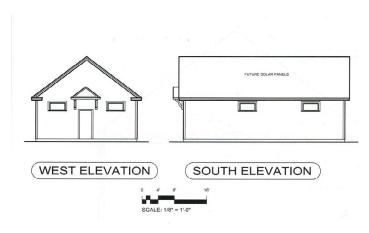
Mussel Ridge News

A Free Publication of the Mussel Ridge Historical Society
Owls Head, Maine

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Historical Society Embarks on Fundraising Campaign for New Local History Center



In the Fall of 2019, the MRHS was approved by the people of the Town of Owls Head to lease a portion of land behind the community building/town office and to construct a modest building as a repository for archived materials relating the history of the Town. Terms of the agreement included provisions for the Society to raise funds sufficient to construct a long awaited Local History Center (LHC) estimated to cost between \$150,000 and \$175,000.

During the Winter of 2019/20, the MRHS board of directors embarked on the first phase of fundraising for the project, soliciting donations by a mailing to approximately

five hundred prospective donors. Plans were made for a second mailing and the prospect of writing grants to continue our efforts at raising the amount necessary.

Then came Spring of 2020! The global Covid 19 pandemic arrived with a swiftness rarely experienced during our time. Despite the shutdown of almost all we are used to in our normal lives, MRHS continues to look forward to the time when we can get back together and continue the work of preserving the important history of Owls Head and the people who made and continue to make it the special place it is today.

Even with the shutdowns resulting from this pandemic, we have received nearly \$21,000 toward our goal. We hope you will continue to see the importance of the LHC and will consider helping our efforts. Anyone interested in donating can do so by either mailing a check to:

MRHS PO Box 133 Owls Head, ME 04854

Or by visiting our Facebook page at https://www.facebook.com/owlsheadhistory/ and website, https://www.facebook.com/owlsheadhistory/ and https://www.facebook.com/owlsheadhistory/ and <a href="https://www.facebook.

Thank you for your continued support of the Mussel Ridge Historical Society.

Recollections of a Summer Kid growing up on Ash Point in the 1950s & 1960s

By: Rodney B. Weeks "The Good Old Days" (When things were not all roses)

As you already know, I like to write about what life was like on Ash Point when I was a kid and how those things either no long exist or just don't happen anymore (this is how I sneak my version of "history" into this Newsletter). It seems to me that when people reminisce about the "good old days", they (and I include myself here) often overlook or gloss over some of the things that were common place "back in the day" which, in fact, were not so good. As a child, you accept things and the people in your life as they were. You never questioned why things were as they were or why people held on to certain ways of doing things or outdated beliefs; you just didn't know any better.



Sometimes the consequences of doing certain things "back in the day" were actually pretty funny. For example when I was a kid every house had a dog

and dogs were allowed to run free. There was no leash law and your dog could go into the woods or down to the shore with you or it could just take off on its own chasing a rabbit or squirrel. I can remember playing baseball on a vacant lot and sliding into second base only to find when I stood up to brush myself off that I had also slid right through a fresh pile of dog doo. My friends all laughed at my predicament, but no one got sore. Certainly no one thought about requiring you to chain up your dog or that we walk around after our dogs with little plastic bags and pick up their poop – what? - are you crazy? That's why we let the dogs outside in the first place... so they could do their business there and not in the house – right?

Another common place practice on Ash Point was people would go down to the shore and throw their trash, including glass bottles, into the ocean. I can remember distinctly walking the shore between Trail's End and Lucia Beach and finding rusting tin cans, plastic bleach bottles, and empty cardboard milk cartons of every kind and description. I always found it funny when tourists would get so excited about finding a piece of colored glass on the shore. Didn't they realize there is no such thing as "Sea Glass"? That Sea Glass was nothing more than broken bottles people used to smash on the rocks after a picnic or simply toss overboard. Everything from brown glass (beer) to blue glass (Phillips milk of magnesia) to green glass (ginger ale) to red glass (medicine bottles) to clear glass (coca cola and milk bottles) came ashore along with the rest of your neighbor's trash.

If you didn't dump your trash into the ocean - then you burned it in your backyard. In fact, fire was an everyday occurrence. Many people had a burn pile, had cookouts in their backyard or on the shore and others burned their blueberry fields every other year.

So what is my point?

My point is I think sometimes when we look back we have a tendency to see the past as a little more rosy than it really was. We forget that with time, some positive changes have been made and that many of us and our community are much safer and better off now than we have ever been. I, for one, am happy to see that unrestricted burning is now regulated, that drinking and driving is no longer thought of as being funny or tolerated, and that throwing your trash into the ocean is not cool, HOWEVER....

I still wish I could let my dog off his leash so he could run off into the woods chasing a rabbit; howling as he goes, until it was time to come home for supper.

Goldmines in Owls Head

"There's gold in them that hills" was a saying from the 1849 Gold rush days. Well Owls Head was not exempt from the gold rush, years later.

From an article in a 1939 Courier Gazette:



Goldmine#1

Mr. Westlund of Rockland bought land and built a home on property that had a gold mine on it. Not sure of location but was 40 feet deep and he filled it in with rocks and made a graden and called it "Smiln Thru". The new home was designed by his neice and husband, Mr & Mrs. Otto Seifert and built by Ervin Curtis of Rockland.

Goldmine #2

The George St. Clair Property on Easter Cove (most likely in the vicinity of Plaisted Preserve). Was owned by Walter Close of Bangor. The shaft was 70 feet deep and gold and silver were found.

Goldmine#3

At about the same time (1863-1864) as the Easter Cove mine was made. Monroe Island was the site of a shaft dug 12 feet deep. The men that worked on it were Elbridger Bridges (blacksmith), Andrea Magee, and a Bangor man (a gold feind)... I.C. Merriman

Goldmine#4

The Berry mine was operated by the late George Berry of Rockland. On property ownes by Clifford Goulding a shaft was sunk to a depth of 30 feet, a small quantity of silver was found, and "sins' of gold were discovered." The late Dr. Boynton headed this experiment. Location: (Head of the Bay—Ingraham's Hill)

Goldmine #5

On property of Joseph Anderson (father of Eino Anderson). The late Gen. Titcomb directed the work.

They said all this excitement lasted only a short time. If you have any knowledge or stories about these or other mines, please let us know.



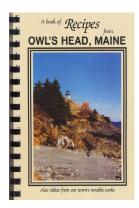




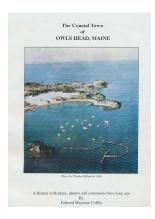
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Please write down your memories of Owls Head, growing up here, visiting here. They are all unique. We would very much appreciate seeing them. We are always ready to scan any old photos you would like to share.

bally hacme@gmail.com



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Garden Snippets



This is the hardest time of year for me. The snow is gone—for the moment— and the mud has dried up quite a bit. The snowdrops have bloomed, the scilla and primroses are blooming and the daffies are coming along.

But where is everything else?? All those shrubs and perennials?

Surely everything I've planted over the last several years can't be dead. But where are they? From now on (I'm writing this at the end of April) all the plants that just sit there, waiting for warmer weather and warm soil, I'll just assume are dead. Or that haven't even shown any signs of life—they must be dead. It's all very discouraging.

And then I remember that most of gardening is about patience and hope. I have very little patience, but a lot of hope. And I try to remind myself that this same thing happened last year. And the year before that. And the year before that.

Just because I am ready for gardening, doesn't meant that gardening is ready for me!

Here in Maine, the earth wakes up slowly from its LONG winter nap. And there's nothing I can do to hurry it up. Bit by tiny bit things will begin to show themselves.

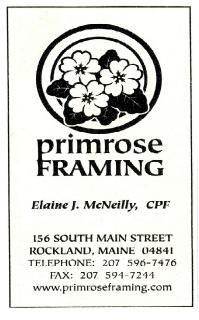
And by the end of May or beginning of June, it will all look beautiful and I'll be so busy trying to keep up with everything I'll forget all about this long dark waiting time. I'll be reveling in leaves and blooms and fragrance and birdsong and butterflies.

I won't even think about this cold dark dreary time. Until next year when the same thing happens and my hope wins out over my patience. But, like last year, and the year before that and the year before that, spring returns, once again.

Marty Shaw









Mussel Ridge Historical Society Volunteer – Membership - Donation Form

Date		
Name	Phone	
Mailing Address		
Email Address		
Our newsletter is sent to everyone on our email		es with anyone.
I Would Like TO HELP Preserve the His	story of Owl's Head in the Follo	owing Ways
Develop programs Help with fundraisi	ing Help on restoring the	Homestead
Bring food for events or sales Hel	lp with events	
Staff the Homestead I have	e pictures that could be scanne	ed
Research. I am particularly interested in the	e following areas	
Have talent/service I could donate		
I would like to help in another way. (Please		
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I am joining the MRHS at the Following	Level & My Check is Attached	1
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Benefactor (\$1,000) for our upcoming F	Fundraising campaign for our ne	ew History Center.
I am making a Tax Deductible Donation	to the MRHS for	_ & My Check is Attached
I Would Like the Funds to go to the Following A	Area	
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Signature of I	Person Accepting the Form	
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Ingraham's Hill

by Vera Payson Mathieson

.... continued from our Winter Newsletter

The house below the Brewsters was Cora and Orrin Smith's who didn't have a family but was close to their two nephews so when they passed away the remaining nephew Bill Schofield was left the home. My husband, Louie, bought this old car that Mr. Smith had had up on blocks for years in his garage. I believe it was a 1929 Jordan. It was a big car and had a jump seat between the front seat and the back-seat. We use to take a trip to see Louie's mom in Pawtucket, Rhode Island and would put the kids to sleep in the big back seat. Johnny was about 5 and Jimmy 3 and they would sleep most of the way there.

Down below the Smith's was a small house where the Woosters and their three boys Carleton, Milton, and Ervin. After they moved out the Charles Harvey's moved in and they had two boys Charles and Donald. For a while Robert Harvey and his wife lived there. His wife was from New York State and I used to enjoy going down and watch her iron. She was a wiz ironing, especially men's shirts as she did that in a laundry in New York.

Below the Harvey home was a large white house right on the water where Capt. Snow and his family. They were involved in Snow's Shipyard on Mechanic Street. Next the Warmsleys lived there and they had a drug store in Rockland. The shore was a nice place to go swimming and we had the right of way to the beach and spent a lot of summer days swimming there. The beach was sandy but there was seaweed in many places. Sometimes we would go around the beach to where the big rocks and ledges were and lay on these warm rocks after we came out of the ice cold water. Across the street on the south side of Ocean Avenue there was another larger house where Joshua Southard and his wife lived in the summer and beyond was a colony of cottages called Cottage Avenue where a variety of people lived in the summer. Today most of them are year round homes.

Up from Cottage Avenue was another large home that was a rental and had lots of occupants like the Carleton Snows with their four children Fannie, Katie, Steven, and Carleton who I loved to visit. Fannie and I were very close friends and felt so bad when they moved to Mass. The next family to move into the house was the LeGloahecs from Brittany, had a company that made a powder that was a filler in food. Today it's a big corporation that works with medicine as well as food.



The last house on the corner of Ocean Ave. and Ingraham Hill was the home of Charles Livingston and his father. They had a blacksmith shop in the south end of Rockland. In the summer a sister would come from Rhode Island to visit with her daughter Edna. She was the age of my sister Eleanor but we both had lots of funtimes together. One thing we did was because Mac Ingraham and Clarence Butler dared us to sleep in their tent that was pitched in the fenced in area at the Wiley's farm we decided to try it. We took our sleeping things and went up but in the middle of the night the ponies that Wileys boarded were loose and came through the area almost knocking over our tent. We were, so scared we took our things and ran home for the rest of the night. We told the boys we stayed all night but I think they knew the difference.

... to be finished in the summer issue, When we finish, a map of Ingraham's Hill will be drawn so to compare it to todays homes.

JELL-O

Recipes from Years Past ... Who grew up eating Jello? "There's Always Room for Jell-O."



1908 JELL-O Ad

We all remember growing up eating JELL-O, whether it was in a salad, or a bowl for dessert, my Mom would add fruit cocktail and it was a dessert on holidays. Tasted great especially with a dollup of cream on the top! How did your family enjoy this food? What was your favoroite flavor?

A few fun facts:

It all started in 1897 in LeRoy, New York. A man named Pearle Bixby Wait, a carpenter and cough syrup manufacturer, trademarked a gelatin dessert and named it 'Jell-O.' He and his wife, Mary, added new flavoring to the granulated gelatin and sugar – such as strawberry, raspberry, orange and lemon.

Then in 1899 Wait sold Jell-O to the Genesee Pure Food Company, who partly purchased Jell-O due to its name being similar to their popular healthy drink, Grain-O. With new technologies (such as refrigeration, powdered gelatin and machine packaging), Genesee Pure Food Company was able to improve Jell-O's popularity

The 1930s – 1950s brought a new trend for congealed salad. This new fad for aspic and salad recipes included ingredients like cabbage, celery, green peppers and cooked pasta. To go with the trend, Jell-O introduced new flavors such as lime, celery, Italian, mixed vegetable and tomato. Needless to say, all were discontinued except lime.

Today, with over 110 products under the Jell-O name, over 420 million boxes of Jell-O gelatin and over 1 billion Jell-O cups are sold in the United States per year.

You can learn more about Jell-O's history by going to its home in LeRoy, New York and visiting the Jell-O museum.







