MEMORIES OF MAINE

THE MAGAZINE FOR MAINE HISTORY AND NOSTALGIA

INSIDE

World War I poster, 1918. During World War I, American propaganda played on the fears of its citizenry, including potential foreign invasion by the 'barbaric Hun.' Such propaganda tactics were used in fund raising campaigns, specifically the Liberty Bond program. *Collections of Maine Historical Society, Courtesy VintagemaineImages.com*

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Inside

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In collaboration with hundreds of local historical societies, preservation groups, museums, and countless enthusiasts of Maine's history and nostalgia, our goal is to provide our readers with interesting articles about the people and places that built and preserve that history.

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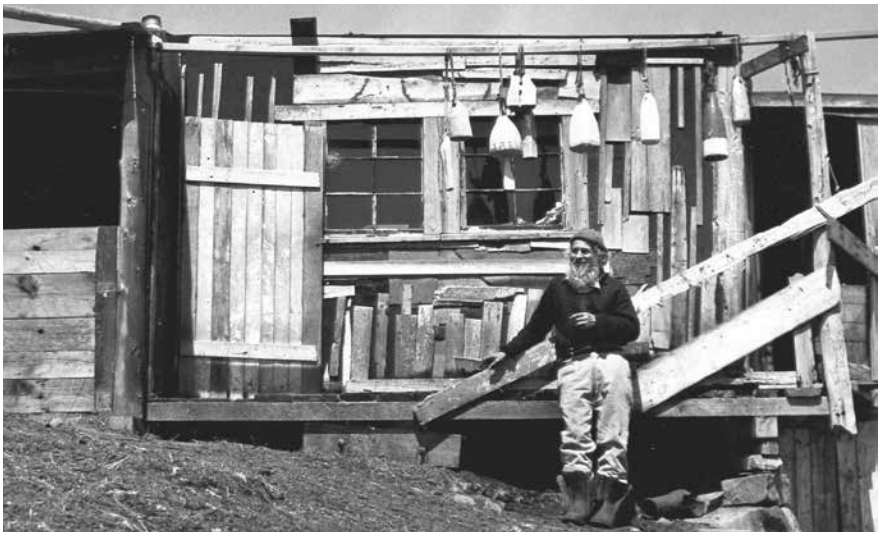
We also welcome your comments.

RAY PHILLIPS
"THE HERMIT OF MANANA"

by Elisabeth Harris, From Our Archives, 2007



Above: Ray Phillips. Courtesy of Monhegan Museum. Below: Ray Phillip's home.

In 1928, a young man made a bold decision to turn his life completely upside down. It was a simple and very personal decision, but for one reason or another people are still talking about him. I grew up hearing rumors and legends about this man, and decided to dig to the bottom of his story by making a documentary film.

Ray Eugene Phillips was born in Maine in 1892. He attended Newport High School, and then the University of Maine, where he was in the class of 1918. Before graduating, however, he enlisted in the army, and served for only a few months during World War I. Ray then moved to New York City where he lived with his mother, a fortune teller. He lived for a time in the East Village and Washington Heights, and he pursued a degree in Chemical Engineering from Cornell Medical in Manhattan. There is some ambiguity about his profession but it seems at one point he worked as a food inspector for the city and had a small grocery store.

I can't imagine Ray had any idea, at this point in his life, he would become arguably the most famous hermit on the east coast. In New York, he had a sailboat and would take weekend trips along the eastern seaboard. The story goes he would sail a little further north on every trip, and on one longer vacation, decided to check out an island, Mohegan, he had heard about. Something struck a chord with him when he landed on Monhegan, as I suspect happens to a great deal of her visitors; it certainly happened to me. I imagine the beauty of the island enchanted him and when he returned to Manhattan, he must not have been able to get it out of his mind.

I wish I could know how Ray came to the decision to leave what he knew behind, pick up the roots he had planted after almost a decade in Manhattan, and start anew. There are no real records or firsthand accounts of why he finally decided to leave. On Mohegan, some people say he lost everything in the stock market crash of 1929. Others believe he had his heart broken by a city girl. Perhaps it was career trouble or maybe his mother passed away around this time. But one thing I can speculate with conviction, once you visit Monhegan, you do not soon forget it. I wonder how long he thought about it, how much he debated. Was it a gradual decision that he mulled over for months, or did he know the instant he landed on Monhegan, and her little sister island Manana, that he belonged there? However it happened, Ray eventually sold his belongings and his grocery store in New York City, and packed what he wanted onto his sloop, setting sail northward, abandoning the hustle and bustle of the city forever.

As I write this, the Hudson River that Ray sailed from is only a few blocks away, but Monhegan is on my mind. My parents honeymooned there and took me to visit throughout my childhood. I took my very first steps on the rocky island

The hermit of Manana. Photo courtesy of Janet Flynn.

and feel more at peace there than I do anywhere else. As I grew up, I heard story after story about the hermit of Manana and a mythological character developed in my mind but I never knew the man; he died just before I was born. A childhood fantasy developed into a genuine fascination as I began to question the rumors about Ray, and to think about what it would take to make the decision he made.

In the early 1930s, on Mohegan, Ray lived on his sloop, working odd jobs on the island, and assimilating to his new life. He rented a room for a while in one of the buildings on the beach where fishermen brought in their haul. It looked right across the harbor onto the tiny, quiet island of Manana, where only the fog station stood. Seeking even more solitude, Ray inquired about Manana and got permission from the Coast Guard to build a small shack. Using the remnants of his old sloop, donations of windows and doors from the islanders, and, according to legend, some lumber that washed up on the shore from a shipwreck, Ray pieced together the beginnings of a new home.

In 2004, I began a two-year MFA graduate program in directing documentary films — after working in the film industry since 1996. We were to produce a thirty-minute film. I started working on several ideas. One of them was about Ray Phillips. As the logistics of the project came into focus, all other ideas fell behind, and I became consumed with the research of discovering who this man was. On the surface, there are some easy findings that reveal just a bit about Ray: a children's book published in the 1950s featuring photos of him, some portraits and sketches in the Monhegan Museum, *New York Times* and *Boston Globe* obituaries from 1975. But Mohegan residents had seen that same material for years. I felt there had to be more out there and started to dig a bit deeper. I gained access to people's attics and basements, and archives of photos and family film footage. I found stacks of old pictures of Ray taken by professional photographers, journalists, and tourists. I found beautiful color film footage taken by curious visitors on their Super 8 cameras. I found dozens of newspaper articles including interviews with Ray, boasting headlines like "Maine Hermit Has No Time for Loneliness." It became clear to me, quickly, that I was not the only person who was interested in this man's life.

As Ray settled into his island existence, he had to fulfill some basic needs. He purchased a few sheep and arranged to sell the wool on the mainland, with the help of some local lobstermen. The sheep multiplied and provided him with food as well as warmth and company. In the cold winters, Ray allowed the sheep to come inside, and as there were more and more sheep, he expanded his home. The sheep grew accustomed to coming inside, and eventually they wandered in and out of his home as they pleased. Those who visited Ray's home state there was no differentiation between Ray's space and the sheep's space, and that their droppings eventually created a thick and permanent layer on the floor. One Monhegan resident recalls Ray's connection to the sheep as unusually strong, saying that on several occasions, in social situations, Ray would get nervous and back away slowly while bah-ing just like one of his sheep. A little odd perhaps, but after so many years alone on Manana Island, I think a few eccentricities are to be expected.

In 2005, I was making great progress with my research and conducting interviews with wonderful people who knew Ray and could share firsthand stories with me, but there was one search that was turning up absolutely no results. My hopes of locating Ray's remaining relatives had faded after a solid year of exhausting phone books, old addresses, public records, and marriage, birth and death certificates. The few names I had found in old news articles were supposedly Ray's nephews and nieces but were common names and turned up repeatedly all over the country. After my initial effort of sending out letters to all the identically named people returned nothing, I cast a wider net and blindly

RAY PHILLIPS continued on page 10

THE NEW ENGLAND MARCH KING

MAINE'S MUSIC MAN ROBERT BROWNE HALL

by Camille Smalley

Photos collections of Maine Historical Society. Courtesy VintageMaineImages.com

Bowdoinham, Maine, a small, coastal town in Sagadahoc County, was the home of the famed nineteenth century composer, Robert Browne Hall. By the 1880s, Bowdoinham boasted textile mills, a cheese factory, and multiple ice companies. As the population of the area grew, so did the art and culture of Bowdoinham. On Sundays and during special town events, bands played popular songs of the time. Musician and band leader Robert Brown Hall (known as RB) made his way in the music world against this beautiful Maine backdrop. Hall wrote many marches and rivaled the work of the more well-known musician and composer, John Philip Sousa.

Robert Browne Hall, ca. 1900.

Historian Donald Hall notes that there is scant written history regarding Maine's music scene prior to the 1830s. As Portland, and other areas of Maine, rebuilt after the American Revolution, music culture began to grow. The primary source of music came from local churches and bands that played military marches.

RB Hall's parents, musicians Nathaniel Hall and Virginia L. Browne Hall, contributed to the music scene in Bowdoinham in the 19th century. Nathaniel played an e-flat cornet, also called a "keyed bugle" in the Nobleboro Silver Cornet Band. The cornet originated in France in the 1820s, and an e-flat cornet plays the higher notes in a melody, akin to a soprano in a chorus. Born into a musical family, Virginia L. Browne played the piano, harp, lute, violin, and classical guitar. Virginia also taught piano in addition to being the band leader of the Brown Family Orchestra, an accomplished strings group.

RB Hall was born on June 30, 1858, in the Browne family home on Abagadasset Point in Bowdoinham. At the time, Nathaniel Hall supported his family as a blacksmith. After the Civil War, the Hall family (including RB, his sister Alice, and younger brother, Vinni) moved to neighboring Richmond, Maine. Virginia taught her children music fundamentals. Nathaniel likely taught RB some of the basics of the cornet.

Historian Ralph Gould described Hall as a "frail child" and having infirmities he carried throughout his life. He often walked with a cane or a crutch. According to Gould, Nathaniel begged Virginia to not let RB play the cornet professionally for fear his infirmities would hold him back. In 1874, Nathaniel died at the age of 39. Despite his physical challenges, RB Hall worked for several years in the Hager Brothers Shoe Factory to provide for his family after his father's death. He did not pick up a cornet until he was 16 years old, and once he learned to play, he rarely put it down for the rest of his life.

By 1875, Hall began serious study of the cornet. He took classes in Richmond from Herbert Mansir and later commuted to Lewiston to learn from Newall Perkins. In 1876, he soloed as first cornet with a band in Old Orchard Beach, playing on the Pier for crowds of summer visitors and locals. In 1877, Hall joined and directed the Richmond Cornet Band, which was originally founded by his father. That same year, Thomas Baldwin invited Hall to join his Cadet Band in Boston as a co-principal cornetist beside the Italian musician, Alessandro Liberati. Liberati debuted at 14 and performed across Europe and Canada before becoming an American citizen in 1876 and playing at the Centennial Celebration in Philadelphia. Liberati and Hall played together briefly in 1877, before Liberati joined another band and Hall returned to Maine.

Upon his return, Hall formed his own band, the RB Hall Band, around 1878. The demand for band music was at an all time high. Political rallies, dances, parades, picnics – any sort of public event usually featured band music. The group's performance calendar was booked solid, in fact, the band

R.B. Hall Band, Richmond, ca. 1878.

often had more requests than they could fulfill. They played outings for fraternal organizations like the Odd Fellows and onboard steamships traveling to Popham Beach. The band also played a political event in Litchfield featuring U.S. Senator (later Maine Governor) James G. Blaine. Reportedly, the band struck up a tune, inadvertently, while Blaine was speaking, and he angrily proclaimed "I can speak against any man but not a brass band!"

Hall's cornet playing was renowned across Maine and beyond. He shifted from an e-flat cornet to a b-flat cornet and could play melodies at an octave higher than written. He continued to play across Maine and Massachusetts, in the early 1880s playing as a regular soloist with the Boston Cadet Band. In 1883, Hall received an invitation to relocate to Bangor, and conduct the Bangor Band.

In Bangor, Hall performed with Andrews Dance Orchestra and in various theater pits. As conductor of the Bangor Band, Hall worked diligently to reorganize and essentially re-create the band, transforming it into one of the most successful bands in the state. Not only did Bangor challenge his talents as a band leader, but the job also provided an opportunity for musical composition. Previously, Hall's original compositions had never been published. Unlike other composers, like Sousa, Hall was not educated in music theory or music composition. His formal training on the cornet had not started until he was nearly an adult. Regardless, Hall began composing his own marches and music for the Bangor Band to play. His first march, *M.H.A.*, was dedicated to his friend, Melvin H. Andrews, a music shop owner in Bangor. He then went on to produce over one hundred marches during the rest of his career. He often named them with a Maine reference, i.e. the *Richmond Bee* (the Richmond Newspaper) and *Greetings to Bangor.* Despite living in a rural section of Maine, publishers sought his work.

Hall worked in Bangor until 1890. Horatio Fales wrote to Hall and requested he come to direct the Waterville Military Band. Hall accepted, eventually renaming the band R.B. Hall's Military Band. Hall's fame attracted many musicians to Waterville, including guest players of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Hall also conducted the orchestra at the Waterville Opera House and arranged the music for Colby College commencement ceremonies. In addition to conducting a band and a symphony, Hall taught music at Colby and was referred to as "Professor Hall." During this tenure, Hall also conducted the orchestra at Mt. Kineo House during the summer on Moosehead Lake.

In the winter of 1895, Hall traveled to Albany New York to reorganize and conduct the Tenth Regiment Band. Here, he penned his famous *Tenth Regiment March* as well as *Officer of the Day*. The publishing house of Lyon & Healey published *Officer of the Day* and sold 300,000 copies. According to Gould, the publishers gave Hall a golden cornet. The *Tenth Regiment* also sold thousands of copies – it is known in England as *Death and Glory* and is a staple in UK band competitions. Hall's music gained so much popularity in Great Britain that most Brits assumed Hall was British.

In 1902, Hall married twenty-year old Waterville native, Isabelle Luce. Several months after they got married, Hall

R.B. Hall, ca. 1878.

gave a concert at Colby College. While bending down to pick up a piece of music that had fallen off the stand, he suffered a stroke that affected the right side of his body.

In the face of this setback, Hall focused on teaching. He worked resolutely on regaining his strength and mobility. Finally, he was able to resume playing the cornet. Hall played a New Years Eve Ball in Winthrop, once again playing his cornet. However, Isabelle did not attend this ball with her husband. Instead, she spent the evening packing her belongings and left her husband that night, starting the New Year with a resolution that did not include marriage to R.B. Hall.

Illness continued to follow Hall. In 1906, he moved to Portland and lived with his sister and mother on High Street. Sources noted Hall was impoverished at this time. Various sources note that Hall suffered from nephritis, an illness affecting the kidneys. On June 9, 1907, Hall died at the age of 47. The Waterville Military Band played Hall's *March Funebre* at his burial at Evergreen Cemetery in Richmond. Although Hall died in poverty, his widow sold copies of his work to music publishers after his death, prior to her second marriage in 1912.

Unfortunately, no recordings of Hall's music exist but his compositions are still played by brass bands worldwide. Hall produced quality work that rivals Sousa's work on every level, yet Hall's name falls into obscurity while most Americans recognize Sousa's *Stars and Stripes Forever.* In 1981, Maine Governor Joseph Brennan set forth "R.B. Hall Day" to occur annually on the last Saturday of June – which is still true today.

CLYDE SUKEFORTH
A LIFE IN BASEBALL

by Mike Kelley

Photos of Clyde Sukeforth and Jackie Robinson, 1947, by Barney Stein

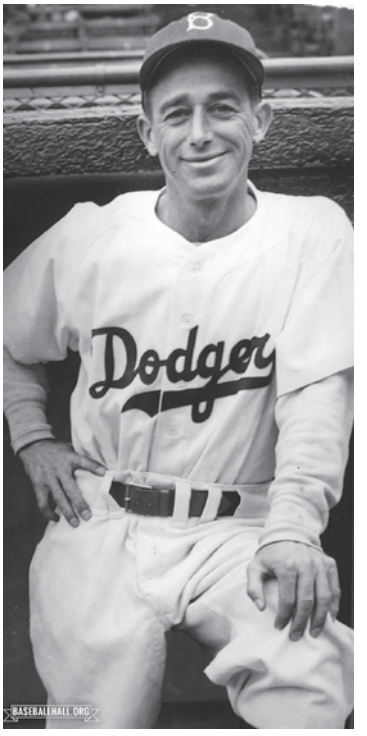
A meeting, attended by a Maine native more than 75 years ago, changed the history of Major League Baseball forever. Clyde Sukeforth, of Washington, a small town on the border of Knox County, played a critical role in helping to integrate baseball and break the color barrier when he scouted and helped to sign Jackie Robinson.

Sukeforth, then a coach and part-time scout for the Brooklyn Dodgers, was asked by general manager Branch Rickey, in the summer of 1945, to go to Chicago and check out a promising shortstop with the Kansas City Monarchs, a team in the Negro Leagues.

The visit was part of Rickey's plan to break the unwritten rule that Black players could not suit up for Major League teams. Rickey had long sought to dispel the prevailing practice of racial intolerance at the professional level.

Sukeforth did not see Robinson play during that visit to Chicago, however, because Robinson was not in the lineup due to an injury. The two men did connect and agreed to meet in Toledo, Ohio, where Robinson's team was heading next. That meeting in turn led to Robinson, Sukeforth and Rickey meeting in Brooklyn, where Robinson was signed.

Sukeforth was not the first person to scout Robinson for MLB but was the right one at the right time to convince Robinson he was the prime candidate to break Major League Baseball's long-



standing segregation.

Through the years, Sukeforth maintained he didn't do anything special in helping to break the color barrier.

"I get a lot of credit I don't deserve," he said in an article written by Karl Lindholm in the Spring 2014 *Baseball Research Journal*. "I treated Robinson just like any other human being. See, coming from Maine, I never thought about color. I don't feel I did anything special. I was just there."

Robinson, however, disagreed. In a 1972 letter, he had nothing but praise for Sukeforth.

"I have been very appreciative of the fact that whenever there were problems in the earlier days, I could always go to you, talk with you and receive the warm and friendly advice that I always did," Robinson wrote in the letter, which is on display at the Baseball Hall of Fame and Museum in Cooperstown, New York. "While there has not been enough said of your significant contribution in the Rickey-Robinson experiment, I consider your role, next to Mr. Rickey's and my wife's, yes – bigger than any other persons with whom I came into contact. I have always considered you to be one of the true giants in this initial endeavor in baseball, for which I am truly appreciative."

"Clyde was involved because of his particular skills. His patience, his tolerance," Rickey was quoted as saying. "Every element of Clyde Sukeforth's being was suited to handling all the surrounding adversity. He didn't have a prejudiced bone."

Robinson was assigned to the Montreal Royals, the Dodgers' AAA affiliate. In 124 games in 1946, Robinson hit .349, clubbed 25 doubles, scored 113 runs and stole 40 bases. He was called up to Brooklyn to start the 1947 season, and on April 15, made his Major League debut when Sukeforth, of all people, wrote his name in the Opening Day lineup card as the starting first-baseman. Robinson, a talented collegiate athlete, had played shortstop and second base in the Negro Leagues and in Montreal. The Dodgers already had two established players at second base (Eddie Stanky) and shortstop (Pee Wee Reese), so Sukeforth put Robinson at first base for the 1947 season. He was shifted to second base the next season as future Hall of Famer Gil Hodges took over at first base. Robinson would go on to several All-Star seasons at second base before switching to outfield and third base towards the end of his career.

"I'd have to say at that point he was the most extraordinary athlete I'd seen play the game. He could've played any of three sports he played in college, as you know. He could've played pro football or basketball. He was just a great athlete," Sukeforth was quoted as saying in "A Conversation with Clyde Sukeforth," an article written by C.E. Lincoln in the 1987 *SABER Baseball Research Journal*.

Robinson was only managed by Sukeforth for a very brief part of his Hall of Fame career. He was serving as the interim manager of the team because Manager Leo Durocher was suspended for the 1947 season due to his connection to gamblers. Sukeforth managed just two games (both wins) before Burt Shotten was brought in to manage the team for the rest of the season.

Sukeforth returned to his previous coaching position, and Shotten led the Dodgers to pennants in 1947 and 1949.

Sukeforth stayed with the Dodgers franchise until 1952 when he went to work for the Pittsburgh Pirates. He reunited with Rickey, who had gone to work as Pittsburgh's executive vice president and general manager the previous season.

It was with the Pirates that Sukeforth paved the way for another Hall of Famer by scooping up Roberto Clemente from the Dodgers' minor league system. Sukeforth had been sent to Montreal to look at Joe Black, but it was Clemente who caught his eye. At the time, Clemente was not the superstar he would turn out to be, but Sukeforth recognized the raw tools Clemente had that could one day benefit the Pirates. Sukeforth mentioned Clemente to Rickey, who signed him in November 1954.

Working to put into place the signing of two of baseball's most notable names were two of the highlights Sukeforth had in his more than 40-year career in baseball. There were,

SUKEFORTH continued on page 38

RAY PHILLIPS continued from page 4

started calling people all over the country with the same names as Ray's family members, interrupting their days just to ask, "Do you know of a hermit named Ray Phillips?" I had hit a brick wall and was feeling like my film would suffer an element of closeness and access without having the perspective of his family. I was already deep into editing the film when I got a call from somebody saying that they had just gotten my letter from months ago, and that they were Ray Phillips' nephew.

Ray's parents split up around the turn of the century and he lost touch with his father. After his mother passed away there was some time where he seemingly had no family, and those on Monhegan recalled they had heard nothing of his family at all until Ray received a letter in the mail from someone who had cut out an obituary for his father. In reading this obituary, Ray learned he had brothers and sisters he never knew about, and he became inspired to take a trip to seek them out. He packed up and took the bus to the addresses he had located and without warning knocked on his siblings' doors and said, "Hello I am your brother Ray." As the story has been passed down, it seems that the doors were shut in his face, one after the other, except for the door of his sister Alvira Rivers who lived outside of Boston. Alvira welcomed him in and suddenly he had a family again. They became close and visited each other every year; Ray taking the bus to Boston or Alvira and her kids staying on Monhegan with Ray rowing across the harbor to spend time with them.

After talking with Ray's nephew and niece, I was invited to their homes to have a look at 'Uncle Ray's' belongings; what they had salvaged from his home when they went to bury him in 1975. There were boxes of photographs, documents, diplomas, military records, letters, and other personal items that I never imagined I would have access to. The family happily shared everything with me, and Ray's niece agreed to do an interview for the film. The one day I spent at their home brought so many answers and took the film from an outsider's biography style presentation to a very personal and emotional story. This was the turning point when I felt like I was on the right track and the piece would come together.

But in the editing room, I discovered another missing element. After screening with advisors and colleagues, I heard time and time again that the film was lacking my perspective. I had resisted including myself in the film, but in the end, it became clear that the audience would be able to relate to me and my journey to discover who Ray was, and that the hunt for the truth was just as interesting as the actual truth. To anchor the story in present day, and to make clear some of the uncertainties about Ray's life, I cautiously added a few scenes with myself exploring his crumbling home and reflecting on what his life has represented to so many people over the years, people who have seen him as nothing more than a runaway or those who have held him in high regard.

Immediately upon learning about his life, most want to know what he did with his time. By all accounts, he kept himself quite busy! He tended to lobster traps, cared for his sheep, and he constantly worked on his home, building extensions and repairing it after each difficult winter. I've been told he read every book in the Monhegan library and listened to a little radio sometimes. In the summer, he had visitors to Manana and would share picnics with some familiar faces. He would row over to Monhegan to get supplies and perhaps play a game of cards or chess with the lobstermen, but he never stayed too long, and he kept his interaction with the tourists to a minimum. In the winter, he spent the hours huddled by his small heater, listening to the wind push against his walls and the surf hitting the rocks only a few yards from his doorstep.

It took several months to edit the film, and it went through a number of different incarnations during that time. In June of 2006, *The Hermit of Manana* premiered in New York City at the CityVisions Film Festival where it won awards for best editing and best cinematography. The following month, I brought the film to Maine, screening it for sold out crowds on Monhegan, and in Camden, Rockland, Boothbay Harbor, Brunswick, and Waterville. I was overwhelmed by the response to the project and by the long-standing curiosity people have had about Ray. I never imagined so many people shared my fascination with this man and his solitary island lifestyle, but learning this made me feel perhaps my project had a life beyond my expectations, that it could serve as a historic time piece and an archival reference for future Monhegan generations… and nothing could make me happier.

Ray probably never thought of himself as a hermit, but he knew that was how he was known: it was printed in newspapers and magazines, and he didn't deny that claim. He would entertain visiting journalists and photographers, happily granting an interview or allowing his photo to be taken for a dollar. He wasn't surprised to see tourists pressing their cameras up against his windows hoping to catch a glimpse. He was happy to return the 'fan mail' he received, addressed to "The Hermit, Manana Island, Maine," sent after people had read about him in a publication. He was gentle and kind, intelligent and conversational. He was not a hermit in the sense that he avoided all social contact. Monhegan, across the small harbor, looked out for him but gave him the solitude and space he desired and he, in turn, kept a watchful eye on Monhegan and her people.

Elisabeth's film, *The Hermit of Manana* can be seen on YouTube.

RUFUS JONES
MAINE'S BEST FRIEND

by Aimée N. Lanteigne

Photos courtesy of American Friends Service Committee


Rufus M. Jones.

One of the least understood, and perhaps most authentic, Christian religious denominations in the world is that of Quakerism. Best known for their stance on pacifism, their eschewing of ordained ministers and sacraments, services of silence, and physical manifestations of religious emotion, members of the Quaker faith are not called parishioners or members but instead go by the term "friend." Perhaps the best-known Quaker from Maine, and even all of New England, was the gentle yet influential Rufus Jones of South China, best known as a philosopher, religious leader, writer, and teacher.

Rufus Matthew Jones was born on January 25, 1863, into a well-established old Quaker family in South China. In Quaker terms, his birthday is spoken as "the first month, 25th day." His parents were Edwin Jones and Mary Gifford Hoxie Jones. Rufus was the third of four children born into this loving family, as Rufus would describe it. Edwin was strong and a skilled worker, but not intellectually gifted. Neither parent used any form of harsh discipline or correction with the children. "Almost nothing was said in the way of instructing me. It was not a narrow, rigid set of dogmas from which the developing mind reacts. God was an indwelling Spirit. The life in our home was saturated with the reality and practice of love," Jones noted.

Three generations lived under his roof as a child,

including his beloved Aunt Peace whom he considered a wise woman who prophetically proclaimed he would be much loved and well-known one day. Jones' grandmother, Susannah, was the one who encouraged Rufus to begin reading the bible at age 10 when he was cooped up inside after battling a long illness for nearly a year. His siblings included his older brother by ten years, Walter. When Walter left the family farm, Rufus was heartbroken. His sister, Alice, was four years older and young Rufus considered her to be like a second mother. His baby brother Herbert was a "perfect dear" according to Rufus but was too young to be his playmate.

Rufus in South China.

Jones grew up in the house his grandfather, Abel, built in 1815 on what is now the Jones Road. Since 1983, the old Federal-style homestead has been on the National Register of Historic Places. Rufus lived the life of a farm boy doing all the usual chores this would entail. The family attended services at the 1807 Pond Meeting House (now on the National Register of Historic Places and located on the east side of Route 202) and later the new South China Meeting House. The local grocery store in South China was the hub of village happenings and the place where men often gathered to catch up on the local news while shopping for their wives. It also served as the post office. In spending a great deal of time there, young Rufus became acquainted with the shopkeeper, Samuel Stuart's, son who had served in the Civil War. He looked up to him and admired him, eager to hear about his travels and experiences. Stuart taught Jones to sail on China Lake. Hanging with this rough crowd at the local grocer's exposed Jones to cursing and vulgarity, of which he never joined in,

but he learned to get along with people who were different than him.

Jones recalled one incident when he was young which he believed set his ordained life in motion. He remembers being left alone on the farm one hot summer day to weed the turnip patch while his parents went into Augusta. A group of young boys with fishing poles and bait came along and lured him away from his chores. When he returned home much later that evening, his mother was waiting for him. She silently took his hand, let him up to his bedroom, knelt beside him, and prayed, expressing her disappointment in what her son had done. "O God, take this boy of mine and make him the boy and man he is divinely designed to be." She gave young Rufus a kiss and left him alone to sit silently with God. He would remember that day for the rest of his life. When he lost his mother at the age of 17, he grieved her deeply.

In 1879, Jones left South China for the Moses Brown School, a co-ed boarding school founded by Quakers; he had earned a scholarship. He studied Latin, geometry, Greek, and natural sciences. He went on to attend the Providence Friends School in Rhode Island. He graduated from the Quaker funded Haverford College in Pennsylvania in 1885, and then earned his master's degree there the following year. Some of his favorite teachers were William James and George Herbert Palmer. Jones was well known on campus for being a friend to all. He was outgoing and got along with everyone. He played cricket, enjoyed hiking, was the editor of the school paper, and took extra courses as well. A friend of a friend even offered to put him through law school after

college, but he politely refused. He decided to go home to South China.

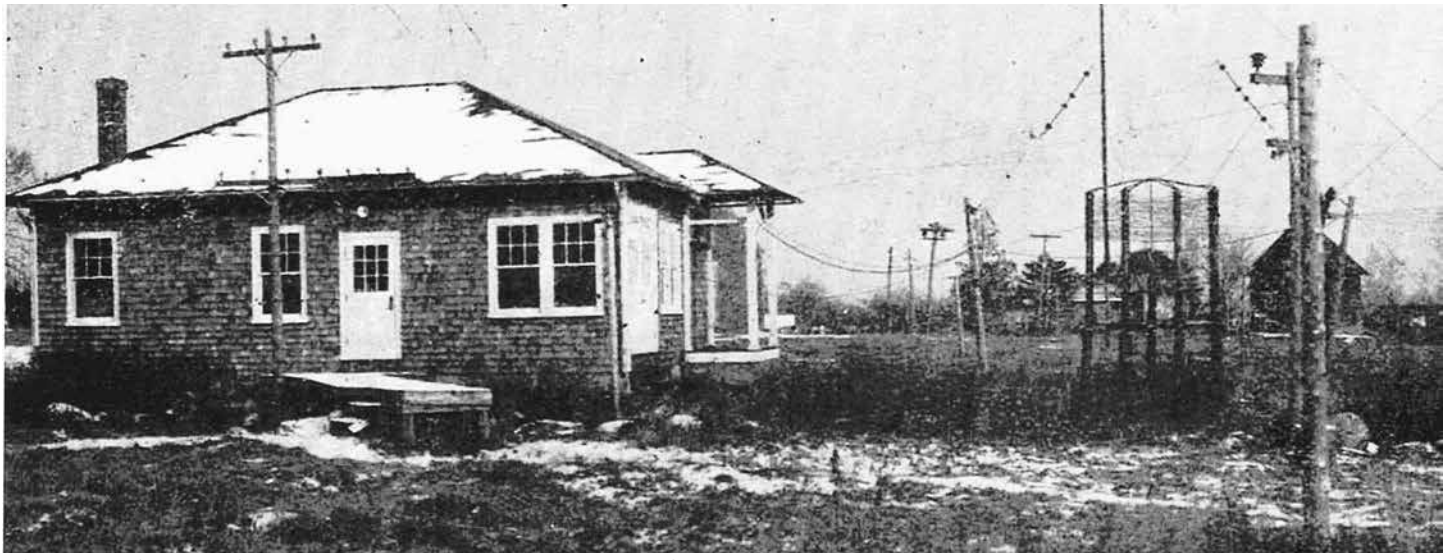
That summer, two important opportunities were presented to Rufus. The first was an offer of a history fellowship at the University of Pennsylvania. The second opportunity, coming the following day, was an offer to teach school at Oakwood Seminary in New York. He chose the poorly paid teaching position. By all accounts, he was praised for his interesting lessons and his simplicity in discipline. At Oakwood, he met his future wife, fellow teacher Sallie Coutant. They went through the old-fashioned process of having their respective Quaker congregations approve of their union, and the pair were wed on July 3, 1888.

Jones recalled one holiday in particular, spent in the Alps, where one of the most mystical experiences of his life determined the path he would take going forward. According to a 1954 article in *The Atlantic*, he related, "I was on a solitary walk…wondering whether I should ever get myself organized and brought under the direction of some constructive central, purpose of life, when I felt the walls between the visible and invisible suddenly grown thin and I was conscious of a definite mission of life opening out

RUFUS JONES continued on page 40

'HELLO, AMERICA!'

by Sheila D. Grant



RCA station, Congress Street. Photo courtesy of Belfast Historical Society and Museum.

On the evening of March 14, 1925, New York City residents who tuned their radio dials to station WJZ (455 khz) were surprised to hear *"Hello, America. This is the Hotel Savoy broadcasting from 5 Savoy Court, London, England, and station 2LO."* Then the music came on from 3,000 miles away; a dance band at the hotel and a studio program featuring a violin and piano concert..

The program was the first ever live trans-Atlantic long-wave wireless broadcast. The transmission was received and then relayed to WJZ in New York and WRC in Washington, D.C. by the experimental Radio Corporation of America station in Belfast, Maine. For the next two hours, New York announcer Milton Cross repeatedly interrupted the broadcast with excited commentary about its historic nature.

According to a 2003 article, "Radio Archaeology: City was site of early broadcast station," by Dave Piszcz, this was the first time American radio listeners had ever heard live music from across the Atlantic.

"At that point, most radio transmissions consisted of the dots and dashes of Morse code, rather than audio signals, so the broadcast of music was a major event," he wrote.

As the 100th anniversary of that trans-Atlantic transmission approaches, Belfast Historical Society & Museum President Megan Pinette said a centennial commemoration is in the works.

"The radio broadcast will not be overlooked," she said.

RCA site, Belfast. Photo courtesy of Belfast Historical Society and Museum.

HISTORY LOST AND FOUND

Technology evolved rapidly, rendering the RCA station in Belfast obsolete. It closed in 1929. Equipment was relocated, antennas dismantled and buildings abandoned.

The site lay forgotten and memories of the historic broadcast from London to New York via Belfast faded, until the spring of 2003 when Bruce Clark of Belfast and Harold Nelson of Newport began a methodic mapping and research project.

In a statement Bruce Clark provided to the Belfast Historical Society & Museum, he wrote that the Belfast RCA Radio Relay Station was never far from his mind.

"I was born a few years after the closing of the Belfast RCA Radio Relay Station. Visual remnants and verbal conversation of the station were part of my young years," Clark wrote. "My father was very familiar with the station and used to hunt rabbits on the property. The first time I went with him, we stopped at the transmit building to rest. We sat on the wooden platform walkway for a while. Then while he was smoking his pipe, I found an opening up through the floor into the building. I briefly saw papers strewn about, and some large metal disks, before my father called me out of the building. We then hunted following the long wire (Beverage) wave antenna down to the 40-acre field."

Clark wrote that growing up through the Great Depression and World War II, "I was never far from seeing evidence of the radio station. I think this connection motivated me to become a ham radio operator. I went on to a life in broadcasting and electronics. Two of the many radio hams I met were Earle White (W1KNJ) and Leslie Salisbury (W1GPB). Les gave me a listener reporting card from the old Belfast RCA station. He told me his uncle Frank Smithy had been one of the RCA engineers. It was my understanding that there were three of these reception cards. Each card covered a separate week of 1926."

Years went by, and then Clark came across that old reception card and took it to the April, 2000, meeting of the Belfast Historical Society.

"People there were very interested and placed the card into the Belfast Museum. I started asking questions about the RCA station, and getting few answers, but after the Great Depression and World War II memories were fading," Clark wrote. "Research was going at a slow pace until I got a call from Harold Nelson of Newport. Harold had been researching the old AT&T station and ran into a link to

HELLO, AMERICA continued on page 36

PRESIDENTIAL VISITS TO GREATER BANGOR

by Richard Shaw

President William Howard Taft speaks from the front portico of the Bangor House, July 1910. Photo courtesy of Richard Shaw.

President Dwight Eisenhower, with U.S. Sens. Margaret Chase Smith, left, and Edmund Muskie, second left. Mayor Curtis Hutchins, right. June 27, 1955. Photo courtesy *Bangor Daily News.*

Beginning in 1871, with an official appearance by Ulysses S. Grant, and ending in 2020, highlighted by an apple-orchard visit by Donald J. Trump, 13 sitting presidents have visited Greater Bangor. Some stays lasted only a few hours while others stretched into the evening. With a few exceptions, most were routine affairs, including parades, speeches, and the kissing of babies.

"We have a good airport and political candidates who need to be elected," explained former Mayor Gerry Palmer. "That's been a big draw for presidents for many years. I shook hands with Jimmy Carter in 1978 and with Bill Clinton in 1996, and saw John F. Kennedy in 1963 and George W. Bush in 2004. I remember every one of those days."

As a lifelong Bangor resident, I'm right behind Palmer

in my affection for presidential visits. I have seen six chief executives here in my 72 years, but glad-handed only one, Carter, at his town hall auditorium meeting in 1978. Each appearance had its own special qualities, but everyone seemed to address world peace and the U.S. economy, ending with remarks about Maine's quirky weather and crusty characters.

Kennedy ended his sobering speech at the University of Maine, marking the first anniversary of the Cuban missile crisis, with a lighthearted singing of The Maine Stein Song.

President Theodore Roosevelt riding in the carriage, in a top hat, at Bangor Railroad Station, Aug. 27, 1902. Photo courtesy of Richard Shaw.

A vacationing Richard Nixon asked an airport crowd in 1971, "Is the ocean water warm for swimming? Are your lobsters tasty?" And Bush 43, at a re-election rally, broke the ice with a quip about his mother, Barbara, scolding him for not having made his bed at the family's Walker's Point estate.

"I was really impressed with Carter's town hall event," said Palmer, an active Democrat. "He was such an

PRESIDENTIAL VISITS continued on page 22

President Lyndon B. Johnson at Dow Air Force Base, Aug. 21, 1966. White House photographer Yoichi Okamoto, left, and U.S. Sen. William Hathaway, right. Photo courtesy of *Bangor Daily News*.

PRESIDENTIAL VISITIS continued from page 20

honorable person. My father, a lifelong Republican, voted for him in 1976, after having met Rosalynn Carter in a New Hampshire restaurant. But he didn't vote for him in 1980, when things had changed.

Carter, the nation's 39th president, was one of two chief executives to spend the night in Bangor. Grant, the

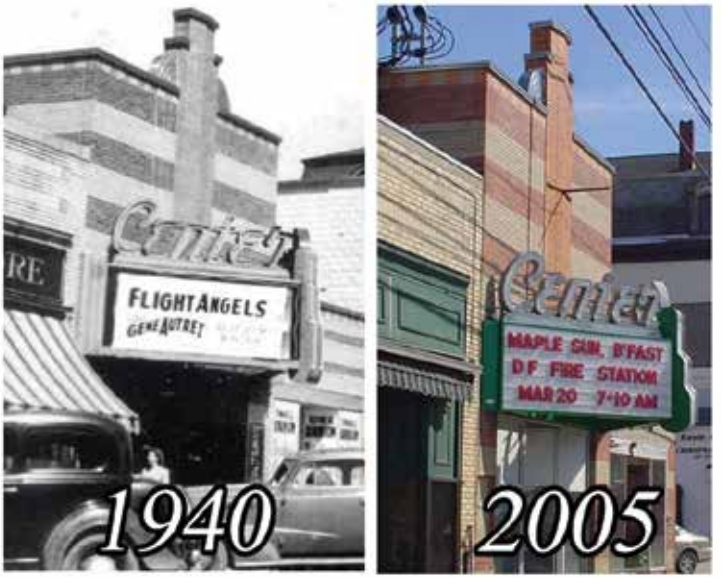
PRESIDENTIAL VISITS continued on page 33

GOING TO THE MOVIES IN DOVER-FOXCROFT

by Sheila D. Grant

Photos courtesy Dover-Foxcroft Historical Society

Before the world was reshaped to accommodate cars, many small towns had their own movie theater. As travel became easier and amusements more plentiful, many of those theaters closed. A few fortunate communities around the state resurrected those venues. That's been the case in Dover-Foxcroft, where the Center Theatre closed in the early '70s, was repurposed several times, and was then rehabilitated.



The original 1940 Center Theatre marquee, and the 2005 marquee created for the Center Theatre's reopening. Image courtesy of Center Theatre.

The towns of Dover and Foxcroft, which "married" on March 1, 1922, to form a single municipality, have a long history of theater. In 2009, Center Theatre Executive Director Patrick Myers wrote "The Rise and Fall of Small-Town Movie Theatres." He noted in the article that he had relied heavily on books written by local author and historian, the late Louis E. Stevens, as well as research provided by Center Theatre volunteer Keith Gile.

Myers wrote that when asked, many people believed the Center Theatre originally opened in 1940 and was the first movie theatre in town. However, there were four others in operation over the past 100 years.

One of the first documented motion pictures shown in Foxcroft was in December 1903, when The Edison Moving Picture Co. booked the Opera House for one night to show *The Coronation of King George.*

The Foxcroft Opera House was built in 1891 at Monument Square, housing several businesses, as well as Society Hall, Myers wrote. It continued being a local landmark until it burned in 1936. Remnants of the foundation and brick work can still be seen downtown as one turns onto Lincoln Street.

Not much is known about that first travelling motion picture show, or of the others that followed.

On July 6, 1905, *The Piscataquis Observer* announced: *"The Holmes' Moving Picture company, including Alice Brophy, 'the Virginia Songbird,' appeared at Central Hall Tuesday night and proved to be not only the best picture show that we have had, but can be classed as one of the very best entertainments given here this season.*

By March 1908, movies were becoming a regular occurrence in Dover-Foxcroft, Myers wrote, citing an *Observer* article at that time reporting: *"Pleased audiences, good attendance, liberal applause, a good entertainment and comfortable hall is the order of the Twin Town Moving Picture Theater.*

That June, the production equipment was moved to the former town hall, but at the same time, a permanent outdoor theater was being built, Myers wrote. The Star Theater, on South Street, held its first show on June 12, 1909.

The attraction of an outdoor theater waned as winter approached. Owners leased a nearby building, remodeling it into a theatre.

According to the *Observer* on Nov. 11, 1909: *"Collins & Merrill, proprietors of the Star theater, who have recently leased the Mayo & Son picker house for five years and are to fit it up into a theater for their moving picture business, are rushing work upon it and when completed it promises to make excellent quarters for their growing business.*

"As the lease of the building also included the water power the proprietors plan to install a dynamo and to furnish their own electric lights. The building will be heated by hot air and ventilation made at the top. The place will, when completed, seat upwards of 400 people."

This indoor theater, also named "The Star," opened in December, 1909, Myers wrote. Over the years it showed movies and held other live shows.

The outdoor theater was still used during the summers.

The newest innovation in motion picture technology arrived in July, 1913. An exhibition of "talking pictures" took place with dancers moving in time to the recorded sound. It was a hit, and although the demand was high, regular "talkies" wouldn't be offered in town for another 16 years.

That winter, Dover's Central Hall replaced live shows with movies, Myers wrote. They played two shows every evening with a matinee on Saturday. The cost was a reasonable 10 cents with kids at only 5 cents.

Historian John "Jack" Battick, who passed on October 22, 2024, wrote an article entitled "When the 'Talkies' Came to Town" in 2005 for the Dover-Foxcroft Historical Society's *The Shiretown Conserver* newsletter.

Battick wrote that not everyone in town was happy with the advent of movies.

"Theatre operators had to stress in their newspaper ads that the films were good, wholesome entertainment suitable for all ages. They even enlisted support from local women's clubs to help break down prejudice," Battick wrote. "Besides, the films normally appeared for one showing a week, and never on Sunday, so the chance of citizens being corrupted by films was limited."

Concerns flared anew when "talkies" came to town.

Citing Louis Stevens' *Dover-Foxcroft: A History,* Battick also mentioned that first sound film in July, 1913.

"It was probably a version of Edison's Vitaphone system which provided a short interlude film, but as the equipment was expensive and films in that medium were few, the show may have only been a single-shot affair with film and equipment moving on to another venue the next day," he wrote. "Besides, since several sound-film systems were in development, independent theater operators were loath to invest in equipment that might soon prove obsolescent."

In 1919, the Star Theater was bought by Charles Stern of Bangor whose Graphic Theaters chain also operated movie houses in Milo and Dexter. With large capital resources, a theater chain could afford to invest in expensive sound equipment when improved and proven sound film systems came along, Battick wrote.

A new theater was built on Main Street, aptly named the

New Star Theater. The New Star opened in January, 1920.

"By 1929, Fox's Movietone system was the winner and the now-labeled Graphic Circuit Co. of Bangor brought the first feature-length talkie to the Shiretown," he wrote. "For several days in October, 1929, experts in talking picture technology worked with local electrician A.R. Pierce and carpenters from P.E. Washburn Company installing and testing the new gear. Then theater manager George Crockett announced the opening on Friday and Saturday nights, November 1 and 2, of the film *Syncopation* featuring Fred Warring and his Pennsylvanians Orchestra in conjunction of music and dialogue 'which has played to capacity business in all the large cities.' Crockett warned that people had better buy their tickets at the box office between 2 and 4 p.m. on show dates in order to avoid having to stand in line in the evenings."

Battick wrote that Phyllis Jones Pelosi recalled that she and her younger sister went to the first talking picture and her sister fainted. The girls' grandmother was certain the "newfangled" talking picture was too shocking and caused her faint.

Curiously, Battick wrote, for all the fanfare given by the *Observer* prior to the screening, "there is not one word of follow-up after the appearance of *Syncopation.* Instead, for the rest of 1929 and into early 1930s, the paper carried ads for live appearances of touring theater companies at Central Hall featuring comedy plays with orchestral accompaniment, for silent films, such as *King of Kings* at the Sangerville Town Hall, for a mystery drama put on by the Central Grange, and for the appearance of a 'well-known mind-reader and psychic marvel,' Miss Fay Del Rio, at the Star Theater, in addition to 'the regular picture show.' Whether the picture show was silent or sound isn't mentioned. And the Percolator Club of Dover-Foxcroft put on a comic play, *The Womanless Wedding*, with men doing all the parts, both male and female, at Central Hall," he wrote.

In January, 1940, a fire started late in the evening at a store down the block from the New Star Theater and quickly moved through the adjoining buildings, Myers wrote. An employee of the theater discovered the fire and barely had time to evacuate the audience attending the late show.

Owners of the theater immediately announced a plan to rebuild in a vacant lot across the street. People missed the entertainment and convenience of their own movie theater, Myers wrote, as evidenced by a letter published in the *Observer:*

"People seldom appreciate anything until they are deprived of it, and that has certainly been true of the theater of this town. To say nothing of the fine pictures which were brought to the New Star — this town was often being able to see pictures before they were shown in much larger places — the theater has a very decided value as a business asset to the community. The

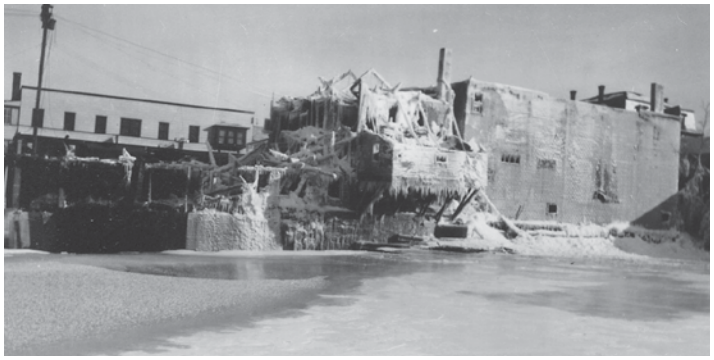
difference in business since the theater was destroyed has been most apparent, and proves definitely how much it means to the life of Dover-Foxcroft."

A contest was held to name the new theater. Several people suggested the name "Center Theater." Construction began in April, with the Center's grand opening on June 6, 1940, only five months after the fire at the New Star.

Unfortunately, Myers wrote, as fast as it was built, the Center Theatre did not open in time to premier the movie that everyone wanted to see that year — *Gone with The Wind.* Theatre goers had to travel to Dexter or Guilford to view what Myers said during a November, 2024 interview, "is the highest grossing film of all time when adjusted for inflation."

The Center Theatre remained popular throughout WWII, when gas rationing kept people close to home.

"This 'golden age' of movies is what many long-time residents remember today, cowboy movie double features on the weekend and the famous ice cream cone concessions. People still talk about this treat. A cone was filled with ice



The icy remnants of the fire in January of 1940 that destroyed the New Star Theatre (large square building on the right).

Flooding at the New Star Theater.

cream, the top cut flat to the top of the cone, wrapped in waxed paper and sold," Myers wrote.

As television became more popular and more widely available in the 1950s, the Center Theatre went into decline. It closed in the early 1970s. The marquee that hung in front of the theater was taken down in 1974, for fear that it would not last another winter and might fall on pedestrians passing underneath. The lobby space was used for restaurants, a video arcade and retail stores while the auditorium "was largely abandoned," Myers wrote.

But when the Blethen House, constructed in 1844, was demolished to make way for a Rite Aid, "the loss of this historic landmark caused a group of local citizens to look at the Center Theatre with new eyes," Myers wrote.

A Center Theatre Group formed in 1998, evolving to Center Theatre, Inc., a nonprofit organization. The aim of the nonprofit was not to recreate the original theater, but to renovate it to be a multi-purpose performing arts space for the entire region.

Renovations expanded the stage, reconfigured the projection booth to accommodate both a traditional 35mm projector and lighting and sound equipment for live events, all while trying to stay true to the theater's original art-deco style.

NeoKraft Signs of Lewiston was hired to re-create the original Center Theatre marquee, unveiled in a lighting ceremony in 2004.

"NeoKraft did such a fine job recreating the original marquee that it wasn't long before local folks had forgotten that it had been absent at all," wrote Myers.

In April, 2007, Center Theatre showed its first movie on a brand new Screen — *Gone With the Wind*.

Soon the theater was not only showing movies, but hosting live theater performances, concerts, community events, private parties and fundraisers for other nonprofits.

"When the Center Theatre re-opened in 2006, we were still using a standard 35mm film projector," Myers said. "The challenge to showing first-run movies wasn't the equipment, but the movie distributors. Creating physical copies of films was expensive, so distributors didn't have copies to give out to small theaters like ours. We worked with a handful of other small theaters to rotate prints so that each theater would get to show a new movie when it opened nationwide every once- in-a-while, but more typically we would show them two to four weeks after they opened. It was our transition to a digital projector in 2013 that made first-run movies a reality. As you can imagine, making a digital copy of a film costs next to nothing. So, once we had a digital projector it made getting first-run movies much easier."

The limiting factor then became scheduling, Myers said. "The movie distributors typically insisted on a two-week commitment for any first-run film. It was rare that they made exceptions, even for live programming. For a multi-purpose venue such as the Center Theatre this made it very challenging to schedule movies alongside plays, concerts and other live events. It wasn't until we opened up our smaller second theater in 2021 that we had the flexibility to show first-run movies consistently all year round."

COLLECTING THE CURIOUS

GOOD WILL-HINCKLEY'S L.C. BATES MUSEUM

by Marianne O'Connor

Charles D. Hubbard Natural History Dioramas; Black Bears in Pleasant Mountain and Pond, and American Bittern along Martin Stream.

Situated on the rolling hills of Good Will-Hinckley School in Fairfield, The L.C. Bates Museum is one of the last remaining museums displaying cabinets full of curiosities. The museum is housed in the campus' Quincy building. Constructed in 1903, the museum became an integral part of student education and academic life at the school.

The Good Will-Hinckley School was a vision inspired by George W. Hinckley, originally from Guilford, Connecticut.

George was born in 1853, and from an early age was captivated by the wonders of nature. As a boy, he played outside and immersed himself in all aspects of the natural world by collecting rocks and gems, much like other curious children. But unlike other hildren his age, George felt a strong calling to faith and spirituality. While he was in school, George met a young man named Ben Watson. Ben was orphaned and struggled with poverty. George urged his family to take him in, even though they faced hardship as well. The impact on young George was profound, and it set in motion the ambition to create a boarding school for other youngsters like Ben. George also observed the impact of poverty on others, and understood how poverty could disrupt growth and education. From an early age,

Bird cases.

George Hinckley devoted himself to a life in service.

George became involved with Sunday School ministries which led him to Maine. When he visited Fairfield, in 1889, he purchased a farm on 125 acres. The farm and surrounding land perfectly suited his vision of a boarding school for the underprivileged. The farmland originally belonged to the family of Margaret Chase Smith. The farm, with its abundance of fruit trees, would provide a perfect backdrop for the new boarding school.

Good Will-Hinckley was established in 1889, and in the first few years, the school consisted of one hundred acres of farmland and a cluster of cabins for students. Today the Good Will-Hinckley legacy lives on as the school continues to serve the academic needs of students with programs like the Glenn Stratton Learning Center and the Roundel Residential Program.

Bird cases.

Named after Lawrence Carlton Bates, the museum was founded in 1903. George Hinckley believed the school needed a museum and library to fulfill his vision of bringing the natural world to the students. Hinckley travelled the

Charles D. Hubbard Natural History Diorama; Barred Owl and Snowy Owl with a background painted in Acadia National Park.

world as he went about collecting artifacts for his museum; he began collecting in the early part of the twentieth century. The museum continues to accumulate items for display. Just last year the museum acquired a musk ox for its collection.

The Quincy Building, a three-story structure, designed by Lewiston architect William Miller in the Romanesque Revival style, was added to the national Register of Historic Places in 1978.

Each floor of the museum has galleries for viewing the artifacts; some displayed in Riker boxes such as rare or extinct butterflies, rare crystals, gems, fossils and the teeth of a mastodon and a mammoth. The museum offers a look at Wabanaki cultural items like ceramics and baskets.

Some of the most impressive and popular displays are the

MUSEUM continued on page 35

President Jimmy Carter addresses crowd at the Bangor Auditorium, Feb. 17, 1978. Photo courtesy of *Bangor Daily News*.

PRESIDENTIAL VISITS continued from page 22

18th commander in chief, was the second. The 11 other visiting presidents packed many activities into one day of appearances. A few, such as Chester A. Arthur, in 1882, and Benjamin Harrison, in 1889, who passed through on trains, and Lyndon B. Johnson, in 1966, who transferred to a helicopter headed for Campobello, New Brunswick, were here briefly.

Ruffled feathers are rare with any executive visit, but they have happened. An historic kerfuffle involving President Grant's trip to inaugurate the European and North

American Railroad involved Mayor Samuel Dale forgetting to officially invite the man of the hour to a home reception. Grant arrived late, but, according to Matt Bishop, curator and operations manager of the Bangor Historical Society, the reception was still a success. Grant's visit is the subject of an article in the Central and Mid-Coast Maine Spring 2024 *Memories of Maine Magazine.*

Another glitch centers on Theodore Roosevelt's 1902 appearance at the Eastern Maine State Fair, where outraged guests were asked to shell out one dollar to hear him speak. Addressing their anger, Roosevelt spoke again, this time for free, at the Bangor House.

Nixon's airport talk was interrupted by a small group of anti-war protesters, and when Carter arrived at the Maple Street home of Robert and Laura Murray, where he spent

PRESIDENTIAL VISITS continued on page 37

President John F. Kennedy in Orono before delivering speech, with U.S. Sen. Edmund Muskie at right, Oct. 19, 1963. Photo courtesy of *Bangor Daily News*.

MUSEUM continued from page 32

dioramas designed by Charles Hubbard. Over time, Hubbard designed and helped install thirty-two dioramas or "magic windows" into a wide cross section of Maine wildlife.

Hubbard was from the same school that Hinckley attended in Connecticut, The Guilford Institute. His style was representative of impressionism. Hubbard painted all the background scenery in his dioramas to replicate the animals and birds in their native habitat. Hubbard sometimes drew inspiration from scenes on campus, such as the American Bitterns, birds from the heron family that lived on Martin Stream, part of the Good Will-Hinckley property. Hubbard

MUSEUM continued on page 37

HELLO, AMERICA continued from page 17

the Belfast RCA station. Harold had found some aerial photographs at the USDA."

According to an article posted to the Waldo County Amateur Radio Association website, "A geodetic survey technician for the Maine Dept. of Transportation, Harold Nelson writes that, 'my background in geodetic, plane and engineering surveys greatly aided the effort to locate the wave antenna lines. The U.S. Dept. of Agriculture office in Belfast had 1939 aerial photographs that clearly showed both Beverage routes. Using Maptech software, I plotted the antennas on topographic maps electronically, created waypoints along the route and downloaded them into a Garmin GPSIII-Plus handheld unit. GPS greatly added to the efficiency of the search, as one can easily get turned around in the woods! Last summer, I was greatly assisted by Mr. Bruce Clark, a HAM operator (who owns two Beverage antennas) in finding guy-anchors, or backstays and coils of Belfast's Beverage wire on what we called the "Reservoir" line."

Engineers Samuel L. Dean, Ernest V. Amy and Frank L. Smith. Photo provided by Belfast Historical Society and Museum, courtesy of George H. Clark, Archives Center, Behring Center, Smithsonian Institution.

Clark, Nelson and Pinette formed a loose research group.

"I met with Josephine (Merriam) Grady, a Historical Society member," Clark wrote. "Josephine's family had boarded RCA engineer John H. Mundo while he was working on the Morrill (Beverage) wave antenna. Josephine, as a child, knew John well and had vivid details to tell."

Pinette has been slowly building an exhibit dedicated to the RCA station at the Belfast Historical Society Museum.

"Most of the items that we have in the museum as part of our RCA collection came from Bruce Clark," she said. "I did join him early on, equipped with his metal detector, going over the site—now covered by the Volunteers of America, Edward Reynolds senior housing complex. We found a lot of wood bits from the electrical poles which were placed throughout the site, and metal guy wire clusters still embedded in the ground. The concrete tower base is still on site."

Over the years, their efforts have uncovered a wealth of artifacts, photographs and documents. The site is now somewhat ill-defined, although part of the original station has been incorporated into the state armory, and several antenna footings have been located. The Belfast Museum maintains an exhibit about the site that even includes a recording of the historic broadcast.

THE WHY, WHERE AND HOW

A native of North Haven, Harold Henry Beverage, had an interest in radio, a new technology that was developing rapidly. He became a HAM (amateur radio) operator at an early age, according to the article on the Waldo County Amateur Radio Association website. While working at the U.S. Naval Radio (Fabbri) facility at Otter Cliffs on Mount Desert Island, Beverage experimented with an antenna concept called the "wave antenna."

It was a long wire suspended on poles with insulators, not unlike a telephone line. He found that if the wire was pointed in the direction of the transmit source, reception was better than if the signals broadsided the wire. The antenna was set in place just in time to receive news from Europe that the Armistice had been signed, ending World War I. This wire antenna, developed with his colleagues, Rice and Kellogg, is still known as the Beverage Wave Antenna, and is often used by HAM operators today.

According to exhibit text at the museum, in 1920, on a 400-acre site at what is now the intersection of U.S. Route 1 and Congress Street in Belfast, the International Radio Telegraph Company built a radio center for communication by coded signal with ships at sea. The station was acquired by the RCA Corporation in September of 1921. In 1923, RCA announced its intention to employ the Belfast station in its efforts to develop long-wave radio contact with European countries.

Belfast was chosen as the result of a contest held in 1923 for the purpose of finding the best radio reception site on the east coast. Earl White, of Belfast, won the contest by correctly copying a transmitted coded letter sequence. Mr. White's success clearly demonstrated that reception at Belfast was significantly better, for a variety of reasons, than at the main RCA receiving station at Riverhead, Long Island, NY.

By September 1924, leading experts in the radio field joined the facility, carrying out experimental night and day radio work. Wooden receiving and transmitting buildings, four 150' antenna masts, and a Beverage Wave Antenna 10 miles in length were constructed.

Follow the Belfast Historical Society and Museum on Facebook, or visit belfastmuseum.org for updates on plans for a centennial commemoration.

MUSEUM continued from page 35

travelled to Acadia National Park to paint the backdrop for some of the dioramas, in particular the ones in the Audubon Room where the gulls and common terns are displayed. The Audubon Room is one of the most popular rooms for visitors. A chapter of the Audubon Society originated at the school in 1902. The room also has a widely popular owl display.

There are some displays of animals and creatures found in other parts of the world that Hinckley collected during visits to other continents. For example, there's a platypus and platypus egg, flightless birds called "Cassowaries" from New Guinea and other hands-on exhibits including fossils, teeth, bones and antlers for curious hands to explore.

The largest of Hubbard's dioramas is in the mammal gallery. Iit depicts a 40-foot diorama with a backdrop of Pleasant Pond and Pleasant Mountain in Caratunk, along the Kennebec River. In this diorama, a family of black bears can be seen along with porcupines, pheasants and white-tailed deer. The bears were mounted by Maine taxidermist Fred Parke, who also mounted one of the most unusual exhibits in the museum: a 12-foot blue Marlin caught by Ernest Hemingway in 1935.

The L.C. Bates Museum continues to be a wildly unique and interesting place to visit, as it preserves the cultural and natural artifacts from a time gone by. The museum is open Wed. through Sat. from April to November, 10am to 4:30pm.

Above: Marine room. Below: Autumn outside the museum.

PRESIDENTIAL VISITIS continued from page 34

the night, he was greeted by a Republican neighbor's front-porch sign that announced, "Welcome to Cohen country, Mr. President." Carter was stumping for Democratic U.S. Sen. William Hathaway, who was beaten in November by challenger, U.S. Rep. William Cohen, a Bangor native.

And prior to Clinton's wee-hours re-election campaign stop at a freezing-cold airport hangar, it was announced that the John Bapst Memorial High School band would sit in for the disappointed Bangor High School band after the superintendent explained that policy forbade public school units from appearing at political events.

Colorful stories and questions are part of any presidential visit.

Was Kennedy really wearing the same gray silk necktie during his October 19 visit to Orono that he wore in Dallas on November 22? Did 350-pound William Howard Taft pack a portable bathtub during his 1910 tour of Bangor and the Maine coast? And why was there a 45-year wait before the next president, Dwight D. Eisenhower, visited Bangor on a tour through western and eastern Maine?

Will another president ever spend the night in a private home, as Carter did in 1978? Palmer wouldn't rule it out. "It all depends on who the president is," he said cryptically.

Maybe presidential historian Doris Kearns Goodwin, a 1964 Colby College graduate, could comment on these and other executive mysteries. In the meantime, there is her oft repeated quote, "Once a president gets to the White House, the only audience that is left that really matters is history."

SUKEFORTH continued from page 9

however, some missteps, including passing on signing Willie Mays in the late 1940s, and in 1951, when as a bullpen coach with the Dodgers, Sukeforth recommended sending in Ralph Branca to pitch in relief rather than Carl Erskine in a playoff game against the New York Giants. Branca turned out to be the wrong choice as he gave up a game-winning and National League pennant-winning home run to Bobby Thompson. The three-run homerun has been called "The Shot Heard 'Round the World." Sukeforth was blamed for

the decision by Dodgers manager Chuck Dressen, but over the years Sukeforth said it was Dressen who ultimately made the decision.

Like many players who played professionally, baseball was a big part of Sukeforth's childhood. He was often found on the baseball field, playing pickup baseball with friends and others in the neighborhood.

"There was nothin' else to do. I mean, there were two things you could do, you could take your ball and glove and play pass with the neighbor's kids, or you could dig a can of worms and go fishin' on the trout brook," he said in an oral history interview for the Life Story Center at the University of Southern Maine in Gorham. "That was it! No radio, no TV, so as a consequence, we played and threw the ball seven days a week."

His passion and talent earned him a scholarship to attend Georgetown University, where he played catcher and left field. In 1926, after two years at Georgetown, he was signed by the Cincinnati Reds, but despite having played well in spring training, he was sent down to the minors. His only plate appearance at the Big-League level that season was a strikeout. Years later, Sukeforth would call this his career highlight. I'm walkin' out of a big-league ballpark with a big-league uniform, I mean it was the biggest thrill, I can't imagine a thrill any bigger," he said in the oral history interview.

He appeared in 71 games as a third-string catcher between the 1927 and 1928 seasons but hit only .162. His fortune changed in 1929, when as a backup catcher, he had his best season for the Reds. He compiled a .354 batting average, 33 runs and 31 runs batted in over 262 at bats. In 1931, he served as the team's starting catcher, hitting .256 over 112 games. He even led the National League in intentional walks that season.

In March 1932, months after sustaining an injury after being shot in the eye in a hunting accident, he was traded to the Brooklyn Dodgers along with Tony Cucinello and Joe Stripp for Wally Gilbert, Babe Herman and Hall of Famer Ernie Lombardi.

He appeared in 106 games for the Dodgers between 1932 and 1934. He would then play from 1934 to 1939 in minor league baseball, including some time as a player/manager. In July 1938, Sukeforth's wife, Helen gave birth to the couple's only child, a daughter. Tragedy struck two weeks later when Helen died after complications from childbirth.

Sukeforth would go on to manage the Montreal Royals, Brooklyn's top minor league affiliate between 1939 and 1942, and joined Brooklyn's coaching staff in 1943, but would return to play in the Major Leagues in 1945 when Brooklyn needed a catcher due to player shortages during World War II.

"I thought things were bad because of the war," Sukeforth was quoted as saying in "A Conversation with Clyde Sukeforth." "But when Mr. Rickey asked me to bring my equipment to spring training, I thought we'd hit the bottom of the barrel. But I wound up catching a few games that season (thirteen) anyway. Never thought about my age. Felt pretty good as a matter of fact."

All in all, his Major League career, in which he compiled a .264 batting average with 122 runs scored and 96 runs batted in, was rather unspectacular. His legacy in the game came from his scouting and coaching career. He had opportunities to manage in the Big Leagues, but he was never interested in pursuing them.

"I was perfectly happy and satisfied to be a coach to stand in the wings and help put the play on the stage," he told a Pittsburgh reporter in 1957, according to an article by Karl Lindholm in the Spring 2014 *Baseball Research Journal.*

Sukeforth remained working with the Pirates through 1965. He ended his career as a New England and Canada scout with the Atlanta Braves from 1966-1974. Sukeforth returned to Maine in the off seasons to work his 100-acre farm.

Sukeforth's legacy has been immortalized in the annals of baseball history, but also on the canvas of one of America's most popular illustrators.

In the late 1940s, Norman Rockwell used Sukeforth as a model for "Tough Call—Bottom of the Sixth (Three Umpires)." The artwork, which graced the cover of the April 23, 1949, *Saturday Evening Post*, depicts three umpires at Ebbets Field deciding whether to postpone, due to rain, the game between the Brooklyn Dodgers and Pittsburgh Pirates. In the background, Sukeforth and Pirates' manager Bill Meyer are having a debate of their own about the weather conditions. It was one of four baseball-themed covers Rockwell created for the magazine.

"I just like the game and the atmosphere. I felt at home at the ballpark," Sukeforth said in a 1994 interview in the *Rockland Courier-Gazette.* "I never had to work in a factory. I've made a living doing what I wanted to do. (Baseball) has been my life and it's been a great life."

Clyde Sukeforth died in 2000 at the age of 98.

RUFUS JONES continued from page 15

before me…I remember kneeling down alone in a beautiful forest glade and dedicating myself then and there in the quiet silence…to the work of interpreting the deeper nature of the soul and its relation to God." Jones believed strongly it was this moment that led him to study mysticism and psychology, knowing that history, though he had always loved it and had been offered a fellowship to study it, would not be his true calling.

A few years earlier, in 1882, Jones wrote his first book, a biography of his Uncle Eli and Aunt Sybil. It was published in 1889. He recalled his very religious relatives leaving their young children to travel around the world and convert people to their faith. He recounted the tale of their three-year-old in tears begging his aunt not to leave her. On another trip, they left behind a one-year-old baby. Rufus made note of the impact this had on his cousins and would be cognizant of evangelism's impact on his family in the future.

In the spring of 1889, Jones took a position as an assistant master, and later as a principal, at Oak Grove Seminary in Vassalboro. He and Sallie spent four years there. Their son, Lowell, was born January 23, 1892. The following year, Rufus became the editor of the Haverford-based Quaker weekly *The Friends Review.* He achieved another master's degree from Harvard in 1901.

Haverford Unit Training on the campus of Haverford College in 1917.

Rufus Jones at a mass meeting in Madison Square Gardens for German relief, 1946.

Rufus Jones and Eleanor Roosevelt.

His young wife, a lover of flowers and nature, began to weaken and soon was overcome with tuberculosis. His family was torn apart when she was sent to Saranac, New York for treatment and two-year old Lowell (affectionately called "Nolly" by his father) was sent to his grandparents. Sallie died a few years later. Rufus and Lowell grew extremely close to one another. When Lowell was nine, his father married Elizabeth Cadbury, on March 11, 1902.

Some two years later in July 1903, Rufus and his new bride were on a trip to England for a summer lecture series. "Nolly," now 11 was in high spirits and good health when his father left him with his grandparents for the summer. While walking the deck of the ship one evening, Rufus was suddenly overcome with another mystical experience. He was overwhelmed and completely enveloped with a sense of love and the presence of the Divine. The next morning when the ship docked in England, he received a cablegram notifying him of his son's death resulting from diphtheria. He knew instantly his heart had been softened the previous night to cushion this terrible blow. Years later, Jones would write of his boy, "...no human being could have done more to teach me the way of life than he did."

Jones would become a father once more on July 27, 1904, when his daughter, Mary Hoxie, was born. He published a book that year entitled *Social Law in the Spiritual World*, a testament to the light of God within the soul of humanity, and a plea that this inner light must be joined by a call to duty. He bought a house near the Haverford campus later that year. He taught philosophy and psychology at Haverford for forty-one years. He also served on the board of trustees at Bryn Mawr College for nearly four decades. The lean, mustachioed redhead was a favorite among family, colleagues, students, and church goers everywhere he went, beloved for his gentle, non-judgmental, friendly demeanor. He continued his worldwide travels but always spent his summers at home in South China.

In 1906, he published *The Double Search* about how God longed to be reunited with us as much as we longed to be reunited with Him and that Christ is the conduit for this two-way search. He delivered the first Swarthmore Lecture, in London, in 1908 and is the only person to have the honor of presenting this prestigious lecture twice (1920). His life story was published in three volumes, *A Small Town Boy* about his early life in China came out in 1941, *The Trail of Life in College*, was published in 1929, and *The Trail of Life in the Middle Years* debuted in 1934.

When the U.S. jumped into World War I, the Quakers, though pacifists, took action. They wanted to help the United States and her European allies without picking up a weapon. On April 30, 1917, a group of Quakers met in Philadelphia to establish the American Friends Service Committee and Rufus Jones was promptly elected as its chairman. Their goal was simple: helping people. Politics, nationalities, and denominations were unimportant. The AFSC stepped in to

feed the hungry with the Quakerspeisung (Quaker Feeding) program that saved millions of starving Germans.

In 1927, his worldwide reputation for doing good earned him a meeting with the famous Indian leader Mahatma Gandhi near the Taj Mahal. He went on to tour China, Japan, and Palestine. Jones said this trip helped him formulate a fresh approach to missionary work, that of giving humanitarian aid irrespective of one's religious faith and without trying to convert anyone.

After the infamous Kristallnacht, "Night of Broken Glass" in November 1938, Jones and two Quaker friends, D. Robert Yarnall and George Walton, went to Germany to try and help the thousands of Jews now isolated from their countrymen, both physically and emotionally. Although the state department and government officials in Germany were of no help, Jones managed to get a meeting with Reinhard Heydrich, one of Hitler's worst henchmen. Escorted by black-shirted soldiers in helmets carrying guns, the trio presented Gestapo leaders with a document.

"We represent no governments, no international organizations, no parties…and we have no interest in propaganda of any form…We came to Germany (after World War I) and directed the feeding of German children…we brought in 800 cows and supplied children in the hospitals with milk…we were distributing food to a large number of Nazi families… In all this work, we have kept entirely free of party lines…we have not used any propaganda or aimed to make converts to our own views. We have simply, quietly, and in a friendly spirit endeavored to make life possible for those who were suffering…We have come now in the same spirit as in the past and we believe that all Germans remember the past and who are familiar with our ways…will know that we do not come to judge or to criticize…but to inquire in the most friendly manner whether there is anything we can do to promote life and human welfare and to relieve suffering."

The Nazi officials told Jones and his friends to wait while they presented their document to Chief Heydrich. The Friends sat in the silence of quiet meditation, as if in a Quaker meeting, while awaiting an answer. At long last, the officials returned and said, "Everything you have asked for is granted…we shall telegraph tonight to every police station in Germany that the Quakers are given full permission to investigate the sufferings of Jews and to bring such relief as they see necessary." Jones was firmly convinced that these monstrous, brutal men, having recalled the aid given to so many German children, perhaps some of their own, at the end of World War I, softened their hearts, albeit momentarily, for the humanitarian work the trio had come to perform, and for just a moment's blink of time, allowed comfort to come to those they would hunt so mercilessly for the next decade.

In 1947, the Nobel Peace Prize was awarded jointly to

April 30, 1942.

the Friends Service Council and the American Friends Service Committee for providing one of the greatest examples of peace and good will yet displayed among mankind. Rufus Jones died at the age of 85 on June 16, 1948, in Haverford. His second wife, Elizabeth, passed away in 1952 and his daughter, Mary, died in December 2003. The Abel Jones House where Rufus grew up is now owned by the South China Library Association. Also on the National Register of Historic Places are the Eli and Sybil Jones house at Dirigo Corner, the Pond Meeting House on Lakeview Drive, which is now part of the Friends Camp, the South China Meeting House which is now the South China Community Church, and Pendle Hill, the family summer home off Lakeview Drive.

Rufus Jones' life was a model of Quaker sentiment. His travels around the globe to learn about other cultures, to bring peace, social justice, understanding, humanitarian aid, and religious tolerance to all were the hallmarks of his life. A friend, recalling a time when Jones was ill and pondering the fear of death, said that Jones laughed happily and lay back on his pillows, telling her, "That's a four o'clock in the morning fear. Everybody is at a low ebb then. I have discovered that there is a religion of experience, beyond any argument or theory. As when my little boy died, I have found it absolutely real that God holds one's hand. There's nothing, anywhere, to be afraid of."