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When Saint Peter says to me, 'You ready?' I'll say, 'Wait 'til I git my tray.' ... Seems to me I grew right up in that hotel racket. I don't hardly know what 'tis to be tired. One day a fellow at Shawmut said, 'Gladys, you don't look like yourself. Are you well?' I said, 'What the hell are you talkin' about? I can outwork any three people you have.'"

—Gladys Hutchins McLean
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Cover photograph by Lynn Kippax, Jr.
LOCHARS
IN A RESORT TOWN

Tourism in Maine grows by leaps and bounds. In these pages we look at it from a local perspective, often a sore subject. We welcome comment and will publish it.

By Pamela Wood

LIVING IN A RESORT town is hard on your sense of humor. How can it be otherwise? While we work, they play. For every one of us, going about our appointed tasks, there are dozens of them out there taking it easy in flowered shirts, their pockets stuffed with vacation dollars and charge cards.

They idle by our river, surf in our ocean, buy our copy of the Boston Globe, block our way to the bank and the post office, take our bar stool, gaze at our sunset, and oh ignominy, pat our picturesque children who are trying to sell them lemonade.

Somebody once said that being a local in a resort town is like being a kid outside a candy store. We can sniff the sweets, but we can’t eat them.

That may be. Certainly local people shun the beaches for their back yards, get their errands done early before the tourists wake up, travel long distances on back roads to avoid the town center, and scrupulously refrain from eating ice cream cones in public, buying color film or gaping at the water.

Locals become shadowy figures in their own landscape, going about their own business in their own way, like prop men for a lavish play. They put up the scenery, open the stage curtains, adjust the lights, pump the gas, bring the coffee and supply the lobsters.

If they complain, it’s called
biting the hand that feeds you. Or biting the hand that feeds your neighbor, which is just as bad.

By August if not sooner, being a shadowy figure in your own town begins to wear down your sense of humor, not to speak of your dignity. The two are connected by six inches of barbed wire.

That's why locals adopt certain tactics to restore their humor and get them through the season. There are inhouse jokes and pranks that are passed around like horse liniment for use against rudeness, ignorance and arrogance.

Wayne Cluff at Doane's Sunoco is a master at this stuff. Since he can't insult rude tourists, he ventilates himself by insulting the locals, who know very well they are standins.

"Turkey!" he will shout at a local. "Pull this heap over," giving the finger in an exaggerated gesture. The local replies in like manner, and if you don't know what's going on, it could be the beginning of a dogfight. Just two locals giving artificial respiration to their sense of humor.

Or it might go like this. Wayne throws a nasty scowl at a local waiting for a pump while four out-of-state cars occupy all the hoses.

"Hey," yells the local on cue. "What's the ugly look for?"
"It's free, ain't it?" Wayne barks back with satisfaction.

Then there is the under-the-breath aside, which Bruce Doane himself is good at. A string of cars, honking loudly, lights on, roars up to the stop-light by his station.

"Damn fools," Doane mutters.

"What's that?" asks a local.
"That a wedding?"
"More likely a divorce," he says dourly.

One of the ways to get your rankles out is to crack down on a tourist who has stepped so far out of bounds that nobody could be expected to take it. A good example of that in this issue of Salt is a story about George Harriman (the "Captain") as he handles people at the town's pay parking lot.

The Captain is politer than any of his interviewers from Salt thought possible, even when people make "remarks". But there comes a point. For him, the point was when a tourist called him a thief. "Now there was no way in HELL I was gonna let him get away with that," the Captain roared.

That story got passed around for a couple of weeks. The Captain probably told it two or three dozen times. It went out over the C.B. All those who heard it or repeated it got a little of their own back.

The locals who can handle this summer's influx of tourists best are people like Gladys Hutchins McLean. Gladys is such a pro, so sternly trained in the "hotel racket" from childhood that she gets through the summer under full sail without seeming to have to tack at all. It's a job she knows well and does well. (See story in this issue of Salt.)

For those who don't have Gladys' stamina, there is always the best inhouse defense of all, Emmy. Get Emmy directing traffic.

Emmy has his predictable routine, beginning early each morning, as he walks from Cape Porpoise to Kennebunkport. Emmy does odd jobs around town. He gets the mail for one of the restaurants. He delivers the bank deposit for another.

Some of the locals gave Emmy a Walkie-Talkie several years ago. Then they gave him a badge and a whistle.

The receiving end of the Walkie-Talkie deadends in Emmy's own pants pocket when he uses it. He has closer communication with himself than most people. What Emmy broadcasts, Emmy receives.

Every once in a while, Emmy takes it into his head to direct traffic. He stands in the middle of Dock Square, gestures to the lines of tourist cars to stop, go and turn all at once from all directions and blows his whistle furiously.

Soon the traffic is snarled and backed up for blocks. The locals grin. It's almost as good as the Tuesday after Labor Day.
CAPTAIN
AND THE PARKING LOT

RATES
FIRST 30 MIN. FREE
EACH ADDITIONAL HOUR
AFTER FIRST 30MIN. $1.00
9:00am - 11pm

FOR FREE
PARKING & SHUTTLE
FOLLOW RED LOBSTER

STOP
This summer George Harriman, known locally as "The Captain," has taken on a job that requires all of his ambassadorial talent.

He presides over Kennebunkport's first pay parking lot. The pay parking lot — now in its second season — is one of the most controversial changes in town. The Captain takes his hot spot in stride. It's better than "settin' in a rockin' chair an' doin' nothin'," he grins.

"You meet just about everybody that visits Kennebunkport. You meet 'em right in this parking lot. "That's why we kinda put our best foot forward, you know. Be good to the people, an' hope that they'll leave here with pleasant memories. Although there are a few, I'm gonna tell ya, that don't leave in very good humor." He clucks at the understatement.

"That's two dollahs, mam," he says to a well dressed woman in a Mercedes. "Out of a biggie. Goin' ta hafta give you all ones. There you go. Don't spend it all in one place!"

Then to a car with a Canada plate. "That 'ud be a dollah, sirh. Thank you very much sirh," he says, pinching the brim of his cap graciously.

Within his domain, the parking lot booth, the Captain is as easy going as an uncle. He is sportily dressed in a blue baseball cap, red suspenders with brass slides, white tee shirt under a red, white and blue cotton pima shirt and cotton pants. He fills the window of the booth and leans out of it, neighborly and conversational.
"The most trouble I have here is with people who could well afford to pay.

"One of the funniest ones I had the other day was this lady coming through with a brand new Cadillac El Dorado. She fished around in her purse, down in the depths of it, for the change.

"She came up with it, she sez, 'Well, you've taken my last two dollahs and a half.'

"So I felt so sad fuh her, I pulled out my little change purse," the Captain hauls out a small leather coin purse and dangles it daintily in the air, "and took a penny oudda there and handed it to her.

"I sez, 'I hope that this will help out if you need some fuel fuh your car.'"

Neither the locals nor the tourists relish having to pay to park. But the Captain says, "It helps to relieve the congestion. This is a small town. There's a lot of people trying to get into it."

As for the locals, he thinks the 30 minute free grace period ought to take care of them.

"Now if you can't run up — well you don't hafta RUN — but if you can't leave this parking lot, go an' get your mail, walk down to the drugstore an' get your newspaper in a half hour, somethin's wrong somewhere."

LUNCHTIME TRAFFIC begins to bunch up on the Captain, but it's nothing compared to Memorial Day weekend with Vice President George Bush in town making a speech in Dock Square. "In four hours here Sunday, I pushed 504 vehicles out through here (222 couldn't find a place to park). Now you know you haven't even got a chance to scratch your butt when you're doing that!" he laughs.

A car draws up with four women inside, their faces flushed from the midday heat trapped around them. "That's three dollahs, madam," the Captain says politely.

The driver bristles. "Everything is too high for us here. Why, it's terrible. A pound of fudge for eight dollahs and something."

"Did you buy it?" the Captain asks her.

"Yeah, I should've given it back to 'em. That's what I should've done. I think that's ridiculous."

"Well, you know what Bar-num said about that, don't ya," the Captain comments mildly.

"I wouldn't pay that much for parking ever again either, I tell you that. That's terrible."

The Captain says he never spars with the argumentative ones. "Ah, it isn't worth it. Life's too short, you know. You just roll with the punches, that's all.

"That'll be one dollah, sirh. You're just over into the dollah bracket."

"That's a free one, mam. Just 25 minutes."

One fellow did get the Captain's dander up. "He owed two bucks and he only wanted to pay one. He held the line up
here, so I pulled him over to
the side.

"So we got the police down.
So this guy felt that he didn't
owe the two dollahs, an' it's
just possible that he was over-
charged. I had 387 vehicles go
through that day. And if I made
an error, why it's very possi-
ble. But, the thing of it was, I
was gonna give him back his
dollah to get him the heck out-
ta here, ya see.

"But then, when he told the
officers I STOLE a dollah from
him, I sez no way in HELL is
he gonna get that dollah now!"

As one who was born in the
area, the Captain has seen
large changes in it. "The town
is fast becoming something dif-
ferent than what it was forty,
fifty years ago." He becomes
reflective when you ask him if
it's for better or for worse.

"Well, who's to say? I guess
beauty is in the eye of the
beholder. I, I kinda like it the
way it used to be, you know. I
thought it was a beautiful lit-
tle town. And it is still now a
beautiful town. But, for in-
stance we didn't have this
parking lot then and this
asphalt. And it used to be
grassy down through here.

"We had the shipyards and
and we had buses then, too. And we
had movies, so you used to go
to the movies. That blue
building, that was an ice cream
parlor. That's where I spent
my first dollah I ever made.

"How'd I make my first
dollah?" he repeats the ques-
tion as a car pulls up.

"Well, that's one dollah,
sirh."

"That's how he made his
next dollah," the driver snaps.

"That's for the town, sirh," the Captain says with con-
siderable dignity. "Well, I'll
tell you how I made my first
dollah. Right up the river here
is a very nice golf course. And
I used to be a caddy up there.
I'm sure that's where I made
my first dollah. And just as
soon as I got my little clutches
on that thing, I took off for this
place, and I got two lobster
rolls and a chocolate milk
shake."

The Captain has had plenty
of preparation for his present
job. For 37 years he oversaw
the parking area at the Kittery
Naval Yard. "And that was
eight lanes of traffic going out
of that shipyard. So I had my
hands full there. This here is
a piece of cake.

"Hi," the Captain greets a
young woman. "This the lady
I've been trying to get for a
long time. I'm going to get her
for a dollah today."

"Okay," she replies. "I'm
willing to pay as long as I can
park."

The next driver holds a
dollar bill toward the Captain.

"That's just right, sir. Thank
you," says The Captain.

"Thank you," the driver
replies glumly. "Highway rob-
dery."

"There's another remark," the Captain smiles.

He agrees to explain how he
got his nickname, which is a
C.B. handle. "There was a
Wanby went on the rocks down
heah. An old English freighter.
I don't know what year it was.
But because I was always do-
ing everything wrong, they call
me the Captain of the Wanby.
They shortened it up to Cap-
tain. I wasn't even born when
that thing went on the rocks.
"That's a free one, mam."

"Thank you."

The Captain removes his cap and scratches his head. His eyes glint as he gets his next words ready.

"Oh, I had an awful thing happen here, just happened today. I didn't know what to do. There was this lady come through — you're the first people I've told this to — lady come through and she had about four brats in the car she was trying to straighten out," the captain is laughing so hard he chokes on his words.

"And her blouse, her bra, oh! I had to look this way," the Captain turns himself firmly toward the river, "because I knewed she'd be embarrassed. Her blouse was open and her bra or something had let go and there, was lettin' it all hang out.

"I'm gonna tell ya, my face was just as red as the stripes in the flag over there. She took off. I took the dollah, says, 'Thank you, mam, and zingo out she (goes), cuz she knew what was wrong. She found out.

"I can't take too much of that. That's why I carry these glycerin tablets. I had one heart attack. I don't want another one!

"That's a dollah, sirh."

"Isn't that something though? She wasn't any Dolly Parton, but she was a runner-up.

"That's a dollah, sirh. Thank you very much."

SUSAN LAUTTMAN is a senior at Kansas State University, MARY THORSBY is a senior at Stephens College, and DANA GILLIAN is a senior at Johns Hopkins University. All are participating in Salt's summer semester program.
BORN IN "THAT HOTEL RACKET"

By Heather Coryell

It is Sunday morning, seven o'clock and Gladys Hutchins McLean is getting ready for work. When most people are still sleeping, sipping coffee or beginning a morning job, Gladys is putting on her uniform and tying a net over her hair. At 7:20 she leaves her white clapboard cottage, built two rooms at a time, and crosses the road.
For 22 summers she has walked this route twice a day, except for her days off. She walks briskly, her shoulders slightly hunched. In less than five minutes she has arrived at the Shawmut Inn, a resort hotel overlooking Maine's southern coast.

She climbs the carpeted stairs of the portico, enters the inn and stops at the desk to talk to Burt. He has been up since six making coffee for the guests. He wants to know if he is related to the man named Hutchins whose obituary was in yesterday's paper. Both Gladys and Burt have ancestors named Hutchins. "Somewhere snarled up in there," they are related. "Oh, we're all kissin' cousins," Gladys assures him.

She walks toward the dining room, sets down her bag and unties her scarf. She brings jugs of orange juice, fills water pitchers, places doilies on saucers. At precisely eight o'clock, the hostess seats a family of four at a table beside the window. Gladys waits, giving them time to read the menu. She greets them with a smile and takes their order.

Back in the kitchen while her order is prepared, Gladys arranges her tray: glasses of orange juice, dishes of fruit and lids to keep the plates warm. She chats with George the dishwasher. He tells her how they ran out of silverware the day before. "If you'd been there Gladys, you'd a dropped your tray." She smiles and agrees. When the order is ready, Gladys quickly garnishes the plates with orange slices, green grapes and lettuce. Hoisting the tray on her shoulder, she marches out of the kitchen.

"You're sure I couldn't tempt you with some more coffee?"

"No thanks. This is fine."

"OK." She walks to the next table and repeats her question. She might also stop and chat about the weather, ask about the food or share a little history about Shawmut Inn (her specialty).

She addresses her customers through thick black rimmed glasses and blue eyes. She rarely uses hand motions when she speaks. Her eyes do the communicating. Besides, her hands are too busy pouring coffee, bringing an extra spoon, and carrying trays stacked with plates cradling French toast and omelettes.

The tray never tilts when Gladys carries it. She tilts instead. When she stands to take an order or put the tray on its stand, two feet elevated in white soled shoes plant themselves into the thick carpet. Even when she walks with her tray, she places her feet firmly.

"Would you care for jam or marmalade?"

"Now we have strawberry, raspberry, grape and marmalade." After one guest helps herself to some raspberry, Gladys adds. "The raspberry is awful good. I don't think you've got enough to try. Take some more."

She presents the next person with the tray of jam dishes, always serving from the left and clearing from the right. Carefully, confidently she moves in double time: left right, left right. Even if she has to slip behind tables or between chairs. Not that this would be a problem. Gladys is thin. Her green skirt, white Oxford blouse and bowtie fit her loosely. However, the outfit suits her.

She has worked here for many years and she belongs in this uniform and in this place, in the midst of round tables, Hitchcock chairs, silver spoons, white vases with flowers, crystal chandeliers, and also among bustling waitresses and clattering cooks. She belongs not only because she has been there so long, but because she cares about the inn, the people who stay there and the people who work there.

Gladys considers the first requirement for a waitress to be "You've got to like people 'cause if ya don't like people, forget it." A waitress comes into contact with all types of people, both in the crew she works with and in the people she serves. After so many years at the Shawmut Inn, Gladys can remember generations of guests and employees.

Like a computer printer she reels off names, dates, even conversations with speed and accuracy. The day Harvey, a costume designer in the winter, "the nicest kind of a fellow who looks like a character of Dickens," came to work with a hangover. Or the time a waitress admired a customer's dress and Harvey — "who carried his sewin' machine right around with him" — sewed an identical dress in between lunch and dinner.

Or the morning she forgot to hand the breakfast cook the plate for the eggs as was the custom in one hotel. Or how her cousin helped her get a winter job in Florida. Every incident becomes an animated drama. Gladys plays every character and recites all the lines. "We had one fellow that worked down here one year. He was in the dinin' room with us and said t' me, 'Glad, I think I'm gonna leave.' And this was long in August. Well, you make good money in August, ya know."
"And I said, 'Leave, what for?'

"And he said, 'I've made my quota.'

"And I said, 'Now hold on here just a minute!'

"And he said, 'What's the matter?'

"And I said, 'You mean to tell me that when you came here t' work you set a figyuh that you would like to reach and now you've made that 'mount of money and you're gonna quit?'

"And he said, 'Yes.'

"And I said, 'Well,' I said, 'now ya see what you're gonna make from her~ on 'til you were scheduled t' leave is gonna be pure gravy.'

"'Oh no,' he said. 'I don't need that.' And I said, 'Aren't ya goin' to school? And he said, 'Oh,' he said, 'my old man's payin' for that.'

"'Well,' I said, 'don't ya ever stop'n think maybe your old man would like a helpin' hand once in a while, make his burden a little bit lighter, ya know?'

"Well, ya know I talked him into it. He stayed.

"So when it was all over and done with, he got ready t' leave, he came to me and he said, 'Ya know,' he said, 'you was right.'

"And I said, 'Right about what?'

"And he said, 'Well I never realized,' he says, 'how much more money,' he says, 'I'd make.'

"He said, 'Ya know, if I'd gone home,' he said, 'I'd a been spendin'. I wouldn' a been doin' anything.'

"'Well,' I said, 'thanks. Ya see I had a good thought there, didn't I?' And he came back the next year and I never heard anymore about quotas or this or that or something else."

Gladys says, "Your education is never complete 'til you've spent a season at Shawmut Inn." Graduates of Shawmut Inn reciprocate Gladys' enthusiasm and affection. Kirk Damborg who worked there fourteen years ago drops by Gladys' house once in a while. Kirk worked three or four summers when Shawmut still had dorms for employees. Both of them can remember how Gladys used to wake up all the kids.

"I'd g' down the hall bangin' on doors first one, second, then th' other, ya know. Get 'em all out a bed and you'd hear 'em holler, 'Here comes Glad,' the first door I'd bang on.

"'Glad's here,' they'd say. And it would go all over the dorm.'

"'Everybody'd be up, so the next door you'd hit, they'd say, 'I'm awake.'

"And I'd say, 'You be sure 'n stay that way.'

"And so Mrs. Small (owner of the Shawmut) would say, 'God, I never saw these kids. They
all get outa bed on time lately. What struck 'em?"

"But nobody ever let on. They'd all be grin­nin' t' themselves that I was the character that was runnin' through the dorm every mornin' on the way int' work t' wake 'em all up."

Liking people is not the only requirement for the making of a good waitress. Years of experience and hard work are also important ingredients. Gladys says, "It's like anything you get into, if you wanna do it right, is time consumin'." Her colleagues will tell you that "Gladys certainly is a hard worker." But she learned the hard work of waitressing long before the Shawmut Inn.

"SEEMS TO ME I GREW RIGHT UP IN that hotel racket." Growing up on Monhegan Island, Gladys worked at her Aunt Elva's hotel, the Monhegan House.

"One of the guests down here at Shawmut Inn said to me, 'Don't you think you missed a lot, havin' been raised on that island?' I said, 'No, I always felt sorry for the kids on the mainland.'

"You can see the island before you ever git off the ferry. 'Cause after you get outside of Port Clyde, outside the islands, Allen and Burnt Island, you can see the island. An' it just raises right up there, right out a the ocean like the top of a mountain.

"And as you approach it, you can see that it separates. It's two islands, because on the right would be Manana, and on the left would be Monhegan. And then, course as you approach it, it seems like it gets higher an' higher out a the water.

"Most of the houses are on the front side, on the harbor side. But on the back side, there are cliffs. It starts when you come 'round from Lobster Cove an' then you come t' Bird Head an' then there's White Head an' Little White Head, an' Lobster Cove where Jamie Wyeth lives. He bought Rockwell Kent's place there.

"And everybody says, 'Oh it looks like it's kind a barren.' But it never seemed that way t' us. I guess cause it was home, ya know. And even the last time I was out there, the closer I got it looked just as good t' me as it ever did."

There was no running water or electricity on the island, only gaslight. At Monhegan House waitresses not only served and cleared, they also helped to prepare the food and clean up. Twice a week they polished the silver. "And you spent three quarters of your time washin' dishes." Cream pitchers, relish trays, glassware and boiled egg cups all had to be washed. "Oh, we did everything," Gladys remembers.

Every morning, Gladys and the other waitresses squeezed the orange juice. "You would have to squeeze those by hand, ya know, with a regulah old-fashioned orange squeezer thing. And they'd all had t' be strained. There couldn' be a bit o' pulp in it. And you would squeeze a crate and a half of oranges in the mornin'.

"You'd think, 'Oh, we've got just enough, ya know, to git through breakfast.' And then somebody would come in late. You'd have everything all washed up, ya know, and put away and then dig that all out t' squeeze one glass of orange juice. My sister used to get mad. Ohh. She had a pretty good disposition but she'd say, 'Why can't they git up and git in here t' breakfast while the orange juice is still around!'"

The gang working at Monhegan House made quite a team, says Gladys. A commercial artist, Gene Thurston, "who looked like a Shakespearian actor," was the desk clerk. One lady, Martha Trefferthen, was the chambermaid. "My mother used to say t'me, 'I dunno how Martha ever does all those chambers by herself.'"

The chef's wife Molly or Ma James became the pastry cook and Pa James did all the rest. Another "gentleman was the janitor. And Allen washed the dishes," well not quite. Like a power play using every player at the end of a
game, everyone working at Monhegan House washed dishes at the end of a meal.

"If you wasn't doin' anything, everybody'd stop; washin' a dish, washin' a glass, did whatever there was so that you'd all git out on time. You never saw such teamwork in your life, but you had to, otherwise you'd've been there all day and half the night."

From the chef, Pa James, Gladys learned "the important little things to do." He had quite a reputation in his day and "he had cooked in all the places in the state of Maine." He taught the employees certain tasks that should be done, "and he'd see to it that you did them.

"So once you start in with somebody like that, you know, and people tell you, well now I want it done this way, then that's the way you do it. But some of these kids today you say, 'Well now, I want it done this way.' Forget it, you're wastin' your breath. They haven' no more idea of doing it that way than th' man in the moon."

Today, Gladys sometimes plays Pa James at the Shawmut. Working with waitresses most of whom are much younger, Gladys tries to pass on the education she received at Monhegan House. She tries "t' teach 'em to do this 'n that, 'n all the things that need to be done so some day if I'm not thayuh, somebody else kin do it, ya know."

She doesn't choose or train the waitresses. She says, "I'm not the boss, I'm just bossy. I just take over and that's all there is t' that." The other waitresses don't always listen and "it irks me," she giggles. To the rookie waitresses at Shawmut, she may seem too nit-picky. But from experience, she knows, "If everybody follows the rules and regulations, it's real kind a simple."

"But if everybody's haulin different directions, why it's like a team of horses. It just won't work, that's all, 'cause you got one off horse there, it's gonna go wrong every time."

A STROLL DOWN THE PAVED DRIVE leading to Shawmut Inn across Turbot's Creek Road and into Gladys' house is a short trip between two very different worlds. Two worlds that are very much a part of Gladys.

Shawmut Inn hugs the shores of a rocky cove just north of Kennebunkport. Like a sun bather on a chaise lounge, the inn, its cottages and the chalet sprawl leisurely along the sloping manicured lawns. Admiring the view, tanned guests in expensive togs play shuffleboard and sip daiquiris. They swim in an ocean-side pool.

Inside, they gaze out through large windows like glassbound fish in a tank. While eating and drinking they watch the seals and the lobster boats escorted by clouds of seagulls. Meanwhile, in the parking lot sit a sophisticated array of sleek Mercedes in conservative colors interrupted by an occasional Porsche.

At the end of the parking lot, a shaded driveway leads to Turbot's Creek Road, Gladys' other world, peopled by her friends and relatives. Many of them work for the Shawmut. The rest are fishermen.

Gladys' home faces the road. Opposite her cottage, behind a dense barrier of weeds, the house where Gladys' husband Hadley grew up still stands. The porch leans, the windows hold no glass, the chimney fell off a few years ago. Yet the gray, weathered wood still retains the basic structure. A few yards away, the shed where Hadley's father built his lobster traps slowly melts into the earth.

Two doors up the road on the same side, another abandoned house towers above the other cottages down the street. In spite of the collapsed roof, it is taller. Up the hill Gladys' son Gary and his wife live in the house Gladys' parents built when they first moved to Kennebunkport.

The road ends in the creek, near where it meets the ocean. The fishermen living there have a view similar to Shawmut's. Walking towards the "crick", one passes cottages similar to Gladys' with pick-up trucks and lobster traps in front. New or old, these cottages appear strong, like the lobstermen down the street and the waitress Gladys McLean.

"All the male members of my family been fishermen for generations. I mean way back far as you can go. If I'd been a boy, I'd been right out there, too. I'm stuck full of that salt watuh. The doctor said one time, 'Ya don't have any blood.' I said, 'Course not, all salt watuh, didn't you know that?'" She giggles.

Outside of the Shawmut dining room, her appearance is deceiving. Without her uniform, she looks barely old enough to be a grandmother and her thin, almost dainty frame hardly seems suited for a strenuous full-time job.

At home, Gladys wears different shoes. She leaves her thick soled waitressing shoes on the railing outside her front door. Hanging on the
clothes line, her uniform swings a little in the wind. While she hangs her laundry out to dry, she looks like she should be wearing a calico dress and black shoes. Instead, she wades through the over-grown grass in her husband's old fishing boots.

A plaid shirt and checkered pants hang loosely on her body, like clothes on a hanger. She ties a scarf to protect her hair — done every Wednesday — and her delicate hands don't look like they've squeezed dozens of oranges, washed thousands of dishes or carried hundreds of trays.

As she wades around to the front of the house, she bobs like a lobster buoy in her clothes and biceps. She stomps up the steps and releases the screen door to flap in the breeze. She smiles. "Well you think this nice day is gonna last?"

Like Gladys' off duty outfit, the interior of her home reveals her island origins. Whether on an island or in a cottage, she lives comfortably in small spaces.

In the kitchen, small stacks of laundry and dishes occupy prominent positions on the tables and counters. A toaster, two flashlights, an iron and a jug of dandelion wine mingle with mugs, a bowl of grapes and bunches of letters. Like the final pieces in a puzzle, they fill the empty spaces.

A plant sits in the darkest corner. On the stove three skillets in three sizes lean on the burners. One large pot contains cold popcorn — all popped, half eaten. A shiny, aluminum stove pipe reaches towards its neighbor, a Maytag washer. Waitressing shoes, boots and house slippers pair off on the floor. Above them, a bright orange sweat shirt hangs beside the entrance to the living room.

In the living room, clutter also reigns. It is clean clutter — collection clutter. A lobster buoy, pieces of dried seaweed and miniature lobster traps hang beside red curtains. An old map of Monhegan Island fits snugly into one corner flattened by a thick, black frame similar to Gladys' glasses.

Beside it a whatnot "as old as the hills" protrudes from its corner like a tall pregnant woman. It displays layers of family photographs, seashells, and seagulls made of glass, china and wood. In another corner, two chipped oars lean behind the couch. Porcelain statues and bowls filled with seashells cram the shelves of another whatnot. Without the glass doors these objects would spill onto the floor.

White blinds pulled half way over the windows leak some light into the room. One beam reveals a large cobweb securing the whatnot's leg to the floor. Reading lamps on each side of the couch and the chairs provide the rest of the light. The lamps lean on walls of yellowed paper. They stand on clumps of letters and they shine on stacks of history books, romance novels and National Geographics.

"I have books now, right thayuh in that bookcase that the Sea Coast Mission gave me," each Christmas when she was a little girl. "One year they gave me Little Women, the next they gave me Little Men."

"I'm a pack rat. You can see that. I keep all these newspapers, got to clip those obituaries." Piles of newspapers have been permitted to accumulate in all free space.

Bundles of them fill one corner and conceal half of one wall. The papers barricade the whatnot in the corner. One stack reaches half way to the ceiling. She uses the shortest bundle as a telephone table. They leave just enough wall space for the map of Monhegan Island.

Boxes of clippings block the front door and the farthest wall, while bookshelves stuffed with more letters and books fill other corners, line other walls. She says, "My filing system is all shot to pieces." Yet, in less than a minute she can locate a photograph of Monhegan Island or a pamphlet from Gasparilla Inn.

Gladys has her own good reasons for saving newspapers. She plans to clip the obituaries and "all kinds of pertinent information." Some of it will go into binders on family history and the rest she pastes up in scrapbooks for her grandchildren.

"They say, 'You'll never git around to it. Those newspapers will be here the day you die.'"

"I say, 'If I go and they haul 'em off, I'll be there at the dump with my clippers!'"

One shelf stands out. It is different because it is not cluttered. It contains only black loose-leaf notebooks. Except for the hand-scrawled labels on the bindings, they resemble the thick, intimidating volumes of Encyclopedia Britannica. A closer inspection reveals the titles: J.M. Wildes, Ephram Wildes, Hutchins, Bracket and other family names.

"That's my family history," Gladys says proudly. On the pages inside, her tight handwriting records dates of births, marriages and deaths, and the names of parents and their children.
“THERE'S ONLY ONE NUT IN EVERY family and she's it,” said Gladys' sister when she began collecting family records.

"I started in with a piece of paper, typewriter size, ya know. And one night I was up home and I said t' my father, 'I got t' put togethah some kind of a family tree.'

'He said, 'You have?'

'And I said, 'Yes.'

'Well, I started in with that piece of paper and it kept gettin' bigger and bigger and bigger. So finally I thought, 'Well t' look at just the papers, it was confusing. You had so much stuff. So then I put it all into binders, because I thought, 'Well, that's the best way t'do it.'"

Over the years, Gladys has become a reliable family historian for Mainers named Hutchins, Wildes or Bracket. People write her letters requesting leads on a certain family. "I've written more letters and sent more stuff and sometimes some of 'em I won't hear from oh a year or two or so and I'll think I've sent them misinformation.

"And then the first thing ya know, I'll git a letter from 'em and they've connected up." Likewise, if Gladys reads an obituary that contradicts a date she has, she writes a letter to verify it.

Sometimes people visit Gladys' archives. Thomas Bradbury, a local historian, spent three days "going over all the Wildes stuff" that Gladys had assembled. A few years ago, a brother and sister came to see Gladys. "Somebody that they had run into had told them that I lived on Monhegan and could tell 'em somethin' about the Stanleys. Well, I'm telling ya they was here all afternoon, ya know, 'cause I ran through everything. And all the time I was talkin', they writin t' get a lead on t' who these Stanleys were."

Gladys has been compiling family history for some forty years — the better part of a life that began on Monhegan Island on November 6, 1919.

Like many of her ancestors, she is a native islander who was born "off". Her mother went to the closest doctor in New Harbor in the town of Bristol. A few years later doctors, ministers and teachers came out from the mainland to Monhegan. Those parents who could not afford to send their children to the mainland, hired a teacher to come out and teach high school.

During her freshman year Gladys attended school in the morning and then from 3:30 until 9:00 at night. Gladys still admires her teachers: "These teachers never complained about be-
ing overworked or underpaid or anything ya know. I mean they’d stick with you through thick’n thin til you got it, that was it. They was gonna teach you somethin’ by hook or by crook.”

Gladys intended to graduate by hook or by crook. She wanted to become a nurse. When she had to stop attending school because “we didn’ have any money,” she worked for two years and then went to Thomaston High School on the mainland. She graduated in 1939. Even though Gladys’ mother would not allow her to become a nurse, she doesn’t regret a minute of high school. “Oh, I had two great years in Thomaston. I’ve gotta class reunion comin’ up in August, forty-fifth one and I’m lookin’ forward to it.”

After high school, Gladys’ father moved the family to Kennebunkport. But in the summers, Gladys and her sister returned to the island to work at Monhegan House. Like her mother who longed for the island so much that after her husband died she returned every summer to work there, Gladys grabbed any chance she could to go home. For Gladys, Monhegan Island “will always be home.”

Between her careers at Monhegan House and Shawmut Inn, Gladys “took time off to raise a son.” Her extended leave of absence from “the hotel racket” began when she married Hadley McLean on January 18, 1941.

Like Gladys’ relatives, Hadley was a lobsterman. When she married him, she traded in her waitressing shoes and skirt for boots and pants. Nearly every day she worked on the boat with her husband. She “baited and plugged.” When Gary her son was old enough, he joined his parents on the boat.

FROM HER SIDE OF TURBOT’S CREEK Road, the lobstermen’s side, Gladys watched both her son and Shawmut Inn grow up. She also saw many of her friends go to work for Harry and Theophelia Small, the owners of Shawmut Inn.

“It was the Small’s policy to hire local help if possible. “Guerta Austen was in the bakery for, oh I don’t know how many years, and Chet worked in the kitchen. There’s hardly anybody on this road or the other that hasn’t sometime or other worked at Shawmut. Hazel Wildes and her nephew’s wife Jean Clark, Maggie [Griffin], Elizabeth Wildes, Susan Hutchin’s mother all worked at Shawmut Inn. Then, oh let’s see, who else? Oh, Mary Rolo worked there and May Perry, Laten Perry’s mother and his aunt.” Sifting through names and dates, Gladys decides, “Oh yea they always had more or less a homegrown crew.”

With Shawmut Inn just across the street, it was only a matter of time before Gladys herself would work there. She remembers how Harry Small would come over every spring and ask her if she wanted a job. Every spring Gladys’ husband would reply, “Not this year Harry, not this year.”

After her son married, Gladys “needed something to do. Bored is a word I still don’t know. I have enough t’ do that I never git bored. If I figure that I’m doin somethin’ an’ I think, well I’m tired a doing this, I’ll do something else, and I don’t call that boredom. That’s bein’ active.”

To stay active, Gladys reentered the “hotel racket.” When she asked what her job would be, Mrs. Small said, “We don’t give a damn what you do as long as you’re here.” Harry Small got his way. Gladys finally joined his homegrown crew.

LIKE TOURISM IN MAINE, SHAWMUT Inn has always been a seasonal operation. It opens in April and closes after the foliage season ends. Gladys used to be a seasonal waitress. For the past six winters, she has also worked at Gasparilla Inn in Boca Grande, Florida. After her husband died, Gladys’ cousin arranged this waitressing job for her.

Many people her age retire to Florida and “putter around.” But “laziness never did run
in my family,” says Gladys. At the drop of a hat, she can recite the poem her grandmother taught her.

If a task is once begun,
Never leave it 'till it's done.
Instead of retiring, Gladys applied for another job.

That first season in Florida was filled with new experiences. After 22 years working at Shawmut and 30 years living in the same house, “I'd hardly been outa the state of Maine. I mean I had been t' the World's Fair in New York and I'd been to Boston once or twice. But somehow or other I never cotton too much to Boston.”

Expecting to be “a cat in a strange garret” down in Florida, Gladys was happily surprised. She thought all the employees would be southerners. Instead, Bob the maitre-d and a Mainer had hired a northern crew. “Why, 98 percent of the crew came from Maine! Rockland, Thomaston, Moosehead and Naples.”

Gladys joined a group of hotel employees who migrate winters from Maine to Florida. The guests she waits on at the Gasparilla Inn are retired people, who come for the season, much like the guests in her early years at the Shawmut, who came back year after year.

If one were to fall in step with the waitress Gladys Hutchins McLean on her way home at the end of the day, and ask her about retirement or even being tired, she would probably reply, “I don't hardly know what 'tis to be tired.”

One day a fellow at Shawmut said, “Gladys you don’t look like yourself. Are you well?”

“What the hell are you talkin’ about? I can outwork any three people you have,” she snapped.

Few dare to ask her about retirement. Her colleagues and her grandchildren sometimes do. “What you gonna do when so and so happens?” they ask about the future.

Gladys leans back and her blue eyes laugh.

“Well, I'll tell ya, probably the day I git up, Saint Peter says to me, ‘You ready?’

‘I'll say, ‘Wait 'til I git my tray.'”

HEATHER CORYELL is a student at Harvard College, who spent a semester at Salt after her sophomore year. HEATHER LANE (photographs) studied at Salt while she was a senior at Connecticut College.

“I'm not the boss. I'm just bossy. I just take over and that's all there is t' that.”
WHY IN THE DEVIL did I wear this red shirt? See, I can't drive 'em. They all, about 90 percent of 'em comes to me. No, no they come right up to me, say, 'What you want me for?''

Jenny Cirone and I crouch motionlessly, trying to camouflage ourselves in the crevices of the rocks. Behind us, the tide licks the rocky shoreline rhythmically. The ebb and flow of the tide is broken only by the distant sound of bleating sheep.

Jenny's big, sturdy frame is sandwiched between rocks so that the sheep won't catch sight of her. She slouches, chin resting on her chest, in an effort to conceal her bright clothing and blend into the shoreline. Jenny's black, hip-high rubber boots cling to the pebbly sand that surfaces when the tide washes out.

Clothed in heavy denims and a red flannel shirt, Jenny looks prepared for a day's work. Her fist closes around a staff sculptured from driftwood. Though her fingers are thick and almost stubby, she clenches the staff tightly.

The wind lifts off the morning's calm seas. Jenny stares into the sea, steel blue eyes fixed on a point far in the distance. Deep grooves in her ruddy skin fork at the corners of her eyes, running down the edge of her face.
The bleating of sheep steadily grows in volume, until the sheep seem to be quite close. Three fat sheep ascend into the horizon above our hiding place in the rocks. They trot by complacently, heads swinging from side to side, eyes focused on the grain that lies in the corral ahead. Others follow, grouped loosely in twos or threes, and a choir of bleating resounds across Little Nash Island.

“Ain’t they pretty?” Jenny whispers breathlessly.

PEOPLE DON’T KNOW no more about these island sheep than I do about that ledge. Now there might be somethin’ in that ledge that’s valuable, or it might not be worth a darn, but I don’t know either one."

Jenny says this with the authority that comes from tending island sheep for a good 60 years. She keeps a flock of about 250 sheep on three islands off the coast of Maine near South Addison.

Island sheep raising was once quite common and profitable in Maine, though rare today. A grassy land mass surrounded by water, islands were recognized as ideal for containing and raising sheep.

Today, Jenny’s islands are the only ones off the coast of Maine where lambs are kept year round. “Now downeast, all them islands, they take all the lambs off and winter ‘em. And bring ‘em back on come springtime.”

Jenny’s sheep raising dates back to her childhood on Little Nash Island, one of the three islands where her sheep now live year round. On Little Nash, Jenny helped her father raise his sheep, fish for lobster and look after the lighthouse he was assigned to as keeper for twenty years.

She bought Little Nash in 1944 — some eight years after her father’s death — along with half of Big Nash Island and a sheer rock ledge called the Ladle. The 100 or so sheep on the islands then were rickety and thin. Jenny brought in some “doctors”, who said the problem was malnutrition.

“I said, ‘Look, how can it be malnutrition, because there’s every kind of feed on here that you could ask for. There’s clover, there’s blueflag, herdsgrass, everything on here, besides all the feed they got.’

“I says, ‘I don’t believe you.’ I says, ‘I think I’m working on the right end of it.’”

The right end of it, according to Jenny, was “because they was inbred so many years. Oh it was an awful mess. We just cleaned it off, kept the best ones, then kept puttin’ on a different ram every year. And we got it built up so that rickets don’t show up t’all.”

Jenny is the first to argue that raising sheep is easier than raising other animals. Despite that, if you listen to Jenny’s conversation very long, you’ll decide that a good many people don’t know how to do it.

There are the people who think sheep ought to be tied by the legs when they’re taken on board a boat. No, Jenny says. They’ll smother that way. “I never tied one of their legs. The first one you put in [the boat], you tie to the muffler or somethin’ [around the neck]. Then you put the rest of ‘em in, and that’s it. They stay right there.”

There are the people who are too rough with sheep during lambing, herding or shearing. Jenny’s best swearing is directed toward such people.

Before long, talking to Jenny, you decide that the

“People don’t know no more about these island sheep than I do about that ledge.”
problems in sheep raising spring from the human raisers rather than the sheep themselves.

"You can’t raise an animal less work in it than a sheep is. The only work there is, is when you shear ’em. That’s the only work there is in ’em.

“Other than that, they take care of themselves and they can lamb [by themselves]. I don’t believe in taking a lamb. I don’t do that. After they start in labor, they’re two hours. You give ’em two hours and if that lamb is not born in two hours, you know there’s something wrong. Other than that, no, no.

“Another thing, you can go off and leave sheep, and you can’t any other animal. A cow or horses or ponies or anything is a lot more work than sheep are.

“And they can really stand a lot of pain. I’ve seen ’em — well, we had a fella up there (shearing) and I kept telling ’im, I said, ‘Don’t throw your sheep that way. You’re gonna break their leg.’ But it didn’t sink in ’til it snapped, broke the front leg right off.

“She never said a word, never a blabby, never, never — well let’s just say one of the coyotes were out over there. And they never let on that anything was bothering ’em.”

Jenny says sheep will set their own legs. “It’d be quite a job to keep a splint on one because they’re so active. They’d set themselves if you let ’em go.

“I was shearing one day. I was goin’ down the leg like this. She was a Oxford, wooly legs. I said, ‘What in the world did I hit?’ There ain’t supposed to be nothin’ there.

“And I looked and that leg, somebody had shot it off, it had grew together just like that. She had to lay on it for that to heal together. So they will heal up.”

Over the years, Jenny has lost a good number of her prized island sheep to dogs, coyotes, eagles, Blackback (Arctic) gulls, and thieves. When one of her sheep is killed, Jenny suffers both economic and emotional losses.

“There’s only just one thing. If I ever caught anybody on there, botherin’ one a them sheep, I know before I’d come to my senses, I’d kill ’em. Especially if I had a gun. Or if I couldn’t do that, I’d prob’ly clobbered ’em to death.”

“THESE PEOPLE, THEY was tellin’ me about how dumb sheep was.

“I say, ‘Whaddy a mean, they’re dumb?’ Well, she says, ‘Well now, for instance,’ she says, ‘if one jumps over a cliff, they’ll all go.’

“I says, ‘How ’bout the people?’ I said, ‘Now you’re talkin’ about how dumb sheep are, they’re forced to jump. O.K.,’ I said, ‘You take a crowd a people and get them into place and then a fire starts, what do they do?’”

Jenny’s sheep are able to distinguish color, and have proven to be quite capable of caring for themselves, left alone on the islands all year. The sheep have even set their own broken bones in the past when Jenny hasn’t been able to get out to the islands for any length of time.

Jenny leaves most of her flock on the three islands she owns for the entire winter. She visits the islands regularly, whenever the weather will allow, bringing hay as required by “law” to supplement the abundant grasses on the islands.
Bringing the hay is a token gesture, because the sheep grow fat without it, so rich is the mixture of grasses. The sheep fare quite well through the winter. Jenny says, as they band together under the snow during storms. The snow acts as insulation and shelter. Jenny finds her sheep on the islands during the winter by looking for air holes in the snow.

"They take good care of themselves. In the winter, they do extra good. When it comes a storm, you don't have to look for 'em, 'cause you know they're all gonna be in one bunch, and then when there comes a real blizzard, course we ain't had any real blizzards for a long time, you go along big snow piles, crawl up over them.

"You see a little place that don't look just about right. Oh about this big. You touch it, that's where they breathe, see. They'll be right in a little cave down there.

"Funny. People can't do that. They must panic, under snow, snow goes down on people, they smother.

"I don't know what it is, but the sheep they don't, it don't bother them any. You just ah, as I said, you know, on your hands and knees, and crawl up over the snow bank, you know, and you find their beds then, there's a big bank, a snow bank there, all you have to do is just go up over it, and see if there's any under it.

"They travel, just the same as they do in summer, you know they're everywhere, only as I said, the only time they get together is on a blizzard, a big storm, a snow storm, any kind a snow storm, they're together. Yep."

Several years ago, when one of Jenny's neighbor's flock all died, the County Commissioner paid her a visit. He was investigating how well her sheep lasted through the winter on the islands. When Jenny showed him photographs of her flock, he was astounded by their health. Jenny recounts his comments:

"'No. There's so many sheep right here on this mainland that's in so much worse shape than these sheep are. Well, them sheep are fat!'

"I said, 'I know them sheep are fat. You can kill 'em right in February, and they'd be as fat as a pig!'

"So he says, 'The only thing, you put some hay out there. They can't do a thing to ya.' I been puttin' hay out there every year since. That's how I had to have hay out there. Before that you never had to have hay.'

"Well March and April is the hardest months we got, it's warm, it don't seem warm to you, but when the sheep get in one of these knolls here, and sun themselves, especially when they are heavy with lambs, they lay down and stretch out, they get cast. They can't get up to save their souls. They get their hind feet, they get up hind feet first. They get those hind feet a quarter inch off the ground, they can't get up, they numb them. You have to pick 'em up."

Ice left over from winter can also be troublesome for the island sheep. When crust gets embedded in their hooves, it is both painful and difficult to remedy. Jenny spends a lot of time during the spring out at the three islands, caring for her sheep.

Jenny and a few of her friends built what she calls a "maternity home" on Big Nash Island a few years ago. It is used to shelter the ewes during pregnancy and birthings. Jenny began delivering lambs when she was 13 years old, and in the 58 years since then, is reticent to guess at how many she's "taken."

"Dorris and I and Margaret built it, oh everything, even the nails, everything we picked up 'round the island, and we built it. I said we was gonna have to have a maternity home so when the lambs was comin', we could put 'em in it. We just got it built, and I had a sheep named Sunshine, and my godfrey, she went in that night, and had her lambs. Ya, she went in and had a pair a lambs, and Margaret had never seen lambs born, so she got her view.

"Oh, I wish now, course you see, when you're young, you think you gotta remember everything, but you don't. I wished I'd set down how many lambs I had taken."

If any of the island sheep require extra care or need to recuperate, they are brought back by boat to Jenny's home in South Addison. Often, they never return to the islands, as Jenny becomes attached to them, and they to her.

She refers to her flock in South Addison as her "foolish ones." Jenny holds a special affection for the flock of 15 "foolish ones" that graze right around her house. They are some of her best companions at home on the mainland.

Jenny's house in South Addison sits in the midst of low green fields, with the Atlantic as backdrop. Today, a thick layer of fog lies on top of the pastures, the air moist and heavy.

Ducks parade by the house in single file, quacking for
their evening meal. The sheep nibble impatiently at the grass, waiting for feeding. It is suppertime for the many animals that Jenny mothers.

"See? The old duckies reckon they ain't gonna get no supper, so they gonna eat them cranberries," Jenny jokes as we step into the barn to get the grain. Jenny is obviously in her "element" outside with the animals that she nurtures like children.

"Oh, I'll take all the lambs back to the island next spring, because I haven't got the room here, you see. And, of course, I never take Rocky back because I think that was 90 percent of his trouble in the first place. Cause, oh, when I used to go out there, it'd break your heart, he'd come right down to the shoreline and you'd think he was a baby, he would yowl.

"These are my foolish ones. I got six out here I brought up on a bottle. You see, they had their milk, 'til I just got them on the grain now. This little pen here, I go out and speak to 'em. Open the gate and they'll all barrel in here, and I'll feed the babies in here, and take these fellas and go to another place and feed them. There's an awful bunch a gluttons."

Jenny pours out grain in piles on the ground of the pen. She carries armloads of hay and stuffs it into the stand-up feeder. The sheep congregate near her, bleating loudly, as Jenny converses with each one individually, by name. She speaks to each sheep as though she were addressing a slightly naughty, but endearing, child. Responding spiritedly to their nudges for affection, Jenny gathers her flock.

"Well, Aunt Jemime, she's been here ever since she was born. And that is Bufflehead there. "Joe, what you doin'? Got to look things over, huh?"

"That's Towers, we found him next to the lighthouse, so we called him Towers. And that's Finicky Fanny, she's the little fella they brought in. And Stubby, Hop-a-Long, Apaloosa. Skin-n-Bones got two names, he's Deadman, Skin-n-Bones.

"Once I had me a sheep, Poodle her name was. I loved her s'much, but boy she loved me. Now let me tell ya. I'd go out the islands with the boys. Well, my brother and I and his wife went out, spent Labor Day weekend.

"Ya, when we came back, my sister-in-law met me on the water, oh boy, she went up one side a me, and down the other. And I said, 'Now what has Poody done now?' She wouldn't eat, not one thing, she wouldn't even take her bottle, all she would do was sulk.

"And I said, 'Well, that's funny.'

"So I come up the house and my husband, Stan, laid into me.

"He said, 'The next time you go on vacation, you take your lamb with ya.'

"I said, 'What she done now?'

"'Nothin'. She wouldn't eat.' She wouldn't even eat. We bought her some macaroon cookies, you know? He says, 'She wouldn't even eat her cookies.'

"'No, so when I ah stepped out the door, I said, 'Poody, where in the world are you?'

"And she came barrelin' into the house. And she stomped for her bottle at that table, goin' right around and around.

"I said, 'It don't look to me as though she's left off nursin' at that bottle.'

"And I gave her the bottle

"Them sheep are fat as a pig, middle of winter!"
and he said, 'Now you watch.' And he passed her some cookies.

'I said, 'Give 'em to me.' She missed me. You wouldn't believe it. Ayuh, she wouldn't eat, no sah. And I took the cookies, and she went at 'em as though they was goin' out a style.

'And the next Novemba, same year Novemba, Carl and I went out the island. And he said, 'Poody won't eat her grain again.'

'I said, 'Ah, I didn't have time to kiss her.' I was just, you know, blowing. I stuck my head in over the fence and she ooh went right up an' down the side a me and down the other. And my brother jumped right up and down. He said, 'That is somethin'.'

'That was the most beautiful sheep I ever had in my life. Course the dogs got her.

'Yep. That's the trouble. That's why I say, I wish I didn't like 'em. But I can't help it. Them six little lambs, I have to pat one every night. That little Towers, he'll go all over my face and you can't help but pay attention to 'em.'

The dialogue winds on as Jenny finishes carrying grain from the barn to the pen. "They're funny. Sheep are funny. Now that's just the same as a them six little fellas. When I step right out here to feed 'em, they all run out that gate.

'I open it up, the rest of 'em would, oh Aunt Jemime and Rocky would once in a while try to get in, but a most always, they'll stand and wait and I'll say, 'Now where do you get your grain?' And they'll all barrel back to where I feed 'em.'

The barn doors are latched shut. As we head back toward the house, Jenny mutters a few final words to her sheep. Now that all her babies have been fed and put to bed for the eve-ning, Jenny makes her way back to the house for her own supper. She moves solidly, as if she were walking on the deck of a boat thrashing on the seas.

The North Atlantic stretches for miles behind Jenny's house. The green grass is saturated with fog and the day's rain. As the murky sun descends into the horizon, some calmness is restored to the sea. Rocky islands barely peep out of the ocean far in the distance, as the sun's final flare of light for the day is spent. Out on the islands, two hundred and fifty sheep bed down for the night.

ASK ANY FISHERMAN up and down the coast of Maine, from Bar Harbor to Eastport. Most of them probably could tell you of a woman who's fished the waters off the coast of South Addison, Maine, for a good 60 years.

"Yep. I heard of a woman up round South Addison. Jen Cirone. She's been fishin' for years," a scallop fisherman told me at the Eastport pier one rainy fall afternoon.

One of two daughters in a "small flock" of nine children, Jenny Cirone began lobster fishing when she was ten years old. She fished with her father in a cove right near her home on Little Nash Island.

"I started out, yes, started goin' with father, 'til my sister wanted to go. She was a bit different than I was. She couldn't stand the cold, she couldn't stand the getting on the —— she got on the water, all you'd have to do is keep settin' her to shore, 'cause she'd have to make water.

"So I'd row back to shore prob'ly once or twice before I'd get her across. Oh dear, but
after a fashion, she and father went, she wanted to go, so I had me a pod of my own."

Jenny speaks plainly about the things she's done in her lifetime. A woman with drive, from an early age Jenny was drawn to the sea. She fully intended to lobsterfish from the first time she went out hauling traps with her father.

Jenny's father, John Purington, brought his family in 1916 to Little Nash Island, where he would keep the lighthouse for the next 20 years. Jenny spent her childhood on Little Nash, a rocky island without trees, thinking nothing of rowing the five or six miles into the harbor of South Addison or other nearby fishing villages to get grain for the animals or supplies for her family. As a girl, she helped her father with his lightkeeping duties, tended a small flock of island sheep, and fished with her father.

By age thirteen, Jenny was bound and determined to be fishing on her own, full time. In those early days, she worked out of a rowboat, hauling traps by hand. Jenny obstinately refused to attend school any longer.

"There was always somethin' wrong [at school], so I told mother, 'Now I'm all finished.'

"She said, 'It might take you a while. You're goin' to school.'

"And I said, 'Am I? Sure you can send me, sure Mother, but I'm not goin' to ever step in that school again.'

"She said, 'What you gonna do?'

"I said, 'I'm goin' lobsterfishin'. And that's what I did.'

Only once in her lifetime has Jenny taken time off from fishing. When she was first married, Jenny and her husband, Stan, farmed the land.

Sheep are smart, says Jenny.
and raised animals. But the sea kept calling her back, until one day, when she was about 31 years old, Jenny answered the call.

“Well, I’ll tell ya. I guess it was a little overambition, I don’t know. But anyway, I decided that, Stan, my husband, was working down at the water, and I decided that I’d go fishin’. So I built 50 traps, and he bought me a pod. That’s how I started. And I’ve been fishin’ ever since.

“That’s an awful fever, that lobsterfishin’. Oooh boy, it’s somethin’ you just can’t shake. Ya, once you been on the water, course I lived on the water, especially on that island for 17 years.”

North Atlantic fishermen must pay careful attention to the tides as well as to the direction and force of the wind, for their lives depend on it. Jenny remembers vividly the time her father was pulling a line of traps, standing in the water between Little Nash and Big Nash islands, when the tide started coming in, fast.

“In the boat... well every time there’s a chance, you’d get off. Sometimes it wasn’t fit to be in the boat. ‘Cause I know one time we were down between the islands to get a trap, and course I was just as scared of those breakers as I could be.

“And I said to Father, ‘Don’t go in there.’

“Oh,’ he said, ‘don’t be so foolish. Grab that toggle,’ he says, ‘and I can pull her right off.’

“And I said, ‘Maybe, but I don’t like it!’

“So he went in, I got hold of that toggle. And I can see that sea now, that sea started drawin’ him back, there’s the sea comin’ up here and the old boat was comin’ like this. By and by she let go.

“He said, ‘Let go of that toggle.’

“I said, ‘You told me to guard it. I can live on the water as long as you can!’

“He turned just as white as a sheet. Never got the trap back ashore, and that was the end of that. But, I am, right to this day, just as scared of them breakers as I was back then. No, I never got over the fear of those breakers. I’ll mess around with ‘em, but I most always give ‘em good berth.”

“For many years, Jenny’s 32-foot lobsterboat, the Conviner, held the reputation of being the fastest boat in the South Addison harbor. The Conviner was built for her in 1947 by Freddy Lynfesty of Jonesport, Maine.

“Ya, that was his second boat. And if he’d taken my measurements and everything, he couldn’t have built one, and fitted me any better,” Jenny says. Together, Jenny and Freddy Lynfesty came to name her lobsterboat the Conviner.

“Well there was this guy here in the harbor, that had this fastest boat. And I said, ‘Freddy, if you can build me a boat that will beat him, we’ll call her the Conviner.’

“I came in from haulin’ one day, and my neighbor over here jumped onto the boat, started balin’ and cleanin’ and takin’ all the tubes and buckets out. And I said, ‘What in the world is goin’ on, Joe?’

“He says, ‘You gonna have a race.’ So he went to the guy that he wanted us to race with.

“He says, ‘No way. I’ve panned her.’ He wouldn’t race.”

Jenny fished the Conviner for almost 40 years. During that time, she only touched bottom twice, never hard enough to get stuck or run aground. To a fisherman, runn-
ISLAND SHEEP
"Who said we couldn't drive sheep!"
"THAT'S HURRICANE TIM. OVER THERE, THAT'S RED LEGS."
"They take good care of themselves. In the winter, they do extra good. They travel, just the same as they do in summer."
"Look at that face. There's one of your island sheep."
"Ya really got ta love sheep ta put up with 'em, because they're finicky."
"WHADDYA MEAN SHEEP ARE DUMB. SOMETIMES I WISH I DIDN'T LIKE 'EM SO."

Photographs Lynn Kippax, Jr.
Design George Hughes
The Sweep

By Hugh T. French
Photography by Lynn Kippax, Jr.

"A SHEEP'S A PREY, so he sees out a the corner of his eye. So drivin' 'em always stand, keep behind 'em or next to 'em 'cause if you get even up on the side of 'em, there's wicked peripheral vision, they're gonna bolt back.

"We just form a big sweep, and all we're doin' is sweeping the island around and drivin' 'em inta that, the cone shaped corral here.

"They love to do that. And all we do, all we really do here is hey a stick, right, pointer."

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THE SWEEP.
The tall, gangly young man is describing the workings of an island sheep drive to the three of us, who are here to record and understand it. We have just learned that we are to be a part of the crew that works the sweep. Only half of the normal size crew of ten has been able to make it today.

Each year, two Sweeps are held on this island — Big Nash, a 200 acre island two and a half miles from the Washington County mainland. One is held in June for shearing the sheep. The second Sweep — the one we are here to see — usually is in late September or early October. It's for culling the sheep or lambs to take to shore before winter.

Big Nash can support about 140 sheep year round. To keep the sheep population at this level, the excess must be removed each year — usually lambs to be sold for slaughter.

We listen hard, trying to learn fast. Standing on the upper edge of the island's shoreline, the speaker has the outward markings of one who should not be here. His speech is distinctly not that of Washington County. Nor is his dress — though that is less obvious. Nor is his surname, Wietzke, in a land long etched with English imports.

Of the five man crew that will work the Sweep today, only two are of the place. Jenny Cirone, 73 years old, owns Big Nash and the sheep upon it, grew up within sight of it as the daughter of a lighthouse keeper. Dean Cirone, in his mid twenties, is Jenny's grand nephew. The three others who have worked the Sweep before were born in other parts. All are young, late twenties to early thirties. Donna Kausen, tall and lanky, worked for Jenny on her lobster boat for four years. Liz Demetrius, small and of slight build. The speaker, Ron Wietzke.

We form an added three. Terri Selfa, a recent college graduate from the west coast in her early twenties. Our photographer, Lynn "Kip" Kippax, Jr., in his late thirties, with his bag full of camera gear, who has lived in Maine the last twelve years. And I who am in my late twenties and from Washington County.

"The biggest thing there, is it's like any other hub in a wheel," Ron continues.

"The people in the middle go real slow, 'cause those people on the outside, we're running." He laughs as does Dean. Both will be on the outer edges of the Sweep. "You know, 'cause it's about, oh, must be two miles around this island, pretty close."

"Mile and a half ain't it?" corrects Dean.

"And we're runnin'. And if you get too far ahead in the middle, the sheep out there see it, and they want ta bolt back and we're spaced pretty far. We're probably, ah, good hundred yards apart out there. "So — "

WEEKS HAVE DISAPPEARED waiting for the Sweep. It should have taken place by now. First there was the man from Portland who couldn't make up his mind as to how many sheep he wanted, what kind, and when he could pick them up once they were taken off Big Nash.

Then there was the question of when a crew could be got together, a much less problematic factor. But still a factor.

And then there was the
weather. Fog, rain or wind — too much or from the wrong direction — all would dash the Sweep.

Today is the twenty-first of October, 1984. Early yesterday morning, crew members drifted in and out of Jenny's darkened kitchen, a half mile from the South Addison pier. Shadowy figures, they sifted about. Sat down. Drank coffee. Muttered in low tones. And waited. Waited for the weather which was thick fog to change or for Jenny to make a decision. The Sweep was not to be.

Early today begins without much more promise. Light rain and fog. But by seven o'clock the rain has stopped. The fog has lifted. The man from Portland says he wants 12 white faced ewe yearlings. Just when he will arrive to pick them up remains unknown. Jenny decides to go.

By seven fifteen, three crew members — Ron, Liz and Donna — along with the three of us board Carl Purington's lobster boat, the Miss Judy, head off from the South Addison pier, out of Eastern Harbor, and south toward Big Nash. Carl is Jenny's brother and about three or four years younger than Jenny.

The sea is calm. The harbor deathly still, jarred by the gut­teral revving and throbbing of the Miss Judy engine and muf­fler. The crew relaxes. Waits.

At the mouth of the harbor, small Marsh Island appears. And then the wider sea begins. A mile and ten minutes later, we pass the Ladle on the right, a pillar of rock that thrusts 78 feet out of the sea, topped by a green thatch of tall grass. Donna explains that Jenny keeps two rams on the pillar, but that one rarely sees them. She adds that the sheep on Big Nash are probably in heat now this late in the season. And that she's been listening to stories from Jenny, her neighbor, for eight years.

A little past eight o'clock, we reach Big Nash. A dory is lowered from the Miss Judy which has stopped some fifty feet from the shore. Donna takes the oars. Two trips are
needed to ferry the crew to the island. Carl and the Miss Judy depart for lobstering.

Big Nash lies low to the water. Sprawls as if wanting to cover as much water as it can. Only it doesn't have enough of itself to go very far — a half mile across. The grass cover and complete lack of trees contribute to the low lyingness. Accentuate the stretching arc of the sky that encompasses all.

A strip of pink streaks the lower light gray sky. The sun filters through. We catch sight of a small weathered cabin near the top of the coarse pebbled shore where we've landed on the island's northwest corner. A fog horn groans intermittently from Little Nash Island, just beyond us. It is
nearly high tide. Someone says that yesterday high tide was at seven forty-three.

We climb the beach, go past the cabin and over to a series of adjoining corrals made in wood board (and log) rail and post fashion. A fence, made of wooden posts and wire fencing, extends from the gate at the far side of the corrals. It stretches part way up Big Nash's lone ridge, on the eastern side of the island, opposite from the cabin.

Wooden posts, each post some eight feet apart from the next, extend in a line like sentinels from the same gate, east to the upper edge of the shore. The line is called the wing, and with the fence, creates a V formation, with the base of the V at the gate.

Fencing is stretched along these posts during the Sweep to produce a funnel to channel the sheep into the corrals. By erecting the fencing only during the Sweep, the sheep remain unfamiliar with it and are less likely to avoid entering the funnel.

Kip, Terri and I play no part in this work. The others lift two rolls of wire fencing from the grass near the corrals. They unroll one, and tie it, with rope, first to one of the gate posts and then to the line of posts running to the shore. Driftwood pieces serve as weights to hold the bottom of the fencing to the ground.

Another lobster boat arrives. It's the Convincer with Jenny's grand nephew, Dean Cirone, aboard. Donna breaks from her work and rows out in the dory to meet it. The Convincer belongs to Jenny, but Dean has been using it this year. He moors the boat and comes ashore with Donna.

The crew begins to string the second roll of fencing in place towards the water. Upon reaching the last wooden post, they erect new temporary posts along the beach and below the high tide mark—the tide has turned and has begun to recede. Donna and Dean return carrying sticks found on the shore.

"Where's Jenny? They say she's left already?"

"I don't know," responds Donna.

Two sticks make up each temporary post. One the crew shoves upright into the beach, tying the fence wire to the bottom and top. A second stick, used as a brace, extends from the top of the upright stick down and away from the funnel area to the beach, at about a 45 degree angle. They place rocks around the base of both sticks for added strength.

Reaching the edge of the receding tide, two of the crew continue the fence into the water. "Jenny might not like to see it in the saltwater," Donna reprimands.

They move the fence back. Sheep can't be let to get into the water, Ron explains to us. After fifteen minutes they'll drown. Their wool gets wet and heavy.

The crew gathers more sticks along the shore. To hold the end of the fence, they place it in a crevice of an outcropping of ledge.

The wing is ready. Terri looks at her watch. The time is eight thirty-seven. The sun comes out for a bit. It is a bright, low light of high contrast.

When Jenny arrives in her new fiberglass boat, Tubby, the sky has largely cleared. The crew straggles back to the cabin near where Tubby with Jenny, and the Convincer are
moored. Dean rows the dory out for Jenny and brings her to shore. The sound of her voice drifts over the land. Someone says, “Voice like a child.” We laugh.

She joins the crew, approaching with a vigor that belies her 73 years. Her eyes are full of quickness. Though she walks slowly, her body exhibits great strength. She engages in a spirited, good humored exchange with a crew who are younger than half her age.

We wait to see if more crew members will arrive. Ron tries to decipher through a telephoto lens the names of two boats heading toward Big Nash from the South Addison pier. Both boats veer past Big Nash.

Jenny finally asks, “Well, what d’ya think, we’d better give her a round? I think there’s enough here, don’t you?”

“Yea. Yea.”

“You,” speaking to Donna, “can guide them can’t ya, you and Ron?”

“Yea.”

“Donna now takes over. ‘Dean, you wanna do the shore?’

“Yea. I’ll take care of the shore.”

“Ron will you do the fancy footwork in between and I’ll be in between him and Liz.”

Jenny interjects. “Where little Liz gonna be?”

“She gets the whole inside,” jests Ron. Liz laughs.

“And these three —,” says Liz, pointing at us.

“Control the other part,” finishes Donna.

Jenny agrees. “Yea. Yea. And I’ll go down ta the corner. I’ll take the girl [Terri] down there.”

More boats appear, heading out from the South Addison pier. More time is spent trying to identify them. One nears the beach bringing Jenny’s nephew, Johnny Purington, aboard his boat, *Funny Face*. Donna goes down the beach to see what he has to say. She yells back, “Jenny, Johnny doesn’t want ta come ashore unless it’s absolutely necessary.”

“Oh, the heck with it then,” says Jenny.

“The heck with it,” Ron repeats, raising his voice so that it will carry down the beach.


“No, by darn it. Ohhhh. Don’t I like ta have things get messed this way. We tried anyway.”

More talk drags on between Jenny and Johnny. Talk that goes nowhere.

Dean asks Jenny how many lambs they’ll take off Big Nash today for slaughtering.

“Forty, probably forty-six or so.”

“Well, we mights ‘swell drive ’em.”

“Yea. That’s right.”

“If that’s all we got is what there is here.”

“Yea, yea.”

“All right,” ends Dean, “I’m gonna get started ‘cause I got a long way ta go.” And he strikes off for western shore.

Ron gives us last minute instructions. “We try ta drive ’em fairly slow ‘cause at the end, once they get up this hill, is when they start gettin’ bunched up and they want ta bolt back and then ya got ta start pushing ’em.”

“Oh, Donna,” says Jenny. “We can go. I think I can walk up that [fence] line fast enough.”

“On the shore?”

“Ayea. Can’t I?”

“What d’ya mean, you get around there before the sheep come?”

“Oh, no, no, no. When they come, so they won’t hit the
fence. When they come in by me."

"Okay."

"Okay, you two," explains Ron to Kip and me, "are gonna be with Liz on the inside." He leaves to join Dean.

Donna continues. "You know how, ya stay underneath the ridge, and I'll probably try ta shout instructions to ya, 'cause you don't show yourself unless they're gonna break over the ridge. It's hard to keep off."

"Which ridge, Donna, you talkin' 'bout?" pipes Liz.

"Well, off the ridge, back of us. Well, you kind a more or less just tend the bigger points, but see where there's a part right there," pointing to a slight dip in the ridge near the top.

"Yea."

"Now hopefully, I think I'll be able ta, between you and me we can get them up over, then when the mass of sheep come they might cut."

Jenny and Terri leave for the shore, stopping to put grain in the largest corral to attract the sheep inside. The rest of the remaining crew strike off to join Dean and Ron.

THE SIX OF US FORM A human line that sweeps around Big Nash in a counterclockwise manner about a central pivot. We'll drive the sheep before us, first south, then east and up over the southern end of the ridge, then north along the ridge, and then west to and through the funnel, through the gate and into the corral.

From the inside to the outside of the line are first Kip, then me, then in succession Liz, Donna, Ron (who moves along the edge of the land) and Dean (who moves along the beach).

As the line forms, we separate into roughly evenly spaced positions, some fifty feet apart. The inner part of the line moves slowly, sweeping south over the center of the island. There are few sheep to be prodded here. Most drifted to the southern edge of Big Nash away from the landing of the crew. Or they've been pushed there by Ron and Dean.

Donna keeps us in straight formation, motioning to those who have stepped too far ahead or behind. Hillocks cover the center of Big Nash and spell disaster for any misplaced step. Both Kip and I will take a spill.


Nearer the shore, Ron raises his hands above his head and claps to achieve the same effect. Donna uses a stick above her head as well.

The center of the island has been swept and we begin moving the sheep east. Here, the inner half of the human line - Liz, Kip and I - plays a lesser role, serving primarily as a directing wall. Most depends on Donna, Ron and Dean who round the southwestern corner of Big Nash and move the congregated group of sheep. The inner half stops moving entirely.

Then we move again, only this time east towards the ridge. We are over two hundred feet from the mass of sheep.

"Get down. Get down," hisses Donna to us, so that we'll not startle the sheep (who have noticed us) into bolting and doubling back. We crouch motionlessly in the grass.

"Get down," repeats Ron.

The sheep hesitate, then move on. The crisis has been averted. We stand up, move east again and begin to climb the ridge. We position ourselves just below the top of the ridge. Donna, Ron and Dean round the southeastern corner and move the sheep north along the shore side of the ridge, opposite from where we lie in wait. Only if the sheep break over the top of the ridge are we to show ourselves to them. The sheep are moved farther north. The human line contracts.

"Ha!" The crew pushes the sheep.

"Ya!"

"Yo!"

"Haa!" The bleating of the sheep increases.

The sheep, on good behavior, amble orderly toward the corrals. We scramble to cover the one remaining space between the mass of sheep and the end of the fence running up the ridge from the corral gate. In the rush, we let the old sheep, Frankie, straggle behind. The space represents the last, but potentially disastrous, escape route for the sheep. We move quickly. The space is plugged.

"Have to watch that, Dean," yells Ron to Dean about a stray sheep. "Everybody knows except him."

"Ha!" yells Dean, running swiftly to redirect the sheep.

"Yo!"

"Haa!"

"Yo!"

"Ya!"

"Need someone over here. Along this fence," says Donna, motioning to the ridge fence. Jenny with Terri walks back from her station on the shore to the corral. She's seen the sheep go past her. "They drive a lot better this time a year because the lambs holds 'em up, see." During the spring Sweep held for shearing, the new born lambs slow the pace.

The sheep are driven into the funnel, in through the gate opening and into the corral. Quickly the gate is shut.

It's been a very fast Sweep. Jenny says it usually takes 45 minutes. This one takes but twenty. We tie the gate with
rope. The old sheep, Frankie, watches the proceedings from the outside with an expression that asks, "What's going on?"

As she walks, Jenny tells Terri, "It was a good thing that Carl come out instead of me this mornin' 'cause I'd a turned around and gone back. You'll see the reason when we start loadin' the boat."

"Why's that, because of the weather?" Terri guesses.

"'Cause it'll get swamped up there."

"'Cause of the tide."

"Yea. Naow, ya see there's a suction there all the time, see, and the Tub [Jenny's boat] — when she's really calm here, you can lay the Tub right on the shore and you don't have ta worry 'bout it, 'bout her gettin' stuck on it. I ain't worryin' 'bout the boat, I'm worryin' 'bout her gettin' stuck, you know."

"Stuck so, with the sheep in it, you mean."

"Ayea. Tide go out from under it, see. The seas push you ashore and the tide goes out, and there you are."

"Hmm."

"So I got ta have at least three people."

"WHO SAID WE couldn't drive sheep, Donna," hails Jenny as she reaches the corrals. Jenny laughs hard. Several sheep bleat at once.

"Looks like we got a stray," someone says, eyeing Frankie.

"Ain't that comical," says
Jenny. The sheep continue to bleat.

"Did you bring your worm medicine, Jenny?" inquires Donna.

"No."

"Never entered my mind till I see all these shitty tails in here. I should have known."


"Who's this one there?" asks Donna. "That's an old one, that one, isn't it?"

"Who?" Jenny replies.

"Like Hurricane Tim or somebody?"

"Oh, yea, Hurricane Tim, yea."

"And then there's a big ewe there. That's not Lizzie is it?"

"Yup."

"That's Lizzie."

"Um hmm."

"Sure are a lot of black faced ones wouldn't you say," observes Liz.

"I ain't gonna be able ta keep him [Portland man] 12 white faced sheep, so I'll let 'em all go," says Jenny.

Donna looks annoyed.

"You're not gonna be able ta keep 'em?"

"You're not gonna find twelve?" says Liz.

"They isn't gonna be there," repeats Jenny.

"What d'ya mean. You don't think there gonna be 12 white faced yearlings?" continues Donna.

"Do you think so?"

"You want ta put money on it?"

"Ayea."

"Yea."

"Okay."

"How much?" asks Donna.

"Mud in your eye. Dirty hand."

"Dirty hand."

"Ayea." They both laugh.

"I'll put money on it," says Donna.

"You'll put money on it. Okay. You get 12 white faced yearlin's okay. There."

The crew discusses just how they are going to sort and count the penned sheep. Should the sheep be sorted in the corral they're in? Should they be moved a few at a time into one of the two smaller pens for sorting and, if so, which one? Should they be lifted over the fence to a smaller pen or driven in with the gate rails opened? There is no set method of culling the sheep each year.

Finally, Jenny decides. "What we'll do, put 'em in the little pen there and cull 'em out, and then we'll take 'em [sheep going to shore] out around and tie it [to a fence rail]."

At the side of the corral opposite the funnel gate, a small pen (called the catching pen) is attached by a common gate. The sheep will be driven here and culled. And at the far side of this pen is yet another gate which leads to the outside.

Another small pen (called the lambing pen) is attached to the corral, just south of the catching pen. Sheep needing special care will be lifted into this pen.

"You're gonna have ta be there, identify the yearlings," says Ron to Jenny.

"Okay."

The crew moves around the corral to the catching pen. I am left to guard the funnel gate. Too much weight against the gate from the mass of sheep could push it over and allow the sheep to escape. The sheep sense what is about.
They bleat. They move in one direction and then another. One sheep will begin to push and others will get out of the way or be pushed in the same direction. They jostle. In the shoving, some try to climb over others.

And they bleat.

Jenny positions herself at the corner of the catching pen, next to the gate leading to the outside. Ron and Liz climb over the fence and into the corral. They open the gate to the catching pen, then move quietly around the sheep to the far sides of the corral. Pushing the sheep in front of them, they try to drive as many as they can into the catching pen without the sheep doubling back to the corral.

The trick is to get one sheep to enter the catching pen with the hope that others will follow. Once some sheep are in the pen, Ron squats between them and the rest of the sheep, his arms outstretched, acting as a temporary gate until Liz can close the gate behind him.
The first drive yields ten sheep in the catching pen. Terri keeps the count. Jenny tells her what to write. Once a lamb is found, Ron or Liz lift it over to either Donna or Dean who remain on the outside of the pen.

A lamb (or sheep) is lifted by clasping one's arms around the lamb's belly. It is then set on its butt on the top rail of the pen, hind legs pointing to the outside.

Dean then grabs around the lamb's belly from its front side, using the same clasping of arms technique, while Donna, standing next to him, puts a rope around the lamb's neck. Lifting the lamb off the rail, Dean either carries or directs it with Donna's help over to a rail of the lambing pen and ties it to the rail.

Before a lamb is lifted out of the catching pen, Donna or Dean prepare the rope with which to tie the sheep. A horse knot (a small fistlike knot) is tied at the beginning of the rope. Then a second knot, a simple first knot, is loosely tied a foot later. Another horseknot is tied at the end of the rope. As a lamb is lifted off the rail, the beginning horseknot is circled around its neck and poked through the loose first knot. When pulled tight, the horseknot can't slip back through the first knot and the lamb is secure. The end horseknot prevents the rope from slipping out of a hand as the lamb is moved to a fence rail to be tied.

The knot hold must be kept under the lamb's chin to avoid choking it. In this way, the lamb, when it struggles to free itself, pulls against the rope at the back of its neck, not against the hold, which would tighten the grip around its neck.

The ten sheep have been sorted and counted. Five lambs have been lifted out. Two wethers and three ewes remain inside the pen. Dean opens the gate. The sheep at first hesitantly and then quickly rush out as a pack, scramble around the outside of the catching pen and to their freedom. They will be left on the island.


"AIN'T THAT SOME pretty white face!" says Jenny.
"That's a nice one," agrees Liz.
"That's a white faced?" asks Ron.
"Ayea," says Jenny.
"Oh, he [Portland man] wants yearlings, though, doesn't he?" remembers Ron.
"Yea," nods Jenny. Her attention turns to other sheep in the pen. "Is that a wether?" she asks looking at one. A wether is a castrated male sheep.
"Yea, I think it is," says Ron from inside the pen.
"Yea," says Jenny.

OSTLING OF THE sheep in the corral gets worse as the second drive begins. Ron cautions, "Liz, you might have ta get outa there.
"Oh, if I go like this, they don't notice me," Liz assures him, as she walks slowly behind the mass of sheep.

The second drive yields a mere five sheep. There are no lambs in this group. But there is one white faced ewe yearling, the type the Portland man wants. She is lifted out and tied to a rail of the corral, right next to the catching pen, separate from the lambs.

"Which other one's the yearling?" asks Ron of Jenny.
"That little short eared one, but I'm gonna let her go." "Oh, the real short eared one." "Yea." "Looks like one of your island sheep. "Yea. The rest of the sheep are let out.

THE COUNT: Lambs: 5; Wethers: 4; Ewes: 5; White faced ewe yearlings: 1. TOTAL: 15.

THE THIRD DRIVE IS better. Twelve sheep, including three lambs, one of which for no apparent reason Jenny lets go.
"There's only one white faced one in there," says Jenny.
"Wait a minute," says Donna. "That one there, that's not white faced enough?"
"That's a wether."
"Oh, he [Portland man] should've — he wanted 12 ewes?"
"Yea."
"He didn't say that."
"Really?" says Jenny.
"Six of each [wethers and ewes]."
"Yea. He changed it then. He told me 12 ewes."
"The bet's off," complains Donna. Laughter comes from the rest of the crew. "The bet's off."
"Oh, the bet's off."
"I said six — you said six white faced."
"Donna told me," says Ron, breaking into the conversation.
to give Donna support, "she thought it was six and six."
"Six of each," agrees Liz.
"That's what ya told me," Donna says.
"Ahhhh!" needles Ron, smelling a trick uncovered.
"Who?" says Jenny in disbelief.
"You did," retorts Donna in exasperation.
"Well, that's he did say, said first, now he wants ewes, that's all I know, Donna."
"Now, we'll get wethers."
"But he don't want wethers."
"I know, but they're yearlin's."
"He'll never know the difference, anyway."
Dean, who has been watching silently, blurts, "He sounds fussy to me," and then laughs at his observation. Others laugh, too.
"Yea," Jenny agrees. "He's been a nuisance. I'll know better 'n ta tell him he can have sheep again."

She turns her attention back to the sheep. "I think I'll let that little foolish one go, there, let him live or die, when ya get ready." There is considerable talk about this sheep, which one exactly it is, that he was bare naked when he was born, that he'll be white faced anyhow, a remark that brings a great deal of laughter, that he might have some good wool — "who knows" — and that he's too small to take into shore, anyway.

"This must be the island for rejects," declares Liz.
The remaining sheep are let out. But not before Jenny has a favored reunion with one of the sheep. "I think that's—:"
"Sheila's?" asks Donna tentatively.
"Sheila's last year's baby. Yea. Weel yees," Jenny coos in a shrill high pitched, childlike voice. "'Course it's Sheila, what it is." Ron laughs. "You wancha baby, darlin'? You wancha baby, huh?"

THE FOURTH DRIVE brings seven sheep. And the fifth brings nine more.

There's a commotion among the last lot of sheep before they're let out. Jenny says, "Now cut it out. I might let cha go."

Before the sixth drive begins, Ron and Liz joined by Donna and Dean, move the remaining sheep to the side of the corral nearest the catching pen, and cut the corral in half by sliding fence rails across the middle. As the movement of the sheep begins, Ron barks, "Liz, you're the one scarin' 'em."

"Don't move, don't move, don't move, don't move," says Jenny, worrying that the sheep will double back before the rails can be put in place.

"Don't ya move. Easy. Easy. Just a minute, Donna. Just a minute, they see ya comin', they're goin' out." But the sheep don't get out. And the fence rails are all put across. The sixth drive can now start. The yield: seven sheep.

RESOUNDING SUCCESS.
The seventh drive brings fifteen sheep.
The best drive yet. Jenny looks over the newly penned lot and the process of figuring what each sheep is continues.

"Now let me see," observes Jenny. "You know somethin', I think that — well, I’m gonna let her go anyway. No, that one."
"That’s a ewe," says Donna.
"Yea, that’s a ewe," agrees Jenny.
"That’s a yearlin’," continues Donna.
"How do ya tell?" asks Liz.
"You see them teeth right there," explains Jenny, opening the mouth of the sheep that has been brought to her.
"Yea."
"Those aren’t baby teeth," remarks Donna.
"See, there’re a set [two] of big teeth right there," says Jenny.
"Yea."
"Well, that’s when they’re a yearlin’. When they’re two years old, the other [two teeth] comes out, on each side of her [making a total of four big teeth], they’re two. Now that’s a ewe. That other one was a lamb."
The matter settled, Jenny turns her attention to the next sheep. "That one over there next to the door’s not a wether."
"Next ta the door?" asks Ron.
"That one up there?" says Liz.
"Yea."
"I would say. Pretty one isn’t it," observes Liz.
"No, that’s a wether," says Donna.
"Doesn’t have a tail, Jenny," adds Ron, still several feet away from the sheep.
"Look how big it is, though," continues Donna.
"Yea, but we had some big ewes, Donna," reminds Jenny.
"Yea," concedes Donna.
"You looks ta see if — pick its tail up and see if that ain’t a ewe, Ron," Jenny asks.
Ron looks more closely at the sheep's hindquarters. "Looks like it’s got one of those with a crushed ball, Jenny." The crew laughs.
"Yea, could be. It looks like a ewe ta me," maintains Jenny.
"See that what I’m lookin’ at?" insists Ron. "See that what I’m lookin’ at?"
"Yea," says Jenny, looking.
"No! No! That’s a ewe!"
"It is?" says Donna, "With a bag?"
"Sure," counters Jenny. "Has a bag. Sure. She’s had a lamb. I thought it was a ewe."
"Oh," Ron says.


PALTRY SIX SHEEP
stand in the catching pen at the end of the eighth drive. It’s not the worst drive yet, but it’s hardly good.
"Ya really got ta love a sheep ta, you know, ta put up with ‘em, because they’re finicky," says Jenny to us as she swivels about her position at the gate post of the pen. A yearling is discussed.
"You wanta keep a yearlin’ Liz?" asks Jenny. "Liz!"
"I don’t care, Jenny. She’s not white faced, though."
"No, but she’s okay."
"Looks awful black faced to me," observes Ron.
"Yea, well, okay," says Jenny. "Think he’d take her?" asks Liz, referring to the Portland man.
"Well, let her go;" is Jenny’s answer. ‘I’m hopin’ we ain’t got 12 anyway.’ The crew laughs.
"Well, none of us are gonna
tell him the truth," assures Donna. "We'll stick by you."

"Okay. We'll put that one out. And that'll —" more laughter erupts from the crew — give us, ya gotta have seven more."

"See, Jerry's [Portland man] not here, so —" says Donna. "Ohh," Jenny muses as she puts a big arm around Donna's back and shoulder. "You gonna stick with me?"

"'Course I will."

"Sure you want ta be ethic?" banters Ron.

"Don't I always?" answers Jenny, bringing more laughter. She pauses. "Well, almost always."

THE NINTH DRIVE

sets a new record: 18 sheep. As they come into the catching pen, Jenny continues, "The only way I could get 12 yearlin's is ta go over on the other island [Little Nash Island] and get seven of 'em."

"He [Portland man] can't have no rams," insists Liz. "You ain't givin' away those good rammies, Jenny. We won't let ya," adds Ron. He with Dean and Donna laugh. The talk shifts to a sheep in the pen.

"Oh, look at the fleece on it," Ron feels the sheep's coat. "Ohhh;' agrees Donna, feeling the fleece. "Is that one of Sheila's, Jenny?"

"I don't know."

"It's got fuzzy fleece," continues Donna.

The praise gets to Jenny. Just as the crew knew it would. "Oh, let her go," says Dean. The crew laughs.


"You can tell we're hard core sheep people," explains Ron, turning to us. "Yea," says Jenny.

"We're really into it," adds Donna.

"We just slaughter everything we get," kids Ron, eliciting a laugh from Jenny. "Jenny," says Donna, "tries ta make just much money as she can." Jenny laughs. "Greedy old thing, ain't she?"

THE COUNT: Lambs: 21 plus 4 let go, plus 3 in lambing pen; Wethers: 15; Ewes: 41; White faced ewe yearlings: 5. TOTAL: 89.

"You glad you lost your bet?" squawks Jenny to Donna. "No, you didn't say ewes, you said white yearling. Don't change the —"

"You change, yea, but you cancelled out on your bet."

"What'da ya mean, you're gonna lose!"

"What, am I? No!"

"Only 12 white faced yearlings. You've already seen that many."

"No, there're only six, I gotta have six more."

"Well, we let wethers go."

"I'm talkin' about ewes. You, you cheat. You cheatin' me," says Jenny in a shrill voice. Dean laughs.

"You're scaring the sheep," says Liz from inside the catching pen.

"Yea, okay," agrees Jenny.

"Who's that squeakin' over there," jibes Ron as he closes the gate to the pen.

Another white faced ewe yearling is uncovered. "That's eight," cringes Jenny. "Well, let's keep our fingers crossed there ain't four more."

THE COUNT: Lambs: 35 plus 5 let go, plus 3 in lambing pen; Wethers: 21; Ewes: 54; White faced ewe yearlings: 8. TOTAL: 126.

THE CATCHING PEN

gate closes on eight sheep on the next drive. Then the fourteenth drive yields a mere four, but includes the ninth white faced ewe yearling. Only three more such yearlings are needed. The last of the supply of rope lengths to tie sheep is used. The crew scours the nearby land and shore for more.

THE CATCHING PEN

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We load the lambs on lobster boats to go ashore.

"LET'S DRIVE 'EM IN!
Come on, outa the corner. You old bastard wethers. You bull headed old bastards!" Ron is circling fast to push the sheep into the catching pen." Jenny laughs. "Beautiful, Ron," compliments Liz.


"What?"

"That's what I call quick movin'," repeats Jenny, raising her voice. Eight sheep have been corralled in the catching pen — little more than half the total in the previous and fifteenth drive when 14 sheep were penned.

With but 15 sheep remaining in the corral, there is no need to drive them. They are sorted and counted where they are.

"I don't think we could've done it much faster with a bigger crew, do you?" says Donna to Liz.

"No, no."

THE COUNT: Lambs: 49 plus 6 let go, plus 3 in lambing pen; Wethers: 33; Ewes: 75; White faced ewe yearlings: 9. TOTAL 175.

There's no reason to keep the nine white faced ewe yearlings, since 12 were wanted, and they are let go. Jenny inspects the lambs and lets six go, leaving 43 still tied. They will be taken to shore. She shears the butt of a sheep in the lambing pen, and lets it go, along with the two others in the lambing pen.

The wing wire fencing is taken down and rolled up, ready to be used for the next Sweep.

One hundred and thirty two sheep, including 15 lambs, will be left on Big Nash.

"Well, let's go that boat," says Jenny.

"All righty," answers Dean.
The two of them go down to the dinghy on the beach. Jenny uses a walking stick.

ONE BY ONE THE lambs are brought to the water’s edge. Some walk. Most have to be carried all or part way. Dean is the most successful at getting a lamb to walk, though often they end up running away, with Dean flying behind, hard put to keep up and in control. The lambs are tied temporarily to the dinghy that has been hauled up at the bottom of the beach.

Jenny waits 20 to 30 feet offshore in Tubby. She sits, observing. She talks to Johnny Purington in Funny Face who has waited offshore the entire time of the Sweep. He will take most of the lambs to South Addison.

A hedge of wooly lambs envelops the dinghy. Jenny glides Tubby close to shore. One at a time, the lambs are transferred to Tubby that sits in two feet of water.

The crew stops lugging lambs from the corral. They lift those at the dinghy to Tubby, handing the controlling ropes to Jenny, who sits in the stern.

The lambs loaded, Liz maneuvers Tubby to meet Funny Face. She runs the motor at low speed, leaving Jenny free to hold the sheep. Sixteen sheep are delivered. The time is twelve twenty-seven.

JENNY AND LIZ TAKE Tubby out a second time to Funny Face, this time with 12 sheep. Once these are transferred, Johnny heads to the South Addison pier with his boat full of 28 lambs.

The 15 remaining lambs are placed in Tubby and Jenny steers her boat to the pier. We give Big Nash a last look, and then we, too, follow to South Addison aboard the Convincer.

Jenny with Tubby is waiting near the beach beside the pier. She backs the boat, stern and then side first to the shore where the lambs are lifted one at a time, first to the beach, and then up onto the back of Bobby Hammond’s parked flat bed truck. The first lambs are tied to the slats on the front and sides.

When Tubby is unloaded, Jenny idles up to Funny Face to offload the sheep from the lobster boat. The last of the lambs transferred, Jenny doubles back to the beach.

“You get 'em all?” asks Liz of Jenny.

“Ev'ry one a 'em.”

Bobby and Johnny Purington stand on the back of the truck and tie the lambs in place. Liz, Dean and Ron lug the lambs up the beach to the back of the truck, as Donna lifts them from Tubby.

“Well, that’s the smallest crew we’ve ever had,” Donna declares.

It’s almost two o’clock. The back of the truck is lashed in with rope. Johnny Purington hails to Bobby as he climbs into the cab of his truck.

“There you are, Bob, a whole load a woolies.”

HUGH T. FRENCH is an editor of Salt Magazine.

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salt
"MOTHER OCEAN,
I heard you call,
I've wanted to sail upon your waters,
Since I was three feet tall."

Story and photography by Martha McNey.

HE LIGHTS A CIGARETTE AND
leans back on the sofabed. "Wicked
good haul today," he reports in a
glum voice.

Casey Stender says almost everything in a
glum voice. He talks as though he has a
mouthful of sore teeth.

"Hundred 'n' fifty pounds. I have this bet
with Shirley. Told her I'd get seven hundred
pounds by the end of this week." Shirley
Leach, his bookkeeper, keeps track of how
many lobsters come in and how many bills get
paid.

"Ain't gonna make it." He stares at the wall.
"Last two days was too rough to go out. Lost
twenty traps." That leaves him with fewer
than three hundred. He says he'll spend the
winter building more; he wants six hundred
by spring. He's already started to saw oak in
Shirley's fish house.

Casey takes a small piece of sandpaper and
lightly rubs the hull of a boat he's carved from
pine wood, a replica of his own newly bought
lobster boat.

"You know how some kids want to be
policemen?" he asks. "I always knew I wanted
to be a fisherman." He left his home in Dan­
bury, Connecticut, when he was nineteen,
came to Cape Porpoise, Maine, and began to
fish with other men. After thirteen years, he
had saved enough to buy his own boat. He
painted it green and named it Petra Anne, after
his daughter. Casey hasn't seen Petra Anne,
who lives with her mother in Connecticut, in
seven months. Two photographs of her are
pinned to a shelf above the sink. She's got his
gypsy grin and snappy eyes, and I thought at
first she was his little sister. Petra Anne is ten
years old, and the miniature boat is a present
for her.

Balancing above the window is another gift
he's carved: a cane, with a serpent coiling up
the length and a heron's head handle. Casey
taught himself to carve. As he sands the little
boat, he whistles Bob Dylan, "Blowin' in the
Wind." He also taught himself to play music.
Some evenings he pulls his guitar from under
the table or a pile of laundry, hooks a har­
monica holder around his neck, and fills the
night with gentle strains.

Once, when the notes came drifting into the
room I rent across the hall, I took my camera
to his room. I'd photographed him on his boat
and in the fish house, but this time he turned
suddenly bashful and unshouldered his guitar.
"Naw, don't. I feel goofy."

Casey's small efficiency room smells of
lobster bait, unignorable evidence that his life
belongs to the sea. On one wall he's hung a
monstrous lobster claw that looks like it came
from the set of some low-budget horror movie.
A buck's head decorates the opposite wall, and
in between he has scattered pictures, tools,
navigational maps, and bumper stickers: 'I'd
rather be fishing' and 'Fishermen have longer
rods'.

If things go as he hopes, Casey will soon
begin to build a house. He describes his
dreamed of house in the woods. It'll have a
Russian brick stove, big windows, a loft, and
a spiral staircase. For two hours he sketches
in my notebook — floor plans, room designs,
even the animals that will live there: a team
of horses, several chickens, a dog, a pig, two
cats. I am impressed. "You must have been
thinking about this for a long time."
He smiles boyishly. "All my life." He adds a wife to his picture, frying pan raised above her head, nagging a meek Casey, "Get to work, you slob!"

Later, while we’re watching a show on his temperamental black-and-white t.v., he opens his small refrigerator and produces a half-gallon of ice cream, a jar of fudge topping, and chocolate jimmies. He scoops mountains of French Vanilla onto two plates and tells me, "We’re not just gonna have sundaes. We’re gonna have weekends."

Plates in laps, we settle back in front of the t.v. Casey switches channels. A preview comes on for a series about the human brain. He regards it meditatively, then pulls a large blue coffee can onto his knee.

"Mine’s right here," he says, patting the plastic top affectionately. "They cut it out when I told ’em I wanted to be a fisherman."

PAST THE LIDDED EYES OF SUMMER houses, Petra Anne purrs out of the harbor into open sea. The sun has cleared the waves and rises fast in the sharp November air. Casey strips off two of the four layers of clothes he’s wearing and steps into rubber overalls so thick they might stand on their own. "Grundens of Sweden", the suspenders read.

His first string of traps lies just a few miles from shore. During the summer, when lobsters shed their shells, they prefer the warm shallows close to land, but as autumn hardens their new shells Casey follows them out, up to ten miles from shore. This string, two miles from the harbor, has fifty traps.

Casey boathooks a blue and orange buoy, pulls it aboard, and swings its rope over the powered trap heister. Two hundred feet of slimy rope sing through the wheel of the
“Wicked good haul today, but I ain't gonna make my bet.”

winch. The galvanized green cage that breaks the waves contains a netted bait bag and a few lobsters that cling to the wire sides or crawl over each other in confusion. Casey plucks them out one at a time and fits a brass measuring key to their shells.

“It's gotta be between three-and-three-sixteenths and five inches,” he explains, “from the eyesocket to the crack in the back,” above the tail. If it's shorter or longer, the lobster is lucky. Although rules vary among the New England coastal states, Maine law allows fishermen to keep only medium-sized lobsters. This insures a future population — the large ones are left to breed, and the small ones to grow big enough to become “keepers”.

In the first trap he's hauled, the lobsters fall short of the mark, and Casey throws them unceremoniously back to the water. “Into the mud, scum queen!” He loops a fresh bait bag inside the trap, shoves it overboard, and heads for the next buoy.

Beside him at the helm stands Shirley, now his bait girl, not his bookkeeper. Even though more traps can be hauled and the work goes faster with two, Casey usually fishes alone. Shirley is one of the few people he'll let bait for him. “You really gotta make sure you get along, when you take someone out with you,” he says. “All those hours, every day.”

He squints across the ocean and motions to the horizon, where wavelets nip the sky. “The old girl's startin' to show her teeth.” Shirley passes a package of soda crackers to me.

“If I eat crackers and it doesn't go away, I know I'm sick.”

Casey pilots Petra Anne from trap to trap. One after another, their buoys roll like giant tops near our cold feet. Shirley stuffs the net bags with bait from two barrels. Casey hands her lobsters that make the measure, and she slips rubber bands over their claws and chucks them into a green plastic crate.

The keepers thrash and clack their tails furiously. They wave claws like huge mottled mittens. Each lobster is between six and eight years old. As crates fill, Casey carries them to the back of the boat and transfers the lobsters to a waist-high wooden fishbox.

He hauls traps from Petra's port side. He fondly addresses his captive crustaceans as “lobbies” as he removes them from traps and hooks his brass measure behind their pebble eyes. In a friendly voice he tells one or two, “Well, you'll make a nice dinner!” and the next
The afternoon pitches forward. The mechanical trap hauler shrieks as it reels endless lines of rope. Casey moves with a rhythm, a rough grace. He's hauled so many traps I've lost count. From the bait barrels the smell of rotting fish rises violently. Shirley suggests that I sit on the bow, and tells me how to climb along the outside of the cabin.

The sea stretches around me, black and dark blue, like crinkled carbon paper. "Mother Ocean," Casey wails from inside the cabin, "I heard you call, I've wanted to sail upon your waters since I was three feet tall."

After an hour, stomach calmed, I venture back along Petra's flank to the cabin. The wooden traps he's hauling now he built himself. In the trap that's just come up there is a hermit crab. Large crabs Casey takes in both hands and smashes, skrunch, against the trap's corner — fresh bait, free.

Tiny hermit crabs, wound in old snail shells, usually get thrown back, but Shirley tries to coax this one out of its shell so I can see it. She holds the shell against the boat's exhaust pipe, which is flaking from two decades of heat; Casey lights cigarettes from it.

The indignant hermit wriggles onto the dashboard, white, something like a scorpion. Before I know what he's done, Casey has picked up a pin and staked the little crab on its back like a moth. Shocked, I cry out, too late. The hermit crab's legs stir the air weakly.

"What'd you do that for?" I yell at Casey, whose only answer is another diabolical scale of laughter.

For several minutes I glower in a corner of the cabin while Casey works cheerily on. Shirley stands between us, uncertain, used to Casesy's ways but wanting to apologize. When a starfish appears in one of the traps, she says brightly, "Oh, look, Martha!"

I step closer to admire the starfish, which is lavender and at least eight inches across. Casey closes his hand on it, gives me a fierce grin, and — "Casey, don't!" — claps it against the exhaust pipe. The starfish sizzles. My stomach lurches. I won't even look at Casey now. I push past him to the back of the boat, where I lean against the fishbox and watch the lobsters doing their slow-motion drift.

His casual cruelty is new to me. The loss of life seems insignificant to him. He accepts easily the death that surrounds him: fish rotting in barrels, the crabs he smashes, the lobsters that will be boiled alive. Small deaths are a part of Casey's workaday world.

It occurs to me that it wasn't only for Shirley and me that he was showing off. It was also for Mother Ocean. He was tempting her, taking from her, proving his might. At any moment she could steal his life effortlessly. He must always be aware of that.

As I'm staring into the fishbox, Casey comes over and stands beside me. "How's Big Martha doin'?" he asks. His brown eyes are guileless. "Tired," I answer petulantly. "When are we going home?"

"Not for a couple hours. You wanna take a nap? There's room to lie down in the bow. It's warm with the engine there. You can put my coat on the floor." I hesitate. "Go on! It's clean."

"Oh, all right." I stoop through the door to the bow, clear away a few paint cans, and curl up on Casey's plaid wool coat and my ski jacket. The sea rocks Petra Anne gently. I feel
as though I am in a cradle. I feel as though I am six months old again. I float to sleep thinking about the millions of starfish and lobsters crawling the seafloor beneath me.

The sun is fading when I awake, tinting the cabin orange. Casey hauls a last half-dozen traps and heads for the harbor. On the way, he docks at a little house called the “cart” to unload his lobsters and weigh them. A hundred pounds is a good day’s catch. Casey’s brought in 232.

He drops Shirley and me at the wharf. I am about to follow Shirley up the pier ladder when Casey says, “Here,” and hands me a wet lobster.

TWO WEEKS LATER, I AM UP AT five-thirty in the morning to go out with Casey again. As I’m gathering my camera equipment, a stranger’s footsteps sound in the hall between our rooms. There is a knock on his door, and low voices.

“. . . I hate to be the one to tell you . . .”

Casey and another lobsterman trudge out of his room. Their faces are grim.

“What happened?” I ask, afraid to hear his answer.

“I might not have a boat anymore.”

His dark expression does not encourage questions. We drive to the pier in silence.

Petra Anne has sunk. In the night she escaped her mooring and rode the tide halfway up the harbor. Her cabin tilts forlornly, the bare edge of her starboard side peeking above the waves.

Casey is as panicked as if it were his daughter drowning. About two dozen of Cape Porpoise’s 120 fishermen cluster on the wharf, speculating as to how Petra broke loose, offering sympathy, aid, and encouragement. With three other men, Casey rows out to take a closer look.

His boat rests in mud, salt water filling her to the dashboard. Casey sidles along her starboard edge, lowers himself through a cabin window, and begins to remove the expensive electronic navigational equipment bolted on the dash just above the water’s surface. Carefully he delivers C.B., fish finder, and LORAN to his friends in the rowboat, and brings them ashore for safety.

“Your electronics didn’t get wet, Case?” one of the fishermen calls.

“Naw, neither did the paper towels!” Casey shouts back, holding aloft a white roll. He
gives the rescued electronics to a buddy. His eyes sweep the harbor’s east end and he groans. “There’s my gas cans . . . there’s my ropes . . . buoys . . .” Paraphernalia from his boat festoons the near side of the cove. Friends follow Casey down behind the Lobster Pound and help retrieve the pieces. Bait barrels that slid off the deck brim with seawater. Ropes lie tangled and draped over the rocks.

The men gather everything and load it in a pickup. By the time they’ve driven round to the pier, most of the other fishermen have gone out to sea. Half a dozen friends remain, discussing the accident with Casey.

In strong wind, the pin on the shackle of Petra’s mooring must have snapped, and the tide carried her several yards behind the pier. There she bumped into a slope of mud, and stuck at an angle while the tide continued to rise. Everything weighty — bait barrels, gas cans, fishbox — slid to port and bobbed out when Mother Ocean poured herself over the deck and into the bow.

It’s impossible to tell whether or not Petra Anne ran into rocks on the way. Her hull could be in splinters. Casey paces on the wharf, impatient to find out. He already knows that the engine will need work.

“You’ll have to take the alternator off,” Russ tells him. Casey drapes his arms across my shoulders. “Why me?” he shakes his head. “My luck is dog shit.”

Joel Kimball, the best mechanic around, is on his way. Shirley has called an insurance agent. “Ray told me I could use his boat to fish my gear,” Casey says to me, pleased by his friend’s gesture. He gazes across the cove to his boat. “At least she didn’t leave me for good.”

Russ talks about the time his father’s boat sank and had to be hauled up, and announces that when the tide has gone out, he’ll pull Petra from the mud. He throws in more encouragement: “You’ll be goin’ again. Christ, Dad was up two days and goin’ again.”

Casey smiles. “Didn’t lose any of my bait or nothin’!”

The tide begins to recede and Petra Anne emerges slowly, a line of rope drooping over her nose, two buoys dangling like stray earrings. Water still conceals her hull, and Casey mutters to himself in a worried way.
Two friends arrive with their dogs and a rusty pump. The pump engine chugs and coughs when the men try to start it. The dogs weave in and out of the circle of fishermen gathered around it, and leap away when it sputters into life.

Four men lug the pump down the ramp and into a rowboat, and ferry it to Petra. With their weight, she lists to port even more. Salt water spits fitfully from the grumbling pump; Casey tries to speed things up by bailing with a plastic jug. In a short time, the pump has died, and two friends search for a replacement.

While they're gone, Casey clowns on the slippery deck. Mincing down the starboard edge to Petra's highest corner, he balances and waves to us who are watching from the pier. "Hello, folks!" he calls cheerfully. "Ain't this great? These are the joys of boating!" He pulls off his boots, pours streams of water from them, and holds them to the sides of his head like elongated rubber ears.

A new pump is brought to the scene. This one slurps water greedily from Petra's cabin. Somebody tosses a couple of crabs from the gutter of water on the deck, and seagulls circle in on the treat. Casey jumps from his boat and wades ashore. Again he empties his boots of water.

"Could've been a lot worse," he remarks resolutely. "Could be in pieces. I'm glad she fetched up there 'stead of on the rocks."

The new pump shoots fountains of seawater. The tide is flowing out, and gradually Petra Anne is righting herself. Her deep green hull is smooth and intact.

In the evening, Casey's boat bobs beside the pier. He is squatting in the bow with the mechanic. The motor gurgles like a sleepy baby. Casey looks a lot happier than he did at dawn.

"'Big Marth!'" he smiles. "You gettin' a good story?"

The engine will need a week's work, but Joel Kimball's managed to get it going so that Casey can get in one day of lobstering first. The repair is going to be expensive, despite insurance.

"It's a five hundred dollar deductible," Casey sighs. "It don't hurt if you say it fast."

He pats Petra lovingly, and runs his palm along her still-wet side. "Well, she got a good bath," he grins. "Dirt can't hide from intensified Tide."

MARTHA McNEY of St. Olaf College studied at Salt during the fall semester.
HOW I ENDED UP WITH A 1962 black and white television set that only worked on Channel Six I don't know. Suffice it to say that I did. Now most people would have done the logical thing with this inheritance. They would have thrown it away.

We Mainers, however, have developed a strict set of standards for such matters. One of our rules states explicitly, "Waste not, want not." I was bound by the code. The set was mine.

This rule, of course, grew popular at a time when the native Mainer didn't have anything to waste, even if he wanted to. This made it considerably easier to live up to his obligation.

As the years passed, people became more affluent. Houses developed clutter. Thus the native needed to find an outlet to rid his home of unwanted materials and still live by the code. And so he invented the yard sale.

After two years of hauling my cumbersome television set from one corner of the garage to the other, I decided it was time to take advantage of this traditional loophole.

Accordingly, on one particularly favorable summer's day, I hauled a large assortment of my family's least used possessions onto the front lawn. Skillfully, I placed each item so that the final result proved to be a horseshoe shape. Better visibility meant better sales.

In the most strategic selling spot, at the top of the horseshoe, next to a set of barely used disco albums, I placed the T.V. (every yard sale has its house ridding priorities—this was mine). With cardboard arrows pointing to my house and announcements of the event posted to local telephone poles, I was ready for business.

It was a good crowd, as yard sale crowds go. They peeped and poked into every odd box. They talked me down from 50¢ to 25¢ on gifts once treasured from Christmases past. They complained, then bargained, then went away happy.

Unfortunately, no one was walking away...
happily with the television set. I thought I could sell it to a young man from the village. "It would be great for your bedroom," I tried to convince him.

"I have a color console in my room already," the boy responded.

"You're kidding!" I cried incredulously. "I don't have one of those in my living room!"

The lad looked me up and down as though trying to judge my fortunes. I felt bad when he tossed me an extra quarter for a set of used golf balls.

Towards the end of the day I was desperate. It was time to unloose my most convincing sales pitch. As I looked around, I spotted a lady who was just about to leave. Quickly I walked up to her and put my arm around her shoulder.

"Madam," I said as I turned her in the direction of the set, "I believe that you might have overlooked the hottest bargain of the day."

"I doubt it," she said skeptically. Nevertheless, I knew that I had aroused her curiosity, for she was looking at the remaining rubble with a new found interest.

"It's right here," I stated proudly, "this antique, collector's, first edition television set."

"You're kidding," was all she could reply.

"No, madam," I returned, "I kid you not. For only ten dollars, this set will provide you with a near lifetime of viewing pleasure."

"It looks broken," she snapped.

"Ah, madam," said I, "you are perceptive. This set does indeed have a few minor defects. But I assure you, it absolutely does work on Channel Six."

Her reply was short. "So?"

"So," I said as I eased her a little closer to the set, "the Red Sox games are shown on Channel Six. The Patriots games are shown on Channel Six. Indeed, probably everything your husband enjoys watching is shown on Channel Six. What could be a better gift for his workshop?"

A twinkle came to her eye, so I knew that I was on the right track.

"With this set, your husband can remain in his shop year round. There will be no need for him to mess up your clean house because he wants to catch a few innings of the ball game. There will be no need for you to hear him curse the Patriots all fall. There will be no need for his dirty footprints to be across your kitchen floor."

I looked her solemnly in the eye. "Madam, for just ten dollars you will have gained years of weekend freedom."

No more words were spoken. She pulled out her purse, slapped ten dollars into my hand and left with the set. I was delighted.

A year later, one of the volunteer groups I belong to decided to have a yard sale of its own. For two weeks prior to the event, members went from house to house picking up donations and taking them to a central collecting spot.

It was just a day before the event that the worst happened. A pleasant sounding lady called to offer a donation. When we arrived at her home, she looked vaguely familiar to me, but I wasn't sure where I had seen her before.

"It's around in the back, out in my husband's workshop," she greeted us. We walked down a well worn path into the shop. "There it is. That old T.V. set."

"Oh, no," thought I. "Not again!" It all came back to me. I knew this woman.

"Surely, madam," I said as I turned to face her, "you don't want to part with such a fine item."

"Fine?" she countered. "Fine? We've spent more money on that damn set over the past year than any other appliance in the house. My husband will just start to watch a game when—poof—and he's off to the repair shop. We could have bought a brand new set by now! Fine? Never mind fine, just get it out of here!"

On the day of the yard sale, my old television was not sold. What's more, all the unsold goods were stored in my garage until the volunteer group could decide what to do with them.

The set was once more in my way, but this time it was not even mine. It belonged to a worthy cause. To throw it away now would cause double guilt.

Sometimes it's not easy being a Mainer.

Thomas Bradbury is a native Mainer whose family has lived in Cape Porpoise since 1730.
THE BIG A DAM PROPOSAL heated up a coffee break at Salt the other day. Should the Great Northern Paper Company be allowed to build a dam across the West Branch of the Penobscot River at Big Ambejackmockamus Falls? (A dam that would be 2,300 feet across, 148 feet high and 390 feet wide at the base, creating a reservoir of 857 acres.)

Three things were clear as we talked. Nobody could pronounce Ambejackmockamus. Most of us had heated opinions. And nobody knew much about the eight weeks of testimony pro and con offered at the environmental hearings.

We decided we might be representative Mainers. So we took a poll of the staff, two natives and three longtime residents. The vote was three against, one for and one undecided. If it were up to us, the dam would never be.

Our reasons? “No,” said a native. “It will be the end of the Penobscot. The dam will end its course forever.”

Said the other native, “It will be the end of the Penobscot. The dam will end its course forever.”

Said the other native, “Yes. Right now, I’d vote for it. When I look at it, I see jobs.”

A resident of 12 years (Philadelphia born) said, “I have canoed down the West Branch. I am unalterably opposed. It is one of the last great wilderness waterways in the country.”

A resident of 18 years (Oklahoma born) said, “No. I’ve seen the big dams of the West, what they do to the land. Part of Maine will go under water forever. No.”

The undecided resident said he is “leaning toward no.” But he is a cautious man and will take his time to study the evidence, undeterred by the fervor of the rest of us.

THE MAIL BROUGHT ONE of those letters that keeps us publishing Salt:

“We have been meaning to write to you ever since we received your summer 1984 issue to congratulate you on the splendid article about my mother-in-law, Ilsa Passet schnik of Richmond.

“Now I have a second reason for writing. Mrs. Passet schnik died on Saturday, December 22, 1984.

“We would like to know if the photographs that were taken for the article are available....

“But I must go back to the original reason for wanting to write to you. Both Mrs. Passet schnik’s daughter and I feel you did an excellent job of translating my mother-in-law’s personality and philosophies to the printed page.

“The article captures the real spirit of many Russians who were forced to flee their homeland by unbridled tyranny. It made my In-Laws proud, as I am sure it did every other Russian immigrant who was fortunate enough to read it.”

The letter was signed by Joseph Patenude and carried a postscript. “Please do not forget the photographs. Very few good ones were taken in the last years.”

We did not forget the photographs.

Ilsa Passet schnik, left. “There are no words to talk like music. This is the highest art.”
“Comin' from where I do, a little island called Bear in the Penobscot Bay, I can say THE SALT BOOK’s great . . . It is the best book ever written about seacoast Maine.”

—R. Buckminster Fuller

The Salt Book (hardbound, 430 pages) sells for $10.95 plus $1.00 for shipping. Salt Two (hardbound, 433 pages) sells for $14.95 plus $1.00 for shipping. The cost of back issues is $3.00 each plus $.50 shipping, with the exception of No. 21 & 22 (Eastport for Pride) that costs $6.95 plus $1.00 for shipping. Library rates for back issues are available.

No. 1: - Sold Out.
No. 2: - Sold Out.
No. 3: - Maine Barns, Shrimping with Dave Burnham; Arundel Town Meeting; Restoring Ship Models (William Whorf); Smelting (Bert Graves and Harvey Bixby); Fishing Off a Sailing Vessel (Kenneth Hutchins).
No. 4: - Farming with Clifford Jackson; How to Build a Lobster Trap (Stilly Griffin); Dowsing (Carolyn Simonsen); Wildwood Chapel; Blueberry Hill Ghosts; Wild Honeybee Hunt (Monty Washburn); Charcoal Making (Ava Ross); Cottage Cheese (Eleanor Nedeau); Masonry (Willie Grendell).
No. 5: - The Forks; Bear Trapping (Russell Kennedy); Old Bottles (Ted Towne); Willis Gower’s Drugstore; Making Flintlock Guns; Arthur Fretwell’s Wooden World; Gooch’s Beach.
No. 6: - Sold Out.
No. 7: - Maine Barn Raising; Bean Hole Beans; Perkins Tide Mill; Pericles Economos, Early Greek Immigrant in Maine; Snowshoe Making.
No. 8: - Sold Out.
Nos. 9 & 10: - (Bicentennial Issue) North Haven Island; Goat Island Lighthouse; Gill Netting; Sea Moss Pudding; Sam and Hazel Wildes; Designing with Shells; Ships in Bottles (Richard Nickerson); Boat Building (Herb Baum); Logging (Grover Morrison); Horse Pulling (Dick Wallingford); New Sweden; Making Maple Syrup; Cluny McPherson in Potato Land; Basket Making; Making Potato Barrels; Stone Walls; Country Auctions (George Martin).
No. 11: - Dragging (Lester Orcutt); Fiddleheading; Making Bait Bags (Ada Foss); Making a Duck Blind; Willie and Elizabeth Ames; Whistle Making.
No. 12: - Tuna Fishing (Ken Hutchins); Butter Making (Mary Turner); Stone Walls (Mortared); Fly Tying (Martin Pieter); Porcelain Figures; Sail Making; Sumach Sap Spiles.
No. 13: - River Driving (12 chapter series); Cider Making; Old Time Christmases (interviews with scores of Salt’s people about Christmas 50 and 60 years ago).
No. 14: - Grandfather’s Golden Earring; Marie Gallaros: 50 Years in the Mills; Felling a Tree; Paddle Making; Cod Liver Oil; Ken Berdeen’s Lilacs; Swan’s Island (Part 1); Maine Diner.
No. 15: - Fish Cutting; Laying the Keel; Swan’s Island, Part 2 (Ruth Moulden, Walter Stinson, Basil Joyce and Edwin Goot); Country Sawmill.
No. 16: - Indian Island, Madasa Sapiel, Clan Mother of the Penobscots; Medicine Man (Senabe Francis), Part 1; Ships in Bottles; Fishermen’s Superstitions; Fire of ’47; Metal Spinning.
No. 17: - Friendship Sloops (Ralph Stanley); Rigging the Endeavor; Sam Polk; When You’re Married to a Fisherman; Stenciling; Medicine Man (Senabe Francis), Part 2.
No. 18: - Cecil Kelley’s Tales; Digging Clams with Jake; Greek Easter; Fly Casting; Wreck of the Schooner Charles; Sam Miller, the Minstrel Man; Alewives; Bertha Guerin; Lofting a Boat; Helen Perley.
No. 19: - Mount Desert Island; Draper Liscomb; Bar Harbor’s Art Deco Theater; Evelyn Turner; Clarence Roberts; Plastering (Maurice Gordon); Pottery Making.
No. 20: - (Tenth Anniversary Issue) Gems of Cape Porpoise (Harbor Islands); Alberta Redmond; Tower Clocks of the Kennebunks; Salt’s New Home; Semester in Maine; In Search of the 20th Century Penobscot.
Nos. 21 & 22: - (Eastport for Pride) Eastport: Then and Now; Inside a Sardine Factory; Politics, People and Pittston; Revival of the Waterfront.
No. 23: - (I Could Never Call Myself a Yankee) Five Immigrant Experiences: Italians (David Breggia); French Canadians (Antoinette Bernier); Russians (Ilsa Pasechnik); Greeks (John Anagnostis); Japanese (Suzuko Laplante).
No. 24: - Shakers at Sabbathday Lake; Fitzhenry’s Store; Weaving (Bessie Swain); Blacks in Maine (John Gaskill and Geneva Sherrer).
Island Sheep Raising dates back to the 1600s in Maine and continues today. Salt's 32-page feature shows Jenny Cirone and her crew at work on Big Nash Island.