



# Friends of the Ogunquit Heritage Museum

## Spring 2016 Newsletter

Mission of the Friends:

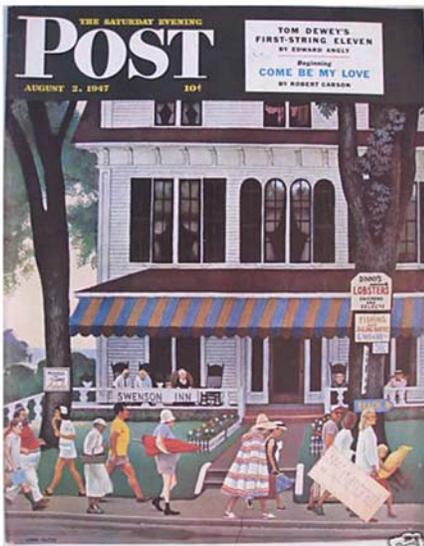
To Support the Educational Goals and Programs  
of the Ogunquit Heritage Museum

### Ogunquit; Resort Town Down East . . . *THE SATURDAY EVENING POST*

June 25, 1949

By PETE MARTIN

The ocean is so cold at Ogunquit, Maine, it makes your legs ache, and no chorus of “but it feels so good when you come out” makes them ache any less. The rocks that jut into Ogunquit’s breakers are hard to climb and are tough on the ankle. Its harbor is small and crowded. At low tide it is tricky of entrance and exit.



Artist John Falter’s cover for The Saturday Evening Post, August 2, 1947. Today’s Ogunquit Village Inn.

There are few courts around for those who like to slap savagely at a tennis ball. On certain days the wind picks up the surface of the beach and flings it in a needle spray of stinging sand at those who lie doggedly upon it.

Yet when it comes to its number of summer visitors in ratio to its permanent residents, Ogunquit is in a class by itself. It may come as a shock to the biggest wheels of the country’s resort business to learn that a small-fry resort working the same side of the street that they work can teach them a thing or two about tourist trapping. But the owners of a modest cluster of cabins, camps, lobster pounds, cottages and frame hotels lying some seventy miles north of Boston have mastered the trick of seasonal expansion un-

(Continued...Page 4)

**Member’s Open House**  
*Saturday, June 11*  
 4:00 - 6:00 p.m.

**Ogunquit Heritage Museum**  
**Obed’s Lane, Ogunquit, Maine**

*New Exhibits • Refreshments*

**Museum Opens**  
**Wednesday, June 1**  
**Hours: 1-5 Tues-Sat, June thru October**

**Available Now....**

The New FOHM

**NOTE CARDS**  
*featuring*

**Our Favorite Black & White Photos  
 Of Ogunquit From the Past**

**A See-Through Packet of Twelve Historic  
 Views of Ogunquit**

To be sold  
 At Various Events Throughout the Season

Price \$15  
 They are  
**“ABSOLUTELY GORGEOUS!”**

Also Available at the Winn House  
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[marshanorthrop@gmail.com](mailto:marshanorthrop@gmail.com)

## President's Letter . . .

After a beautiful and well attended Christmas party in December we closed up shop and hoped for a milder winter than last year. Aside from the traffic nightmares produced by the road-



work project we certainly cannot complain. At least we know that we are not getting our water out of lead tainted pipes!

We reconvened in March to discuss our goals, projects, and ideas for the Ogunquit Heritage Museum in 2016. I am pleased to report we have welcomed four new members to our board who bring fresh energy and enthusiasm. We have decided to forgo a major fundraiser this year and instead focus on education and project development.

To that end we are researching the history of the Native American community and its impact on Ogunquit today. Did you know that Ogunquit does NOT mean "Beautiful Place by the Sea?" Its more likely translation is "Lagoons formed at mouths of rivers by dune beaches driven by the wind." There are a lot of incorrect signs and sweatshirts around town! We are hoping for a collaboration with the natives in the area who are willing to let us borrow photos and artifacts from their archives. The exhibit will be truthful, disturbing, and informative.

Continuing this theme we are working with the Wells Public Schools to sponsor a field trip to the museum which we hope will become an annual event. We think this particular exhibit should peak their curiosity and are dreaming up some hands-on crafts for them to try. In addition, we are inviting guest speakers from the Native Nation to come and share their history and crafts with us. Carole Lee and her very talented crew will organize this and several other exciting new exhibits.

As always we appreciate your continued financial support of our little museum through your yearly membership dues as well as additional contributions and endowments. We welcome your participation with us and appreciate your input. Please feel free to contact us and share your

thoughts, ideas, concerns. And, of course, we would LOVE to have you join our Board.

Wishing you peace, health, and happiness.

*Wendy Broms Levine*



### Ogunquit Heritage Museum Committee

Carole Lee Carroll, *Chair*  
 Gary Littlefield, *Vice Chair*  
 Susan Meffert, *Secretary*  
 Eva Nudelman, *Treasurer*

Robin Fagerlund	Pat Weare
Sonny Perkins	Norman West
Charlotte Tragard, <i>Alt.</i>	Pete Woodbury

Charlotte Tragard, *Museum Coordinator*  
 Barbara Woodbury, *Chairperson Emerita*

### Friends of the Ogunquit Heritage Museum *Board of Directors*

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 Bob Glidden, *Vice President*  
 Pat Dateo, *Treasurer*  
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*Friends of the  
 Ogunquit Heritage Museum  
 Spring 2016 Newsletter*

Peter R. Woodbury, *Editor*  
 Published by

The Friends of the Ogunquit Heritage Museum  
 P. O. Box 723  
 Ogunquit, Maine 03907  
[www.ogunquitheritagemuseum.org](http://www.ogunquitheritagemuseum.org)

## Accessions . . .

- Bill & Judy Baker**  
Antique butter churn from Connecticut
- Alice Briggs**  
1920s class photo of Ogunquit Village School
- Martin Crosby**  
Long term loan of 2 signs from Ogunquit Beach & The Cove Bookstore
- Marilyn Eimon**  
4 Perkins Cove pictorial wall maps  
1982 Ogunquit wall map  
1993 Ogunquit pocket map  
3 prints of watercolors by Ruth Seegers  
2 photos of John Neill (1981)
- Bev Essen**  
Cemetery records of Wells & Ogunquit
- Anne Henderson Finucane**  
7 works of art from the estate of Sarah Henderson Wiehe
- Louesa Gillespie**  
1976 Article from Yankee Magazine about the Whistling Oyster Fire
- Louise Hokans**  
Portable Esty Reed Organ given in memory of Hank Hokans
- Tom and Betty Hutchins**  
4 turn of the century photos of Ogunquit River & Beach
- Friends of the Wells Public Library**  
First edition of *Shore Life in Song* by William Hale
- Susan Levenson**  
1977 menu from Poor Richard's Pub
- Richard & Mary Littlefield**  
A strip photo of the 5<sup>th</sup> & 6<sup>th</sup> grade class at Ogunquit Village School (1940)
- Andrea Pickett Lovell**  
Copies of 3 letters written between Reggie Jacobs and Robert Pickett during World War II
- June McNiven**  
10 scans of photos of the Rollins home at 80 Hoyts Lane
- Susan Meffert**  
Framed photo of the Kane House before it moved from Dunelawn property
- John Miller**  
Plaque given to Lee Lapiere for her *work* with *Christmas by the Sea*
- Audrey Miller**  
2 photos of an art gallery  
1 photo of Riverside Hotel  
1 copy of photo of Charles Woodbury  
1 page history of Benoni Haley & Cluff Families  
2 photos of Will Haley's Sailing Models  
A Riverside Hotel postcard  
Articles on Will Haley, Dohn Cluff & Mary Webber Wellwood  
A Dohn Cluff Poem
- Madeline Nowell**  
An 1949 article  
*Ogunquit Resort Town Downeast*  
1946 Post Cover of lunch counter

## (Accessions Cont . . .)

- Aug. 1947 Post cover by John Falter  
Aug. 16 & 23 Turn O'the Tide magazines
- Penny Power Odiorne**  
1941 newspaper article on the dredging of Perkins Cove
- Richard Payeur**  
12'- 0" beam from Perkins Cove signed by Stephen A. Douglas in 1860
- Linda Perkins**  
8 Ogunquit postcards (ca.1950s-60s)  
Photos of Blue Porch, Perkins family members, clamming & Scotch Hill Inn
- Sonny Perkins**  
Set of antique andirons
- Jane Powers**  
2 photos of 1938 Lookout Hotel staff  
Waitress apron from the Lookout Hotel
- Anna Kristina Sawtelle**  
A dinner plate from the Whistling Oyster
- Louise Tragard**  
Nov.1985 Salt Magazine  
Sept.1989 Downeast Magazine  
DVD on Arnie Ginsberg (ca. 2009)
- Don & Jean Somers**  
Carved panel from the Dan Sing Fan
- Ina Toth**  
Map and puzzle of Ogunquit (ca. 2004)
- Pat Weare**  
Colored photo of Cliff House (ca. 1913)
- Norman West**  
Painting (2014)  
*Winter Trees in Ogunquit*
- Donna Wojtowicz**  
An article about her mother's cousin who was a WWII veteran
- An Article (Aug. 2014) from the *American Legion Magazine* about the WWII code talkers
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## Endowment Contributions . . .

- In Memory of **Adrian Asherman** from Ellen Asherman  
Endowment Contribution from Mary-Leigh Smart  
Endowment Contribution from Marlene Demerdjian and Denise J. Nugent
- In Honor of **Rev. Paul LaCharite** from Bruce Shaw  
In Honor of **Harry and Clara Bassett** from Kenney Bassett  
Endowment Contribution from Arnie Ginsburg  
In Memory of **Henry Hokans** from Marilyn Eimon  
In Honor of **Robert R. Littlefield** from Shirley Littlefield Wagenseil
- In Honor of **Agatha Coombs and Florence Perkins** from Bruce Martin and Anne Sullivan  
Fidelity Charitable Grant recommended by Carolyn Morton Blanche Staples Testamentary Trust (Robert and Marena Bragg) in Memory of **Blanche Staples**  
Fidelity Charitable Grant recommended by Mr. & Mrs. Stephen Hoffinan



*Open House  
At The  
Ogunquit  
Heritage  
Museum  
June 6, 2015*

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### **Ogunquit...** (from page 1)

til they can do it better than almost any body else. “In Season” the population of Ogunquit balloons to an amazing twenty times its winter census of 650. During a like period, Atlantic City and Miami Beach bulge only to five and three times their normal sizes respectively.

Ogunquit has its fried clam dispensaries and its gifte shoppes. It has its eating places tagged with such quaint names as The Dan Sing Fan and The Whistling Oyster. But it has no boardwalk. Nor does it have any pinnacled hotels, luxurious cabanas, cocktail lounges or professional models hired for purposes of photographic publicity. It has no night clubs whose weekly bills for entertainment total more than a four-star general’s annual pay.

In Ogunquit you can’t even buy a small beer. The place is bone-dry.

To make the fabulous summer expansion of this little Maine village even more astonishing, it is done in spite of a deep-rooted antagonism toward the very people who make it possible. The natives—they despise being called that: “makes us sound like African Bushmen”—cherish an instinctive contempt for “summer people,” whom they lump under one word “they.”

There also exists an equally deep-rooted distaste on the part of the socially minded perennial summer visitor toward newcomer vacationists bold enough to intrude upon what they have come to regard as their private preserve.

“The place has been ruined,” they complain bitterly. “Too many people here now. People who don’t bathe.” Nor, when they say that do they mean ocean bathing.

The chill these summer cliff dwellers give off is

not the only cold front that goose-pimples an Ogunquit stranger. If Ogunquit’s skies are overcast, he is likely to find not even a love to keep him warm.

It has been said of Maine shore resorts that they have but two seasons: “One cold and one a little warmer.” Visitors to Ogunquit are more explicit. “What they really mean is winter and the fourth of July!” they remark, or “Last year we had summer on Tuesday.”

Not withstanding such frigidities, seven out of ten of those who head Ogunquit-ward every summer are repeaters. Thousands of them have been coming there for a decade or longer. One guest has checked in at The Lookout Hotel for the past thirty five years.

Paradoxically, those who battle most belligerently and plead most fervently for Ogunquit reservations a year in advance are usually those who complain loudest about its shortcomings. There must be reasons for such contrariness. There are.

The place has great natural beauty. The view from the shore rocks is something to brood upon. Ogunquit owns Maine’s longest and widest beach, a hard packed surface of fine quartz sand backed by two miles of sheltering tussocked dunes.

Breakfasters at the Sparhawk Hall and Beachmere hotels see seals frolicking in the waves or warming themselves on the sand. But wisecracks about Maine’s summers to the contrary, the sun can be as beneficently warm at Ogunquit and as capable of staining skins to a deep mahogany as the one that beams on more southerly resorts.

Ogunquit is about seventeen miles north of Portsmouth, New Hampshire. It is halfway between York Harbor and Kennebunkport, both of which are ten miles distant.

At Ogunquit, just back of the shore rocks, a path follows the sea. It meanders as if laid out by a grazing cow, which may very well have been the case. The official name of this path is the Marginal Way. But the path has another, unofficial name. It is much frequented by women equipped with tubes of oil paint, brushes and turpentine. The fact that the sea they catch on their canvases sometimes stands up on end or slides downhill bothers them not at all. Long ago they became hardened to the critical remarks made by passers-by who rudely appraise their work. The presence

*(Continued...Page 5)*

**Ogunquit...** (from page 4 )

of these ladies of spinsterish mien wearing flat-heeled footgear has led the local wits to call the path “the Virginal Way.”

At Ogunquit, even the clash of conflicting ideas about the best way to spend a vacation affords a constant undercurrent of excitement. When—with her eyes bird-bright with enthusiasm—one of the Virginal Way lady artists exclaimed, “You never can tell what will happen at Ogunquit,” it was no exaggeration. Last year, Virginal Wayfarers stood transfixed as they watched a young man in rust-colored pants; rope-soled sandals and a flowing silk shirt lead a Persian cat along on a leash.

It is never possible, for example, to tell in advance whether the smoldering feud between Ogunquit’s art students and the actors and theatrical apprentices associated with the Ogunquit Playhouse will flare up into a flash fire at the annual Artist’s Ball held at the Ogunquit Country Club. A wonderful free-for-all between costumed opponents enlivened the ball three summers ago.

The summer “cliff dwellers” set, those who have been coming there since a day when their oldest and most staid maidservants were rosy cheeked maidens, has its own notions about how an Ogunquit summer should be spent. Its core is a small, tightly knit body, labeled by some if its irreverent members, La Groupe. La Groupe strove to maintain its aloofness on the beach each year moving a few yards away from the ever-increasing crowds to sit on the outskirts of *hoi polloi*. In the past fifteen years La Groupe has moved more than a hundred yards in ten and fifteen yard shifts. But last year La Groupe was licked. No matter how far it moved, as far as the eye could see, “those people” were on all sides of it.

Permanent residents are inclined to think that many of the summer people are “fast.” Then, too, if they made their money in the way an honest man makes his, “they” wouldn’t have so much of it to toss around. Yet, ironically, it is the unique flavor and the distinctive quality of the native Ogunquit population that gives the place the character that draws outsiders there.

That flavor is built into the simple and clean architectural lines of Ogunquit’s dwellings. It lies deep inside of the silent figures busy with lobster

traps and dories at The Cove who ignore the “foreigners” who approach them fairly wagging their behinds in their eagerness to be friendly. Such “pushing” behavior is greeted with eyes as blankly cold as a frozen cod’s, and is accompanied by an eloquent spitting, done in such a way as to make the very act of spitting itself a rebuff.

Nor is Ogunquit amused when its summer people imitate its way of talking. Ogunquit pro-

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*Historic Tea on a sunny September day, 2015*



Photos by  
Eva Nudelman



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nounces “boat” “but,” and “yes” “ayeh.” It pronounces “blueberries” “bloopers”; “road” as “rudd.” It puts an “er” at the words ending in a, such as “Canader” and “Florider.” But one “ayeh” out of a summer visitor has been known to freeze a summer handy man stiffer than a hard frost.

Ogunquit’s personality seeps down to its visitors in the stories those who have spent years summering there have accumulated and pass along as cherished collectors’ items.

For the most part, these stories told by summer cottagers are had from the local folks they employ

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## Ogunquit... (from page 5)

or from such retailers of local lore as Ogunquit's leading raconteur, Phil Hutchins, or the town's barber, Ted Crotty. In his time Crotty has slid his razor over the jowls of such Ogunquit sojourners as William Howard Taft and Jack London—London's stubble was tougher, Crotty thinks. But although he has scraped Ogunquit's chins for nigh onto forty years, he is not yet an accepted Ogunquitian. "As far as the village is concerned, I'm just passing through," he says.

Then, too, any meeting of the Ogunquit Men's Civic Club is likely to conclude with a session of

"He doesn't need to study that. He's already feeble-minded."

A remark made by Warren Hutchins brings appreciative grins. Although he is approaching eighty, Warren is still lobstering. One day he pulled eighty five lobster traps and got only seven lobsters. Someone asked him how his traps were going. "Ain't doing much but changing the water in 'em," he said.

Another story is told about one of the Adamses. There was a drive on to prevent trapping "shorts"—lobsters illegally small. The warden to whom the task was given fell into the habit of hiding behind bushes on shore and peering through parted leaves with a spyglass. Hep to his scheme, Adams took a rifle with him in his boat and, whenever a bird flew near a shore bush, sprayed a few bullets in that general direction. The warden retreated, muttering irritably about "some people being crazy."

Then there is the story about "deef" Dan and his electrical hearing aid. The aid is usually so low on electrical current that it won't work. Cost a cent a day to keep the battery running, and a cent a day can turn into a power of money if a man ain't careful. Dan's passion for economy creates certain complications. Mrs. G. Brinton Lucas, a summer cottager from Unionville, Pa., who tried to order five lobsters from him to be delivered at five o'clock, had a hard time explaining her needs through his non working electrical ear. The repetition of the word "five" seemed to throw Dan for a loss. Finally she gave up and made it "six" lobsters at five o'clock. The switch helped unravel the whole thing in Dan's mind.

Not the least of Ogunquit's attractions are its summer waitresses. At the Lookout, one of Ogunquit's largest hotels, a waitress serves three meals a day, is free from ten thirty until noon, from three to five thirty, and after dinner. She can earn from fifteen to twenty five dollars a week in tips, plus free room and board, plus thirty dollars a month in wages. There were 500 applications—mostly from college students—last year. Henry L. and Malcolm H. Merrill, its managers, screen their applicants carefully. To avoid cliques the Merrills accept only limited groups from each college. Applicants must supply a church reference, a

(Continued...Page 7)

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### OgunquitFest

*Just in time for Halloween, 2015*



*Eva Nudelman Photos*

tales about the village's characters. A sample yarn garnered at such a meeting has to do with the Ogunquitian who under the misapprehension that he was using some kind of newfangled mailbox, mailed his letters in the spick and span rubbish disposal cans the Civic Club had bought and placed along the main street. Another concerned the Ogunquit mother who, when advised to send her child to a school for feeble-minded objected,

## Ogunquit... (from page 6)

business reference and their parents signed consent. Among the institutions represented during the 1948 season were the University of Maine, Colby, Bates, Middlebury, Simmons, Radcliffe, Skidmore, Vassar, Bryn Mawr, and the University of Vermont.

There are several theories as to how Ogunquit became a summer resort. Whatever started the influx, John George Nicolay spent the summer of 1886 there, working on the "Life of Lincoln" he wrote with John Hay. Artists who have stayed in the village are Robert Henri, George Bellows, Winslow Homer and John Singer Sargent. In recent years John Falter rented a studio there. Two of his Post covers have featured Ogunquit. From an Ogunquit cottage, Nathan Haskell Dole edited "Bartlett's Familiar Quotations."

Victor Brenner, who designed the Lincoln head on the one-cent piece, stayed there. Movie Star Bette Davis was once a summer waitress at the Beachmere Hotel. Writers Ellen Glasgow, Owen Wister and Winston Churchill—the American novelist, not England's war time Prime Minister—have viewed Ogunquit with a kindly eye. Cleveland Amory wrote most of his "The Proper Bostonian" there.

Any numbers of topflight actors and actresses have appeared at the Ogunquit Playhouse, an enterprise begun by an entrepreneur, Walter Hartwig, and carried on since by his widow.

The recreation of the Gibson-girl summer visitor with her high-collared swain was a drive in a buggy to such scenic wonders as Mount Agamenticus or Bald Head Cliff. In the evening it was considered daring—and even a cause for tongue-clacking among the rocking chair brigade—for mixed couples to toast marshmallows among the sand dunes.

The earliest summer visitors were the Abenaki Indians. The Ogunquit clam flats meant to the Abenaki a summer long feast of clams.

Formerly the village subsisted on "fishin', lumberin' and farmin'." Lobsters were so easy to get that traps weren't necessary. All that was required was go down to the wharf, drop in a fish head on a line, and haul it in. Three or four lobsters would cling to it.

Ogunquit's big events were formerly its church

suppers. For fifty cents a hungry man could eat as much as he could eat. Wistfully, Ogunquit admits that the church suppers "aren't what they used to be." However, two eating places—the ones with those aforementioned elfin names The Dan Sing Fan and The Whistling Oyster—cater to Ogunquit's summer guests. Mrs. Ryan, who runs the The Oyster, specializes in a rum cake with more layers that you would think could be crowded into a cake, and a special invention, "lily sandwiches." Both have a tendency to induce amnesia so far as diet lists are concerned. Richard Coolidge, of the Dan Sing Fan, bakes his own fudge cake, a concoction guaranteed to make even the most comfortable girdle feel too snug. Both the Fan and the Oyster offer lobster sandwiches packed generously with a filling of lobster meat.

An overnight visitor in Ogunquit may be forgiven for thinking the village wholly inhabited by Perkinses and Littlefields. A few years ago Roby Littlefield, the village's one-man historical society and best-informed citizen, made a count of the Perkinses and Littlefields in the town of Wells, of which Ogunquit is a part. Result: 102 Perkinses, 99 Littlefields. So numerous are the Perkinses and Littlefields, that matrons bearing those names sometimes include the first names of their husbands along with their own to identify themselves. This accounts for such curious composite given names as Nellie Joe and Winnie Jim.

The day after Labor Day, Ogunquit's population evaporates like a plate of blueberry muffins left upon an American-plan-hotel table. Only one quarter of the business done by the local merchants is done in winter. The items that move fastest during the summer at Ogunquit's drugstore are bicarbonate of soda and kindred anti-acid preparations. The store's proprietor, John N. Dannert, attributes this demand to an inordinate consumption of fried clams with their amour-plated golden batter. In winter the drugstore sells more nose drops and salves for chests that rattle with colds than anything else. Dannert sells grosses of lipstick in summer, only a dozen of them all winter.

There is one Ogunquit business, however, that goes great guns all year round. Peggy Ives, a trim

(Continued...Page 9)

*Christmas By The Sea Open House at the Museum (Photos by Eva Nudelman)*



## Ogunquit... (from page 7)

personable woman, started and has made internationally famous her Ogunquit home-spun weaving shop. She has customers in Japan, Greece, Norway and Portuguese East Africa. Employing six to eight Ogunquit girls to operate her looms and working side by side with them herself, she designs and weaves exceptional homespuns. The orders she takes during the summer keeps her busy through March. Then she begins to stock up for the summer.

Ogunquit boasted the first beauty shop license ever issued in Maine. It was made out to a Mrs. George. "We sat on an organ stool and Mrs. George kept her hairpins and supplies on her old fashioned, four pedaled organ," says Mrs. C. L. Maxwell, widow of the former owner of Maxwell's store. "Then we went into her bathroom for a shampoo. Mrs. George carefully washed her customers' ears, so their hair wouldn't get dirty after she had cleaned it."

The local innkeepers range from vague, quaint or cantankerous to kindly and hospitable. George Weare, owner and manager of the Hillcrest Inn, never remembers the dates of people's reservations and is often quite surprised to see them arrive. But he always rallies in time and finds a room for them somewhere. He has a habit of forgetting to open his mail; lets it pile up and waits for a rainy day. When it drips outside, he reaches into an old drawer, puts his feet upon a table and says, "Good day for opening lettehs."

Shifting styles and fashions, though slow to touch the more conservative summer people, do catch up with them sooner or later. Time was when the cliff dwellers gave a tea, it really meant a tea, not Martinis. But last year one Ogunquit visitor, who, after spending a score of summers there, qualified for a hard-to-get invitation to such a tea party, found that her hostess had capitulated to "the foul custom of serving alcohol at such functions." In preparing the cocktails, however, the hostess calmly mixed gin and whiskey in the same shaker.

Ogunquit's permanent citizens are not what might be called free, easy and demonstrative, even with their own townspeople. Unexpected and uninvited, a group of neighbors once dropped in on a Littlefield family just as the household

was about to sit down to supper. Not only that, the interlopers insisted on sitting at the table with them. Before reaching for his carving tools, Mr. Littlefield uttered a brief grace, "God bless me and my wife, my son John and his wife, us four and no more."

It is generally agreed that in the long history of Ogunquit summering, only two outsiders have been accepted by the permanent residents as part of themselves. The first was Charles H. Woodbury, a marine painter and etcher, who discovered Ogunquit in 1888, and who, until his death, lovingly depicted its rocks and waves. It was Woodbury who started an art school in Ogunquit and who first attracted other artists to the village. It was also Woodbury who, when his students were ready to transfer to canvas the waves that had laid Maine's rocky ribs and bones bare, told his students not to leave their paint rags lying around. One untidy Ogunquit artist had been careless with his paint rags. A cow had eaten them and had died, and Woodbury was determined not to have another such session with an irate farmer.

The other "foreigner" to make the grade was John Kendrick Bangs, author of "A Houseboat on the Styx." For years he came to Ogunquit early and stayed late. In time he was adopted by the villagers.

As of now, perhaps the best bet for "outsider most likely to qualify as an 'Ogunquitian'" is a young man whose father, a Boston businessman named Tower owns an Ogunquit summer home. Young Bill Tower spent his boyhood vacations on Ogunquit waters. At fourteen he was appointed Ogunquit's harbor master, thereby becoming, so far as anyone knows, the youngest harbor master in the world. Returning from World War II, he asked his father for time in which to make up his mind whether he wanted to go to college or wrest his living from the sea. Joining the twenty or twenty-four Ogunquitters who still earn their daily bread from fishing, he went after herring with a deep net, dragging for hen clams and harpooned tuna. Before long, he was far ahead of the rest of the field. Last year he grossed nearly \$10,000; \$3,700 of it from tuna trucked into Boston and sold. No one talks about college for young Bill any longer. For all his twenty two years, when

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## Ogunquit... (from page 9)

Bill Tower stands up to talk at the Ogunquit's Men's Civic Club about persuading the Government to enlarge and deepen Ogunquit's harbor, so that sportsmen who fish for tuna will include it among their favorite haunts, he is listened to with respect.

Today most of Ogunquit's art students attend The Ogunquit Art School at Perkins Cove. Founded by Robert Laurent, William von Schlegell and Bernard Karfiol it does a sound and enlightened job of instructing forty to fifty students each summer in painting and sculpture. The school was accredited under the G.I. Bill of Rights. It also picks up extra funds by inviting anyone willing to pay fifty cents to drop in to one of its classes to sketch from the nude models. Although the school's purpose was purely artistic in extending this invitation, occasionally a stranger who would have felt more at home in an auto salesroom or leaning over a ticker in a brokerage office appeared in such classes. He brought a charcoal stick, and a pad of charcoal paper, and sat glassy eyed and rapt, hurriedly making aimless curved lines on his paper when the instructor drew near.

Ogunquit's other artistic focal point was the Barn Gallery, run by the Arts Association. According to one of its guiding spirits, beret wearing Tony Mattei, the idea behind the Barn Gallery is to give young artists a chance to hang their pictures and to sell them to the public alongside those painted by well-established artists.

What Ogunquit's permanent population thinks of art, abstract and otherwise, is not known. However, it is known that devout Ogunquitters are serious about their religion. Russell Hutchins, who runs the Ogunquit garage—it started 104 years ago as the village blacksmith shop—had a grandfather who mortgaged his home to help build the Methodist church. His father made the same sacrifice to help supply the beams and joists for the Baptist church. Yet, while a number of Ogunquitters are sober and valiant churchgoers, they are close enough to the soil to understand the workings of human nature. A rooming house keeper had a chance to appraise such workings when an out-of-town couple rented one of her rooms, only to demand that a double bed be placed in it. "All we have is twin beds," she told them. Canceling

their reservations, they went elsewhere. "They weren't even a young couple, either," the lodging house keeper afterward reported indigently. "The sexical old fools!" This word coined by her has become a part of Ogunquit's vocabulary.

It's not that Ogunquitters keep a closed mind about those love lives that fail to follow the conventions. The difference is that when the rules are passed by them, the by-passing moves at such a leisurely pace that it gives a body time to get accustomed to the situation. Take the tale of Marty Sue and Capt'n MacPherson:

Capt'n MacPherson's beard was a tangle of icy spikes. Behind him, his craft lay foundered. Before him, a light glimmered in a window. Drawing near, he knocked on a door. A woman opened it and took him in. She fed him scalding hot coffee, bedded him down in a feathered bed that seemed fathoms deep. In the morning he took a good look at his benefactress. Her name was Marty Sue. She lived alone. He found he had been washed ashore at Perkins Cove in the village of Ogunquit. After that until the day he died, thirty years later, he never left Marty Sue's cottage, except to do such odd jobs as wood chopping and carpentering. He and Marty Sue never married. There were impediments. A hundred and fifty miles to the nor'east he had a wife and children. But he never got in touch with his family, and his spouse never bothered to divorce him, although in time she knew where he was.

Ogunquit occasionally still puts its brand on a chance dropper-inner. Two years ago, Jack Smart, the Fat Man of the radio hour of the same name, came to Ogunquit to spend a week end with a friend. He remained all summer and lives there now on a year round basis in a fisherman's shack in Perkins Cove. Once a week he drives to Boston, flies to New York for his radio show, and then flies back again. Friends encountering him in New York note with a start that he has begun to answer "ayeh" instead of "yes" to their questions.

*Article courtesy of Deborah Nelson*

