DARK HARBOR

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DARK HARBOR

Facts and Fancies and Repetitions about DARK HARBOR

by one of the very oldest cottagers
[1890-1932]

MRS. E. A. DANIELS
(CAROLINE T. DANIELS)

written at four-score years and many
more for my niece

EDNA HOLBROOK BARGER

PRIVATELY PRINTED
MCMXXXV

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By Caroline T. Daniels

The Cosmos Press, Cambridge, Mass.

CONTENTS

I. Where is Isleboro 1
II. The Islesboro Inn, Cottages, etc. . . 5
III. Distinguished Guests 20
IV. Entertainments 24
V. Incidents 30
VI. Boating 36
VII. The Mushroom Fleet 39
VIII. Golf 41
IX. Articles Quoted
Dr. E. A. Daniels 44
Mr. David Smith 45
Mr. George Parker 47
Mr. Jeffrey Brackett 51
Mr. Murray Howe 52

I

Where is Islesboro?

UPON our return to the city, after one of our earliest summers at Dark Harbor, I was asked where I had passed the summer. "At Islesboro," I replied. "And where is Islesboro?" was the next question. Islesboro was not then on the Social Map, and Dark Harbor was in the dark; but that was more than forty years ago, and it has since then become a happy summer place for many visitors, old and young — where from morning till night something interesting is going on, and where year after year many of the same families came, their young children growing up there.

"Well, where is Islesboro?"

It is a picturesque little island in the Penobscot Bay. It is fourteen miles long and eight miles wide, and in severe storms it is sometimes almost cut in two.

It, with its adjoining islands, divides the wonderful Penobscot Bay into the East Bay and the West Bay, both of them seven miles

across — to Belfast and Camden on the West, and North Haven on the East; and as yet no automobiles are allowed there.

The natives on the island are said to be the most "Yankee" of the "Yankees," as their good names show — Boardman, Coombs, Eames, Gilkey, Grindell, Hatch, Pendleton, Scott and Sherman — Pendletons and Hatches galore, and if you should accost one as a "Hatch" he would probably reply as a "Pendleton." Anyone who can follow those "Hatch" and "Pendleton" family connections, must be gifted with a good memory! Men of fine physique, these early natives, with the title of "Captain" nearly as common as that of "Colonel" in the South. Captains Farnsworth and Washington Gilkey stand out in my memory (the latter a strikingly handsome man), Captain Charles Hatch, and his bright little wife, and Captain Lorenzo Pendleton, who lived to a great age, with continued activity.

There are three settlements on the Island — Dark Harbor, Islesboro and North Islesboro. Two Baptist churches, a Catholic and an Episcopal one.

Schools for younger children are on various parts of the island, and a good High School is at North Islesboro. The Maine Normal School at Castine has had many pupils from the Island.

The natives have their dances, sleighrides and a sewing society — and there sometimes seemed to come a "whistling" from the young people when the cottagers had departed.

There are three post-offices — at Dark Harbor, Islesboro and North Islesboro.

Islesboro has more than once played its part in national affairs — in the wars of our country, and when scientists came here from Harvard College to see the rare total eclipse in 1780.

A total eclipse of the sun is a curious phenomenon (partial eclipse every year). One occurred in 1780, October 27th. Rev. Samuel Williams, a professor at Cambridge with party of professors and students, observed the first total eclipse on record in New England. They left Boston the 7th of October for Penobscot Bay, anchored in a cove on the east side of Long Island, afterwards Islesboro. After several attempts to find a better locality, they decided on this island as the site of their observations.

The British officer at Castine, who had charge of that part of the country as it was in the time of the Revolution, had limited their time from the 25th to the 30th so that they had to return early.

The men of the island were farmers and sailors. Many of them visited distant countries bringing home valuable articles. The women were home bodies, and making nets for their sailors was one of their occupations. Some of them have enjoyed the advantages of the Castine Normal School.

What fine men some of these "Captains" were. Their names still fill the Islesboro Town Reports — Gilkey, whence our beautiful and safe Harbor gets its name, Hatch with so many branches of the family tree, Pendletons of former and present years.

II

The Islesboro Inn, Cottages, Etc.

THE Islesboro Inn was opened by the Philadelphia and Islesboro Land Company on July 1st, 1890, and Dr. Edwin Alfred Daniels was invited to be the resident physician, which position he accepted each year as long as the Inn was owned by the Land Company, for which position he was well prepared. For, after graduating from the Harvard Medical School, and some years of successful general practice, he came fresh from Vienna, where he had had two long seasons of hard study.

Knowing little of Maine, and nothing of Islesboro (and perhaps not even of its being an island) we followed directions and took the evening train from Boston to Portland where we found the steamer "City of Richmond" which carried us to Dark Harbor.

From names overheard on the train we knew that the party which sat near us was going to Dark Harbor (or "Islesborough" as the place was then known) and would be our fellow-passengers on the boat.

It was a glorious, moonlight night, and we sat on deck till very late (a new experience for my young son, Richard) and there began, for us, the courteous friendship of Mr. James Winsor, which only ended with his death.

Reaching our destination early the next morning, we were welcomed by Mr. Sewell, the manager of the Inn — (and what a delicious breakfast he gave us!).

We were a party of nine — Mr. Harry Biddle, the first President of the Land Company, his wife and two daughters, Miss Fanny Etting (said to be the niece of Scott's "Rebecca" of "Ivanhoe") Mr. James D. Winsor, Dr. Daniels, wife and son.

Mr. Winsor was with Mr. J. Murray Howe, the discoverer of Islesboro as a summer resort — a director in the Land Company, a yearly visitor, and a constant benefactor of the Company.

AND SO THE INN WAS OPENED

What should we find at Islesboro?

Perhaps a big, ugly hotel, not quite finished and surrounded by debris, the very newness of which would make us homesick. A Boston friend had encouragingly suggested, "That it

must be a good hotel as they charged three dollars a day!" — And now!!

What *did* we find?

Not the ugly hotel that I had feared to find. Oh! how lovely we found the place! The handsome Inn, like a gentleman's country home, with its stone fortress-like foundation and its very large piazza upon which one could really take a walk — and instead of debris around it, there was a perfect carpet of daisies — a welcome sight to our eyes. The picture seemed a veritable fairyland! (For after three consecutive summers abroad, visiting celebrated resorts, we had not seen an oxeye daisy.)

The Inn was situated on a high hill, and commanded a wonderful view of the East Bay, and a charming inland view on the west side.

The architect was the Boston City Architect, Mr. Edmund Wheelwright, by marriage the nephew of Messrs. James D. and William Winsor.

The Inn was simply furnished, but its beautiful Oriental rugs gave its little parlors an air of refinement.

The first guests to arrive, after the nine

persons who opened the Inn, were Dr. Samuel Dixon, Mrs. Dixon and daughter. Dr. Dixon was Scientist Professor at the University of Pennsylvania, and Director of the Land Company, and a large landowner at Dark Harbor, and, later, the owner of the Hotel. Mr. George Philler, a bank president in Philadelphia, and a Director in the Land Company, who yearly represented the Company at Rockland — and Mrs. Philler. After some years, as guests of the Inn, Mr. Philler bought the little Eames Cottage, which he gave back to the Land Company, and built the house still called "The Philler House." (The old Eames place was picturesque from the Inn, with its well-sweep, a story and a half house); Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Biddle, daughter and son, Mr. Wilmer Biddle, Mr. and Mrs. Rowland (later Mrs. Wilmer Biddle), Mrs. Ingham, Mrs. Townsend, Mr. and Mrs. Fox — the former an ex-minister to Greece, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Horstmann and two daughters, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Dixon and son, and Mrs. Winsor (for a short stay to see the place), and Dr. Cobb, a guest of Dr. Daniels. Sometimes we numbered but twelve and were quite like a big family.

Mr. John Turner Atterbury, wife and four little girls spent seven weeks at the Inn. Dr. Wirtz and daughter from Philadelphia, Mr. and Mrs. James Murrary Howe and Mr. and Mrs. Emor Harding occupied the "Farm" and helped to swell the social circle of the Inn. Mr. Howe was the first seller of the Land Company, succeeded after a few years by Mr. George S. Parker.

"The Farm" supplied the fresh vegetables, milk and cream to the Inn, and two large carcasses of hogs usually accompanied us on the boat when we left the Island. Sheep wandered around the first year, but they disappeared the second year "as they ate the young fir trees."

The second year other guests joined the Inn company. Mr. James Winsor brought his family and Mrs. Winsor's mother, Mrs. Henry D. Chapman, and her aunt, Mrs. Emlyn — these latter two elderly Philadelphia women of an earlier generation — Mrs. Chapman witty, cheerful and kindhearted, Mrs. Emlyn dignified and lovely. With Mrs. Emlyn was her daughter, Miss Ellie. I think we all would have named Mrs. Chapman the Belle of the Inn. A Philadelphia lady who went there as a

bride, attended a ball where she saw a group of about forty persons gathered in a corner of the room. Her curiosity discovered that Mrs. Chapman was holding court. Mr. and Mrs. Gardiner Beals, daughter and two sons came the second year, and at a reception given by Mrs. Dexter Tiffany at "Allagash," Miss Beals exhibited her paintings. Miss Beals is now Mrs. Frank Bourne of Boston. The Players, mother and son, came the second year. After many years at the Inn, they built on the West Side. Later, Preston bought a nearby Island where he raised sheep, the fleece of which he sold for $1,000. and gave to the U. S. Government during the Spanish War.

Judge John Lowell, Sr. and family came early for one season, and he always had his rubber of whist of an evening.

The Malcolm Greenoughs were constant guests for many years, and Mr. Greenough came back in later years.

The Silbees, after staying at the Inn, were the first to build on Warren Mountain, one of the handsomest houses at Dark Harbor, where Mrs. Silbee was a lovely hostess to many of us.

The Lewises, after years at the Inn, built their attractive and comfortable house with its fine view on the West Side. The Alexander W. Biddles were Inn guests before building on the West Side.

The Starrs also stayed at the Inn before they bought the little old house of Mrs. Charles Pendleton. It is now the attractive home of the Barnums.

After being our co-residents in the little Eames Cottage belonging to the Inn, for a season and a few months of the second year, our kind friends and near neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. George Bird, built their lovely "Mount Vernon" house — one of the finest of the cottages of Dark Harbor — in which home they offered a constant and charming hospitality to their friends.

The Charles Dana Gibsons, after a season at the Inn, built on Seven Hundred Acre Island, where they have given hospitality to many guests — and have been a great addition to the colony of cottagers.

Dr. Daniels owned a "lot" on Warren Mountain in the early 90's — also a lot on the West Side.

The George Childs Drexels were very early Inn guests — for several years.

The Frank Bonds, built on the East side. Mrs. Beach now owns the house.

Mr. Brackett was the pioneer cottager, coming to Dark Harbor eight years before the Inn was opened and Mrs. Brackett five years before.

The Tiffanys bought and added to the house that Mr. Winsor was building the second year. The Atterburys, the Homers and the Sculls built the third year. Mr. and Mrs. James Lawrence built early on Warren Mountain and they and their family added much to the gaiety of the social circle.

The West side was opened by the William Dupees, and their cottage built by Peabody and Stearns was the largest house of the colony — now added to and belonging to Mrs. E. D. Brandegee. When rumor told that "Mrs. Brandegee was going to enlarge it," Richard exclaimed, "With seventeen bedrooms, to be enlarged!" Then followed the houses of Dr. Richard Derby, Mrs. George Silsbee, Dr. Kinnicott, Mrs. Kissel, Dr. Geo. Shattuck, and later, Dr. Frederick Shattuck and the

Players. Earlier the upper Scull Cottage was opened — built by the Vallees.

The Frothinghams, after years at the Inn, built their very attractive home.

Dr. Dixon and Mr. James Winsor had early built little cottages: Dr. Dixon's on Sunset Hill, later bought and enlarged by Mrs. Robert Minturn, and now on the Dillon place. Dr. James C. White built the cottage now owned by Mrs. John Pepper. Mr. Preston Player's attractive little bungalow was made from two or three little houses that he had built on his island. The bungalow is now owned by the Western Diocese of Massachusetts.

The Alexander house was built by Mr. Morse, and the Willock house by Mr. Adams. The Kelloggs built their lovely place on Minot's Island, where they have been constant hosts to the cottagers of Dark Harbor, sending their fleet of boats to carry their guests back and forth. The Silsbees were the first to build on Warren Mountain, though Dr. Daniels had bought a lot there much earlier.

The Inn was built for a stopping place for those intending to buy land, but it was found comfortable for many who came to pass their

summer outings. So it was soon found to be lacking in many ways, and the L was added the second year. The addition gave a fine room for dancing, where mothers and their children enjoyed themselves every evening. "As good as dancing school," Mrs. Winsor said. Here were held the costume parties and many other entertainments.

The hall served as a chapel — where at five o'clock A.M. there was held a service for the "help" and other Catholics, and at eleven o'clock Dr. Wm. Prall, D.D., then a clergyman of a large western parish, held a service. Dr. Prall later built a fine house where he and Mrs. Prall were charming hosts. Mr. Harold Pratt now owns the place, having greatly enlarged it.

There has never been much of a "boom" at Dark Harbor, and in the early years one heard reports that the Inn might not be opened.

Well — in those early years we got on without the game of bridge. We had euchre, sailing, dancing, lunches and dinners, golf, tennis and walking, Mrs. Chapman always joining in the latter exercise, which many took daily. One of the pleasant walks of Mrs. Chapman and her

daily companions was up the way to the Brackett's house as far as the Brown Cottage, where they made a call and where they listened to Mr. Brown's playing the "fiddle."

Botany, too, came in for some of the guests. Dr. Daniels, a good amateur botanist, was so often consulted about the names of plants that he was called by Dr. Cobb the "Professor." Dr. Daniels discovered a mushroom not to be found in Gray's Botany. He sent the mushroom to Professor Fowler of Harvard; to whom it was also unknown. Professor Fowler said that Dr. Daniels' description of it was worthy of a forty-line article in a magazine.

Nowadays one hears of the life of the early years at Dark Harbor as having been simple.

Yes, we did wear comfortable little woolen dresses of a morning; we had no telephones and no ugly telephone poles to mar our lovely views, no post office, no yachts (except the Brackett's pretty "Vaucluse"), no electric lights, but our good kerosene lamps never gave out at a dinner party, and gave plenty of light at the Inn where we had many amusements for young and old.

The mail was brought daily from "Guinea" and we got plenty of news.

Altogether the "Simple Era" of Dark Harbor was very enjoyable.

Other attractive places were Dr. Maitland Alexander's house (built by Mr. Morse), Geo. Clark's house, formerly Dr. John Brannan's, the very attractive house of the Frothinghams, Mr. Chas. Auchincloss's home (built by Miss Williamson), the Eames cottage, now owned by Mrs. Daniels, which stood on the site of the Philler House and was very picturesque with its old well sweep, as viewed from the Inn. It was later removed to its present site.

That small farmhouse has been occupied by many Inn guests besides the Birds — Mrs. Chas. Platt, Jr., Mrs. Scull's sisters (Mrs. Campbell and Miss Prall), the Richard Saltonstalls, the family of Judge John Lowell, Jr., Mrs. Chas. K. Cobb and the young Biddle children.

The oak tree before it, was from an acorn planted in 1903, a gift from Mrs. O. T. Scott. Mrs. Scott had called it "President Roosevelt." (She had planted two acorns — and named them President and Mrs. Roosevelt. As one plant died I called the living one for President T. Roosevelt until his break of friendship with President Taft. Now I call it "Mrs. Scott.")

Not all of the natives liked to give up their old homes. Mrs. Farnsworth never visited the Eames cottage after it was sold.

In 1915 the Inn burned. It was a wonderful sight, as we saw it from our cottage, and Richard took many views of it. It had been owned by Dr. Dixon for some years, and he had made it more comfortable for guests, adding parlors and bathrooms.

For one summer there was no Inn, but the cottagers survived the loss; then it was rebuilt by the cottagers — (the architect was Mr. Edmund C. Evans, a son-in-law of Mr. Winsor, and Mr. Evans gave the handmade tiles at the western door) — and for two years it was turned into a Club, which condition ended with the end of 1932.

In all those years from 1890 one can look back to many functions; hospitality from the cottagers, receptions and parties. I particularly recall those of the Homers. No sweeter cottager than Mrs. Homer played the part of hostess, with her daughter Gertrude — and Mr. Homer with humor and business sense, joined their pleasures.

My early big dinner at the Inn was quite a

function — with Mrs. Henry P. Quincy as guest of honor, and Dr. James C. White and Dr. Prall on my right and left sides.

My annual lunches were quite unusual, too — also given at the Inn.

Mr. Charlemagne Tower gave a Fete Champetre when he occupied the Minturn house.

Dr. Wm. H. Draper, Sr. of New York came quite early — when little Ruth, now the distinguished monologuist, was ten years old. They occupied the Murray Howe house then belonging to Mr. Homer. The next year they had their own house which is still used by the family. Ruth Draper has given her popular monologues to both Inn and native audiences — but to me her recital at a private reception given to a few of the cottagers, when she was about fifteen, stands out still in my memory.

Miss Caldwell's tip-top cottage, with its many steps and grand view of the Eastern Bay, was built in the early years, and both she and her sister, Mrs. Henry Markoe, were constant and charming entertainers to cottagers and their guests. The Drexel Pauls built many years ago and the Elkins and Mitchells have since built on the West Side.

The summer of 1932 was a quiet summer. Although many cottagers were absent, it was a very pleasant summer to those that were there — with functions enough to amuse them.

Mrs. Kissel, always hospitable, always has functions — a queenly hostess, a cottager for many years — interested in all good works for cottager or native. Dark Harbor is fortunate to have such a cottager.

There is a library at Islesboro and also one at Dark Harbor.

At Dark Harbor a fund has been raised by Mrs. Daniels called the "Cottager's Fund." Half of the income of this is added to the fund each year, and the other half is used to purchase books.

III

Distinguished Guests

AND Dark Harbor has had a great many of them, beginning the first year with Mr. and Mrs. Fox (the former Ex-Minister to Greece), Dr. Samuel Dixon, Scientist and Director and large landowner of the Company, Dr. Jeffrey Brackett, social service worker who "got rid of beggars" in Baltimore, ex-professor at Simmons College; Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dana Gibson (the latter the model of "The Gibson Girl") and their guests, Lord and Lady Astor; Mr. Winston Churchill, the novelist; Mr. Henry S. Howe and his guest, Mr. James Bryce; Miss Mabel Choate, daughter of Joseph Choate; Judges John Lowell and John Lowell, Jr.; Judge James Arnold Lowell (before he was a judge); Judge and Mrs. Robert Grant; Pres. Theodore Roosevelt and his sister, Mrs. Douglas Robinson and his daughters, Alice and Ethel (Mrs. Longworth and Mrs. Richard Derby, Jr.). Mr. Roosevelt made a speech at the flag-raising at the Inn; President Taft —

who gave his yacht "The Mayflower" to his sister-in-law, Mrs. McLaughlin, for a general tea to the cottagers, and guests of the Inn; Moorfield Storey and daughter, Mrs. Robert Lovett; Mr. Otto Kahn, whose generosity has, since his residence here, been shown to the cottagers; Dr. Austin Riggs, Mr. Ibsen, the artist, Sir Auckland and Lady Geddes, (the former, Ambassador from England), who passed two seasons here; Monsieur and charming Madame Peter, (the former, Minister from Switzerland); Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Prall and Mrs. Prall's sister, a German baroness, (these sisters were daughters of Judge Lothrop, a former Ambassador to Russia); Mrs. Henry P. Quincy, a daughter of Charles Francis Adams, our Ambassador to England, grand-daughter of President John Quincy Adams, and great-grand-daughter of President John Adams; Rev. Leighton Parks, D.D., who lived here for a number of summers, and bought the house now owned by Mrs. Cadwalader; Lady Baron, daughter of Dr. Parks; Miss Garrett, sister of Robert Garrett; Mrs. Johnston, the former Miss Harriet Lane of the White House; Rev. William Greenough Thayer, D.D.; Rev. John

Cotton Smith, D.D.; Bishops Cobb and Brewster of Maine; General Green, engineer; Mr. Allan Forbes, Bank President and Treasurer of the Islesboro Inn Company, Mr. Alexander Biddle; Rev. Maitland Alexander; Peter Jay, a former Ambassador to Argentina; Mr. Richard D. Sears, a former national tennis champion, who built a handsome house, and after it burned, within a year, built a second house; Mr. David Scull, a Quaker, philanthropist and educator, who came here early and built here the third year — a handsome man he was. His cottage has been largely added to, and by the purchase of the Vallée house and land, it has grown to its present size. Mr. and Mrs. William Ellis Scull have been devoted visitors to Dark Harbor — with constant hospitality; Mr. James Morse, Ex-President of the New York Stock Exchange; Mr. Richard Whitney, now President of the New York Stock Exchange; Mr. George Whitney, Dr. William H. Draper and his handsome wife who gave money and a musical entertainment for the benefit of the school at Islesboro, and Miss Ruth Draper who has given an entertainment at the Inn, and generously, for the

Townspeople; Mr. Edwin Dixon, the President of the Land Company until his death, following the first year President, Mr. Harry Biddle; Mr. Charlemagne Tower, Ex-Ambassador to Germany; Mrs. Davie, a daughter of General Preston (a southern general), Ex-Ambassador to Spain; Mr. William H. Barnum, President of the New York Bar; Col. Charles Fuller, with an exciting record of the Civil War — he flew kites much to the entertainment and pleasure of the small boys; Mr. Frederick R. Kellogg, distinguished lawyer; Mr. John Thayer, Dr. John Brannan, Miss Rose Cleveland, sister of President Cleveland, Mr. Thomas Lamont, Mr. Dwight Davis; Mr. and Mrs. James Murray Forbes and Miss Dorothy stand out for their many kindnesses to natives and cottagers. Miss Dorothy Forbes will long be remembered at Dark Harbor. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Boit, Mr. Boit an artist and Mrs. Boit the daughter of N. P. Willis. Their pretty little English cottage was mysteriously burned a few years after their deaths.

IV

Entertainments

THE first year there was a sale, held in one of the small parlors, when a handsome bedspread was raffled and won by Mr. Wilmer Biddle, and as I remember it, Mr. Winsor did not quite approve of a sale.

The second summer there was a very good entertainment in the good dance hall, when Miss Ingham took the part of a doll which came to life and little Charlie Greenough was a "prize fighter," with a ball almost as big as himself.

An early entertainment shows a programme of "Nations" represented by persons.

But the finest entertainment, the one that stands out in my memory, was a movie show of the cottagers of Dark Harbor given by Mr. Harold Pratt, and was very successful, as the proceeds of the affair raised $1,000. to pay for the new ball room, added to the hotel.

One Sunday, after Church service, many of the cottagers went over to the Philler House

(then occupied by Mrs. J. T. Atterbury) where they were photographed. Dr. Frederick Shattuck bowling on the green — Mr. J. Murray Forbes driving — Dr. Daniels weeding, with his stick weeder — Miss Dorothy Forbes driving, etc., etc.

Dinners were given. I think the Daniels were the first to return the hospitalities of the cottagers.

The first year Mr. Sewell gave the last guests of the Inn a dinner. Speeches were made or attempted, after it. Mrs. Murray Howe said that Dr. Daniels' speech was the best one (not a great compliment, however).

Mrs. Davie, from Louisville, Ky. gave a dinner for fifty to all the young people of the Inn and cottages in an early year.

Dinners and lunches are now frequent.

At one entertainment, a costume party, Mr. Ibsen, the artist, took the part of a "Summer Girl." He called at the Inn office for Mr. George Parker. Losing patience (or pretending to do so) he suddenly exclaimed in an angry, deep-bass voice, "Where in thunder *is* Mr. Parker?" quite to the surprise of Mr. Brown, Sr. who was attending the office.

The members of the Land Company were anxious to have their Philadelphia friends who were at Northeast Harbor, come to Dark Harbor, especially Mr. Charles Platt, Sr. They came, they did not see. They started out for a drive, when a very heavy rain prevented all views. (Poor Mr. Howe said he almost wished there were no such things as "views," so often did he hear about them.)

On the evening of their visit, the head waiter entertained them with recitals of poetry. A dapper headwaiter was he — and in his leisure of an afternoon, in his white suit, he quite vied with the guests in appearance. He also furnished the music for dancing in the spacious office. He was quite equipped to play the summer beau at some country hotel!

Mr. Charles Platt did build a good house on the East Side which Mrs. Chas. Platt, Jr. occupied, and where she entertained for a number of years. She also occupied rooms in the little Eames Cottage for one summer. The Platt house was pulled down or moved by the Amor Hollingsworths. Quite a pity. It was a "Savage" house — and the grand oak tree made its entrance most attractive.

Mrs. Atterbury's "Palace" of recent years, is the one grand place on the Island with its wonderful view of Warren Mountain, where its charming owner extends her hospitality — and her good citizenship. "A good citizen" my doctor called her. After her marriage to Mr. Atterbury she lived at "Draumorar" for some years, after which she gave back the place to the four daughters of Mr. Atterbury and leased and added to the "Philler" house.

The George Clarks bought the place built by the Brannans — Dr. and Mrs. John T. Brannan — and they lived there for a good many years before leaving Dark Harbor, which was a loss to Dark Harbor indeed!

General Greene and family had occupied this cottage before the Clarks owned it.

The Hugh Cottons, after having been guests at the Inn, became active cottagers for many years. A talented family. Mrs. Cotton was an amateur artist and always graciously played for us. Miss Cotton sang and gave her voice as a help to entertainments. At one entertainment, with the help of an imported tenor, she sang an operatic scene. Miss Eleanor entertained by reciting French poetry in the most perfect accent.

"Misery." When directors and their wives came to Islesboro to see the progress of the building of the Inn, they stayed at "The Farm" — and when some necessary thing was not to be found, they were told to lay it to "Misery" or the "General Misery."

The first year the guests entertained themselves. The addition of the L gave a good dancing room and there was always dancing each evening where mothers and their children took part.

And the Southern hospitality of those sisters! Mrs. Atterbury and Mrs. Brackett were constantly asking all of us of the Inn to some luncheon or dinner — and that was as pleasant as later functions.

The third or fourth year a good fair was held in Mr. Winsor's empty house, the proceeds of which were for the little church that was to be built.

Some of the early entertainments were —

One in which Miss Ingham took very well the part of a doll that came to life.

A Book Party — books represented by persons dressing in costumes to show them.

A recital by a former member of the Colony

— the distinguished Ruth Draper, and another by Paul Draper — and usually an important entertainment by local or talent from outside.

Fritz Kreisler played the accompaniments for Reinhold de Warlich's recital in 1916.

V

Incidents

"DARK HARBOR" — Why dark? Because one would probably not see the little enclosed bay when sailing up or down the coast. It is now the swimming pool. Mr. Winsor had the dam built so that the pool could be flushed daily. He also opened the East Side of Dark Harbor, for cottage sites — and gave another lovely drive to us all.

One morning of an early summer Mrs. Winsor and Dr. Daniels discovered that their neckties were exactly alike. Amused as two children, they treasured the pretty ties, and each year thereafter, they donned them for their welcomes. This plan they followed as long as Mrs. Winsor came to the Inn.

A very dignified cottager stepped off the jetty in his proper clothing. Captain George Pendleton who had charge of the jetty, to quote his own words: "hauled him out of the

water and he saw a fat roll of bills emerge from a pocket — but nary a one did he get!"

A guest of a cottager with her courtly attendant, entered a canoe. It tipped over, and the gentleman left his companion to drown and saved himself — and again Captain Pendleton came to the rescue.

The first year Captain Charles Hatch had care of the dam which daily flushed the bathing pool, when one day an employee of the Inn jumped into the water from the bridge over the dam. Captain Hatch rescued him. When he tried the experiment the second time, Captain Hatch said, giving him a hard shake, "If you try that again, you can drown."

Sitting by the side of an elderly gentleman at a dinner party, a young lady asked her neighbor if he liked bananas. "No," he replied, "I prefer old-fashioned nightshirts."

Quite an important and corpulent D.D., in shirt-sleeves and pretty silk sash, between golf pauses, was chatting with Mrs. Chapman.

He called himself "a pillar of the Church." Quickly Mrs. Chapman said, "You mean bolster, don't you?"

Heigho Ida! One of the belles of the Island had her trysting place under the wonderful oak tree which stood near the entrance to the Senior Platt house.

One delightful aspect of the cottagers has been their satisfaction in their choice of site and cottage.

The first manager of the Inn, Mr. Sewell, probably finding the pretty Italian name of the barber too difficult for constant use, called him "Billy, the Barber," and so he has been called ever since.

From the earliest years, Dr. Daniels' flag was the first one of the cottage colony and told that the Inn was opened. Mr. Brackett said "that when Dr. Daniels and 'Billy, the Barber' had arrived, he felt that the season had begun." The beautiful staff of the flag was given to Dr. Daniels by Mr. "Dill" Hatch. This year "Billy, the Barber," with his charming

Italian name and his pleasant smile, has died (1932).

Upon her first visit to Dark Harbor a young lady remarked upon the good looks of the elder women. Handsome women, those early cottagers! Mrs. Robert Minturn, Mrs. Richard Derby, Sr., Mrs. George Shattuck, Mrs. Atterbury, Mrs. Henry S. Howe, Mrs. Thomas B. Homer and later, Mrs. Henry Markoe, Mrs. Scull with her vivacious graces, and particularly Mrs. J. Murray Forbes—a most kindly friend.

A very good fair, principally managed by Mrs. Brackett and Mrs. Atterbury, for the benefit of a future church, was held in the empty cottage that Mr. James Winsor had built. $300. was raised. The beautiful doll, dressed and given by Mrs. Atterbury, was drawn by Dr. Daniels — who gave it to little Katherine Atterbury.

The first year Mrs. Alexander Biddle had thought and spoken of a church, and in 1893 the little chapel was opened. After a few years it was added to, and faced in another direction. It has become almost a Memorial Chapel. It has been the custom on the last service of the

year to sing a hymn written by Mr. Brackett's father.

The first year, when the guests were few, Mr. Alexander Biddle suggested that Dr. Wirtz should read the service, Dr. Wirtz being a Presbyterian, did not at first accept the offer — but he did read it, and so there was held the first Episcopal Church service at Dark Harbor.

The picturesque little log cabin was the first building at the jetty and in one of the first years the ladies gave a tea there. The wooden panels from the General Knox House are still there. What child (or adult) knows about General Knox?

For many years Dr. Daniels kept the record of the temperature. Mrs. Philler asked daily, "What was the temperature last night, Doctor?" "Sixty," he said, and was then accused of having "fixed the thermometer," the temperature was so often the same.

Islesboro might well have been called a doctor's island, starting the first year with Dr. Samuel Dixon, Dr. Wirtz, Dr. Daniels and his friend, Dr. Frederick Cobb, followed by so many other distinguished physicians.

There have been few accidents at Dark Harbor. One native boy was drowned, Daniel Hatch was accidentally shot, and blasting killed a native.

When leaving the Island, one fall, we watched from the wharf the approach of our steamer — or what we thought was our steamer—but we discovered that there was no one in the boat. The little boat steered directly for the wharf, turned beyond it and landed upon the bed of rocks alongside.

Frank Boardman, who had watched its course, jumped onto the rocks, and caught the rope which was hanging from it. It had broken loose from its mooring, on the mainland.

It was a weird sight, as we watched it!

VI

Boating

BOATING should come first as one of Dark Harbor's greatest pleasures.

There were no private boats except the "Kitty" and the pretty little "Vaucluse" of Mr. Brackett. The "Vaucluse" was named for the associations of Mrs. Brackett's Virginia home. A tea on it, given to all of the Inn guests, was perhaps as exciting as those on later yachts.

Messrs. Philler, and James Winsor found an excellent steamer the first year and invited all of the Inn guests to a trip to Bar Harbor. They gave us a good luncheon on board the ship, which was served by waiters from the Inn to save time in order that we might have a chance to see Bar Harbor. (We had waiters the first year at the Inn!).

During one of the early years there was a boat from Boston to Bar Harbor and return, giving the ladies time to see a friend, or to "buy furs." As the colony grew, races were

sailed and boats of similar pattern were owned, and sailed by their young owners. Yachts have increased and people have provided themselves with boats.

Races are held very often and once a year a race of two days' duration has been run by the Islesboro Boat Club. Cups are given and the "Derby" Cup in memory of Dr. Richard Derby, Sr. is a very important one to win.

The small steamer "Frank Jones," which served in the early years, had almost a personality, and a maid who had expected the arrival of Mr. Frank Jones, was much surprised to see a boat instead of a man.

The second year the George Childs Drexels had a little yacht, just big enough for a tea for four. Mrs. Drexel introduced "toy boat" races and gave a prize to the winner. The Tiffanys always won, once by a boat made by Mr. Tiffany. The Drexels later built a house at North Islesboro.

Boats could be rented from the natives. Dr. Daniels bought Mr. Delmar Hatch's big row boat, "The Eagle," and with the addition of a sail, learned to sail in it. I went with him in it when he visited a patient. Later he bought

the "Opitsah I," and with his son, he enjoyed many a race in it. John Boit and Richard were the best of the sailors.

Islesboro is a fine place for sailing and for learning to sail, with its beautiful Gilkey's Harbor, its nearness to land on both sides, and to the "jetty," constantly tended by a good Captain, who is now Captain Rolerson. Richard said "that he had been on every rock in the Harbor." It is a pretty sight to see the many sail boats in the Harbor. Even the bathing pool is big enough for learning to sail. For many years the Eastern Yacht Club came here on their Annual Cruise — a happy welcome was given to them by the young people of Dark Harbor. Their visit was an Event! The visit of Mr. J. P. Morgan, Sr.'s "Corsair" was an annual event also.

VII

The Mushroom Fleet

AT THE closing of the Inn in the second year, Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Wheelwright and Dr. and Mrs. Daniels, not quite ready to return to the city, followed Mr. Wheelwrights' suggestion of sailing to North Haven. They started by way of Cape Rosier, where they passed the night. The next morning, with Eben Babbage, Jr. sailor, they left Cape Rosier. Dexter Tiffany, Jr. followed, with Captain Charles Hatch for skipper, joining us for lunch on Butter Island. Then we sailed on toward North Haven, which place we reached at eleven o'clock at night. Neither our skipper, Eben Babbage, nor Dr. Daniels knew the way. Fortunately we had a tender. It was a beautiful moonlight night, and Dr. Daniels found a place to land — and also found "Mullins" where the good people took us in and fed us. We were ready for a rest, and I was tired from holding my sleepy, little boy. Dexter and Captain Hatch had no tender but they had a chart.

They anchored where they saw a man on the land and they fired their pistol to the last cartridge without making the man hear. Therefore they passed the night in the lovely moonlight, and they landed early the next morning at North Haven. The Wheelwrights did not start till the morning after we left Cape Rosier, as Mr. Wheelwright went back to Islesboro for mail.

The next evening, seated alone in the little parlor, I heard footsteps on the piazza, and I welcomed the third party of "The Mushroom Fleet," with baby carriage and paraphernalia for the little girl's comfort. Dexter and Captain Hatch returned to Islesboro, but the Wheelwrights and we stayed about a week enjoying the hospitality of the Mullins, who feasted us to the last with mushrooms. We found such an abundance of them on the Island and ate so many of them that it is a thing of memory — (some as large as a tea-plate!)

VIII

Golf — The Tarratine Club

GOLF was started early here. Mr. John Turner Atterbury was the first President, which position he held until his death. His first handsome cup was won by Richard H. Daniels, when a young boy.

The first golf house was the very old Adams house — now on the Dillon Place — and the ladies of the Inn as well as the cottagers found it a charming meeting place and a pleasant afternoon walk from the Inn. There was a Women's Branch of the Club the first year. Mrs. Atterbury was its first president and she donated the tea which was freely served to the guests. Mrs. Daniels was Secretary and Mrs. Tiffany, Treasurer. Mrs. Charles Platt, Jr. (who later built a cottage) was a strong social member of the colony for many years, and fond of playing golf. The ladies of the few cottages took turns as hostesses. Before the golf house was enlarged an awning served as a shelter. Later a piazza and a tearoom were added, and

what a convenient place it was for the meeting of friends.

And what fun the "Gang" had! The "Gang" was composed of Messrs. George Bird, Dr. Alexander W. Biddle, Mr. Richard D. Sears and Dr. Starr in the morning. In the afternoon Dr. Daniels took Mr. Sears's place when Mr. Sears sailed. Though delightfully situated and so easily reached, as the numbers increased the Club's course became too small and really dangerous, as a driveway intersected it.

The time seemed ripe to buy the old Sherman house, one of the oldest houses of Dark Harbor, and formerly the "Farm" of the Inn. It was occupied the first year by Mr. and Mrs. James Murray Howe, and Mr. and Mrs. Emor Harding, who added much to the small social set of the Inn guests. The Ladies Club was given up as members increased, and the Tarratine Club became more formal.

So in 1902 the Sherman house was purchased — an attractive old house — and the site most lovely. Mrs. Atterbury furnished the little parlor as a memorial to Mr. Atterbury.

The old course has been much missed on

account of the distance of the new club from the cottages. This has necessitated a buckboard — starting twice a day from the Inn.

The opening of the Golf Club was an event. Dr. Maitland Alexander made a speech in which he hoped that Mrs. Mary McCloud who had officiated in the old Club from its beginning, would do the same for many a year to come for the new Club. At the old Club Mrs. McCloud had served tea and toasted crackers for years without charge, and were there ever such crackers! Our young boys were her constant torment. When Mrs. McCloud gave up her position the directors were fortunate in the succession of Mrs. Pillsbury who so gracefully serves her cup o' tea in the lovely old place. As "The Farm" it had served the Inn with fresh milk and vegetables.

IX

A NOTE from Dr. Daniels:

"Early members of the summer colony of Dark Harbor know that to the late James D. Winsor is due its existence. He not only was the one who was mainly responsible for launching it, but saved it repeatedly from shipwreck by his generous donations.

"He also subscribed liberally to every improvement suggested by others. He loved the place and was untiring in benefits to it. It can be truthfully said that without his active interest, the present prosperous community would not exist.

"In appreciation of his work there should be some appropriate memorial to him from this people, from those who delight in the loveliness of this gem among the islands of Penobscot Bay."

Data given by Mr. David H. Smith, Dark Harbor, Maine:

"The Inn was opened July 1st, 1890 and Mr. N. P. Sewell was manager for the Islesboro Land & Improvement Company, which owned the Inn for five seasons: that is, till the end of the season 1894.

"Mr. Harry L. Brown was manager beginning 1895 till the end of the season 1910.

"I rented the Inn for the seasons of 1911 and 1912 from Dr. Dixon who had purchased it the Autumn of 1910. Dr. Dixon built an addition during the winter of 1912 and 1913 and I was his manager the seasons of 1913–14 and 1915.

"It was burned in September 1915, no Inn 1916. The first sill of the present Inn was laid the 16th day of December, 1916 and was opened the first day of July, 1917; I being manager for the Islesboro Inn Company (not Islesboro Land & Improvement Company, the original owners), as the former company purchased the property from Dr. Dixon and formed a new company. It was operated as an

Inn by the company until the end of the Summer 1929, then in 1930–31 and 32 was the Club.

"The ell was added to the present Inn the third season."

Mr. George Parker writes:

"At the time the Islesboro Inn was opened in 1890 there was another hotel on the Island, 'Johnson's-by-the-Sea,' at Ryder's Cove (also known as Sabbath Day Harbor) about six miles away. The name of that hotel was changed to 'The Islesboro' and caused frequent mix-ups among the intended guests of either. That was one reason, and the desire for a distinctive name for the Post Office and steamer landing was the other reason for calling that particular settlement on the Island Dark Harbor. The name Dark Harbor has frequently puzzled people because there is nothing about the harbor itself (now the bathing pool) which suggests anything dark as understood by the fraternity of landlubbers. Among the seafaring fraternity 'dark' meant obscure. It was possible to sail by the harbor without seeing it. Another name for small, obscure and unfrequented harbors along the Maine coast is 'Gunk Hole,' but the Islesboro Inn at Gunk Hole, Maine, didn't sound enticing.

"In the 'Gay Nineties' the approach to

Dark Harbor was via steamer from Boston, or Portland, to Rockland, thence by the little steamers locally known as the 'Cath-er-*rine*' and the '*Ju*-li-*ette*' which left Rockland when they got good and ready and returned when they got good and ready. A family visit to Dark Harbor in those days was likely to be an adventure, and any man obliged to make an unexpected trip home for a few days was usually loaded down with commissions to buy kitchen utensils, babies' clothes, music, ladies' underwear, et cetera; and whether he was intimate with the lady for whom he was acting, or had just been introduced to her for the purpose.

"The Islesboro Inn was the centre of all activities. The few cottage dwellers came there about every night; the main attractions for the evening being music, dancing and pool, the last being the main feature.

"The Inn was a shingle-covered building with a large piazza built principally of stones picked up along the shore at low tide, and many of them covered with seaweed and barnacles, traces of the latter being found after many years. In those days guests were usually two in

a room; private sitting rooms were practically unknown and bathrooms were a bunch at one end of the hall for women and at the other end of the hall for men and principally Dark Harbor for the children. The lighting was oil lamps. The daily amusements were tennis, sailing, bathing, riding, driving and shooting seals. Occasionally on rainy days some of the unregenerate would get into a boathouse and play poker, but the lady guests wouldn't stand for it in the hotel. Drinking by the glass, or the quart, was permitted — to the men. The men were, also, allowed to smoke.

"Before this section of Islesboro was turned into a summer resort it was used for growing hay and for sheep grazing, so there were comparatively few trees. The views, therefore, were much more extensive and beautiful than they are now.

"During the 'Nineties' there were fewer than ten cottages and all but two of them were south of the inn. About 1900 the cottage-building began in earnest and the hotel guests began to spend their evenings out. Also, about 1902 came the demand for a golf links and something had to be done about it. Twenty

men put up $20. each. Shipyard Point and vicinity was selected as the site and Mr. James Mackeral, professional, was employed to lay out the course. Capt. Farnsworth was written to and asked if he would 'put up' Mr. Mackeral for a time and he replied he 'would be delighted to receive Mr. Mackeral into his home, especially if he would bring some of his fresh relatives with him.' The work was begun in the early spring, the course was ready for use in the summer and the $15. left over from the $400. was used to purchase boots — for the horse which dragged the mower."

Mr. Brackett writes:

"My first view of Islesborough was from the deck of the steamer 'Lewiston' on the way from Portland to Bar Harbor, in the summer of 1877. The following four summers I spent on a small sloop, cruising from Narragansett Bay to Mt. Desert, always going up East Penobscot Bay and down Eggenoggin Reach, so renewing my admiration for the Camden Hills across the Bay.

"In 1881 I decided to have a summer home at the south end of Islesborough and bought Minot's or Little Spruce Island. The two joint owners of Job's Island would not sell them. The following April, 1882, I bought some two hundred acres on the Southern Point called Pendleton's Point, moved a house to the hilltop, did it over and opened it early in July. In August I bought Job's Island, making four hundred acres and more in all. The nearest wharf was at Ryder's Cove, some nine miles away. With my little steam yacht I got the mail and did the marketing at Camden. There were no other summer residents on South Islesborough, as I recall, for many years, the Inn being opened in 1890."

Mr. James Murray Howe's Account:

"It must have been at about the year 1882 when he was still in college at Cambridge that Jeffrey Brackett, who owned a small yacht, in cruising along the Maine Coast, found his way to South Islesboro — fell in love with it and purchased (I think of one of the Pendletons) his 200 acre point at the south end of the island, together with the islands opposite.

"Brackett thus became the first summer occupant (excepting for the 'Bangsvillas' at Ryder Cover and Hew's Point).

"At about the same time I had found my way to Fox Island Thoroughfare and had got several of my friends to join me in purchasing land there and in establishing a summer community. Tucker Daland first joined me there followed by Alfred Bowditch, Bancroft Davis, Edmund M. Wheelwright and Edward Brooks, the last being a next-door neighbor and intimate friend. It must have been in the Autumn of 1884 that I, having studied the government charts, concluded that Islesboro must be a beautiful island as it had land with

varying contours and lay opposite the Camden Mountains.

"One October day in that year Edward Brooks and I went by steamer to Camden and hiring a horse and vehicle, were driven to Saturday Cove from which we proposed to get across to Sabbath Day Harbor where there was a hotel (of sorts).

"We of course arrived early in the morning. It was a cold rainy day and we could find no boat to 'get us across' the two miles of bay. We sat in a country store all day, except when we went down the road at midday to get a very bad dinner at a farmhouse. In the early evening we descended to the 'Coombs' at the cove and met Capt. Bill Sprague, the Islesboro postmaster, who had come across in his boat for the mail. The Captain got us across after dark to the shore of Islesboro and by means of a horse and vehicle, thence to Sabbath Day Harbor (Ryder's).

"After a comfortable enough night at the hotel we woke up to find that the skies had cleared and the weather was calm and fine. On a drive to the south end of the island we were quite 'fascinated.' The skies were blue —

the autumn foliage was gorgeous — the air crisp and invigorating — the mountains lovely.

"I think we got back to the mainland by means of the sailing packet (sloop) of Capt. Edwin Eames who lived in the farmhouse that you later occupied.

"It must have been a little before this that James D. Winsor, at the suggestion of Edward Brooks, who was his nephew, had gone to North Haven and had bought two farms there. I had been concerned in their purchase and saw a good deal of Winsor. Brooks probably seconded me in praising Islesboro to his uncle and one day I suggested to the latter that he go to Islesboro with me and look over lands there. This he agreed to do. Later, however, I found it hard to arrange a time when he could go. Philadelphia was 'a good way off.'

"However, one day in the Spring I got word from him by telegraph that he was coming North to North Haven with a friend to spend a day and look over his lands there. They were to arrive at the Parker House in Boston the next morning. I met them there. Winsor was going with his friend to Rockland by rail that

day and the next morning across to North Haven for a day. As he was limited for time he said he could give but a day for Islesboro and would have a tug at Rockland on arriving there to take us up the bay the next day after his arrival.

"On the following day I got a telegram from Winsor from Rockland stating that he was unable to find a tug at Rockland and that we should have to give up going to Islesboro.

"Upon what immediately happened hung the fate of Islesboro, so far as its development in its present form was concerned. If Winsor and I had not got there the south end of the island would probably have drifted into the hands of small, cheap cottagers from Bangor and elsewhere.

"On receiving Winsor's telegram I telegraphed to a correspondent at Rockland that I *must* have a tug at Rockland the next morning, and to try Bath or Bangor. As a result I got an answer stating that a large tow boat could be got down from Bangor at the cost of $50.00 for a day. I was very hard up at the time and $50.00 looked bigger by far than $100.00 would today. However, I raised the money

somehow and telegraphed my correspondent to engage a tug and as it was then late in the day, to engage a man to *sail* across to North Haven in the night (there was no telegraph across the bay then) so as to reach Winsor before he started for Rockland early the next morning. This was accomplished and Winsor received my telegram which read, 'Have engaged steamer at Rockland will meet you there tomorrow morning.' Now in this action I was taking a chance of simply having my pains and expense for nothing as Winsor had not *agreed* to join me at all under the existing conditions and if he did not I not only had my $50.00 to pay for the tow-boat but the cost of the 'night' sail boat and my expenses to and from Rockland.

"I arrived at Rockland by boat at the usual early hour, found my tow-boat awaiting me and soon started across toward North Haven. A short distance out from the wharf we met Winsor and his friend coming in a tug that he had hired the day before but which was otherwise engaged for that day.

"As I had hoped would be the case, Winsor, though he had given up the plan, felt under obligation to go up the bay with me inasmuch

as I had gone to so much expense and trouble. He was transferred to my tow-boat, his friend leaving him and going on to Rockland and thence home to Philadelphia.

"Our visit to Islesboro pleased Winsor as much as it had his nephew and before he left me on our return, he proposed to invest some money in the lands at Islesboro and to get some friends to join him.

"Later I went to Philadelphia and saw a number of men about the Islesboro plan. As a result (principally of Winsor's action and influence) we got $100,000. subscribed in $5,000. blocks, members of the Winsor family taking four blocks.

"So far as I was concerned financially, the whole Islesboro venture was unprofitable. In the following years it took up so much time and expense that my partner always declared that any dollar I was paid in commissions or for services cost me two dollars. However, I got much enjoyment out of it, first and last.

"The necessary capital having been obtained I proceeded to purchase the lands acquiring some 2,000 acres in all. The whole affair was purely a landselling scheme and as such was not

a success, though it did produce a successful summer community.

"After the land was bought, I having become managing agent, proceeded to build the West Shore road — laid the land out in lots — fixed up the Farrow farmhouse (later called The General Misery, now the golf clubhouse) for temporary quarters and engaged my friend, Mr. Wheelwright, to build the hotel and the livery stable. Much time and expense was spent in producing a water supply. I had a fight to get appropriated money for the bathing pond which it was freely predicted would be a non-working failure.

"There was no special attempt to get Chicago people to the island. In fact Philadelphia and Boston citizens and those of good social standing were what we encouraged — on the whole I think with some success.

"I have sometimes thought I would write a history of the island during the period that I was connected with it. There would be some amusing incidents to bring in — but publication costs money and I am very 'hard up' again."

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