Mussel Ridge News

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

Winter ~ Issue 45 www.musselridge.org

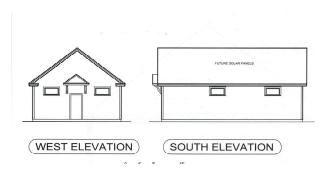


Local History Center Project Update

After the town voted at our annual meeting to let the Mussel Ridge Historical Society build its Local History Center on the town land, we have been overwhelmed with thoughts and ideas and lists of things that have to be done. It seemed as though everything had to be done first.

Well, it is all getting itself sorted out: we're figuring out about how much money we will need, how to get it, how to build the building, who will help us with that, who pays the bills. MRHS will provide the money needed for bill paying, but since the building belongs to the town it makes sense for the town to actually write the checks with money that we provide. The closer we get to actually building the building, the more questions arise. And the more exciting it gets!! It's really going to happen!!

And already we are indebted to so many of you who have donated funds, or advice, or help of whatever sort. We can't do this without you all. And we'll probably be asking for more help in the future—not financially if you've already



donated. But we welcome suggestions, ideas and advice and I'm sure will continue to welcome those for a long time to come.

It feels big to me—bigger than just a project for the MRHS; bigger than a town project. It's all about who we are and where we came from. It's about how life used to be in Owls Head and all of the people who lived and worked here who made the town what it is today.

We hope you are as excited as we are that this project is becoming reality. Thanks so much for all you have done and all you continue to do.

Our offical Fundraising Campaign started last month. A BIG thank you. We have over \$20,000 toward the Local History Center. Ferraiolo Construction has generously donated the cement for our foundation. We need to raise a total of \$175,000. More fundraising events are planned this year, so we will keep you informed.



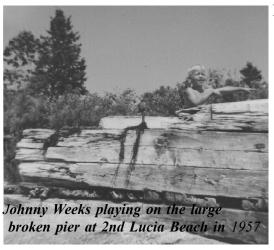
Help Wanted !!!

Volunteers to help with Fundraising and Grant writing please call or email us if you are interested in being involved with this exciting building project. ballyhacme@gmail.com or 593-1494

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

By: Rodney B. Weeks LUCIA BEACH 1 & 2

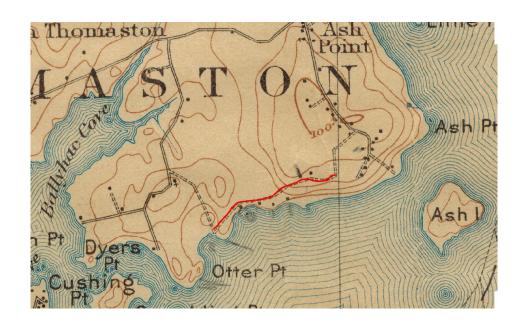
Between 1900 and 1960, Lucia Beach Road had no houses on it until you drove passed the two sharp curves in the road. On the shore side of Lucia Beach Road were 13 cottages. When I was a boy, the beach itself was privately owned by just two families, the Ware family and Wilbur & Martha Senter. Fortunately for me, my grandparents were very good friends with the Senters and they allowed our extended family to enjoy their section of Lucia Beach for many many years. This access, at low tide, also allowed us to cross over the rocks to 2nd Lucia Beach (a/k/a the 2nd Sand Beach) which today is known as Birch Point State Park. I can't emphasize how important this access turned out to be because during the 1950s and 1960s there was no public road off of Ballyhac Road down to 2nd Lucia Beach (just a path through the woods). The best way you could get there was by boat or by walking over the rocks. This lack of easy access basically excluded everyone from enjoying 2nd Lucia Beach, except for young boys and girls willing to walk across the rocks or through the woods.



I can remember just running across those rocks at full speed, jumping and leaping from one boulder to another with no effort at all, fully confident in my footing, balance and ability to land without slipping or falling. Of course, it helped that I weighed only 75 pounds at the time, but I still marvel today how I didn't wind up seriously injuring myself by being so reckless. Reckless - there is no better definition of what it is to be like a 12 year old boy.

Since 2nd Lucia Beach remained untouched for years, it was a land of discovery to a young boy. There was sea glass, sand dollars, sea urchins, star fish, jelly fish (both red and white) periwinkles, mussels, crabs of all types, and all sorts of interesting items that had ended up on the beach, dead or alive. For years, a large wooden barge (or part of a pier)

remained on the rocks until a winter storm finally reclaimed it back to the sea. Looking back now, what I didn't fully appreciate at the time (and I think I speak for every kid who played on 2nd Lucia Beach during this time period) was how lucky I was to have this private, pristine, unspoiled beach all to myself. It breaks my heart today when I visit 2nd Lucia Beach (Birch Point State Park) today. There is virtually no sea life at all for a youngster to discover except a small patch of sea weed and a few crabs. It has all of the signs of an overused public park. Too many people, creating too



much trash and in general overtaxing the site. To add insult to injury, in recent years the State has begun charging an admission fee to use the park. I really don't see the reason why. From what I can tell, the State provides no supervision or maintenance of the park and the park is now open only a few months out of the year during the summer. For the rest of the year, the park remains closed.

Upon proof reading this article, I must apologize to the reader. This was supposed to be a fond "historical" recollection of how things were "back in the day". I am sorry if I have gotten to preachy. I guess this is just another example of how much all of us don't appreciate the things, rights or

privileges we have until they are taken away from us.

Addendum:

The 1906 map on page two shows how the road was, connecting the Lucia Beach 1 road and Lucia Beach 2 as shown in red. By the looks of the map it was probably just a small dirt path/road that eventually disappeared from lack of use. Also there was a small road/path from the Ballyhac road which dissappeared and again a road was made here to get to the Town Beach and later the State Park.

Early Settlers of Owls Head, are You Related?

Stephen Peabody from Middleton, MA,, came to Owls Head in 1767 and purchased 600 acres of land, traded and farmed. The blacksmith of the place, other than armorers and gunsmiths, he moved to Oyster River in Warren. In 1770 John Rendell, an Englishman, after residing in Round Pond in Bristol, came with his family to Owls Head; in 1786 Nathan Pillsbury, a Revolutionary soldier, came from Kittery, and married and settled in Owls Head; William Chapman, a Quaker or Friend, the first if not the only member of that denomination here, came from Scotland and settled near the head of Owls Head Bay.; Benjamin Packard, after having residied in Cushing and then in Union, came to Owls Head and was living there in 1788. About 1795 Joshua Adams arrived in Owls Head from Lincolnville and worked for some years as a blacksmith.



Wayne Meserve in the late 1950s enjoying a picnic lunch. Boarded up camp belonged to Eastmans.





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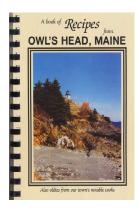
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Please write down your memories of Owls Head, growing up here, visiting here. They are all unique. We would very much appreciate seeing them. We are always ready to scan any old photos you would like to share.

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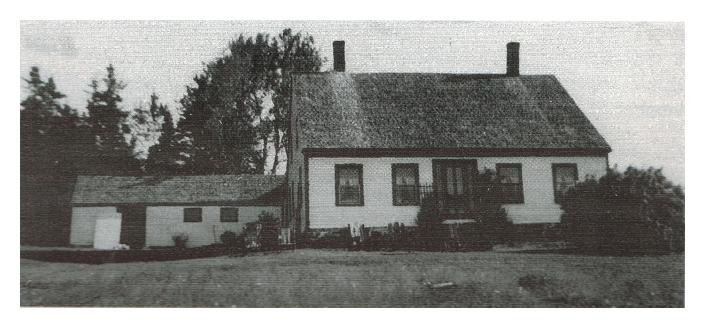
Merriman Farm History

The Merriman farm has a long history. At one time it included the whole of the "Head". In 1824 Congress authorized the purchase of land from the heirs of Captain Nathaniel Merriman (1776-1821) and in 1825 the granite light tower was completed.

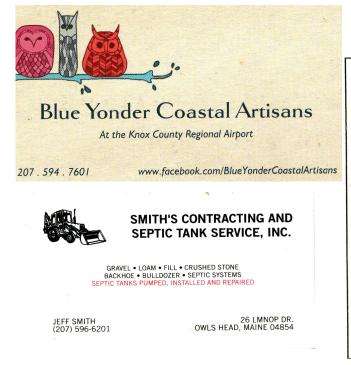
"In 1905 it belonged to Mrs. Merriman, a helpless invalid, her son George and daughter Cora. They wish to sell, but the price of \$10,000, is prohibitive." ... Plaisted Diary 1905

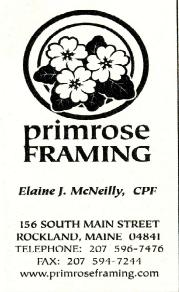
Eventually Cora and Louise Merriman sold the property in 1924 for \$6,500 to doctor William B. Adams. At one time the farm was bound by water on all sides but one, the east line of the George Merriam farm.

Excerpts from "The Coastal Town of Owls Head, Maine by Edward Wayman Coffin



The Merriman Homestead burned in 1945







Mussel Ridge Historical Society Volunteer – Membership - Donation Form

Date		
	nePhone	
Mailing Address	Town	Zip
Email Address		
Our newsletter is sent to everyone on our email list	and we don't share addres	ses with anyone.
I Would Like TO HELP Preserve the Histor	y of Owl's Head in the Fol	lowing Ways
Develop programs Help with fundraising	Help on restoring the	e Homestead
Bring food for events or sales Help v	with events	
Staff the Homestead I have p	ictures that could be scam	ned
Research. I am particularly interested in the fo	ollowing areas	
Have talent/service I could donate		
I would like to help in another way. (Please te	ll us how)	
I have historical items I might like to donate or	rloan	
I am joining the MRHS at the Following Le	vel & My Check is Attache	ed
1 Year Regular (\$10)1 Year Susta	aining (\$35) Lif	fetime (\$100), Junior (\$1)
Benefactor (\$1,000) for our upcoming Fun	draising campaign for our r	new 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 Are	a	
General Operations Local History C	Center	
Old HomesteadAs the MRHS thinks i	s best	
Signature of Per	son Accepting the Form _	
Mussel Ridge Historical Society, PO Bo	ox 133, Owl's Head, ME 0	4854 ballyhacme@gmail.co





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Ingraham's Hill

by Vera Payson Mathieson

.... continued from our Fall Newsletter

The next home was owned by a woman in Thomaston and rented by many occupants, a few were the Shadys and Gardeners, the Mitchells, and when I was young the Wottons lived there. Beaulah and Ed Wotton and their two children Lee and Joyce. I worked for Beaulah doing donut dishes as she and Ed made donuts for a living. they were very successful with their business and later moved to Camden Street to continue their business. Joyce and I have been friends for 70 odd years. The house next door was the Montgomery home where Helen and Charles lived with their four sons: Earl, Herbert, Floyd, and Elmer. Charles was very musical and played in the Rockland City Band. Earl was a gentleman farmer, Herbert our Mailman.

The place that was a church that was open only on the summer months and I remember going there and listening to the old pump organ play the old hymns and the young ministers that came preaching during the summer months. Joyce Ross told me that her mother, Beaulah Wotton played the piano there at some of the services.

The next house we see is a big red one on top of the hill before you start down over the other side. This is the home of Ross'who lived there in the summer and lived in Bangor in the winter. They have four girls and a boy and kept to themselves mostly and we are not allowed to go there and play with the kids. Mr. Ross's father lived with them and is deranged after he lost his wife and walks down the hill about every day hollarlng "Minnie LET ME DIE!". We were all afraid of him as he looked frightening with his long black coat and top hat along with long white whiskers.

Instead of going down the other side of the hill I am going to tell you about the houses on the east side of Ingraham Hill. There was a big empty field that runs down to the shore to begin with the next home was that of Alice Whitney, a maiden lady. She had a maternity home and delivered lots of babies over the years. Later she retired from that and began to make and sell donuts. She was a large lady and was well endowed with a large bust often bragging she could lay a baby across her bosom. She wore black, high-button shoes and dresses that came down to meet the shoes. She often was horrified to see a person in shorts and didn't mind telling you that.

The next house was on the left hand corner of Ocean Avenue and have had many owners. A few of them were the Frank Bridges, the Buttners who lived there a short time and their father had a store on the comer of Tillson Ave. in Rockland. I enjoyed their daughter, Christine who had long braids down her back and sometimes I would braid it for



her. She was younger than I was but we had a lot of fun together. Later a family named Owen Allen moved in and Louie, my husband, enjoyed going fishing with him.

Down Ocean Avenue on the left side of the street was the home of Walker and Sue Brewster. Walker was an uncle of my father, Harry Payson, and their son Bill. My mother and father would take us children down to visit and there was candy dish on the polished stand. Usually the candy was pink wintergreen hard candy but we enjoyed any candy as it was a treat for us.

... to be conitnued, When we finish, a map of Ingraham's Hill will be drawn so to compare it to todays homes.

The Origin of the Boiled Dinner



St. Paticks Day is coming up soon. A New England Tradition!

"The recipe people have become familiar with includes: corned beef, potatoes, cabbage, carrots, and a few other vegetable variations, however this exact recipe did not originate in Ireland. In Ireland the preferred meat was pork not beef because it was not as costly. Their ideal cut was called "Irish Bacon", it's lean and somewhat similar to Canadian bacon. In Irish households pork and potatoes would boil for hours before being served for dinner.

During the late 1700's to early 1800's Irish immigration sky-rocketed in America, bringing in new traditions and in this case new recipes. In the United States beef was the affordable meat staple of working families. Newly situated Irish immigrant families could not necessarily budget in buying pork so they

Where does the term "corned" beef comes form?

The "corn" it refers to is not the yellow kernels you chomp on in the summer but actually coarse pieces of salt used to prepare the beef that are about the same size as a corn kernel.

switched to beef. Alas corned beef and cabbage is born! Hey now! Where did the cabbage come from? Potatoes in America were more expensive than cabbage and cabbage proved to still provide a hearty dish when cooked with corned beef. In more recent history other vegetables and potatoes have been added. Boiled Dinner fact

So there you have it. The so-called "Irish Boiled Dinner" actually originated in the the east coast of the United States. A less popular way of referring

to this dinner is "New England Boiled Dinner." I think Stephanie Butler said it perfectly when she said Irish boiled dinner is "as American as apple pie." "

Article courtesy of famous foods.com







