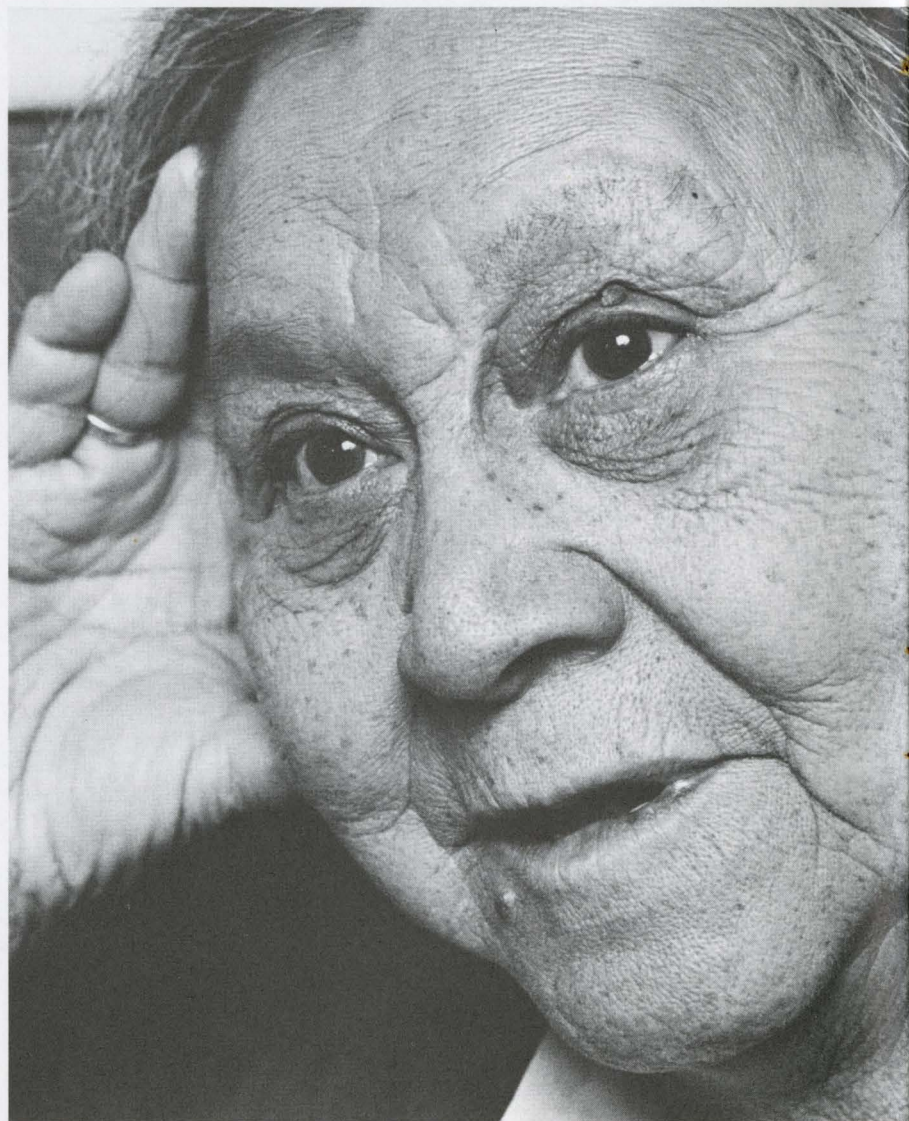
"We just buried some bones last spring. The Indians say, 'How would you feel if you were buried thousands of years, hundreds of years, then dig up your bones, have them all laid out on the table and look at them and everything.' They're not respecting our

dead. It's just like if you went and dug up a grave and took it somewheres—you want to know what he died of or something. That's just the same thing. No respect for the way peoples feel.

"We had a big ceremony on Mount Katahdin last spring. We buried some Indian bones that they gave back. They was all cut up—just little chunks of it. We buried 'em. An old Indian ceremony. Just Indian people, no white people. They sing the old Indian songs. The old ceremonies are beautiful.

"We never say our people die. They say, 'They gone to eternal sleep. Very seldom Indian people cry at a funeral. Play the drum and they sing Indian song. Thank the Great Spirit that he chose that person to go. That's what they do. You was chosen to go."

"Those seven that died—you're not gonna find out for nothing from the other people. You had your chance and you lost it."





Bobcat Glossian

Two sons of Madasa Sapiel who live and work on Indian Island symbolize the two divergent ways of thinking among the Penobscots about their future.

One sympathizes with traditional Indians, who wish for a return to the traditional values and beliefs of the past. This is "Bobcat" (Frances Glossian), who operates the tribal bus, tirelessly driving the elders and the children of the island on errands to Old Town or back and forth to school. The other identifies with the surge to join the economic world of the white man, to become "modern". This is Wally (Pehrson), elected governor of the island.

"I was brought up an Indian," says Bobcat. "I want everyone to know I'm an Indian.

"The families over here teach the kids the white man's way. There's a few, I imagine, that's ashamed to be Indian. It's terrible, I think. I've had a pretty good year. I've talked to President Carter. I ain't ashamed to be Indian. I'd like to see all the families over here like that."

Shame of being an Indian comes from "going to school over there (Old Town)," says Bobcat. "It seems that's where it all starts, the system. We're gonna get the school system changed (to have Indian teachers and to teach Indian culture).

Bobcat and the Governor

"Like our house is one hundred years old. We were offered a new home, but we wouldn't take it. I'm satisfied with it. I ain't ashamed of it. They call it getting ahead, living in those new homes. I don't want to be living within ten feet of my neighbor. I'm close enough now. Then they'll want to be fenced in and I don't go for all that.

"We're trying to get everybody together over here, just like we used to be. If we ran out of sugar when we were growing up, we'd just go next door, help ourselves and leave a little note. Little things like that's what counts. It's what is called unity."

Bobcat, who is on the tribal council, says the majority of the council "wants to go the white man's way," like his half brother, Wally, the governor. The two men are friendly, despite their differences about what is best for the Penobscots, and both are attentive sons to Madasa.

Wally estimates that about one third of the council are traditional and two thirds are "political" or modern. "We try not to let it interfere," he explains. "We're all working for one purpose, you know, to turn things around and make this a better place to live. If you start pulling against one another, you're never gonna make it.

"A better place to live is—better than what the people have had here in the past. You know, actually I would say a person would have to have lived here for at least 25 years to know what a hard time the people had here. We had homes, for crying out loud, that you could look right out through the sides and stuff like that. This is what we're doing. We're trying to fix up all the homes."

Medicine Man of the Penobscots

By Pamela Wood

His people call him "Senabeh"—first man, creature of the great spirit. He is a medicine man of the Penobscot Indians.

Senabeh lives in a twelve foot trailer behind the Catholic Church on the barren, overpopulated island in Maine near where he was born 65 years ago. He owns nothing but the trailer, a recent gift from his people "for my older age". His clothes do no more than he asks of them, cover his body. Tied to the trailer with a tattered rope is his dog.

To Senabeh's door comes a steady pilgrimage of young, well-scrubbed Indians who wear with easy grace the clothes and manners of modern America and who speak English better than he does. They seek him out, gifts in hand, following the frozen ruts that lead to his trailer from the roadway beside the silent Catholic Church.

On the face of the man they seek are the marks of battles still unwon. A cloud of gray shades it, smoke from old unsettled contests of the spirit. His eyes are gentle as they fall on white man and Indian alike, but troubled, like waters stirred from the bottom that have not settled into clarity.

Sometimes Senabeh's eyes swell with laughter, and when they do, he is himself the butt of the joke. But more often, they bore inward with subtle sorrow that dwells on the dilemmas of his people, many of whom have forsaken his native language as well as the beliefs he nurtures.

Long, deep furrows run from his cheekbones to his jawline, perhaps washed by the sorrow he has taken unto himself. It is, as Senabeh says, "painful to be a medicine man".

Senabeh is a man who has transcended what he appears to be. A not very tall man with a head that overpowers his body. A not very facile man with an intensity that staunches the flow of his words. A not very wily man with a purity of spirit that spares him from the rapacious.

The two physical structures that now dominate his horizon—the trailer and the Catholic Church—symbolize the twin encroachments of industrial America and organized religion that have left him in a lonely gulf between two cultures, as much caught between the old and the new of his own people as between the Indian and the white cultures.

For Senabeh is not a creature of what lies around him on Indian Island. The better part of his manhood was spent in the woods. "I lived 26 years alone in the woods. In fact, the woods—the trees are part of me and I am part of the trees," he says, speaking with the same lyrical inflections he gives to Penobscot as he translates to English.

Senabeh was "almost born in a canoe" on the Penobscot River in 1913, the fourth child of his mother, who gave him his name. His father was a travelling musician, while

his mother stayed home with the children tending the garden.

He spent much of his time with the elders of the tribe when he was a child. At an early age, he found he had a gift with herbs, a gift which was passed to him by his mother and encouraged by her. At twenty he went to live on an uninhabited island twelve miles from the Penobscot reservation and there he lived for 26 years.

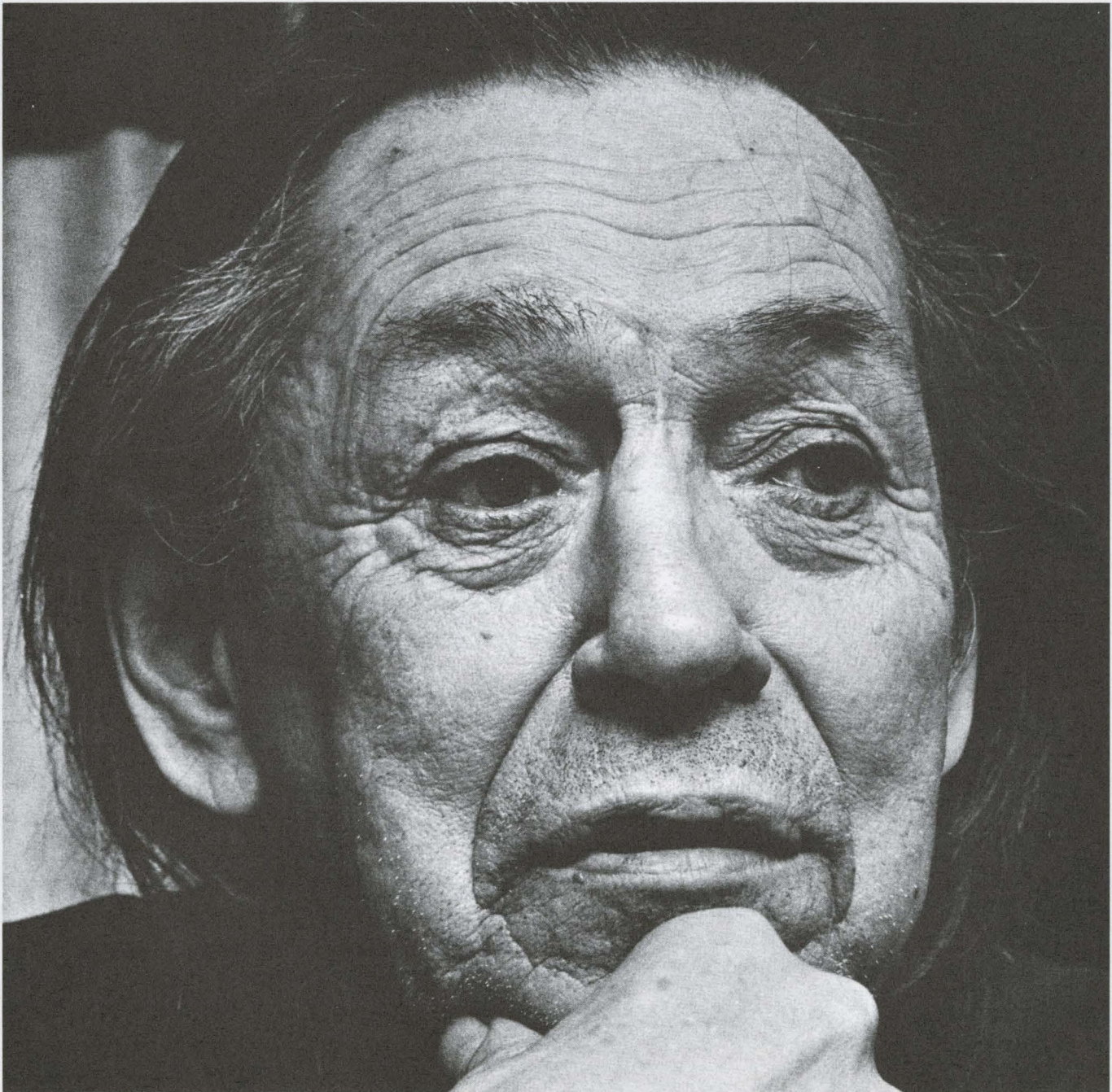
But he was wrenched from that world by his conscience, which demanded that he join his tribal brothers to fight World War II from 1941 to 1945 in Europe. When he returned, Senabeh could not reconcile the violence of those years with the beliefs he

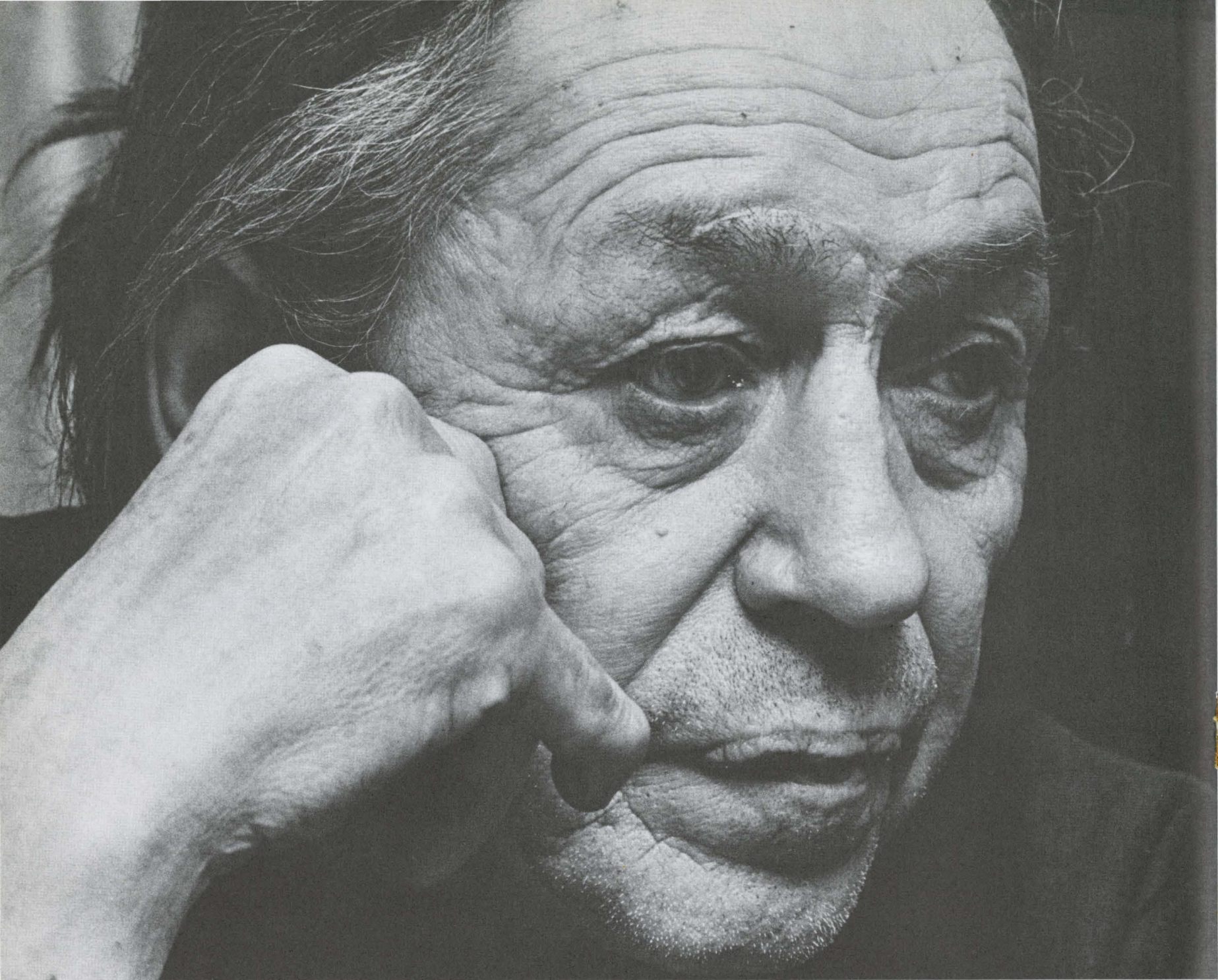
had practiced so long in the woods. He could not regain his former peace with himself and his surroundings. It was then that he began to drink.

He also began to drift, an itinerant sculptor who went from one craft shop to another, given room and board in return for making Indian artifacts. Time, work, and inner turmoil took its toll on him, until he settled back on Indian Island, first in a "beaver hut" he had built and now in his trailer.

What is the riddle of such a man? A spiritual leader of his people who has not conquered his own anguish. An accomplished sculptor whose next meal has often

Photography by Lynn Kippax, Jr.





come from the pockets of passing tourists. A healer of men who cannot cool his own fever.

If it is the fate of enduring spiritual leaders to bear the anguish of their people, to see and be torn by their human needs, and to live in poverty with few material comforts, perhaps Senabeh's condition is understandable.

If one cannot easily settle for such an image of Senabeh, perhaps his philosophy is the key to the riddle. He teaches trust "between all peoples, white and Indian, for we are brothers under the flag". He is not militant. He does not believe in shoring up the Indian nations against a white society. "I do not believe in any form of segregation whatsoever." Although he has not himself

adopted the ways of the modern world, he believes his people have no choice but to take their places in it.

How then would he protect the tiny minority of Penobscots within the larger society? He wants spiritual solutions for them—"respect, the unity of their beliefs". He would have them seek nonmaterial values, the old traditional values of their forbearers, and he would have them hold themselves proudly as they walk with those values.

Can it be that Senabeh is asking his people to become to American society what he is to the Penobscot nation—using the gifts of their Indianhood to serve as spiritual leaders? Is Senabeh asking his people to become the medicine men of America?

(The interview that follows was recorded during an afternoon with Senabeh in early February. In the early moments, Senabeh was cordial but wary, searching our faces to discover our purpose. Once convinced that we had come in the right spirit, he spoke of his life as a medicine man with surprising candor. He was open in all matters except the mysteries of his herbs, and that knowledge, he explained, could only be passed on to a worthy successor. We have shared what he said almost in its entirety in the belief that nothing he told us of his strengths or his weaknesses could do anything but increase respect for him as a man.—pw)

“A medicine man is usually the second leader of his tribe. He leads his group of Indians to wisdom. Try to help them make decisions in a spiritual manner, you see,” Senabeh said.

“The medicine man was used in the tribes for giving advice to people and furnishing them with materials, with medicine. Helping them spiritually and materially both. That’s the way it was in the early days. To give the right time and the right date for certain occurrences, you know. And to analyze dreams for such as would have dreams.

“He is the *advisor* of the Indians, to give them advice and to keep them healthy.

“Oh yes, they come here,” Senabeh said of the Penobscots, “they often come here. It’s the people of the middle twenties and the early thirties that come here because their minds are fully matured. And they begin to feel the vibrations of this, you know, of all what’s going on, spiritually. They feel it.

“Of course the medicine man, he has to stay neutral at all times . . . until he finds out exactly what is developing. If it is right, we defend the right. If it is wrong, we try to make it a right. That’s the way.

“It’s painful (to be a medicine man). To be between two people, to bring in the unmutual feeling between them. It’s quite difficult. You have to be an arbitrator.

“It’s very dangerous for a person that has any spiritual knowledge, same as a medicine man, to become angry. You have to be careful of your thoughts. That’s the reason why anger, you know, is a very bad, bad thing.

“These modern times, if he becomes a medicine man, he mixes up with everybody. Years ago it never happened this way. He lives all alone, such as I do. Locks himself in, same’s I, living there (Senabeh points to the wooden hut beside the trailer where he used to live).

“I lock myself in, and I sit there for hours, dark, dark, so you don’t see nothing to attract you. And then everything comes out like a picture, just like looking and I see something. You see everything.

“Course it’s in a good old way, you know, your mind, your thoughts are good, clear. Sometimes you’re wishing for the best, but *how* can it become better. You set down there alone—and it’s, think. Try to solve these little problems—or if somebody is having a problem. You see some person that you know, then you have their problem all solved.

“If I let myself go as a person, I’d be having interminglings with my spiritual beliefs. Some of the cultures with the white race of modern times. . . . You see, it would destroy me, to mix those.

“I have two lives, I might say. When I am living in any vicinity, I have to live the way they live. But actually, I think Indian in my own way. I’m speaking Indian to myself.

“I speak with them—they say, ‘What, what you say?’ And I excuse myself, you know, and tell ‘em I was just trying to explain myself, how I got the English and Indian mixed up.

“So that’s the way you have to live, almost two lives. And when you move into the woods, then you go into your own way of

‘It’s painful to be a medicine man—to bring in the unmutual feeling between two people.’



By Mark Emerson

Graveyard on Indian Island. Almost one-third of the Penobscots died during a cholera epidemic, a disease for which Senabeh has found the cure.

living, the traditional life you live. Everything's entirely different."

Senabeh paused, then chose his words carefully as he explained how one becomes a medicine man. "He (the medicine man) has to be spiritually inclined. He is a man, he is, I would consider, about one to every thousand Indians, to every thousand.

"They are *born*. They cannot practice. They cannot practice being a medicine man, as one might say, 'I want to be a medicine man.' He has to inherit that power, that spiritual power. His forefathers were (spiritual) . . . therefore in each generation it appears among the family."

Before a man may become a medicine man, he must go up into the mountains and find his spiritual name. This ritual is not limited to medicine men and does not make him a medicine man, but it is essential preparation for becoming one.

"Of course they go into the mountains and they have these spiritual meditations, you know, for their names, same as we had late this last summer here. Well, they had track visions and all. Finally when they descended from the mountain, the medicine man had to go and have a conference with them about what they had dreamt and what objects they had seen.

'A medicine man is born. He cannot practice for it. He has to inherit that power.'

"Like this Damaqua here. It seemed to be that the beaver (damaqua) was one he always saw when his visions began to change on Mount Katahdin. And another one, it was Matagwes, they called, the rabbit.

"And you see, such instances as that now, that doesn't make them a medicine man. You can go there, but each time your visions will be different. But they will concern you, they themselves. So that night the name giving was on, so officially—that is spiritually—that is their names. The Beaver and the Rabbit.

"He (the medicine man) has to go through a certain ceremonial, just the same as they are going through to get their names. He goes into the sweat box first. (Then) he has to go up (on the mountain) and stay three days, three nights.

"And then he must come down to tell what visions he saw. And if they prove right, then he can be a medicine man. After that he maintains the certain powers. He can see forward, not only for himself, but for his people.

"A medicine man usually maintains his name all his life, because his powers begin to grow stronger.

"Usually when he dies, there's always somebody, yes. I don't know whether it's a spiritualistic power or what it is. There's always somebody. It isn't a self announced one, self proclaimed one, but that's the way it usually happens. This person, to *be* a medicine man, he usually associates around with the other medicine men.

"There is something, a spiritual connection there. That I found out. There is a spiritual connection.



"Of course I had my traditions when I was younger, but I moved away from here. I lived 26 years alone in the woods.

"The woods was my source of materials. It was my drugstore, where I got all my medicines. It was my lumber yard, where I got all my materials (for carving), and also my meat market. Rabbits come in the fall, partridges come in the fall, deer.

"Then I'd go on a summer diet, organic foods, such as greens, dandelions. I planted a

small garden there, cucumbers and a few things. I lived organic, you know.

"Right around the last of October when things began to get frost, then I begin to build up on bone foods, more bacon, muscle foods you eat, like joints, that's like gelatin, you eat that. Then in the winter, you ice fish.

"In my traditions, back where I lived, I lived in style. There was no lights, no electricity, nothing. You had to depend upon

nature, the source of Mother Nature provided everything. Of course there was the four seasons of the year and there was always something every season."

As he spoke English, Senabeh's accent was almost like a Scottish brogue. There was a reedy, briar-like quality to his voice. Early in the conversation, his intonations were highly musical, as if making the transition from Penobscot. The longer he spoke English, the fewer modulations he had.

"It was twelve miles from here, where I was. Twelve miles I used to have to come down in canoe, you know. I used to make a lot of this stuff here," Senabeh said, pointing to a war club on the table. "I used to come down every two, three weeks, get my provisions, pack up and then canoe from there.

"Come down in the morning with all my things that I make, come down early in the morning just about daybreak, get down there, (people) just about getting up, make my sales, do my shopping, get my provisions, go back again the same day. That's 24 miles, twelve miles down and twelve miles back.

"So the woods provided everything. In fact the woods—the trees are part of me and I am part of the trees. It didn't matter to me if I had money or not. I had money all around me—the woods."

Senabeh grew herbs as well as vegetables on his island. "Certain seasons of the year, I plant. They first start in May, continue on through the month of May, June you have another one, July you have another one, August you have another one. September.

"September's the last thing you get, because everything's gone to seed then, it begins to lose its strength. It begins to go the other way. And once a heavy rain gets it, it's no good. It washes it all away.

"I used to dry them (herbs) and bring them (to Old Town). Even ginseng I brought from way up river, ginseng and mandrake. Mandrake, it's a general medicine. It's used

for insect repellent. It's better for you than this stuff you buy. It doesn't clot up the pores of your skin. You don't perspire a bit when you put that on. But this other repellent, you perspire. It isn't good for you either. Some break out in rash, allergic. With the other (mandrake) your pores have a chance to breathe. That'll even cure any type of rash.

"I got medicine for ear aches and headaches. It's almost instantaneous once you sniff that up your nose. It's like a snuff, you know.

"I never used no other kind of medicines. I always had a huge abundance of it here, not only for me but for other people. Course they don't know the seasons of the year to get it anyway. You tell 'em the spring, they get it the fall, it's all gone.

"I don't only gather for myself. I gather for all the people. (But) it's not only the material things that I help them with. It's also the spiritual things. All the things they want to find out, the Passamoquoddy, Micmacs, Penobscot, Malecites, they come here."

Some of what Senabeh knows about herbs was passed on to him by his mother and some of it he discovered himself. "Well, they were in my family's tradition, but others I found myself or else I had an oracle, what we call briefing the track—and then I found out they (the visions) were true. They worked. And through them I extended myself."

Then Senabeh told how he had discovered a cure for poison ivy and other illnesses. "I had it so bad when I was a kid. I sat down in that stuff, and I really got it. I had it good, my fingers and all of my body.

"So my mother said, 'Take that baking soda people been telling me about.' I said, 'That's something to make bread with.'" Senabeh added, "That's camouflage. Stops your itching, but it doesn't cure.

"So I went up in the woods looking for something (for a cure). I was young, I was only about ten years old. I picked some of

'The woods provided everything. In fact, the trees are part of me and I am part of the trees.'



By Mark Emerson

this plant, took it up accidentally. Oh it tasted sweet, chewing it, tasting it, you know. I got a whole mouth full of that, and it smelled good, tasted good. I put it on my fingers, my hands, juice of saliva on it. I wanted to see what it was—studying it.

“When I got home, one of my hands, both of my hands in fact, itched and I went like that, scratching like that, so I eventually got it between my hands. It dried, it stopped the itch, irritation, right off! Then my hands got better.

“My mother I told, ‘My hands are better, but the rest of my body isn’t.’ So she says, ‘You go up there, get that, what you found, and bring it down.’ So I went up there and I got it all up, shredded it, steeped it, got it all over myself.

“It cured poison ivy, dogwood. Later I found out it cured stomach ailment, diarrhea, even cure cholera. You know the Indians here had cholera, almost killed one-third of the Indians, and that was one of the basic medicines that they used. And I found it. It’s good for baby rash, or any rash at all.

“I practiced this (life in the woods) because I thought it was something that every Indian should know. Everyone that’s living so close to nature as I had, I thought this was, as my mother told me, this is what you should know. You should know more about your surroundings where you live.

“And so I used to go alone, in canoes up this river, ever since I was able to get into one. In fact, I was almost born in one. I was, you know. My father and mother were going up the river and they had about a hundred yards, or two hundred, and finally mother took sick, just about up to the house. So I was born almost in the canoe. My grandmother *was* born in a canoe. She was born on the St. Francis River.

“Yah, I was born in 1913. I’m 65 years old. Still I can walk the river. I can walk clean all of the way, or I can do some of the most hardest work that men do, with Indian work. Course we had a pretty good start when we was young. It’s actually the food you eat, the food. I et according to traditional foods. I et according to seasons.

"My father, he was a musician. Liked to blow his horn, a trumpet player. He studied in the Boston Conservatory of Music. That made him a pretty big heap of man, you know. He wasn't home half the time during the summer, going around the seacoast, you know, playing with an orchestra.

"Me and my mother and the rest of the children would stay home and plant gardens. Once every three weeks, he'd come home, money of course. We didn't miss it, because we'd get along pretty well. Only just the sight of him, that's all. And we all had pretty nice lives. My mother never drank nor smoked. Neither did my father drink.

"I was working at Indian arts and crafts until I was twelve years old. My mother taught us a lot. She told us, 'Some day, you'll be a man before you know it. Anything happens to me, son, you'll have a good start in life.'

"She never wanted me to be a musician. My brother was a musician and the rest of my family were musicians, but I didn't want it. She convinced me in many ways it wasn't the type of art I was supposed to be involved in and live with all my life.

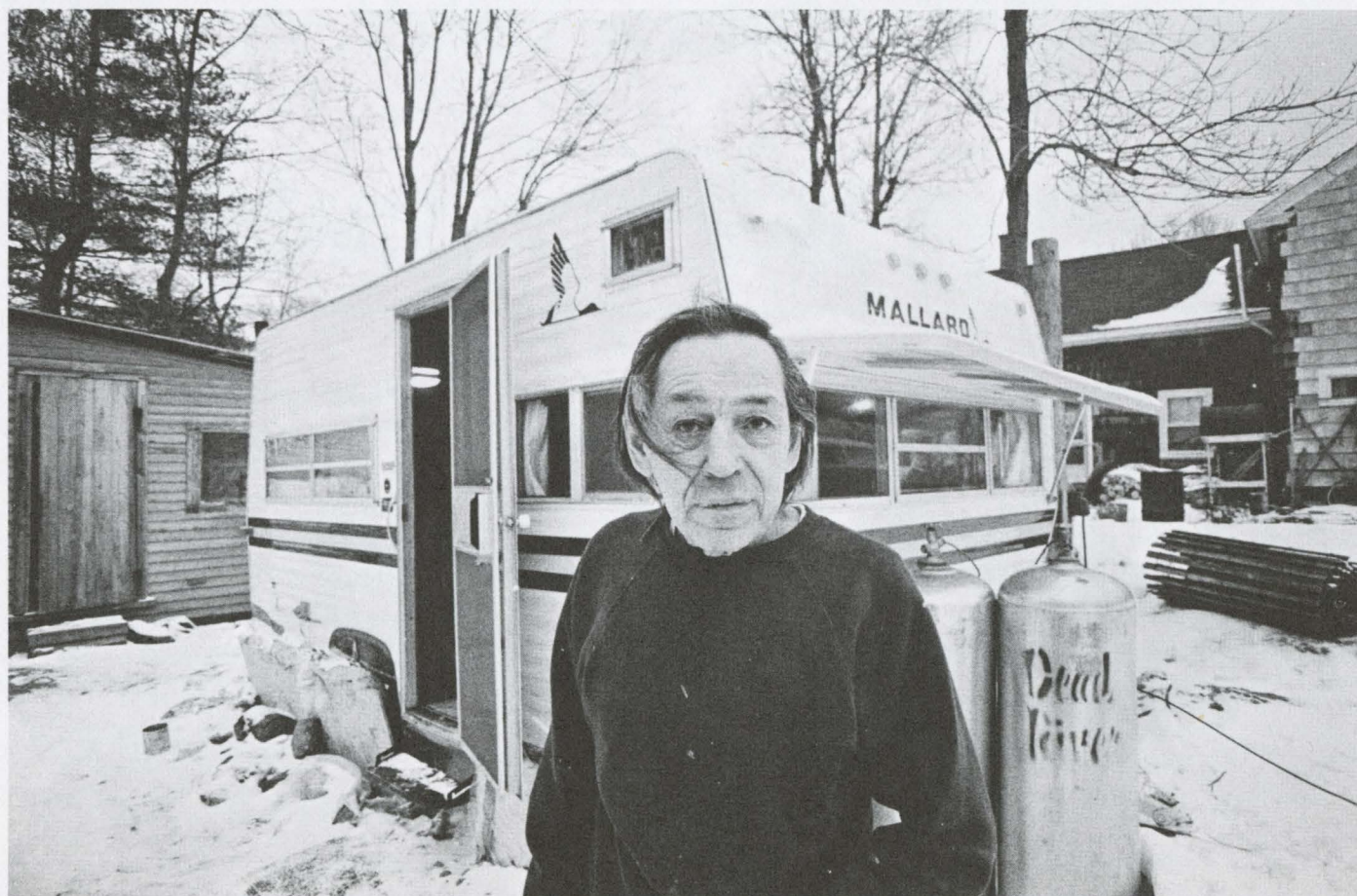
"So I was always a young artisan studying

from the older people, like from my mother's side. The older people were my companions.

"I went to school here; then I went to high school in Buxport. I went to seminary school. Then I was going to study to be a surgeon. I was going to Germany. I learned German. That's when the birth of the Third Reich was coming in, you see, about the time I was going over to study in Germany. So I withdrew from that idea and I took up art. I studied anatomy in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts."

Senabeh began to joke about where he had gotten his education. "People ask me, 'When did you do all this? Where did you learn all this?' I say, 'Hemlock, Hemlock Island up there (the island where he lived all alone). They would say, 'I didn't know there was a university up there!' I says, 'I studied art. I studied medicine.' They say, 'Oh, how many goes to the university? I never heard of it, must be something new.' I says, 'Well, I'll tell you how many goes there. I'm the principal, I'm the teacher and I'm the student there. I'm the only one lives there.'

"Well, I call it my Shangri-La. It was the place I always wanted to live. I wanted to live closer to nature 'cause it provided me with everything. It's a gift. If I could cultivate it,



'I call it my Shangri-La. It was the place I always wanted to live, closer to nature.'

then it would make me a better man. More cleaner way, more cleaner thoughts.

"Now the Indian, when he has his ceremony, he gives thanks to everything all around him—the trees, the air that we breathe, the water, the fire, the powerful things of the universe. We give thanks to that in meditation, then we begin our ritual. We don't pray from a book. We pray the way we feel, just the way we feel. We don't have no Bibles. We soul search, but even if we don't, we still maintain our traditional ways,

"I stayed there (Hemlock Island) year in year out. It's one of the 125 islands on the Penobscot River. It was a large, very large island. There's everything there. It was an abundance of all different kinds of woods and the game was plentiful.

"I was just living in my paradise right there. Happy—a lot of wildlife there, raven, crow, ducks, deer, and moose, and all those other animals in the water, you know. I used to trap, but finally I gave it up. I thought they looked better to me alive than dead.

"I'm that way today. I'd rather see them alive than dead. I don't even own a gun."

Senabeh's words slowed as he tried to explain how he could bring himself to leave what was for him a paradise. It was World War II that took him away. "Actually I didn't have to go (he had a medical discharge from the American army), but I was always feeling that it was a part of selfishness on my side. I feel guilty. I had the shadow of guilt over me. These peoples going over.

"I says, 'I'm a healthy boy. I been rehabilitated as far as my strength goes. There's no use of me denying any part of it at all whatsoever. I might as well do whatever I'm supposed to do.' So I just put my work aside and enlisted (in a Canadian combat unit).

"When I came back, I don't know, it's a funny thought that hit me when I came back home after seeing that violence. Things didn't seem as peaceful in my mind as they had before. I stayed there (the island), oh, months. Went fishing. Something dropped

my interest. Violence and all of that. It changed me, see. It changed my attitude towards life. It was the thought of hatred—peoples hating one another.

"Anyway, I went on this other reservation. I took my canoe, took the body down here, paddled it down. I said, "Maybe I better rehabilitate my way of thinking. So I came down to Princeton, that other Indian reservation. I said, 'I'll go down there and make some baskets and get myself back in stride again.

"So while I was there, I just couldn't sleep nights. I was bothered. I had a little place a little bit bigger than this shack I got behind here. All one big room. This lady was going to furnish me with that because she was running a gift shop, see. She wanted me to make a few things in return.

"I couldn't sleep at night. I had some problem. (I said) 'There's only one thing (to do).' So I went down the line and I bought a case of beer. I brought it up to the house. I locked myself in. Pulled the shades down, put on some meat, I had some meat. Well, I drank. I drank that night all alone half talking to myself, thinking aloud the things I should have done, the things I shouldn't have done.

"So then the morning came. I was glad the morning came. Sat on the edge of the bed, a case looking at me in the face, so I got something to drink—milk! I went down to the IGA store, and when I got down there I wasn't suffering at all; I was feeling pretty good.

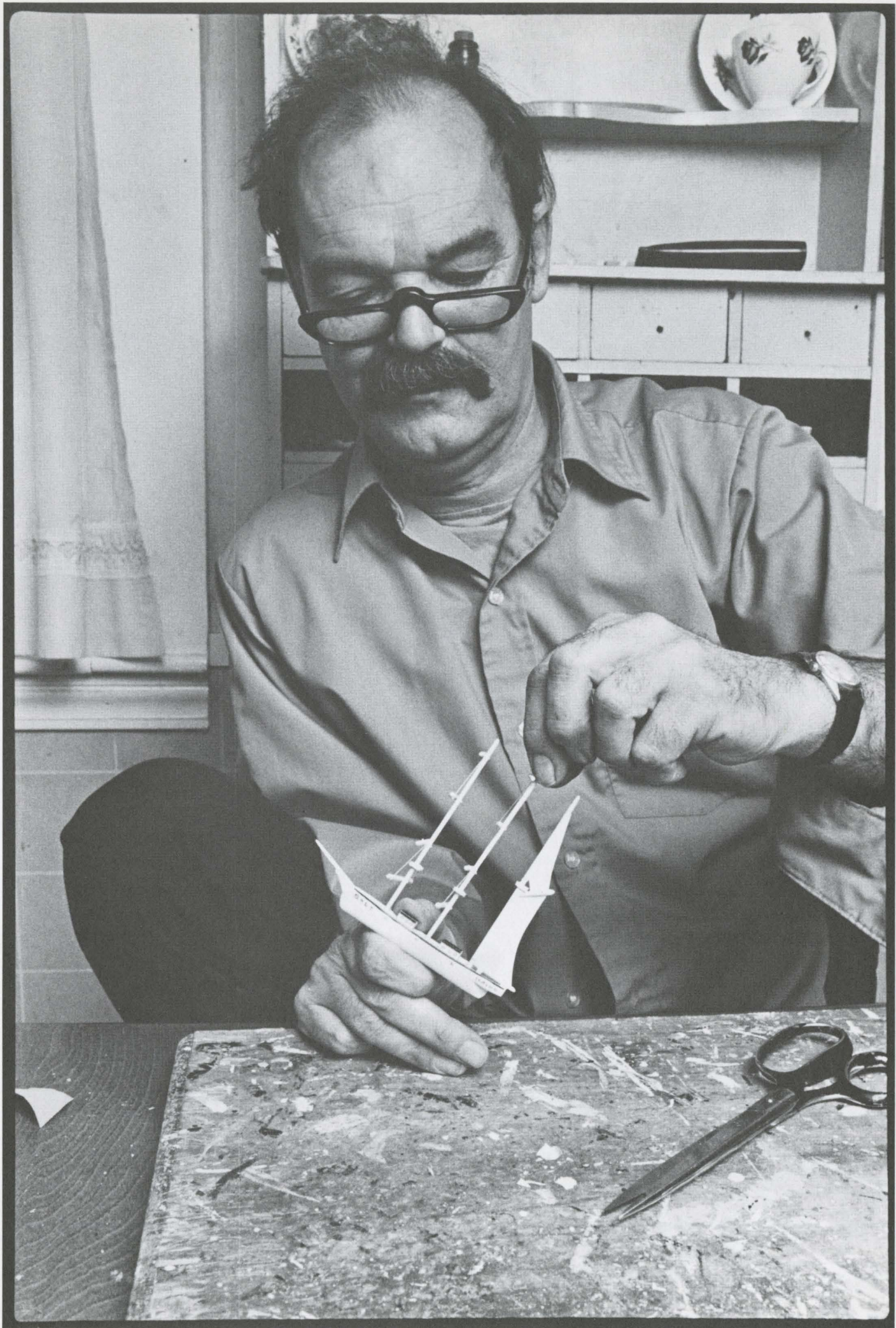
"Felt high in spirits, you know. The spirit of fermenti taking over," said Senabeh with a laugh. "So, readily, I met the old padre, the priest. He was new. I hadn't seen him before. This padre (said), 'You, you're Senabeh. Aren't you Senabeh?'

"I said, 'Right you are.'

"'You're just the man I want to see.'

"Well, I said, 'All right. Here I am.'"

(Continued in the June issue of *Salt*: "The Padre and the Medicine Man", part two of the Senabeh story.)



Sails in a Bottle

By E. J. Blake and Pamela Wood

Photography by Lynn Kippax, Jr.

"That's where I get my pride. It's not in making money. It's—when I'm gone, these will always be around. I got ships in probably at least ten different countries. That makes you feel good."

As he speaks, Winson Morrill of South Hamilton, Massachusetts, leans intently over a long-necked wine bottle while his left hand maneuvers a billowing sail into place with almost imperceptible motion.

He is performing a piece of magic that has bewitched children and sailors, kings and captains for two hundred years: putting a tiny ship model into a bottle.

Part of the magic lies in the wonder of it all. How does the ship with its tall masts and furled sails get through the narrow neck of the bottle? And part of the magic lies in the beauty of the object. Within the gleaming glass contours of the bottle rests a handsome little ship, complete in all its exquisite detail, a pleasure for the eye to see and the hand to hold.

For Win Morrill, putting ships in bottles is more than a hobby. It is a passion which has consumed him for almost fifteen years.

"Just soon as my wife clears away the supper table, I start right in," he says, explaining how he finds time for the hours and hours of intricate work that go into each bottle. "I make time. That is just it. Make time when I get home.

"It's amazing how the hobby grew," he grins. "I've done over four thousand now.

"Of those four thousand ships, I bet I gave 'bout at least 98 percent away. I do not attempt to commercialize on this craft, only that I am thrilled seeing my work on prominent mantles throughout the country." I have given them to historical societies, museums, civic groups, and in exchange for historic woods."

Around him as he works lie his handmade tools, so carefully designed, each for its own task, that he can put whole fleets of ships in bottles, rather than the usual single ship of most hobbyists.

He is in a characteristic pose, working at his kitchen table in his stocking feet, chain smoking, glasses pushed back on his forehead. He gets extra height to perch above the top of the bottle by haunching on one leg in his chair.

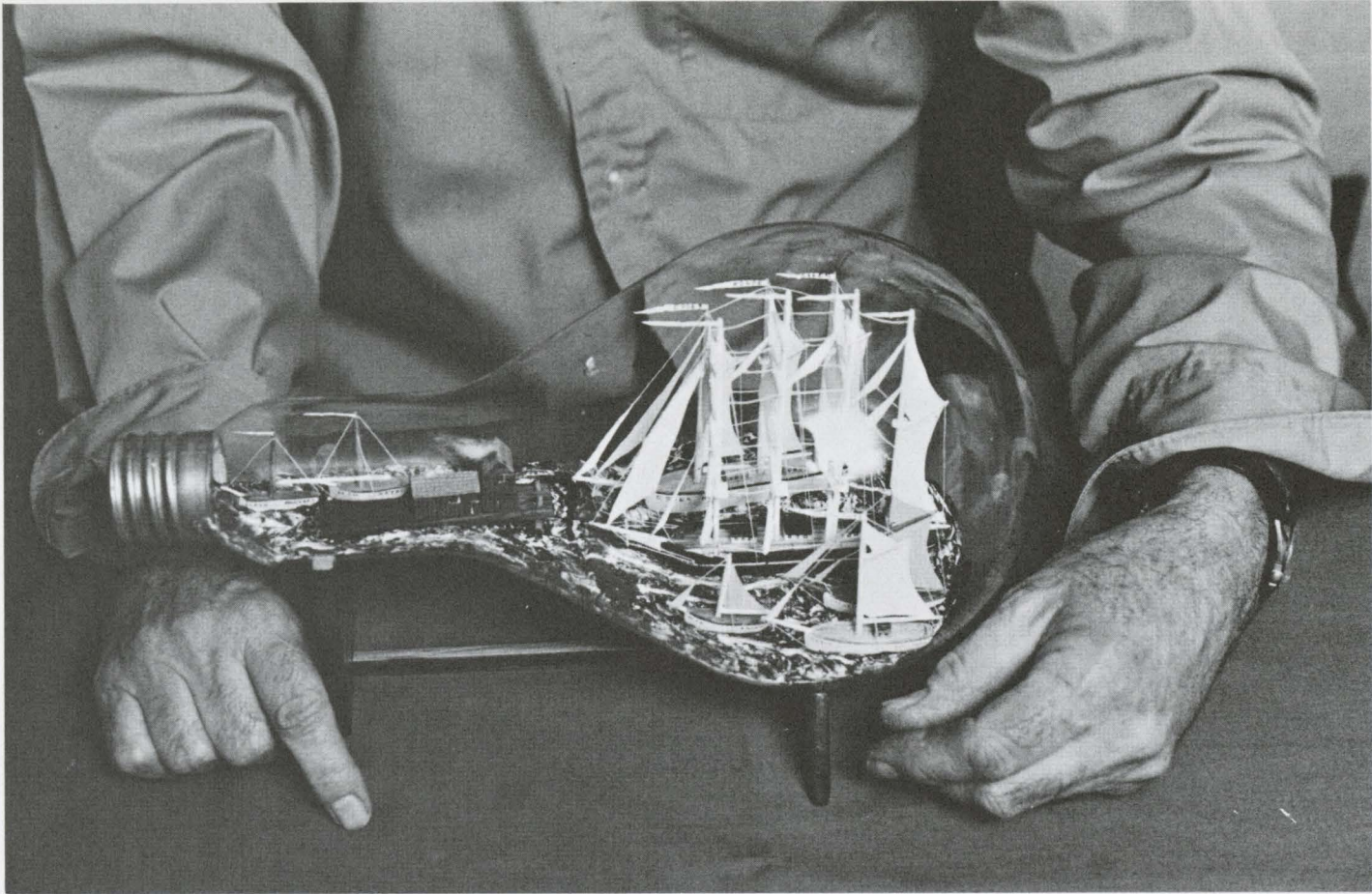
"You see the way I sit," he laughs, "and I'm comfortable. Sit on my legs, you know. For a fifty-three year old man, that ain't bad!"

It is not only the extraordinary zeal with which he pursues his craft that sets Win aside as an unusual craftsman. His work is distinguished for two other reasons.

First, his ships are linked with history, their hulls carved from the remains of historic ships and buildings for which they are named. In Buckingham Palace is displayed his model of the *Endeavour*, Captain Cook's famous ship, which Win carved from wood taken from the wreck of the ship recovered in America.

Many of the ships are carved from landmark structures in Win's native New England. He has made one ship from wood taken from the House of Seven Gables when it was remodeled, and another from the old Salem Custom House.

Another will be made from Beverly Farms, the house where six generations of Win's own family were born and lived, from the 1600's until 1910. "My father was born there, my grandfather, my great grand-



father, my great great grandfather, right down the line."

A second distinguishing mark about Win's ships in bottles is that he has developed his own particular techniques for the craft.

"I don't use the conventional way of building the whole ship, then putting it inside (with masts and yards folded down) and pulling the thread and everything goes up.

"Even that's pretty hard—to do it right. No matter which way you do it, it's a lot of work to it."

Win does much of his construction within the bottle itself, working with sixteen long handled tools he has fashioned from coathangers. Some are flat at the end, some round, square, hooked and pointed; some are straight from top to bottom, some curved at various angles for working within the bottle.

The hull and individual masts, along with part of the rigging are constructed outside the bottle. Then the ship is put into the bottle in sections, hull first,

masts one by one into the holes drilled for them. Much of the rigging is done within the ship.

The work within the bottle calls for small, tight strokes with his tools, which Win controls with the precision of a surgeon. "It looks hard," he admits, "but if you keep working at it and working at it, you can do it.

"The way I do it, I can do a lot more. Like I can put all these masts in a bottle," he says, pointing to a seven masted ship. He can also put more than one ship in a bottle—three ships or even a fleet of ships. Several of his models are ships within a bottle within another bottle, and he has even put ships in lightbulbs.

One of the advantages of Win's method is that he can position his ships anywhere he wants in the bottle, bottom or side. When the ship is constructed outside entirely, the bottle must be turned on its side as the ship passes through the neck and is lodged in the side. Bottles done by this method are

always exhibited lying on their sides.

Win developed his own method and his own tools to fit his particular needs as a craftsman. His right hand and arm are limited in the tasks they can perform because he had polio years ago.

His method has since been learned and practiced by craftsmen who have the use of both hands because it allows far more complex construction within the bottle.

While Win refuses to acknowledge that his arm is an impediment to doing what he sets his mind to do, he does admit that it may have some bearing on why he works so hard at it.

"I'm the kind of guy, he's always got to prove he's better than someone else at something—where I got this stupid handicap. I mean I built this house from scratch. I was just about the only one out here when I came here.

"So I'm always doing some-

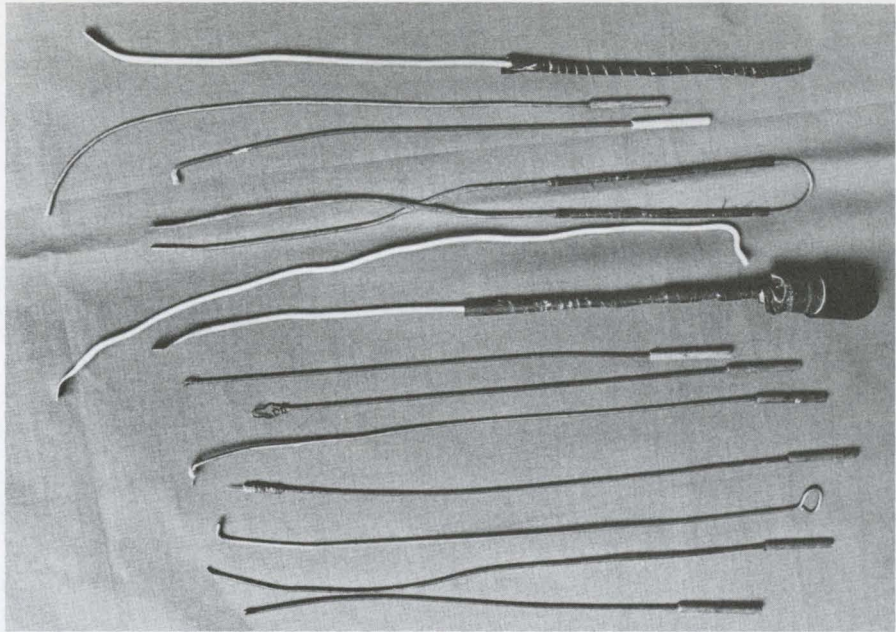
thing. I mean if I wasn't doing this (putting ships in bottles), I might go out and shoot a president or something," he laughs.

Before he began to put ships in bottles, Win was making ship models. One model in his living room has a crew of 115 men. "Then I was over to the Salem Museum once with my daughter and wife.

"I happened to see a ship in a bottle over there, so I thought I'd try it. I made about three of them before I had any luck.

"The first time something went wrong, I was down in the cellar with my daughter. The ship was all finished and I was just putting the pennant on. Every time I touched the strand of the ship, she'd sink a little. Finally the whole half of the ship sank in the putty there. So I just took it and smashed it against the wall.

"Well, the next one I worked on it until late and about three



"Each tool has its own purpose."

o'clock, I just reached for the aspirins. The aspirin bottle slipped out of my hand and hit the neck of the bottle and broke it. That was ship number two.

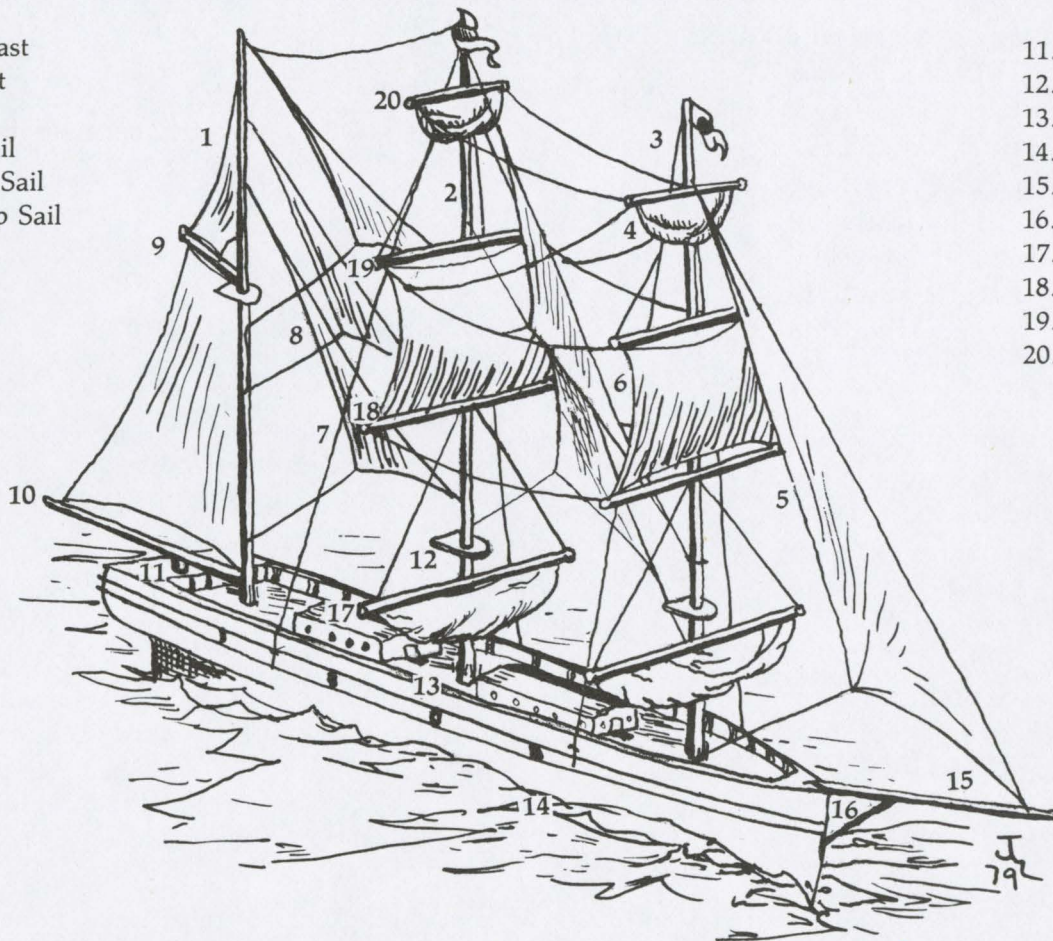
"Couple nights later, I tried again. I forget now, the third didn't work out too good.

"But the fourth one turned

out remarkably well. I've got that right around the corner (in his living room). I mean it's really one of the best I've ever done. I wouldn't sell it for a million dollars!

"In about four thousand ships, I haven't had any problems since then!"

1. Mizzenmast
2. Mainmast
3. Foremast
4. Furled Sail
5. Main Jib Sail
6. Main Top Sail
7. Srouds
8. Jib Sail
9. Gaff
10. Boom



11. Boom Rest
12. Mastcap
13. Bulwarks
14. Hull
15. Bowsprit
16. False Stem
17. Yard (1)
18. Yard (2)
19. Yard (3)
20. Yard (4)

By Julien LeSieur

Constructing the Ship

To demonstrate his craft, Win begins to make "just a simple little three masted ship."

"These are my tools over here. These are all made out of coathangers. Each tool has its own special job," and each is about a foot long. He has sixteen tools made from coathangers in a variety of shapes with a variety of ends (see photograph). "Throughout all these years, I can make them talk, more or less," Win says.

He also uses a utility knife, two hand drills, a common clamp, a long spring release tool, a gouger and scissors.

Win begins the hull with a small piece of soft pine wood free of knots measuring about 3½ inches long and one half inch in width and depth.

For his first step, he selects his utility knife. "This is my basic tool here, the best tool I have. This is the one I do all my carving, cutting and everything else." With the utility knife, he whittles the hull, shaping the bow (front) and stern (rear). He is careful to be sure that the shaped hull fits through the neck of the bottle.

Using a medium fine sandpaper, he sands the rough exterior sides and bottom of the hull. At this point, he puts his trademark on the ship, turning it over to write "Morrill" on the bottom of the hull.

Win attaches a common clamp to the hull, and using his thumb as a guide, runs the knife lightly 1/16th of an inch within the top side of the hull all the way around.

Following the line he has marked with his blade, he makes a cut 1/16th of an inch deep



Carefully carving the hull.



Attaching a common clamp to the hull.

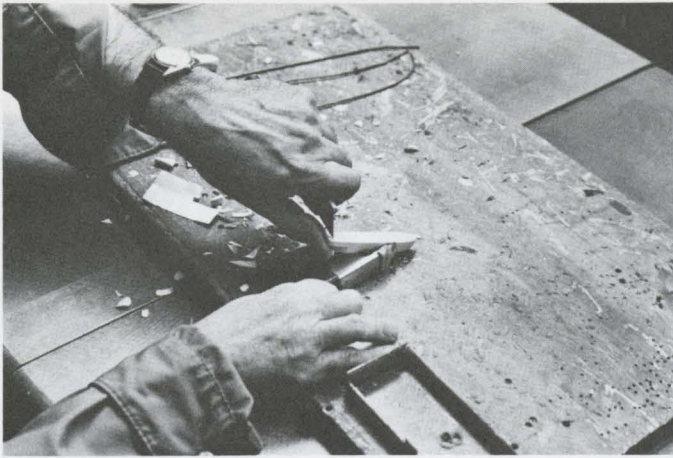
around the hull, forming the bulwarks (railing).

Next he uses a small gouging tool to scoop out the deck within the area of the cut. Then he sands the deck area.

Now Win makes the bowsprit. With his utility knife he notches the bow. From the stockpile of hospital applicators which he uses for bowsprit, masts, yards

and boom, he snips 1¼ inches for the bowsprit. He sands a point on one end and with his utility knife, tapers the other end. He inserts the tapered end into the notched bow and glues it in place with Elmer's glue.

Next he makes the cutwater (or false stem), which fits against the bow under the bowsprit. He cuts this piece from thin wood,



Cutting the bulwarks.

By Michelle Dionne



Gouging out the deck.



Drilling three holes for the masts.



Gluing on the bowsprit.



Rounding off the ends.



Gluing the boom onto the boom rest.



Sanding the hull smooth.



Painting the hull with white enamel.



Drawing windows for the cabin.



Adhering the cabins to the deck.



Lightly outlining the bulwarks.



Marking the portholes.

about 1/16 inch in depth (see sketch). Then he attaches it to the bow and bowsprit with glue.

With a 16 millimeter drill, Win bores three holes in the hull for the masts. The hole for the mainmast is drilled in the center of the hull and holes for the other masts are spaced about an inch fore and aft from the mainmast.

He shapes a 3/4 inch piece of applicator into a boom for the ship, rounding each end by sanding it. Placing an applicator in the aft hole where the mizzenmast will go, he lines the boom up so that it will touch the mizzenmast. Then he levels the boom by bolsting it with a small sliver of wood. He glues this boom rest into place, then glues the boom to the boom rest and to the stern.

Now Win paints the hull with white wrought-iron Dekorator's enamel. While the hull dries, he proudly displays a box-

ful of preconstructed cabins. These are made from tiny blocks of wood, each painted white with a flat black roof, dwarfish windows and doors.

Two of the tiny cabins are glued to the deck, centered between the holes drilled for the masts. With a black magic marker, Win lightly outlines the bulwarks and portholes. He also writes the name of the ship on the bow and its home port on the stern.

Now Win makes the mast caps. These are cut from a flat wooden stick about four inches long and a quarter of an inch wide which resembles a doctor's tongue depressor or wooden coffee stirrer. In the stick he drills a series of holes 1/8 inch apart that are large enough to insert an applicator (about 1/16 inch in diameter).

He cuts this stick into sections, each section containing one hole. These sections will

serve as mast caps for each of the masts he constructs.

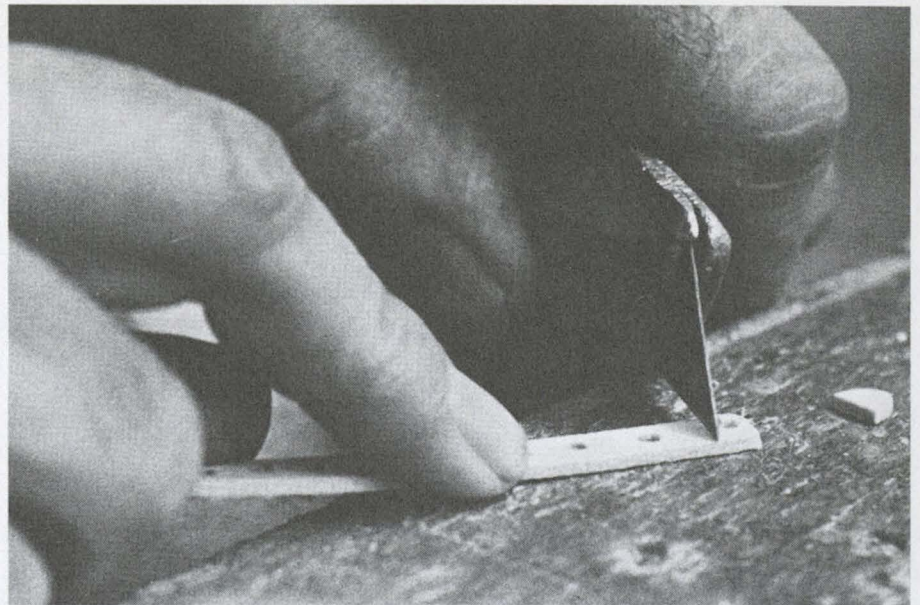
Next he makes the masts and yards from applicators. For this ship, Win cuts three masts, each four inches long. Then he cuts the yards from the applicators, making four yards for each mast. The bottom yards are cut about 1 1/4 inches long. The other three yards for each mast are cut progressively smaller by a quarter of an inch so that the top yard is a half inch long.

With a number 71 or 72 drill, Win drills four holes in the center of the mainmast and the foremast, starting about 3/4 inch from the bottom of the mast. The second and third holes he drills are about an inch apart and the fourth hole is about a quarter inch from the top of the mast.

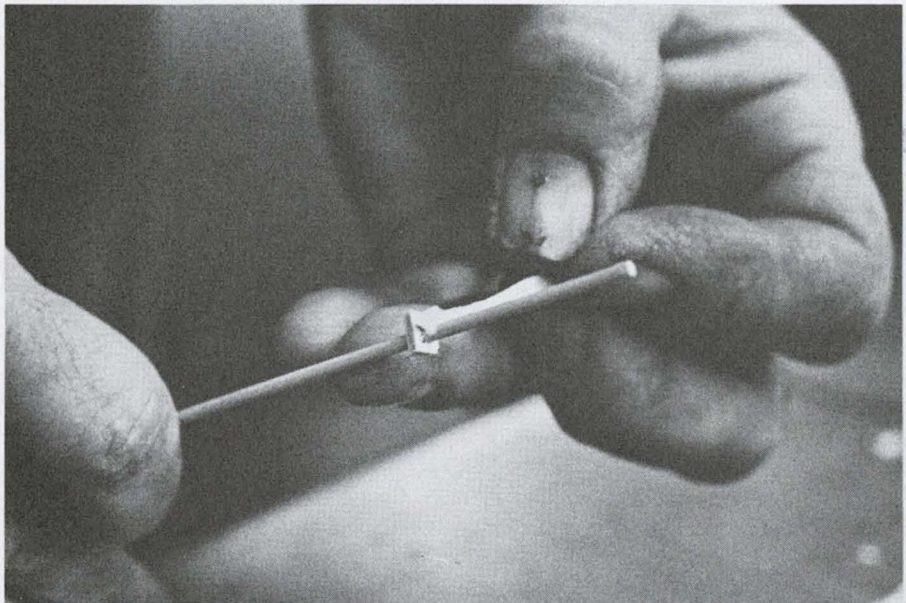
He threads the mast caps on the mainmast and the foremast about a quarter of an inch above the bottom yard hole and



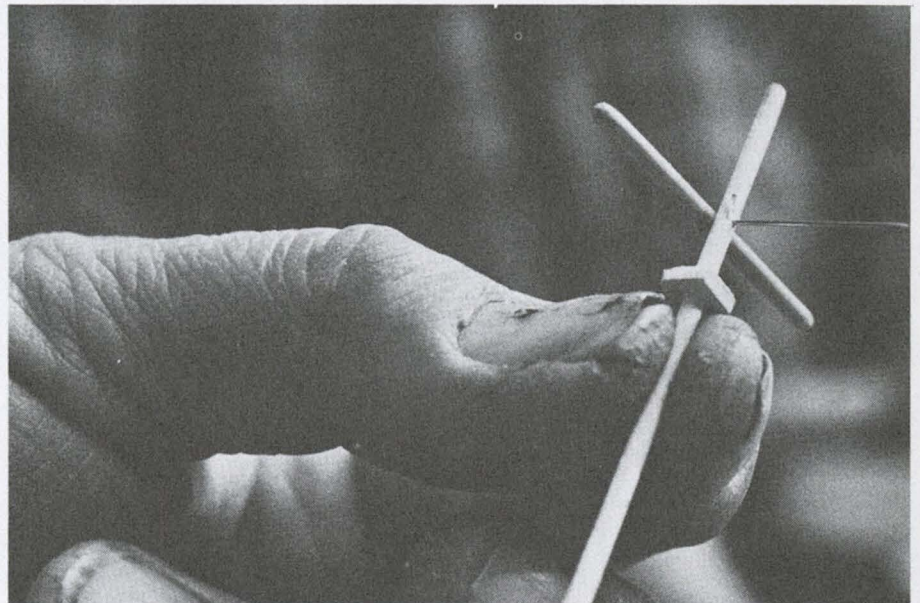
Cutting the masts.



Slicing the mastcaps off.



Gluing the mastcap to the mast.



Connecting the yard to the mast.

slightly above the center of the mizzenmast. He daubs Elmer's glue around the three mast caps to hold them in place.

Now he attaches the yards. Using tweezers, he pushes a common pin through the yards in the center and then through the holes he has drilled on the masts, so that there are four yards on the mainmast and foremast. He snips off the pins close to the masts.

He paints the masts and yards, using the same white Dekorator's enamel he used for the hull. "Oddly enough, that's the only paint I've ever been satisfied with," he explains. Then he stands the masts in slots he has made on his working board to let them dry.

The next step for Win is to begin the rigging by cutting the "lifts" which connect the yards. With a four inch piece of polyester sewing thread, he connects the bottom yard of the foremast with the yard above

it, wrapping the thread around one end of the bottom yard (1), pulling it up to the yard above (2) and down again to the other side of the bottom yard, making a triangle. He wraps the thread around the ends of the yards, dabs it with glue and cuts off the extra thread.

Then he connects the two top yards (3 and 4) in the same way. He repeats these steps with the mainmast.

To make the sails, Win uses a white, fibrous #20 ribbon like that used in a florist shop. "I can paint that and get a nice sail, make it look like any sail I want. I use this because it's pliable. I can work with it and it'll take a beating going through the neck of the bottle."

Win coats the ribbon with the same white paint used for the ship. After the paint has dried, he cuts the jibsails, main topsails and furlled sails for the ship with scissors.

Now he works on the mizzen-

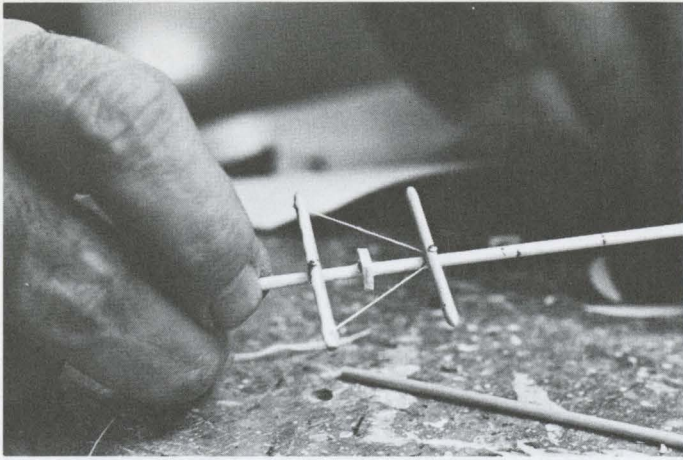
mast. First he makes the gaff, slicing off a piece of applicator about a quarter of an inch long. He attaches the gaff at a 45 degree angle at the center of the mizzenmast just below the mast cap.

To mark the pattern for making the mizzenmast sails, Win places the mizzenmast on the ribbon, drawing the two sails to fit above and below the gaff (see photo).

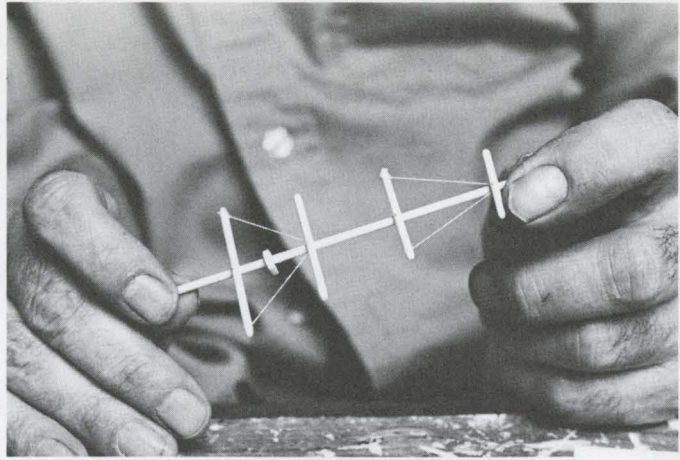
After cutting the mizzenmast sails, he runs glue up the side of the mast and on the gaff, then holds each sail in place with tweezers for a few seconds until it adheres to mast and gaff.

He attaches the main topsail and furlled sails to the yards of the mainmast and foremast with glue (see photo). Each of the main topsails is attached only at the top.

Now he cuts and glues on five jibsails, three running between the mainmast and the mizzenmast, and two between the fore-



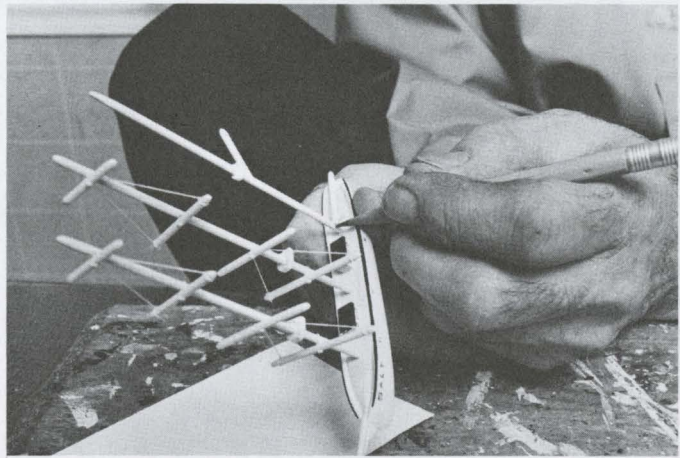
Making the "lifts".



Connecting the yards.



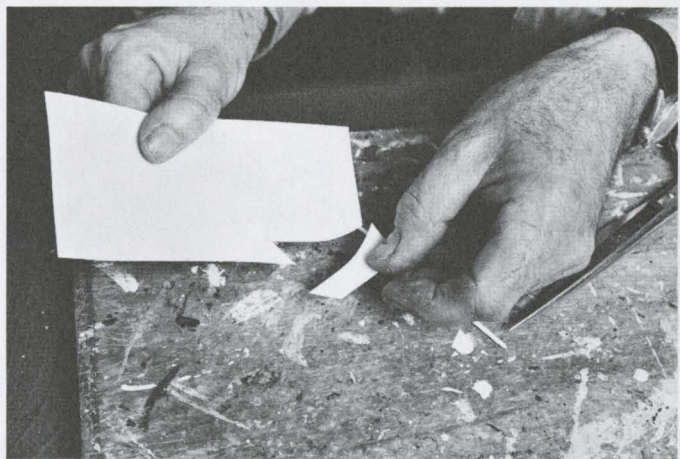
Marking the size of the sail.



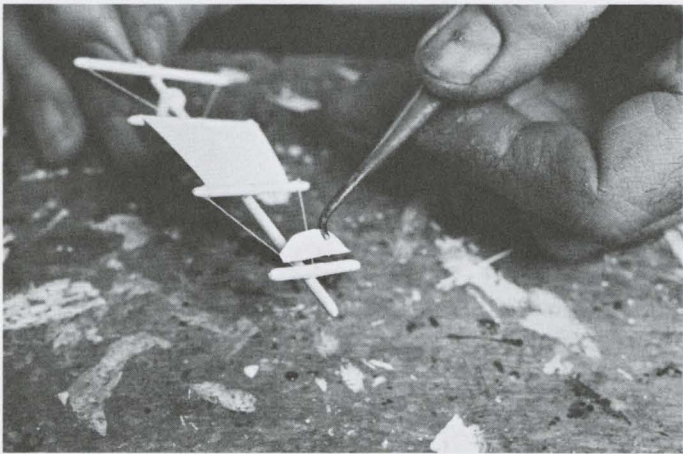
Measuring the mizzenmast sail.



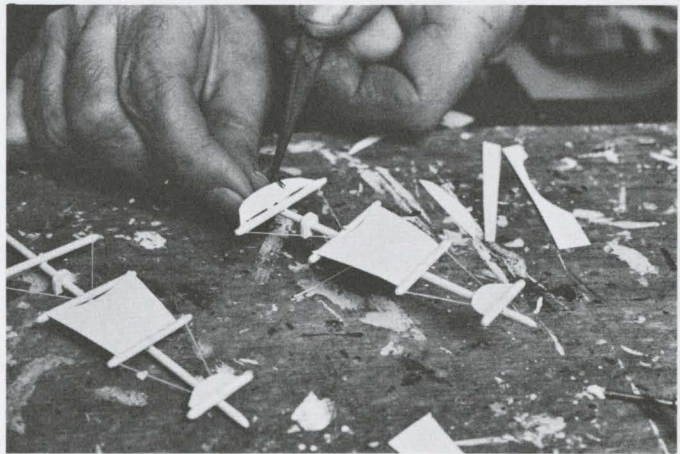
Cutting the sails.



The bottom mizzenmast sail.



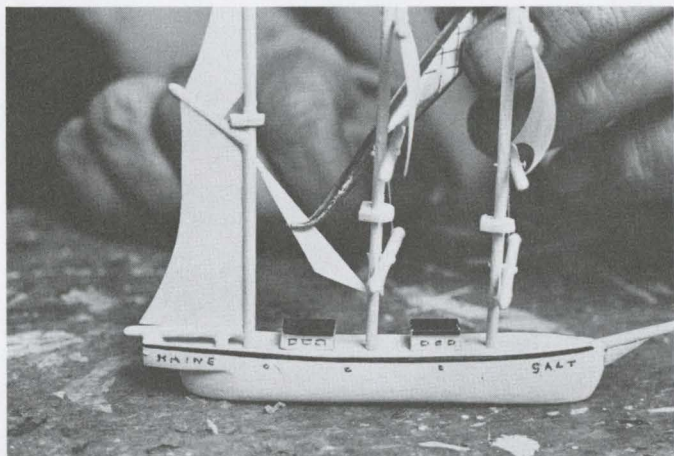
Gluing furling sail on mainmast.



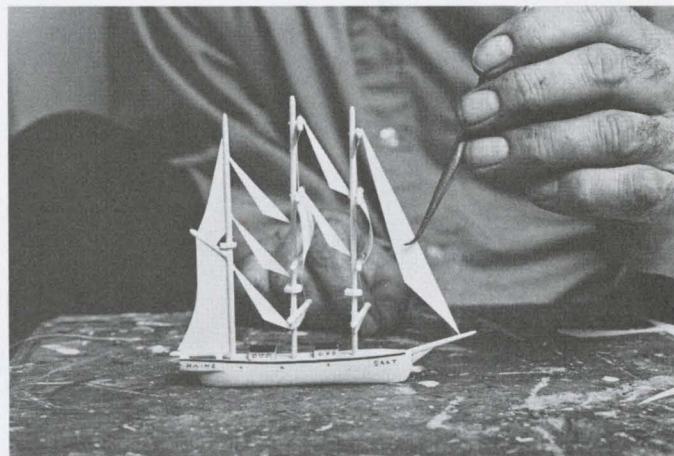
Gluing furling sail of foremast.



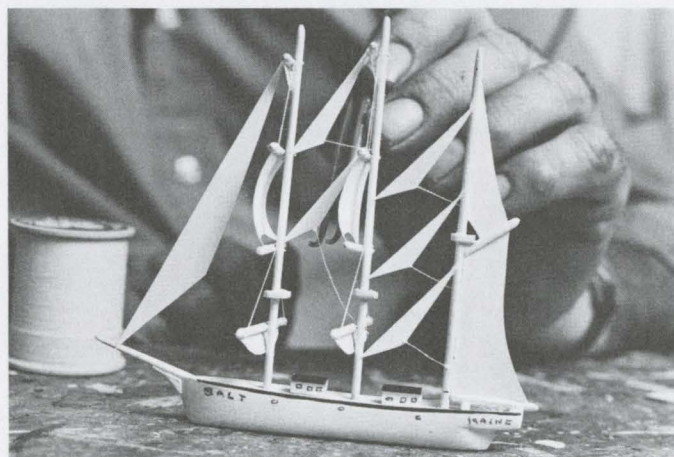
Win maneuvers a fleet of ships into a large lightbulb.



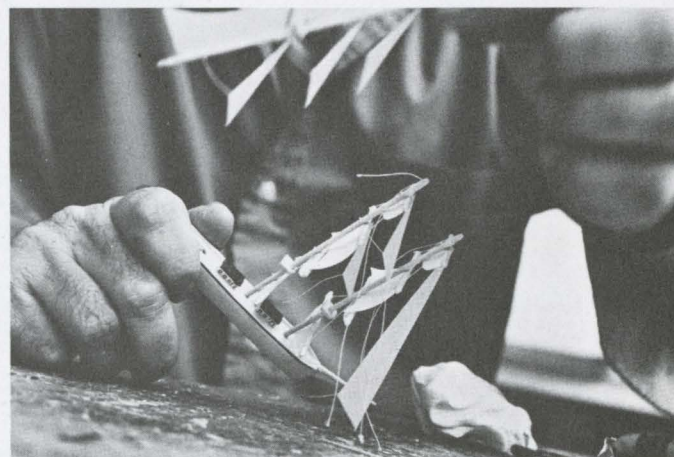
Attaching a jibsail.



Positioning the main jibsail.



Attaching the rigging.



Removing the masts from the hull.

mast, and mainmast (see photo for positioning). The jibsails are permanently attached at the top, but temporarily glued at the bottom with only a speck of glue. (When the masts go in the bottle, the jibsails must hang loose at the bottom.)

He attaches the jibsail to the top yard of the foremast at its center with a small dot of glue, then attaches this triangular sail at its base to the bow with a small piece of string. The third corner of the jibsail is attached with glue temporarily to the bowsprit.

Next Win makes the shrouds, (rigging which goes from the top of the mast to the sides). He cuts off two pieces of thread twice the length of the mast. Taking the middle of each thread, he ties one with a square knot at the top of the mainmast and the other at the top of the foremast. He lets the threads hang down until he's ready to attach the ends.

Win is now ready to put the three masted ship into the bottle. All steps that can be done outside the bottle have been completed, and the remaining steps must be done within the bottle, manipulating with delicate movements the long handled tools he has created just for this purpose.

First he removes the masts from the hull, standing each of them in the holes he has drilled in his work board. (He must unattach all the jibsails at the bottom where they have been temporarily glued.)

He spreads Prussian blue oil paint on the bottom of the bottle with a flat ended tool. The paint bonds the bottom of the bottle with the putty he is going to put in next. Putty is used to simulate the ocean.

He puts the putty in, one small lump at a time, until he has enough to cover the bottom of

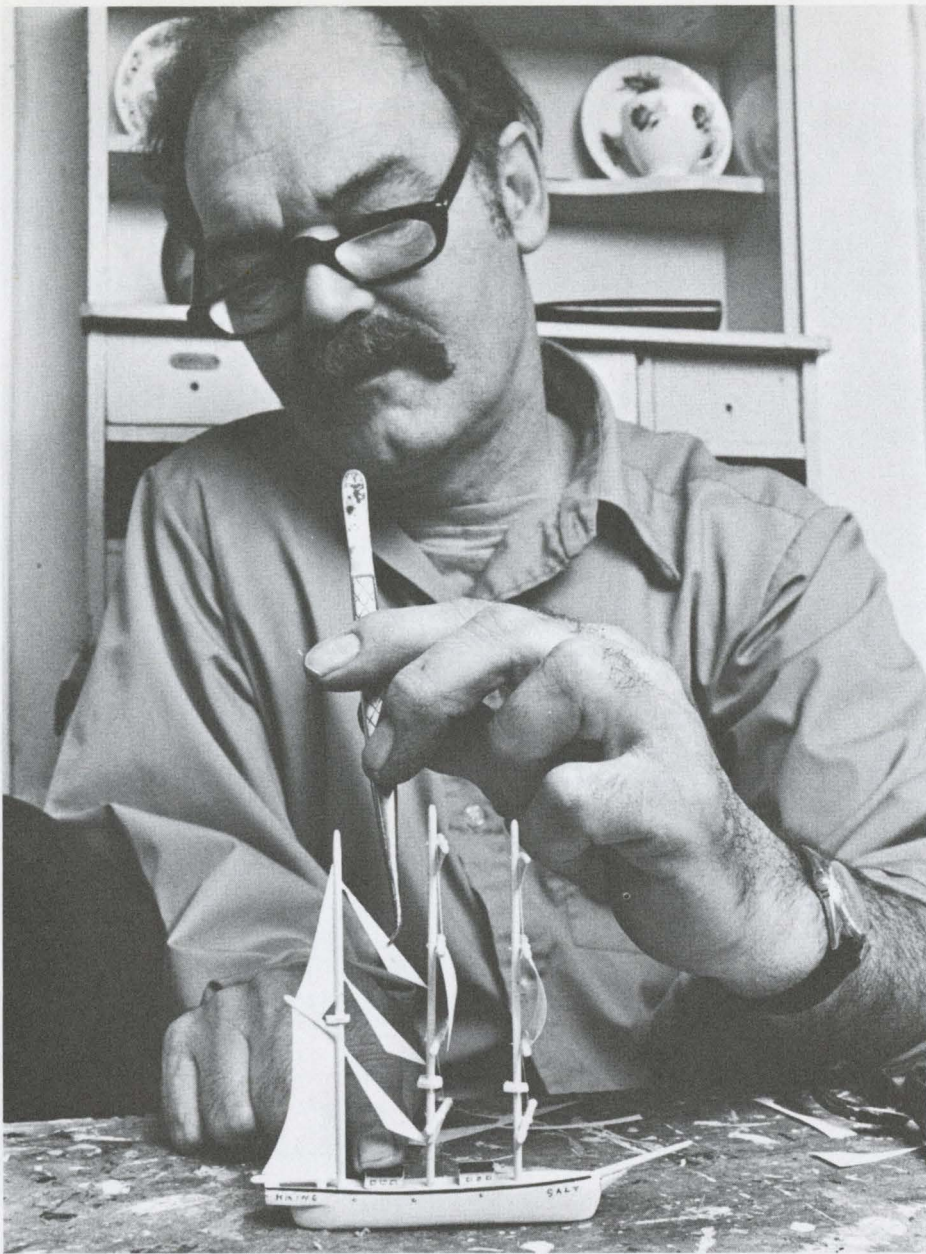


"One small lump at a time."

Putting the Ship in the Bottle

Placing the hull into the putty.





Win controls his tools with a steady hand.



Pushing the putty up against the hull.

the bottle. He shapes the putty, pushing it down with a tool that has a flat foot on the end.

As he shapes a bed of cresting waves from the putty, he adds dabs of blue paint to color the ocean. "You can make the ocean as big as you want," Win says.

Before he puts the hull through the bottleneck, Win carefully removes bits of putty and paint from it. "I don't get too much on the neck. When I'm through, I just wipe it off."

Using a long tool with a spring release that Win says can be bought in any hardware store, he picks up the hull by the bow. Turning the bottle on its side, he takes the hull through the neck stern first, releasing it on the bottom of the side. He takes a new hold on the hull at its center, and turning the bottle upright, positions it in the putty. With a flat bottomed tool, he pushes waves (putty) against the bottom of the hull, securing it firmly.

Now he puts the mizzenmast into the bottle. First he slips it partially into the bottle with his fingers, until all but half of the topsail is through. Using a tool, he pricks the topsail to gain a hold on it, then lowers the mizzenmast to the hull and maneuvers it gently into the hole drilled for it in the stern.

"I put the foremast in next," explains Win. First he turns the yards flat against the mast, "or as flat as I can get them", by folding down the sails. Then he tilts the mast, guiding it with his thumb. When the topsail is half in the neck of the bottle, he hooks it with a tool that has a common pin on the end and lowers it into the hull.

"You can actually feel that when it goes into the hole," he says as he lowers the mast into place, then pushes until it stands firm. He dabs glue around the base of the two masts to keep them permanently stable.

Now he straightens the yards, using a hook tool.

At this point, the main topsail of the foremast is attached only at the top (yard three). To billow out the sail, Win moves the ends of the sail to the stern side of yard two and then pushes at the center with a small tool to puff it out.

"In time, that sail right there, I'll get that so it billows out from the yard," he says. After a few more gentle pokes, he attaches

the sail with glue to the ends of yard two.

The rigging tied around the top of the foremast is now attached on each side. He dabs glue on each side of the hull about halfway between the foremast and mainmast.

"I'll wait a few seconds for that to get tacky. Then I'll draw down on that to make it tight." He pulls the lines down against the side of the hull until his tool slides off the end of the thread,

leaving the lines firmly anchored.

"I'm about ready to put the mainmast in. Do the same thing (as with the foremast). Tilt it, now that's hard to tilt." Carefully he maneuvers the sails into the neck of the bottle, letting his fingers gently bunch the yards and sails so that nothing obstructs.

As with the foremast, he straightens the yards on the mainmast, billows the main top-

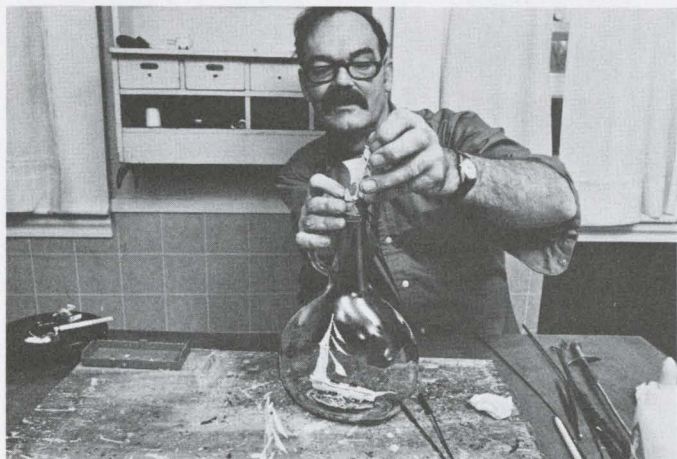
Lowering the mizzenmast into the bottle.



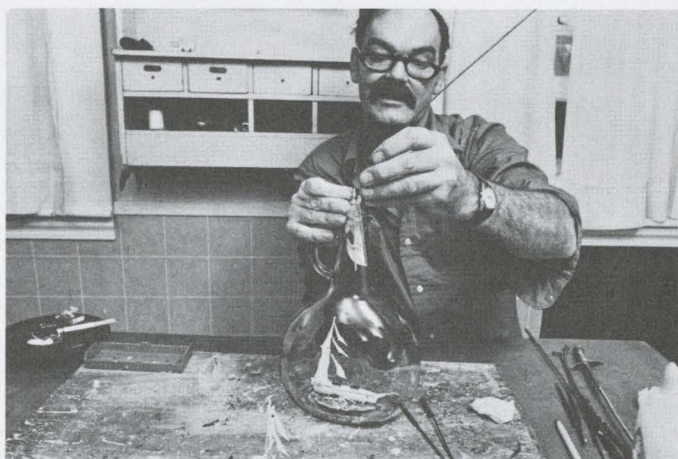
Placing the mast firmly in the hole.



Slipping one yard in at a time.

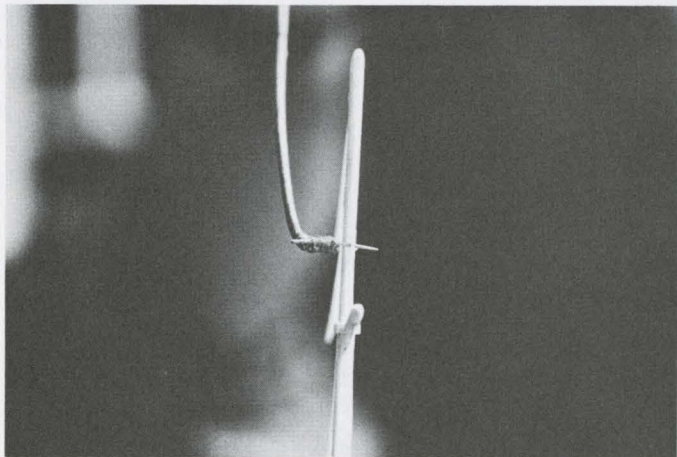


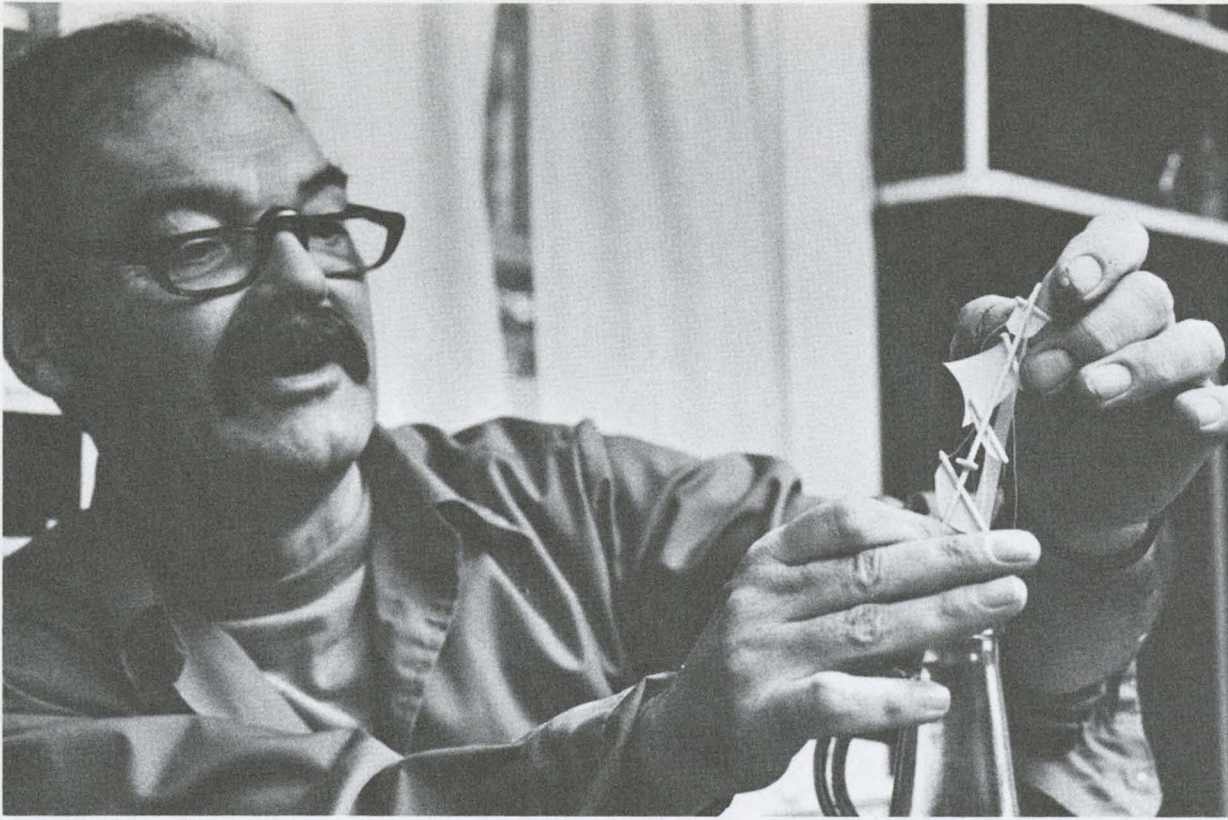
Hooking the sail with a pin tool.



Piercing the sail with a pin tool.

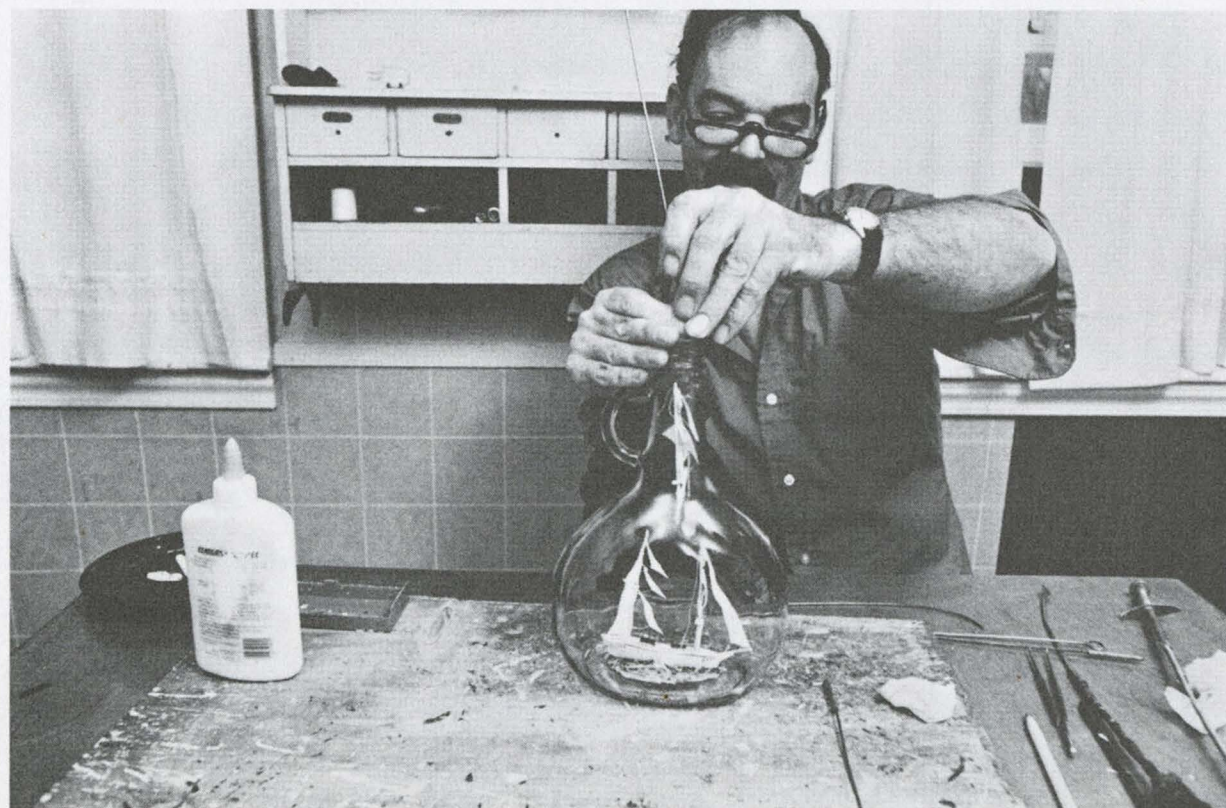
"That's where I get my pride."



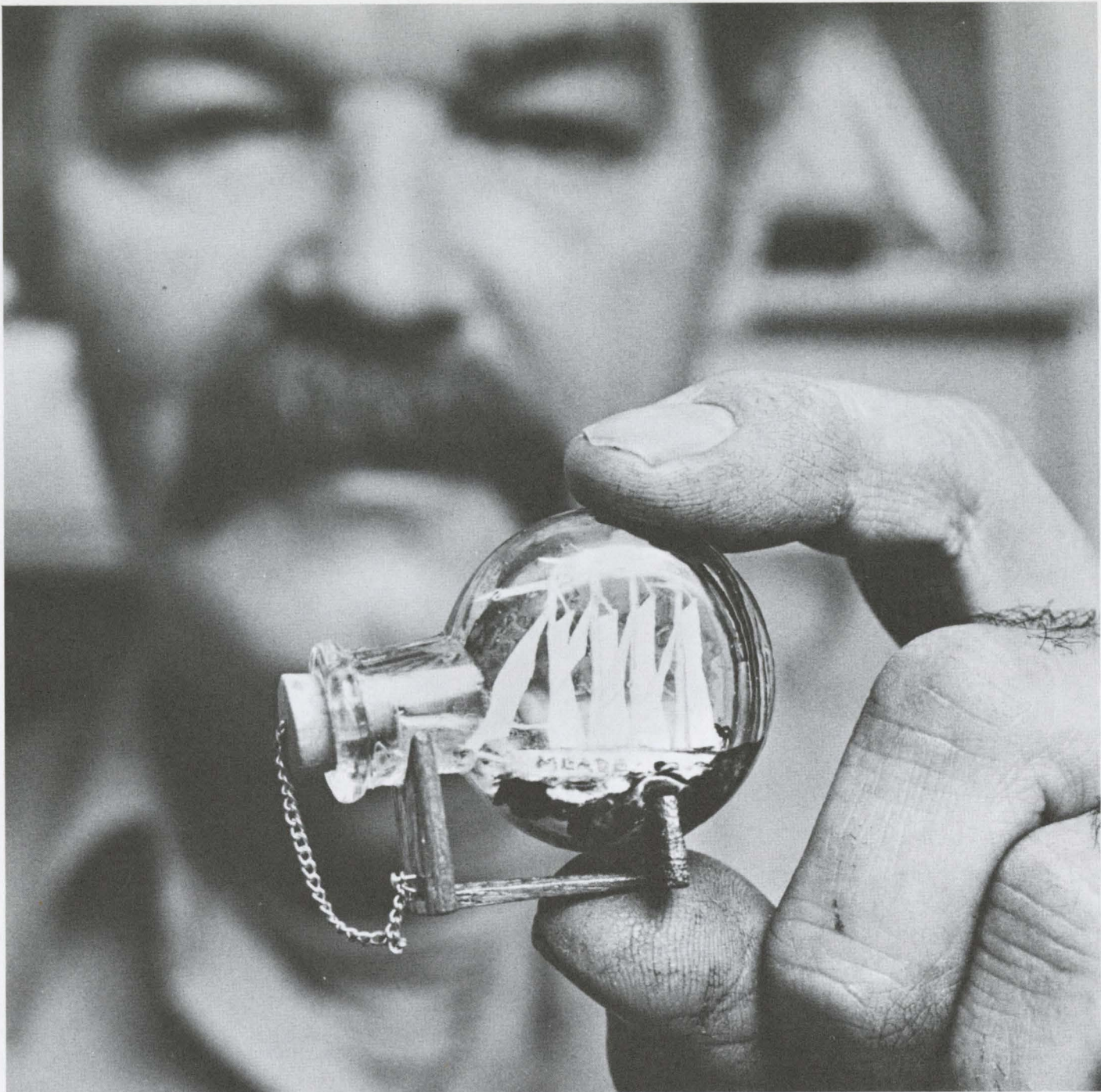


Maneuvering the mainmast through the neck of the bottle by folding the yards down against the mast.

Win is lowering the mainmast into place. Using the pin tool enables him to lower the mast gently into its proper hole.



Win is pulling the shrouds down firmly against the side of the ship. The Elmer's glue is slightly tacky so that the shrouds will hold tight.



The result of Win's hard work.

sails and attaches the top rigging to the hull on each side.

Win stops to make a point about using glue. He emphasizes that he uses a fresh dab for each application, lining the blobs up on a small glue board.

He then reglues the jibsails at the bottom, this time permanently.

It is time to attach the rigging that runs from yard to yard between the mainmast and foremast. He cuts eight pieces of thread, each about an inch long. Then he dabs glue on the starboard ends of each of the bottom

yards (yard one) of the mainmast and foremast. A piece of thread is attached to the glue, connecting the two yards.

He repeats this step between yards two, three and four on the starboard side, and then between the yard ends on the port side, until all eight threads have been glued into place.

The final triumphant step is to cut three pennants for the ship. These are cut from bond paper and identify the ship. In the case of the three masted vessel he has just made, Win writes "Salt" on the center flag,

"Maine" on a flanking pennant and "1978" on the third.

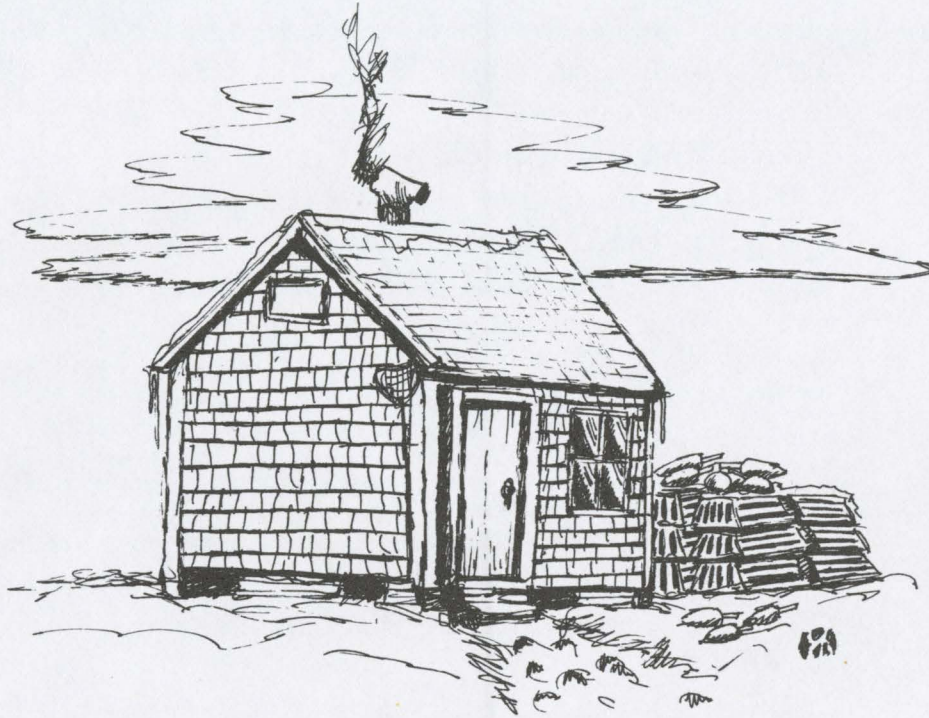
He accordion pleats them and attaches one to the top of each mast, making sure they blow out in the direction the sails billow.

The ship is complete, each part securely in place. "Once these are all done, I can really pound the bottle, and before anything will come apart, the bottle will break."

Win taps the bottle, turns it upside down and nothing inside it moves. He makes his ships in bottles "to last a hundred years."

Goddamn!

That's Bad Luck!



"They care as little what becomes of them as any set of people under the sun, and yet no one is so apprehensive of omens and signs as are sailors and fishermen."

By Greg Violette
Photography by Mark Emerson
Illustrations by Greg Violette

This quote from Brand's *Antiquities* interested some of us enough to go to the fishermen around Cape Porpoise and Kennebunkport, Maine, to find out what superstitions they knew and maybe (a little clearing of the throat) even believed.

Now, imagine a weather grayed, low roofed, little chicken coop of a building. The kind of building you can expect to find a fisherman in on a day as gray and rainy as this particular day we decided to visit the fishermen. (Actually, it's the only kind of day you can find a fisherman

around. They're always out in their boats on good days.)

Let's go inside. Through the door we see a group of them, sitting and standing about the buoy-hung room—feeling warm by the wood stove—joking and laughing and sometimes arguing.

In the room are Arthur Gott, Dave Reynolds, Bob Schmidt, and Dan Wentworth. We're going to add to the group Smokey Coyle, Stilly Griffin, and Ken Hutchins, fishermen we caught at separate interviews, but since they're talking about the same things, we figured we'd put them in the same imaginary work room together.

One of the first questions we asked was if they knew where superstitions started. Arthur Gott, a big fellow with curly hair and a wide grin, said, "I don't know where the hell they originated."

Leaning back in an old office chair with a beer in his hand and a battered beach hat on his head was Bob Schmidt (who is known as the Dutchman). He said, "Jesus! I don't know. I'll tell ya one thing. The fellas that really do believe in it, you'll never hear a word out of them. If you ask 'em anything about it, they'd tell ya nothin'. They don't want you to know that they do."

Dave Reynolds, the huskiest of them said, "I think they dreamed them all up. Don't you?"

Stilly Griffin who has been interviewed in *Salt* magazine before (showing how to make lobster traps and the like) declared, "Superstitious. Yeah, there's a lot of people that way."

"Well, I'll tell ya. Most of these . . . the blue and the pig. Damn old. You know?" Bob said.

"Oh yeah, been around a long time," said Arthur.

"Christ. Years ago, the sailing vessels (would) take the pigs right on board with 'em," pointed out Bob. You know? Keep 'em alive as long as they could and, you know, pigs and chickens . . ."

Smokey Coyle is a long, lean, soft spoken man who said, "A superstition is something worked up to be . . . you know, don't walk under a ladder. Same idea as that. It's common sense. I keep my mouth shut and go out. That's the best to do. I bet you, right now, in this present, modern age. . . . I betcha there's

Dan and Dave



Bob



Stilly



somethin' those astronauts gonna do before they take off to the moon."

"Are there any lucky or unlucky days?" we asked.

Stilly was the first to answer. "Good Friday's one. You wanna wait for Good Friday and that'll rule the weather for forty days and forty nights. He rules the weather for forty days. Oh, that don't mean . . . you'll get some good days in between. That still goes along for forty days. (Friday the 13th) is another one you wanna look out for. You get up Friday the 13th, you don't wanna push it too hard, 'cause it'll come right back at ya. They always claim that Friday the 13th was bad luck."

"All seems the same to me," said Dave.

"I never know what day it is," laughed Arthur. Deb's (his wife) mother won't even get out of bed Friday the 13th. Sure as shit somethin's gonna fall on her."

"It don't make no difference (to me but) I been waitin' all these years for my birthday to fall on the thirteenth," Bob said. "Can't do it. I was born on the tenth! Sonavabitch! I think I finally figured that out, you know. Waiting for my ship to come in on Friday the 13th and just come till 'bout a year ago, I was born on number ten." We all laughed to hear that.

Then Stilly told us this little predicting poem concerning the weather.

*Rainbow in the mornin'
the sailors' warnin',
Rainbow at night,
the sailors' delight.*

Smokey said, "It's a sign. There's a difference between signs and superstitions. A sun dog (rings around the sun), that's more or less a sign. Like clouds forming or things like that."

"Ayuh. You gitta thunder shower in the mornin', most generally early, and the tides come in," said Stilly. "That thundershower will probably hang around the biggest part of the day. I've been got in a goddamned thunder shower! I know what them bastards are!"

Dan Wentworth spoke up: He's been in *Salt* before, in a story about lobstering written by his bait girl, Anne Pierter. Dan

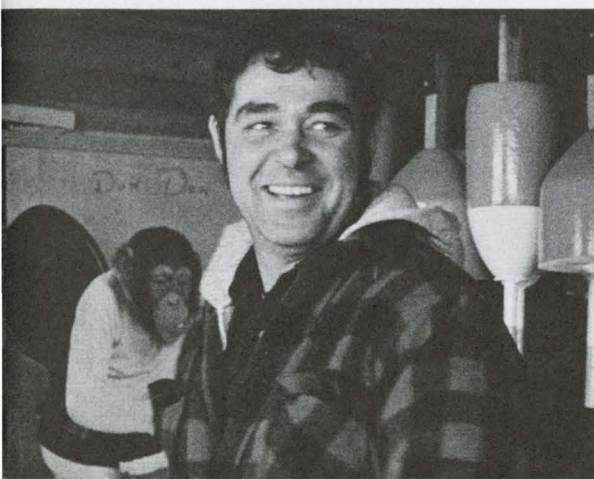
Unlucky Days

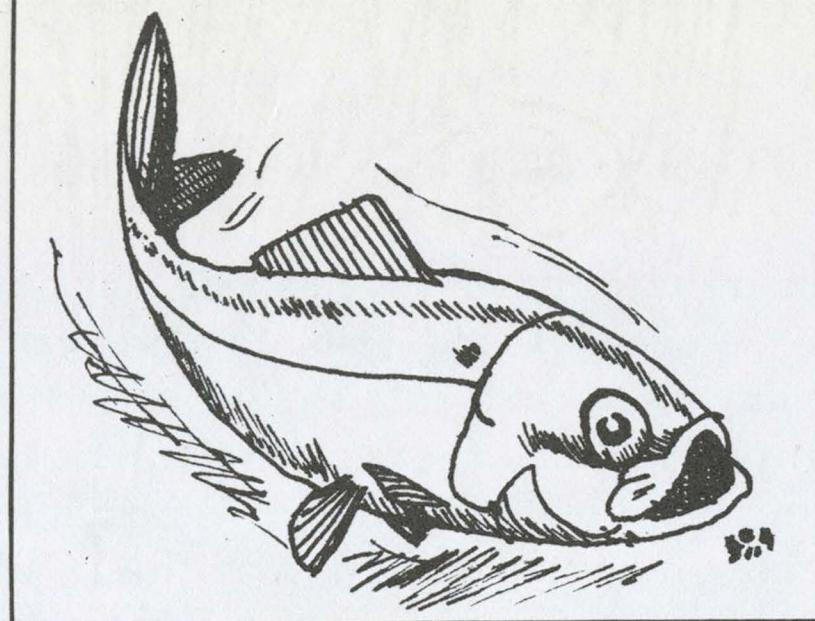
Signs

Arthur

Ken

Smokey





Alewives

brought forth a new topic; "Then there's the Alewives."

Stilly: "Oh, them goddamned things!"

Arthur: "Yep. That brings a storm."

Bob: "Well, I believe that. It really does! Spring of the year."

Stilly: "We'll have some beautiful weather . . . they bring them goddamned Alewives down there in the spring (for) lobster bait. They haul 'em in the traps. By Jesus Christ! They get them in and the very next day or for a week, you won't go out lobsterin'. The wind blows all the time! The gale winds! Them bastards!"

Bob: "Makes sense if nature and the Alewives . . . Maybe that storm has somethin' to do with the Alewives runnin'."

Arthur: "I'll bet it drives them up in there (up the river). Good place . . ."

Bob: "Well, I don't know how much you'll have in there. Every year you have them spring breezes. You gonna have 'em."

Dan: "They was usin' Alewives for a month to six weeks anyways. Well, you're bound to get a breeze in between there somewheres."

Ken Hutchins, the oldest of the group, who was featured in a *Salt* story about tuna fishing, said, "The only thing I know. They brought a lot of lobster bait to us."

Stilly: (angrily) "They ain't no good! Ain't wortha damn! Might as well put a shingle on your lobster trap. Catch as many lobsters as a goddamned Alewife."

Ken: "That's good luck. Any kind of fish, when you catch 'em (is) good luck. When you catch 'em to make a livin'. I've been lobsterin' 43 years and in the spring of the year . . . why, when the lobsters come out, that's when the frogs peep."

Arthur and Bob simultaneously said, "That's when you're supposed to set your trap!"

Ken (laughing): "That's what I used to tell them guys over there (pier) and they usta get a big kick out of it. So when they see me now in the spring they say, 'Well, 'bout time for the lobsters to come, the frogs are peepin'."

But Stilly had entirely different feelings about frogs. "Oh, God damn those things! When (they) come out at the spring of the year, that's when all the ice goes all outta the ponds. Bullfrogs start singin'. Christ! One fella told a guy, 'Now's the

Frogs Peeping



time to set your traps out for lobsters. Right when the bullfrogs start asingin'. 'And Christ! He set out a whole lotta traps. Some of 'em, I don't think he's seen 'em yet. They're still gone! Ayuh. That's bad luck, them damn things."

Ken: "Birds is always good luck. Any kind of bird is good luck."

Stilly: "'Cept seagulls. They shit all over."

Arthur: "Yep. Pain in the ass, 'bout all they are."

Dan: "What's that old superstition of the Albatross there . . . following . . ."

Dave: "The Ancient Mariner."

Bob: "The Ancient Mariner, yeah."

Dan: "Follow him around."

Arthur: "Put the whammy on him."

After fish, amphibians and birds, the next natural thing for the fishermen to talk about was mammals.

Smokey: "Well, they (fishermen) always talk about the queer fellow. The pig. Everytime you mention that, you're in trouble."

Bob: "That's all they'd say, 'quare animals,' but they wouldn't say pig."

Smokey: "They always call it queer fellow when they mention it aboard a boat."

Stilly: "Oh geez! Don't mention them goddamned things in the boat! Bad luck! Wicked bad luck! Christ! You mention that ta any lobster catcherman, hear that . . . he won't stay around where they are. He'll walk right the hell off and I don't know'f I blame him. Goddamn! They're bad luck!"

Smokey: "You don't know what could happen. You're li'ble to sink right in it (the water). One time, we's watchin' a school of fish come in down to where we were staying down easterly and Alvin Fisher was with us that time. He mentioned the word and away the fish went. They backed right up and wouldn't come near us. They never came back."

Then Bob started a story: "Years ago when we was mackeral draggin', there was old George Nunan. . . . We took a magic marker and drew a picture of a pig on the landing board. George Nunan, when he sees it, he jumped on that thing and he stove the sonavabitch to smithereens. If you coulda made sawdust out of anything by jumpin' at it, he did it."

Birds

Pigs



Photo by Lynn Kippax, Jr.

More Pigs

overboard that was down the Pig and Saddle? (A local shop, Arthur spoke, "(Remember) when they threw that pig which uses the figure of a pig to identify it.) Remember that? Foggy for twenty, thirty days and they threw it overboard. It cleared up! We had a hellavah fog, you know. Nobody could get out and bring nothin' in. One night we figured that goddamned pig was (the) sonavabitch (that) was doin' it!"

Bob joined in, "Christ! That bastard weighed two, three hundred pounds, I guess. Coupla fellas, they went confiscated it, and took 'er up to Port bridge and thrown 'er right the hell overboard. It floated back."

Then Stilly told us, "Jesus! The boys over the river there. One time they'as tryin' to play with me thar. I went in. They says, 'Why don't ya come in the bait shed?' I says, 'I seen what you had in the boxes.' But I said, 'You wait till the end the year and you won't end up with nothin'!"

"And it ended up at the end of the year, they said they didn't do so good. Lot of 'em admitted it, too. After that year was up. I said, 'Well, thar you are right thar, ya sonavabitch! That animal you talked about the one's that caused it!'"

Bob: "That's what Kenny (said) that day . . . 'member we was saying that. Kenny got so mad, turned around and walked off. You (Arthur) brought down alongside and put bait aboard and you just said, 'Pig, pig, pig, pig . . .'"

Arthur: "Damn plank fell off!"

"(Kenny) turn right around and walked away. 'Those goddamned fellas is gonna get in trouble doin' that shit.' Yeah. He believed it."

"She goddamn near sank."

"Arthur was goin' 'Pig, pig, pig, pig . . .'"

"Yeah. Plank came off it. Almost lost it. Goin' down quick!"

Ken Hutchins had his own story. "The only episode of that superstition stuff was when the vessel blew up down (Cape Porpoise). I kept tellin' someone . . . They'd get up in the mornin'. Before they got through one subject to another, we'd all wind up talkin' 'bout pigs. I says, 'Boy, you fellas. Keep right at it. Have that for breakfast every mornin', that ol' pig. You've had it. You wait and see somethin' happen.' and it did!"

"See the vessel I was in there . . . Well a lot of them vessels was just gettin' electric lights and she had (kerosene) lamps. It was in the spring of the year and we was after them Haddock. See, when they come to spawn. So we set down there and there come a breeze and Cripes! we never got out for three or four days. It's stormy in the spring. When we got out we lost a lot of gear."

"So we was in the Cape, laying there, bringing in new gear. It was after dinner and I had ate my dinner. I had all my trawls all rigged and baited. I was coming home and I got down here on the hill down here. It's called Crow Hill. Come up around the

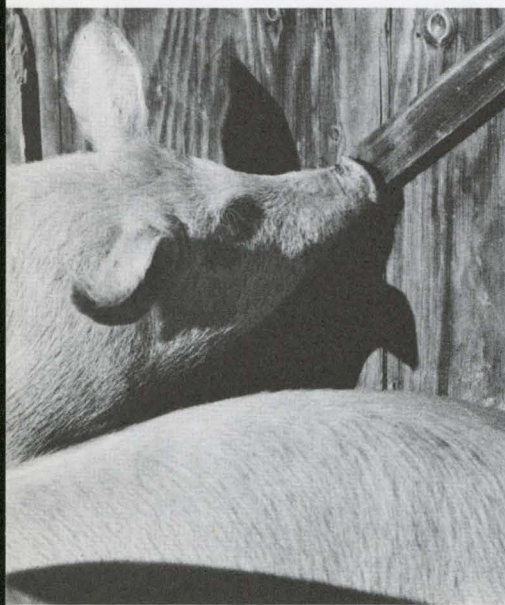


Photo by Lynn Kippax, Jr.

And More Pigs

turn there, I heard this explosion and I looked down the harbor. You could see down the harbor there and I said, 'Cripes! That must be the vessel that must've blew up!'

"So I started to run and I run and when I got down to the Cape there, down the square, down where the stores was, I met somebody and I said, 'What happened?' They said, 'Ship just blew up and they was spillin' gas.' Cripes! I had stopped for a few minutes, got my wind and started to run. I run from there down to the Cape.

"By the time I got down there, they put so much water in her. They put pumps right in and everything. Sunk her. Right long side the wharf. Cripes! I had a nice camera and a nice double barrel shotgun. Cripes! Lost my gun. I lost my clothes. I lost everything.

They had 'er sunk, and I says to them guys I saw (there), 'Well, talkin' 'bout that old dentist.' I never called him pig then. They called them dentists. I said, 'I told you something would happen!' And what had happened, they filled the tanks too full and it run over and went down on that (kerosene) lamp and that's what made it explode."

Arthur said later, "We brought our pigs to market one time. We went down around the pier. Christ! You should have seen everybody scatter! Stilly almost broke his neck gettin' out of there! Hogs are oinkin' away."

"We paraded them all over the place," laughed Bob.

"(They) wouldn't come near us."

"Hot. Was it hot out there."

"Then we stuck an ear in (Smokey's) bait barrel. Well a tail."

"You know when we slaughtered the hogs. Then we cut an ear off and a tail. Took it down and threw it in Smokey's punt. (He) went down there (and grumbled). Well, I'll tell ya. He got it outta his punt, but he wouldn't pick it up with his hands. He didn't want to do that. That was too close."

Pigs bring bad luck—in the form of bad fishing weather—but on land the offending animal is the black cat, for fishermen no less than landlubbers, if they happen to believe the superstition.

Ken: "Yah. A black cat is always superstitious."

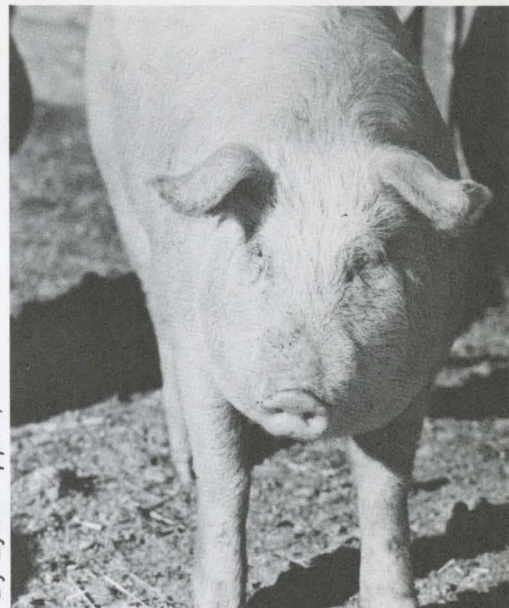
Stilly: "When you go along in the car, and you see a cat cross ya by. You want to turn around and go back the other way. If you don't, you'll have a flat tire."

Dave: I kinda half believe that, but I'm not gonna go forty, fifty miles to go around it."

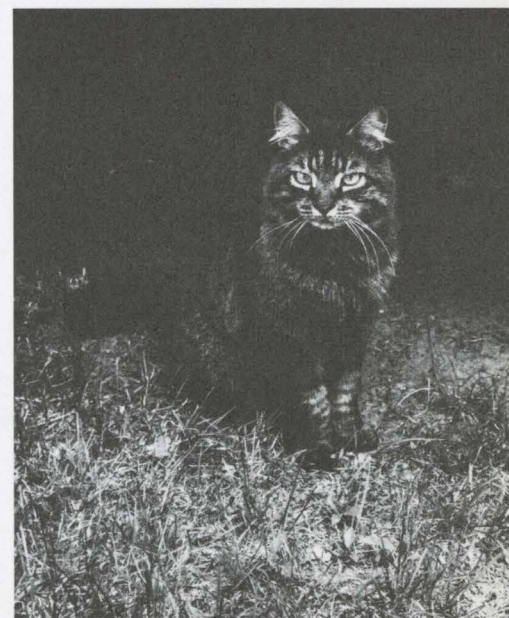
Arthur: "They say if you run the sonavabitch over, it ain't bad. Remember that day (whatchamacallit) was hot? He chased the sonavabitch through the woods with his truck. Yeah. Wasn't gonna (let the cat) cross in front of (him)!"

Ken: "I don't know if it's true or not but there's . . . (I) worked on a vessel. They had plenty of superstitions, you

By Lynn Kippax, Jr.



Black Cats



Black Objects



know. They didn't want nothing to do with anything black. The boots didn't matter. That was about the only thing. Black boots was all right, but when you take the black mittens and black ambrilla (umbrella) or a thing like that. Yeah. That was superstitious. If you had a pair of black mittens or anything like . . . You wouldn't've wore 'em else they'd come . . . That'd be the end of 'em. They'd throw 'em overboard there.

"One time I had an ambrilla. This girl used to teach school up there (Portland) and I got acquainted with her. I went out there one night. It was rainin' and got off the electric car. I had to walk from Congress Square, Portland, down toward the vessel, so she lent me an ambrilla, so I sneaked aboard the vessel and I went down and underneath my bunk was a locker. Underneath it, there was a pigeon hole there, and I put the ambrilla into the hole.

"So the next trip when I got in, I was goin' out to see her, so I went to get her ambrilla and I reached in to the thing. It was gone! Somebody watched me prob'ly when I come down with the ambrilla and watched me when I put it in there, and (he) took it out and threw it away and that was the end of it. Just disappeared."

Black was a superstitious color. Was there any other color? That's when we heard about blue boats.

Smokey: "I don't know where that came from. I think that came from Nova Scotia, the blue boat (superstition)."

Arthur: "Bad luck. I don't (believe it). I have enough hassles."

Stilly: (with disgust) "I don't care for them. They're bad luck. I can prove that one. There was a guy lived right across the street here. Painted his boat blue and some hellava storm down here and she washed up on the road here. Within the year they took him down Augusta and put him in the nuthouse and that's whar he lived till he died. So I don't want a boat painted blue.

"I don't want nuthin' in the color blue. Ayuh. (I had) a blue motor. Ayuh. She was blue when she came through, and I got the mechanic come down and painted her gray. Color her over gray. Ayuh. Get ridda that blue.

"Bad luck! Engine trouble and everything else. That blue. Christ! I wouldn't even own a lobster pot blue or goddamned boat blue. You tell everybody and they just look at ya and laugh and still keep paintin' (the boats) blue. I either like a gray boat or dark green."

Ken: "The only thing I ever heard superstitious aboard the vessel was anything black. A lot of fellows now paintin' their boats blue. Years ago, a lot of vessels was painted blue, too. Blue was never a bad color. There's a lot of blue boats now."

Dave (with a laugh): "There's another thing. Harley was superstitious about goin' in my boat there, and he wouldn't go in it 'cause it's left-handed." (The winch for hauling traps was on the left side, rather than right.)

Blue Boats



It seems that left-handed boats bring people heart attacks, but Arthur says, "Yeah. That's what they told me when I had my left-handed one. If I had a new one, I'd have a left-handed one."

Bob gave a reason why this superstition may have started. "Always pullin' with your left arm. Course your heart, I guess, is s'posed to be on the (left side)."

Since we were on the subject of boats Smokey mentioned something concerning a certain part of the boat. "There's an old sayin' about a hatch cover bein' upside down."

Arthur: "You're not supposed to. Don't really want to chance it."

Stilly explains, "A cover that goes over your rudder, your shaft. So you can get at it. Never tip that upside down when you take that out. That's bad luck. Make sure it lays down the right side, the way it's supposed to."

Ken exclaimed, "Oh cripes! Boy! That's superstitious! I forgot about that one. Take a vessel there. They usta have great, big hatches and they had ringbolts in'em. They hadda take two guys to lift 'em off. Course that's how big they was and . . . Cripes! If you took one off and layed it upside down. Boy! You've had it!

"You're 'llowed to turn to shore. When they got in, they'd say, 'Pack your bag and get off.' If you turned it upside down."

Smokey explained how this particular superstition may have started. "Naturally, if you're out in the ocean and you got your hatch off upside down and you get a sea (wave) or something. Naturally, you're askin' for it. So things like that . . . that's what (superstitions) derive from.

"What I mean, you're gonna get in trouble if you get a sea break across the deck and your hatch cover's off and upside down. How you gonna get that on and bolt it down?"

Stilly, who is sort of the acting general of Government Wharf in Kennebunkport, where the fishermen's bait barrels and gear are stored, said, "Never turn a bait barrel upside down in the boat. That's bad luck. Somethin's liable ta happen.

That could cause a leakin' or it . . . Christ! Could cause all . . . kinds of . . . lot could happen that way."

Ken: "Upside down bait barrel? Don't consider that much of a . . . I never did."

Smokey: I don't know about the bait barrel. How'd that get mixed up with that? I know the old timers over the river there, they're dead set against the bushel baskets (which are used to bring their catch to market) being upside down. It coulda been bait barrels but that's what I heard it was."

Bob: "Well, you ain't supposed to turn hatches and bait barrels or buckets or nothin' like that . . . your boat's supposed to roll over. Be careful you step 'board my boat. I don't believe in this shit now, but [as the] fella said, 'I don't

Left-handed Boats



Upside Down
Hatch Covers

Upside Down
Bait Barrels





Whistling

believe in it, but I don't do it.'

Then they started talking about a superstition that brought good luck in the days of sailing vessels (sometimes) and now brings bad luck in these days of motorized propulsion. It depended on whether a fisherman wanted wind or not.

Smokey: "Tap a mast and whistle. Get a gale of wind. Years ago, they used to do that. Old fishing with wind. My father used to, when he had a Friendship sloop. He used to tap the mast and whistle."

Stilly: "Never whistle on a boat. That's bad luck. Christ! That'll come up a squall and blow you right the heck upside down! When you whistle, you're callin' for wind."

Arthur: "Yap. Callin' for wind."

Dan: "Singin' and whistlin'."

Bob: "Whistle up a breeze."

Arthur: "Teddy Wildes gave Jim hell one day. Jim's always whistlin'. He's leanin' up against his traps down the pier whistlin'. Ted said, 'Get the hell away from those traps if ya gonna whistle. After I put 'em in, there'll be a breeze.'"

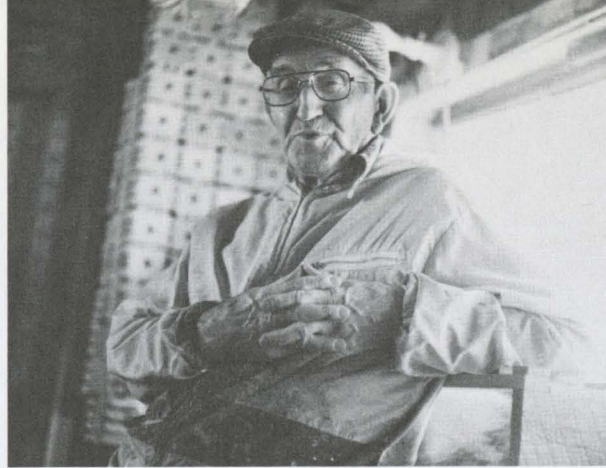
Everyone laughed and then Ken started a story of his whistling experience. "When I was a kid I usta go on the big vessels there. (I) was a flunkie. They used ta call 'em flunkies. Usta help the cook with things. And (in) 1916 well, this guy come over and asked my father if I could . . . (He) wanted me to go swordfishing. They was goin' out to Block Island.

"My father said, 'He can go if you don't go any further than Block Island.' I was a great hand for whistlin'. I was whistlin' one tune. I whistled all day long.

"Up around seven o'clock, this guy George Nunan says, 'For God's sake, Ken!' he says, 'If you don't stop whistlin' that same tune. Cripe! We'll all be lost!' That night we got blown into the Gulf Stream. We was in there three days!

"I think the tune I was whistlin' . . . 'Westwinds'. That's what it was. That was the time we saw a submarine. German submarine. The Germans was around then in 1916. World War I. We's layin' there. It was after the breeze. We had a lot of stuff out ahead of her.

"We drogued her, you know, to hold her in the wind. A barrel of cylinder oil outside lashed to the riggin'. This George Nunan. T'weren't for him we'd all been lost. He took a little bit, drilled a



hole in the bottom of the oil barrel so a little trickle of oil would run down over the side and made it smoother around the vessel.

"That night . . . this Billy Mitchell, an ol' fella. He was the cook. He's settin' down there watchin' the seas and he estimated about seventy feet high, the seas. Happened to look astern and he saw this periscope.

"This periscope comin' through the water, and he hollered to everybody, 'Come up!' and George Nunan come up and she come right up. Come right along side of us. They'd been torpedoing vessels on Georges' (Bank) and everywhere around. Up around the light ship (ship that served as a floating lighthouse).

"Cripes! Soon as they got up there, they stopped. Stayed right there. When the seas . . . you could see the whole middle of her, and then we'd in a trough at sea. They're so deep, see the whole submarine and then the seas would (raise the ship up), all you could see was the conning tower. In them seas there you could see the whole belly of 'er.

"Then George Nunan says, 'Boy, that ain't one of our submarines.' He says, 'That's a German submarine,' and George says, 'They'll prob'ly hang around here and in the mornin', they'll prob'ly tolpedo us,' and George says, 'We won't be here in the mornin'.'

"As soon as it was dark, why we cut all the stuff away we had out, all but the big anchor rope and the anchor we had strapped on a plank. We cut everything away and let it go adrift, all but the anchor and the rope, and we hauled that in.

"Then in the middle of the night and it shut in thick-a-fog and George said, 'This is good. Don't start the engine or anythin'. Cause' he said, 'We start the engine they'll know we're gone, but we'll just turn around and just let her go.' Drift off.

"The next mornin', course we started the engine then. Thick-a-fog and everything. We didn't see no more of her. Took us three days ta get inta the south shore light ship off New York. Took us three days. Steamin' and sailin' and everything."

"My mother-in-law was tellin' me a story last night about the old fella bought some wind," said Smokey, "It'd be calm

Tobacco Juice

somewhere. I guess they was runnin' lumber or somethin'. Old fella looks up and says, 'I'd like to buy a quarter's worth of wind.' I guess he threw a quarter overboard or somethin' and along came a screechin', howlin' gale. I guess it about blew the sails off her. So when he got through it, he said, 'If I knew it come so cheap, I only woulda bought a nickel's worth.'"

After we all had a good laugh, Bob started to reminisce, "My ol' man. I went with him, Christ, I'se about knee high, you know. Years ago. And he never told me why, but (when) he'd go set traps in spring. . . . Christ! When he'd set, he'd spit a gob a tabacca juice on that first buoy. First trap he set in spring, he'd spit 'bout a quart a that friggin' tabacca juice. You know how he chewed."

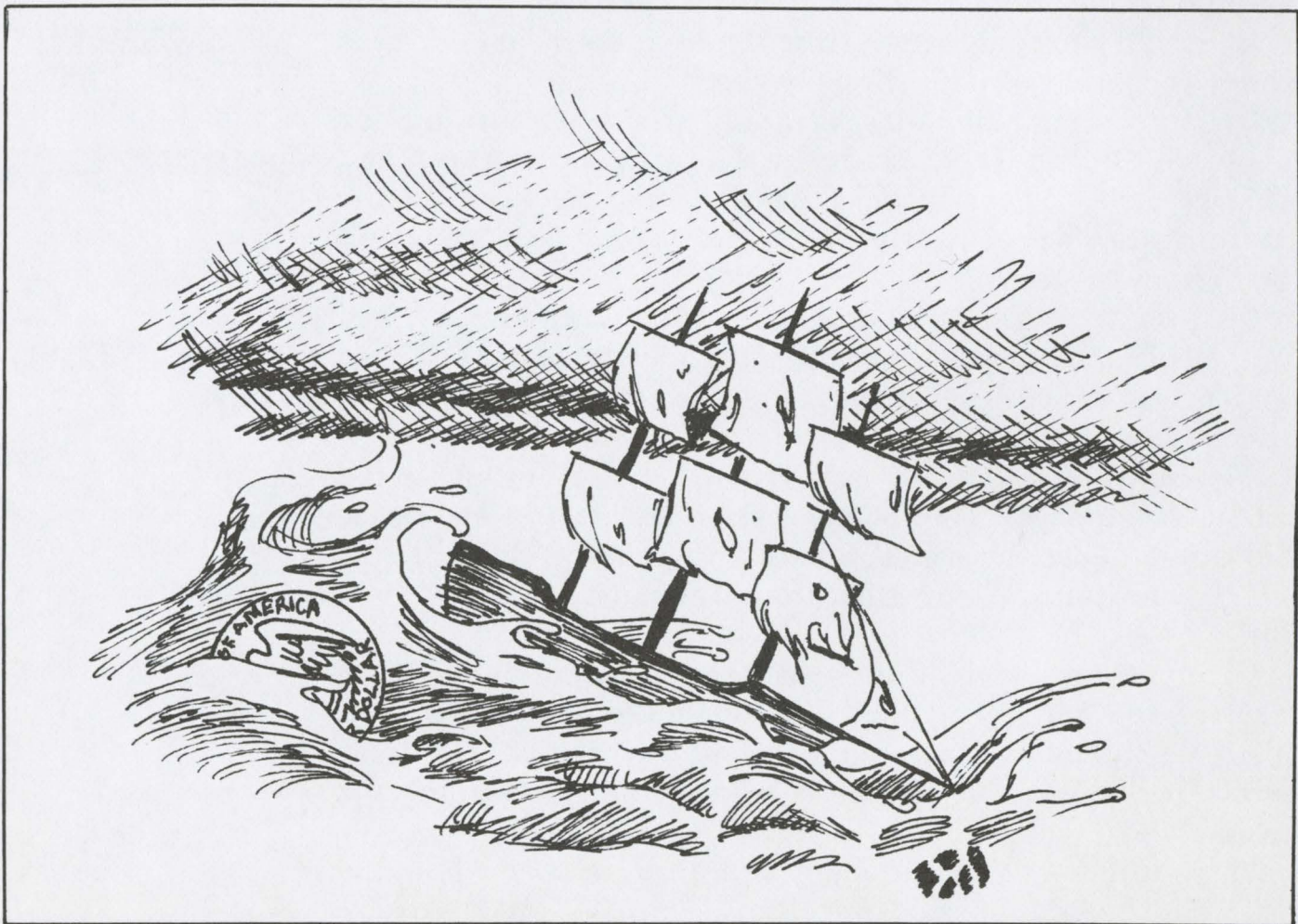
"Right. Always chewed tobacco," agreed Smokey.

"Never spit on another one. First trap he'd set in the spring, he'd spit on."

"Yup," Smokey said, "Used to be, you know, twenty, thirty years ago they always did. Spit on the first buoy. It didn't have to be the first day of spring either. Every day pick up a string and spit on the first one for some reason."

"Don't know, he never told me (why)."

While thinking about traps, Arthur said, "I don't like to put thirteen traps on a string. I don't like that damn number thirteen! I don't! When I get thirteen, I know the trap's empty. I



know damn well its gonna be empty! That's why I get from twelve to fourteen real quick."

Then we asked the fishermen about bringing women aboard the boats and Bob said, "We don't mind." Stilly (saying, "Oh, Jesus Christ! That's a bad one!") and Arthur (saying, "Yeah. That's bad luck.") thought otherwise.

"No. Cripe no," Ken protested. "Why years ago, them guys, when they usta go in them sailing vessels, they all would take their wife with 'em. Lots of guys usta get married on them boats, usta go to China and around Cape Horn and them places there."

To which Bob said, "Well, I wouldn't bring my wife!" Then, "Danny over there," pointing to Dan Wentworth, "He's had bait girls for how many years?"

"Eight," said Dan.

"Well, Anne (Pierter) was one of 'em," said Arthur, "Deb was my bait girl. I married her for Christ's sake!"

Bob: "Jesus Christ! That's a choker right there!"

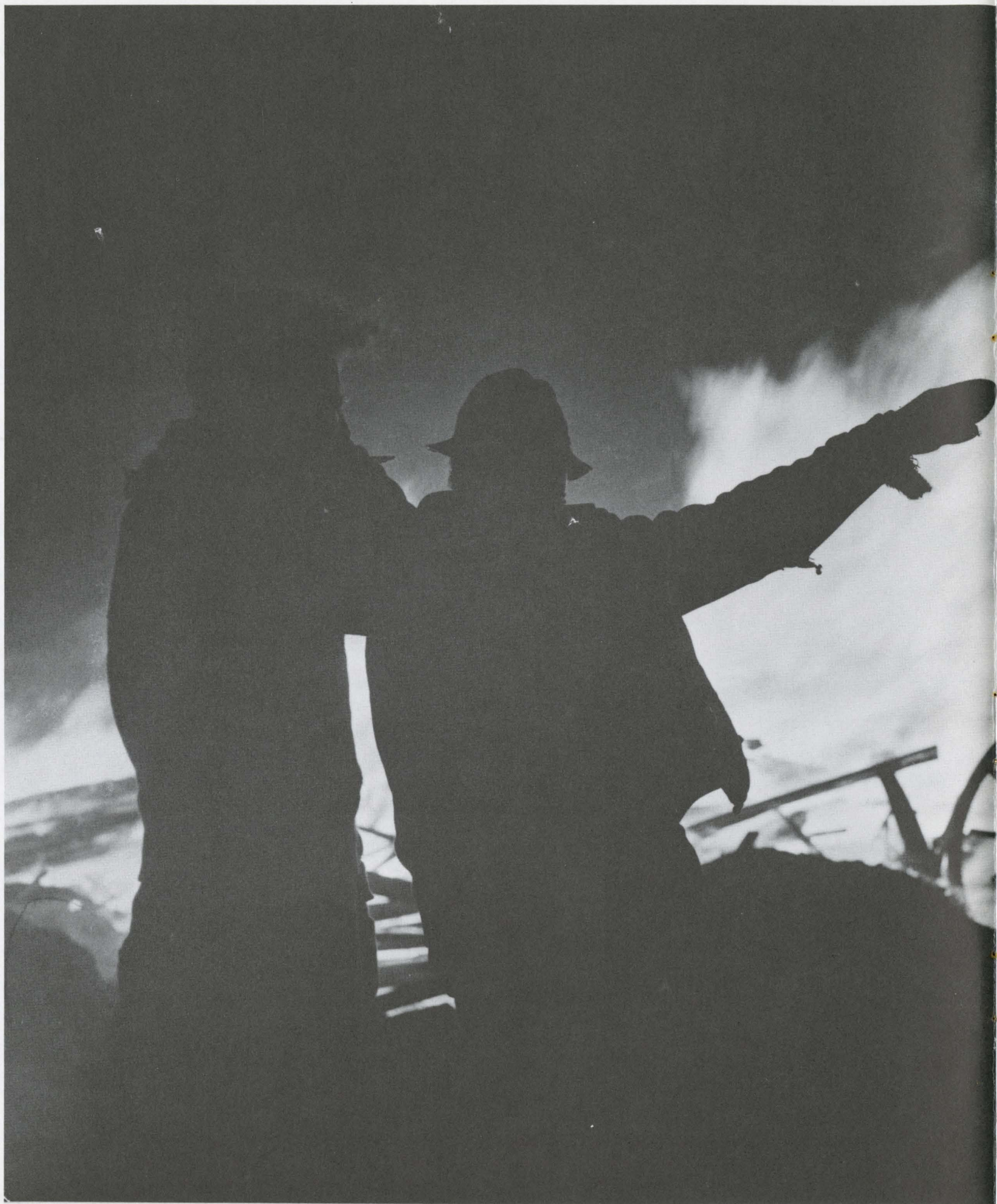
Dave (to Arthur): "Wouldn't you like to have that to do all over again?"

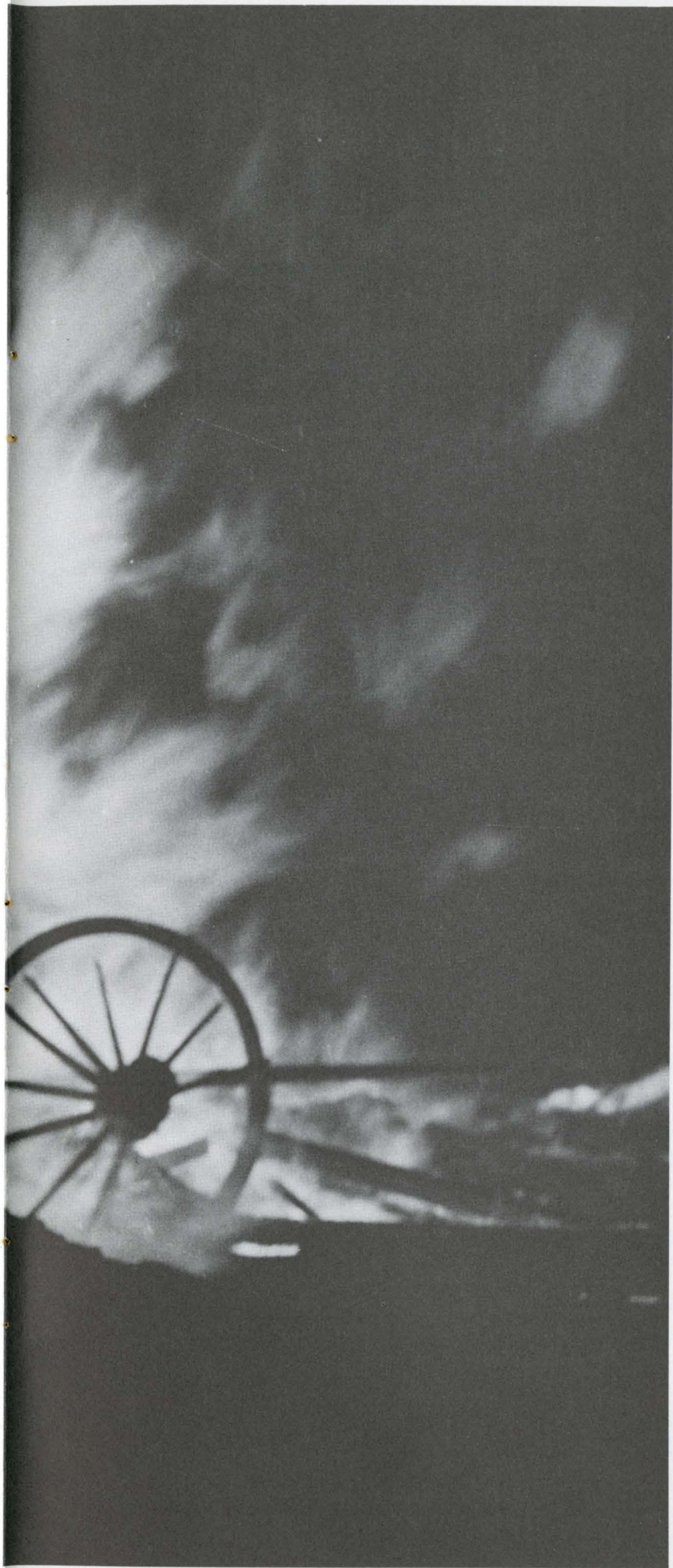
Then there was one final question we asked. "Is there any bad luck connected with drinking?" and Arthur Gott replied, "Not that I know of. Just when you go home or when you don't go home!"

Women Aboard

Drinking







Fire!

October 1947. The year of the great fire in Maine. Those few days on the calendar must have seemed like a lifetime to the thousands of Maine people involved.

Close to sixty fires broke out over the entire state of Maine and parts of New Hampshire. Over a thousand houses were reduced to smoking ruins, leaving three thousand people homeless. The flames consumed two hundred thousand acres of forest. When the smoke cleared, thirteen communities had been leveled or extensively damaged.

By Dottie O'Keefe

People began to pray, yet the drought continued.

The amount of rain that spring was plentiful, certainly not indicative of the drought that was to follow.

July brought almost two inches of rain. August came up with the scant offer of one third inch.

September saw barely two inches, not even close to the norm of three and a half inches for this time of year. October carried such a small amount of moisture in the air the weather service had declared it immeasurable.

Unusually warm weather and lack of precipitation led to more and more reports of wells going dry. People began to pray, yet the drought continued. Disaster was imminent.

And then on the afternoon of October 17, 1947 the fire alarm in Shapleigh rang.

"They said about four miles above us in the town of Shapleigh, in Ross Corner, that there was a fire by the side of the road. The equipment came down in about two or three hours and word came out that they thought they had got the best of it. Shapleigh was going to watch it through the night," recalls Esther Smith.

"Well, our fire chief in Waterboro woke up in the middle of the night. He felt uneasy and said to his wife, 'I'm going back up there.' He did.

"They (Shapleigh) thought it was out and left it. Well, it was going again. That was the beginning."

Esther is from the town of Waterboro, Maine. At the time of the fire she lived with her husband Everett, two daughters, Midge and Nancy, and her parents on an old farm

that had been in her family since the late 1700's. Fortunately that farm still stands today, along with Esther's story.

"The first few days there was a lot of smoke and a lot of confusion. My father would say, 'Now don't get excited. They're gonna get the best of this fire, it ain't gonna be bad.' But it continued.

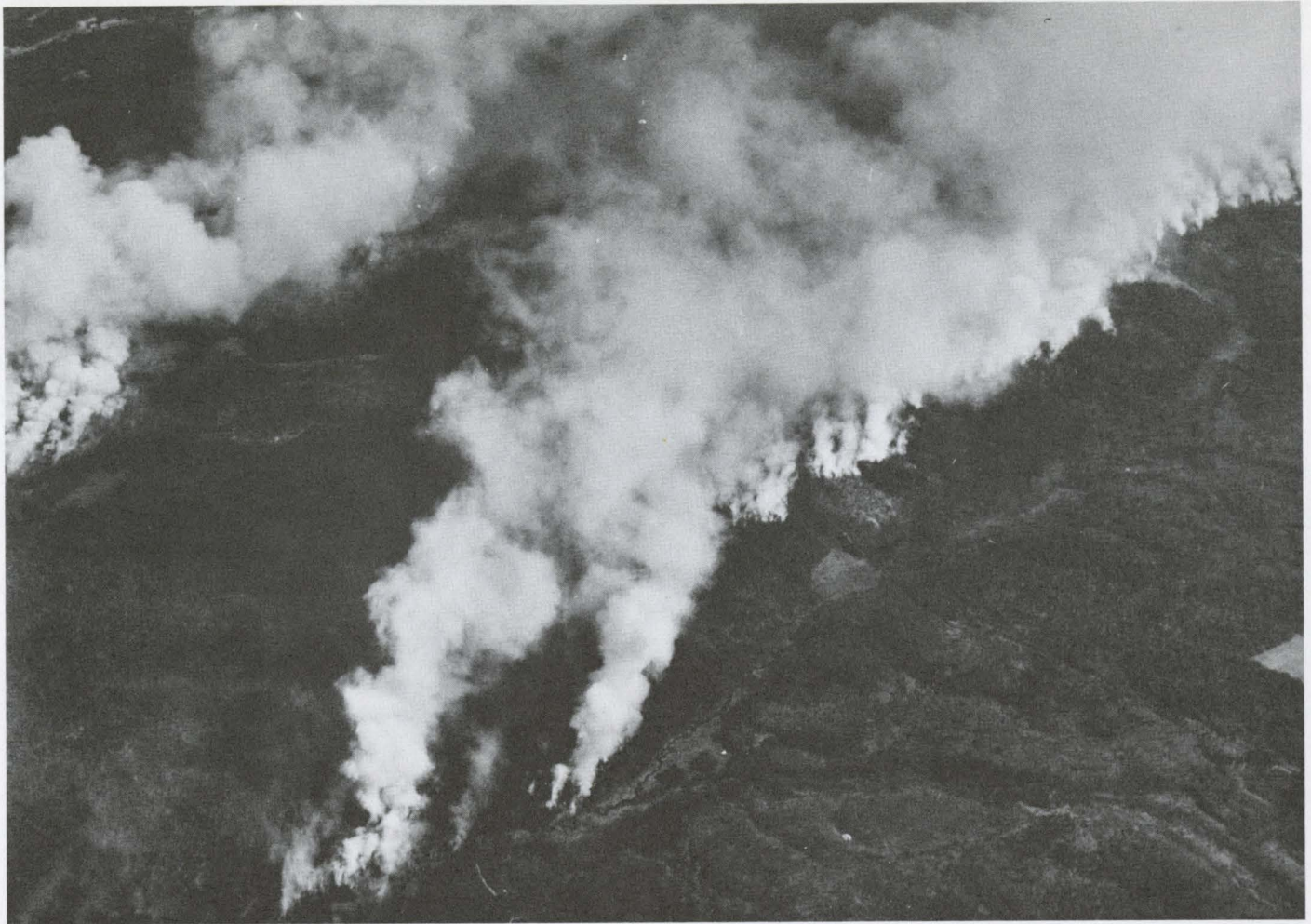
"It would go in one direction. Then it would break out somewhere else. And we had lots of winds, too. It was like an octopus with tentacles going in every direction and gobbling. It was as if it said, 'Well, today I'm hungry and I guess I'll eat this house.' And then it would swirl around and go in some other direction.

"I just can't tell you how dry it was. Unbelievable. The leaves had all fallen and



By Sheryl Lane

Esther Smith



Waterboro, Maine (Courtesy of the Press Herald Evening Express)

they were everywhere. Just powdery. More and more equipment began coming in every day.

"You couldn't see the sun for all the smoke. Just this little orange blob. All you could hear was fire sirens and trucks loaded with men going by day and night. And as soon as night would shut down, there would be this awful red glow everywhere. That awful scarlet sky. It just seemed as though the whole world was on fire."

Narrow Escape

"But that Thursday afternoon, October 23, all of a sudden they came through the village and said, 'Get out quick! Take what you can and get out! If you haven't got any way of going, we'll send a bus through to pick you up.'

"We just grabbed some clothes. My husband and I had an old schoolbus. He said, 'I'll go on ahead in that. You head for Alfred.' So we piled into the car and went down what we call the back Alfred Road.

"My sister was driving the car. I don't drive. In all the confusion, we forgot to tell her that if you pull up on the steering wheel, the wheels would come right up. All of a sudden we were driving along the back road and my sister said, 'Oh! I can't steer!' We went bumpity bump-bump right into the ditch.

"We could hear and see the fire over here in the cemetery. We were going parallel to it down to Alfred. There were cars coming down with everything you can imagine. Trunks, furniture, even chicken coops tied on top. We finally ended up down to Saco. But all night long we thought our farm had gone."

Going by the Wind

"The fire backed against the wind all that night. It backed up towards us coming along from the east to the west. Two hundred National Guardsmen were put up there and on a side road way down through. They held their ground and backfired. It was the only



Waterboro, Maine. This piece of property was saved by clearing the land around the entire perimeter. Additional plowing around the buildings was used as an extra precaution. (Courtesy of the Press Herald Evening Express)

way they could stop it. Milk tank trucks and oil trucks were cleaned out somehow. They were all filled with water and used to fight the fire. Anything that could hold water, they would use.

"It was going through the air somehow. The ground fire went through our woods after the topfire and that was going by wind—this wind, like anything I've never experienced in my life. First the treetops burned, and then it came as a ground fire and it burned all the timber.

"We finally left my sister's in Saco because there was a fire quite near there. We went into Portland and stayed with some cousins. There was a big fire there at the time on the docks I remember. So it seemed as though it followed us everywhere.

"My husband was up there in Waterboro.

He was staying and fighting because he knew we were being looked after. It went straight to the sea that night. That same Thursday night. There had to be a lot of people watching the fire lines. Blowing embers . . . it was a long time before we felt safe. Finally I felt that I should go back to be with him."

Homecoming

"And the first time I was home, my eyes were full of tears. You just couldn't believe the devastation. We couldn't tell where the houses were. You had no way of telling for quite a while, until you could find something. We tried to settle in and get things going again. The girls came back.

"The Red Cross came in immediately. They set up headquarters and started

putting up tin huts. They set up a barrel in the square because the sightseers were unbelievable. People put in hundreds of dollars there, which really helped out. And blankets and tons of clothing.

"The whole country was just wonderful. It was remarkable because so many people were in the same boat. They sent in food, bedding and clothes. At the airport in Sanford, they shipped in a lot of army furniture.

"Before the ashes were really cool, people were rebuilding again. Some of the houses were really put up in slap-dash fashion, because people were in such a hurry. And houses that were put up again were much smaller. Even the farm buildings and barns that went up again were much smaller.

"We didn't feel safe until there was snow on the ground. Not one bit safe. It had burned so deeply through our woods that my husband had special places he used to watch. He had a potato sprayer he filled with cold water. He'd go up there every morning before work and spray all those places. And still the little puffs of smoke would be puffing up.

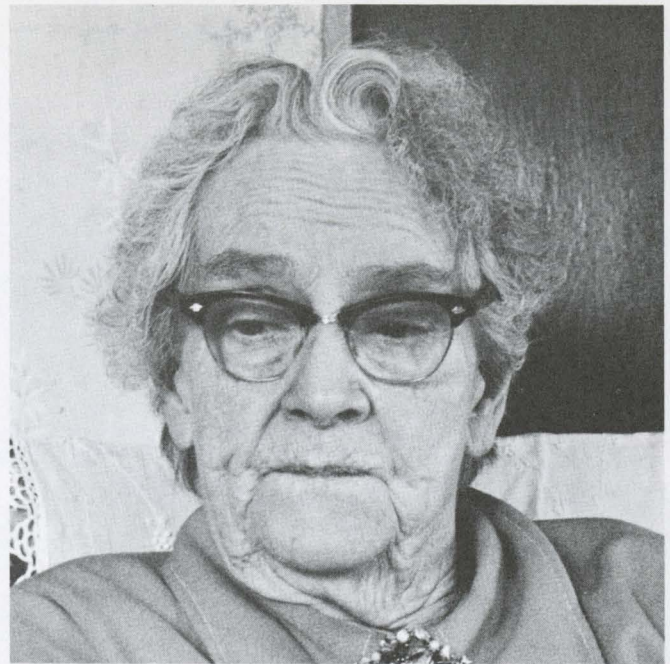
"And the stench of that fire! Whenever there was a damp spell, we could always smell that smoke in the cellar. Acrid. It never left. But we were all so thankful that the house was saved.

We can all thank God that we're together, we're safe and we're alive."

When the fire went through the town of Waterboro, one of the houses it claimed belonged to Amy Brackett. This spunky woman didn't leave her home until the flames were at the back door! Yet the very next day, undaunted by what had destroyed all she owned, she rolled up her sleeves and helped build the house she lives in today.

"I had just gone through my house and painted and papered and put down new rugs the Tuesday before the fire. I made four apple pies, two blueberry pies, and two mince pies. And I fried doughnuts for the firemen. I just had no idea the fire was coming here.

"They did have it predicted an awful long



By Sheryl Lane

Amy Brackett

time though. I'll say about four days they expected it. Everything was so dry. I still didn't believe it would come through here.

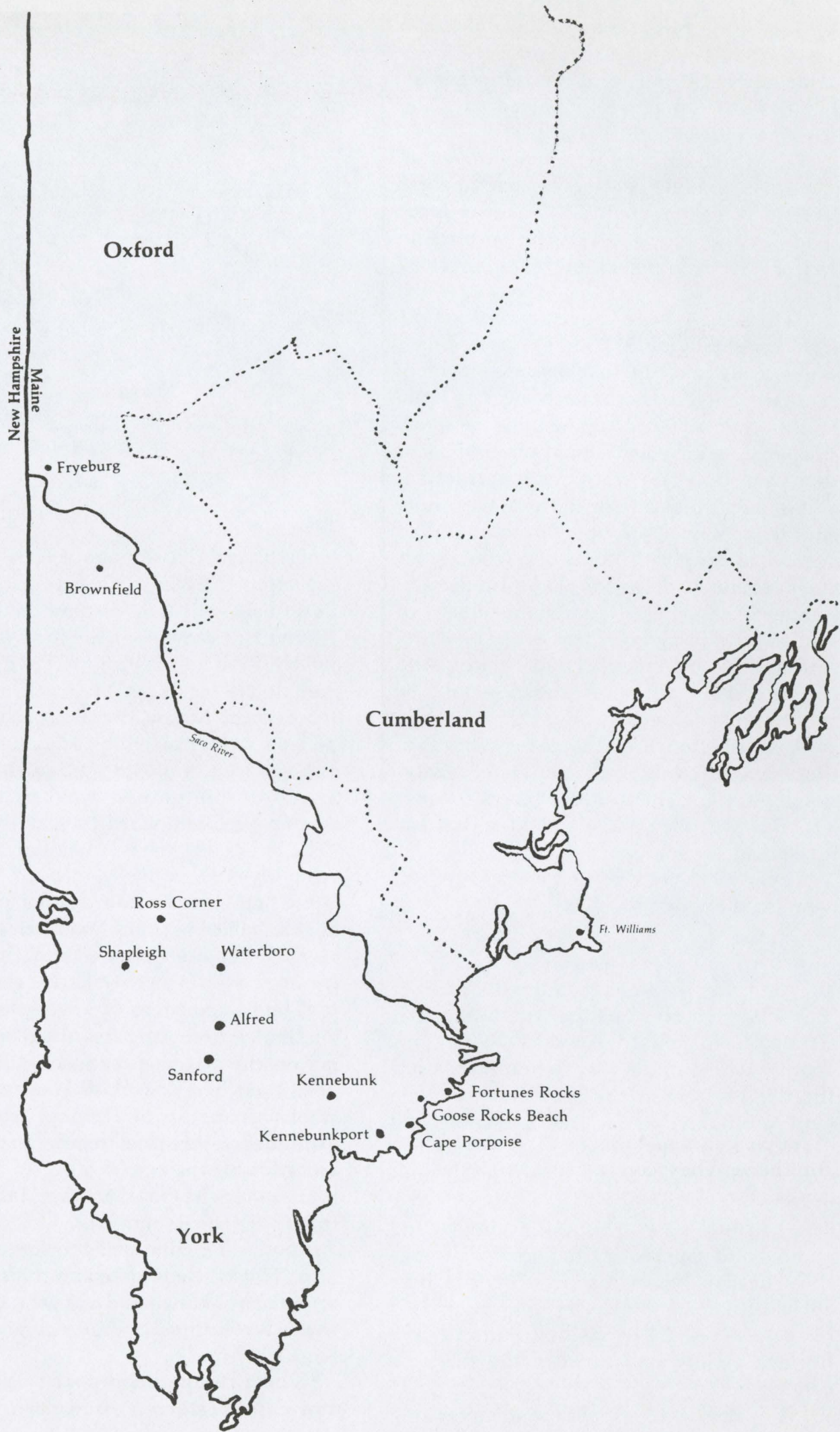
"The fire came over the mountain (Ossipee Hill) Wednesday night. That was about four in the morning. My son was with me and he said, 'Mama, the fire is all out. There isn't a spark or anything anywhere.' About nine in the morning, he went back to Sanford. Noontime he went back to work. By one he commenced to pace the floor.

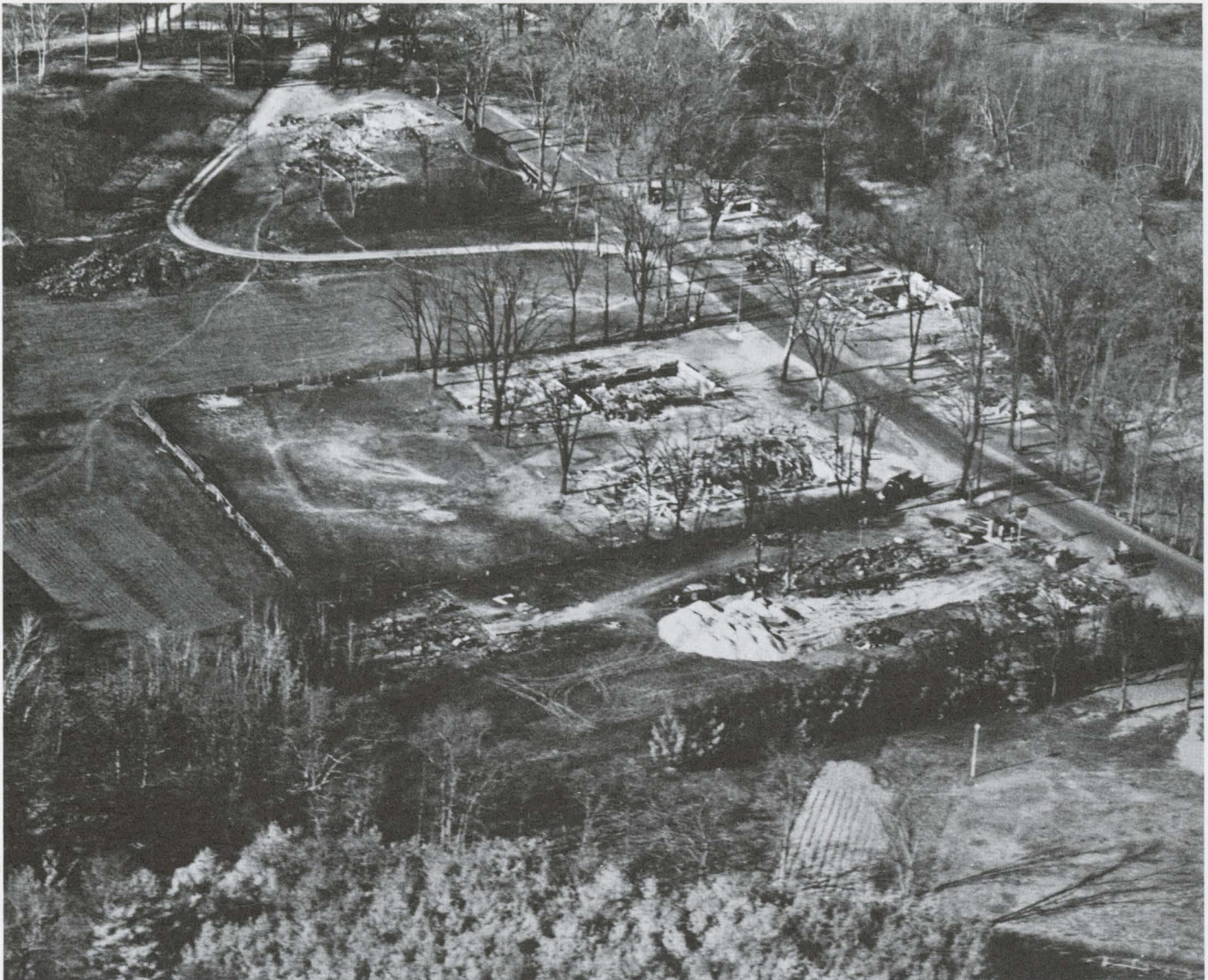
"The boss said, 'What's the matter?' My son said, 'Over there in Waterboro, the fire is going and Mama is there alone and I've got her car.' The boss said, 'You take the car and go back to Waterboro and stay until the fire is out or you bring her back here.'

"The wind was blowing something wicked," when Amy's son arrived. "He sat me on the doorstep and said, 'Don't move until I get back.' Well, all at once a cloud of smoke come up and come down to the ground. I couldn't see the road, but I got out and over to the next house. I had to trace him by voice. He said, 'Mother, I told you not to go off that doorstep.'

"Well, I said, I can tell you something else, Son. The house is afire and the dooryard is afire. He took my hand and we ran down the road. We jumped in my car and went to Sanford.

"I didn't come back over 'til the next morning. Friday morning. He called me





Newfield, Maine. (Courtesy of the Press Herald Evening Express)

around half past five and we went in a helicopter of a friend of his. I really didn't know where my house was when we came over. Really and truly. It looked like a frost out where the fire had gone through and made it all white.

"Everything was gone. What I had left in the dooryard was the end of a nozzle from a water hose. That's all I had. But an awful lot of people got their things out before the fire got there. They commenced to move out days before. I was so sure I wasn't going to burn . . .

"I had the first cellar dug right after the fire. I helped put the sheetrock on here and varnished all of it and stripped it. Then I sanded it all down. I helped lay this floor and put the clapboards on so they would be even. My next-door neighbor and I painted and papered. And then it was my home."

Farther north along the Saco River, the towns of Fryeburg and Brownfield were battling another fire. Firefighters were successful in preventing the flames from engulfing the town of Fryeburg, however the entire town of Brownfield was leveled. A teacher and coach at Fryeburg Academy at the time of the fire, Eldon Hartz tells of the four days he spent fighting the fire that eventually travelled south and into the Kennebunks.

"Some of the first days they had school. I'd be in my classroom just looking out the window. The wind was howling. Every day at noontime they would dismiss the school and let the kids go and fight the fire. Finally they closed the school down. It was closed for four days.

"The fire that wiped out the town of Brownfield started in Fryeburg. And it

started in the Diamond-Match boardyard. They had about four acres of boards on sticks out there drying. It started there, but nobody knew how it started.

"It went right through that boardyard and up over Oak Hill. It stayed in that area, oh, about two days, I'd say. It didn't get across the Saco River. But there was always the threat that it was gonna cut out back through Clay Pond and up the edge of Fryeburg. And then it would go right through the town. Once it went into a town, it would sweep it right out the way that wind was howling.

"We were fighting the fire up there. Oak ridge. Clay Pond. You couldn't get them out. They would go through and be smoldering in the ground. And then that wind would start them up again. You just couldn't leave them. You had to be patrolling them all the time just to keep them down.

"My God! When we got out of there that night! There weren't the walkie-talkies like there are now when you can communicate all the time. We got back to the station, near the boardyard where it all started. They said that the whole town of Brownfield had burned down that day. We were up in there and we didn't know a thing about it.

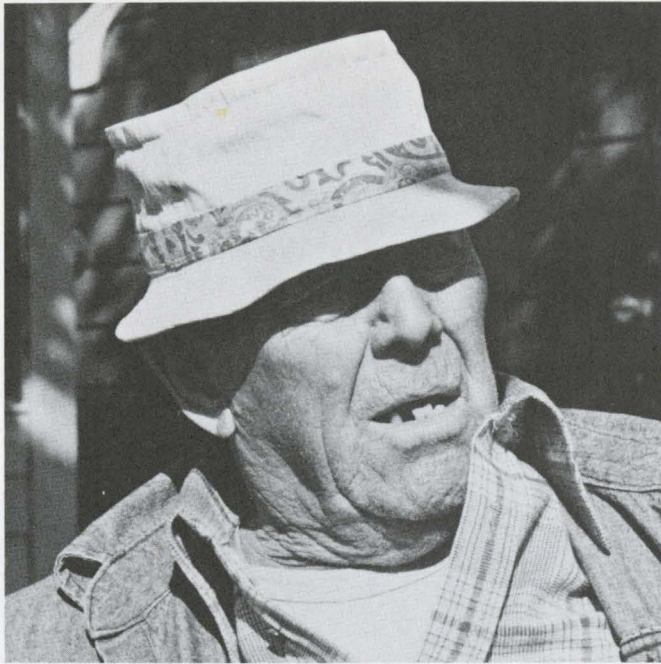
"It went through the Brownfield Bogs is what they called them. That's the edge of the Saco River. I wasn't there, of course. I was in the woods. They say that fire went through that bog faster than people could run! The wind was howling across that dry grass and it went right through it.

"Every five minutes they were wailing those sirens to get more help. They emptied all the oil trucks. Big trailer trucks. They used those to haul the water out of the Saco River. You fought with Indian pumps on your back. Even the National Guard from

"And they say that the fire went through that bog faster than a man could run." (Courtesy of the Press Herald Evening Express)



By Sheryl Lane



Eldon Hertz

Portland came down to fight the fire in Fryeburg.

"That Sunday it started to rain. I took a ride that day into Brownfield. I just got to the center, that's all. Everyone was so damned depressed. I saw a family come out of Brownfield the night the town burned down. The only thing they had saved was a washing machine. It was in back of their truck. And with all their clothing gone.

"After the fire went through parts of Fryeburg, fellas went out and shot deer. These deer had been running over the burnt out land and their feet were all burned. Some of them had developed sores on their legs.

"Poor creatures. They couldn't move around and there was nothing left to eat. They were in such poor condition. A lot of the fellas that shot the deer would not eat them. After they shot them, well, it was a good thing just to get rid of them. They were suffering so.

"And the people! They were so fire conscious after the fire that you couldn't build a fire outdoors for a good many years. No burning. They started building fire lanes. They were so fire conscious. It was one of those things they never thought would happen."

On Monday, October 20, the fire alarm went off in the town of Biddeford. A

small fire was heading south toward the coastal area known as Fortune's Rocks. Aided by an unseasonably strong wind, it was not too long before it was out of control.

By Tuesday night the flames were being challenged by thousands of volunteers. The fire raced into Goose Rocks Beach and Cape Porpoise, two villages in the township of Kennebunkport. In the early morning hours of Wednesday, the firefighters felt at last there was hope the fire would be brought under control. But as the offshore winds increased, all hopes of containing the fire diminished.

Tree tops were ablaze for miles around. People fled in terror. Those who remained witnessed houses burning to the ground in as little time as ten minutes. Still, they would not submit to the flames. They fought with shovels, brooms, and blankets. Even rakes. All possessed an endless amount of courage and determination.

Bob Bartlett was one of those people. He was among one of the first groups of volunteers fighting the fire in Kennebunkport before he helped battle the flames in the West Kennebunk area.

"The big one was in '47. It was supposed to be all out. In fact they had a fella in there watching it a week to see that it didn't spring up. And all of a sudden we got this terrific wind. The fire sprung up and it got away from the fella. It was going to cross the road.

"I know at the time I was plenty numbered here with a bunch of men. They come here about three o'clock in the afternoon. Well, I said I had no authority to go ahead up there with my men and fight. If the selectmen say, 'Go.', I will go up there and take my men.

"They came right back inside a half an hour and said, 'We're going to need water and everything.' I had an old logging truck here. Then we went to the pumping station. They had a boiler there that was cut in two. I know it held eleven hundred gallons of water. We put that on the truck.

"After that we put a forestry unit on the back for a pump. And that night we knew we were in fair shape. We were somewhere's near where the Ledgewood is now, and we could see that the fire had already jumped there and gone across Route 1."

"There was a strong wind. We were

fighting the fire on the sides. We would take a load of water off here, and then from there I would go to Center's Hill. You could look off into the horizon and see the whole line of Beachwood burning. Hotels, houses and everything.

"I was down the Log Cabin Road where there's a place after you cross the tracks. At the next farm down, just before you get to the house, you have to cross a brook. And that fire had jumped it.

"I went up in there with eleven hundred



by Audrey Zahares

Bob Bartlett

gallons of water and crossed that bridge. We pumped that whole load off and then I came back out. The next day we went down in there to see if there was any more fire. Somebody said, 'Don't cross that bridge! Some truck went across there last night and broke every timber in it. Now, if I had gone, I'd a been in the bottom of that brook. Ha. I know I must've cracked those timbers 'cause eleven hundred gallons of water can be pretty heavy.

"I fought that fire through for five days in Kennebunkport. They just didn't know where it would break out next. Then this other fire was coming down through Route 35 and into West Kennebunk. I said, Heck with you fellas. I'll be working for myself saving my own place. And I just took off."

"Whenever there was a wood glow, somebody would go along with a blow torch and start a fire. To stop it, you see. It burns an area of twenty or thirty feet wide. Then when the fire gets there, it can't go anymore. Otherwise it would keep spreading.

"Once we were up on the Alfred Road just this side of Lyman and the fire was coming across. We decided we'd backfire so when it got to there, that would be the end of it. It would be out. So we had it all backfired and it was pretty well all done.

"You see, there was this big farm on the right side of the road. It had a field on the opposite side and woods beyond the field. The fire was in the woods. We were just waiting.

"I'll be damned if they sent in the fire department from Fort Williams, (an army camp now closed that was in Cape Elizabeth). So the captain or whatever rushed out there screaming, 'I want that fire out!'

"We tried to tell him that it was a backfire and, as soon as it burned out, that would be the end of it. He wouldn't listen. He was just rushing out there. All that work we put in and now waiting, just waiting so we'd be sure and save that farm house.

"So he says to me, 'Whose truck is that?' And I said, 'Mine'. He said, 'You go down to Five Points and get a load of water. You do this or else you'll be . . .' Whatever he was gonna do to me, I don't know. And I said, 'Yes, sir!'

"I got on the truck with the two other

fellows I had up there with me. We went right along home. Ha ha. Left him to fight his own fire.

"Like I say, we had been out there for six days fighting fires. And then they have some idiot tell ya how to put out your own fire! I mean, it was practically out. It was just a matter of another two hundred feet and that would have been the end of it. Well, he did put it out 'cause that farm is still standing today. But . . .

"We put in some long hours on that job. The only thing that we ever got out of it was they did pay for the gasoline we put in our trucks. That's all we got. But who cared?"

Raymond Russell and his brother's wife Louise are two other people who didn't flee from the flames. Their courage and refusal to give up the fight is evident in the fact that Louise's farm is still a part of Route 35 north of Kennebunk today.

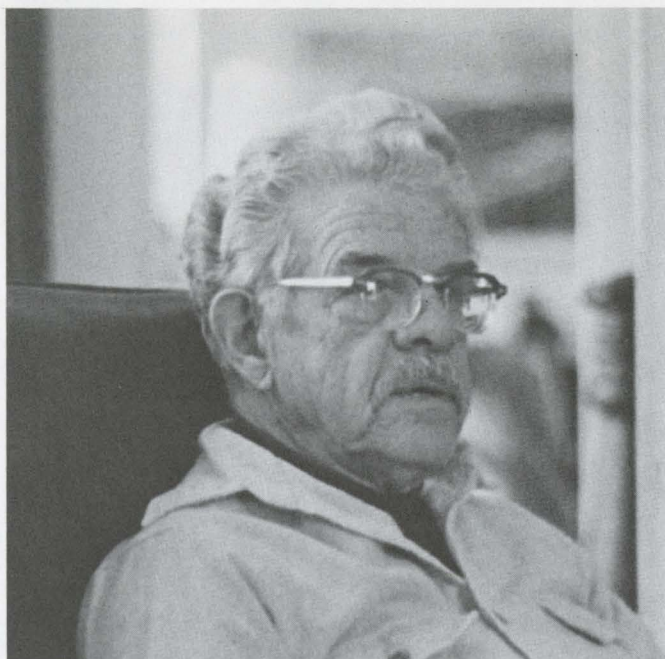
"About seven-thirty that night my brother called me back to the farm," recalls Ray. "He wanted to show me what he thought was another fire. We could see big clouds of smoke. It looked to be forty or forty-five miles away. We didn't know it then, but that was the very same fire that was out of control in Brownfield and about to come into Kennebunk.

"It was later in the week that the other fire started to burn in Lyman and Goodwins Mills. I believe it was on a Wednesday night it started. My brother and I fought that fire all night long near and around the Alewife Pond.

"It's a smaller pond. You can't see it from the road, not unless you go into the woods. I was over there with a group of men, but I became separated. I stayed there and fought all night. Later it ran south and I didn't know where the other men were. I couldn't find my way out until the next morning.

"It was so dry. I think that's why so many people lost their homes. Once a house caught on fire, it went right up in smoke. The great intensity of that fire was due to the ground being so dry. There hadn't been any rain for three months.

"It was like tinder. Fighting the fire you had to be so careful because you might be



Raymond Russell

fighting the fire and the next thing it had gone underground. Maybe it would be just in back of you, just burning the roots, and all of a sudden it would blaze out.

"You wouldn't see it until it happened. It might be behind you, you'd never know. You could very easily be surrounded by the flames and not be able to get out. That fire could spread faster than a horse could run! You had to be careful so you wouldn't be trapped."

Too Late for Supper

"Many people would come back to their homes to try and think of the valuable things to take out of the house. More often than not, they would just start grabbing things and running. They ended up taking things of very little value just because it was easier to grab.

"There's one story I remember well. About a man and his wife. They were about to sit down to dinner and they thought the fire was up and around the area. They looked out the window and the fire distance was just a matter of a few feet. So they jumped up and barely had time to load up the truck.

"As strange as it may seem, the wind shifted and the fire didn't even reach their farm. They began moving their stuff back again. Well, they had moved the stove with the big skillet on it, like I said, they had been

about to sit down to supper. And do you know, they didn't spill a drop! I'll bet that before, when they were moving, it never even occurred to them."

Fought With Courage

"But I'll say this. I can recall on that Saturday when the fire came through and there were several hundred people come with it fighting, that many of these people had lost their homes and everything. They didn't go in a corner and cry, either. They kept right on fighting that fire. Some people even jeopardized their homes to help other people.

"At times the people stayed even after they were told to evacuate. Most of the time these same people ended up saving their homes. A lot of people who fled lost their homes.

"All in all, everybody did a tremendous job. You see, most towns are not prepared for these kinds of fires. Not fires of this magnitude. There was a certain amount of chaos and confusion. It was very hard to have a well-organized plan of attack. There were so many people and, of course nothing was planned in advance.

"Communications weren't that good. Day in and day out you would hear that such and such a house was burned. Or this field here was gone, or those woods there were on fire. Things got rumored by word of mouth. A lot of sensational stories got started that way. Most of the time you would find out that only a small percentage of it were true.

"Well, these things happen. I don't think anybody went around saying, 'I sure was brave.' They all just helped out. Everybody did what was instinctive for them to do. It was all happening so fast, I wasn't frightened."

Louise Russell admits to being afraid, and who wouldn't have been? But she stood by her husband and helped fight the fire that threatened to destroy their home.

"It didn't hit our house, no. Right over across the road there where the field is, there used to be a big grove of pines. It was a beautiful stand of them. We saw it coming right through.

"It was up above in the trees. And it was so

hot here. It was a lot like a sunburn, a slight burn on my face.

"A fire creates its own wind. So it was quite a wind when it came through. Sounded like a freight train. A great freight train.

"You can't imagine what it looked like. You just can't imagine. This great wall of flames coming through.

"I was very calm and collected during the fire. When I saw it jump the road, I thought I was trapped. I knew my two children were downtown and I went to pieces. There were other people up here. My husband's brother and his wife were down from Massachusetts. There were four of us.

"It came right down over the house. Then it caught below the house. If we hadn't been there, we would have lost it. The ground was so dry. We were putting out small fires all around the house with brooms.

"It went down just below the house and

crossed the road. It didn't go any further. This was it. This was the end of it."

But the fire was not over in other parts of the state. About 150 miles north of Kennebunk, off the coast of Ellsworth, another fire was threatening Mount Desert Island, particularly the resort town of Bar Harbor. Cadillac Mountain, a landmark located in Acadia National Park, was completely burned. Many summer homes were destroyed.

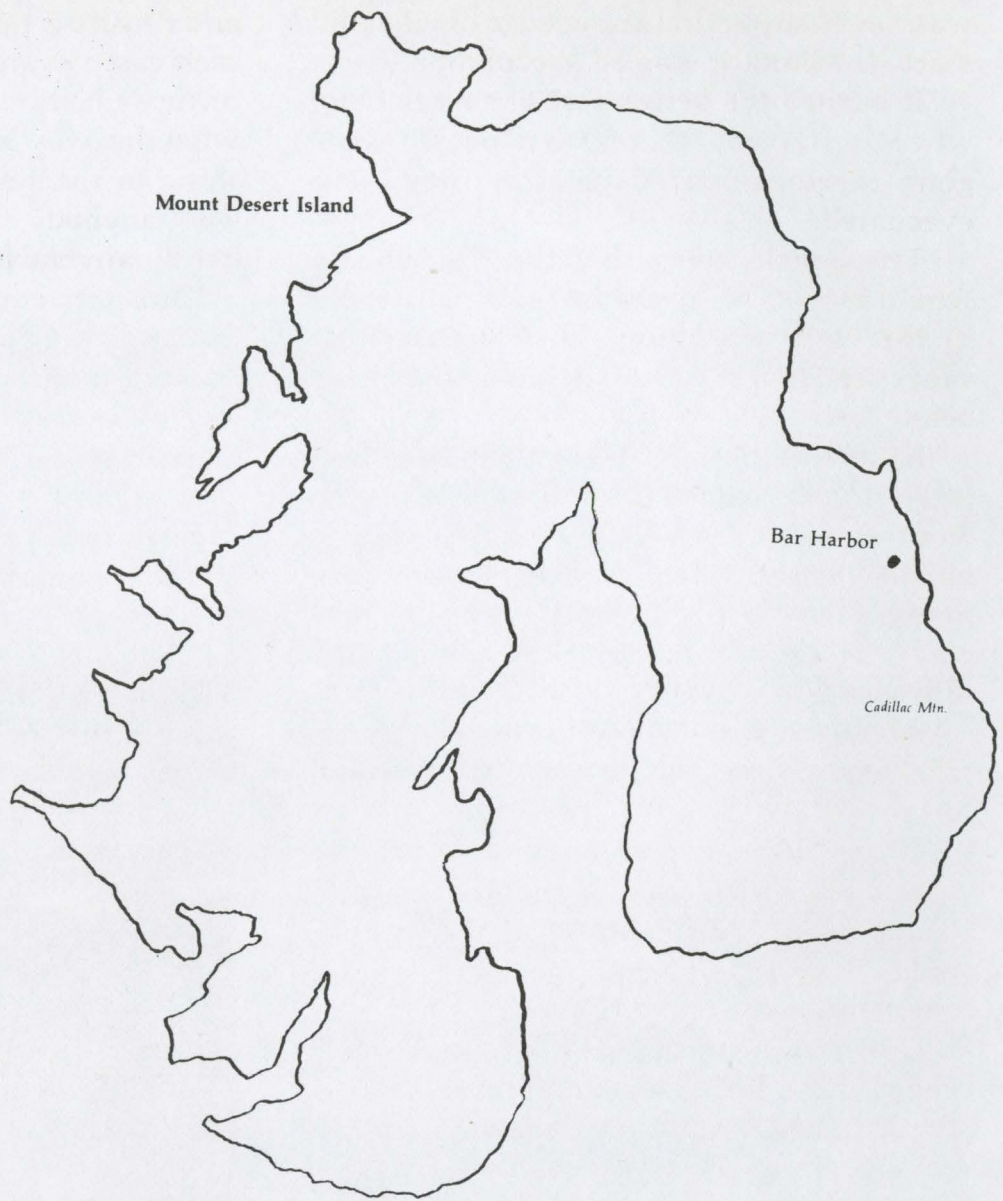
Margaret White lived in Bar Harbor at the time of the fire. Her house, along with most of the homes located in the town, was spared.

"The fire started in what we call North Heath. Out in a cranberry bog there. It wasn't the dump. There were people out there cranberrying. They might have

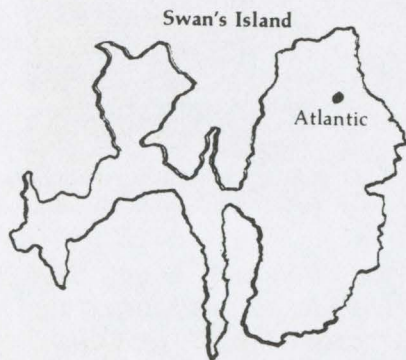
Goose Rocks Beach, Maine (Courtesy of the Press Herald Evening Express)



Seal Cove



'The natives weren't panicky. We knew what we were going to do. We weren't afraid.'



thrown a cigarette or something, but there was never any actual knowledge of what did start it. I think it was all speculation.

"It burned the better part of a week from when it started. I know that people were gone three or four days after they were evacuated.

"The people knew that the fire whistle would blow if we needed to evacuate. It did in the early afternoon. Then we were all supposed to go to the athletic field just below here.

"I think some might have panicked and jumped into vehicles. I know a lot of people went out by car. They couldn't go the normal route. They had to go towards Somesville and then towards the bridge that way. The fire was on the other road (Ellsworth).

"After the fire died down they used the school buses and army trucks full of people to take us all down to Ellsworth.

"There were people that were on the wharf. They took some of them off in little fishing boats. They went across the bay and landed in different areas and towns on the other side.

"Down to the wharf we had to wait a long time. I did a lot of walking and talking to people I knew. Some people just sat on the rocks down to the shore and waited. They figured they could always get in the water.

"My father had a canteen with food in it that he took around. I guess the Red Cross must have provided the food. There were sandwiches, soup, stuff like that. He would go to Ellsworth and pick the food up. He put the food in the canteen and would drive around to the woods.

"Mostly the fire was in the woods. He didn't do it in the town, there was no need to. He would just go into the woods and park it.

"At my grandmother's, her back shed was burning when she came out her front door. It burned that whole area near the golf course. It was a sort of little settlement, about a mile from town.

"The National Guard was here when we evacuated. They had trucks that took people to the wharf, but mostly they were here to protect against looters.

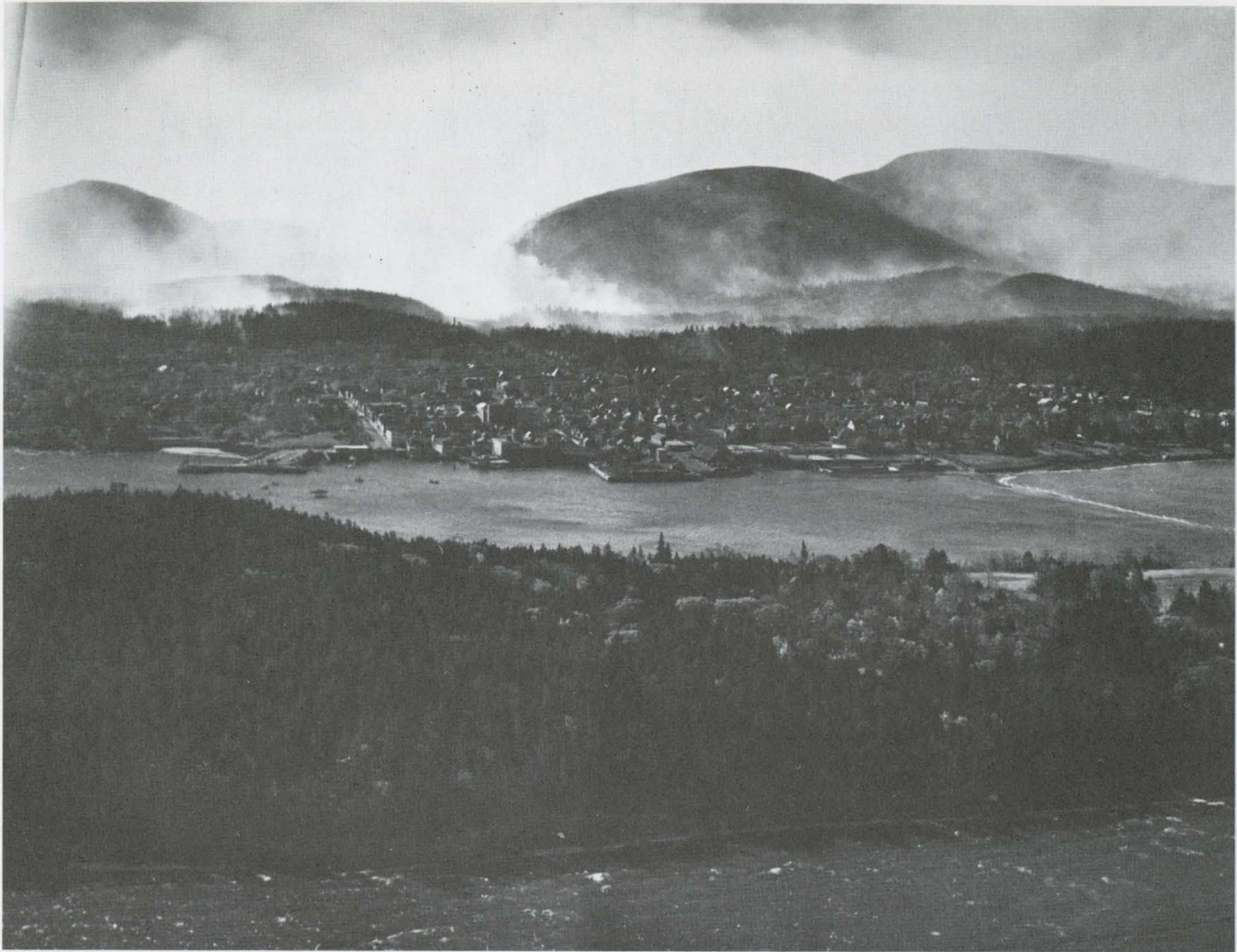
"Anyway they were here and supposed to

be patrolling. I was sitting here one night and I heard a noise at my back shed. Then a man came in and looked in my ice-box! One of those National Guard boys. I don't know what he was looking for, probably something to eat. I don't think he thought there was anybody here. 'Course, there was hardly anybody left in town.

"The natives weren't panicky. It was more the ones that were supposed to get us out that acted up like that. The natives just took it. We knew what we were going to do. We weren't afraid."



Ruth and Levin Moulden of Swan's Island. Says Levi, a fisherman, "They had to send for all the draggers to come in offshore fishing to pick up the people who thought they were gonna get burned up."



Mt. Desert Island, Maine. In the foreground, the resort town of Bar Harbor. Cadillac Mountain, located in Arcadia National Park, can be seen burning in the background. (Courtesy of the Press Herald Evening Express)

Five and one half miles off the coast of Bar Harbor, many residents of Swan's Island looked in awe at a sight few will ever forget. Cadillac Mountain was burning! Levi Moulden was a fisherman at the time, taking his boat to help people off the coast of Bar Harbor. The memory of those days are as clear in his wife Ruth's mind as if it had happened yesterday, not thirty years ago.

"I've never seen such a big fire," says Ruth. "It was the worst sight, bad as anything I've ever seen. We'd go down to Atlantic, the side where the ferry lands. You could see it real plainly up there."

"We used to go over there at night and watch it," adds Levi. "We'd go over there on a hill and we'd see it come in and go down into Bar Harbor. The blaze come right over that big Cadillac Mountain."

"One afternoon they had to send for all the draggers to come in offshore fishing to

Bar Harbor and pick up the people who thought they were gonna get burned up. We helped get them off. Fishin' boats, draggers, sardine boats and everything had to go over."

Ruth adds, "Draggers. The big boats. Those draggers could take twenty-five or thirty people. They would be worth taking."

"When we got over there," Levi explains, "They put us in some places to cut trees and bushes so it wouldn't spread. They had a crowd doing that. They never had no bulldozers then, but we all piled the dirt up and kept cutting away."

"You just saw this awful red," recalls Ruth "It wasn't the same red all the way. In some places it would be real red, and other places it would be darker. I suppose that was where it went up the trees. But still everyone went. And they did all they could do with what they had to do it with."



By Julien Lesieur

Metal Spinning

By Janice Coyne

Down a wooded and isolated dirt road in York Beach, Maine, lives a talented man who is in his mid-fifties. His job is an old craft that very few people these days have mastered skillfully.

Freddie Cooper is a metal spinner. In his back yard, he has built a shop which contains a few lathes and other tools used for spinning metals.

He doesn't work for a single

company. "This is 'jobbing'. I do jobbing because most of them (the companies) supply the metals, unless it's something special.

"They deliver it here, or I pick it up and I spin it, this is all I do, I spin it. Then I pack it in boxes and ship it, or they pick it up. I do all kinds of prototypes, some samples, for the companies I'm concerned with."

He fills orders for companies

all over the east coast—from Lawrenceville, Georgia, with its orders for parts to pewter lamps to Saco, Maine, with orders for alternator covers.

"It's a nice trade, where you don't have to work in the weather, and you're not always doing the same thing all the time. I mean you'll repeat the job, but in between times you've got something different to do. I enjoy it, it's creative, I haven't

gotten to the point where I hate it. Everybody who sees it is fascinated. It's like pottery, creating different shapes. When we make a form, we make one set thing and can do it for a lot of people."

Freddie, in his spare time makes things like pewter goblets and brass candlestick holders. "We've made a line of our own pewter."

"He had an antique dealer come in with an oval copper teakettle," said his wife, Dottie, "a real cute thing if you like antiques, which I do. It needed a cover and he couldn't spin an oval cover so he had to make it by hand.

"He had to make the wooden chuck, then he had to hammer it (the copper) in place. It's like an indentation in a little piece of wood he had to carve out and everything."

"I couldn't spin it because it was oval," Freddie agreed, "and so it had to be done by hand and I antiqued it. When the guy came in and looked at it, he said, 'I thought it would be shiny and it wouldn't match.' It matched perfectly."

"He makes his own chuck, I mean all spinners don't make their own chucks," Dottie said. A chuck is the mold for the piece being spun. It can be made from wood or from steel.

Freddie also makes his own tools. He has about a hundred of them, each used for a different purpose. "This one here, this we call a half round. It's heated, white hot, and hammered back. Then you flatten it out so you got a flat part on one side and round on the other.

"Then they're ground on an emery wheel, filed, shaped and then polished. You got to get them highly polished or they'll scratch the work. They're hard, and you make the handle out of maple wood. I bought a lot of them in 2½ inch square by 2 inches, then turned them down

on the lathe. Then I spin a brass filler."

Freddie has been spinning since 1939. He served an apprenticeship in Massachusetts, earning thirty-five cents an hour, forty hours a week. "Fourteen dollars a week, weekends off.

"I used to come home and give my mother all my money and she'd give me a couple of dollars. I bought a 1931 Chevy with the money I saved. It cost me thirty dollars.

"So I worked until 1942. Then I went in the service for three and a half years. When the war ended, I got word that they needed me back in metal spinning, my job was open, so I went back. But I moved from that silver company to another silver company, from that to another.

"Then I met a fella and we went in business in 1950, a partnership. We started in an old garage with a couple of lathes, got some jobbing from a company, F. B. Rogers. Then we moved to a larger building.

"The recession came in 1958 and we didn't have any work, so I went back in a shop. He stayed at it and we split up and we split the machinery. I gave him all the customers. I said, 'You go ahead. I'm going to go to work.' He worked a little while; then he got killed in an automobile accident.

"The customers came back to me. Then we sold that and bought a summer camp here (Maine), which was just twenty feet by twenty-four. I said, 'Let's put a building up here for a shop,' and we moved to Maine."



By Kim Novak

Freddie working on the lathe.

Spinning a Pewter Paul Revere Bowl

One of the simpler pieces Freddie spins is a Paul Revere bowl. These are the steps in spinning the bowl, as he demonstrated them.

The Bowl

1. Put the bowling out chuck on the lathe, take the bowling out tool and shape the metal to the chuck. Take the chuck off the lathe.
2. Put the Paul Revere bowl chuck on the lathe.
3. Take a circle (called a "blank") of pewter about twelve inches by 60/1000 of an inch. Put the blank against the chuck, turn the wheel on the tail stock, and true (even) the blank on the chuck.
4. Start the lathe full power. With left hand, hold the back-

- stick (a 1 X 12 inch piece of hard wood, such as oak) against the back of the blank. Take a half round tool with your right hand, put it under your arm and against the T-Rest. Use less pressure on the back stick than on the half round so that the metal will flow over the chuck.
5. Trim the piece (because the edge of the blank doesn't run even with the chuck. This happens about $\frac{3}{4}$ of the way down the chuck. Take a diamond point tool and trim the edge until it runs even.
 6. Finish spinning. When that's

done, take a flat tool and run it over the bottom of the bowl to smooth out the wrinkles.

The Foot

1. Follow steps three to six of spinning the bowl, but use a four inch blank.
2. Leave the edge up, then even that off.
3. Use the bead tool to make a rim around the edge.
4. Take the piece off the chuck and cut the bottom out with a diamond point tool, or, for mass production, a roll cutter.
5. Solder it to the bottom of the bowl and polish.

Left to right: two bronze tools for spinning steel, diamond point, hook tool, setting bottom tool, half-round, sword tool, small bowling out tool, large setting bottom tool, and large sword tool.



By Julien Lesieur



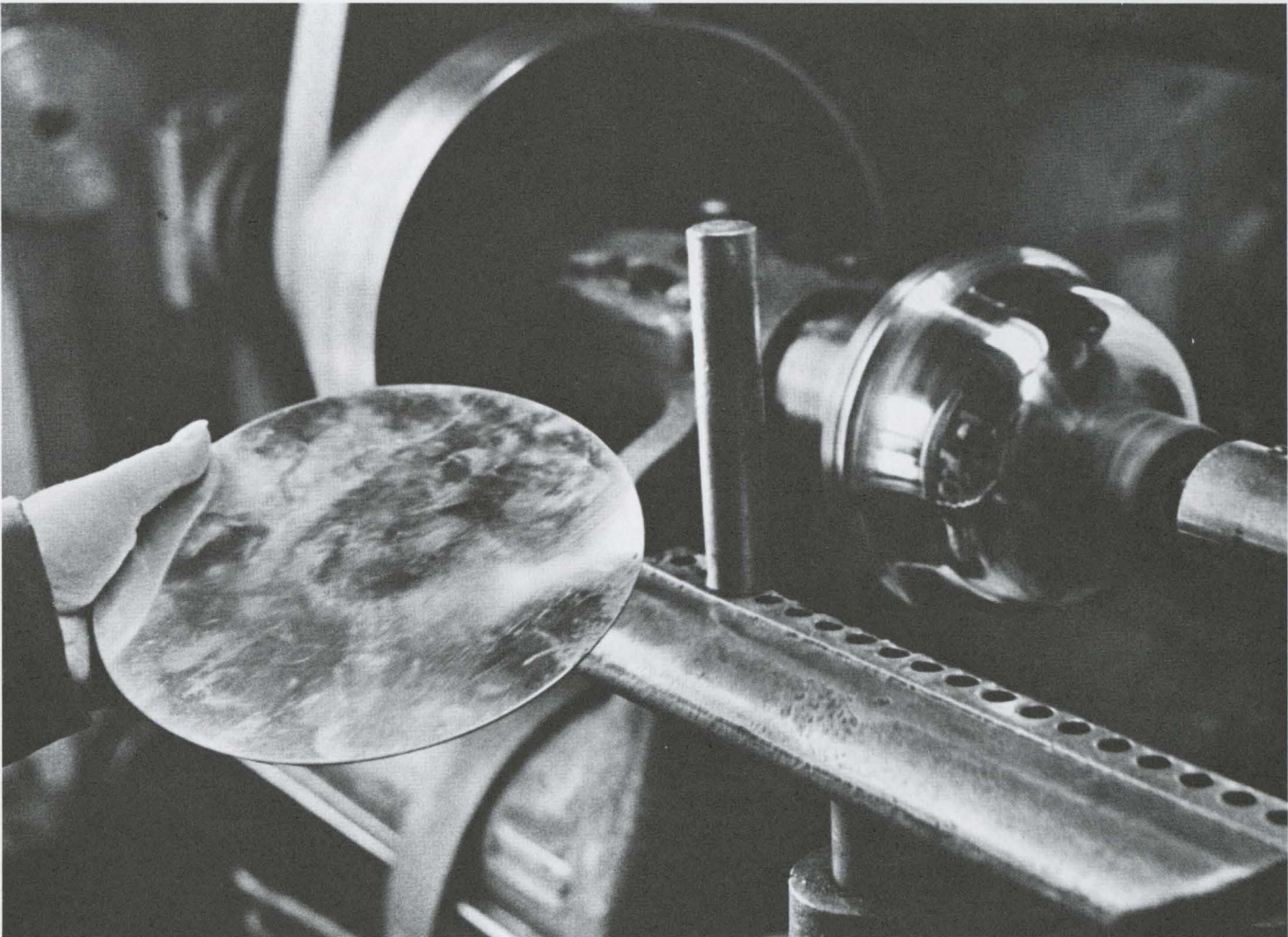
By Julien LeSieur

Freddie explains how the blank fits on the bowling out chuck by moving his hands around the edge of the chuck. This process is only done when using hard pewter.



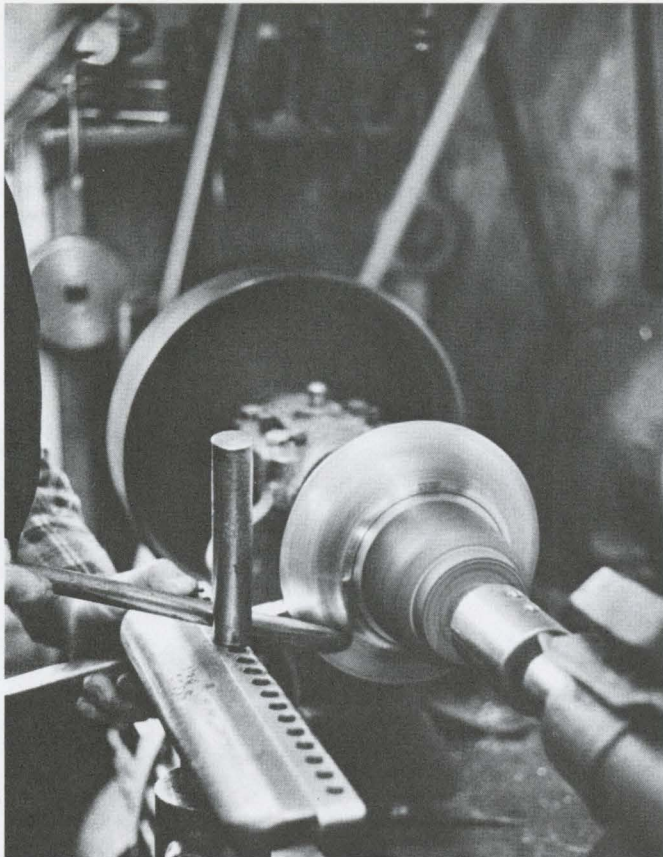
By E.J. Blake

The bowling out tool is held under the right arm and is used to make the pewter blank indent in the center so that it will fit the chuck more easily.



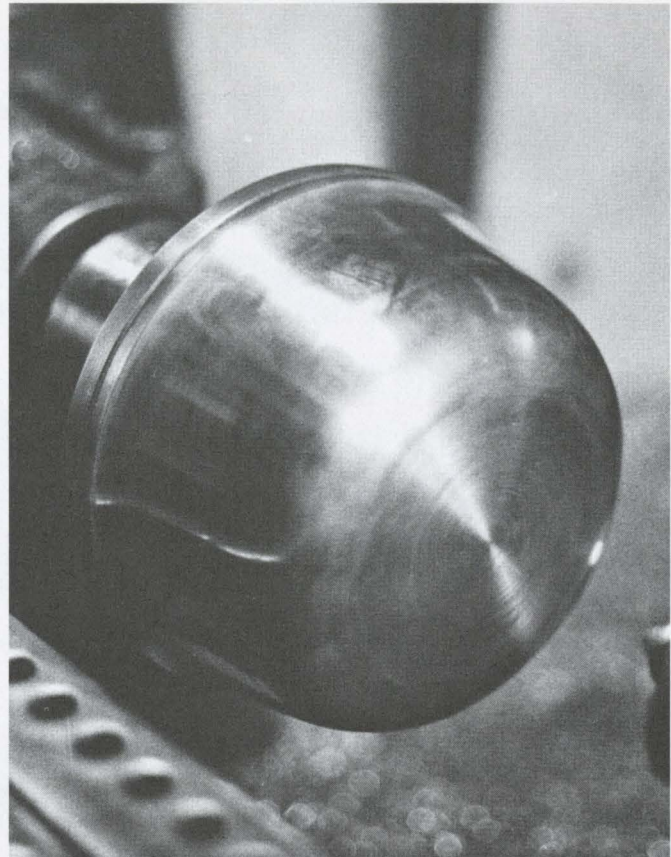
By Julien LeSieur

This pewter blank will be put onto the lathe and spun to the shape of the chuck.



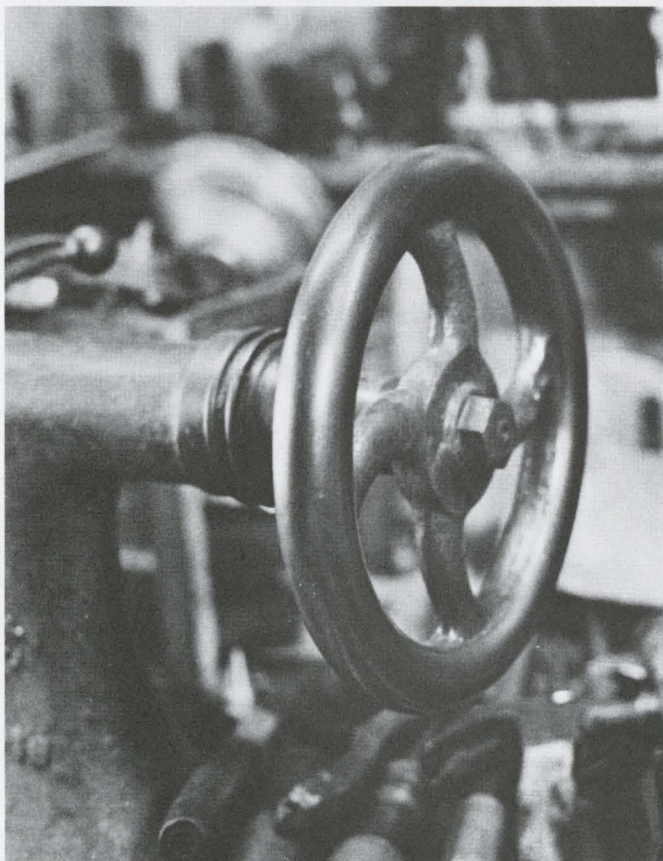
By Julien LeSieur

The blank is on the lathe and in the process of being spun with a tool called the half-round. The tool is being pushed against the T-rest for leverage. As you come to the edge of the blank, move the pin over one more hole. The blank is slowly rounding off and taking the shape of a bowl.



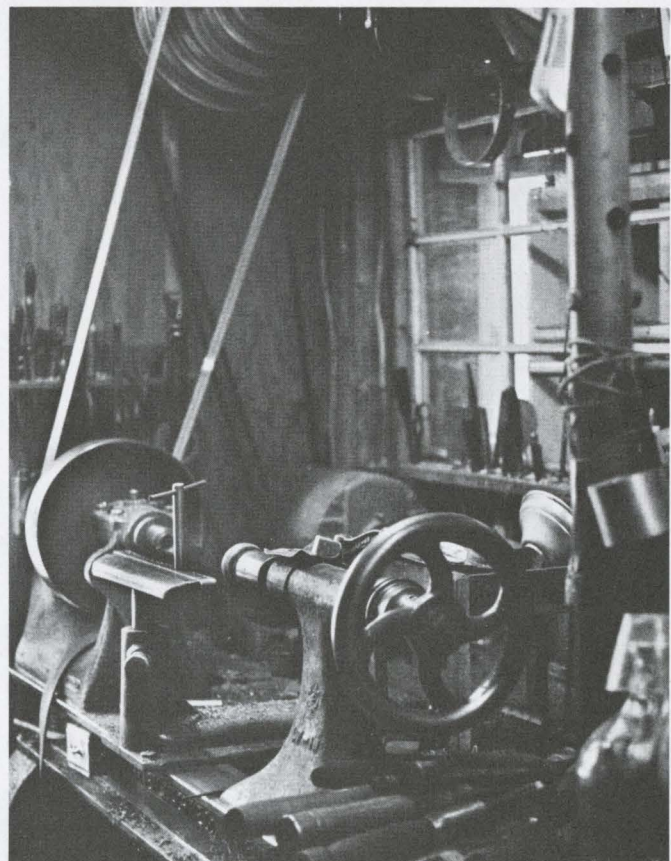
By E.J. Blake

The chuck is made out of solid stainless steel.



By E.J. Blake

Turning the wheel on the tail stock.



By E.J. Blake

The lathe is "very versatile".

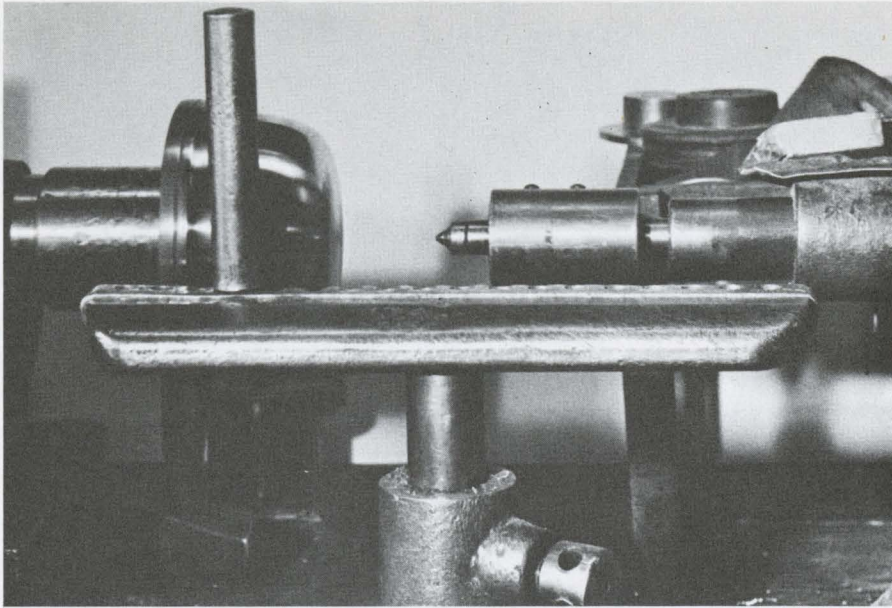


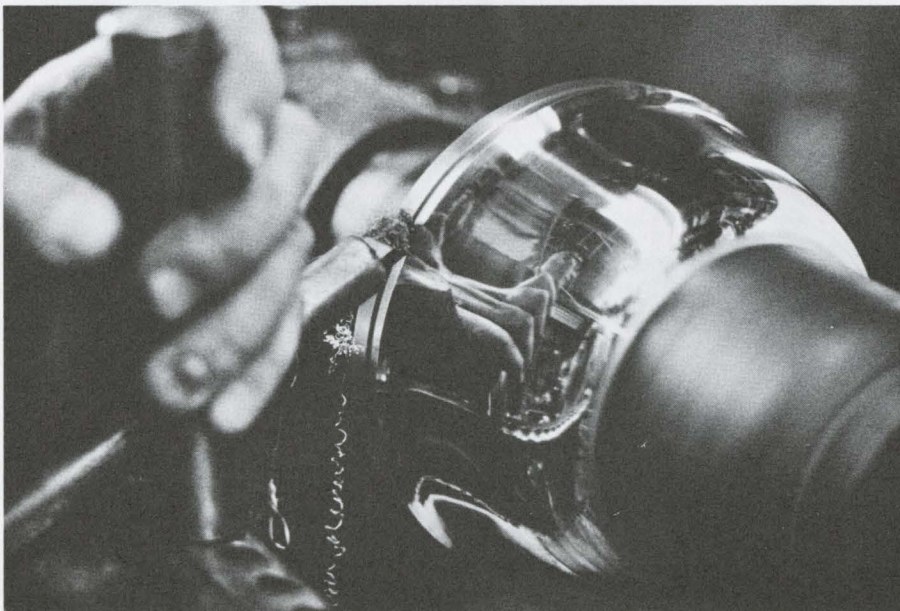
Photo by Michelle Dionne

The T-rest is a horizontal bar with a series of holes and a movable pin that fits in the holes.

Spinning with the setting bottom tool.



By E.J. Blake



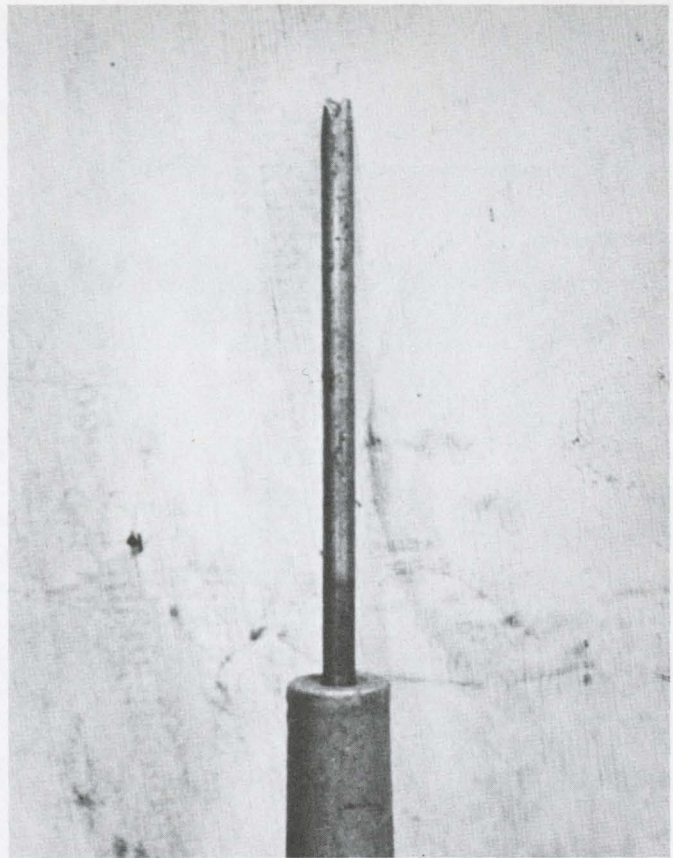
By Julien Lesieur

Trimming is done to thin out the very edge of the bowl.



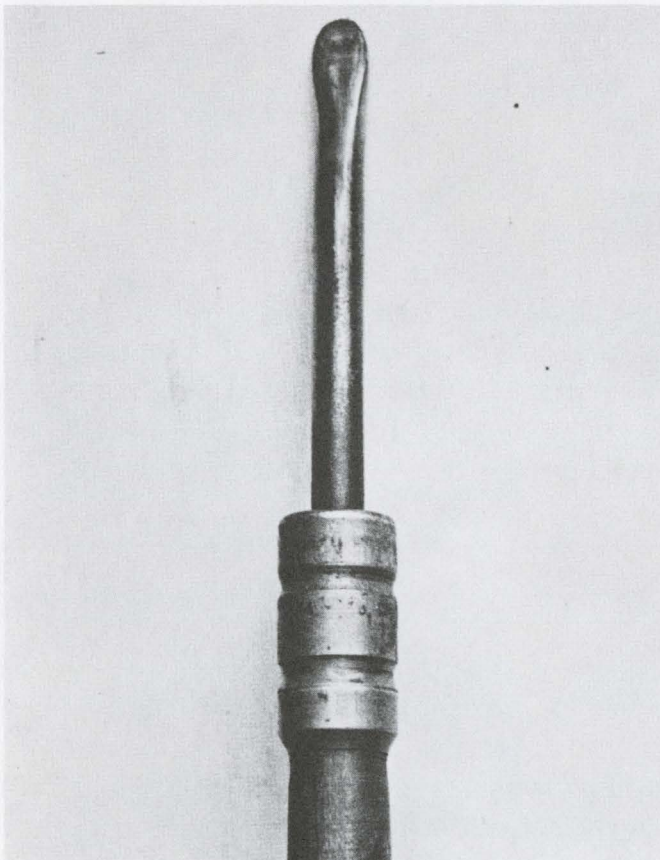
By E.J. Blake

The setting bottom tool is used in smoothing out the bottom of the bowl.



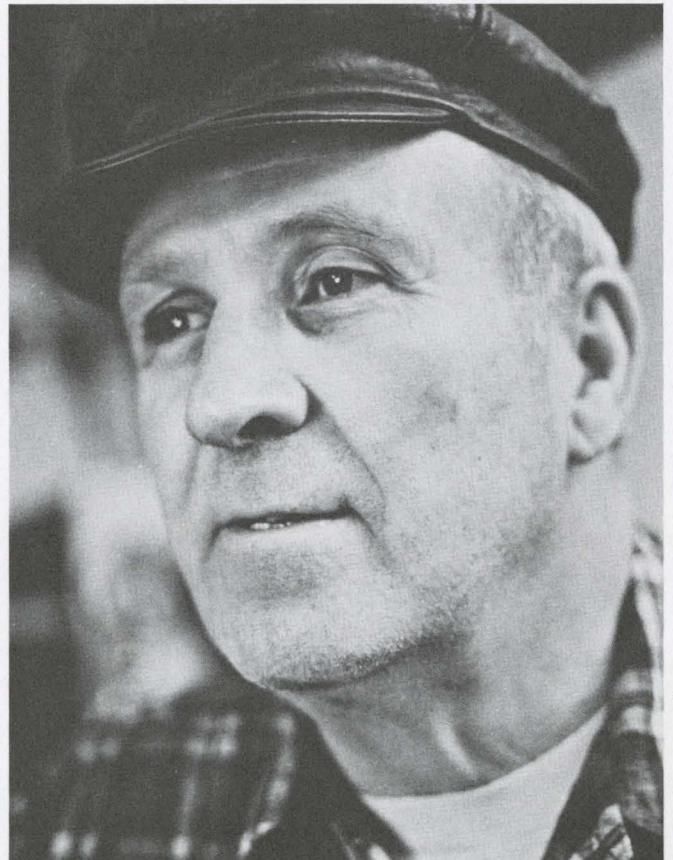
By E.J. Blake

The bead tool is used in making a rim around the edge of the bowl after finishing the process of spinning. This is one of the final steps.



By E.J. Blake

The half-round tool is used in spinning the pewter Paul Revere Bowl. It is flat on one side and rounded on the other side. When spinning with the half-round tool, the flat side is held against the blank.



By E.J. Blake

Freddie Cooper is one of the few skilled metal spinners in this area. For years he has made his own chucks (molds) and all of his tools. He is an expert at this dying art.

Letters to Salt

Edited by Deborah Garvin

Congratulations to you and the fine group of students under your advisement and training for recording for prosperity such perceptive insight into the human interest and wisdom of the past generation. How they have lived and coped with life, their skills and crafts. I love the Maine seacoast people; I have a tremendous admiration for them and their ways of life.

Once again, congratulations to you and all who contributed to the compiling of such rare and interesting material in the first *Salt Book*.

Alice Anderson
New York

We consider all of you to be our friends. It is a privilege to be able to subscribe to *Salt*. We intend to be on your subscription list for many years to come.

Mr. & Mrs. Howard F. Carney
Zephyrhills, Florida

I noticed the Kodak advertisement in the *Saturday Review*. Your magazine would be of interest, I'm sure, to someone on our Christmas list!

Grace V. Bentley
Cortland, New York

I received my first issue of the *Salt* magazine several days ago. It has been most enjoyable. The folks who buy the book, do not realize how much they are missing by not subscribing to the magazine.

I like the manner in which the magazine is written. The articles are written with a feeling of "depth".

Thanks again for everything.

Leon S. Barndt
Bloomsburg, Pa.

This letter is directed to whoever it will compliment and thank the students who interviewed me in regards to my lilacs, last spring. I had just had major surgery and my lawns and gardens had been neglected. I made excuses for their condition. They (the students) offered to come back and help me when they had free time; I asked them what they got for labor and they said they did not want any pay. I was tremendously impressed by their kindness and generosity, especially when you hear so much about our modern youth. I did not have to accept their offer, but I think because of their attitude they should be recognized and complimented.

Ken Berdeen
Kennebunk, Me.

I just finished reading the *Salt Book* and I thoroughly enjoyed it. You are doing a great service in preserving and keeping alive many of the traditions and ways of doing things indigenous to the New Englander way of life. You are doing a wonderful job. Keep up the good work!

Melissa H. Inniss
Scotch Plains, N.J.

Please enroll me for a year's subscription to your publication which I have read about in a Kodak advertisement.

As a born-and-bred New Englander and an editor of textbooks for high school English classes, I'm looking forward to reading *Salt*.

Lois Markham
Scholastic Magazine, Inc.
New York, N.Y.

We have recently began a project similar to yours, in our school and have sample publications for use in our idea files. We appreciate your assistance in helping us get our project off the ground.

Don G. Erickson
Media Supervisor
Lebanon Public School
Lebanon, Oregon

salt

In the six years of its publication, *Salt* has been privileged to witness and document the lives and stories of the people of Maine and neighboring states. We have shared with you those things told to us by independent, self sufficient New Englanders.

Here at the Salt boatyard, in Kennebunkport, Maine, we have learned from those we write about. We feel that these are good footsteps to follow, not only because they lead to good craftsmanship, but because they lead to traits of character we admire, like independence of thought linked with a sense of belonging to the world around us.

We are moving daily towards these goals here at Salt. We are building boats. We are publishing magazines. We are growing vegetables and harvesting wood. All work done by young apprentices who will carry the skills and attitudes learned here to the community at large.

But such efforts as ours needs your continuing help. Please join our growing list of patrons, either through a gift of time or money. *(All gifts tax deductible.)*

BOATS FOR SALE

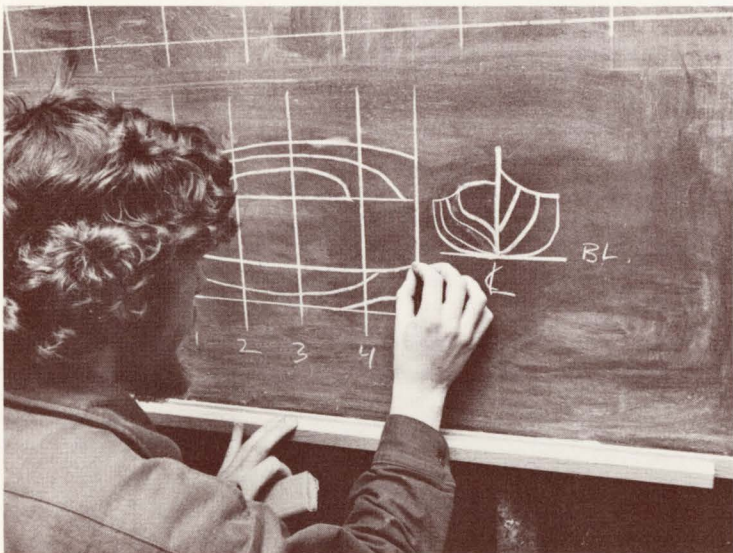
Our boatbuilding operation offers for sale to the public a pert little pulling boat of fifteen feet. Construction of this



Whitehall type boat consists of laminated strips fastened with WEST epoxy and naturally finished with mahogany and ash trim. This fine craft is one from our stock production line available at Salt. Inquiries into her specifications and purchase price will be forwarded upon request.

APPRENTICESHIPS

We are pleased to announce the availability of several tuition apprenticeship positions beginning in the fall of 1979.



This two year boatbuilding course will cover drafting, lofting and the actual construction of small and large boats. Inquiries into the program should be addressed to Tim Dowling, Salt, Inc., Christensen Lane, Kennebunkport, Maine 04046.



Spring 1979
Two Dollars

