# TODDY POND

## HANCOCK COUNTY, MAINE

# A HISTORY


**The Toddy Pond Association**
**2016**

# TODDY POND, A HISTORY

**In 2005 the TPA board asked me to put together a book that would include pieces, some previously published in our newsletters, about life on the lake over the past hundred years and, in addition, stories members had written about their own camps. The first edition came out in 2008; a second printing followed in 2010. Now, in 2016, we have the second edition. Of the many who helped me with the project, I would especially like to thank Chris Dadian, Lucy Leaf, Woody Carville, George Mayer, Reade Nimick, Wilbur Saunders and John Manfred, whose photographs grace the front and back covers.**

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# TODDY POND PAST & PRESENT

photo: Bonnie Dean

In 1763 when the first Yankee farmers settled in Surry – which at that time was part of a much larger area known as the Eastern River Plantation that included Blue Hill, Penobscot and Orland – Toddy Pond did not exist. The shallow marshy valley which

today is filled by an eight mile-long lake was intersected by a stream called Puzzle Brook that flowed in a north-westerly direction from Blue Hill Township into Orland Township and ultimately into the Penobscot River. Not until 1830 did the pond begin to take shape as local people built dams, which, in addition to providing water power to operate saw mills, created three separate bodies of water, the forerunners of North Toddy (in East Orland township), Middle Toddy (East Orland, Penobscot and West Surry), and South Toddy (West Surry, Penobscot and Blue Hill).

According to property deeds dating from the period, the name of the pond area changed from "Eastern River" early in the nineteenth century to "Chain of Ponds" (connected by Puzzle Brook) around 1840, and finally to Toddy Pond after a larger dam was constructed at East Orland, thereby flooding the valley so that the three ponds expanded and joined together to form one long lake. In a newspaper article dating from the early years of the twentieth century, Dr. Robert Grindle, a Surry native, wrote,

> "Why is it called Toddy Pond? According to tradition, many years ago, two men – one called Ames and the other called Burns – were walking across the ice on the still unnamed pond. Each man had an axe on his shoulder. Ames had a bottle of New England rum in his pocket while in his pocket, Burns had a bottle of molasses.
>
> Ames offered Burns a drink of rum. He tasted it and said, 'It's too strong. Let us fix it.' So they cut a hole in the ice about ten inches wide and four inches deep. They scooped out the ice chips, poured the rum, chips and molasses into the hole, stirred it up, drank some of it, and called it 'toddy'.
>
> This drink warmed their inwards (sic) and fuddled their brains and they walked round the hole in the ice until late in the evening. Then, filling their empty bottles with the mixture, they got ready to go. The moon was shining brightly and joyfully they sang,
>
> 'We men of Surry have found
> Good cheer begins below.
> Refreshing drinks from Toddy Pond
> Abundantly do flow.'

Dr. Grindle would have us believe that it was on this drunken evening that Toddy Pond received its name.

Wilbur Saunders, whose family has lived around Middle and South Toddy since the 1830s, offers a couple of less colorful suggestions: The name could have come from a spot in East Orland known as “Whiskey Spring”; or it might just be a mispronunciation of the name given to the area by Native Americans who used to come to the marshes to cut the bulrushes with which they wove their baskets.

The families who settled the Orland-Surry, Back Ridge, and Dog Town Roads formed small tight-knit communities bound by common interests, marriages, friendships and religious affiliation. Hard-scrabble farmers, they were also hunters, fishermen, loggers, and stone-cutters. They worshipped in neighborhood churches, buried their dead in neighborhood graveyards and, when primary education became compulsory in Maine in 1875, rather than sending them to “town” schools, most had their children learn to read, write and figure in one-room schoolhouses in their own neighborhoods.

In photographs dating from a hundred years ago the pond is surrounded by open fields and pasture; only the occasional stretch of woodland shows dark against light hills. But after World War One, agriculture began its retreat. Defeated by their struggles with poor soil and the short (100-day) growing season, farmers were planting fewer crops and corn fields were reverting to forest. By the 1950s, dairy farmers were selling off their cattle and trees were springing up in their pastures. A couple of ruined wooden chicken barns on Back Ridge Road are reminders of poultry businesses. But the short-lived poultry industry moved south years ago. Today, aside from commercial blueberry barrens, there is little open land near the pond; and aside from a few nineteenth century clapboard houses, stone walls crisscrossing the woods, and the odd cottage foundation fallen into ruin beside the road, there are few traces of what was once a vibrant farming community. But not everyone has pulled up stakes and left for greener pastures. The founding families are still around. The Cunninghams, who arrived from Sedgwick in 1831, and the Saunders, who came from Penobscot and Orland a few years later, settled on Cunningham Ridge Road overlooking Upper Toddy. Their descendants still live on the Ridge; and many Carters, Grindles, Lords, and Conarys are still in the neighborhood as well.

In July 1908, an Ellsworth newspaper columnist who went by the penname “Gossiper” wrote about a recent trip to Toddy Pond. “[I] was drawn there because of the stories of its beauty which have reached far beyond its boundaries. [I] was not disappointed…It is a beautiful sheet of water, some eight miles long, and averaging less than a mile in width, with two “narrows” which might easily be bridged. It is dotted with small islands, and there are many beaches of beautiful white sand on its shores.”

In 1920, Dean Putnam Lockwood recalled teaching Latin at the Harvard Summer School in 1913, and then, in the middle of August, retiring, exhausted, to Toddy Pond (near Whiskey Spring), Hancock County, Maine ("just back of Bar Harbor, you know," but a long way back). “This was a turning-point in my life,” he reported to the secretary of his college class (Harvard ’04). “After seven years of it, I can say that my real home (and the only one I own) is the little cabin of peeled balsam boughs between the lake and the tamarack bog, where the winter wren sings all day and the loons holler all night… The war-garden fever struck my family in 1917, and profiting by experience I was able, in the summer of 1918, to raise 20 bushels of Maine potatoes from one of planting.”

By the time Lockwood and his wife, Esther settled into their little cabin of peeled balsam boughs, Toddy Pond had already been “discovered” by people from “away”, though in fact most came from no further away than Bucksport. They would make the seven-mile trip to East Orland, and head for home after enjoying a picnic and row on North Toddy, (designated “First” Toddy because it was the part of the pond nearest to Bucksport; Middle Toddy was known as “Second” Toddy, and South Toddy, being furthest from Bucksport, as “Third” Toddy). But some might spend a night or two in the Millbridge Inn beside the dam in East Orland, or even a week or two in a lakeside cabin. Many of this first generation of visitors were school teachers privileged to have two month summer vacations. They were soon joined by friends from New Jersey, New York, and even Colorado. Some, deciding they wanted their own places on Toddy, bought an acre or two -- or perhaps just a one hundred-foot square lot – on the eastern shore and built cabins (one room plus screened porch and galley kitchen with outhouse) facing west and the sunset. They called their places “camps”; and camp they did -- for decades -- without electricity or running water. Just a few miles away on Mt. Desert Island and in coastal Blue Hill wealthy people were building mansions equipped with every modern convenience, laying out elaborate flower gardens, and socializing on golf courses and in yacht clubs. But Toddy Pond summer people grew cucumbers, carrots and tomatoes; and they didn’t have clubs. Their entertainments were the simplest: swimming, fishing, messing about in canoes and rowboats, picnicking with family and friends.

Camps passed from parents to children to grandchildren, who lived as far away as California, Florida and Texas. Scattered family members organized their vacations so they could see one another “on the pond” for a few days each summer – or every other summer, at least.

But much as people who grew up on the pond wanted it to stay the same as it had been in their childhoods, it didn’t. In 1965, the Maine Seaboard Paper Company, that had inaugurated the Bucksport paper mill in 1930, purchased the right to control water levels; and, because, for its purposes, the lake water had to remain high, by and by the “beautiful white sand beaches” that Gossiper had admired mostly disappeared. On the Penobscot

side pasture returned to forest, attracting black bear and moose. Nowadays wild turkeys, once thought to be extinct in northern New England, peck and scratch in the blueberry barrens; coyotes snap and yap at night; salmon has become an exotic fish, and the frog an exotic reptile. Loons may be fewer, but, no longer an endangered species, the bald eagle is back trolling for fish the length of Toddy. In addition to the canoes, sailing dinghies, and chug-chug motor boats of yesteryear, the pond boasts speed boats, pontoon boats filled with family parties, high-tech kayaks, wind-surfers, paddle boards and jet-skis.

The handful of camps of Lockwood's era has ballooned in number. More than 400 dwellings -- ranging from modest cabins to architectural wonders – now ring the pond. With the exception of one long stretch of marshy land at the Blue Hill end, the twenty-odd miles of shoreline have been divided and sold off, bought up, built on. While camps built on or near the shore may be expanded up to thirty per cent, since the 1970s, zoning regulations have required new construction to be a certain distance behind the high water mark. In Penobscot, for example, it is seventy-five feet and in Surry it is one hundred. Again, come September, the pond used to be pretty much deserted. But these days more and more people are digging basements, putting in septic systems, building two-car garages, and staying put on Toddy year-round. We used to live on "fire roads"; now we live on "lanes", "ways", and "circles". And in 2000 we were all assigned streets numbers -- *real* addresses. The majority of camps have Internet access (though reliability still leaves a lot to be desired).

Is Toddy Pond turning into a suburb of Ellsworth? Perhaps. But for all the changes, in spring and summer, especially in fall and even in winter, it's still paradise. We "away" people are truly blessed.

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# II

# THE EVOLUTION OF THE TODDY POND ASSOCIATION

***Our mission is to protect Toddy Pond and its watershed so that we and future generations may enjoy its beauty and the recreational opportunities***

***it provides. Our objective is to protect the air, water, soil, plant and animal life of the watershed and to preserve its economic, ecological, and aesthetic value by encouraging responsible land use.***

The TPA evolved from a meeting of camp owners that Bob Jones, a long-time summer resident of Middle Toddy, called in August 1998. At that time, rumor had it that the Town of Surry was about to establish a public boat landing on a lot the town owned in West Surry, and Bob felt that property-owners should be involved in the decision. About a hundred people showed up at a meeting in the Surry School and, though it turned out that the rumor was just a rumor, a number of us were so impressed by the response that we decided it would be a good idea to form an organization for the protection of the pond and its watershed. The following summer a smaller group met to establish the Toddy Pond Environmental Association ("environmental" was dropped in 2007) with Bob Jones as president of a ten-member board on which each of the three ponds, North/First, Middle/Second and South/Third Toddy was represented. Donna Foster of Middle Toddy succeeded Bob Jones as president in 2008 and Chris Dadian, also of Middle Toddy, succeeded Donna in 2016.

At the outset, the board identified several issues on which to focus its energies. These included watching out for loons as they paired, nested, hatched and raised their chicks; monitoring the quality of the water; marking submerged rocks in the narrows with buoys; and putting out an annual newsletter to inform members about environmental issues relevant to the pond.

A couple of years after inception, the board became aware that the most important threat to the pond was from invasive aquatic plants, such as Eurasian Milfoil and Hydrilla, which were clogging lakes throughout Southern New England and moving steadily north. We learned that a tiny fragment of any one of eleven species could take root in the muddy lake bottom and within just a few years cover the entire pond up to a depth of 25 feet, thereby making boating, swimming and fishing impossible, and severely impacting property values. In the late summer of 2001 we organized a roster of volunteers to inspect all boats putting into the water at the East Orland boat landing early on Saturday and Sunday mornings. The following summer, Courtesy Boat Inspection (CBI) went into operation between July 4 and Labor Day (when boat traffic was heaviest).

Under Donna' Foster's presidency we steadily expanded our CBI program, drawing on grant money and annual dues to support the hiring of paid inspectors to supplement our team of volunteers. By the high season of 2014, we had coverage seven days a week. With the support of Hancock County Soil & Water Conservation District and the Maine

Volunteer Lake Monitoring program, we started training a team of "plant patrollers" to become familiar with all species of *native* aquatic plant so that, should they identify an *invasive* species in their area of the lake, they might immediately solicit the help of the manager of Soil & Water Conservation for its removal. Thus far we have been able to prevent any invasive aquatic plants from taking root in the pond. We have also participated in Soil & Water District's Watershed Survey and, with funding from Maine Department of Environmental Protection, in a program to help fix erosion issues identified by the survey and to keep Toddy Pond clean.

The Newsletter, which since 2010 has been published in the spring as well as the fall, is now distributed to all Toddy Pond property owners (numbering about 450), whether or not they are members of the association. Another important development was the IRS's 2015 approval of TPA's application for federal tax-exempt status under Section 501(c)3 of the Internal Revenue Code.

In October, 2014 the Verso Corporation announced the closing of the Bucksport paper mill, after nearly eighty-four years of continuous operation. Several months later Verso sold the mill to a Canadian metal recycler, American Iron and Metals (AIM), who decided to dismantle the mill, excepting its bio-mass power plant, with a view to subsequently selling the site. The announcement caused anxiety for all concerned with Toddy Pond and its future. Since the mid-1960s, the mill, under four different owners, had maintained and operated the Toddy Pond dam, which impounds water constituting about seven feet of the lake's depth. A Lake Level Management Plan, developed by Champion Paper, owners of the mill in 1994, provided guidelines for maintenance of water levels not only in Toddy Pond but also in Alamoosook and Silver Lakes, whose dams were also owned by the mill. In May, 2015, representatives from TPA and the Alamoosook Lake Association met with AIM management, who committed to abiding by the maintenance plan. At present (August 2016) the plan's guidelines are apparently adhered to at least as far as water levels are concerned, but long- and much-needed repairs to the dam have not been scheduled.

Last but not least, the association invites all members to a June BBQ and to an August potluck supper, followed by the annual meeting at which program heads report on activities and an invited speaker talks about an environmental topic of general interest.

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# III

# NORTH (FIRST) TODDY

## *MARION DUNBAR GRINDLE*:*

## *EAST ORLAND IN THE EARLY TWENTIETH CENTURY*

**Sarah LeVine, 1999**

Marion Dunbar Grindle, who was born in 1909 and spent the first thirteen years of her life in East Orland, remembers the community as an exceptionately stable place. “I don’t recall anyone moving in or anyone leaving either,” she says. “Most families had been living there for generations.” She herself had many aunts, uncles and cousins in the village – “plenty of houses to visit over-night”. Though some families were better off than others, there were no large property owners and no really poor people either. There were many more farms and the land was much more open than it is today. Aside from

“mixed” farming and a few small saw mills, the main agricultural “industry” was rabbit-trapping. As a child, Mrs. Grindle had her own trap, and she would keep the rabbits she caught in her family’s barn until the “middle-man” came by to collect them and ship them – live – down to Massachusetts where they were sold to butchers, Blueberries, though not nearly as big business as they are today, were also produced commercially on nearby barrens and shipped south. Mrs. Grindle recalls being paid five cents for every quart she picked. The only employers in the village were the Federal Government fish hatchery, where Mrs. Grindle’s father was a fish culturist; a small woolen mill; and the Central Maine Power Company, which began producing electricity on Alamoosook Lake about the time of World War One.

The Dunbar family – after whom Dunbar Lane is named – lived near the dam at the end of Lower Toddy, next door to the Millbridge Inn. The Inn belonged to Harvey Snow, who also owned the only grocery store in the village, and his wife, the postmistress. Mrs. Grindle recalls with affection the Inn’s African-American cook who was very kind to children.

Even in those days there were quite a number of summer people in East Orland. Some stayed for several weeks at the Millbridge Inn but others bought land, built camps, and came back year after year. Just a few hundred yards up from the dam, where Duffy’s Restaurant now stands, the Bell family, the Clark family, and Drs. and Mrs. Storey from New York had camps. The Storeys had three daughters, Margaret, Marion and Parnee, all of whom grew up to be physicians. Parnee became Marion Dunbar’s close friend.

The Storeys were hospitable people: every summer they hosted a party for the villagers at which there was music and dancing and everyone had a grand time. In those days there were boys’ camps, early examples of what would later become a widespread phenomenon, on Craig’s Pond and Alamoosook Lake. The campers were wealthy kids from Philadelphia and other cities. But there was also a camp, run by a woman named Evelyn Bock, to which school teachers came to spend their summer vacations.

The biggest summer event in the area was the Blue Hill Fair which took place at the end of August, just as it does today. In winter, life in East Orland involved a great deal of snow-shoveling. All the same, kids had a lot of fun. Young Marion Dunbar and her cousins would sometimes skate the whole length of Toddy Pond and back again – a 16-mile round-trip. And many families put out huts on the frozen lake in which they fished for trout, bass, and salmon.

Village life focused on school and church. The community was about equally divided between Methodists and Congregationalists and, since there was no church building, religious services and Sunday School were held in the school house. The school itself was first through eighth grade, all taught by the one teacher. For high school, East Orland children were sent away to boarding school. Thus, after graduating from eighth grade in 1922, Marion Dunbar attended the Eastern Maine Conference Seminary, a Methodist institution in Bucksport, which served as the high school for the surrounding towns. From that point on, she spent little time at home since she worked summers, and after high school graduation, went away to Simmons college in Boston. In 1930, she married Alton Grindle and settled in Bucksport where she has lived every since. However, in 1945 she and her husband bought a camp on Lower Toddy and for decades went there as often as they could.

Though these days she rarely goes to the pond, Mrs. Grindle still thinks of it with great affection. "I had a wonderful childhood there, and after I grew up and married, many more happy times with my own family."
***Marian Dunbar Grindle died in 2008.**

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## *PAUL & ALICE FOWLER*

**Sarah LeVine, 2005**

The Fowlers, whose camp is on Sweet Fern Lane on Lower Toddy in Orland, are both retired from teaching – Paul was a professor of Political Science at Indiana State University in Terre Haute and Alice taught high school English there. They hail from the Midwest and came to Maine by chance, says Paul, who is 83. "We had no New England connections. I grew up in Nebraska, and Alice's from a farm in Indiana."

"Forty years ago, when our three daughters were still pretty young," Alice, a sparkling woman of 80, continues, "we said to each other, 'Just about all they know is Terre Haute. Shouldn't we show them some other part of the country?' In those days we subscribed to the Saturday Review so we looked at the rental ads in back and on a whim answered one for a cabin on Alamoosook. It was the oldest camp on the lake – a typical Maine cabin with additions tacked on here and there. And we loved it. It was just right for us." But unfortunately after some years the owners pulled it down and built a modern cabin. By that time, with their daughters in college, Paul and Alice thought they'd try something different and so they rented a cottage right on the ocean at Jonesport for a couple of

weeks. “The first week the weather was gorgeous,” Alice recalls, “but the second week we were fogged in and we thought, in foggy weather this would be an extremely dangerous place for small children -- they could fall off the dune right into the water… We were expecting to have grandkids, by and by. And anyway, the ocean, beautiful though it was to look at, was too cold for swimming. So when it came to buying a place of their own with a small inheritance from Alice’s father, they decided to head back to Orland. “We said to each other, we’ve lived frugally in order to send our girls to college and now it’s time to please ourselves!”

They came out from Indiana and found a realtor named Ellen Jewett who seemed to understand exactly what they were looking for: property with lake frontage on which to build a simple cabin similar to the one they’d enjoyed so much on Alamoosook. “It just happened that Ellen’s husband George Jewett had recently received a lot on Lower Toddy in payment of a debt,” says Paul. “It was marshy but George, who’d grown up on Toddy Pond, knew how to go about filling in the marsh. A farmer on Back Ridge Road had a right-of-way across the property so he could bring his cows to drink in the pond; but he was a nice man. So we went ahead and bought.”

The chalet-type house they built in 1975 on Sweet Fern Way is open-plan: One large room with a staircase to a sleeping loft, and a bathroom. “The only privacy you can have in this place is in the bathroom,” says Alice with a grin. “We wanted to catch the breeze…in real hot weather interior walls would have blocked it and made the place unbearable.” They brought a few things from Indiana, Paul made all the bookshelves and chests, and whatever else they needed they bought in yard sales. “We had the best time going around, looking for stuff.” A few years later they added a screened porch and above it, another sleeping loft for visiting family. “But they all live far away and get just 2 weeks vacation a year so they can’t come that often.”

Until Paul retired from the university in 1987, they would drive out from Indiana around July 4th (“after the black flies were gone and when the worst of the mosquito season was over”) and stay about six weeks at which point they’d have to go back for the start of the academic year. But since Paul’s retirement they’ve extended their stay – provided the weather’s good – to catch the fall colors in October. Their only source of heat when the weather turns cool is a wood stove. “We do have a radio for the news but we don’t listen much because these days the news is so discouraging. And we take the Bangor Daily News and the Boston Globe on Sundays.” Though they don’t actually go swimming any more, they like to sit with their feet in the water, and they still have a few boats, most particularly a paddle boat they bought in Orono. They are avid ‘birders’ and amateur naturalists, and they attend lectures on a wide range of topics that are offered in nearby

towns. When it comes time to leave, they put chairs up on tables, cover porch furniture with plastic sheeting, lock up and drive off -- till next July 4th. "We live very simply, which is what we like," says Paul. "There's nothing of value here for anyone to steal, and cabin's very well-built. We don't employ a caretaker because we don't really need one."

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## *SAWYER'S MILL, EAST ORLAND*

**Sarah LeVine, 2007**

George Sawyer, an Orland resident and local historian, recalls that the East Orland public boat landing is the site of a mill in which, in the late forties through the mid-fifties, his father Allie (Roy) Sawyer milled boards and manufactured barrelheads. Earlier in the century there had been a number of water-driven mills belonging to the Mason brothers below the dam on Toddy Brook; but after 1930 when the new paper mill in Bucksport acquired the water rights to several lakes including Toddy Pond – i.e. the right to control water levels -- those mills went out of business. Only Dunbar's Mill, which operated on electricity and required much less maintenance than a water-operated mill ("all you needed to do was push a switch", George explains), continued in operation. Allie Sawyer purchased Henry Dunbar's mill in 1946. Son George, who at the time was in high school, began working at the mill or in the woods where much of the lumber was cut, on Saturdays and during summer vacations. After graduation, he went to work for his father full-time and before long had mastered every step of the complicated production process from log to finished barrelhead.

Before he bought the mill, George recalls, Allie Sawyer had been in the pulp wood business. He would buy woodland and cut out the evergreens – fir, hemlock and spruce -- which he and his crew would ship to the Bucksport paper mill for chipping and grinding. Or else he would cut logs from other people's woods, paying the owner per cord or by 1000 board foot.

George and his three siblings were born and brought up on Verona Island. "In 1946, when my dad bought Dunbar's mill, he also bought all the land around Heart Pond and moved the family over there from Verona. "At that time there was only one house on the pond itself -- a log cabin, which is where we lived, plus a boat house. The only other structure, which was on a knoll behind our cabin, belonged to someone else." After he'd cut the timber he needed for his mill, Allie Sawyer retained the land with the exception of shorefront property which he divided into camp lots and sold off.

Sawyer's Mill manufactured only the tops and bottoms ("heads") of barrels. Staves (the walls of barrels) and the hoops which held the staves in place were made in other mills. Some of the logs for the mill were cut in winter on Long Point between Lower and Middle Toddy and brought over the ice mounted on a large trailer that was pulled by a truck. George also recalls logs being pulled down to the millpond by a team of horses. Once they reached the mill, the logs were sorted according to the use they were going to be put to – planks or barrelheads. After they were finished the barrelheads would be stacked to dry in six-foot tiers for about a month when they would ready to be "bunched" with bailing wire for shipping by boxcar to barrel factories, known as "coopers". Most coopers were in New England but George remembers his father also doing business with a barrel factory in Chicago, Illinois.

When Allie Sawyer bought the mill in the mid-1940s, barrels were still being used to store a variety of different foods including apples, lobsters, potatoes and fish, all of which were packed in with ice; and Sawyer prospered. But in 1953 a fire swept through the mill. Though some of the equipment was saved, the mill was rebuilt and business resumed the following year, by the mid-nineteen fifties refrigerated trucks had replaced ice-packed barrels for transporting perishable food stocks and there was no longer a market for barrelheads.

Allie Sawyer closed his mill in 1957 and sold off the machinery. For a while the main building was used as a dance hall but in the nineteen seventies the State of Maine acquired the property, pulled down the remaining buildings, and turned it into the public boat landing it is today.

After his dad's mill closed, George Sawyer worked in the woods for a while before going to the Bucksport paper mill. A descendent of a couple who arrived in Orland in the 1820s, some years ago, after watching Ken Burns' history of the Civil War on PBS, he became interested in the history of Orland and the surrounding towns. Since retiring from the paper mill, he has become an accomplished amateur historian with a focus on the participation of area residents in the Civil War. He has written four books on the subject and has a fifth in progress; he has also published articles in local history magazines. A widower, he lives in the yellow house he built for himself and his wife many years ago on Sawyer family property behind where Duffy's Restaurant now stands. In 1960 or thereabouts, he brought it -- mounted on a large trailer that was pulled by a truck -- three miles to the lot on Gray Meadows Road where he lives now with his pug Lucky.

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# *THE BASS TOURNAMENT*

**Sarah LeVine, 2009**

Whenever I saw boats speeding up the pond early on spring and summer mornings, I knew a bass fishing tournament had to be in progress but I had no idea who the participants were or where they came from. Then a couple of weeks ago I received a group emailing from Jeff Smith asking for a volunteer to check for Milfoil on boats competing in the final tournament of the season on Toddy Pond. I happened to be in Germany and both bass fishing and Toddy Pond seemed very far away but I wrote Jeff that I'd be at the East Orland boat landing by 7 am. on Sunday October 18.

When I drove in that chilly overcast morning I found two boats had beaten me to it and were already in the water; three more were lined up on trailers waiting to be launched and nine men and one eight year old boy, all members of the Outcast Bass Club of Brewer, dressed in camouflage hunting gear, stood chatting on the roadway. For the previous six months each had devoted eight hours one day every weekend (and often eight hours on both days) to competing in tournaments on lakes in east and central Maine. Though the 2009 season was scheduled to continue a couple more weekends further south, today's was the final competition in this area.

Over the next forty-five minutes several more trailers drove in, most pulling sleek "high performance bass" boats capable of zipping over the water at 70 mph. I was assured that, unlike jet skis, they are fuel efficient and minimally polluting. Competitors usually go out in pairs and while women and boys do sometime participate the great majority are adult men between the ages of thirty-five and seventy. (This sport requires resources.) When I asked one pair what the women in their lives thought about them spending most of every weekend fishing, the older man said his wife didn't miss him since she spent her weekends at horse shows and the younger man said if he stayed home his girlfriend would think there was something wrong with him. "It's competition we come out for," he said with a shrug. "You can never get enough of it." His partner, a retired building contractor, added that this season he'd competed in twenty-odd tournaments. In addition, prior to some tournaments, he'd spent whole days scouting out the best fishing spots in lakes he didn't already know well.

I gathered that a state-wide organization determines rules, schedules and fees. While tournaments take place on scores of lakes throughout Maine each year, no one lake may stage more than seven tournaments in a season and the number of boats in a tournament

is limited by the size of the lake: 35 acres is required per boat meaning that Sebago (which, despite being plagued by Milfoil, continues to be a tournament venue) can host scores of boats at a time; but Toddy Pond can only host fifteen. The Outcast Club had paid $20 for a permit to run Sunday's tournament on Toddy and each competing pair of fishermen had put $25 in the kitty, money, which at the end of the day would be divided into two prizes: one for the largest single bass and the other for the five bass which together weigh the most.

Once caught, fish are kept in holding lockers in the stern of each boat until the end of the day when they are brought to the boat landing to be weighed and then released into the lake. "People say, So you spend $26,000 on a boat to catch fish you throw back in the water?" one fisherman said to me. "You have to be crazy! But we say, We're not crazy. This way we get to catch them another time!"

By the time the tournament director arrived that morning everyone had checked out his equipment – electric trolling engine, holding locker, half a dozen rods, portable heater – and was set to go. The director wrote numbers on slips of paper and the competing pairs drew numbers, raced for their boats and headed out to the starting line. The pair who had drawn the lowest number was charged with starting the race. To keep wash to a minimum, they sent the boats off at 20-second intervals, ending up with themselves in last place. Within 4 minutes the whole cavalcade was speeding up the lake towards the narrows.

**Start of the Tournament**

When, eight hours later, the boats returned to the dock, it was raining and several degrees colder than it had been in the morning. The tournament director, who was also a competitor (and would hold office until he could find "some other poor sucker willing to show up at every Outcast Club tournament all season long) set up a scale topped by a laundry basket and competitors brought in their five largest bass in plastic bags. His assistant called out weights which the director noted down in a black book: the heaviest bass was 2.12 lbs and the heaviest group of five was just over ten pounds. A disappointing haul. "Usually we get totals of seventeen/eighteen pounds," the director old me.

As soon as they'd been weighed, the fish were slipped back into the pond and swam happily away. "I don't eat anything I catch during the season," one fisherman confided, "not even trout or salmon. I throw everything back." Then he added, "But winter fishing's something else again. Bass caught out on the ice make real good eating."

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## *DWIGHT GATES, VETERAN LOON-COUNTER*

**Sarah LeVine, 2013**

For the past thirty summers, Dwight Gates has counted loons on First (Lower, North) Toddy between 7:00 and 7:30 am., every third Saturday in July. As a teenager, Dwight, who hails from Danvers, MA, saw his first loons when he began coming up with his family to visit the Sawyers who operated a sawmill on Toddy and lived on Heart Pond. The Gates bought the last plot available on Heart, planning to build a camp eventually; in the meantime, they camped on it. Dwight remembers when his young niece, who was sunbathing on a float, was dive bombed by a loon. While the large bird terrified the girl, Dwight found it fascinating. "I guess it was the summer of 1967 or 1968," he says, "and from then on, whenever I was up in Orland, I'd watch out for loons."

In 1977 Dwight and his wife Sandy bought Camp Whispering Pines on First Toddy. Since both were working in Danvers, they could only come up on weekends and for vacations, for ten years Sandy's parents managed the camp.

Dwight recalls, “One evening when I was up from MA, Ruth Sergeson, who had recently started the Loon Count in Hancock County, gave a talk about loons at our camp. I found her talk really interesting and before I knew it, I’d volunteered to count loons. That Saturday in July, 1983, my beat was the whole of First Toddy,” he says, adding, “but as the years went by and Ruth, who was a compelling woman, recruited more to her team, my beat got smaller and smaller. This year I only took care of the eastern shore from the bridge down to the cove by our camp.”

He continues, “Ruth lived nearby on Middle Toddy and from time to time she’d stop in. She always had some good loon stories to tell. One in particular was about how, in mid-winter, the game warden called her down to Belfast where a loon was stuck out on the ice. After a couple of tries, Ruth was able to get it loose and into her car. She drove it home to Surry where she fed it frozen shrimp until ice-out on Middle Toddy when she released it. She told me she’d never heard a loon call more joyously than that loon did once it got free! When Ruth left Toddy Pond for Colorado in 1996, I missed her visits…”

When Dwight and Sandy bought Whispering Pines they found a nesting raft, put out by the previous owners, moored in the cove. “For many summers it attracted a nesting pair,” Dwight reports, “and we always had a chick or two on my section of the pond. But eventually the raft sank… This summer there were two loons in my section but I guess they couldn’t find themselves a suitable place to nest. In any event, they didn’t.”

Whispering Pines is up for sale now and the Gates are planning to move full-time to southern Maine to be nearer to family." But until the camp sells, they'll be summering on Toddy, and come the third Saturday in July, Dwight will be out early to count loons.

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## *MANDALA FARM, East Orland**

**Sarah LeVine, 2013**

In 1970, Lucy Poulin, a Carmelite nun, and her friend Barbara Hance, a Franciscan, established a non-profit organization for the poor that they called H.O.M.E. (Homeworkers Organized for More Employment). Beside Route One on School House Road in Orland, they organized a co-operative through which they marketed locally produced craftwork.

After a couple of years they began looking for property for a prayer and retreat center.

"We found a large piece of cut-over land on the eastern shore of Toddy Pond, " recalls Lucy Poulin, an imposing yet warm and unpretentious woman of seventy-three. (Decades after leaving her order, she continues to be known as Sister Lucy.) "Plus, at the foot of a steep decline there was a cabin right on the lake. We could afford to buy it because it was cheap – it was nothing but rocks and conifers. Also, the seller allowed us to pay off the purchase price in monthly installments."

She continues, "Barbara and I moved into the cabin and we were joined by a priest named Father Norman Autotte. And there we lived without electricity or running water." (Sister Barbara passed away a long while ago and Father Norman left the priesthood.)

Soon Sister Marie, a Sister of Mercy, arrived from Connecticut. She helped Lucy build a second cabin (both were skilled carpenters and knew a lot about construction) on higher ground above the lake. They called it Mandala House. ("The mandala is a symbol of the universe," Lucy explains). Next they built a two-storied house. The first floor was for horses and various domestic animals including a cow, and the upper floor was for homeless people.

"In those days this place was known as Whiskey Spring Farm on Whiskey Spring Road on account of the spring at the southern border of the property," says Sister Lucy, adding with a grin, "We'd heard a lot about the purity of spring water… At one time we thought we'd bottle it like Poland Spring Water and make some money to support our projects. But when we had it tested, we discovered it wasn't as pure as we'd hoped!" Then one day the town of Orland changed the name of the road. "I guess 'whiskey' had connotations they didn't care for," says Lucy. "They must've thought Mandala Road and Mandala Farm sounded better."

By the mid-1980s, Lucy's mother was ailing and it fell to Lucy, the eighth of her eleven children, to care for her. But the lakeshore cabin was an unsuitable place for her to live – she was wheelchair-bound. So Lucy and her mother exchanged with Marie, whose cabin had modern conveniences. Eventually the animals that had been living on the ground floor of the main house were provided with other accommodation, the ground floor was converted for human use and Lucy and her mother moved in.

There was no tractor at Mandala Farm to do the heavy lifting. Rather, this was done by a couple of elderly Belgian workhorses donated by supporters. Lucy had a lot of experience with horses -- before becoming a nun, she had trained them on her family's farm in Fairfield, Maine. Now she began to give training courses to which people came from all over Maine. A student named Dr. Yvonne Taylor, who raised Norwegian Fjord ponies and cashmere goats in Washington, Maine, donated some of her animals to Mandala Farm. After clearing acreage for pasture, Lucy, Sister Marie and volunteers built a barn and began raising Fjord ponies for sale and cashmere goats whose wool she sold through the H.O.M.E. co-op. (Descendants of the original ponies and goats are still on the farm.)

A few years ago the original 2-story house burned down and was replaced by a 3-story building that, in addition to Sister Lucy, generally houses up to 15 people – homeless people who variously include singles, childless couples and a few mothers with small children. Though residents live in their own quarters, they share the downstairs kitchen and common room and everyone eats dinner together. At one end of the barn is a large vegetable garden, whose produce is consumed on the premises and marketed at H.O.M.E.

Meanwhile H.O.M.E. programs were steadily multiplying to include a free health clinic, a soup kitchen, a food bank, a learning center with daycare, literacy and General Education Degree tutoring, an alternative high school- and college-level programs, job and craft training, pottery, leather and weaving shops, a greenhouse and a farmer's market, sawmill and shingle mills and a program in a "sister" town in the central highlands of Guatemala. Though not all these myriad programs have survived, today H.O.M.E. employs 50 people, almost all drawn from the homeless population. In the 1990s, in addition to H.O.M.E. and Mandala Farm, Lucy and her colleagues established a housing and land trust through which they have built houses for low-income people in numerous Hancock County communities.

When asked how she finances her many endeavors, Sister Lucy replies with a shrug and the glimmer of a smile, "Grants and begging… People are always advising me to sell off the shorefront -- 1400 feet on which I have to pay a whole lot of taxes each year -- and invest the money in other endeavors. But I really don't want to see it developed. I want to conserve and protect it..."

As for her plans for 310-acre Mandala Farm after she's gone. "I've been thinking a lot about that," she says, "but I've not settled on anything yet."

***This was written with the help of Ellen Moore who has lived and worked at Mandala Farm since 1984.**

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## *ORDWAY CLIFFORD*

**Sarah LeVine, 2014**

At 98+, Ordway Clifford is most probably the senior all-year resident of Toddy Pond. Strictly speaking, she's only with us for 10+ months. Late June she moves five miles as the crow flies to her summer camp at the north end of Alamoosook, returning after Labor Day. Again, strictly speaking, while her property fronts Toddy Pond, the fine house she built in a blueberry field more than ten years ago is on the Back Ridge Road.

When I visit her at her Alamoosook camp on a hot July afternoon, she is immaculately dressed and coifed and, though she uses a walker and a hearing aid, is gracious and amusing. "There used to be a road through the woods to the pond," she says, "but you see," she says mischievously, "because I didn't want loggers going in and cutting down

my trees while I was away, I decided to let the road go… Now my woods have turned into a wildlife refuge – deer, foxes, birds. Who knows what else lives there."

Ordway inherited her Toddy property ("something like 205 acres… it's never been surveyed") from her mother who inherited it from *her* mother.

"My grandmother was a Hutchins from North Penobscot… There are hundreds of Hutchins in Maine (including 34 in the Downeast phone book) and they're all my cousins. Grandmother was visiting friends in Lawrence MA when she met my grandfather, Aaron Patterson Ordway. She was 18 and the most beautiful girl he'd ever seen. It was love at first sight so he married her. Grandfather, who was about 18 years older than Grandmother, came from Romney, New Hampshire. A good many men of the Ordway family served with the Union Army in the Civil War and some of them got to be generals. As for Grandfather, being very young at the time, he served – with distinction, mind you -- as a drummer boy. After the war he lived in New York where he was very successful in business. Though my grandmother, who'd grown up in a poor farm family, had a quite different life after her marriage, she remained very attached to her home."

Mrs. Aaron Patterson Ordway purchased two farms in North Penobscot as well as the one her granddaughter still owns on North Toddy. After her husband died in 1921, she would come by train from Monterrey, California, where she lived in the winter, to spend summers in her farm house on the Front Ridge. She built a road from her house across a stretch of swampy land to Back Ridge and on to her camp on a sandy beach in a cove on Toddy.

"I visited Grandmother but not that often because my parents were restless people." With a chuckle, Ordway Clifford says, "They moved constantly…In fact, I attended at least eight schools and in between schools, I had tutors. I never went to college – I'm practically the only woman in North America who didn't!"

She continues, "In 1930 my parents, who had been living in France, returned to the United States. But rather than joining Grandmother Ordway at her farmhouse in North Penobscot and her camp on Toddy Pond in summer, they bought their own camp on Alamoosook. When Grandmother died in the late 1930s, her Maine property passed to my mother. Mother sold the North Penobscot farms and the camp on Toddy but held onto the rest of the property. By and by I inherited it and that's where I built the house where I still live for most of the year."

Furthermore, though her daughter, Ordway Sherman, generally stays on Alamoosook with her over the summer, aside from the darkest coldest weeks of mid-winter when she stays with her daughter in New York, the rest of the year she lives alone on the Back Ridge. “I do have help in the daytime,” she admits, “but seven nights in the week I’m on my own.”

As for her social life between September and June, “Well, aside from one or two kind neighbors, it’s about zero.” And then she corrects herself. “But I mustn’t forget the Hookers’ Club.” She explains, “There are six of us women, all *single* – widowed, divorced, never married, with a wide spread of ages. We’re not street-walkers. We hook rugs. In fact, due to arthritis, I can’t hook any more but the others still do. We meet each Tuesday for three hours’ hooking and then we go to MacCleod’s in Bucksport for dinner. No-one’s allowed to dominate the conversation…We’re careful to let each one have her say… I couldn’t imagine a more congenial group.”

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## *THE LONG POINT WILDLIFE PRESERVE*

**Josef Lemmen, 2005**

In the early 1970s when I bought property on Short Point and Long Point, the deed included all the islands between the two points. For many years I was concerned about the future of the cove and the islands. I did not want development or construction or any man-made activity to destroy this environmentally sensitive area which is a haven for many kinds of birds and fish and a host of other wildlife that are important to the ecology of Toddy Pond.

In 2003, in order to preserve this part of Toddy Pond, I created the “Long Point Wildlife Preserve” and donated all the islands in the cove and a substantial strip along the cove’s western shore to the “Long Point Homes Association”. The Homes Association deed specifies that the property and islands remain forever wild, with no construction or development of any kind; that no portion of the donated land ever be sold to private individuals; and that the area be called the “Long Point Wildlife Preserve”.

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## *FLOATING ISLANDS*

**Sarah LeVine, 2004**

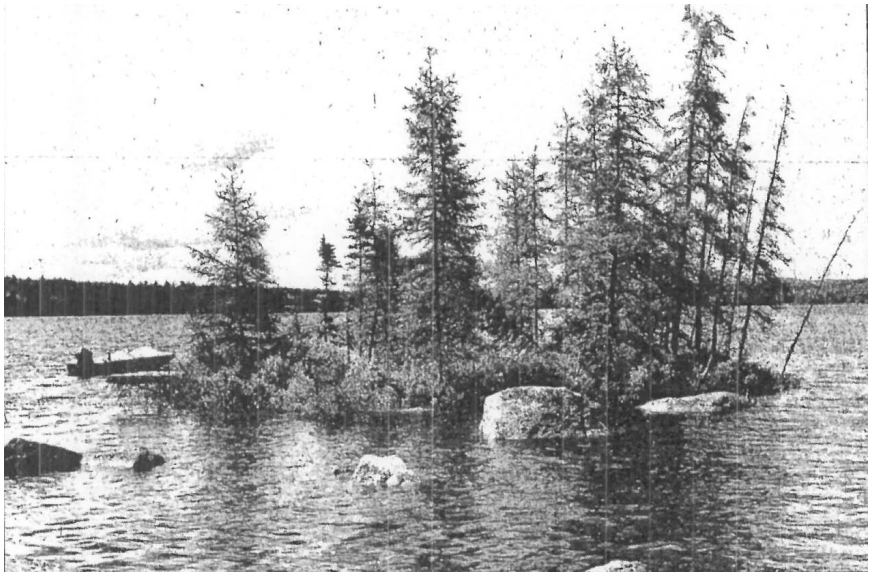
People who live on North Toddy may not think the floating islands in the "Long Point Wildlife Preserve" in the cove between Long and Short Points at the Narrows are anything unusual; but to those of us on Middle and South Toddy they are very unusual indeed. Composed of matted roots and grasses and ranging in size from a few square yards to more than an acre, they support cranberries, abundant wild flowers, bushes, and a variety of stunted trees. Because they provide an especially nutritious environment for fish, they are much frequented by fishermen. According to Millard Taylor, who lives on the Castine Road in Orland and over 50-odd years has done a lot of hunting and surveyed a lot of property around the pond, there are eight of them. Raymond Conary, who lives on the Orland side of the Narrows, reports that one in particular – the largest – quite often floats away. He remembers it blocking the Narrows on at least three occasions, most recently, in the Fall of 2003 when it headed out of the cove, crossed over from the Penobscot side and beached itself on the Orland shore. A group of people who live on the Narrows had planned to get in their boats, attach cables to the island and tow it off the shore when suddenly the wind changed direction; whereupon it floated away from shore all by itself and drifted back into the cove where the locals pursued and securely anchored it.

Bob Jones, who first came to Toddy Pond as a six year old in the 1940s, remembers being visited by floating islands on two occasions. The first one was small and it floated away when the wind changed direction; but the other, which showed up sometime in the 1950s was much bigger.

“We arrived one summer to find this large island blocking our access to the pond. Evidently a strong northwest wind had brought it down from the Narrows and lodged it on rocks in front of our place. My memory and the photos [we still have] suggest that the island was about 150' long and 100' across, almost an acre in size. In any event, it was big enough to support a small stand of evergreens 10-15' tall. First my dad cut down all the trees. Then he decided to cut the island in half with a hand saw which required a Herculean effort lasting days. Unfortunately, part way through the job, he disturbed a nest of hornets. He was stung so many times we almost had to take him to the hospital. After it was cut through, a neighbor tried to tow half the island away with a big outboard motor boat. It didn’t work and he burned out his motor. So we gave up. It was possible to walk on it if you were careful, and our small dog would swim out to it to hunt for frogs. That was back in the years when there were still frogs... The following winter the ice helped us by smashing up the island and it all sank over two years. We discovered that fish loved the sunken island and then loons came after the fish. So for fifty years we’ve continued to add branches to this underwater site – and the fish and loons have kept coming!”

Nick Webster and his sister, Lyn Kelley, whose camp is a few hundred yards up the pond from the Jones, tell of one stormy morning in the summer of 1959 when an island measuring about 40 feet in length floated out of the cove, sashayed down Middle Toddy and showed up below the Great Rock at Bear’s Den. “I was the first to see it heading straight for our beach,” Nick writes. He yelled to his dad, who grabbed a rope, and the two of them jumped in their big old rowboat with its 5HP motor and went after it. There were at least a dozen stubby trees growing on it, and one dead pine about 10 feet tall. “I boarded it (a very squishy experience),” Nick writes, “and I tied the rope to the pine. Then, pulling at it from the rowboat, Dad was able to get it to alter its course. It was quite a scene, with Mom yelling advice from the shore and my three sisters just yelling.”

Nick remembers the island floating away from their beach, landing further up the pond beyond where Gran Den is now, and disintegrating over the course of several winters. But Lyn Kelley remembers it floating back to the Penobscot side and landing over there. After 45 years, who’s to know exactly where it went. But in the Webster family album there are half a dozen photos to prove that, from the perspective of Middle Toddy denizens, something very unusual happened that long ago summer morning.



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## *KENT CONARY: SUCH A GREAT PLACE TO GROW UP!*

**Sarah LeVine, 2005**

The Conary family are long-time residents of Orland. “My dad’s family came from Massachusetts to Deer Isle and moved on up to Orland around 1860,” says Kent Conary. “My dad was born on Conary Way off the Toddy Pond Road and my mother, whose maiden name was Dunham, came from Bucksport.”

Kent, who had six brothers and one sister, was born in the house where he still lives across from the Katchall at the turn-off from Route One onto Toddy Pond Road. Though he grew up more than two miles from East Orland village, what with having so many brothers and as well as numerous Conary cousins living right nearby, he didn’t lack for playmates. He remembers his parents going to potluck suppers in the Grange in Surry and other community events but he and his siblings didn’t go with them. They got their entertainment at home. The lake was always a great place for a kid to spend time on – there was swimming in summer and ice fishing in winter. “And in 1962 I bought a snowmobile with my brothers Lyman and Raymond. It was only the third around here and we had a lot of fun with it. But the interest in snowmobiles faded once ATVs came

in…You can use ATVS all seasons of the year, and anyway, what with Global Warming, we don't get nearly as much snow nowadays as we once did."

Kent remembers that when he was a child his father would tell stories from his own youth about loggers cutting trees in the woods around Upper Toddy and then, when the ice melted, floating the logs down the lake and through the narrows to the mill near the dam, where the boat landing is now. "But the mill burned down in the 1950s and was never rebuilt."

Kent's father, Wyman Conary, worked for Van Knickerbocker at Bear's Den "Van ran a small children's camp to provide his daughter, Janet, with company and my father built a clay tennis court right beside the lake for the kids to use. Years later, Janet and her husband, Albert Webster, decided to upgrade that court, and I helped put a hard top on it." That hardtop lasted until 2006 when, after many decades, the court was once again rebuilt.

The Conarys didn't have a camp on the water till the 1960s when several of the brothers got together and built a place. By that point there were quite a few camps, mostly belonging to people who lived in Bucksport and worked in the paper mill. In the summer time they'd move out to the pond and the men would commute to work. "Gas was cheap in those days," Kent points out. He and his wife Donna, who grew up in Orrington and today works at the Orland town hall, built their own camp in 1989. "Rather, we took a one-room house which was out back of our house on Route One -- in fact my dad and mom had lived in that little house at one time -- put it on a truck and hauled it down to the shore. We added onto it so now we have a bedroom, living room, kitchen and toilet. In the spring we start going down at weekends but since the only heat is from the woodstove, we don't move down full-time till June. And even then, since there's no shower, in the morning we stop by the house to bathe on our way to work. We generally stay on the pond through October when it gets too cold and we move back up for the winter. Not too many live all year round on our side of the narrows. So far as I know, besides my brother Raymond, there's only Ingrid Perkins, Hayward Gray, Ed Davis, Robert Wiswell living there full-time."

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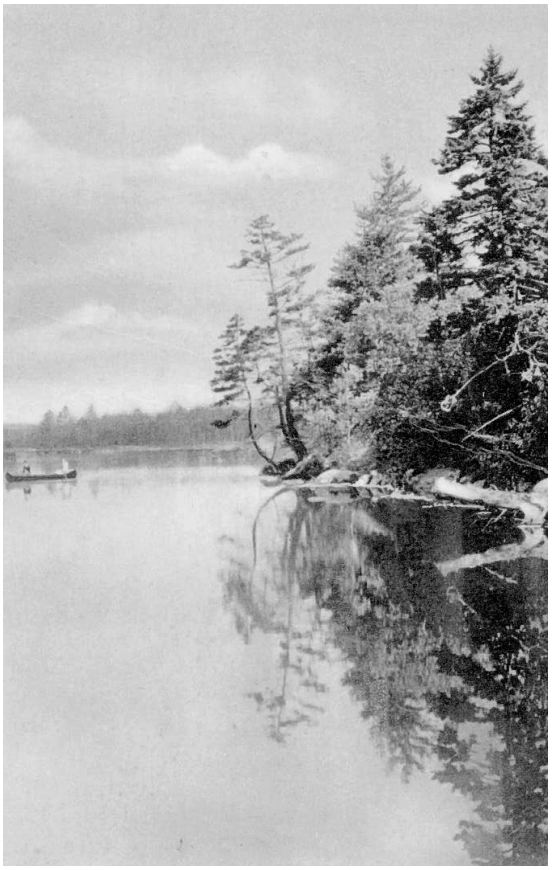
# IV

# MIDDLE (SECOND) TODDY



## *THE WEBSTERS: SUMMERS IN THE 1940s*

**Sarah LeVine, 2000**

Nick, who is the oldest of the four Webster children, first came to Toddy Pond in 1938 when his parents brought him as a babe-in-arms to spend the summer vacation with his maternal grandfather, Edwin Van Berghen Knickerbocker.

In the early years of the twentieth century Mr. & Mrs. Knickerbocker had escaped the summer heat of New York City in a hotel on Alamoosook Lake. Captivated by the area, they began looking for land in the vicinity and one day, while rowing up Toddy Pond from East Orland, saw an enormous boulder on the east shore of Middle Toddy and decided that was the spot they wanted. In 1909, after protracted negotiations, they bought land from the

Saunders family in West Surry and a few years later built a cottage there which they named "Bears' Den". The original structure, consisting of a bedroom, living room and kitchen and wide porches around three sides of the house, perched on a dramatic rock-shelf overlooking the lake, was built by Robert Carlisle whose son, Robert Jr., and wife, Janet, were the camp's caretakers for many years. The Knickerbockers' friends, the Avents, had a camp a little further up the pond.

As chairman of the English department of George Washington High School in New York City, Edwin Knickerbocker - known as Van - had the whole summer off. He and his wife, Kate, and daughter, Janet, would take a steamer up to Boston and a train to Ellsworth and thence go down to Toddy Pond by car. To provide Janet with company over the long summer vacation, Van ran a girls' camp, maximum capacity, ten. (Although the camp had long since closed when Nick and his sisters were children, the latrines - three in a row - were still in use and had to be cleaned out before departure in the Fall. "Digging out the pit and dumping the box was a big deal," Nick remembers.)

When Janet Knickerbocker married Albert Webster in 1935, she brought him up to the pond too; but unlike Van, Albert, an attorney in New York City, only got a few weeks' vacation. By the 1940s, which is as far back as Nick can remember, steamer and train had long been replaced by the family station wagon. As soon as school got out, Van, by now a widower, would pack his steamer trunk and send it by railroad freight to Ellsworth and then Albert would drive Van, Janet, the four children, the current golden retriever, and a great pile of luggage on the tailgate and the roof rack. Having settled them in Bears' Den, he would go back to Ridgewood, New Jersey. When he could work it in, he would come for a mid-summer visit, a happy occasion, and at summer's end he would return to Toddy Pond to fetch the family back down for the winter.

"Fifty-odd years ago the landscape around here was much more open than it is today," Nick recalls. "For instance, now there's dense forest between Bears' Den and our dock; but in those days there was only grass and wild flowers. Back from the water a ways there were a good many farm houses but on Middle Toddy itself there weren't more than ten houses, most of them summer camps. One of the camps up the pond from us belonged to Emlen Jones, Bob Jones's father. That family came year after year, like us.

"As we got older, we each were allowed to invite a friend up so we could 'occupy ourselves'. What I liked doing best was rowing on the pond. We had a boat which held up to ten people - it had been built for us on Patten Cove in Surry - and most days we'd go out in it, rowing from beach to beach - the paper mill kept the water a good deal lower then than now and

there were many more stretches of pebbly sand than you see today. We'd row ashore, swim, picnic...

"Life was decidedly primitive. No electricity, only kerosene lamps, and no phone either (ours was installed in the early 1980s). So if you wanted to contact someone, you hiked - or rowed - over to see them. After each meal the dirty dishes kept on piling up outside the kitchen. We had to wait till morning to wash them because in the evening the light wasn't good enough...the dishes wouldn't have gotten clean enough for Mom... I guess I was almost grown up when I realized how hard Mom worked all summer long - cooking, cleaning, doing the laundry by hand in water she heated on the wood stove, shopping at Merrill & Hinckley in Blue Hill. She had a garden as well...

"While summer after summer Mom worked endless hours to keep us fed and in clean clothes, my grandfather was editing school textbooks and seeing that we - all four, six, eight of us - were having the time of our lives... I wonder, are there any women these days who'd be willing to work as hard as Mom did just so her kids could have a good time? I somehow doubt it!"

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## ALBERT LORD, HUNTER*

### Sarah LeVine, 2004

Albert Lord, who will turn 79 in November, has lived on Toddy Pond for almost 25 years. He grew up in Bucksport, to which his mother's family, the Sopers, had come as trappers in the seventeen hundreds and his father's family, in the early eighteen hundreds, to work as stone masons on the construction of Fort Knox. He spent his boyhood summers on Jacob Bucks Pond and only started coming to Toddy Pond after he began courting his wife, Dora. Dora's father, Thomas Pickering, owned a large farm on Dog Town Road and a swathe of woodland on the Penobscot side of the pond. Of his father-in-law, Albert recalls, "He would buy woodland, cut out the timber and, so as to avoid paying taxes, give it back to the town. To his way of thinking, even shore-line property wasn't a good investment…in fact he just about gave it away. For example, he sold both Long and Short Point (Short Point was known as Narrow Point in those days) for $400! By and by, that area became Lakewood Development. And Long Point alone was subdivided into 25 lots… But he was only interested in trees that could be pulped and sold to the Paper Mill, and once he'd stripped the land he didn't think it had any value."

Albert was drafted out of Bucksport High School at age 18 in 1943, in time to take part in the D-Day landings in June 1944. “I was a gunner on an amphibious landing craft which made more than one hundred landings on five Normandy beaches. One time we were making a drop on Omaha Beach and that beach was nothing but a sea of tin helmets – the Germans had wiped out a whole division. But my crew was lucky. We were 127 men (4 of us from Maine) and we only took 5 casualties.”

When the war was over he came back to tough times in Maine. “I was already courting my wife whom I’d met on a 30-day home leave and my first winter home her father gave me a job driving a truck. I’d work for whoever would hire me, driving trucks, raising cattle, whatever. Dora and I got married in 1947 and the next year, the same year our daughter Diane was born, I bought a 21-acre chicken farm on Back Ridge Road for $800. But I couldn’t make a living from it. For a while I drove for the Bucksport Creamery, collecting milk allover Waldo County. Our son Richard was born in 1950. Soon after I got hired for the 4-midnight shift at the Paper Mill, cutting wood so I was working two jobs, plus the farm, and getting only about 2 hours’ sleep a night. And Dora was working in a beauty shop in Bucksport.” After a couple of years he quit the mill and focused his energies on his farm and by the time he sold it in 1970 he had 33,000 chickens. He bought the land on which he lives now – it borders present-day Lakewood Development -- from Dora’s widowed mother. “After we sold the farm we lived in a trailer up on the Ridge and I put in the road to this place myself,” Albert recalls, “and then we cut the logs and built this house, 68ft by 28 ft., on a rise above the pond. By that time Dora had her own beauty shop in Castine, so, with the kids grown, I was alone during the week and she’d join me on weekends.”

Albert and Dora shared a passion: Hunting. “My father-in-law was a great hunter – in and out of season… and he taught us everything we knew about it.” The Pickerings owned a camp, which Albert and Dora eventually inherited, on the West River near Cherryfield. The bunk house and ‘three-holer’ had been built in the 1940s, and the cookhouse a decade later. During deer season in November, Albert would leave his chickens with the hired help and set off for camp with seven or eight clients (‘sports’ he calls them) from Massachusetts and New Jersey, a cook, guides, and a couple of men whose job was to drive the deer out of the woods. At that time of year, the road into camp was so muddy, they had to use a horse and cart to get in; once in, Albert would use the horse to drive the deer.

“We’d be up and out at daybreak and we’d stay out all day, returning after sunset for a big boiled dinner. Shopping for supplies in Bangor for 14-15 people would take me two full

days. We ate real well, I can tell you. Venison, rabbit stew…The cook was a big gambler… After supper he'd rush through the clean-up so we could get started on our poker game…Also, his eyesight wasn't that good anymore so sometimes the dishes weren't too clean…" After the first week, they'd be joined by their wives —"Somehow there was room in the bunkhouse for everybody" – and by the end of two weeks they'd most likely have shot between 30 and 40 deer. Then the clients would go home to Massachusetts and New Jersey; but several would drive up on the remaining weekends of November to hunt in the woods above Toddy Pond and eat huge meals and sleep nights in the Lords' home. Once the season ended, that was that for deer hunting till the next year. Unlike his father-in-law, Tom Pickering, Albert never shot a deer out of season, and he wouldn't allow his clients to either. In summer, some would go back up with him to the Cherryfield camp for fly fishing. He remembers one particular weekend when they took close to 800 brook trout. "But no longer…Those pesticides they use on the blueberry barrens leached into the river and killed the trout…"

Today, Albert, a widower for more than 20 years, lives with his daughter Diane who is a nurse. Though as recently as four winters ago he shot a bull moose that weighed 620 lbs., he's just about given up hunting. But in summer he still fishes for mackerel off South Blue Hill and for white perch and bass on Toddy Pond; and in winter, he fishes through the ice off Ledge Island, which he owns. "Folks like to eat perch but mostly they don't like bass. They don't think it's tasty. But the other day I ate a 4 lb. bass with onions soaked in vinegar and salt pork cooked to a crisp, and it was real tasty!"

***Albert Lord died in 2005.**

**Lord's Island**

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## *KEITH HEAVRIN*: "Whatever needs doing, I'll give it a shot."*

**Sarah LeVine, 2014**

For more than thirty years, Keith Heavrin, carpenter, fine furniture maker, woodsman, hunter, fisherman, hog butcher, dog trainer, ballroom dance instructor, builder with large stone, poet, and Vietnam Vet, lived in Harborside, Cape Rosier. For decades he knew Toddy Pond as just one of the many lakes on the map of Hancock County. Only after 2002, when he joined his new partner Donna Foster, a long-time denizen of Middle Toddy, did he gradually become aware of the pond's natural riches.

He recalls, "In 1970, when I moved the Cape Rosier as a back-to-the-lander, it was pretty remote and, despite a few modern touches, it remained that way. In comparison, Surry seemed almost suburban to me… With Route One only two miles away from the house, I

felt much nearer to the rest of the universe than I'd been in the previous thirty years. So it came as quite a surprise that the wildlife I saw on Middle Toddy was a lot more diverse and plentiful than what I'd seen in Harborside.

"I realized that, given its location a few miles inland from the ocean, Toddy was a haven for many more bird species. The secondary growth forest and blueberry barrens harbored deer, raccoons, coyotes, foxes, and the occasional moose. The pond's shallow water provided a perfect habitat for gorgeous water plants, trout, perch, bass, salmon and several kinds of frogs. Last but not least, I was thrilled to discover I was living in a mycologist's paradise. As a boy growing up in Ohio, I would go to the fields and woods with my Czech grandmother who loved collecting wild chanterelle mushrooms. Now I was on Middle Toddy where, come September, chanterelles grew in glorious bounty, along with boletus, meadow, honey and oyster mushrooms and many more, all there to be picked and eaten right away or frozen for later.

"Since I was enjoying the pond's natural wonders 365 days of the year, I decided to do as much as I could to protect it."

As Keith had noted, too often a sudden rise in water level (due to heavy rain and the Bucksport Mill's failure to open the East Orland dam) would swamp loons' nest. So his first move was to design and build a floating nest. The idea was that when the water level rose the nest would float upwards and the loon eggs – or, if a bit later in the season, the chicks – would be safe. The plan was to build and anchor three or four in each of the three Toddys. In collaboration with friend and fellow Middle Toddy resident, Rob Giffin, the first two floating nests were built and anchored out in 2009.

"Building them was easy," Keith recalls. "Maintaining and repairing them was the difficult part. The first one we anchored on Middle Toddy, in the North Cove near Mike and Ellen Paige's property; but it got blistered by the wind, the lines snapped and off it went. Its replacement fared no better and we didn't try a third. Instead we anchored one in the marsh on the western side of Middle Toddy… That time the beavers gnawed off and carried away all the sticks, branches, and planted cover that protected it. The floating nest had seemed like a really good idea but the practicalities defeated us." Keith adds ruefully, "I guess until somebody improves our design, the nesting loons of Toddy are on their own."

When Donna took over from Bob Jones as TPA president, Keith took on the role of secretary. Given that board members had a penchant for vociferous argument that even the most attentive listener had a hard time following, keeping the minutes was an onerous and praiseworthy task. But Keith didn't stop at keeping minutes. Whatever needed doing he did: plant patrol in First as well as Middle Toddy ("I had the perfect boat for the job," he confides. "14-foot, aluminum, shallow, stable, quiet motor so the ducks ignored it…"), the July loon count, the Watershed Survey for the Hancock County Soil and Water

Conservation District, setting up our annual BBQ and cleaning up afterwards; and last but not least, chronicling seasonal changes on the pond for TPA members. Those of us from away especially appreciate his "dispatches" from the front. During the winter when we can only dream of the pond, we're privileged to see what's happening through his eyes.
*Keith Heavrin died in April 2016.

***Keith Heavrin died in April 2016**

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# *GIANTS OF THE TODDY POND ROAD*

**Sarah LeVine, 2015**

As I jogged past the Surry/Orland town line early one summer morning in 2013, I saw coming towards me a short woman surrounded by the four largest dogs I'd ever seen. I was about to turn and flee when I noticed that, thank goodness, the giants were leashed. So I speeded up and when I reached them they stopped and stared at me.

"Don't worry, they're softies," the woman assured me. "They won't hurt a fly." While I wasn't entirely confident this was the case, I paused to ask their names. The brindle, I learned, was Bart. The other three, Brigitte, Sorelle and Jasmine, were his daughters. Hearing that, though the girls "only" weighed between 170 and 195, Bart weighed around 240, I gasped in amazement.

It turned out that Claudia Edwards and her husband Bill had been my near neighbors in West Surry for more than a decade. In 2000 they bought a camp on 8 boulder-strewn acres between Hedgehog Lane and Charles Lane and the following year they built a spacious gray-shingled house high above the lake. I remember watching with interest (and envy) its construction from my kayak down on the water and from the top of their driveway (three driveways from my own). In the years since, Bill had created numerous rock-walled gardens and mini-meadows around the property. But I'd never seen Claudia out on the road with Bart and the girls because she was working full time, and until she retired she'd exercised them by throwing balls for them to chase in the corral behind the house.

Both Bill, who was born in Massachusetts, and Claudia, a native of Connecticut, where they met almost 40 years ago, are lifelong dog lovers. Bill started out with Great Danes, Claudia with Collies. Only after they moved up to Maine – first to Caribou, 'but the bugs were awful', then to Winterport and Little Deer Isle, and finally to Surry – did they acquire their first Mastiff. "We were tired of Danes' health issues ," Claudia explained. "So we started looking for a laidback breed with a good temperament and decided Mastiffs were right for us. In 1983, we got our first puppy, Clio, from a breeder in New Hampshire. She was followed by others we got from breeders in Virginia, Indiana, New York State and Pennsylvania…Four had orthopedic problems, a major risk with such big dogs; but we had a champion with Echo."

I learned that, in addition to Brigitte, Sorelle and Jasmine, Bart was the father of Pippi and, via Pippi, the grandfather of Magnus. "Magnus is our new baby," Claudia said joyfully when we met on the road again that same summer. "He's too young to take off the property but if you like you can visit him."

So I did, and discovered that at 3 months Magnus already weighed 40 pounds.

Now, two years later, he weighs 240 pounds and is taller than a Shetland pony.

"Keeping dogs this size properly fed must be quite something," I observed.

"Not at all," Claudia breezily replied. "We give them venison and sweet potatoes."

"You mean Bill goes hunting and you grow sweet potatoes?" (I'd seen an impressive vegetable garden beside the corral.)

"Of course not! We give them Natural Balance Kibbles and I pressure cook Perdue chickens, grind them up in the Cuisinart and make gruel for the girls. But since Magnus doesn't care for chicken, I make his gruel out of pork loin, or turkey."

Incredulous, I said, "You mean he can tell the difference between chicken and turkey?"

Claudia didn't deign to respond to such a silly question. "And provided they've been good," she went on, "twice a day we give them each a wellness bar made of white fish and sweet potato. They're on a grain-free diet," she added.

"How about grooming?"

"We brush them twice a week, cut their nails, wash their faces and clean their ears once a week, and once a month they get a bath and their flea medicine."

"How about exercise?"

"Two miles along Toddy Pond Road early in the morning and 3 or 4 runs in the woods each day. Winter can be tricky, specially when we get as much snow as we did last winter."

"It sounds like caring for them is a full-time job," I said.

"It's not a job, it's a pleasure," Claudia replied

**Claudia & Magnus**

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## *REFUGEES FROM MILFOIL*

**Dave & Betty Parsons with Sarah LeVine, 2015**

Dave and Betty Parson recall that by the beginning of the twenty-first century, Middle Range Pond in Poland, Maine, the lake roughly the same size as Middle Toddy on which they'd built their summer home many years before, was so silted up and clogged with grass, weeds and Variable Milfoil that boating and swimming were no longer possible. "So very reluctantly we decided the time had come to leave the place where we'd spent great summers while out three kids were growing up and look for property on a lake that was still largely free of invasives."

Their search took them further and further north until they found 3 acres off Hedgehog Lane on the eastern shore of Middle Toddy. "The view across the lake, the clarity of the water, the peace and tranquility were enchanting," says Betty. "The fact that, following a fire many years earlier in which the main structure had been destroyed, all that remained of the old camp was a couple of decrepit wooden outbuildings was no deterant. We'd fallen in love! Marcella Rauscher, granddaughter of John and Adelaide Avent, who'd built the original camp in 1916, accepted our offer and the place was ours."

But until they'd sold their house in Poland, they wouldn't have the funds to build on their new property. "So," Dave explains, "we repaired a small building, formerly a bedroom, gave it a screen porch and turned it into a kitchen, got the outhouse toilet flushing again with water pumped up from the lake, installed the small travel trailer in which we'd explored much of the United States (including Alaska) on a flat area where the original camp once stood, and got ourselves a functioning place to live."

For the next six years they worked hard clearing trees and bushes, improving the road in from 176, meeting their neighbors and thoroughly enjoying "our playground -- one of the best campsites in Maine." At that point, though Dave was still closely involved with his business and Betty was still working, which obliged them to spend much of their time in their Portland condo, in the warmer weather – often accompanied by their children, who by now were in college and med school -- they'd sleep three nights a week on Toddy Pond; even in winter they'd come up regularly to snowshoe.

Meanwhile, Middle Range Pond was cleared not only of silt and pickerel weed but Milfoil (possibly the only instance of a successful clearance effort in Maine), Dave and Betty sold their house in Poland and by 2010 were all set to build. "Our new house in Surry, like our old house in Poland, is from a Log Cabin & Co kit," Dave explains, "except that with our kids all grown, it's a good deal smaller. Ray Conary did the site

work – a major project which involved exploding a cliff (the resulting rocks were later used for retaining walls) and hauling in 100 truckloads of filler. Our builder was Les Hutchinson from Aurora, ME on the Airline, and his assistant was Norman Luck, who for many years had been in Bruce Springsteen's band. From breaking ground to move-in took one year. Terracing, building retaining walls, landscaping (with indigenous plants), and establishing a vegetable garden took another two and by 2013 they finally felt settled.

These days, though they still travel back and forth between Surry and Portland, the balance is very much tipped in Surry's favor. On a warm evening a passing boater is likely to glimpse them at the lake shore sipping wine and gazing, enraptured, at the sunset.

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# V

# SOUTH (THIRD) TODDY

***SACCARAPPA LODGE***
**Camp Life on Upper Toddy a Century Ago**

**Lucy Leaf and George Mayer 2007**

**Lucy Leaf** writes, George and Penny (Pendleton) Mayer's Saccarappa (an Abenaki Indian word meaning "place of the rising sun") may be the oldest camp on Upper Toddy Pond. It sits in a stand of trees a short distance back from the water and next door to the stretch of beach which the Toddy Protective Association, organized by my late father, Charley Leaf, purchased from Gertrude Saunders in 1990.

**George Mayer** writes, The original Saccarappa appears to have been built in the mid-1880s on land leased from Alexander McCaslin who farmed much of the area which now includes the camps on Nokomis Lane and on several smaller lanes leading north along Upper Toddy Pond. Mr. McCaslin and his wife, Susan Carter, settled the land in the 1840s. They built and for many years lived in the white cape farmhouse which is now owned by Greg and Courtney Weaver. Known originally as the "Stover" camp after the member of the group of business and professional men charged with arranging construction, for decades Saccarappa was used by hunters from Bucksport. Aside from Richard B. Stover (b.1848), who owned a pharmacy, the group included Oscar F. Fellows (b.1863), a lawyer, and Josiah H. Partridge (b.1842). These gentlemen, and probably several others, liked to hunt the area in the late spring and early fall.

Beginning in 1898, a logbook documents the visits and activities of groups who stayed at "Saccarappa Lodge" during the summers. An August 1901 photo shows a modest two-story structure draped with ivy reaching up to the eaves. Visitors called themselves "Lodgers" if they stayed several days, or "Callers" if they visited for shorter periods. The log includes narratives, ditties, poems, newspaper clippings and many photographs. After a few years, the hunting parties began adding entries also. The last entry is in 1924.

Census records suggest that the Stover, Fellows, and Partridge families each formed the nucleus of a group of young friends and relatives from the Bucksport area and elsewhere further a-field. A party typically stayed one or two weeks once or twice in a summer. In the early years, campers were conveyed to camp by horse-drawn carriage over rough roads and, once deposited, remained there until the carriage returned to take them back to town. Most parties consisted of teenagers, young adults and their small children. Often older family members came as "chaperones".

**“Farewell to Saccarappa”**

Supplies were obtained from Trundy’s Store in West Surry, from local farmers; fish was caught in the pond. Visitors who came for the day were mostly locals though, when automobiles became common, people starting coming from the surrounding towns.

**Lucy Leaf** writes, During my childhood in the 1950s and 1960s, Saccarappa was a decrepit place in a thicket of trees and vines. Believing it was haunted, we kids would occasionally peer through the windows for a glimpse of another world. And indeed, the logbook does provide a glimpse another world.

In 1898, only visitors with Maine addresses are listed: Nichols, Stover, and Ladd, all school teachers from Bucksport; Webb from Bangor; a few from Ellsworth. But by 1900, New York, Washington D.C., and even California addresses are appearing. In the August 1901 photograph, a wrap-around porch extends on two sides of the house. The porch must have been heavily used as a 1902 photo shows nine young men and women arriving in a buckboard wagon drawn by two horses. An “overthrow of the Buck girls’ chariot” requiring “a daring rescue and skillful repairs”, is recorded. (The male rescuers are all

mentioned by name; the Buck girls, who required rescuing, are not.) Women visitors are referred to as “the fair campers” or the “Bucksport schoolmarms with abbreviated skirts”. Campers came in groups and stayed for a week or two until they packed up and were replaced by a new group. Young men and women courted, got married, and by and by returned to Saccarappa with their children.

A 1911 poem begins:

*“Neither north nor south*
*Nor anywhere*
*Are women more true*
*Or men more square”*

Lodgers’ activities are recorded in the logbook under “Events.” On a particular day, these may include struggling with the stove, catching turtles and frogs, chasing or shooting rabbits and squirrels, “growling” (at the weather), picture taking, playing board and ball games, and visiting neighbors. One young woman notes gleefully that she has gone “unkempt all day”.

Lodgers pooled their resources to buy provisions at Mrs. Trundy’s store and supplemented their purchases with fish they caught and berries they picked. Hair and clothes were washed in the pond. A photo shows six young women in full length skirts brushing teeth and washing up.


**"We must be clean"**

A birthday party for "the Two Queens of Saccarappa", Gracie and Kathie Nichols, elicits the following:

> "The morning of August 6 dawned gray and threatening, but even the occasional drops that fell upon the earth beneath at various times did not dampen the ardor of the inmates of Saccarappa; for on that day the great event of the season was to occur, the birthday party of Gracie and Kathie. M. Stover, of course, was the Officer of the day. And soon after breakfast Privates Nichols and Buckley were detailed to special duty at various points away from the cottage while Lieutenant Godfrey and Sergeants Stover & Read were given the command: "Run double quick!" A large amount of time however was spent choosing the rare and extraordinary gifts from the large and varied assortment offered by Mrs. Trundy. But at last we were able to decide upon pepsin gum, peanut sticks and – husbands as the gifts most suitable and long desired by the birthday girls.

The living room and dining room were elaborately decorated, the color scheme being green and red…

Promptly at six o'clock the guests of honor were escorted to their respected places with much ceremony, and while Officer Stover recited the following poem, the guests were crowned "Queens of the Day".

*The two queens of Saccarappa*
*We crown with joy and pride.*
*May they never be much happier*
*Than while they with us abide.*

An elaborate dinner was then served, menu being as follows:

*Perch chowder Crackers Pickles*
*Cucumber Salad*
*Green Peas Bread*
*Chocolate Pudding Whipped Cream*
*Birthday Cake Candy Coffee*

At intervals during the dinner the numerous presents were opened and evidently gave the recipients much amusement.

One of the most exciting event of course was the cutting of the Birthday Cake, a marvelous creation bearing the initials "G" and "K"; and an Ode was also read:

*Two old maids from school are they*
*But for a summer's holiday*
*They run, they jump, they scratch where they may*
*Just to prove, "Young maids are we".*
*But alas and alack, the years with pass*
*Despite the efforts of every lass...*

Then glasses were raised to the birthday girls:

*And so here's to Grace and "K",*
*The girls from Bucksport town.*
*May they ne'er regret this day*

*And each become her husband's crown!"*

In 1909 an "automobile party" arrives from Portland carrying 4 adults plus children. After that, "auto rides" to Surry Bay (for fishing) and to Blue Hill (for ascents) make regular appearances; and motorboat rides are taken down the pond to East Orland. But horse-drawn vehicles have not yet been abandoned entirely: in 1910, a visitor writes about "a long and tiring ride from Bar Harbor to Ellsworth"; after spending the night in Ellsworth he/she continued the journey to Saccarappa. The following summer, a carriage ride to the East Orland Fish Hatchery is mentioned.

An important annual event is the Cruise of the Saccarappa Yacht Club; overseen by a "Commodore", the fleet consists of model yachts sailed off the dock.


**The Saccarappa Yacht Club**

Swimming or "bathing", for which women wore black calf- length pantaloon suits, is frequently noted. The beach, which was far wider and longer than it is today, reached right to up to Saccarappa. Many references are made to "the Lonesome Pine" that stood on the point jutting out from "Saccarappa Cove". "A loss of pearls in Toddy Pond" occurs, followed by an unsuccessful search. An overturned boat and ensuing rescue party

are noted. Fishing was a favorite pastime. Recorded is the number of fish caught, not the biggest. A "remarkable perch catch" is 90 white perch in two hours; another entry is of "100 perch and two eels". "The salmon fishing was very successful", one lodger records; he (or she) writes also of "brook trouting".

Blueberry and raspberry picking are frequent activities, along with slaughtering chickens, fir cone gathering, and helping first Alexander McCaslin, and after his death, the new farmer, Captain George Gray (who formerly had worked for McCaslin), load hay. One entry reads: "Picked peas and dug potatoes for dinner - this was quite a job". Captain Gray and his wife were highly regarded by the denizens of Saccarappa. Raymond Fellows wrote a poem about him in the log book in October 1914. These are the concluding three stanzas:

*A rumor we hear*
*And it fills us with fear*
*That the "Grays" may not be there*
*To greet us next year.*

*For truly the place*
*Would lose much of its charm*
*If we found when we came there*
*No Grays at the farm.*

*We hope you will stay*
*Dear friends on the Hill*
*A large place in our hearts*
*We find that you fill.*

Though "drinking" is rarely mentioned, smoking is, along with reading "Wigglesmith" (aloud – presumably), and playing a game called "Fan-Tan". Sundays feature concerts from a six-man band making music with a dishpan, a pail, a foghorn, and three horns brought from Bucksport. Ice cream is made "too rich to eat". A large sandcastle is built topped by a lighthouse. Huge bonfires are regularly built on the beach. On one occasion Aurora Borealis lights up the horizon. Note is made of "illuminations" (fireworks), ghost story-telling, and Indian War Dances. In 1908, black embers drift across the lake from a forest fire which consumes 100 acres. Visits by bear, snakes and a blue heron are noted,

as well as the call of loons and an eagle sighting. Swatting mosquitoes often comes up. Plays are performed by "a dramatic company" and basketry classes are offered.

**"Taking it Easy"**

Fall hunters also record "events": they shoot partridge, woodcocks and ducks, play ball and go exploring. A 1910 entry mentions shooting a lonely sandpiper and taking aim at loons and other birds for "amusement". On a drive to East Orland a porcupine is killed with a club.

The first mention of Camp Nokomis, which was built next door in 1908 by Miss Harriet Foster of New York, is a 1912 photo labeled "Foster Camp-Camp Nokomis". In 1913 we read of a masquerade party, that includes a candy pull and a watermelon feast, at Nokomis. Costume judges are from Saccarappa. A 1914 poem contains the line: "Foster Camp near, the horn calls every morn".

**George Mayer** writes, Capt. Gray, the farmer who first worked for and eventually succeeded Alexander McCaslin, built cabins for former Saccarappa lodgers who wanted their own summer places. One of the first was for my wife's grandparents, Nancy P. Nichols Page and her husband Dr. Henry F. Page, Sr. In 1913 they bought several McCaslin lakefront acres which included the Saccarappa site and the following year Capt. Gray built their log cabin, Wabanaki ("people of the dawn"), on the rise behind Saccarappa. Capt. Gray was very short and consequently all the Wabanaki doorways are very low! Three generations of descendents have since summered at that camp.

The final entry in the log records that on September 14, 1924 Saccarappa lodgers attended a Carter family reunion at nearby Gold Stream Farm. After 1924, the principal campers grew older and scattered far a-field and Saccarappa had fewer visitors. Ownership of the cabin (but not the land) had devolved into sixteen shares by the time Nancy Nichols Page attempted to consolidate ownership of the structure. She bought or received quitclaims for all but one share. Thereafter the Page's used the cabin for children to sleep in, parties, and storage. With the onset of World War II, Saccarrappa became virtually derelict.

Family tradition relates that Saccarrappa was abandoned because the Page family never secured the 16th share. Supposedly this last share was owned by Raymond Fellows who adamantly refused to part with it and specified that this share be divided among the heirs in his will, so that the Pages could never get clear title. The true basis for this obduracy has been lost, but it most likely related to resentment that they could no longer have free access to something the Fellows were instrumental in starting. Both Raymond and his brother, Frank, became very prominent in the State of Maine. Raymond became Chief Justice of the Maine Supreme Court. Frank was a multi-term U.S. Representative.

By 1982, when my wife Penny and I bought the property from Penny's father, Dr. Henry Page Jr., Saccarrappa had been deemed worthless and deleted from the Town of Surry tax rolls. The porches had rotted away, rain was pouring through the roof , and the cabin was on the verge of collapse. Penny and I rebuilt it and today, though it has many modern conveniences, from the outside it looks much as it did one hundred years ago.

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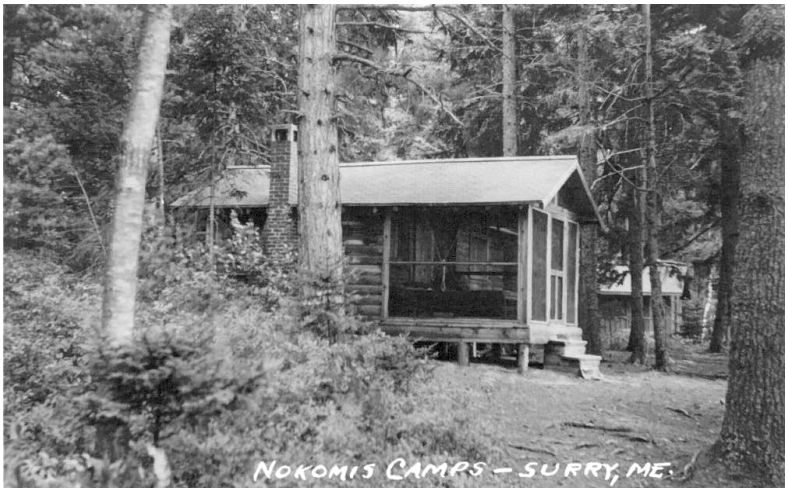


## *CAMP NOKOMIS*

**Sarah LeVine, 2007**

Camp Nokomis was opened in 1908 by Miss Harriet Foster, a maiden school teacher from New York, on a strip of land beside the lake that she had purchased from Alexander McCaslin, the farmer who at the time was living in the white clapboard house facing the Gold Marsh on Toddy Pond Road. The guests who came to the handful of simple cabins Miss Foster constructed – to each she gave an American Indian name taken from Henry Wadsworth Longfellow's *Song of Hiawatha* -- were mostly educators, their families, and friends from New York and the mid-Atlantic states who, like herself, had the long summer off. They came to the lodge on the rise beside the lake for meals, theatricals, and other entertainments; they played tennis on the clay court; and regularly set off in canoes to entertain the denizens of other camps up and down the lake. As the years went by, some bought plots from Captain Grey, Alexander McCaslin's successor, and built their own cabins. By World War II, Miss Foster was up in years and Camp Nokomis was in decline. It closed in the fall of 1941 and the following summer, the first of the war, did not re-open.

After he returned to Massachusetts from World War II, Frank (Bud) Rioux went to work in a shipyard where he met Andrew Levesque. Both avid hunters and fly fishermen, Bud and Andy persuaded Bud's brother Eddie, who was also a sportsman, to join them in looking up in Maine for a camp to buy. In 1946 they purchased Camp Nokomis – 10 cabins, several tent platforms, one bigger building (the "lodge"), and 1500 ft. of shore front -- from Miss Foster for $3,700.


**Tennis at Nokomis**

"Bud was still in his early twenties," Bill Rioux, a Blue Hill contractor, says of his father. "He was a bachelor and he didn't marry till he was 41. So without a family to tie him down, he was free to travel between Surry and North Attleboro, Massachusetts, where, after quitting the shipyard, he opened a bar and athletic club." Bud and Andy – with help from Harvey Saunders -- renovated Camp Nokomis and built 3 additional cabins. In the summer of 1946 the place was open for business: cabins were rented out by the week to vacationers in summer and to hunters in the fall; and meals were provided in the lodge.

Ed Rioux pulled out in 1948 and during the 1950s, Bud and Andy sold off two of the cabins to the Snow and Gerstein families.

Bill continues. "In 1965, Andy died and then Bud and Andy's heirs divided the property 50-50, six acres each. Bud took four cabins and Andy's widow, Esther, took two cabins and the lodge." In 1970, Bud sold his business in Massachusetts and moved his wife and family – by now there were five children – up to Surry year-round. "Dad bought acreage for a housing development in East Surry," Bill recalls, "and started building a house for the family over there. But come September, it wasn't ready, so we lived at Nokomis right through the Fall. Boy, was it cold in those unheated cabins!"

Bill, who was born in 1960, and has spent every summer of his life on the pond, has seen a lot of changes. “You don’t see polliwogs any more, or white water lilies. And the water level’s much higher so the beaches are narrower and some have disappeared.” About Harvey and Gertrude Saunders, the focal couple of the neighborhood, Bill recalls, “Even when I was a kid, they already seemed very old. My Dad wanted a vegetable garden but down near the shore where we are the soil’s too thin to grow anything. So Harvey lent him part of his yard and we were up there quite a bit. Gertrude always seemed to be

cooking and Harvey always seemed to be working. The neighborhood changed a lot when they went.”

Another change Bill sees is at Saccarappa. “Throughout my childhood, it was abandoned and covered with creepers. The Pages only bought and rebuilt it after I grew up. Now it’s beautiful.” But from his perspective the biggest change is at Camp Nokomis itself.

In 2001, the Levesque family was approached by Taylor, Bean & Whittaker, a Florida wholesale mortgage company whose owners were thinking about establishing a retreat center for their employees. When their CFO, who happened to come from Bucksport, suggested they look at properties on the Blue Hill Peninsular, they did so and decided the Levesque property was ideal for their purposes. “By then Esther was really up in years and her kids had no interest in the place, so they sold. The new owners proceeded to turn what had been a simple family camp for almost a hundred years into a resort,” says Bill with awe. “Okay, it’s rustic, but all the same, for Toddy Pond it’s pretty elaborate…” After several years of construction, the new Camp Nokomis, which includes a magnificent gym/boathouse, four apartments, an expanded lodge, and two renovated pre-war log cabins, opened in 2006. Periodically the two owners, with or without personal trainers, arrive by sea plane which they land on the lake. “Even though I worked on the renovation myself and saw it coming to pass, the transformation still amazes me,” says Bill.

Bud Rioux died in 1984 and the Levesque family is gone now; but on beyond splendid new Camp Nokomis each of Bud’s five children still has his or her own cabin. Brother Mike has “Dahinda” (bull frog); sister Jane has “Mudjekiwis” (west wind); brother Doug has “Shawundasi” (east wind); brother Bill has “Wawanasi” (whippoorwill); and sister Margaret has “Shawgashee” (Blueberry). “Though none of them is fancy, they all have septic systems and indoor plumbing,” says Bill. “We all use them differently. Mike comes

up for a month from Connecticut; Jane also lives in Connecticut but she's up most summer weekends. Doug lives in Ellsworth and now his kids are grown he's coming out more often. My family and I live on the pond most of the time between May and November -- I built my cabin myself so its larger the others – less like a camp and more like a home. And my sister Margaret has her own schedule too. When we aren't using our cabins we rent them… We're pretty much on top of one another but that doesn't bother us because we're all family. We're just so lucky…"

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## *LOG CABIN LIFE IN MAINE*

**Edith Abercrombie Snow**
**The Igloo, Nokomis Lane, Upper Toddy**

**(Written during world War II and submitted by Reade and Pam Nimick in 2007)**

[**Reade Nimick writes**, Edith Snow was a most interesting lady – elegant, highly intelligent, eccentric -- about whom many tales were told. She would entertain her friends from the art, music and literary world at dinner parties in her camp "The Igloo", using the services of a local woman to cook and serve the food. She would write down the menus from soup to nuts, including cigars to be offered to the gentlemen after the meal. (Some of these instructions have since been found in her cookbooks.) She would also entertain the children with stories after her early morning swim – when, according to some accounts, more of Edith would be on display than might have seemed appropriate. On occasion, she would go to the lodge at Camp Nokomis for dinner, look over the guests in residence, and invite some over to her camp for one of her "Readings". Frequently children were brought along by their parents - to their dismay. And no wonder, as what child wants to listen to some lady give a reading when the great outdoors beckons. Jim Furth, who was the youngest "victim", recalled, "I hated those soirees!"

Edith, a journalist, was much in demand as a lecturer on the women's Club circuit in the 1930s and 1940s. As a child she had lived in Germany where her father had been sent by the US government to make a survey of secondary education. After graduation from

Vassar, she studied at the Sorbonne in Paris. She spoke several languages, traveled widely, and lectured on a wide variety of topics. Her specialty, according to the prospectus she mailed to potentially interested groups, was “interpreting the woman’s viewpoint of events and situations.” Given “her rare ability to distinguish between the commonplace and the unusual”, her talks were never tedious. The list of “inspirational” lectures she offered included “Being Fit at Fifty”, “The Importance of Charm”, and “The Marriage Marathon: a striking new approach to the subject, with a set of commandments noted for their easy application.”]

**Edith Snow** wrote, It was the automobile which forced my husband (Benjamin Bigelow Snow), and me to "Take to the Woods". Our place, Bayberry Knoll, at Plymouth, Mass. was too easily accessible, and I found that I was running a wayside inn. But what really drove us to seek a less formal life much further north was the fact that we wanted to take our children away before they approached the age when the numerous night clubs of Cape Cod and "all along-shore" would make undesirable inroads on the rest and healthful recreation of their vacations and our own. We could not picture ourselves lying awake until all hours of the night wondering on what treacherous curve their car had come to grief, or at what witching hour we should hear it creep up the home driveway. So before they had a chance to acquire a taste for such summer excitements we fled (in the late 1930s) to the isolated, primitive life on a wild lake in Maine situated on the back road (and when I say back road I mean just that - watch your automobile springs going over the culverts!) between Bucksport and Ellsworth.

A friend, who was a descendant of the seafaring Bucks of Bucksport, discovered the spot, and she and my sister were among the first of a very few nature-loving and hardy souls to build simple log cabins along the wooded shores of this lake. The lake is nine miles long, but is known as Toddy Pond, and to make it perfect it is fed by Whiskey Springs.

Our cabins were built by our friends Ed Lufkin and Harvey Saunders who live on the aforementioned back road. The logs were cut by them and hauled out of the woods in the winter, and allowed to season until Spring, when building could be started. Harvey finally put up a small sawmill across the road from his farmhouse which stands at the entrance to the field through which we drive for a half mile to reach the lake-shore where our cabins lie.

We spent much time in locating the site for our cabin, which was to be built in a beautiful grove of firs, spruces, Norway pines and balsams. We had to plan it so that as few trees as possible would be sacrificed, and so that we would have also plenty of sunlight and

views of the water and of exquisite Blue Hill, which rises from the head of the lake. We are just five miles from the ocean at Blue Hill and at Contention Cove on Surry Bay. Across the Calf-Town Ridge on the opposite shore of Toddy Pond, lies the Penobscot River and the Eggamoggin Reach, so we have just enough salt sea-breezes when the wind is right, and just enough lovely mist and fog in the early August mornings when we swim out into the lake before breakfast and see the white veils slowly winding upwards from Blue Hill's gentle slopes - green at some times, and at others as blue as Maine blueberries.

All the ground that surrounds our cabin has a velvety rust-colored carpet of fragrant pine needles that have been accumulating for lifetimes. Its smooth coolness is so grateful to feet burned from rayon stockings and hot, city pavements. The trees are full of birds, and in early August the hermit thrush, king of the world's song birds, is still swaying on the tips of tall fir trees, intoxicating himself and the listener with pure music that rises from his swelling heart, filling the perfumed air with showers of flute-like notes. One hears the hermit thrush, to be sure, on our street where we live in Worcester, but it does not have the wild ecstasy of the thrush in the Maine woods. To wake in the night and hear from a distance one frowsy song from a white-throated sparrow as it sleepily and happily settles itself in its nest!

We located our cabin with the east porch flush with the brown pine-needle carpet. Because the land slopes to the shore, the west porch is elevated four or five feet from the ground. This makes a dry storage place for our white birch logs for the fireplace, and for the small gasoline engine which we finally installed so that we could have running water in the cabin - an effete luxury which we were rather shamefaced about succumbing to. But it has made life much easier.

We started with very simple ideas and built only two rooms, one a high-raftered living room about twenty feet square with a fireplace built by Bill Leach, the stone mason from Blue Hill who was also Harvey Saunder’s father-in-law; he is as gray and rugged as the stone he handles so skillfully. The smaller room adjoining this was know for some time as the "Bar Room", but its usefulness has greatly broadened since the early days. We also built on the west side facing the lake a large, high, screened sleeping and living porch. This porch, except for the screens, is open from the rafters to the floor, so when we lie in bed there we are really right out in the teeth of the roaring gale. We might as well be out on the ground, except that we have a roof over us. We have some awning canvas on pulleys, which in case of a driving thunderstorm we can rig up to protect the three open sides of the porch. Usually the rain considerately pours down in a beeline, so we do not have to hoist the canvas very often. Being in this completely open porch is

like driving in a car with the top down - one sees twice as much. Every shimmer of moonlight caught by the waves, every reflection of a star, all the quivering in the surrounding pines and spruces where the myriad tiny warblers delicately flutter, upside down, catching invisible gnats, can all be enjoyed while lying in bed. The loveliest warbler is the Myrtle Warbler who seems to sing, "pines, pines, murmuring pines!"

The lake is only two jumps from this porch, and in the morning it lies there smooth and unruffled as a pool of glass. I listen until I hear an ever so tiny lisp from the water and feel a wisp of air blowing against my cheek.

Then I know that the nine o'clock (or sometimes earlier) breeze is springing up, bringing a lot of high waves. So I leap from my bed, and in two shakes of a lamb's tail I am in that velvety water swimming out of the shade of our shore into the sunlight where I can get a view of Blue Hill in all its early morning light. I always say Good Morning to it. Sometimes one swims in a milky, opalescent mist that hovers over the water, and again we dash down in a pouring rain and throw ourselves into the lake whose surface is speckled and pitted with the raindrops. This is the most fun of all, I think. It is so wonderful not to care if one is wet or not. Up here in these woods one does not mind weather because one can dress for it. Slickers, rubber boots and a black rubber hat like a fireman's make it possible to go anywhere no matter how it rains. We just let it rain, like the man whose friend asked him if he allowed his wife to have her own way. "Yes", replied the husband, "And when it rains I let it rain." For years I have wished it were possible - in other words - fashionable - to dress in the city properly for stormy weather. I always swear that I will be a pioneer and do so, but when I get back to the horrid conventionalities my courage fails.

Bill Leach is also the one who built our outdoor fireplace where we do as much cooking as possible. We located it in a sheltered spot where there is not too much wind, and where the view is perfect, and the sunsets can be seen. It is near the cabin, too. When the evenings grow chilly in August (it was 46 degrees last night) we sit on the ground where the fire keeps us warm, and the wind doesn't reach us. It is much simpler to eat out of doors. I don't know why, but there are never as many dishes. Fingers were made before forks anyway, weren't they? Usually in eating we follow the sun around. We eat wherever it is warm and where the view is best at the moment. In the city I miss these movable feasts. I get awfully bored with my one dining room.

Another beautiful job that Bill Leach did for us was to build our "Seawall". In winter the ice does lots of tricks, and it tears at the shore line, gradually washing away the earth, baring the roots of the fine trees so that they slowly topple into the water. Our water

front was suffering from these inroads, so we engaged Bill to build us a strong protecting wall, and at the same time my husband, Ben, had the inspiration to have a stone point (hardly a pier) built out into the water from the tip of which he could, sitting at ease in the sunset and twilight hours with two rods in the water, catch all the fresh perch we need for our breakfasts. Well, we managed to pry Bill away from his temporary occupation which was "lining wild bees" on the green slopes of Blue Hill. He tells me that not everyone can eat wild honey. It has the effect on some unfortunate people that Grant had going through Richmond.

The building of the seawall and the stone point was more or less of a neighborhood project. Everyone had a hand in it, if only to kibitz from the side lines. Bill is one who talks to himself audibly all the time he is working. He talks to the mortar and rocks and ropes and tackle. The big rocks were hauled out of the lake along the shore with a block and tackle pulled by a good stout horse. It took a lot of rocks to build so many rods of seawall, and to construct the point, but most of them we hauled out of the lake. Some were fetched from neighboring pastures, and kind friends brought stones whenever they saw good ones. During the construction liquid refreshments were served at not too infrequent intervals, which made the work go merrily, and I think expeditiously.

There was one big Norway pine which was canting over the lake at a perilous angle. At the rate at which it was slipping its roots would have been undermined in another year or so. The horse and block and tackle were hitched to its heavily padded trunk, and with shouts of advice and encouragement the great tree was slowly righted, its roots re-enforced with earth and buttressed with concrete, and its life saved.

The locating of water and the digging of our well was another momentous occasion. Someone knew of a local man, George Grindle, who was said to be a "diviner". He was called off from his haying, and with great mystery and importance he wandered all over our property, followed by a hushed and eager group who awaited the miracle of the bending, straining, forked apple twig. We were not disappointed, either. In a convenient spot underneath a tree just a few feet from the cabin the twig bent forcibly downward, pointing unmistakably to the ground. The "diviner" enjoyed his triumph amid our sighs of relief and admiration, then drove off to finish his haying. My husband and Dr. Page, a neighbor, started at once to dig, believers and unbelievers clustering round. They had dug only a few feet when water began seeping into the cavity and they had to put on their hip boots and clamber down into the deepening hole. Finally the water came in so fast that it got ahead of them and they had to send for Harvey Saunders up at the farmhouse. They had some tile piping ready, and they lowered that down into the cavity, section by section. The well was soon a fait accompli, and with its neat

platform and green pump has served us faithfully for years.

In building our log cabin we decided that since we are five miles from the convenient but accursed telephone, and from electric power and gas, we would at least allow ourselves the luxury of hardwood floors, which Harvey and Ed laid beautifully. We have, of course, only kerosene oil lamps, but we found that these were to be had with Welsbach burners both in table lamps and so-called bridge lamps. We have gradually collected really lovely lamps in glass which my husband takes great pleasure in keeping sparklingly polished. In an old ship chandler's shop at Stonington on the back side of Deer Isle I found large, bulging lamp chimneys with owls perched on branches etched on their surfaces. In the loft of a Bucksport ship chandler's I found a lot of "sticking Toms", used in the fo'castles of sailing ships to stick into the timbers to hold candles. They are made of metal and can be stuck in either horizontally or vertically, according to which way the ship is pitching. These look well stuck into the logs of the cabin with orange colored candles in them. I made out of the bottoms of used Lily cups, holders for them, to catch the candle drip. For evening story telling or conversation around the fire the cabin looks lovely with just the fire and candle light.

The many windows of the cabin are made to lift up and fasten to long hooks suspended from the walls or rafters. The doors are all Dutch double doors, so that either the top or bottom section may be left open. The benches, tables and low stools for the porches were all made by our son, and have been allowed to weather instead of being painted, so they sink right into the background of the cabin. The logs of which the cabin is built are peeled and the interstices between their rounded surfaces are chinked with sphagnum moss. On the lake side, where the wind blows more often, they are chinked hard with oakum. This gives a delicious fragrance, clean and wholesome, which mingles well with the scent of fir-balsam and hot, sun baked pine needles.

The interior of the cabin lends itself well to the folk craft of any country. All the rugs are hooked or braided by friends who live up and down our road. We have collected them gradually, and each one means much to us. A few I brought from Cheticamp in Cape Breton where they are famous for the originality and quality of their hooked rugs. The furniture is old and sturdy, and we found it in lofts over country stores or in the cottages of local acquaintances who did not mind parting with it. We have names for some of the pieces. For instance, three husky chairs are called Meshack, Shadrack and Nebednego. One ladder backed chair which we salvaged from the shack of an ancient bearded couple we call prettily, "Butt End", because when we saw it standing out in the weather beside their tumbled down hut and explained to them that we wanted it for our log cabin, they said pityingly and condescendingly, "Take it. We don't blame yer fer wanting somethin'

to put yer butt-end on."

The only pieces of furniture which are not strictly early, rustic New England are a few pieces of weathered oak which looks well in a log cabin, and my writing desk, linen and china cupboards (mouse proof) which Harvey or Ed built in for me. When I explained to Ed that I would like a sort of dressing table, to hold my washbowl, pitcher and so forth, in the early days, he looked puzzled, but finally light dawned. "Oh, I see what ya mean. Sure, I'll build ya a sink." Ed gave me a dresser (though he wouldn't have called it that) for my kitchen, which later evolved from the Bar Room. It is a hand made, weather beaten affair which he found in a deserted house and chipmunked for me. The verb "to chipmunk" is one we coined up here. It means the appropriation of any useful object not nailed down, and which does not belong to any visible person, or has been discarded.

The nucleus of people who gradually gathered here, as they built their cabins, gave them Indian names reminiscent of the Abenaki and Penobscot Indian tribes who used to live and fish and hunt in these beautiful regions. When we were seeking for a name for our cabin I hit upon an appropriate Eskimo Indian name, and we call it "The Igloo" (the snow hut). We carried out the Eskimo Indian idea in other details, such as the door knocker which is a jointed polar bear carved from wood. It shoots out its legs, and red tongue when its string is pulled. The weather vain was carved for us by Jim Lewis of Worcester, and it is a small kayak with two little figures sitting in it; they are pursuing a black whale. One is hurling a spear into the whale, and the other is wielding a double paddle. We had a canoe built for us by the Penobscot Indians at Old Town, and this we christened The Kayak. In the cabin we have as many objects as possible made by the Indians. A pair of handsome deer skin shoes covered solidly with blue and white wampum stand on the fireplace mantle. A big pack basket is used to hold canes and the huge plaid Irish umbrella. The wastebaskets and sewing baskets are of sweet grass and birch bark. Our bed blankets, woven in Old Town, have a border copied from the pattern of a very old basket made of dyed porcupine quills. The basket belonged to the grandmother of our Penobscot Indian friend, Florence Nicola Shay, whose father was chieftain of the tribe during his life time. The blanket borders are of brown, moss green, yellow white and blue in stripes of varying width copied exactly from this basket. I found a beautiful box in Eastport, Maine on a trip to Grand Manan Island. It is all made of white porcupine quills with decorations in green, and a beaver worked into the cover, all in porcupine quills on a birch bark foundation.

For top covers on the beds I use the pure wool hand woven blankets from Mexico and Guatemala, for these are wind and rain proof. The covers for the old chests of drawers are hand woven, bright orange and red textiles from Guatemala and the lovely old blue

and white woven fabrics from Assisi in Italy. Orange colored "Jug Town" pottery from Carolina looks cheerful on a shelf in the living room, and the kitchen is hung with copper plates, casseroles and kettles from Rome and from Sweden. We had a crane built into the fireplace so we can hang a kettle there and hear it sing. There is a hob too, on which sets a copper kettle and a trivet with a shield for keeping food hot.

One of the places we like best for eating is on the old oval walnut table in the living room on a stormy night with a good fire of white birch logs blazing, and the food ranged in pots on the hearth to keep hot. I lay the table with my old red damask cloth and napkins, though usually when we eat out of doors we don't bother with table cloths. With the oil lamp shining in the center of the table and a brown pot of Lil Lufkin's baked beans and a steaming loaf of her brown bread, a bowl of sweet, heaven- blue berries as big as hazel nuts and a pitcher of cream from Mrs. Carter's farm across the swamp, a plate of her good butter and a pot of unrationed coffee, who could wish for more? I heard a girl in Ellsworth Saturday shout to a friend, "I'll be seein' ya about bean time".

Of course you might prefer a breakfast eaten in your bathing suit in the bright morning sun. I could cook you some perch, caught the evening before, dipped in Indian meal and fried in an iron spider in scraps of native salt pork, with some toasted home-made bread, jam made from raspberries picked in Frank Whitney's garden the day before, and some poached or coddled duck eggs from Lil Lufkin's duck yard. The duck eggs are hard to come by, Lil says, because "they just drop 'em anywhere, and half the time you never can find 'em". Oh, I forgot to mention Myra Whitney's doughnuts! They are fried in real lard made from their own pig, and until you have tasted Myra's doughnuts you ain't eaten nothin' yet. Two or three of these with a hunk or so of Vermont rat-trap cheese eaten just before retiring to the sleeping porch at night assures a good night's sleep. There is no "planned starvation" in Maine - not yet.

As time went on it became necessary to add other appendages to the cabin, known hereinafter as the Igloo. We went in for luxury in a big way by putting in a white sink in the kitchen-bar room, and then we finally got terribly effete and added a bathroom of all things! The tub is exceedingly useful, not for coal, but to hold Frank Whitney's succulent vegetables until such time as I get around to put them in the pressure cooker and serve them forth on the red damask cloth or elsewhere. It is also indispensable for floating live lobsters overnight when brought back kicking from the icy waters of Frenchman's Bay. Not brought back by us this summer, I hasten to add, but by the itinerant fisherman. For bathing purposes the tub is simply unnecessary, because we do all that twice a day or more in the waters of Toddy Pond.

We have two fully equipped guest tents with mouse and moisture proof wardrobes, make by the sail maker of Sargentville, opposite Deer Isle.

Before we went citified and put in the Sears Roebuck bathroom we had greatly enjoyed our own outdoor "Susie", which we placed with care where it commanded a superb view of the lake, but was invisible from that body of water, in case the infrequent traffic of a canoe or Toddy Pond's only sailboat happened to pass. This neat little Chick Sales job had been handsomely camouflaged by a young man who is now a lieutenant in the U.S. Navy, but was then one of the architects who designed the new wing for the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts. I mention this only to give the reader an idea of the masterly work done in camouflaging our "Susie". The paint has stood up well, and the pine and fir trees in varying shades of green, the giant mushrooms, ferns rocks and brown earth with which he decorated her sides are still of pristine and deceiving freshness. When the Sears Roebuck innovation was being contemplated I overheard my husband ordering Harvey Saunders to raze "Susie" to the ground. He says I came in with a wild look in my eye and countermanded the order, remarking, "There are some people, Harvey, who prefer "Susies".

Another startling innovation was the replacement of the three-burner-with-portable-oven oil stove by a handsome little white enamel gas range and a good, bright gaslight overhead, all attached to a cylinder of Philgas stationed under a metal hood outside. This is the quickest, hottest flame I ever cooked with, and it makes the electric range seem like an old plough horse in comparison. The wonder is that we were not bright enough to put in a gas icebox at the same time, but no one foresaw the food shortage and gasoline famine. Our ice is cut from Toddy Pond and stored by Harvey during the winter, in the interim when the neighboring families are not racing their automobiles up and down the smooth, frozen surface on the lake.

The last room to be added on the southwest end of the Igloo was my study, where Harvey built my desk in front of a spacious window looking over the lake. The end window looks through a long stretch of tall pine trees where the sunshine makes shimmering patterns on the rust colored carpet. The third gives on a smaller grove with a carpet of scarlet bunch berries with their glossy green leaves, waxy white Indian pipe, and trails of Princess pine. Brown long-eared rabbits lope through there often, to nibble toothsome tit-bits. It is difficult to work in a room with such views, but who could work anywhere in a place of such distracting beauty!

Toward the first of September when we are preparing our minds for the cityward flight, the foliage is beginning to be touched by the crimson life-blood of the Fall. Our pet mink

runs at night along the top of the sea wall, probably to inspect the bait traps. At night we often hear from the wild shore across the lake the sharp frosty bark of foxes, the booming, rhythmic staccato of the great owls, and sometimes the call of a cow moose. The game warden, who comes slipping silent as an Indian down the lake to pay us a call once a season and tell us tales of the winter, knows every head of moose and deer in the county. He tells us how fast they are diminishing despite his watchful care. He is responsible too for keeping the salmon poachers away from the streams in the off season. A year or so ago he told us that there were only fifteen moose and two hundred deer accounted for by him in Hancock County that season. Sometimes a sick cow moose will wander right into a friendly door-yard and lie down there to be cared for or to die, just as they say a whale which is about to give birth to its baby will come alongside a ship for comfort or to give it courage.

The loons, who are the only other inhabitants of the lake, begin to try their heavy wings in flight about this time. Their eerie calls and laughter echo across the water especially at night when the moon is shining. They sail and dive close inshore, curving their white ringed necks and dipping their glossy black heads. A loon is an enormous bird, weighing around fifteen pounds - as big as a turkey.

One of the charms of being in such a remote spot is the pleasure of becoming acquainted with the people who live along the road, and learning something of their ways of living and thinking. But a story about them would be another tale. As we leave camp after Labor Day they are all sad to see us go, for the road is sparsely settled and the distances rather long between houses. But the duck season soon begins, and then comes the deer season, and after that the fun of putting up warm little tents on the frozen surface of Surry Bay and fishing for smelt through holes in the ice.

The character of winter life up here has greatly changed, temporarily, due to the war. From almost every house one or two men have gone into the armed forces, and the rest are working in the shipyards at Ellsworth. There is such a shortage of labor that it is difficult for people to get their winter's supply of wood cut and hauled, or to get their ice cut for summer, or their meadows mowed. Many families from our road have moved into the county seat for the winter so as to be near their work. The country- side this winter will be given over to the squirrels, chipmunks, hedgehogs, and raccoons. The wild duck and the deer will wonder what has become of their enemies. Ill blows the wind that profits nobody! The field mice and rabbits will scamper unmolested in the woods about the Igloo, while in our beds in the city we will dream of the sound of rain and pine needles pattering on the roof of our log cabin in the heart of Maine. The squirrels who today scold us do so roundly from the limbs of nearby trees (because are we not

trespassing on their domain?) will work havoc in the warm, dry interior of the Igloo the minute our departing foot steps leave them in possession. But if some summer we should fail to return (which God forbid) I am sure they would gather, and chatteringly (sic) inquire, "Where are the Snows of yesteryear?"

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## *HARVEY AND GERTRUDE SAUNDERS*

**Sarah LeVine, 2001**

Harvey Saunders, who died in 1990, aged 92, and his wife Gertrude Leach Saunders, who died 1991, also aged 92, lived in the white clapboard farm house on the Toddy Pond Road high above the pond and across from Gold Stream Marsh in West Surry. At their death their property was inherited by their friend Charles Leaf, and when Charles died in 1995, his wife Betty became the owner. (She recently sold the farm house to Greg and Courtney Weaver.) Harvey and Gertrude's diaries that the Leafs found among their possessions, provide a vivid picture of life in this part of rural Maine in the middle years of the last century. The diaries begin in 1935, shortly after the Saunders bought the house, and continue until the 1980s. For the first twenty years or so Harvey was the diary-keeper; but in the 1950s Gertrude took over. In these 5-by-10 inch volumes the two noted many details of their work, family and social lives as well as many technological innovations and environmental changes: the paving of the Surry Road (only as far as the Orland line) in 1946; the arrival of electricity in 1950; installing their bathroom and water heater in 1952; going over to watch a neighbor's TV in 1953 for the first time (the following year, 1954, they bought their own TV, and also a washing machine which Gertrude used on alternate Tuesdays). Their meticulous recordings of morning and evening temperatures over fifty years indicate that Global Warming is a reality: in the 1940s and 1950s the lake was almost always frozen over by mid-December and the ice rarely melted before mid-April. Though there has been some variation, in recent years ice has tended to come later and leave earlier than fifty years ago.

Each spring they noted with delight the first time they heard a loon.

Betty Leaf, who first met Harvey and Gertrude when she came to Toddy Pond as a bride in the 1940s, remembers them with great affection and admiration for their self-sufficiency, generosity and inveterate cheerfulness. Most of the families from "away"

who began coming to summer on Toddy Pond early in the twentieth century were headed by educators from New Jersey who took advantage of the long school vacation to head north to the pristine woods of Maine. Among them were the Avents, the Furths, the Leafs, and the Knickerbockers. These families, who were friends back home, followed one another up to Toddy Pond, bought land on the eastern shore of the lake and built cabins. Several employed Harvey as carpenter, caretaker, and general handyman. Betty Leaf recalls that Harvey, who belonged to the Saunders clan, West Surry residents since the mid-eighteen hundreds, lived off the land. “He loved the woods and as long as he was physically able, he spent as much time as he could in them. That was the life he wanted and he never wished for any other. But woodsman though he was, he was also one of the most gregarious people I’ve ever known. At a time when there really wasn’t much socializing between locals and outsiders, he was ready to make friends with everyone.”

For awhile Harvey attended Higgins Classical Academy, a Baptist school in Charleston, ME but when he was fifteen his father died and he had to leave school and go to work to help support his family. In the warmer weather he found employment with the forest service, in boat yards around the Blue Hill Peninsular, and with summer people constructing and maintaining their camps; he was also a “genius” car mechanic. In winter he worked in the woods cutting timber and on Toddy Pond cutting ice which he stored in his ice house on the Surry Road and shipped out to Ellsworth in the spring and summer.

**Harvey Saunders and friends cutting ice**

Gertrude, who grew up in Blue Hill and graduated from high school there, taught school for two years before she and Harvey got married in 1921. Sadly, they were unable to have children; but after a few years they took in a foster child, Henry Davis, then aged three, whose parents in Brooklin had a large family and were unable to care for him. As was common practice in those days, Henry's mother and father put him in foster care; thereafter, although Henry would return to his family during school holidays, most of the year he lived with the Saunders who treated him as their own son. While serving in World War Two, he contracted rheumatic fever of which he died in the VA hospital in Bangor in the late 1940s. After Henry's death, the Saunders focused more than ever on relationships with relatives and friends.

Betty Leaf remembers being awed by the range of skills the two had between them. Harvey could fix "anything" mechanical, while Gertrude, who had given up her teaching career when she married and, apart from cleaning camps, chiefly those in Nokomis which Frank (Bud) and Eddie Rioux and Andy Levesque built on the next door property, never worked outside her home again, had mastered all the proficiencies that a country housewife needed. When the Saunders first moved in, their house, which had been built in 1848, had neither electricity nor plumbing. Water was pumped from the well and the outhouse was next to the pig sty and the hen house. Out back, Gertrude had a large garden in which she grew vegetables for canning and potatoes, turnips, carrots and parsnips that she stored in her root cellar under the house. Beyond the garden was the field where she kept her cow. She sewed their clothes, knitted their sweaters, quilted and upholstered while Harvey did the carpentry, painting and wall-papering; he made much of their furniture and over the years many home improvements including an in-door bathroom and a broad screened porch, thus slowly converting their mid-nineteenth century farmhouse into a modern home.

His diary entries are laconic. He notes few public occasions: Christmas and Thanksgiving, and the inaugurations of presidents of the United States -- but not the Fourth of July. Enthusiasm is reserved for Gertrude's cooking: "Tonight G. put up a lobster supper… wonderful!" Or, "G. made pork and beans and chocolate cake and Boy, was it good!"

The Saunders were a frugal couple, in part out of necessity, in part because they valued frugality. Although they frequently went shopping to Ellsworth – Harvey seems always to have had a vehicle of some kind which, with his "genius" mechanic's skills, he managed to keep running – at any one time they only bought basic necessities and those in small quantities. After World War Two he worked for the Department of Forestry as a fire warden which, between March and October, required him to spend his days in the

lookout tower on the top of Blue Hill. In April and early May, the peak time for brush fires, he would note with a mixture of excitement, dismay and satisfaction, "Today fifty-two fires on the Blue Hill Peninsular…today, forty-six fires including barns and garages." In later years he would travel about Hancock County, dressed in his Smokey Bear costume, to give talks on fire prevention to school groups. But in the late Fall, having closed up his tower, he would return to his own woods to cut and stack logs, make planks in his small saw mill, work on his house and those of his friends, fish in the lake and - whether or not it was the legal season – hunt deer, duck, pigeon, rabbits on his property. After snowstorms, in order to pay his property tax, he worked for the town, plowing and sanding the roads.

Entertainment consisted of going to the movies in Ellsworth, dances in Surry, and the Blue Hill Fair. Before the introduction, in the 1950s, of TV – and the rapid erosion of community life that it heralded – the locals would regularly meet up with relatives and neighbors at town meetings, at church, school, and grange suppers, and at events in the community hall near the West Surry cemetery that the Saunders family had built for their family reunions and which they allowed other families and organizations to use. (It long ago burned down.) Harvey and Gertrude were not church-goers – they seem only to have gone to church in order to attend funerals – but they participated in many town activities, both formal and informal, and Gertrude regularly contributed to potluck suppers. Though Harvey drove allover Hancock and Washington counties on forest service business, and sometimes Gertrude would catch a ride with him in order to do serious shopping in Bangor, the only vacation trip they ever took was to New Hampshire for three days. Harvey did all the driving until, in his mid-seventies, he went blind whereupon Gertrude, aged seventy-five, got her driver's license. She continued to drive until not long before her death in 1991 at age 92.

The focus of their social life was "happy hour". Summer and winter, before dinner, which Gertrude would put on the table at sunset – whenever that occurred - people would drop by the house with their own liquor, pour themselves a shot which they would drink along with Harvey. Anyone who happened to be in the neighborhood - people from away as well as locals - was welcome. After an hour's exchange of news and gossip they would drive - or walk – off to dinner in their own homes.

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## *HARVEY'S OLD LOGGING TRUCK*

**Written by Charley Leaf in 1974. Submitted by Betty Leaf in 2007.**

It was a sad day for me when Harvey Saunders decided his old Chevrolet truck was beyond repair. It was parked -- a bit rusty, the tires needed air -- on the ridge by the elm tree. On that very day we towed it down the hill – out of sight, but not forgotten!
I know of no other truck, car, or machine of any sort from which – during the 20-odd years of its working life -- so much pleasure was derived by so many. I call it "the old logging truck" but it never really had a name. Rebuilt to haul timber, it traveled many miles over rough roads carrying logs to the sawmill; it also hauled hay to the barn and lumber, rocks and posts for constructing our camps; it brought ice from the frozen pond to ice houses in winter and delivered ice and stove wood in summer. And now and then, when Gertrude's pig escaped, Harvey used his truck to chase it down.

The old logging truck had character and stamina. On a calm morning you'd hear it coming from a mile away, and then you'd spot it swinging round the bend in a cloud of dust. Its arrival brought great glee and exuberance to the children who knew, no matter the hour or its destination, they were in for an exciting ride.

The engine was started by a clever twist of the hand crank – or, on cold mornings, by coasting a few rods down a hill. The iron springs gave passengers a strong bounce – a real challenge to those riding "shotgun" in the rear. Sometimes there were delays: maybe the radiator boiled over; but if it did, with the pond nearby, there'd be the chance for a quick swim while it cooled down. Maybe something or someone – logs, boulders, a lady's car – needed pulling out of a ditch. But most often a tire would blow out. Then the passengers would rush to help jack up the truck, remove the wheel, patch the tube, pump up the tire, replace the wheel, and stow the tools – and everything would be accomplished at a hectic speed, as if we were in a racing derby.

On hot August days during haymaking season, many of us would take pitchforks and help load the hay. We'd compete to see who could stay atop the hay pile the longest as the truck bumped back across rolling fields to the barn.

Come rain or shine, if you were looking for action, all you needed to do was catch a ride on Harvey's truck!

It was a sad day for me when Harvey decided his old Chevrolet truck was beyond repair. It was parked -- a bit rusty, the tires needed air -- on the ridge by the elm tree. On that very day we towed it down the hill – out of sight, but not forgotten!

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## *JIM FURTH: TODDY POND IS THE PLACE FOR ME**

**Sarah LeVine 2003**

Jim Furth first came to Upper Toddy in 1924 at age two when his parents, Willard and Alice Furth, rented a cabin at Camp Nokomis. The Furths, who came from New Jersey where Willard was superintendent of schools in Highland Park, were close friends with the Avents, the Smiths, and the Knickerbockers from New York and New Jersey. In 1931 the Furths bought land on the shore from Harvey Saunders and had Harvey build them a camp where, from then on, they spent 10 weeks every summer. When Willard Furth retired he and Alic had the camp winterized and came up from New Jersey, intending to live there. However, they found that life on the pond when the thermometer dipped below 25 degrees was simply too cold for them; so for the winter months they would move to a house up on the road.

In the pre-war years Camp Nokomis was frequented mostly by high school teachers, like Jim's father, and college professors. Jim remembers two in particular: Professor Lockwood of Haverford, and Professor Galbraith of Williams. They were both classicists and sometimes during meals would converse in Latin. Three doctors were also regular visitors: Dr. Page and his son, from Philadelphia , and Dr. Newt Richards of Hahneman Hospital at the University of Pennsylvania. "If someone got sick, there was no need to go looking for medical care," Jim recalls. "We had our own team here on the pond. Besides, in those days, where would we have gone? There was no hospital in Ellsworth yet, and our team was a whole lot better than the Blue Hill hospital."

There were plenty of other children for Jim and his younger brother, John, to play with. "We kids called Miss Foster, the proprietor of Nokomis, 'chieftain'," Jim recalls. This was partly because 'Nokomis' was a Native American name, and partly because she set rules and made sure they were kept. One rule was that the adults – who included several of her maiden schoolteacher friends from New York, as well as the professors, the doctors, and the children's own parents – took a rest after lunch and WERE NOT TO BE DISTURBED before 3 pm.! "When my brother and I were small, Miss Foster would read to us and the other kids. But as we got older we'd take the boats out on the pond after lunch and stay out until it was okay to come in."

Tres Smith's grandparents also spent their summers at Nokomis and Tres' grandfather and Jim's father became life-long best friends. There were also romances: When Jim's brother John grew up he married Betsy Avent.

Before World War Two there were a good many more people living in West Surry than there are now. There used to be so many cottages along the road, most of which have long since fallen down; even their foundations have disappeared. "When I was a kid," Jim recalls, "aside from one or two men who worked in the paper mill in Bucksport, nobody out here had a regular job. Harvey Saunders, who built most of the camps on this side of Upper Toddy, would get together a crew from round about. You'd see men walking the five miles out from Surry and back home in the evening -- six days out of seven, and the pay was only $5 a week!"

Jim remembers Harvey and his wife Gertrude with great fondness. "I used to call Gertrude my second mother – she was the one who took splinters out of my feet and my fingers, and she was the best cook in the county, too. She could make a feast for ten people out of just about nothing. The house I live in now stands on land that used to belong to them… I still think of them a lot."

Sixty years or so ago Toddy Pond was pretty quiet – no motorboats or speed boats, let alone the jet skis which sometimes disturb the peacefulness of the place today. The biggest summer excitement was provided by the "Canadians", the lumbermen who cut timber on the Penobscot side and floated the logs down the pond to the saw mill on Lower Toddy.

Aside from the war years, when he was in the Marines, Jim has spent part or all of every summer on the pond. When he got married in 1946 he brought up his wife Winifred and, as they came along, all four of his children. He was living in Westfield, New Jersey but because his work as a chemical engineer for Allied Chemicals took him to Presque Isle, he would frequently come to Toddy Pond in winter to visit his parents, who, after his father retired from the Highland Park school district, moved up to Surry year-round. "I'd go ice fishing with Charley Leaf, whose family had started coming to the pond in the 1930s. Charley and Betty moved here for good when he retired from the air force… We'd sit in a little hut and drink and talk and drink and talk and every so often we'd remember to check our lines…"

Willard and Alice Furth died within a few months of each other in 1968. Fifteen years later, when Jim himself retired, he and Winifred moved up from New Jersey and, like his parents before them, they spent summers in the camp and winters on the road. Though he

was widowed in 1996, Jim remains convinced that Toddy Pond is still the place for him. "I retired here because I had so many friends," he explains. "Though some have passed away I still have good friends – all sorts of people, and every morning, whatever the weather, I'm up and out of the house by six and off to the East Orland Post Office to have breakfast with a bunch of them."

***Jim Furth died in 2004.**

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## TODDY POND PASTIMES
### (or why we've never needed a country club)

**Sarah LeVine, 2009**

One frigid day in early March, I talked with Betty and Lucy Leaf about how Toddy Pond denizens had entertained themselves before anyone had heard of cable TV or the Web.

Let's start with *winter* pastimes, I said. On a day like today -- sixteen degrees, two foot of snow on the ground, cloudy. How would you have fun?

"*Ice fishing!"* Betty replied. "In winter it was the focus of a lot of people's lives. Though you still see fishermen on the pond today, twenty years ago you'd have seen a lot more. Anyone could do it so long as they had a license (the warden kept a close look-out for violators) and if they didn't have shore-front property, they could ask a friend who did, to give them access."

Betty's late husband, Charley Leaf (he died in 1995) and their neighbor, Jim Furth, (he died in 2004) were both avid fishermen. At the beginning of the season – which was whenever the ice was judged to be 'thick enough' – each would dig four or five holes with an "auger", a power drill; in the holes they'd set and bait spring-loaded wooden traps and then they'd pull out their huts, parked since the previous spring on the shore, and position them near their traps. Jim's hut was "sort of round, like an apple", windowless, never quite finished and always in need of repair. Charley's hut had a 8' X 4' frame covered by a blue tarp, windows, a stout door and was in excellent repair. Both were on runners and quite easy to move around.

"After lunch Charley would go down to tend his traps – some fish he'd bring home to eat and the rest he'd throw out for the eagles. (By morning they'd always be gone.) He'd read, have a smoke, and get on his ATV to visit other fishermen and discuss the pros and cons of different baits (an endlessly interesting topic). Jim didn't necessarily get out on

the ice so early but 4 pm. would always see him out there because that's when his wife, Winifred, and I joined him and Charley for happy hour. Because Charley's hut was much better equipped than Jim's – it had four chairs, a propane heater, a 'smoking section', and a shelf where the 'hooch' – Southern Comfort – and our tin mugs were stored – that's where we had our *rendez-vous*.

**Charley Leaf's ice fishing house**

**Jim Furth and his catch**

"Seven afternoons a week we'd drink two-three hours and chat and then we'd go home for supper."

Betty chuckled. "It was amazing to see those men -- they'd grown up together on the pond; then they'd gone off to work at their professions and now they were back, retired, with grown kids of their own --- chasing one another across the ice in VW bugs and ATVs, spinning around -- acting like teenagers! Really, they'd formed a new club."

*Skating* was another winter pastime. You needed the ice not only thick enough but smooth enough. Before the first snowfall was best. But you only got perfect skating conditions every seven or eight years. "This winter, even though the ice wasn't quite perfect," Lucy interjected, "I skated right to the southern end of Upper Toddy and back."

In *summer,* "of course we always had *swimming*," said Betty, who spent her first summer on the pond as a new bride in 1946.

"As kids, we had to pass a series of tests," Lucy explained. "We had to swim further and further until the final test, which was right across the lake to the Penobscot

shore and back with someone along side in a rowboat. Only when you passed that had you earned the right to call yourself a 'swimmer'."

"Everyone had a *canoe* or two -- today you see more kayaks which are so much lighter and faster," Lucy continued. "When I was a kid the craze was for *speed boats* and *waterskiing* but after the energy crunch in the late 1970s *sailing* came into vogue. Suddenly we were seeing 'Sunfishes' all over. They had only one sail, a center board, a rudder and a shallow well to put your feet in. They were great boats for teaching children how to sail and once they knew how, they could go out on their own in life jacket and swim suit -- both were essential as Sunfishes turn over easily… You were always falling into the water and having to right the boat and climb back in."

Betty recalled "Family Jewel", the Sunfish she went out and bought without telling anyone. "I'd inherited some jewelry from my mother, old fashioned pieces I knew I'd never wear. So I sold them and bought a Sunfish with the money. Hence the name. Then Jim Furth taught me how to sail her and how to turn her back up when she'd turned over. By the late 1980s, windsurfers were also being seen on the pond. But they take much more skill than Sunfishes and they aren't for the fainthearted… Once it's up, the wind on Toddy can be pretty strong."

*Camping* was something else that people did a lot of. Often you just camped somewhere on your own property – put up a tent, cooked over an open fire, played Indians for a day or two. But the more adventurous got in boats and made for one of the islands. The first expedition Lucy went on with her two younger brothers was to Twin Island. They went to Boy Scout Island and Indian Island too and several times all the way down the lake to Saunders' Island. Saunders' Island belonged to Wilbur Saunders whose permission she was careful to obtain in advance. But she wasn't sure who owned the other islands so she just she took her chances and luckily no one complained.

Lucy loved *hiking* round the pond. Mostly she would go from camp road to logging road down to the southern end and then across Wilbur Saunders' property to Puzzle Brook. From there, using the beaver dam as a bridge, she would cross into Blue Hill. Once she hiked the whole way round – from Surry to Blue Hill, to Penobscot into Orland and back into Surry, camping along the way. It took her three days to complete the circuit.

*Gardening*, Betty insisted, was the most common summer pastime. "In the 1970s, all the year-rounders and those who came up for the whole summer had a garden. Even I did, and believe me, I was no green thumb. But in those counter-culture days, I thought I *ought* to grow my own vegetables, so I'd ask Gertrude Saunders, who was the queen gardener in the neighborhood (she and her husband, Harvey, lived in the cottage where Greg and Courtney Weaver live now), for advice and then I'd try to do as she'd told me. After a good many years I calculated that the vegetables I grew were costing me more

than if I'd bought them at the store. Also, instead of spending time with my sons who were out of school or home from college, I was spending the whole of August canning! So I quit. Not that I'd want to discourage others, but they should go into it with the understanding that a garden is a lot of work!"

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## *RUTH BROWN OF HIAMOVI ("High Chief")*

**Sarah LeVine, 2005**

Ruth Cushing Brown is a long time summer resident of Toddy Pond. Her first visit to Surry was in the summer of 1930. Eighteen years old at the time and newly graduated from High School, she took the overnight train from her home in Springfield, NJ to Boston and thence a boat to Bucksport where she was met by her beau, William ("Bill") Brown. Bill had first came to Toddy Pond at age 11. After lodging for several summers with Harvey and Gertrude Saunders, he and his widowed mother Lillian bought land from them on Upper Toddy and had Harvey Saunders and his brother Oscar build a cabin a stone's throw from his friend Elmer F. Smith's cabin. Ruthie - as she was called as a girl and is still by her intimates - spent a week in the new two-room camp which, like many camps of that era, boasted a handsome fieldstone fireplace. "From the camp," Ruthie says, "you could see clear to Blue Hill to the southeast and the sun setting in the west. But trees long ago blocked those views."

After she and Bill got married on September 1, 1936, they started a family and Ruthie would come up in June with her children Bucky, Bruce and Barbara. "Bill was a high school athletic director so he got summers off. With the exception of World War II, we came every summer. But we could never stay through Labor Day because Bill had to get back to New Jersey for football practice."

Through the late 1940's they had a kerosene stove and a hand pump next to the sink in the kitchen. They had an ice box filled with ice that Harvey Saunders cut from Toddy Pond during the winter and stored in his ice house. Bucky remembers riding with Harvey on his truck delivering ice blocks to other camps. They only got a propane gas stove and gas lights around 1950; electricity came almost a decade later; they bought their first TV in 1967 -- and by then the children were grown.

But who needed TV? Bruce, who winters in Delaware City and summers on the pond says, “We made our own program. We learned to swim very young, we fished and we messed around in our row boat though we weren’t allowed to take it out until we could swim to Hen Rock - which was all of 100 yards from our beach - and back. We also had a 16-foot motor boat and we weren’t allowed to take that out until we could swim across Toddy Pond from our beach to Wescott’s Point.” Bruce remembers pitching a tent on Twin Island, back when there were two islands. Only one island exists today.

“Every summer we climbed Blue Hill Mountain” Bucky recalls. “Harvey Saunders was the first fire warden and we always thought it was great to visit him in his tower on Blue Hill”.

The Browns put up a tent platform for their three children. “Yeah, we had netting,” says Bucky with a grin, “but plenty of mosquitoes got in our tent anyway, and they were vicious. We still call the mosquito the Maine State Bird”.

“All the Brown men were - and still are - extremely fond of fishing” says Ruthie. “My grandsons and even my great grandsons love to fish. Through about 1970, white perch were what they went for. If you wanted bass you had to go to Branch Lake or Graham Lake as there were none in Toddy Pond. But then bass were illegally dumped in the pond and they proliferated so fast that today you hardly see white perch, which is unfortunate because they are really good to eat whereas not too many people want to eat bass.” Ruth remembers packing lunches for those all-day family fishing excursions that Bill loved to make several times a week to area ponds.

“Generally, we knew our neighbors whose kids and grandkids, in most cases, own the same camps today. We didn’t get to know too many people who lived farther away.” Travel on the pond was much slower then, mostly canoes and row boats though small motor boats started coming in the 1950s.”

In 1990, ten property owners in the immediate neighborhood got together to form the Toddy Protective Association. From Gertrude Saunders, who had been recently widowed, they bought the remaining 2 - 3 acres of open land along the shore to prevent any further development. “The land’s under covenant. There’s to be no more building on it ever”, says Ruthie. Association families* have enjoyed lots of pies, muffins and jams made with blueberries picked on the property. Barbara Brown Stoyell remembers her grandmother, Lillian, teaching her to make blueberry jam 45 years ago. She still uses her grandmother’s kettle to make jam.

Over the years, Ruthie gradually increased the Brown property to five acres. The original two room cabin that she first visited in 1930 has been expanded in several directions to what is now nine rooms and 2 baths plus a bunk house. Come summer, the camp is bustling with activity as her sons, daughter, grandkids and great grandkids return to enjoy Toddy and swap tales of summers past. In 2000, Ruthie handed the property over to her children who own it jointly.

Of his young granddaughter's summer, Bucky Brown says "It's pretty much like mine was, only with kayaking added...When I was a kid it was the best place in the world to be in summer, and it still is."

* In addition to the Brown/Stoyells at Hiamovi ("High Chief") and Mahng ("Loon"), TPA member families are: the Pattersons at Adjidaumo ("Red Squirrel"), Shuhshuhgah ("Blue Heron") and Gitche Manito ("Great Spirit/ Master of Life"); the Nichols at Maskwamozi ("White Birches"); the Gerstein/Halperns at Mudwayaushka ("Sound of Waves on the Shore"); the Mayers at Saccarappa ("Towards the Rising Sun"); the Fielding/Pages at Wabanaki ("People of the Dawn/ the Sovereign Indian Nation"); the Earls at Sheldon's folly, Lee Farkas and Coda Roberson at Nokomis ("Mother of Wenonah and grandmother of Hiawatha"); Tim Furth at 1038 Toddy Pond Road; the Lincolns at 38 Nokomis Lane; the Smiths at Muskaday ("Meadow"), and the Weavers at "The Cape", 1050 Toddy Pond Road.

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## *THE BAYER-LALLY CLAN*
### Of Trundy Lane

**Sarah LeVine, 2006**

Millard Eldridge, father of Pauline (Polly) Lally and grandfather of Jeff and Mark Bayer, was a pulp dealer. Originally from the Island Falls in the northern past of the state, he sold timber to the Bucksport paper mill. He had a connection with Surry through his wife. A Saunders from Sedgwick, she had many cousins in the town, including Harvey Saunders. As a girl, she had visited Toddy Pond frequently. During one of her visits (c.1910), a group of neighbors was returning by boat from picking blueberries off Dog Town Road in Penobscot, when their boat capsized and several people drowned. Polly

recalls that her mother was ever after terrified of the water. Mrs. Eldridge died aged 90 on her sixty-fifth wedding anniversary in 1990; her husband died aged 95 in 1995.

Millard Eldridge owned 100 acres on Upper Toddy which he had “select” cut for timber (i.e. as an early ecologist, he didn’t “clear cut”; nor did he cut trees closer than eighty feet back from the shore). In the early 1950s, he sold sixteen 100-by-100 foot shore-front lots at $5 per foot to friends from Bucksport, keeping the seventeenth lot, plus 72 acres in the rear for his own use.

Polly Eldridge Lally was an only child. She grew up in Bucksport and went to college in Portland. After college she worked at the Bucksport Mill and it was there, when she was 22, that she met her future husband, Tuck Bayer, a chemical engineering student at UMO from Great Neck, Long Island. She worked for five years as secretary to the office manager and then she and Tuck married. After a few years in Bucksport, they moved with their two young sons to Wisconsin and thence to upper New York State, eventually returning to Bucksport where Tuck became manager of the mill.

Polly would take her boys to her parents’ camp on Toddy Pond for a month each summer. Later, she and Tuck built their own camp next door to her parents’ log cabin (now Jeff’s camp). Originally just one room with an outhouse, over the years it has expanded to include two bedrooms, a sleeping loft, a screened porch, living room, kitchen and bathroom. In those early days everyone on the road was from Bucksport and many were close friends. Each property owner paid $35 annually for road maintenance. (Jeff Bayer is currently the “road commissioner” and the charge is still only $35.)

In 1981, soon after Polly and Tuck Bayer had built their “dream” house in Bucksport, Tuck passed away. Polly remained in Bucksport, however, where she served two terms on the town council and, as conservation commissioner for 14 years, was centrally involved in establishing the waterfront park. She remarried and was again widowed.

Jeff recalls that by the early 1980s their Fire Road #2 (now Trundy Lane) community seemed to be dying. Everyone was for “me, me, me”. But in recent years things have improved a lot. Not only has the community come back to life – residents take more care of the pond, there are fewer motor boats and more canoes, sailing boats and kayaks – but the pond itself is regenerating. For example, there are more turtles now than there were in years past, and whereas you used to see many deformed frogs, they’re looking healthier now. There’s a lot more wild life around as well, including deer, turkeys and foxes.

Of the 17 Trundy Lane camps, only three –Ames, Smith and Bayer -- are in the hands of the original families. However, most of the newcomers, like the original owners, are from Bucksport. “There’s a close, quiet, warm feeling, a family atmosphere,” Polly reports. She continues, “Real estate people are always coming to Jeff and Mark asking to buy acreage in back of us, but they don’t intend to develop the land they inherited from their grandfather. They’ll keep the place as it is just as long as they can.”

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## DOG-SLEDDING ON TODDY POND

**Lucy Leaf, 2009**

During the 1980s, Sam Woodward and I did a lot of dog-sledding  At one time we had as many as 22 sled dogs which we would run through the neighborhood in preparation for long-distance races and the recreational trips we took up in northern Maine and Canada. Beginning in September, passers-by would see our teams pulling carts along Rt. 176; they’d be heading for  the network of logging trails behind Lorado and Ellen Carter's Gold Stream Marsh farm house. You can still see a ‘Caution, sled dogs’ sign near Sam Woodward's driveway.

When enough snow had fallen for us to brake the sleds and have good control of them we would run the dogs down unplowed camp roads to the Blue Hill end of the lake from which we had access to many miles of logging roads; and just to vary running conditions, we would return on the frozen lake. In early winter our dogs would be afraid of the groaning and rumbling of the ice as it reacted to changes in temperature and pressure. But it was good training, especially for the leaders who needed to learn to forge ahead in driving snow and wind, to follow the commands of "gee" and "haw" without a clearly-marked trail to guide them, and then to find their way home in the dark.  In the early 1990's, these dogs took us on major expeditions in Labrador through a vast wilderness and across many miles of sea ice.

Often, w ot in from work, a rents, Betty a ur headlan ng in without er'. And long after our team had returned, he'd find Sam or me trudging home alone.

Since the take-off from our house was a downhill stretch, followed by a tight turn through a gap in a rock wall, several family members and friends, who also tried running our teams, can confirm just how difficult it is to stay with a fresh team. My brother, Chip, still chuckles at his flying exit just before the rock wall. As for my sister, Barbara, she recalls parting company from the team in the first hundred yards down from our house.

Sometimes I didn't do any better myself. I remember once when I was giving a training demonstration to my young nephews who happened to be visiting, the 'dragging' rope that restrained the dogs broke and the team took off . There they were, heading full bore down Rt. 176, with me racing after them. As he watched me, five year old Alec said to his Mother, "When Lucy grows up, will she be able to hang on to the string (the 'dragging' rope)?"

At the time I was 42 years old!

One day when we were out on the lake, my team ran out of my control and headed straight for an ice fishing hut.  In a second, the leaders had gobbled up the catch of the day which the fisherman had just laid out on the ice in a neat row. Of course this set the rest of the dogs fighting amongst themselves.

I learned a good lesson from that experience: Don't go out running in icy conditions where your brake can't get a hold.

After they moved down with their dogs from Caribou in the late 1990s, my sister and her husband, Nancy and Dick Salminen, would also run a team through our neighborhood. For well over a decade, people living around our place would hear the whole kennel howling every morning and evening and occasionally in between. The howling would rise to a crescendo and then fall and fade away. Sometimes coyotes on the far side of the swamp would howl in response.

But for all the noise our sled dogs made, we never received any complaints. Some of our neighbors confessed they enjoyed listening to that ethereally soulful howl from the wilds. When, after many years, the last dog died and the howling stopped, they may even have missed it.

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## *WILBUR ADDISON SAUNDERS: TODDY POND CHIEFTAIN*

**Sarah LeVine, 2014**

The ancestors of Wilbur Saunders, chair of Surry's planning board (1971-80) and of its board of selectmen (1981-2005), were among the earliest settlers of West Surry. At the kitchen table in his house on Cunningham Ridge Road, Wilbur talks about how his great grandfather, Darius Saunders, came over from Penobscot in the 1830s and his great great grandfather, Addison Dodge Cunningham, arrived from Sedgwick a few years later.

Darius Saunders was only eight years old when his father died, leaving behind a large impoverished family. So the smart thing to do was to set out on his own. As soon as he could he went to work in a saw mill in East Orland and, after marrying Nancy Grindle, the widow of his older brother, Frederick, who'd been lost at sea, he settled in West Surry. Traces of the house in which he and Nancy lived may still be seen a mile or so over the Orland line in the meadow to the east of "Darius" Lane.

"Darius and Nancy had ten children," says Wilbur, "the fourth being my grandfather, Hollis Ellis Saunders."

Meanwhile, Vinal Cunningham had made his way up from Sedgwick to settle on Puzzle Brook which flowed from Blue Hill into 'Eastern River', the name by which the whole watershed from West Surry to the Narramissic River and the Penobscot used to be known. In those days there was only a "Chain of Ponds" created by saw mill dams at East Orland and in what today are the narrows between First and Middle Toddy and Middle and Third Toddy. After the dams in the narrows were done away with around 1860, the Chain of Ponds were joined and became Toddy.

Wilbur continues, "Vinal was followed up from Sedgwick by his brother, Addison Cunningham, and then by his father, Johnson Cunningham; and by and by they all settled on this ridge. Eventually Darius and Nancy Saunders moved over from the Surry Road onto "Cunningham" Ridge Road, which in those days actually ran along the ridge." (Later on the original road was moved to lower ground where cars, which by then were becoming common, could better negotiate winter ice and snow.)

"The first Saunders-Cunningham marriage was in 1862 when Darius and Nancy Saunders' oldest son Albion married Elizabeth Cunningham. Altogether, three of their sons, including my grandfather, Hollis, married Cunningham girls. The soil around here isn't much – too rocky. It's okay for haying and vegetable gardens, nothing more. So, to support their large family, Hollis Saunders and his wife, Mary Cunningham, logged three woodlots they bought from Eben Garland around the southern end of Toddy Pond. They also owned and operated a sawmill. Of their 11 surviving children (6 sons and 5 daughters), my father, Ellis, born in 1895, was the youngest son.

"In the early part of the 20th century, the Seaboard Paper Company dammed the northern end of Toddy and as a result 50 acres of my father's shore land meadows were inundated." With a wry smile, Wilbur adds, "But somehow my father's tax bill was never

adjusted…When I inherited, I went on paying taxes for those drowned meadows. It wasn't till the 1970s that I figured things out and got a reduction."

Ellis worked with his father until the United States entered World War One in 1917. After seeing military service in France he made a formal agreement with his parents: in return for caring for them in their old age, he would inherited their property.

"Soon after he began courting Ethel Davis, the daughter of George Davis, my father's business partner. They got married and when my Saunders grandparents passed away, as per their agreement, my father received his inheritance.

"On May 17, 1933 Ethel Davis Saunders gave birth to me, her only child, Wilbur Addison Saunders."

After graduating from the Surry School and Ellsworth High, Wilbur studied automotive and diesel mechanics at Maine Vocational Technical Institute and then, after military service, followed his father into the Maine Department of Transportation. For 42 years he worked with MDOT on road construction and maintenance all over Hancock, Penobscot and Washington Counties. He met Marjorie Somers at a dance in Bucksport in January 1957, married her the following October and soon after bought a house that had once been owned by his ancestor, Vinal Cunningham. It was there that he and Marjorie raised their son and four daughters.

Ellis Saunders had had a saw mill and his son Wilbur dreamed of having one as well, a dream he realized when, in 1971, he and his cousin and close friend, Fred Torrey, went into business together; but Fred soon died and, after soldiering on alone for several years, Wilbur closed up shop. (The mill equipment is still to be seen at the far end of the end of the field behind his house.)

Wilbur and Marjorie's property at the southern end of Toddy (200 acres in Surry and 350 acres in Blue Hill) is all in tree growth which means it only gets logged every 40 years or thereabouts. "The Blue Hill property we inherited from my parents included shore front on Toddy. And then many years ago we bought the two large islands in the cove, Ledge and Pine Islands. At that time there were already several camps on really small lots on the Blue Hill and Surry shore -- 28 in all. Most of those lots were given – not sold -- to the original owners by my father and grandfather. When our kids were young we built two camps of our own, first, Almighty Struggle in Surry (building it was truly a struggle), and then second, Maggie House (which we named after our dog) over the town line in Blue Hill.

"After we built Maggie House, we said, 'That's it, there'll be no more camps on our end of Toddy!' And so," Wilbur explains, "in 2005 we set up a trust for our kids, the Eastern River Realty Trust. If they don't want the bother of dealing with it after we're

gone, then the whole property will go into conservation. You see," he finishes, "our main goal has always been to prevent any further development at our end of Toddy."

*I would like to thank Wilbur Ellis "Bub" Saunders for giving me access to his study of the Saunders and Cunningham families.

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## THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT
## 424 West Toddy Lane, Blue Hill

### Rebecca Schlueter, 2016

**This story begins with Russell Phillips* and his 1500 acres in Blue Hill, Maine.** While they were still living in Long Island, New York, Russell and his wife, Jean purchased the southwestern side of South Toddy Pond, sight unseen. Russell's intent was to divide it into smaller lots for sale. As he didn't have a real estate license, these all needed to be at least 5 acres.

One day the attendant in the Blue Hill post office said to Russell, “So you bought that property on Toddy Pond.?” He agreed and the man asked, “What are you going to do with the turkey farm?” To which Russell replied, “What turkey farm?” The property was so large, he wasn’t even aware it included a turkey farm (plus a farm house that eventually became Jean and Russell’s winter home.)

Initially, they lived in a rental until they’d earned enough money from logging their 1500 acres to begin building on the waterfront.

There was public access on a dirt road from Stover Road to the water where PJ Curtis and her first husband, Marvin, had a home; but there was no access to Russell’s property. So he built a track by scooping up dirt into a continuous pile, thereby creating huge holes on either side.

Russell’s first ‘camp,’ a one room un-insulated log-framed cabin set on pilings with a loft and wood stove, was adequate for warm weather weekends on Toddy. All building supplies, except the wood which was cut from the forest, had been ferried over from the Surry side of the pond.

**My husband, Jack Schlueter and his first wife, Terry discovered Toddy in the early eighties.** Teachers from St. Louis, each summer they’d spend time in Maine and dream of owning a place by the water. Some places they saw had great waterfront but no decent dwelling; others had great dwellings but no decent waterfront. Soon they realized they’d need to design and build their own summer home.

The radius of their search was 40 miles from the summer camp in Harrison where Jack was waterfront director; but they soon realized they needed to expand their horizons. There was no on-line internet research in the early 1980s, so you had search through the classified ads in newspapers. They looked at Uncle Henry’s magazine that advertised everything imaginable, and in a local real estate magazine that listed properties all over the area. But one day in the Christian Science Monitor they saw an ad for property on Toddy Pond in Blue Hill. By then the road had been built from PJ Curtis’s to Zan Stark’s but it was so narrow that the mirrors on Russell’s truck were full of leaves as he barreled down it with Jack, Terry and their 2 year old daughter, Tracy, whom he’s picked up at the Blue Hill post office, beside him. As they bounced along the track, Russell would point out different properties and at the edge of each one he’d stop and Jack would get out of the truck; since there were no driveways, he’d bushwhack his way through the pines to the shore. When he got to what is now 424 West Toddy Lane, he saw the property was

secluded by the coves on each side of the peninsula. (But because the sparkling blue lake water was high – it was early June -- he didn't notice the great many rocks underwater.)

He and Terry agreed this was they place they'd been looking for, went back to Russell's house at Turkey Farm and signed papers.

The following summer Jack needed to clear the property so they rented Russell's original log cabin from the Powells (who'd purchased it a few years before when Russell built a larger place for himself and Jean). As there was no driveway, they had to walk to the cabin through the woods. After dark their path was lit by reflectors the Powells had nailed to the trees. Tracy, being still really small, would have her evening bath in the sink with water from a hand pump.

After clearing the trees with the help of Clyde Weber, who had a forestry business, Jack marked out a winding drive and staked out the house.

The selectmen of the town arrived to approve the building site. Jack had used his 75 foot waterski rope to measure the distance as the property was to be at least that far from the water's edge. The nearest corner of the house to the pond was the north west corner; and after checking, the committee found the measurements a few inches off. Russell, who was part of this committee, realized his porch was probably inside the 75 foot limit. So he went back to his camp and cut the corner off the porch so he wouldn't be in violation of the code. He didn't have to do that but he was a man of great integrity. (If you should rent the cabin from the Birks, its current owners, you might wonder why the porch is missing a corner.)

Next, Jack had Barry Astbury build the cabin's post and beam shell. Mike Astbury, a relative of Barry, laid the rock drive that crosses over the little creek at the entrance to the property.

So when they arrived the third summer, Jack and Terry saw the shell of their 28' x 28' cabin in the woods.

There were no interior walls so Jack put in the doors, the stairs, the bathroom walls, the bedroom walls, the kitchen walls. He added screens to the porch which was added to the plan at the suggestion of Jack's father-in-law, Vern Koetter, who helped him the next summer put in the flooring upstairs. He would shout down to Vern the size board he needed and Vern would hand cut it and lift it up for Jack to nail. Jack used wood veneer for the kitchen and bathroom walls and tongue and groove for the bedroom and loft walls.

This was all done with hand tools because there was no electricity for the first few years. Meanwhile Jack was becoming an expert at grilling first over an open fire pit over charcoal and later on a Weber gas grill.

When the electric lines were installed, Jack and Terry were finally able to pump water out of the lake for toilet, shower and sink. Until then, they filled a 5 gallon container once a week from the spring-fed horse trough in town. Taplin and Sons drilled a well for the camp a few years ago, so no more lake water.

The only other structure on the property is a garage. It was built after leaving the newely cleared site to settle. When, after a year, the cement slab foundation was poured, no cracks whatsoever appeared.

I first saw the house that Jack built in 2009. Today it still isn't insulated, but the roof doesn't leak, and lunch on the porch has a divine view of our beloved Toddy.

***Russell Phillips died in Verso Beach, FLA in 1986**.

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## *LITTLE HOUSE ON TODDY POND*

## Lucy Leaf 2016

I'll always remember the sight of my cabin coming down the highway. Like parcel post package, or the bundle carried by the stork, it was delivered.

Within an hour, my new little home was winched onto its post foundation. There it was, a golden log cabin sitting on the periphery of the woods and I could sleep in it that very night.

I give credit to my mother that I have a cute cabin, not just a shed, for a home. She went shopping with me when I went out looking for a roof to put over my head. With just $5,000 dollars in my pocket, I told her it wasn't going to be much.

I'm no carpenter, nor did I want to try to build a house myself. There were plenty of pre-built structures for sale, lined up in parking lots on the side of the road, waiting to serve as tool sheds, storage bins, or workshops. I'm quite certain they weren't meant to be homes. Yet after living in a tent for three summers, I thought one of these simple sheds would raise my standard of living a notch or two.

But my mother resisted the idea of her oldest daughter living in a shack. When we saw an ad in *Uncle Henry's* for gazebos, toy houses, and yes, even full-grown little cabins, she insisted we go see them -- that afternoon.

It was love at first sight. The cabin actually had logs, or at least log siding, and a little porch in front, just like the cabins beside the St. John and the Allagash. But its cost would clean out my savings, and there were still trees to cut and a foundation to build. Seeing my hesitation, my mother said she would pay for the cabin. I could use my

money to make it into a home. She may have also been concerned about property devaluation in our lakeside neighborhood… A cabin would fit in just fine.

The cabin was built by a Mennonite community in Pennsylvania from where it was shipped. Today I see these pre-built little cabins all over northern Maine, though now they're constructed by the Amish communities in Smyrna and other Maine locations. They look like little starter cabins for newly purchased lots in the woods.

My cabin is a stick-built structure with log siding. The width couldn't exceed 12 feet to allow for transportation on a flatbed. I chose a length of 16 feet which gave it the size of a one-car garage in an earlier day. There was enough room for a kitchenette, a table and a double bed as well as the all-important woodstove. Finishing the interior would come later.

A real delight is the additional eight feet of covered porch where I often enjoy meals or sit out a rain shower. I hired a carpenter to build a solid set of stairs across the full width of the porch. The stairs have become a valued work area to sit and clean vegetables, sort blueberries, or sharpen an axe.

For plenty of light as well as views, I purchased three big picture windows to replace the small windows that came with the cabin. There was no fudging on quality when it came to windows and their working parts. I can roll over in my bed and crank a window open for maximum fresh air. Or shut it easily when it rains.

On a summer morning, I wake to the sun shining directly on my bed. I see the field and garden from one window, a thicket of spruce and pine from another, and a view of the lake from yet another.

My cabin may be the only cabin in Maine that faces away from the lake it's close to. Moreover, I could have placed the cabin 50 feet nearer the shore. But camping in different places on my acre and a half showed me that waking to the morning sun was more important than watching a sunset over the lake. I also felt strongly that the woods should be left intact in the all-important riparian zone next to the water. In contrast with the neighboring lots that are cleared to the water's edge, mine is a thicket of woods that my young nephews like to play in. They call it the secret woods.

The site work for the cabin was minimal, extending just a few feet around its perimeter. The cabin has no plumbing, and there is no grey water discharge to spoil the woods around me. Water is carried in and out, with a bucket under the sink that's emptied into a sandy hole dug in the field and rotated. Human waste goes to the compost pile where it turns to rich soil for use in the flower beds.

All these little things make my cabin the perfect home for me. A path leads to it, not a driveway. From the front steps, I feel resilient earth and soft grass under my bare feet in summer and cushy snow under my skis in winter.

A very small living space requires daily reorganization. There is no room for clutter or any item not in active use. A shed 100 ft away holds a refrigerator, used only

in summer, and the one electrical receptacle, from which an extension cord runs to the cabin for my single lamp, computer, and radio. Unplugging allows silence and darkness too.

When I leave the cabin for a few days or a few weeks, I simply empty the buckets, close the windows, and pull out the extension cord. Theft isn't an issue, unless someone is desperate enough to carry off a woodstove.

Aside from a pine floor which I installed myself, I was content to leave the interior in its shell form for a few years, hearing the rain on the roof and enjoying the closest connection with nature. The cost of the cabin had reached $10,000, the same amount I spent to purchase a used 2-door Honda Civic.

When my use extended to winter, it was time to insulate and finish off the interior. The beauty of a cabin is that perfection is not required. I could figure out how to do it myself.

The knotty pine is a little crooked, and the corners are goofy. The nail heads still show. I had hired a carpenter to do the important things like cutting a hole in the roof for a stove pipe (I couldn't even watch), installing vents, and putting the windows in right. Trim work around the doors and windows baffled me, so the carpenter had to come again. Last winter's project was a cedar ceiling, which I hope never to do again.

All the receipts now total around $16,000 over the eight years I've had the cabin, including the new efficient woodstove and extended stove pipe I added recently. To my amazement, my financial institution offered home insurance.

"It's just a shack", I told them, "with a woodstove. Are you sure you can do this?" The minimum value was $20,000. I carried that for a few years. Then a reevaluation suggested $50,000.

"Why so high?" I asked. Apparently, that would be the cost to replace my home, in its exact square footage, as contracted out to a professional builder. It would include a cement foundation, a bath and kitchen with plumbing, full wiring and built-in heat. Never mind that I have no well or septic system, and only an extension cord running from my sister's house. There was no category for a camp that is a primary home. It couldn't be rebuilt any other way.

Part of the package to insure my 12 x 16 cabin is coverage for personal property, $26,000 worth. That couldn't be removed. I told the lady I couldn't fit $26,000 worth of stuff in my cabin, even if I packed it top to bottom with computer equipment.

From a cubicle in San Antonio, Texas, she kindly explained, "When you add up everything you own -- electronics, clothes, household items, those things you really need -- you'd be surprised at what it would cost to replace."

"Uhh," I started to reply.

"But, tell me," she added quickly, "do you really live like that up there in Maine?"

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# VI

# OF INTEREST

## *TWO UNSUNG HEROES OF TODDY POND: JEFF SMITH & PHIL TARDIF, GENERALS IN OUR WAR AGAINST AGAINST MILFOIL*

### *Sarah LeVine 2012*

Alerted to the dangers of Asian milfoil and other non-native aquatic plants invading the lakes of northern New England by way of outboard motors and trailers, in 2001 TPA president Bob Jones (Middle Toddy) and board member Ernie Gelinas (Third Toddy) decided it would be a good idea to begin inspecting motor boats entering the pond at the public boat landing in East Orland. Bob enrolled the TPA in the Volunteer Lake Monitoring Program (VLMP) and by late summer, Ernie had convinced a handful of association members to give two hours of their time on weekends, presented them with pictures of eleven invasive aquatics, suggested they approach boat owners with the utmost tact, and dispatched them. In my own case, I remember being relieved that on my first shift (6-8 am. on a Sunday), I wasn't called on to give the mission speech I'd prepared: Pouring rain had deterred all boat owners.

The following year, Jeff Smith, a retired high school music teacher and winter resident of Lombard, IL who had been summering on First Toddy for a decade, joined the team. Together he and Ernie brought boat inspection to a new level by providing inspectors with white T-shirts that said Courtesy Inspector (red letters) and Maine Milfoil Project (green letters) on the front and Spread the Word Not The Plants (green letters), with a red "forbidden" symbol superimposed upon a picture of milfoil (green) on the back. I, for one, felt empowered by my new T-shirt. Official at last, my mission speech became more authoritative and I filled out the VLMP report form with greater care.

Jeff maintains that his biggest accomplishment was to change the format from many two-hour shifts to one full or two half-day shifts. "That cut down on paperwork, phone calling and gas. All the same, finding a roster of volunteers for those shifts every Saturday and Sunday between July 4th and Labor Day wasn't easily done," Jeff recalls. "A good many TPA members still didn't have email so communication was erratic.

Again, getting people to commit to shifts long in advance required a whole lot of phone calls. Then we'd have to call to remind people they were on duty and often, since VLMP was continually changing the format, we'd have to run to the boat landing to make sure they had the right form. When no one signed up -- as summer waned, enthusiasm for the program tended to wane also -- there was nothing for it but to fill those empty shifts ourselves."

**Phil Tardif relaxing on Toddy Pond**

Elected a selectman of Surry, Ernie got over whelmed with work and left Jeff to soldier on alone until, noting how over-burdened Jeff had become Woody Carville (First Toddy) secured a small grant from the Lake Environmental Association to cover the cost of hiring a boat inspector for 6 hours on both Saturday and Sunday over the summer of 2009.

But the following summer, Jeff was back at square one recruiting all-to-busy TPA members to his roster. For all the effort he expended, he only got weekends covered. What abut the other five days of the week? Meanwhile, Milfoil was creeping closer...Soon it reached Lake Messalongskee near Waterville, barely 50 miles as the crow flies from Toddy Pond.

After Jeff had gone solo for four years, he was joined by recently retired high school English teacher, Phil Tardiff. A Mainer from the Canadian border and a long-time resident of Bucksport, Phil now lives year-round on First Toddy. “I was sitting quietly at the 2009 annual meeting,” Phil recalls, “when suddenly I found myself agreeing to team up with Jeff.” The two soon decided that relying entirely on volunteers wasn’t working out. “What we should be looking for,” Phil continues, “was first, someone personable who was up to dealing tactfully with the general public; and second, money to hire him or her!” Phil began searching for non-profits that might be open to supporting boat inspection. Zeroing in on the Maine Community Foundation, with the help of Donna Foster and Keith Heavrin, he submitted a grant application, which unfortunately was rejected. So there was nothing else to do but fall on Plan B i.e. the board had to be persuaded to spend carefully husbanded TPA funds.

**Jeff Smith & Milfoil at Lake Messalongskee**

In 2011 Jim Bonnes, who knew a lot about invasives from doing boat inspection on Branch Lake, was hired to man the East Orland landing Friday through Sunday from July 4th weekend through Labor Day. Recovering from his initial rejection, Phil submitted another application to LEA the following spring and after only a few weeks of fingernail biting, learned that his application had been funded to hire Jim three days per week for summer 2012.

By now, after toiling in the boat inspection trenches for a decade, Jeff had retired to an advisory position, leaving Phil in charge; and in Phil's view, three days-a-week coverage wasn't good enough. He pushed on and by July 4th, in addition to Jim who, as before, would man the landing Friday through Sunday, he'd got TPA funds to hire Tina Brown Coombs for Wednesday and Thursday and found volunteers – some of whom had been involved in earlier years and several new ones -- to cover Monday and Tuesday.

"Thanks to funding from the TPA and the LEA, we got Jim and Tina," Phil told me recently. "Then came the volunteers." Of the contributions he and Jeff make, he says modestly, "We just work in the background organizing, writing grant applications and doing the paperwork VLMP requires. Our inspection program," he adds firmly, "is truly a combined effort."

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## *THANK YOU!*

## *Sarah LeVine, 2013*

At our 2013 annual meeting we said goodbye to three long-time board members.

**Ernie Gelinas** of Third Toddy was one of our original members and **Father of Boat Inspection**. In addition to providing more than a decade's worth of humorous commentary on association activities, after scaring his fellow members half to death about the dangers of invasive Eurasian milfoil, just days before 9/11 he got us crawling (on 2-hour shifts between 6 am. and 4 pm.) beneath boats entering the lake at the East

Orland landing. To make sure we weren't playing hooky down Rt. One at Duffy's, he'd make periodic loops of the parking lot in his pick-up truck.

When **Linda Jellison** of Third Toddy retired, she resolved to spend as much time as possible boating, fishing, hiking, camping… and protecting the environment. Having summered on Toddy since infancy and acquired an encyclopedic knowledge of flora and fauna, she soon became **Queen of Plant Patrol.** Since 2007, she's been combing the waters of Third Toddy for aquatic plants, photographing them (both above and under water), identifying them and generously sharing her research techniques and discoveries with other plant-patrollers. In this year's team, only Linda can confidently tell the difference between Native Naiad and Invasive European Naiad, or Native Milfoil and Eurasian Water-Milfoil. Thankfully, though she's going off the board for the time being, she won't be leaving plant patrol.

Lastly, we are losing **Bob Jones** who served as president from 1999 through 2010 and as vice-president until this year. Bob is a passionate environmentalist. Herbicides, pesticides, invasive aquatic plants, chemical fertilizers – whatever threatens the flora, fauna and waters of his beloved Toddy -- to which he first came at the age of six -- are his personal enemies. Noting that Toddy Pond had no lake-wide organization, in 1999 he decided to fill the void. And, being the charismatic man that he is, he soon persuaded others to take up the cause. The result was the Toddy Pond Association. In those early years he led us in various directions. Some of us did battle against the aerial spraying of -- and pesticide drift from – the nearby blueberry barrens; others learned how make no-dig vegetable gardens. But **Our Noble Leader** never lost sight of the main goal: "the protection of Toddy Pond and its watershed so that we, and future generations may enjoy its beauty and the recreational opportunities it provides."

Thank you Ernie, Linda and Bob! We'll miss you!

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## *MILLFOIL IS IN MASSACHUSETS (and heading our way)*

**Lucy Leaf, September 2013**

For most of August just past, I was quite immersed in my role as a plant patroller. Linda Jellison and I found two kinds of milfoil in Third or South Toddy, and we had a good

time analyzing it and corroborating with Megan Facciolo to determine that it was noninvasive. I wrapped up my report, figuring I was through with invasive plants for awhile.

And then I came here to Massachusetts for a volunteer position at a yoga center in the pretty Berkshire mountains. The resort overlooks a beautiful lake nestled in the mountains called Stockbridge Bowl. I walked down to the lake, thinking I might take a swim. Standing at the water's edge, I saw a long strand of aquatic plant rolling in the waves.

Whoa! I jumped back as if I had just been bitten by a lamprey eel. There it was - the perfect picture of what I'd been studying for the past month and hoped I would never see: four very neat whorls about 3/8 inch apart, and a spray of feathered leaves.

Abandoning any thoughts of a swim (lest I get a tiny piece of the plant stuck on my suit), I drove over to the boat launch site (where I knew they inspected boats for zebra mussels), eager to learn if they had a milfoil problem here. "See those two harvesters?" The inspector pointed to a dock. "They both run all summer long." My suspicions about Eurasian milfoil were correct. Eurasian milfoil has been here for over 25 years. Efforts to eradicate it have cost the town and state millions. The harvesters aren't the only equipment needed. There are also hydro-rakers and trucks needed to haul the weeds away.

And it can't be eradicated, only contained. While the beach areas near the shore look clear, swimmers have to swim through milfoil to reach deeper water that’s free of weeds.

And since the lake is unhealthy, other invasive plant species have moved in as well.

The latest plan, at a cost of one million for the first phase, includes dropping the lake water 5 ft. this winter so the frost will kill the milfoil near the shore; continued harvesting next summer to get at the deeper plants; and dredging to reduce accumulated silt. The Stockbridge Bowl Association, with 400 members, has contributed a quarter million dollars to the current containment effort (that means $600 per head!). The town of Stockbridge (population 2000) has put in another quarter million. State and private contributions have made up the balance.

For Massachusetts, this is an old sad tale. Most of the lakes near Stockbridge have similar costly eradication programs in place. The good news is that harvested Eurasian milfoil makes excellent compost!

But Zebra mussels pose a huge threat also. They have invaded lakes close by, completely covering beaches and landings. At the boat launch, every square inch of an incoming boat that does not carry a certificate of cleanliness must be steam cleaned to kill the microscopic eggs. Five thousand boats launched on this lake last year - a lake that is just 1.75 miles long.

And the zebra mussel eradication/containment program involves high costs as well.

As for my swim, I'll keep my suit invasive plants-free for Toddy Pond next summer.

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## *A GUIDE TO PICNIC ISLANDS ON TODDY POND*

**Sarah LeVine, 2011**

Between them, Middle (Second) and Upper (Third) have at least a dozen islands ranging from islets consisting of a few heaped boulders topped by scraggly bushes to a couple of forested islands several acres in size at the Blue Hill end of Upper Toddy. All of course are privately owned and some are closely guarded; but since people began summering on the pond more than a century ago, the owners of three pristine islands -- Indian Island and Lord's Island (in Middle Toddy) and Twin Island (in Upper Toddy) --- have generously permitted others to explore, picnic and even camp overnight on their property.

**Indian Island** (also known as Blueberry or Sand Island) is roughly one hundred and fifty feet in diameter and lies near the northern end of Middle Toddy not far from the Narrows leading into Lower Toddy. It consists of a hill ringed by maple and oak saplings that rises about twenty feet above the water. Landing is best made on the pebbly beach on the northwest side from which a path leads up a slope clothed in moss and blueberry bushes. At the summit stands one lone white pine, a great spot from which to gaze down the sandy southern slope cleared of vegetation by children who for generation have used it as a slide, and across the water to distant Blue Hill. (NB. For many years a loon pair have made their nest on the beach. So until the eggs are hatched in mid-July, picnickers aren't welcome!)

**Lord's Island** (named for its late owner, Albert Lord), long and narrow and roughly one hundred by thirty yards, lies near the southern end of Middle Toddy. A mossy path flanked by huckleberry and high blueberry bushes and shaded by hemlock, cedar and maple follows the center ridge into an open area. This offers a fire pit and a child-size picnic table; beyond it is a wide rock that slopes into the water, a perfect swimming and sunbathing place.

**Twin Island**, in the center of Upper Toddy, is about the same size as Indian Island. Within fairly recent memory, it did indeed have a twin facing it across a narrow channel on its southern side; but its twin gradually sank below the surface of the lake and today all that remains is a crooked line of sharp rocks. Twin Island itself boasts four tall pines and one silver birch. It is fringed by massive boulders and high blueberry bushes through which a path cuts in from the western shore to an open area with a fire pit.

In addition, Toddy boasts three **Floating Islands,** which lie in the large cove between Long and Short Points where the Narrows wind between Lower and Middle Toddy. Ranging from half to well over an acre in extent, they rise about 4 feet above the water in slabs of densely massed vegetation that include small pines, bushes and meadow flowers. Since they are only lightly anchored to the lake bottom, from time to time great chunks separate from the main mass and are carried by wind and waves out of the cove. More than half a century ago, Bob Jones and Nick Webster and his sisters recall an island floating through Middle Toddy until it crashed ashore in pieces several hundred-feet square. Their fathers first tried cutting up the beached islets; then they got in their motorboats and attempted to drag them back into the water; but this strategy failed too. Eventually the islets drifted away from the shore and sank in deep water where they've provided rich food for the fish ever since.

A few winters ago a chunk broke off from one of the island and floated into the Narrows, which it blocked until some local camp owners got together to undertake the laborious task of chopping it up.

Though the Floating Islands mightn't be ideal for overnight camping, they are great to explore and they too are pristine. Not a single soda can or scrap of paper it to be seen.

Let's keep all our picnic island this way!

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# II

# CAMP HISTORIES

## *NORTH (THIRD) TODDY*

### 1.THE ASTBURY CAMP
**Violette Way, East Orland**

**Mary Astbury** writes, in 1972, my husband, a contractor, took over a camp lot in payment ($1,200) for some work he'd done for a customer. (That lot is worth quite a bit more today!) Three years later, he built the road into the lot and cleared it. One of his customers had a one-room house which he wanted to have moved – so that became our camp. We partitioned-off one side as a bedroom and were thrilled to have it like that for a few years. Then another customer wanted their guest house moved off their property. It had two bedrooms and a bath -- so then we got an addition! We built the septic system and
were all set to accommodate our six children and their families(!)

We loved our place. We had a nice lawn, dock, boat, water skis. What more could we ask for?

But after several years, the camp deteriorated so badly that we had to tear it down and in 2001 we built a big beautiful new camp with a deck and a handicapped entrance. Our whole family, all 49 of us, enjoy it very much and we feel so blessed.

### 2. THE BETTS CAMP
**"Charlotte's Web", Violette Way, East Orland**

**Gilbert and Charlotte Betts** write, Charlotte's Web, as our rustic camp located on Violette Way on the west side of Toddy is called, has had several interesting lives.

Over the years we learned that Charlotte's Web did not start out as a camp. Leland Betts purchased the land from George White, a local farmer, in January of 1933. Then needing a building for the lot, he purchased a 15' x 30' structure which sat near the Toddy dam in East Orland and moved it over the ice later that winter to its present location. It must have

been quite a sight! Can you imagine looking out your window and seeing this large building gliding over the ice.

We were told by Phil Whitney that it may once have been the Whitmore Store and post office. We have heard the post office story several times over the years and believe this to be true.

After we'd spent many wonderful family summers spent at the Whispering Pines campground on Toddy, we had the opportunity to purchase a camp on the other side of the pond. Gladys Betts, the widow of Leland Betts (no relation), offered us first refusal on the camp she and her husband had owned since the thirties. We jumped at the chance to own our own little piece of Toddy Pond. So in 1978, we purchased the camp and named it Charlotte's Web.

It was a humble camp, two large rooms and a porch, when we bought it; and it remains that way today. The only nod to modern convenience is electricity. Over the years it has had a couple of face lifts though. It had a tendency to slide towards the pond every year during spring thaw. It was quite a chore leveling it every spring. So over the summer, fall, and winter of 1999 and 2000 the camp was jacked up and moved onto a concrete slab. The porch was enlarged and a new roof was added. A handsome blue color topped it off.

During the renovation the insulation was exposed. What a surprise to find more history. Several old newspapers dating back to 1889 were recovered from the walls. The 1889 Bangor Daily News sold for three cents a copy and an 1890 Boston Post went for two cents. We had lots of fun all that summer sharing the old news with family and friends.

The camp has been party to its share of good times. During our stewardship, from Memorial Day to Labor Day family birthdays, holidays, baby showers, and wedding announcements have all been celebrated at Toddy Pond. It has witnessed card parties, game nights, late night bon fires, and even "oldies' day". Our children, grandchildren and now great grandchildren fill the rooms with love and laughter.

There is nothing better than waking up before sun rise on a Maine summer morning, sitting on the dock with a good cup of coffee and watching the sun burn the fog off the water; unless it's watching the sunset, the moon rise, and listening to the loons call to one another at the end of the day.

**3. THE GRINDLE-CARVILLE CAMP**
**Violette Way, East Orland**

**Jean Grindle Carville*** writes, 2005 is my sixtieth year on Toddy Pond. I am sitting contentedly on the deck of the cottage built on the land that my Dad, Alton Grindle, purchased from Mr. D. W. Tyson in 1945. Here is Mr. Tyson's letter to my father:

*459 Broad Street*
*Windsor, CT*
*April 25 1945*

*Dear Mr. Grindle,*

*Thanks for your letter of April 23rd offering $650 for our place on Toddy. I would accept the offer except for the fact that I have over seven hundred cash tied up in this property and cannot afford to let it go for less.*
*If I wanted to advertise, the place would sell for $750 or better, but it would be a shame for the wrong kind of people to get in there and I would not want anyone not acceptable to the other property owners to have it. Our family enjoyed the kindness and hospitality of all those people you mention, plus others, during the years we spent our vacations there. They are true blue and no one could ask for nicer neighbors.*

*I will, in your case only, with the understanding that if not accepted by you, you will not divulge the offer to anyone else, take the $700 in cash. I will pay the 1945 taxes due around June 1st. and turn over to you the fire insurance policy, good until September 17,*

*1946, without adjustment; the buildings are insured for $650.00 This price includes everything on the premises.*

*If you accept, please mail me a cashier's or certified check for $50.00 to bind the bargain within ten days from the date of this letter, and I will forward the deeds to Merrill Trust Company; they are to mail me their check for $650.00 that you have deposited to my credit.*

*Frankly, Mr.Grindle, I don't think you can possibly go wrong at $700.00. Before the war, Ervin Farrington could have rented the place at from $15 to $20 a week from late June to September every year, and anyone else could do the same when more gas is available. As I wrote Mrs. Grindle, you could not buy a place at any price if Windsor were 200 miles closer to Bucksport.*

*Yours very truly,*

*D. W. Tyson*

(By the way, Dad did agree to the exorbitant price!)

One of the buildings on our property that now serves as our bunkhouse is purported to be (no real proof) the oldest building on the western shore of the lake. Deeds have been traced to 1892 when the property was owned by Elijah J. White. When my husband, Woody Carville, and I purchased the property from my father in 1981, we retained Herrick and Salisbury, land surveyors, to identify our property lines. They discovered remnants of a wire fence that they determined to be the original division line that was established when Elijah White sold the adjoining property to Jennie Roberson and granted her a right of way to the pond. All of the lots on this side of the lake have been measured from that fence (or should have been!)

At the time that Dad purchased the camp, it consisted of a one-room building with two "bedrooms" created by dividers that were only partial walls. A large screened porch surrounded two sides of the camp which we used for extra sleeping quarters. Attached to the porch on the west side was a separate building which housed the kitchen. There was no running water, and like most cottage owners on Toddy, we had an outhouse.

My brother and sister and I have many, many good memories of adventures at the camp with family and friends. Brother Bob and I were just entering high school when Dad bought the camp so it was a favorite place to bring our friends for overnights and skinny

dips in the moonlight. When we all left for college and jobs, there was a lull in our activities at Toddy Pond, and Dad considered selling the property; but very soon we produced a new generation of Toddy campers, and we eagerly brought our children back here to introduce them to the joys of boating, swimming, picnics, and family gatherings.

Time and neglect began to take its told and about 1962 the kitchen had to be replaced. We tore down the original building and built another on the same spot. Not long after that, however, it became apparent that the remaining main building was sinking into oblivion! My husband and I were now living back in Maine and close enough to be of some help in maintaining the property. At Woody's suggestion, Dad had Urban Coombs of Bucksport put up a 22' by 24' rectangular building with a bathroom on an adjoining lot which he owned beside the original camp. But now the "new" camp and the old "new" kitchen were on opposite sides of a stream and about 20 yards apart! No problem – Woody and Chet Turner, the local gravedigger, had the tools and expertise to roll the kitchen – intact – across the stream and attach it to the new building. Perfect! We jacked up the abandoned camp, replaced the sills, and gave it a new identity – as a tool shed/boathouse/ catch-all storage building!

Years passed with that arrangement until, increasingly, family size demanded more space. Thus a garage was built in 1990 up near the road, and again, the original building took on a new function. The old paint cans, boats, shovels, saws, and inner tubes now had a home in a real garage and the "old" camp became a charming bunk house. We painted the inside walls white and decorated them with mementos and souvenirs from trips we'd taken over the years. Beds were set up to handle the overflow of guests – what a luxury!

But still we weren't done. In 1994, we figured we needed a fancier bathroom than the utilitarian set-up we'd endured for so many ears. So we decided to "bump-out" a small section at the back of the camp to accommodate this anxiously anticipated (at least by me) development. But as in most plans, one thing led to another and before we knew it we had enlarged the "bump-out" to include the whole length of the camp (within legal limitations, of course). So that's what we did, that's where were are now, and here's where we'll be for another 60 years – we hope!
*Jean Grindle Carville died in July, 2014.

**4. THE FIELD CAMP**
**Loon Way, East Orland**

**Bob Field** writes, we bought the camp in 1967 while I was still in the service. The owner at that time was Edgar Billie, who lived in either Bangor or Brewer. It is my

understanding that he built the camp a few years prior to that, maybe 4 or 5 years. I was stationed in Maryland at the time so was able to get home for a visit each summer. When I retired in 1971 we moved to Maine and lived at the camp a couple months while looking for a house. Finally we found a place in Ellsworth and have been there ever since.

The camp next to us was owned by George Hutchins. It passed through a couple owners and ended up with my oldest son buying it about 15 years ago.

About 8 years ago we put in indoor plumbing and had a well drilled. We share the well with my son next door.

Last year our daughter and her husband set up a small cabin on the lot. Now two of our other boys want to build a bunk house. They're getting too old to sleep on the ground, they say.

The whole family -- daughter and four sons -- try to get together each summer, usually last of July/first of August.

**5. THE GATES CAMP**
**Whispering Pines, East Orland**

**Dwight and Sandy Gates** write, our home was built in 1899 for a doctor from New York named Dr. Abrams -- or Abraham -- as a summer home; it was a shingle-style cottage, similar to homes built on Mt. Desert island at that time. We have been told that the rug which used to be in the living room came from the estate of the Campbell Soup family. The original house had a wrap-around porch and stately columns.

We believe that the property was sold in the early 1900s to the Horace F. Webb family of Portland, ME. Mr. Webb was a prosperous businessman who owned about five canneries ranging from Portland northwards; they canned corn, beans and peas, and other vegetables for the fancy food trade. He canned corn for S.S. Pierce. (Canned goods were not sold under the Webb name.) They had one son, Horace F. H., who died in 1988, and four daughters. The Webbs named the property "Treelawney".

We believe that in the 1920s and 1930s it was converted to a lodge and the upstairs rooms were rented out; the living room became the game room, with a moose head on the stone fireplace wall. Rental cabins were added.

The Webbs sold the property to Henry C. Bell of Portland, CT in 1940 or 1941. Mr. Bell was an automobile dealer in CT. He was a "Yankee trader" of the old school -- trading and bargaining were his delight and joy. He would trade automobiles while in Maine; and he loved going to auctions. As a result, the house soon accumulated a vast number of moose heads, deer heads, stuffed birds and owls; all these furnishings made it look like a stage set for an old fashioned Maine summer cottage on a very grand scale. We actually met Mr. Bell in the late 1970s, and found him to be quite a character. He was said to sit out on the highway in a rocking chair with his pipe and straw hat, and to beckon passersby into the lodge.

In the 1950s another – unrelated – family named Bell owned the property and continued renting out the cabins. There was a boathouse, stables, and a tennis court. At that time it was called "Bells' Lakeshore Court". Later on it was renamed "Toddy Lodge Cabins". It became "Whispering Pines" only in the mid-sixties when Harry and Marlene Leach had rental cabins and a tenting area, as well as their private home.

We purchased the property in 1977 and ever since then we have run it as Whispering Pines Campground, a family-oriented campground. We met people here from allover the world. We continue to enjoy living here with bald eagles nesting on our property, hearing the cries of the loons, and seeing hummingbirds and the wonderful view down Toddy Pond.

Tom Parker, who has a cottage nearby, helped us with the history of our home.

**6. THE GONDUSKY CAMP**
**Pine Shore Cottages, East Orland**

**Sandy Gondusky** writes, our cottages were built in c. 1937 by Harvey Snow. We believe he sold them c. 1950 to the Adams family from North Attleboro, MA. Mr. Adams, we think, was a school principal and Mrs. Adams was a teacher. They came up with their children each summer to run the place. The Adams sold it in c. 1972 to John and Celia McLaughlin. We rented a cottage in 1980, with six of our children. There was no TV, no phone, no hot water. Just fun on the pond and with one another.

And so we rented the same cottage for our one or two-week vacation for eight summers running!

Having fallen in love with the Pond, the coastal area, and the McLaughlins, we bought half the property in 1988 and began to run the cottages while living in our trailer; John and Celia lived in their house/office and ran the motel. About five years later, 1993, John and Celia sold their half to their daughter Janice and her husband Phil Winchester,

This is how you find it now: We completed our 19th summer season running our cottages in 2006; meanwhile, Janice and Phil have continued to run the motel and four cottages.

We are proud to be the fourth owners of a seventy year old camp. We try not to change it very much. We want it to continue to be a low-cost rustic vacation place for families during the summer months.

**7. THE GRAY CAMP**
**Pond Shore Way, East Orland**

**Grace Gray** writes, After a new road (T10, now Pond Shore Way) was cut from Back Ridge Road to Toddy Pond and electricity was finally available, our log cabin was built. It was first occupied in the summer of 1965. From when he was a small boy, my husband, Jim Gray, had traveled with his family up from Rhode Island to Maine to visit his grandmother, Louisa Gray, his aunt Macia Bridges and cousin Victor, his aunt and uncle, Nancy and Frank Gross, his cousins Kenneth, Basil, Virginia and Rebecca Gross, and many other relatives.

Soon after World War II, Basil Gross sold the lot on Toddy Pond to my husband Jim; and we, our son Steve and his family, and Jim and my brothers' and sisters' families have visited ever since.

When, in 1989, we put a cement foundation under the camp, it had to be moved back on the lot in order to conform to the new building code.

All indications are that our camp "Had's Hut" (Jim's Dad and Louisa Gray's son, James Harrison Gray, was nicknamed "Had") will continue for many years to come to refresh our descendents when they visit God's country – and especially our log cabin on Toddy Pond.

**8. THE HOWARD CAMP**
**Pond Shore Way, East Orland**

**Gloria Howard** writes, my camp has been in the family since 1981. It was built in the late 1970s by Gene Sweet who owned it until August 1981 when he sold it to my parents, Mary and Donald Howard. They added the deck and the basement in the early 1980s.

In summer, my parents spent weekends at the camp, relaxing with their children, grandchildren, friends and neighbors. They especially enjoyed fishing early in the morning or in the evening, trolling along the shore of Lower Toddy. I would visit them often on my days off and in winter I occasionally went ice fishing with them. The warmth of the wood stove was a nice escape from the winter world.

When my Dad passed away in 1994, I took over ownership of the camp. Since then I have spent a part of each summer enjoying the wildlife and the natural beauty of Toddy Pond and the surrounding area.

**9. THE KING CAMP**
**Violette Way, East Orland**

**Wesley and Donna King** write, we bought our camp in 1987 from Ted and Evelyn Bennett. They told us that they'd bought it some time before 1980 and at that point it was up on posts. The Bennetts moved it to one side and had a cellar poured with a walk-out door and a window in the front. They made their camp eight feet longer than the original and then they put it on the new foundation. To enter the cellar, one had to go outdoors and round the back of the building.

We used it as a camp until 1991, by which time we had seven grown children and several grandchildren. As my wife and I had both retired by then, we moved down full-time. The following summer, 1992, we added a sunroom/bedroom and enlarged the existing bedroom. We replaced the small bath with a more modern one and upgraded the kitchen. We also added an indoor set of stairs to the cellar.

We continue to use our camp for family times in the summer and for Thanksgiving and Christmas.

The property has a free-standing single car garage and on the other side, an outbuilding containing a tool shed and an outhouse which, when we first moved in, was sinking into the ground. So we jacked it up and put four 4-by-12 timbers under it. As the building is

only 8 feet deep, we ended up with an outhouse with a four-foot deck in front of it. Quite a conversation piece!

**10. THE JEWETT-LORD CAMP**
**Violette Way, East Orland**

**Nancy Lord** writes, in 1948 G. Herbert Jewett, Superintendent of Schools in Bucksport, bought a double lot from George White on Lower Toddy Pond. His more leisurely summer schedule allowed this Dexter farm boy and Bates College graduate to try his hand at camp construction. With his wife, Frances, three of his children, Ralph, Lloyd and Nancy, and a lot of second-hand and scrap lumber, he began framing the initial camp.

The camp was built around a large stone fireplace with rocks from Dexter, Deer Isle, Stonington, Orland, and wherever. Twelve-year-old Nancy helped her father by passing rocks to be placed just so. A deer head that he'd shot still hangs high on the stone chimney.

In the high school industrial woodworking shop, Herbert made an 8' by 8' window using 2 by 4's for the living room overlooking the lake, Pine grooved boards were installed on the walls.

My husband George and I moved back to Bucksport in 1961 with our new daughter, Holly, to start his optometric practice. From then on we spent every summer on Toddy Pond as Dad had died and Mom preferred indoor plumbing! We had wonderful gatherings with our friends, the Assilins, who had a cottage up the lake and three children the same age as ours. Many a pleasant evening passed with the children presenting plays and magic shows on our stair landing.

By 1994, the camp was needing many repairs. A decision was made to expand our allotted thirty per cent to make room for three children, their spouses and six grandchildren. A family room and several skylights were added. The contractor at that time said we should take a picture of the rock fireplace and then tear it down! I quickly informed him that he had to repair the fireplace! Today it looks the same as it did in 1948.

In the fall of 2003, we decided it was time to sell our home in Bucksport and move permanently to Toddy Pond. Once again, construction started, but only on the inside, with walls torn down, ceilings added, a new kitchen installed, etc. All that winter we climbed through snowdrifts to see how the workers were doing! In May, with the construction

completed, we moved to the lake. That fall we started construction once again! A garage with bedrooms upstairs for the children was added so that we can all gather at "Camp Toddy", as my grandson Ben calls it.

**11. THE LEWIS CAMP, East Orland**

**Helen Lewis** writes, my camp was owned by Bernard Delano, a former taxi-driver from Bucksport. The first record of it dates from 1912 in a ledger now owned by Delano's daughter who lives in Missouri. The camp was originally known as "Camp Content".

It was bought in 1972/3 by my late husband Bernard Gogan. At that time it was painted green so we painted it a light beige, and we also extended the porch. We live in Orrington haven't been able to spend as much time at our camp as we'd have liked, unfortunately. But it will stay in the family as we have four children who love to go there whenever they have the chance.

**12. THE MARANDO CAMP**
**East Toddy Way, East Orland**

**Kay Marando** writes, my husband John and I purchased our camp in 1986 from Jack Edgehill. He told us that he bought it from an artist, who'd told him that the wood to build the camp – in 1934 -- had to be brought in by boat as there was no access road.

We spend our summers at the camp. Our children and grandchildren also enjoy vacation time there.

**13. THE MULLINS CAMP**
**Loon Way, East Orland**

**Carolyn Hall Coggin** writes, my father, Edward Hall, built the camp on 46 Loon Way on Lower Toddy in 1941. At least he started building it then. He'd bought the land on the sheltered side of the "point" in the lake, from Everett Boober who had a house on the Surry Road overlooking the lake. The camp is still in my family as my cousin, Edward Mullins, is the proud owner now.

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Starting out back then there was a lot of brush that had to be cleared, so before the camp was built, my dad built a platform and my mother sewed a canvas tent for it; and for several summers we stayed in the tent, cooked outdoors, and slept on the two beds in the tent. We had a kerosene lantern for light as there was no electricity and no phone service, and we had to haul water from the lake to wash the dishes!! I was twelve years old then and that was quite an adventure for me.

Since my dad wanted a log cabin, he had to find a source of logs. A friend who owned a wooded lot that he wanted cleared, let him cut down some trees to build the camp. But after the trees were cut, the bark had to be peeled, and that is where the kids in the family got to help. The original section of the camp was all built by hand, using those logs. At first we had an icebox and a wood cook stove and a pump on the sink for water. Eventually we graduated to a gas stove and refrigerator, but we still had to use kerosene lamps for light. If it rained we had to go back to town, even in the middle of the night so my dad could go to work as the road had not been improved and we might not be able to get up the hill to the highway. There were only 13 camps on the point then, and before there was electricity the men would get together in the winter and cut ice that was stored in sawdust in an outside building for use during the summer, which really came in handy when we wanted to make lemon sherbet with a hand crank ice cream freezer.

The families who had camps there loved to get together around a bonfire at night and we had a lot of impromptu concerts as many of the people played musical instruments such as guitars and banjo's. It was a wonderful community.

## 14. THE PARKER CAMP
## East Orland

**Tom Parker** writes, our family camp is on Lower Toddy, between Whispering Pines and Pine Shore Camps. It was completed in 1958, the frame being built by my father Robert L. Parker and myself, and finished by Harvey Snow and his associate Phil (who lived at the end of the lake and worked with Harvey). We tented there before building the camp.

I have a number of early postcards of Pine Shore Camps. I think Harvey Snow started it after he came home from serving in WW1. I also have early post cards of the old Bell cottage that is on the hillside across Route 1 and overlooks the lake. The Bells were a

family from Portland, Connecticut with local connections.

I understand that what is now Whispering Pines was built in 1898 by Dr Abrams from NY who summered in East Orland and was a great chum of Charles Atkins who established the Fish Hatchery. In 1905, I think, my grandmother's cousins, the Horace Webb family of Portland, bought the Bell cottage, then called "Treelawny" (now Whispering Pines) from Dr. Abrams. I have some photographs of it then. The Webbs owned it from 1905 to about 1940. It had a large collection of structures -- a number of which, including a bath house at the edge of the water, an ice house and a children's play house for their daughters and son, are now gone.

Other cousins of my grandmother's, the Pages, bought a cottage at Camp Nokomis around that time. Next door to it is a cottage from about 1888, known as "Sacarappa" which was restored recently by my cousins George and Penny Mayer.

According to early newspaper accounts, there was a building boom of camps in the 1890s. In 1893 about a half dozen were built on Alamoosook, which seemed to be very popular with Bucksport folk. I learned from a neighbor, Marion Harriman, that the oldest camp on Toddy Pond was established as a hunting and fishing camp at "Whiskey Spring" by some folks from Bucksport.

**14. THE JEFF SMITH CAMP**
**"Campocello", Sunrise Way, East Orland**

**Jeff Smith** writes, around 1984, I purchased the last two lots sold by Linwood Upton off Back Ridge Road on what is now Starlight Way - formerly K of C Way. There were 5 other camps in our area, but mine, which was built by Leo Place in 1989, was the first to have a poured foundation. I do not live here year round, but if I made a few additions I could do so.

There used to be a septic sludge depository on Starlight, but it was closed down by the EPA about seven years ago - thank God.

I have been the sole owner and if my heirs ever decide to sell the lots separately, they will have to cut the camp in half. I LOVE the privacy.

**15. THE SPRATT CAMP**
**Pojananchuck Way, East Orland**

**Polly Spratt** writes, my husband, James S. Spratt, and I bought our land from the Eldridge family of Orland. We built our red camp (#28) on the point in 1963. Merle Pert of Blue Hill was the builder. Our family has spent every summer since then at the camp. We bought the white camp (#32) in 1968. We have truly enjoyed Toddy Pond.

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# *MIDDLE (SECOND)TODDY*

## 16. THE AVENT–RAUSCHER CAMP
**Hedgehog Lane, Surry**

**Marcella Rauscher** writes, this is a shared endeavor. My grandmother, Adelaide Mott Avent wrote in her memoirs how she and her husband John McDonough Avent came to Toddy in 1912. They camped in a tent on Upper Toddy at Camp Nokomis which was owned at that time by Miss Harriet Foster. I believe they continued to camp at Nokomis for the next few summers. But by 1916 they were looking for a place to build a cabin and purchased land on Middle Toddy from Reuben and Lottie Leach. Over the years they added to the property, which eventually consisted of more than 4 acres with 300 feet of shoreline. I have heard it said that the Avent and Knickerboker camps were the first to be built on Middle Toddy.

My grandfather's death in December 1958 meant that my grandmother would no longer return to Hedgehog Rock. The following summer, 1959, my husband and I purchased the camp and owned it until 2004 when it was sold to Elizabeth and David Parsons. All in all, the property was in the family from 1916 until 2004—a period of almost 90 years.

In 1917 my grandmother, Adelaide Mott Avent wrote: This [summer] was spent on Middle Toddy in a cabin built by Granville Saunders and Verne Cunningham, Verne doing the brick work for the fireplace and chimney. Using a small legacy, my husband

[had] arranged for a one-room log cabin with a tiny kitchen, and porches across the front and end. This, with the simplest sort of furniture, would test our theory that good food, plenty of wholesome exercise, and family cooperation would be the most important elements in our vacation. These, and the lessons learned in self-reliance.

July came. It was long before the days of automobiles, and the trip must be done in the most economical way. Our sturdiest clothes were packed in bags, and off we went by night boat [from New York] to Boston… then the Bangor boat up the coast and the beautiful Penobscot River to Bucksport. There we all piled on a buckboard…. The driver, my husband and I on the seat, the bags with the children (Jack and Kathleen & probably some cousins) sitting on them in the rear. Off we started for a twelve mile drive (3

hours)…The minimum of furniture had been shipped from Macy's (probably including the Macy's icebox that I remember), and husband and son gradually made tables, benches…The builders of the cabin had made us a handsome gift by putting together some white pine boards for a dining table. It was indeed the simple life. We ate and slept outdoors, with all the wonderful Maine air to breathe, and Toddy Pond beckoning us for a swim or a row.

We bought chickens and eggs and butter and milk and vegetables…along the road. At the beginning of the season we deposited a sum of money at the A & P in Ellsworth, and a post card brought the staples to the RFD box the next morning. From the Fourth of July to Labor Day we never saw a store.

1921: After three years there was another member of the family…By the third week of June, all plans had been made for the trip to Maine—father, mother, son, daughter, and the (8-month old) baby—on the Bar Harbor Express. Imagine the consternation when a telegram arrived saying the cabin had been burned to the ground. Another complication was that our White Plains, NY home had been rented furnished for the summer.

Heartened by messages of help from all the folk along the road, up we went—the children and dog and baby carriage, bicycles and trunk and bags. At the station we were met with a Ford car and a truck and taken to a cottage it had been possible to rent…in those days that cost $1 a day.

The men went to work, cutting down the trees and peeling them, then sawing them the proper length. (They must be peeled, or the borers would get in under the bark and keep us awake with the noise of their chewing.) Then came the serious work of cabin building.

Jack and his father and a friend (Ned Knickerbocker)…worked with the other men. Sometimes there were two men in each corner swinging their double-bladed axes and notching the logs. “John, where do you want the window? Where do you want the door?” and out would come the logs. What a shout went up when the walls were up high enough for the roof! In three and a half days it was finished enough for…us to live in our little cabin in the woods.

And a few evenings after we moved in, they all came, some with goodwill offerings, one with a banjo. We served them cake and punch, everybody danced, everybody sang—

everybody that is but the baby who slept peacefully in her carriage off in the woods.

The “new” cabin would come to include a completely enclosed porch on all four sides with dressing rooms and enclosed kitchen. Before long Little Hedgehog was built as a sleeping cabin, seldom empty of family and visitors, and North Pole (up in the woods a bit) was yet another sleeping cabin. The well was a beauty—stone-lined—just a few steps from the kitchen. An ice house was constructed and loaded with ice off the lake every winter. As a child I remember how fascinating it was to follow grandpa to the inside of that cool place—usually meant we were going to make ice cream. In the late 1970s

Harvey Saunders decided the “hedgehogs” (read: porcupines) had had their fill and it was time to take it down, a very sad event.

The cabin was always very simple but roomy and comfortable—oil lamps, cots with sometimes lumpy camp mattresses, unpainted furniture—but all very functional. Water was pumped up from the lake to a storage tank and gravity fed (eventually) to the bathroom and kitchen. Electricity arrived sometime around 1950. At one point they wrote on the cupboard: “Here lies Daniel Boone.”

As their family grew to include my mother Kathleen and my Aunt Betsy, they spent nearly every summer on Toddy. However, during the war years, it was not always possible to get up to Toddy, because of gas rationing. At some point they even built a clay tennis court on a level spot near the lake.

Although I had visited Toddy as a newborn and then again at the age of 3 or 4 (1938 & perhaps a year later), I did not come again come until 1955, one year after marrying Dan Rauscher. And it all seemed just as it had when I was little. With one exception: In the years before the war, there had been a substantial beach all along the property. The level of the lake had risen and most of the old beach was under water; the opposite shoreline was gone as well.

We came to know many of the people who had been friends with my grandparents: Dewey Davis, Howard Carter, Leland Carter, Harvey and Gertrude Saunders, Doc Carpenter, Willard and Sarah Furth, Jim and Winifred Furth, and John Furth, who married my Aunt Betsy (Avent), among others.

In the winter of 1980 the "new" cabin burned to the ground. Rather than rebuild, we purchased a property adjacent to the original property, which we continued to own until 2004.

## 17. THE BRIGGS CAMP

**Honey Point Lane, Surry**

**Joyce Briggs** writes, my husband, Robert Briggs, and I purchased our lot from Harley and Elaine Colwell in 1979. They, or their family, had acquired the land from Earl Banks. We took down the small bunkhouse and built our camp in 1980. It has one bedroom and a sleeping loft. Our children were aged 9, 12, and 17 at the time we built it. They now have families of their own and spend vacation time at the family camp.

We each put in for the week or so we prefer, and so far there has been no conflict. The in-laws kind of wait to see what is open and then we mention any available weeks to friends of the family. Since we've never sheet-rocked the walls, it is kind of rustic and we would not want to rent it out.

## 18. THE CAREY CAMP
**"Woodpecker Inn", Fortune Circle, Surry**

**Joyce Carey** writes, my Mom and Dad, Lawrence Smith and Budford Lane Smith, bought our camp from Ernest Young for $1 and a woodstove in 1949.

My Dad and his brothers got permission from Acadia National Park to cut trees that had been left standing after the Bar Harbor fire of 1947. My brother, Rodney Smith, told me that they cut them where the Jackson Laboratory now has a parking lot. They took the trees to King's Mill and had them sawed into lumber. The mill was located beside King's Creek on Rt. 3. Then they took the lumber to Toddy Pond and built a small cabin which they named "Woodpecker Inn" after all the woodpeckers that would come to our feeders. Rodney also told me that the shingles that are on the outside of our camp came from an old summer cottage in Seal Harbor that was being torn down. He said that when they

started taking shingles off the cottage they found it had been double-shingled, so the shingles under the top layer were just like new -- except for the nail holes.

The cabin was intended for use as a hunting camp. It was a popular place in November when the men of the family would hunt deer to help feed our family of seven—myself being the baby. The camp was used for many family outings too. I have so many wonderful memories! Ice fishing and tending our lines wearing skates, snowshoes or creepers; skating by the light of huge bonfires; roasting marshmallows attached to sticks we found in the woods; sliding on the ice in old cardboard boxes; tobogganing; swimming; digging worms; boating -- or should I say rowing in our old row boat. My most favorite pastime was catching lightening bugs in old jars that we took to our rooms at bedtime.

I have a picture that the Bangor News took of me when I was ten or so. I had made a fishing pole from a stick, tied on a string and a safety pin, put one of those big juicy worms that I'd dug out back on it, and caught a good-sized salmon right off the end of our dock.

After my Dad died my husband, Bill Carey, and I bought the camp from my Mom. Now we are in the middle of renovating it. The boards have rotted from sitting in the mud for so many years so we've had the camp lifted and moved back 22 feet. Now it sits high and dry – we hope – on its new foundation and the old outhouse has been replaced by a septic system. (I don't miss going to the outhouse in the dark, or the huge spiders that would wait there just for me). It's nice to come in the door and switch the gas fireplace on to take off the chill.

We hope to make it our year-round home.

We have four children and eleven grandchildren. We still enjoy making memories and all the same family activities. Only today we ride in a motorized 25-foot pontoon boat pulling tubs full of kids, buy our worms at the grocery store, skate by flood light, and tend our ice fishing lines riding on a 4-wheeler or snow mobile... My Mom and Dad must be rolling over in their graves.

But there are some things that never change. I never tire of watching the sun go down, taking pictures of the sunset, or listening to the call of the loons. If you listen quietly on a Sunday night you may even hear me calling back to them.

We so love Toddy Pond, our Woodpecker Inn, and making memories with our family and friends.

What more could you want?

**19. THE CLARK CAMP**
**Fortune Circle, Surry**

**Phil and Ellen Clark** write, we own a small red camp with grey and green trim located approximately in the center of the eastern shore of Middle Toddy. Some will recognize it by the bust of Tennyson mounted on a large rock next to the camp. The camp was built in the mid-1950s by Harold and Herman Carter of Surry. Herman was the sole owner when we first rented it for the month of August 1970 at a total cost (including boat and motor) of $25 per week. Herman offered to sell us the camp in 1982 but fell ill and died before the sale could be finalized. His sister, Nelly Kane, who, with her husband, Willard, operated Kane's General Store in Surry Village, inherited the camp and respected Herman's wishes by completing the sale to us. We have spent summers at the camp continuously since 1970. We've replaced some windows and the wood stove, put in a propane furnace, installed hot water (in 2002), and plan to close down the privy and install a composting toilet next year. Since retiring, we spend July, August and part of September at the camp, and then we return to our other home in New Jersey.

P.S. Tennyson, by the way, came from the estate of Philip Lord on Contention Cove where Herman was caretaker and ships captain. Lord was a famous radio personality in his day.

**20. THE COGGINS/KING CAMP**
**Middle Toddy, East Orland**

**Stephen King** writes, in 1954 my great aunt Mary Coggins Sargent bought our camp and Indian Island on Middle Toddy from Margaret V. Boober. In 1965 Basil Coggins (her brother?) left it to my grandfather, Gerald E. Coggins. My mother, Madeline Coggins King, has owned it since 1970.

My Coggins ancestors came to Blue Hill from Beverley, MA in 1765.

**21. THE JONES CAMP**
**Jones Lane, Surry**

**Bob Jones** writes, this is actually the story of three camps which were either bought or built by my family on Middle Toddy Pond.

**CAMP #1**
The first camp was bought in 1946 from the Snow family in Bucksport by my parents Emlen and Lillye Jones. I was 6 years old and my sister Barbara was 12. The price was $600 for a small weather beaten older dwelling and 200 feet of frontage on the pond. (Actually my dad used to say it was free because earlier in the summer he had bought a camp plus simple furniture on Lower Toddy for $600. Then he sold it for $1200. Therefore, to his mind, the second camp was free.)

The camp was originally built in the 1920's and we were told it was one of the oldest camps on the pond after those built for the Knickerbockers (later, Websters) and Avents (later, Rauschers).

Before we bought it, an 85 year old surveyor told us that, around 1900, they used to dig clay for bricks here. Remnants of the clay pit are still here along with the occasional rough fired brick which surfaces along the shore. There was also a small shack on the property marked by some old stones from the foundation. The cabin burned down years before we arrived on the scene. There was also a horse corral on the property in a field beside the pond. The surveyor recalls leaving a horse there and rowing out on the pond. Halfway across the pond, he realized the horse had broken loose and was swimming after him!

The camp was quite run down when we bought it. Outside paint was peeling, the screens were all rusty, and the furniture was worthless and had to be thrown out. Fortunately, we had the furniture from the first camp, mentioned above, which was serviceable. It was very primitive living -- just a step above camping. No electricity or running water and an old smoky wood stove. Refrigeration was from an icebox. Once a week we would go up to Harvey Saunders and buy a big chunk of ice which he had cut out of the pond the previous winter. I have fond memories of doing this with my father. I would dig down through the dry sawdust to reach the wet, cold sawdust which covered the ice.

We hauled drinking water from a neighbor's well 200 yards away. Pond water was used for washing clothes and dishes and of course we all took baths in the pond. Eventually we dug our own well which was a major cause for celebration.

My father painted the camp brown that first summer. The old ladder wasn't high enough so he put the ladder on top of a picnic bench to reach the second story. Unfortunately, the ladder fell off the bench along with my father and he broke his arm. Two days later, he was outside in a sling and cast painting the house again with his good arm.

The camp was only ten feet from the edge of the pond which seemed too close. So my father had Harvey Saunders slide the camp back about ten more feet one winter, although I am not sure how he did it. The structure was supported by cedar posts. Every winter the frost would push the posts and camp up. In the spring thaw, the posts didn't go down evenly; so each summer it was a surprise to find the camp at a new crazy angle. One year the front porch was separated from the main camp by 6 inches and the floor generally had a good slope from west to east. I recall a driving rainstorm from the northwest bringing rain in around the windows, running down the wall, across the floor and out the other side of the camp.

Another challenge was that the camp seemed to want to return to its original location nearer the pond and would slide downhill a few inches each year. This usually broke septic and water lines. We finally decided to wire the camp to a big hemlock tree with a heavy steel cable to get it to stay put -- and it did.

Like everyone else, we had an outhouse. My mother would take my sister and me out for a visit before going to bed. One year we found some natural phosphorescent material in an old rotten log. We lined the path to the outhouse with it and it lit our way in the dark.

Entertainment was very simple with no TV or radio. Swimming was our major daily activity, along with picking blueberries, having picnic lunches out on Doc's island, and playing games at night. We only went to town once a week for groceries and errands. My dad loved to clear the woods and plant evergreen trees. When I was 8-10 years old, he and I planted small trees which now soar into the sky and have trunks 3 feet in diameter.

In the early 50's, we put in propane gas for a stove and lights and a few years later got electricity and a telephone. It was a big deal at the time for my dad to pay for the cost of putting in poles to bring power down to the camp. Mom wanted a phone for emergencies and dad didn't; so they comprised by getting one and putting it in the closet. We were on a party line for a few years so we had to listen for the muffled three rings, which was our number, before answering.

**CAMP #2**
In 1971, Emlen Jones transferred half the land to Bob Jones who was then married to Mary Jones. They had three sons -- Ian, Sam and Peter. In 1972, they started construction of a new camp. It was built in one summer by Ernest Conary and his son Allen who was 16 at the time. In 1990, ownership of this camp went to Mary Jones after she and Bob divorced.

**CAMP #3**
Bob Jones needed a camp and wanted to enlarge the old original camp but there were limitations on increasing the size due to zoning rules; and carpenter ants were slowly destroying it. So the sad decision was made to tear it down and build a bigger camp further back from the pond. A man from Bucksport dismantled the old camp, numbered all the timbers, carried it away and rebuilt it locally.

In the summer of 1992, my three sons, Ian, Sam and Peter, Sarah Brown (Sam's fiancée, now his wife), Kelly Jones, three local carpenters headed up by Allen Conary, and I built the new camp. It was great fun to design and build our own camp. I have fond memories of having huge communal lunches of the happy work crew on the front porch of the old camp after a refreshing swim.

## 22. THE LeVINE CAMP
**Darius Lane, Surry**

**Sarah LeVine** writes, we bought our place from Ruth and Ken Sergeson in 1996. We had rented on MDI for several summers, but MDI pretty much closes up in winter and when

we began thinking about buying, we decided somewhere on the Blue Hill Peninsular, which was less crowded in summer and had more life in winter, would suit us better. Buying on a lake had never crossed out minds, but after looking at many houses on the coast, we saw a promising ad. for a house on Toddy Pond in Surry, and though we'd never heard of Surry let alone Toddy Pond, within 2 minutes of seeing the place sitting atop a charmingly landscaped slope to the water, we were ready to make an offer. (We had to wait till the next day to actually see inside the house because the Sergesons had forgotten we were coming and had gone out.)

Buying and building in Surry had been Ruth Sergeson's project. In 1973, she bought 2.8 acres from Perly Farrington on the eastern shore of Middle Toddy. Next door were Albert and Janet Knickerbocker Webster with whom Ruth, who had previously rented on the pond, had become friends. The following year she hired a local builder, Ernie Conary,

who, along with his brothers Raymond and Kent, built a 6-room fully winterized house – with a 2-car garage up near Toddy Pond Road and a boat house by the water.

For the first several years Ruth, a high school teacher, and her husband, Ken, a banker, used the house only in summer. But in 1980 they retired, moved up from their home in New Jersey, and for the next 16 years lived year-round on the pond. Ruth, a passionate 'birder', organized the July loon count for Hancock County and became known as the "Loon Lady". Ken, a skilled plumber, mechanic, electrician and landscaper, took care of the property. In summer, they grew vegetables in the field up near the road. But when they reached their mid-seventies, they decided to pull up stakes and move to Boulder, Colorado to be near their son and they sold their place to us. Ruth had thought of pretty much everything and the result works very well. Aside from adding some flowerbeds, we've made few changes.

In 1998, we bought the next door camp from Perly Farrington who'd grown up in the town but had moved to Illinois and was selling off his Surry property. The 3-room cabin, which a family named Parker had built in the 1940s and sold to Mr. Farrington in 1995, had been unoccupied for several years and was surrounded by dense trees and undergrowth. At first we thought about pulling it down; but then our daughter persuaded us to renovate. In the first phase we cut down many of the trees and cleared the undergrowth, put on a new roof, took down all the interior walls and re-wired. In the second phase, we expanded the footprint thirty per cent, put in skylights, a new floor, a sleeping loft, a kitchen, and rebuilt the screened porch. As for the outhouse with its glorious view of the pond, we fancied it up just a little bit, and it's once again in use.

**23. THE MANFRED CAMP**
**Basswood Lane, Surry**

**Madge Manfred** writes, our camp was built on the site of an earlier camp, owned by Robert Carlisle, which burned down sometime prior to 1980. Carlisle was a well-driller, so our camp lot was already supplied with a well, a level building spot, and electricity. Moreover, a small beach and swimming area had been created in the days when bulldozers could move rocks around on the shore front. The safe beach area was a prime attraction for us because our daughter Leila was young at the time.

Our camp is best described as a 1960s, hippie-style, dual chicken shed design. It was first drawn on a restaurant napkin and inspired by the circular staircase which we had bought second hand in Blue Hill where we had been spending summers since 1972. My husband, John, bought a book about house construction and drew a more complete set of plans, which he then showed to some fellows who had taken a course at the Shelter Institute. He and two fellows built the shell and closed it in the summer of 1980. The following summer, we worked on the interior, while staying in a small camper.

Amazingly, the camp still stands. I did most of the electrical work after reading a $2.00 booklet from Sears and I continue to marvel that the lights haven't gone out.

Our granddaughter, Leilani, will be spending part of her second summer with us this year -- another generation enjoying the delights of Toddy Pond.

**24. THE NEILL CAMP**
**Fortune Circle, Surry**

**Robert Neill** writes, as near as I can figure, our camp was built in 1954. I found the date burned into the shingles near the peak of the camp. I believe it was always owned by Sheriff Arthur Chandler of Penobscot county. My wife Mary Lou and I bought it from him in July of 1978. Since then we have added a deck, a building to house our grill and other supplies, a septic system, and a 2 car garage. We love the place and spend our summers there till Labor Day, when we return to Orrington.

**25. THE ROURKE CAMP**
**Penobscot**

**Janet Rourke** writes, after moving back to Maine from Washington, DC in 1956 and the subsequent birth of our two children, the family, especially the children and myself, became very interested in locating a summer cottage where we could swim, boat and generally have a place to relax. I was always interested in ocean frontage having spent 16 summers in Northeast Harbor; but my husband, Robert Rourke, from Massachusetts with roots in Aroostook, was only interested in a clean lake with good fishing. After we'd looked at numerous places for sale in Hancock County, I lost interest; but our son, aged 14, began scouring the newspapers for ads that looked attractive for our pocketbook.

One day in the summer of 1970 he said, "Mum, there's a lot on Toddy Pond with a camp on it for $2,000." I phoned the number given and the owner said she had already received 12 calls to show the place. I asked her if any of those 12 had requested first refusal and she said "No." So, I asked her if she would grant me first refusal, to which she agreed. I don't know whether she had shown it to any others or not, but we went down to look at it within a day or so, and lo and behold, there it was, a little 18 x 12 one-room cabin nestled in the woods with a fairly decent shoreline. There were fallen trees everywhere, and the lot was filled with small fir and spruce trees. The cabin wasn't much--mice and spiders, but it didn't leak and was fairly tidy. I made the offer and she accepted it. We had no

attorneys except for hers, who drew up the warranty deed transferring it to my husband and me. We agreed to meet at the Bangor Savings Bank where I handed her $2,000 and she handed me the deed.

We had already planned a tour of the entire U.S. that summer commencing in early August and the transfer took place on July 21. For the next three weekends we worked like beavers clearing brush, had a local contractor bring in a load of gravel to improve the driveway to it extend to the water, and moved our meager furnishings into the cabin so that we could set up meager housekeeping. No plumbing--not even a sink, just a little 4-foot wooden counter covered with linoleum and a curtain to cover the shelf underneath, and it was to there that I hauled water from the lake and boiled it to wash dishes. We had an old refrigerator that we moved in and a small apartment-size electric stove. Electricity was the sole convenience, but a very important one. By the time we set out on our trip, we had cleared the way to the water and had made the cabin as mouse and spider proof as possible. There was a small room attached to the back side that was just large enough to hold two cots; and that's where we parked the children. (A cousin came to visit the following summer who was 6 foot 4 inches, and his feet came out the doorway into the main room!)

So that is how he came by our camp. Previous owners listed on our deed are Lloyd Turner who conveyed it to Eugene L. Churchill on August 8, 1952. Churchill conveyed it to Everett M. and Zelma C. Farnham. Everett died, and it was Zelma who sold it to us as she could no longer maintain it. Thanks to her kindness in allowing us to have first refusal, we came by "our dream" place. We have a sand/gravel beach which nowadays is mostly covered with water up to the rocky edge that holds back the soil. We look out on one of the islands on Middle Toddy and up towards the Surry side. Three generations of our family have enjoyed it. Our son and daughter took their friends there when they were in college. I had some Polish refugees that I was assisting in the mid 1980's and they, too, came up for a break. Our four grandchildren have grown up here and used it more than the rest of us.

In 1972 we commenced to construct what is now the main cottage--a project that we all learned how to do as we went along, fixing the mistakes as they occurred. My daughter and I cleared the entire lot. My husband sawed down the dead/dying trees and those that had fallen. I mixed the concrete for the footings, painted the interior and exterior, laid the flooring--still in good shape after all these years. The main room was covered with birch paneling--the good kind available back then. I leveled the land where it was uneven, dug out big rocks and terraced it by collecting rocks from all over--up and down the road and out of the lake; I made an outdoor fireplace, and planted wildflower and fern gardens and

a cedar hedge around the front of the cabin. The cabin consisted of an L shaped room with the L being the kitchen, housing the stove, refrigerator, sink, lots of counter space and cupboards that my husband had built for the other cabin and moved over. The sink had no running water, but had a drain, and we always had a large pot of hot water on the stove nearby for washing. We had a bathroom with an Incinolet, a wash basin, and one bedroom. It had large windows overlooking the lake and we built a deck that surrounded the entire front. In 1986 we added a second bedroom to accommodate our expanding family. Then a portion of the deck was covered with a roof and screened in to make living space outside more comfortable -- minus mosquitoes and other intruders.

Lastly, two years ago, we split the ownership into three parts so that all three families had rights. Our son received coding permission to "expand" the old cabin that had been used solely for storage for the past 30 years and was quite moldy, buggy, and mousey. He was limited to a 30% expansion so to make it worthwhile he had to design the new place with a second story. It has now been completed except for finishing inside which should be completed within the year.

It's a place that our family strives to get to whenever there is vacation time or a long holiday, even when it meant coming from North Carolina and -- at times -- the West Coast.

**26. THE POKRAS CAMP, Penobscot, in the Narrows between Middle and South Toddy**

**Martha Pokras** writes, in 1987, when we purchased our property on the west shore of Toddy, what had once been farmland was again thickly forested. As we walked down the muddy camp road in April of that year to see the camp for the first time, a Ruby-crowned Kinglet was singing overhead, and a Phoebe had set up shop on the porch. Bill Stearns had lovingly built the simple one room camp with adjacent bunkhouse for his family in 1968 or 1969 . With a pump to pull lake water up to the sink, and a fine two-holer down the path out back, it seemed perfect to us.

Over the years we spent parts of every summer on Toddy, where our two girls learned to swim, to paddle a canoe or kayak, and to appreciate that running, potable water and hot showers are luxuries one can do without in return for the sweet serenity and beauty of life at Toddy Pond. When one of our daughters was diagnosed with asthma, we reluctantly put in a landline. When I called the pediatrician late one night for advice, he mistook the loud chorusing of bullfrogs under the open window for asthmatic wheezing, and expressed some alarm until I explained where we were.

In anticipation of our recent retirement, longer seasons at camp, and advancing years, we have added a well, a leach field, and our 30% allotted addition, including a bedroom and a bathroom, completed in 2015. After all these years, it's really a treat to have a warm shower and not to trek to the outhouse on rainy nights.

We continue to trade seasonal residence with the persistent and fruitful mice in the neighborhood. In opening up the camp last spring, I turned on the vacuum cleaner, and heard a scuffling noise in the hose. I turned off the vac, took it out to the porch, disconnected the tube, and watched as a mouse leapt from the hose, and scurried away. I watched delighted as another, and another, and another leapt in turn from the end of the hose, off into the woods for the summer. They'll be back, we're sure.

The Phoebes still nest annually on the porch, and our daughters and grandchildren come to visit each summer, repeating the timeless rhythms of family fun and life at Toddy. They too await the magic of midnight loon music, and find joy and renewal in the peacefulness of our lake.

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## *SOUTH (THIRD) TODDY*

### 27. THE AMES CAMP
**Trundy Lane, Surry**

**Tim Ames** writes, our camp was built in about 1955 -- when I was 4 years old -- by my late father, Fred Ames, with help from my uncle, Chester Smith, both of Bucksport. I can just barely remember when it was under construction. My father's friend, Don Smith, purchased the lot to the south of us at about the same time, and built his camp there. At the time, most of the camps on this road were owned by Bucksport folks.

There used to be a narrow swamp between where our camp is now and the beach, which was filled in with many loads of loam, back in the days when you could do such things so close to the lake without a permit. Before it was filled, I remember a ladder was laid flat across the swamp, so one could get to the beach without getting one's feet wet. Speaking

of things you can't do nowadays, I remember that the camp road used to have a "community dump", right off the camp road, opposite the driveway where the Tibaldi camp is now. This dump was closed about 40 years ago, and is now grown up with trees, but there is probably still lots for an archeologist of the future to discover in the woods. There was also a dilapidated farm house at the top of the camp road, occupied by people named Astbury. It's long ago fallen down and been overrun with bamboo. I believe my mother mentioned once that this farmhouse (and the land down towards the lake) was once owned by a family named Trundy, hence the name "Trundy Lane" of our camp road.

Every summer, as far back as I can remember, my family moved out to our camp from Bucksport, as soon as school was done, and my father commuted to work at what was then the "St. Regis" mill. My wife and I now spend most of the year in sunny San Diego, but vacation at the camp as long as possible every year; and we plan on spending all summer there, once we are retired.

**28. THE DEAN CAMP**

**Gus Moore Road, Penobscot**

**Tom Dean** writes, in the year 2000, my wife Bonnie and I were new arrivals to the area, coming from New York State by way of the western mountains of Maine where we lived for 25 years. We moved to Blue Hill for the culture and wide variety of recreational

opportunities. We didn't think it was possible to find a secluded camp on fresh water so close to the busy coast and were so surprised when we (Bonnie) discovered and bought a camp owned by Harlan Billings of Billings Marine in Stonington. The camp was built in 1969. It had no water, a failed septic, and was too close to the water to make any improvements. We built a cottage behind and tore down the camp. Then things really started to happen. The old camp next door became available. It is on a point across from Boy Scout Island (so it's called on "Google Earth") at the northern end of Upper Toddy. The earliest date we have for it is 1944. Around that time, the original part of the camp was built by William Wescott: two additions and porch were built in later years. It was sold to Samuel gray and Henry Dunbar in 1969 who sold it to Archie McEachern in 1985. When we bought the camp in 2004, it had been boarded up for ten years.

Besides the two camps on the shore we also succeeded in purchasing a large parcel across the road from them that brought our total acreage to about 20 acres. Life on the pond was too compelling and we have since become "year rounders". We added on to the cottage on the Billings Lot and even brought Bonnie's horse Streaka. Now the old camp on the point is a weekly rental that Bonnie handles along with a log cabin we built on the lot across the road. Bonnie's renters love the old camp on "Osprey Point", as it has an authentic charm that cannot be recreated in a newer building. We can easily see it from the main house (known as "Toad Hall") and so it has become a regular subject in our photography. It is pictured at the beginning and end of this publication.

We are still surprised at the minimum of activity on the pond, even during the busiest part of the summer. We often go for long walks on Gus Moore Road without ever seeing a car go by. The winter can sometimes compete with the busiest days of summer when ice fishing season starts. We are regularly entertained by the activity right out our windows. The Stanley Shorey Camp next door is often frequented by any number of relations and we admire the family flavor of their outings accompanied by the sounds of children's laughter. As we paddle around the pond in the summer and witness similar gatherings we feel so lucky to have found this bit of paradise.

**29. THE DUFFY CAMP**

**Penobscot**

**Lorraine Duffy** writes, my camp was built in the 1940s by Robert Grindle of Blue Hill. I bought the camp from him in 1983 or so, and I remodeled it in 2004.

Several winters ago I was headed to the British Virgin Islands on a boat trip. I had to gather bathing suits etc. for the trip and so scurried off to the camp to collect such gear. When I got there I found numerous cars in the drive and I had to park out on the road. As I was walking down the drive, strangers came and asked me what I was doing there. I

said I owned the place and had come to pick up some gear. When I asked them how long they'd been coming, they said, "Oh, we come every year to ice fish and have a family day." They had fires going and pop-ups on the place and probably 15 people were having a wonderful time. I shook the hand of the head of the group and said, "Have a great time, and use the camp whenever." They still come, and I'm truly glad they do,

A great way to make friends.

**30. THE GELINAS CAMP**
**Toddy Pond Road, Surry**

**Judy Gelinas** writes, in 1992, my husband, Ernie and I purchased our home, Blueberry Ridge Farm, which was built in 1840, from Dina Cassidy of Bangor. She had owned the property for 5 years but seldom spent much time here. We moved up permanently from Massachusetts in September 1, 2005.

West Surry was once a quite busy community. The sawmill which in the late 1800s stood on Gold Stream Road, employed many of the neighborhood men, and a one room schoolhouse, with 2 privies in the rear, on the rise to our left towards Surry educated the neighborhood children. It was called the 5th District School. One student who studied there was Lorado Carter who grew up at Gold Stream Farm and whose widow and daughter and son-in-law still live there. Church services were sometimes held there also. Around the turn of the nineteenth century, our house was owned by a school teacher named Evelyn Hatch who probably taught at 5th District School, though I don't know for sure.

As our town grew, the need arose for a larger, more centralized school. The students left for Surry, the schoolhouse fell into disuse, and, in the late l940s Alvah Leach and "Bean Pot" Webster moved in. These two rather eccentric friends made it their home
for several years. Alvah is reported to have been extremely fond of books and to have owned more than a thousand, all of which he'd read. As they didn't have running water they'd eat off every dish and only when every one was dirty would they haul in water to wash them. They didn't wash themselves too often, either. Neighbors remember seeing them in April, after the ice melted, going down to the pond to take their spring bath. Eventually the school house burned down -- the foundation is still visible on the hill. After the fire, a neighbor helped Alvah build a small camp near the schoolhouse which is known now as "Tom's Place". He lived there, with his meager possessions, many years.

Bean Pot build a similar dwelling to the immediate right of Alvah's. The area is now quite overgrown with brush and trees.

After Evelyn Hatch, our house was owned by Leland Carter, a bachelor, and his mother, Eva. They lived here together for many years and Leland continued living here after his mother passed away. He was a dedicated farmer and some of our neighbors remember buying fruits and vegetables from him. The entire field across the street from our house was covered with strawberries. Customers even came by boat to purchase his produce. When cleaning out the attic, we found meticulously kept sales records indicating produce sold and its price. On an exceptionally good day, Leland earned $3.00; but many days the receipts showed that he took in as little as 57cents. The bill of sale to Ms. Cassidy stipulates that he be allowed to continue picking his blueberries. Unfortunately, he never did return to pick them because before the next season he had passed away in a local nursing home.

He was buried, just up the road, in the West Surry Cemetery.

Farming didn't return much profit so, as Leland needed more money, he began selling off camp lots on Toddy Pond. Eventually, he sold 6 or 7 lots on what is now known as Carter Cove Road which left him -- and now my husband and me --with about 2,000 feet of water frontage on what is basically a nature cove. The cove has an abundance of water-fowl, beavers, otters, osprey, eagles, loons and an occasional moose. It's a great place for kayaking and canoeing.

In the fall of 2006, just a year after moving up here for good, my husband and I started a major reconstruction project. Our home had never had central heat or any closets. We demolished the L wing and the attached woodshed. In their place we now have a living room, bedroom, pantry, bath mud room… and central heat. Landscaping, using native plants, was done to complete the project.

Restoring this wonderful old house has been a labor of love, but one which we have thoroughly enjoyed. Hopefully, Blueberry Ridge Farm will be our home for many years to come.

**31. THE JOHNSON CAMP**
**Tadpole Lane, Surry**

**Sandy Johnson** writes, many years before I was born, there was a sawmill on the spot where I spend summers, a log cabin in the pines (behind where my garage stands now),

and a camp which was used by the men who worked in the mill out on the point. The log cabin is long gone but there are still granite pieces from the foundation lying about on the shore and the old camp on the point is still there. In the late 1930s, my uncle, Ernest Johnson, bought land on the point. He sold his camp to George Bemis who in turn sold it to Guilford Willey in the mid 1950s. It went through other hands until it was bought by the Wien family in the 1980s. Meanwhile my father, Earl Johnson, acquired his own piece of land nearby and this is where I live now.

I don't remember my first visit to Toddy Pond though I was told it was just after I was born in August 1941. While my father was building our camp, we lived in the log cabin in the pines.

As I grew older, I got to know every inch of the lake and in those days there were no camps on the western shore or in the Narrows. I also got to know everyone who lived on the lake, especially on Upper Toddy. With my mother, I would visit Mrs. Lufkin who lived in the "Taylor" house up on the hill behind us. She taught my mother how to baked beans, make brown bread in a can, blueberry jam and pies – all on a wood stove.

We also visited the two Mrs. Carters (Lorado's mom and Leland's mom). When Lorado Carter graduated from college, he went to work at the St. Regis Mill, where my father also worked. One summer, with the help of Leland Carter, a fastidious gardener, my father took up organic gardening, and so our garden was born. We would walk up to the Cunninghams' place, which now belongs to the Driscolls, and I'd play with Pearl, Barbara, Marshall ("Pinocchio"), and Maurice. We also knew the Smiths and the Furths on Sheldon's Folly, and the Browns and Dr. Page on Nokomis Way. And of course we knew Harvey Saunders. With his help, we cut ice on the lake which we stored in an ice house between our boat house and our camp. We helped him cut ice for his own ice house as well.

**Mrs. Lufkin & her dog Topsy**

As far as entertainment went, Charley Leaf (he and Betty bought the Galbraith property and had Harvey Saunders built their cabin), was in the air force and at one point, when he was stationed at Dow air Force Base, he would buzz their cabin – there was no phone in those days -- and Betty would jump in the car and drive to Bangor to pick him up at his base. And of course we had the lake. We had a wooden row boat, "the Elfin", which later on had a ¾ horsepower motor. We also had a square-back canoe with a five horse Johnson. We visited neighbors, and as we got older, we met up with other kids for ball games, picnics on Twin Island, frogging and fishing. The Taylors moved into Mrs. Lufkin's house and my bother and their son became good friends. We would meet on the road and Phil Cunningham would pick us up and off we'd go to the blueberry barrens to rake.

Throughout my childhood we would come over to our camp from Bucksport (where we lived) on spring, fall and winter weekends; and on Memorial Day weekend we'd move out and stay at the lake all summer through Labor Day. When I was twelve I started working summers at Camp Nokomis for Bud & Sylvia Rouix and Andy & Esther Levesque. My job was to ring the wake-up bell, serve meals, and clean cabins.

When I graduated from nursing school, I joined the army to see the world, which I did; but I was always thrilled to get back to Toddy Pond. In 1984, after my father had passed away in his garden in 1980 and my two oldest children had gone off to the Navy and college, my husband and I sold our house in Brewer and built the log home we live in

now by the lake. In the early 1990s, I would go up to the Saunders place to visit with Gertrude and help her take care of Harvey.

My children grew up on the lake, much like my brother and I did; and now my grandchildren are doing the same. Several families have been coming here for three and four generations and living in camps that are now sixty and seventy years old. And we're all hoping to keep the tradition going for generations to come.

**32. THE LANDRY CAMP**
**"U-Need-A-Rest", Butler Lane, Surry**

**Esther Landry** writes, Camp U-Need-A-Rest, was built in 1903 for Dr. William E. and Lucy Jane Curtis Emery of Surry, ME. It was his retreat where he could rest from his very busy medical practice. It was utilized also for family picnics and small parties.

The camp began as a small one-room cabin. Nearby a lean-to provided shelter for his horse, General. The granite hitching post where he was tied still stands near the door. Imagine traveling out to Toddy from Surry in a horse and buggy after having made his medical rounds! As he wished, the camp has remained in the family up to the present. Over the years family members have made significant changes and improvements beginning with the addition of a sleeping loft and porch. My mother tells of visiting her grandmother and sleeping in that loft on beds made of corn husks.

Later a large kitchen, separate bedroom and fireplace were added. A bath-house, plumbing and electricity were next. Most recently, a major renovation was begun with replacement of the hand hewn carrying timbers, restructuring of the roof line and installation of sliding glass doors in place of the screens and bulky storm shutters. The fireplaces were removed for safety as a result of deterioration over the years. The family plans to complete the renovations within the next several years and to paint the camp the same blue green it was initially. We do have many pictures of the camp and Toddy Pond from back then but they are in albums and in storage for safekeeping. There are also camp logbooks dating back to 1903 which unfortunately were written in pencil and have faded but some entries are still legible.

**33. THE LEAF CAMP**
**Leaf Lane, Surry**

**Betty Leaf** recalls that she first came to Surry as a young married woman shortly after World War II. As a child, her husband, Charley Leaf, had come to stay at Camp Nokomis

with his parents. As a teenager, he'd worked summers at the Camp as a "gofer" and always loved the place so that when he heard that the Camp had come up for sale, he wanted to buy it. But realizing that it would require a major renovation which, as a recently married man whose wife was expecting their first child, he couldn't afford, he gave up the idea and Frank (Bud) and Eddie Rioux and Andy Levesque bought the property. However, in 1947 his parents bought land nearby and asked their son to design a cabin which Harvey Saunders built.(For a number of years after the death of the elder Leafs, Charley and Betty rented the property to the Wien family who eventually bought it and to whom it still belongs.)

"We spent every summer vacation on the pond," Betty recalls. "For a good while Charley, who was in the US Air Force, was stationed in Europe (in France, Germany and Spain) and so Toddy Pond, to which we would return each year, was what we came to call 'home'." One summer in the 1960s, Charley and Betty and their children were vacationing as usual at the elder Leafs' when Professor John Galbraith, aged 90+, who lived next door, put his camp up for sale for $9000. Charley Leaf told the professor that he would like to buy the property, which consisted of two camps on 12 acres; only he didn't have $9000. The professor asked him how much money he did have, and when he said he thought he could raise $5000, the professor accepted his offer.

"From then on, the two boys and I would stay in the main camp which the professor had built in 1914 on a rise above the lake; and our three daughters, who were a good deal older than the boys, would stay in 'Sister Mary's camp' down on the shore. (Sister Mary was Professor Galbraith's late sister. Charley would join us whenever he could. Later on, when he was stationed States-side at Loring Air Force Base near Caribou, most weekends he'd fly down to Dow Air Force Base in Bangor where I'd pick him up drive him to Surry. What I remember most clearly about those years was being in our kitchen which Charley had renovated for me. With five kids, all of whom had 'Maine' appetites, I did an awful lot of cooking!"

After Charley retired in 1971, he and Betty built the year-round house in which their daughter, Nancy Salminen, and her husband, Dick, both retired teachers, live now. "We lived in that house for 25 years and raised our sons, Chip and Bill, there," Betty says. Both boys attended the Surry School (Betty was on the school board), and George Stevens Academy in Blue Hill. "Charley's close boyhood friend was Lorado Carter who lived in the farm house on the far side of Gold Stream Marsh; they'd remained good friends and in retirement Charley saw a great deal of Lorado."

When her husband passed away in 1995, Betty moved away to an apartment in Bucksport and daughter Nancy and her husband Dick moved into their "retirement" house. "I'd come to the pond in June and live in 'Sister Mary's camp' all summer," Betty recalls. "And in the fall, when the camp got too cold for me, I'd head for Bucksport. That was my schedule for eight years until my daughter Nancy built a new house – what she jokingly calls the 'dower' house – for me on the hill. I'm thrilled to be back 'home' on Toddy Pond."

Four of the five Leaf children have or have had places of their own in the compound. Bill, the youngest sibling, who lives in Gloucester, MA, his wife's home town, also spends a lot of time in Surry. Nancy has the house that Charlie and Betty built for their retirement and 'Sister Mary's' camp; Barbara (who lives the rest of the year in Vermont) has the 'Galbraith' camp; and Lucy (epic traveler), who likes to live simply between adventures, has a one-room log cabin near the shore. For several years, Chip had the white clapboard house up on the road that Charles and Betty had inherited from Harvey and Gertrude Saunders, with whom they had been close friends for more than four decades and for whom Betty had helped care in their last years. But when Chip, who like his father, was in the military, retired from the service a few years ago and settled permanently in Colorado, he sold his house to the Smith family, neighbors and long time summer residents of Surry. Today Tres and Sara's daughter Courtney lives with her husband Greg Weaver and three small sons in the old Saunders house on the west side of Rt. 176. On the east side of the road lie several acres, the headwaters of Gold Stream Marsh which, together with the old farm house, the Leafs inherited from Harvey and Gertrude Saunders and later donated to the Blue Hill Heritage Trust.

**34. THE LOFTUS-SOCKBESON CAMP**
**"30", Penobscot**

**John Loftus** writes, during the late 1940s my aunt and uncle rented cottages on Toddy Pond and my sister and I would make the trip down from Bangor to visit them.

We purchased our lot in September 1965, located on the western shore of Upper Toddy Pond in Penobscot. The only way to the property was on an old tote road and soon an improved road was built and later named the Gus Moore Road.

In July 1992 we developed our lot and built a year-round home. Although many members of the family assisted in building the 3-bedroom cape, the primary builders were Thomas and Albert Sockbeson. It was completed in July of 1993 and soon became a year-round magnet for our 9 children, 22-grandchildren, one great grand child, and a wide circle of friends.

Having spent nearly 44-years in the newspaper business we searched for a newspaper connection to name our new home. Since this is our retirement home we decide on -30-. It ("30") was used at the end of news dispatches sent by telegraph back in the 1800s. In this way, so some people say, "30" became the standard signal from the end of a telegraphed news story and later was used on local copy as well. Even today it is occasionally used at the bottom of press releases sent to news associations by fax machines and Internet around the world.

**35. THE OLIVER CAMP**
**Trundy Lane, Surry**

**Gerry Oliver** writes, Lawrence and Ethel Bunker purchased our present camp lot in the 1950s when Millard Eldridge subdivided the property into lots of about 1/2 acre each.

The Bunkers lived in Bucksport and over the next couple of decades built an un-insulated structure open to the roof of c.1000 square feet that was one big room for cooking, dining and sleeping. There were a couple of half walls that defined two sleeping areas and there was a separate small bathroom consisting of a toilet and sink. Bathing was accomplished in Toddy Pond.

By the late 1970's the Bunkers had gotten up in years and since no one in the family stepped forward to take responsibility for the camp, they decided to sell it. In the Fall of 1979 we (Gerald and Betty Oliver) purchased the camp from the Bunkers. Though our home is in Houston, TX, Betty has connections to this part of Maine as her mother and grandparents are from Penobscot and her first cousins still reside in Bucksport.

We came to Maine each Summer for several weeks from 1980 until 2002 and over these years made many improvements. These include insulation, full bath, floor-to-ceiling walls, sheet rock, carpeting, full basement and two car garage. In the late 90's the basement was dug behind the structure which was then moved back about 50 feet and set on the new foundation. At the same time we put in a retaining wall to eliminate further erosion of the lot/beach. As of 2002, we are both are retired and now spend four months (mid-June to mid-October) on Toddy Pond.

**36. THE PATTERSON CAMP**
**Nokomis Lane, Surry**

**Reade Nimick** writes, during the summer of 1968, my wife's parents, F. Lytton Patterson III and Betty Lee Patterson, came to Maine from New Castle, DE as campers on the west side of Toddy Pond at the Balsam Cove Camp ground. Three years later, needing a different camp venue to house their expanding family, they rented the Gerstein/ Halpern cabin ("Mudway-Aush'ka") on the east side of Toddy. About 1974, once again outgrowing the place, they arranged to rent the adjacent property, "The Igloo", owned by Bigelow and Sally Snow.

The Igloo had been built for Bigelow's parents, Ben and Edith Snow, by Harvey Saunders (the fireplace/chimney was built by Gertrude Saunder's father, on land purchased from the Mrs. Henry Page.) The cabin consisted of one large room, a screened sleeping porch on the pond side, and a small kitchen off the main room. Sometime later they added a bedroom and bath off the kitchen. (Originally, bathing was done in the pond and an outhouse, separate from the main cabin, catered to other needs.) Edith Snow had become familiar with the Toddy area through her sister and brother-in-law who spent their summers at Camp Nokomis. They were bird watchers and had arranged with the owner

of Camp Nokomis to build a simple one-room cabin with a screened porch ("Adjidaumo") on the east side of the road leading to the lodge (where everyone at Nokomis ate meals).

Edith and her son and daughter would be driven up to Toddy Pond by the chauffeur - who would be relegated to a tent on a platform near the road. Ben Snow frequently arrived via float plane which tied up at the Beach.

Over a period of time Edith Snow bought two more parcels of land from the Pages, and more land on the south side of The Igloo which included her sister's cabin (Adjidaumo) and the former Nokomis tennis court, plus a little cabin called "Shu-Shu-Gah." These purchases probably occurred after World War II, around the time that the Riouxs and the Levesques bought Nokomis.

In 1976 the Pattersons bought the camp from Bigelow Snow and spent the next few years remodeling and adding to The Igloo which is now named "Gitchie Maneto", to follow the general *Hiawatha* lexicon. Additions included a large bedroom overlooking the pond, built by Lyt Patterson and Bud Rioux, made from logs cut from and peeled on the property. The porch was enclosed with large plexi-glass windows which were hinged from the top and could be swung up and hooked. This arrangement made the porch much more livable. Before, red canvas would be unrolled from the top of each opening to mitigate inclement weather which resulted in the room being very dark and extinguished any view of the Pond.

The next building project was to move Adjidaumo to a new location to give it a view of the Pond. It had long since been uninhabitable, but potentially fixable, although the porch was beyond repair due to a large fallen tree. A professional mover was hired, and along with resident assistants including Tommy Levesque, it was transported from its old location to the spot on the north side of Gitchie Maneto where Edith Snow's butler used to pitch his tent.

The following summers were spent generally improving the various structures and looking after increasing numbers of grandchildren. Lyt Patterson was "general contractor"; daughter Alicia Giesa was the cook, son-in-law Eric Giesa was the electrician (with a degree in Electrical Engineering from Lehigh U., what else?!), daughter Pam Nimick (then Lockhart), was the general cleaner-up, and Betty Lee was the "gofer" for supplies and daily trips to the Laundromat. Son Chip Patterson was the plumber – with the aid of the Sears Roebuck "How To" instruction book. Lyt spent many hours beneath Gitchie Maneto, digging out sand and dirt to relieve pressure on the floors

and create storage.

Among other projects that followed were the addition of a bedroom, porch, bath and kitchen to Shu-Shu-Gah (Lyt Patterson and Tommy Levesque, principal builders), and later expanding Adjidaumo with the same features. (About 2001 Chip Patterson added another bedroom.) One winter in the late 1990s, porcupines decided to trash the wiring and much of the interior of Shu-Shu-Gah, and a decision was made to demolish the cabin and rebuild a more modern structure a bit farther back from the eroding bank of the Pond. Alterations were also made to Gitchie Maneto, notably the replacement of the "swing-up" windows on the porch with sliders, and the relocation of the bath.

In 1998 Lyt and Betty Lee Patterson transferred ownership of the camp through a partnership agreement to their children, Pam, Alicia and Chip, who hope to preserve it for their children and beyond. As Betty Lee puts it, "It's wonderful seeing the grandchildren grow up and love Toddy Pond as we have, and new great-grandchildren arrive to pass on, hopefully, many more happy memories."

**37. THE TRES SMITH CAMP**
**Sheldon's Folly Lane, Surry**

**THREE LOG CABINS** and their builders: Elmer Smith, Willard Furth, and Gilbert Sheldon.

**Tres Smith** (Elmer Smith III) writes, Elmer Smith -- my grandfather -- was an educator originally from New London, CT. He graduated from Rhode Island University and married Louise Williams of Providence, RI. They settled in Roselle Park, NJ, where he became superintendent of schools for that district. His close friend was Willard Furth, who was also an educator and fellow superintendent from Highland Park, NJ. I'm not sure when the Furths and Smiths began spending their summers at Camp Nokomis on Toddy Pond.* My father, Elmer F. Smith, Jr., was 2 years old, he told me, when he and his father and mother paddled from Nokomis to the lower end of Toddy Pond (East Orland). They carried to Alamoosook Lake, and then floated down through the Dead River and the Naramissic River to the shores of the Penobscot River where they camped for the night, across from Verona Island. "Junior," as he was called, said his parents placed him under the canoe to protect him from a heavy rain. Of course mosquitoes also found protection from the rain under the canoe, and they had a feast at the expense of my father. The next morning, they continued their journey down the Penobscot, around Castine head and up the Bagaduce into Northern Bay. My grandfather then hired a

farmer with a hay wagon to take them over the ridge and back down to the shore of Toddy Pond. That trip would have occurred in the summer of 1914.

I've heard many stories about what my grandmother and grandfather did at Camp Nokomis. Their main activity seems to have been cooking. The late Jim Furth told me they lived in a very small cabin (which has since been removed) next to the original lodge, where they operated the kitchen. Elmer Smith was an avid fisherman. He and his friend, Professor John Galbraith, who owned a log cabin on Leaf Lane next to Sheldon's Folly Lane, fished many lakes in the area by canoe long before motorized boat access was readily available.

Driving to Surry, ME from New Jersey in the early days was sometimes a 3-day trip -- not because it took that long to travel nearly the entire distance north on U.S. Route 1 -- but because if you missed one or more of the critical ferry crossings at a large river in the northeast, you had to spend the night at a hotel and crossed the next morning.

In 1931, Elmer Smith and Willard Furth each purchased land from Harvey Saunders on the shore of Toddy Pond below the Saunders' farmhouse. Each site was about 1 acre, and Harvey began construction on two cabins in 1932. The design of the Smith and Furth cabins was similar and simple. Unlike the Nokomis cabins, the Smith and Furth cabins had a living room with fireplace, separate kitchen, an indoor bathroom, two bedrooms, dining porch and a sitting porch facing the lake. Cedar logs were used. The pine roof and floor boards, doors, and trim were all milled by Harvey at his sawmill on Toddy Pond Road, where the garage now stands, across from the farmhouse. The cabins were completed in 1933. Following the neighborhood custom that began at Camp Nokomis, Elmer Smith named his cottage "Muskaday," which means "Meadow"--from Longfellow's poem, *The Song of Hiawatha*. The Furth cabin was named "Keewaydin," or "Northwest Wind/Home Wind." As the families at Muskaday and Keewaydin expanded, tent platforms were erected on the Toddy Pond shoreline -- just as they had been at Camp Nokomis. The tents were walled canvass, sometimes with a small sitting porch, and they usually contained at least two folding metal camp beds rigged with mosquito netting and a table and (or) dresser.

Gilbert Sheldon (Elmer Smith's brother-in-law) was an architect from Providence, RI. He purchased a 1-acre plot of land from Harvey next to the Furth cabin in 1933 and construction began on his lot in 1934. His cabin is more like a hunting lodge with a large two-story living room facing a tall stone fireplace on one wall. It has a separate dining room, pantry, two bedrooms with baths, and a large wrap around screened porch that faces the lake. The porch has always been a gathering place for afternoon conversation

and a great place to watch the setting sun. Because of the size of the cabin, it apparently was the talk of the neighborhood during construction and was the object of humorous, if not disparaging, remarks. The cabin has always been known as "Sheldon's Folly -- namesake for the road that all three log cabins are on.

Gilbert Sheldon, and his wife Alene Williams, wintered in Florida, making their trip south and north up the East Coast via the Intracoastal Waterway in their 42-foot cabin cruiser. The ship's logs and journals of their 1940-1942 journeys are still in Sheldon's Folly. Gilbert Sheldon was Commodore of the Patten's Bay Yacht Club and, later, the Ellsworth Yacht Club. In the summer, the front porch of Sheldon's Folly was always filled with voices and the sound of laughter. After his wife, Alene, died, Gilbert, or "Uncle Bert," married Louise Williams Smith, widow of Elmer Smith, Sr. (who had died in 1952), and she moved into Sheldon's Folly. The wedding at Sheldon's Folly, August 17, 1955, was a memorable social event. Even in his early 90's, Gilbert's doctors were constantly badgering him to quit smoking; but he wouldn't. At that point, he said, smoking was one of the few pleasures he could indulge in. His nieces and nephews will always remember him sitting in his smoking chair with peanuts in his shirt pocket. A tame chipmunk would scamper up his long, thin body and a remove a peanut from his pocket and run off to store it for winter. Gilbert died in 1972. After the death of his widow, Louise, in 1974, the cabin passed to Elmer F. Smith, Jr., and Catherine "Kitty" Smith. Elmer Smith, Jr., died in 1981 and Kitty stayed at Sheldon's Folly until she could no longer travel from her home in Charlotte, NC. She died in 2006. Her daughter (and my sister) Nancy Smith Blakeslee (now Nancy Smith Earl) of Cumming, GA, now owns Sheldon's Folly.

In the early years, Harvey and Gertrude Saunders maintained the three cabins, closing and opening them for the three families in the fall and the spring. In the winter, Harvey cut ice from the lake and stored it in his barn under sawdust that he generated at the mill. In the summer, Harvey made his delivery rounds with ice on his truck to each of his customers, usually with neighborhood children along for the ride. Electricity for the cabins arrived in 1947. The Furth cabin (Keewaydin) was winterized in 1950. Willard and Alice Furth spent much of their time at the lake unless Sheldon's Folly Lane was impassable in late December, January, or February. When that happened, they found temporary lodging in Ellsworth or Blue Hill; and they stayed in Harvey and Gertrude Saunders' house when they were off in East Holden with the Forest Service. Willard and Alice Furth died in 1967 and the cabin was occupied by Willard's youngest son, Jim, and his wife Winifred. When Jim Furth died in 2004, my wife, Sara, and I purchased the cabin and land from the Furth Estate.

*Harriet Foster had opened Camp Nokomis in 1908. My Uncle, Olney Smith, told me that Harriet hired Elmer Smith (my grandfather) to run the camp, do maintenance, and purchase supplies. My grandmother, Louise Smith, ran the kitchen. She planned the menus and Elmer shopped for food. Sadie Saunders was hired as the cook. When the camp was full, there were about 30 guests.

**38. THE SWARTZBAUGH CAMP**
**"Black Brook", Landing Lane, Surry**

**Marc Swartzbaugh** writes**,** my camp ("Black Brook" is the English equivalent of my German name, "Swartzbaugh") was built by Horace Gould in 1945 when he returned from WWII.

We first rented it in the late 1960s and did so for a dozen years or so. In the early 1980s, Horace decided to sell, and we bought it for the asking price. (I won't tell you what that was!)

Until my wife, Margie, died in 2000, we (with all or some of our three children) never missed a summer – despite the fact that the drive from Cleveland takes 15 hours. Nor have I missed a summer since then.

Margie loved the camp more than just about anything in the world, and a bench, given by friends and dedicated to her, sits on the front porch overlooking the pond. The plaque reads: "In memory of Margie at her Dear Little Camp". Even though I also have a house on Union River Bay, the camp on Toddy Pond remains my favorite.

We gave out "Dear Little Camp" a 50th birthday party in 1995, with Horace and many camp neighbors and friends in attendance. May it have many more!

**39. THE WIEN CAMP**
**Toddy Pond Road, Surry**

**Charlotte Wien** writes**,** my late husband and I bought the property from Charley and Betty Leaf in 1985. I enjoy every minute I'm on the pond and my family -- my daughter and my son, my six grandchildren and my five great-grandchildren -- enjoy being there just as much as I do!

**40. THE WILLEY CAMP**
**Pollywog Lane, Surry**

**The Willeys** write**,** our camp started out as the cook shack for a saw mill. Guilford Willey bought it from George Bemas in 1952 to be our family summer camp, and as soon as school got out, we were spending a lot of time on the pond. My brother and I got to know the children at the Johnson and Wasson camps.

The original shack has now grown to four camps! One winter my wife and I brought a cabin which had belonged to Phil Cunningham down over the ice.

Toddy Pond has seen five generations of Willeys learn to swim and to appreciate its beauty. It's also become a meeting place for our friends from our Southwest Harbor home. We've watched it change and prosper and seen other people realize how beautiful it is. We are very lucky to be located on a point and to be able to look down to Blue Hill Mountain. Each year we look forward to seeing the turtles and hearing the frogs, the loons and other birds.

It warms our hearts to think of all the quality time we've spent on Toddy.

**41. THE TENNEY CAMP**
**White Birch Landing, Trundy Lane, Surry**

**Yvette Tenney** writes, We were familiar with Toddy Pond, having vacationed as guests of Bob and Mimi Teghtsoonian at Bear's Den, owned by the Webster family on Middle Toddy. Bob and Mimi had been renting Bear's Den since 1958 or 1959 and had got to know Nick Webster and his parents, Janet and Albert. In those days, Bear's Den was advertised in the Saturday Review of Literature. Bob and Mimi responded to the ad, drove all the way from Philadelphia and rented it on the spot. Al Webster told Bob and Mimi that they were lucky, because just that spring they'd installed indoor plumbing.

We'd been visiting the Teghtsoonians at Bear's Den every summer since the 1970's. When we retired, we decided it was time to look for a camp of our own so we could spend summer and fall on Toddy. After looking for places to buy, we decided to build. We'll never forget the email from Jim Stoneton, our realtor, sent near the end of November, 2010, listing land for sale at the end of Trundy Lane on South Toddy. The photos showed views of both Blue Hill and Great Pond Mountain. We were a bit incredulous because we didn't believe it was possible to see both mountains from one location anywhere on the eastern shore of Toddy. It turns out Trundy Lane is one of the few spots from which, surprisingly, both mountains are visible.

We were visiting in Manhattan at the time, so we sent Jim to check out the property. He

told us to come right away. We drove from Boston with two kayaks on top of our car to check out the shore area. We noticed we were the only ones travelling to Maine with boats. It was early December—duh!

To us, the property looked like a state park, pristine and untouched. We tromped around and found a skull of a large animal, which turned out to be a goat, and watched the sunset. We were enchanted! We bought the property in December of 2010 from Dave and Jan Evans, another Massachusetts couple, who also owned the adjacent property. They were planning to retire the following year and were ready to build. So two new camps went up simultaneously on the end two parcels on Trundy Lane, ours and the Evans'. Ours was designed by architect Rick Malm, who, with his wife Barbara, has a camp on White Birch Lane. Our builder was Nate Holyoke, who was only 29 at the time, though he'd already been a builder for something like 16 years. Our intent was to build a "Scandinavian Rustic" camp, modeled in part after Bear's Den, with the addition of Holyoke's signature trusses. It helped that Rick Malm's heritage is Finnish. We spent the summer of 2011 in a trailer, watching the foundation, septic, well, and framing take shape. By summer 2012 the camp was ready for occupancy. We decided to call it "White Birch Landing".

According to neighbors long resident in the area, our property, which used to belong to the Cunningham family, who were among West Surry's early settlers, has a rather dramatic history. Wilbur Saunders remembers Phil Cunningham returning from WWII. "My, was he a wild man! He came back from the Battle of the Bulge with what nowadays we'd call PTSD. His wife managed to straighten him out pretty good, but then she died and Phil went wild again…"

In those days, there was a forested knoll, belonging to Phil's widowed mother, Ethel, on the spot where our house now stands. "Phil decided to build a resort – a *resort* on Toddy Pond 1951!" Wilbur shakes his head. "So he cut down the trees and sold them for lumber, bulldozed the top off the knoll, pushed the gravel down to the pond to make a beach, and then hired me, a high school junior, to help build three or four rental cottages on the newly-flattened knoll.

"But then," Wilbur continues, "Ethel Cunningham died, Phil and his sister Connie Cunningham Harper had a falling out over the property and Connie brought a law suit against Phil, which she won. So Phil lost pretty much everything, including his "resort." He knocked down three of the cabins and the fourth he sold to Al and Susan Brown who moved it through the woodlot at the end of Trundy Lane to make an extension to their camp on Landing Lane."

Growing up, Lucy Leaf heard so much about the devastation Phil Cunningham had wrought on his mother's lakefront property that even though she'd been a toddler at the time and couldn't possibly have been there, she was convinced she'd seen that D6 bulldozer flattening the knoll with her own eyes.

By and by Connie Cunningham Harper sold what had been her brother's "resort". It passed through a couple more owners until David and Jan Evans bought it and by and by sold half of it to us.

These days, to protect the lake from polluting run-off (but without sacrificing the fabulous view), we're encouraging trees and vegetation to grow on the lower slopes of the knoll Phil Cunningham flattened.

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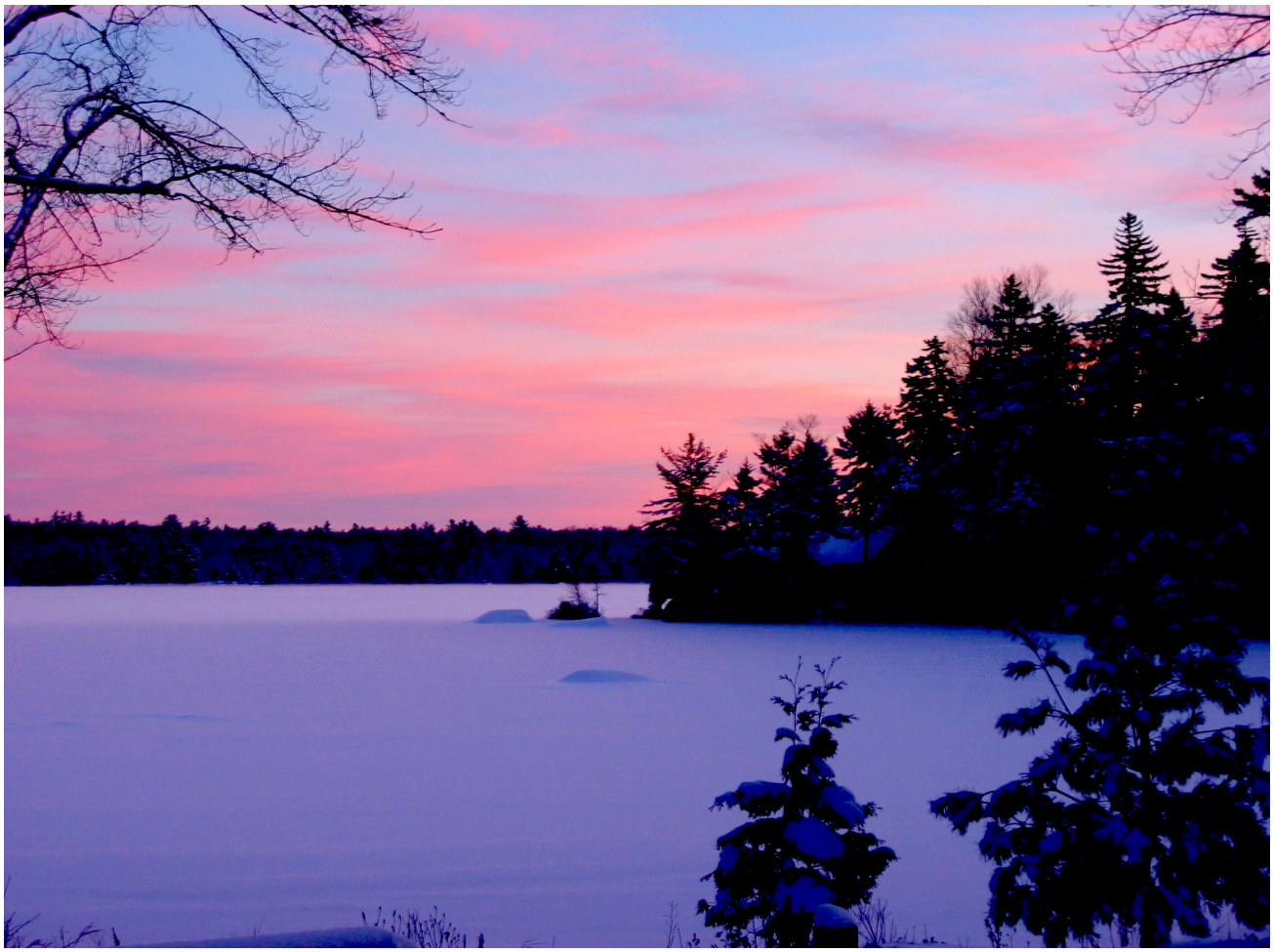

Photo Bonnie Dean