

Isle au Haut Historical Society Newsletter

Spring 2025

Volume 7



"Another Day in Paradise..." T.V. Photo by Mary Fennell

MOUNTAINSIDE MARKET

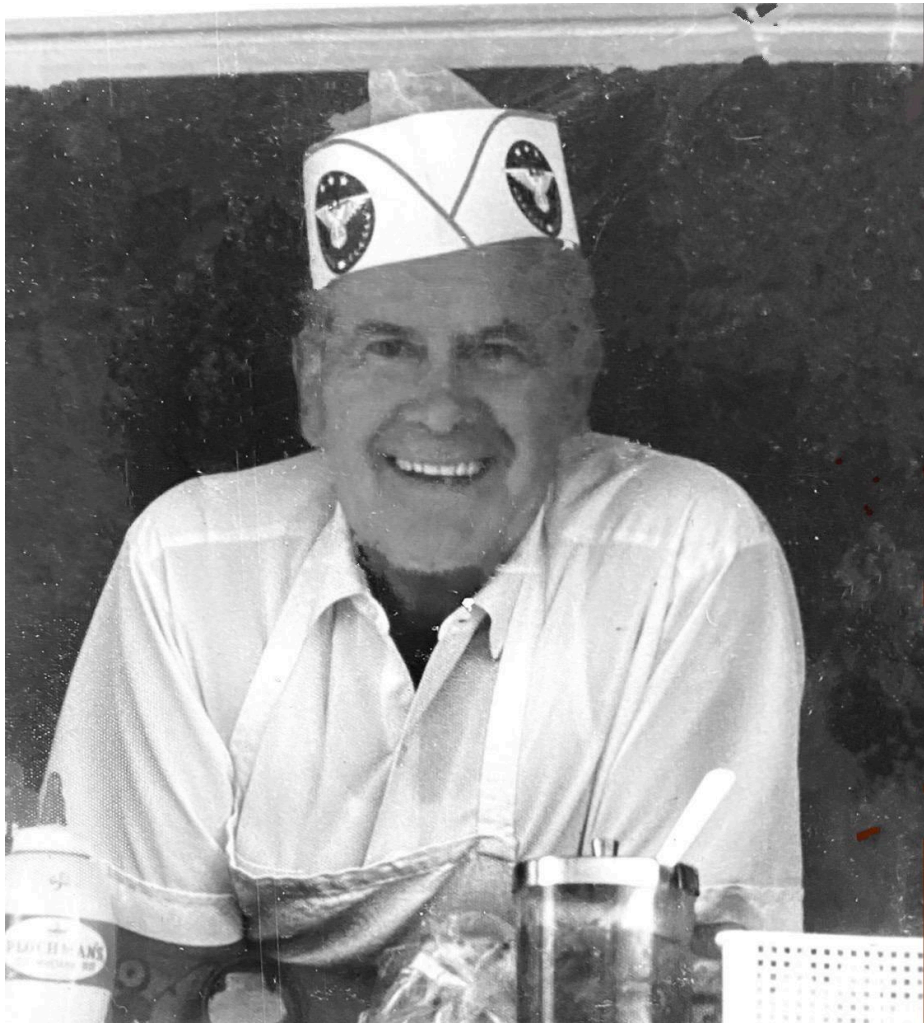
Introduction: The Mountainside Market, one of the many Island stores that has existed over the years was located on Annis Hill and was started by Russ and Jean Devereux on 1 May 1971. The previous store had closed and Russ and Jean felt that there was a real need for an Island store. After several years, they too closed when our present store opened. What follows is their letter to the community which appeared in the Island Ad-Vantages.

AN OPEN LETTER FROM MOUNTAINSIDE MARKET

Russ and Jean Devereux

Copied from an article in Island Ad-Vantages newspaper and reprinted with permission.

We closed Sept. 1, 1973, and we are so glad our hopes for a store co-op have come true! We wish it our best. Someday maybe we will write "that book" everyone jokes of doing! In the meantime, though, there has to be public acknowledgments of some extra special happenings in the past 25 years. Such as: Gordon Chapin and Colin Darrell, who put in many hours of work and never took any wages. Others, adults and children, islanders and part-time islanders, also gave a hand when needed.



*Colin Darrell, Jean Devereux's father, at the Take Out window of Mountainside Market in 1971.
Isle au Haut Historical Society*

The many overtime hours put in by the following: Bernadine Barter, Mary Brownlow, Mabelle Chapin, Babs Hoskins, Belvia MacDonald, Diane Peasley, Donna Tully, and Olive Van Doren. In these days of "rush-rush-rush" and "push-push-push" we wish to thank the people below who never failed to "walk the extra mile."



Mabelle Chapin serving Pat Tully at MountainSide Market in May 1971. Isle au Haut Historical Society

Bartlett's Market, Stonington. You did your best to help us, and never said a word when our stock was cluttering your stockroom!

Hancock Creamery, Ellsworth. You tried to find extra dry ice when we went after ice cream. Once, Walt, you even came to Stonington to deliver milk to us on your day off! And there were many days when Rich slid down a winter-iced runway to put dairy products aboard the mailboat for the store.

Speaking of the mailboat, thanks to Buster and Stan for freight trips when we were unable to handle them ourselves.

Jordan's Meats, Bangor. A long way from islands, tides, and boat schedules, you never-the-less understood, and always ground the beef, or whatever, even two minutes before closing time.

The soda companies: Coca-Cola, Bangor; Dennis Bottling, Veazie; Pepsi-Cola, Brewer; Tabenken, Veazie; and the other suppliers: Brown and White Paper Co., Morin Candy and Tobacco, NABISCO, Byron Smith Co., all of Bangor; all ready with a smile and a wave to greet us. Many times your own trucks were clogging all platforms, but you took our small orders and whisked everything out of the way to load us.



Harold van Doren and Mabelle Chapin at Mountainside Market circa 1971. Isle au Haut Historical Society

Milford Marks, Penobscot. Ready with the best of fresh fruits and vegetables, whether we called late at night or early in the morning.

Nissens, like the creamery, delivered to Stonington for us, and did your best to supply our orders.

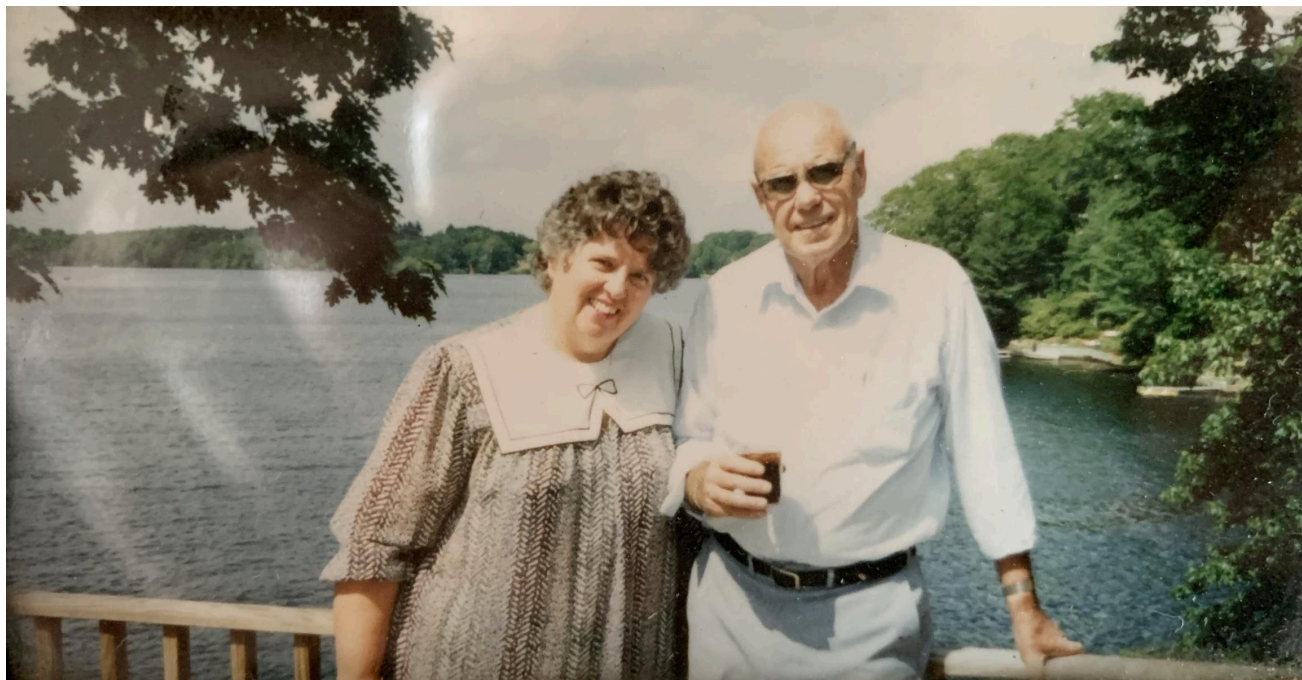
The local newspapers, the Island Advantages and the Weekly Packet, managed to anticipate our needs even without a way to telephone at the last minute.

Thanks to the Isle Au Haut Elec. Co-Op, we never worried about electricity. Nor about heating oil, thanks to Island Ventures.

Finally, of course, we couldn't have met the challenge if it hadn't been for our friends, the loyal customers who have done your best to try to make it work.

Our love, our thanks, our sincere good wishes for the best life has to offer to all of you.

Post Script: Jean and Russ Devereux have played an important role in the history of Isle au Haut. Russ died in 1997 but Jean was living in Penobscot when she graciously agreed to be interviewed last summer on two separate occasions, one with Harold van Doren and the other with Parker Waite. Sadly, Jean passed away this past January, Russ' [obituary](#) gives us a sense of the man, and Harold van Doren, in *An Island Sense of Home*, wrote an essay on Russ that can be read [here](#) with kind permission of Harold.



Jean and Russ Devereux, from the Devereux Family Collection

Rich's Cove, Isle au Haut, Maine and the Sarah E. Hyde

by Kris Carlson-Lewis



Rich's Cove looking out to York Island, circa 1890s. Thanks to [The Digital Commons of the University of Maine](#).

Rich's Cove, formerly known as Douglass Cove, is on the northeastern end of Isle au Haut and is considered one of the safe harbors on the island. In *The Rich Family of Isle au Haut, Maine* written by Norman Wesley Rich in 1993, he presents the following summary of the above photograph:

The picture...was taken from the ledge on what is now known as the Breeze property in back of their house. This house is the one that we believe was built by our ancestor Robert Douglas.

The man down by the shed or shop is Stillman Rich. The little sloop tied up inside the wharf belonged to Stillman. After his death it was pulled out at the head of the Old Cove and left to die a natural death. In about 1969, Floyd Rich showed the writer the remains of this vessel.

The schooner off the Point is the Sarah Hyde, according to Leon Small the captain was Frank Murphy. It was a lobster smack and was built to carry lobsters alive in the hold which had small holes drilled in the bottom to allow a free circulation of outside seawater. These vessels made (probably) weekly trips to the islands to pick up lobsters from the fishermen and take them to market in Stonington or Rockland.

The small Sloop over near York Island in the background was that of Frank Hopkins, he used to live down by the old Steamboat Wharf, I believe the location where Dennis Eaton lived

[Editor's Note: On the east side about one mile South of Rich's Cove, once the Landers, now Byron Woollen]

The dory belonged to Leon Small's father Al Small. The first sloop belonged to Edwin Rich, the next belonged to George Rich. The little "pee wee" between those and the smack belonged to Albert and Willie Rich.

The island across is of course York Island. The house on the top of the island was that of the Conley family....

From the diaries of George A. Turner of Isle au Haut starting in 1890, we know that Frank Murphy, captain of the *Sarah E. Hyde* came to Isle au Haut routinely about twice a month almost year-round, weather dependent, from about 1891 until at least 1899. His runs originated from his home in Friendship, Maine. He would spend one to two days at Isle au Haut depending on the weather and head to Boston with his lobster smack. It appeared he would unload in Boston and spend a day or two in Boston before heading back to Friendship. Eventually, he would appear back at Isle au Haut holding to the twice per month stopover. In the 1900 U.S. Census, Frank Murphy was noted as being a lobster carrier. So, it would stand to reason that the dating of the photograph before 1899 is quite likely correct.



1880 map of northeast side of Isle au Haut showing Douglas Cove.

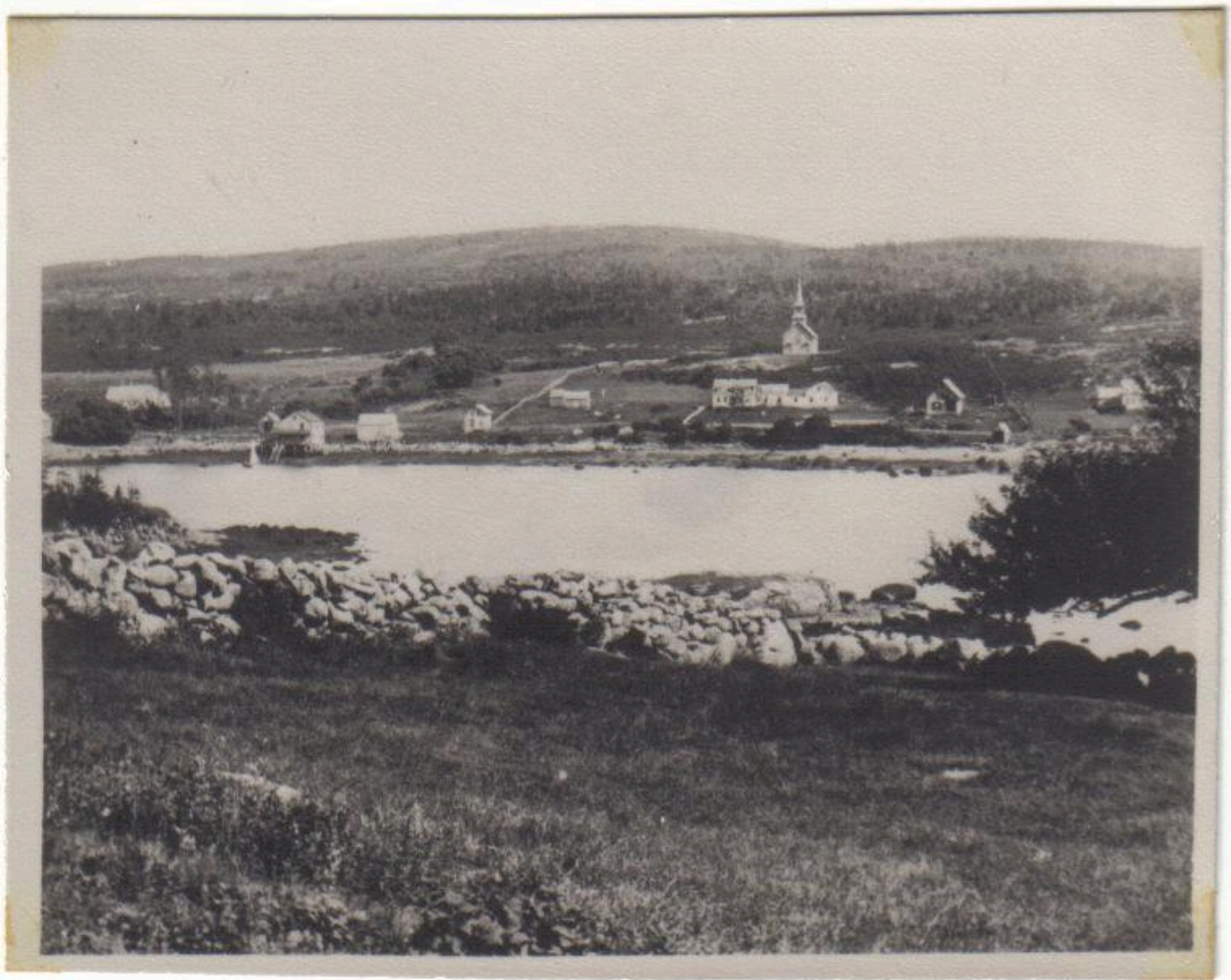
Editor's Note: The *Pictorial History of the Houses of Rich's Cove* can be read at the [Digital Commons Website](#) of the University of Maine.

The Ev and Etta Robinson House

by Bill and Sarah Chamberlin

In 1979 Jenny and I purchased this house from Frances Beal, the daughter of [Ev and Etta Robinson](#). Ev and Etta had lived in the house for many years. Ev was a fisherman and Etta often helped out with various seasonal residents. Hardy islanders that they were the Robinsons lived in the house without electricity. Water came from a dug well in the back yard via hand pump at the kitchen sink and the "facilities" were in the shed behind the house. Heat was from a variety of kerosene heaters in the house. Each room had its own kerosene lamp.

The house was built sometime in the 1880's. It is one of several examples on Isle au Haut of what has been called "Island Houses". A number of other original houses have had additions built on to them. (the core of the Kennedy house, Frog Hollow and several Head Harbor houses). This one remains in its original configuration. See article by architect Iver F. Lofving entitled ["The Island House"](#).



Village of Isle au Haut from Kimballs Island, about 1892.

The Isle au Haut Church, The Professor's House (now Gaileys') below the church and The Chamberlin House, slightly tilted and to the right of the Professor's House.

It is evident from the shape of the floorboards that they were cut and milled on the hillside behind the house and then fit together while the house was built.

There is a seasonal stream that runs through the basement and out a drain which exits along the side of the road across from the Store. In the middle 1980's the drain became clogged and the basement filled with water. As we struggled to drain the basement, Skeet MacDonald came by and remembered when the large tree in the front yard was planted and suggested it's roots might be blocking the drain. With Skeet we searched for a wet spot in the lawn, found it, and dug down and found the offending root. The basement drained immediately.

Skeet then told us how he and Virginia had been married in the living room of the house and then lived there for a few years before acquiring their own house which now belongs to Marion Breeze.

I believe the Robinsons followed Skeet and Virginia as residents and lived there until their final years when they spent winters with their daughter in Rockland.

Several improvements have been made in our years. Bill Stevens jacked up the front corner of the house by seven inches and then firmed up the foundation. A few years later Bill also built a septic field and so we were able to build a bathroom in the house. Electricity allowed for full indoor plumbing, lighting and refrigeration. A deep well was drilled in 2018. Several windows have been replaced. Much of the old horsehair plaster has been replaced with wall board.

The original shed/workshop was replaced in the early 2000's when the Doermann's garage replaced the original John K. Barter workshop behind their house. Bill Stevens moved our shed to his work yard on Coombs Mountain and uses it for storage of some of his equipment. Then he moved the Barter shed into place behind our house.

Over the decades Jenny spent many hours teaching her children and grandchildren skills like baking and laundry-by-hand.



Jenny Chamberlin, Grandchildren Robert and Elsa.



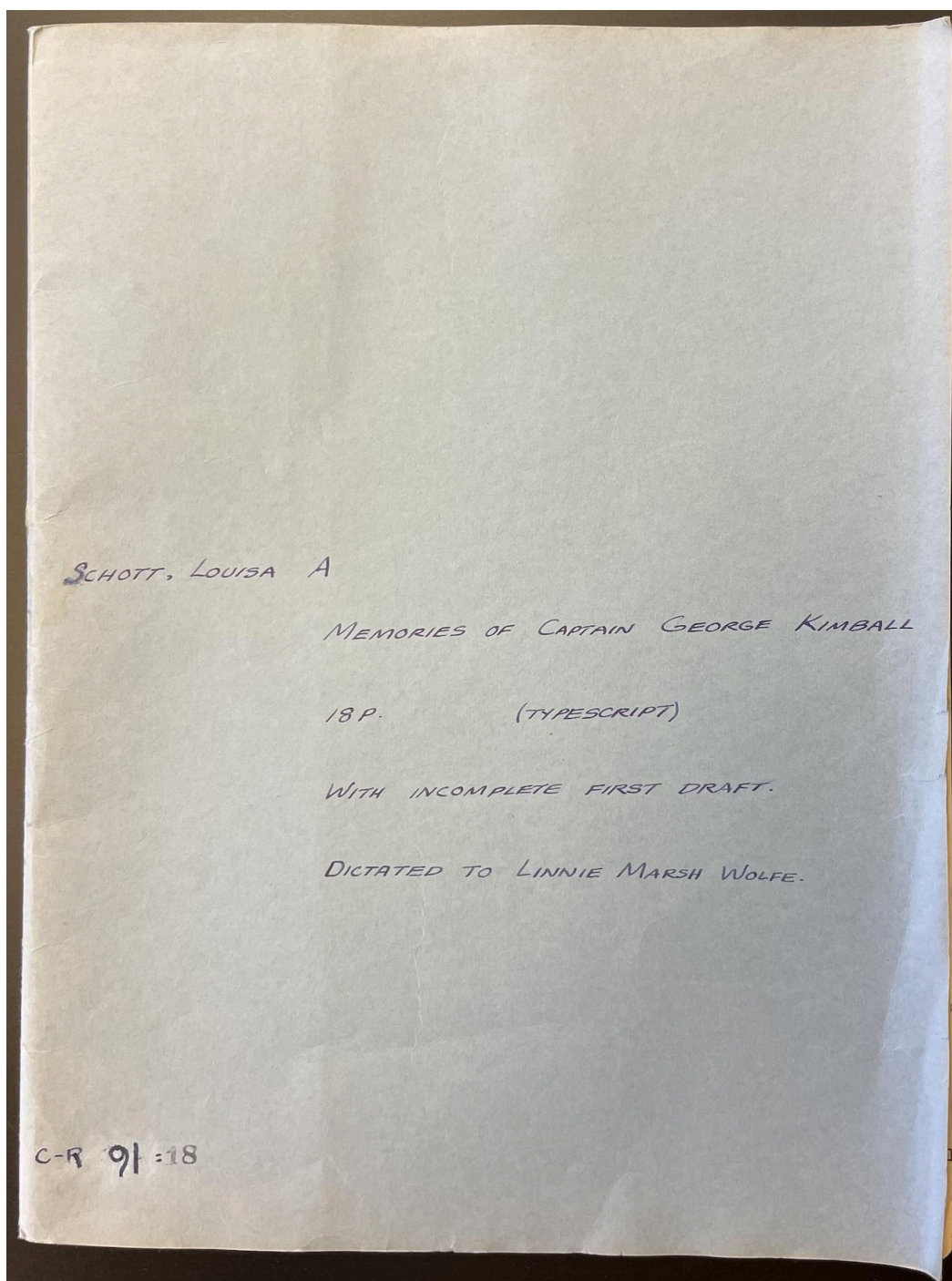
Nancy

In 2018 Nancy joined our family and quickly became involved in the next improvement. An artesian well was drilled in 2018 and then had to be connected to the house. Nancy dug much of the trench for that connection.

Captain George Washington Kimball and The Journey of the Ship *California*

By Louisa A Schott

Introduction: While researching the History of Kimball Island, we discovered this story of George Washington Kimball, born on Kimball Island in 1805, written by his granddaughter in 1934.



Papers relating to California pioneers and to California history, [BANC MSS C-R 91, The Bancroft Library, University of California, Berkeley.](#)

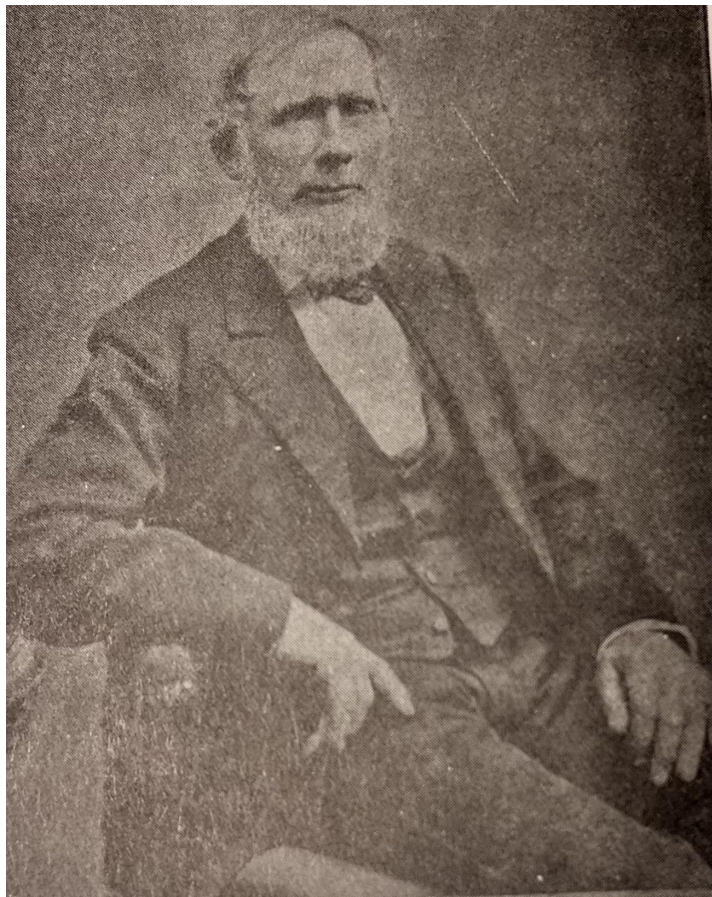
Chapter 1

The Dream

It was a summer night in the year, 1849. A mail and passenger packet was ploughing the Atlantic northward along the Maine coast. The Captain, George Kimball, pacing the quarter deck. Back and forth, back and forth he went head bent, hands clenched. He must make a decision tonight that would affect many lives. California was calling him as it was calling thousands of others. There was magic in the name California. For many it meant gold, adventure, power! For him it meant land, and a home!

For land hunger was in his blood. He, who a sea captain, son of generations of sea-faring folk, who longed for the deep, solid earth under his feet, for trees and harvests, most of all for the home he could share the year round with Caroline and their boy and girl. As long as he followed the sea, he was almost a stranger to them. An honored visitor in his own house who mustn't be worried about everyday matters. A hero to his boy when he wanted to be just a father.

He was born over there on Isle au Haut. He could see it looming in the starlight, a great rock in the sea. His grandfather (Solomon Kimball, 1751-1824) and his father (George Kimball, 1780-1839) had built their home there, and a garden in the lee of a cliff. He was one of ten children. There was no place on the land for him. Tumbled out of their cradles into boats were most of the sons of Maine. The few choice spots of earth inland were taken up by rich men and made into country estates. Men and women slaved their lives away upon the barren remainder, beauty gone, bodies scarred and bent by toil. Summers had been spent on the sea, his winters working in stores or teaching. Reading and a few terms in an Academy had given him educational advantages beyond what most young people enjoyed.



George Washington Kimball at about 70 years old

The winter he worked in a Camden grocery store where he met [Caroline](#). She came into the store one day to buy something, and he was sent forward to wait on her. Black hair and tiny, it seemed to him he had never seen anyone so good to look upon. How he ever filled her order in his awkwardness he never knew. When she left the store, she said "Please charge it to Father." George lost no time in finding out who "Father" was, William Barrett, in presenting the bill at the Barrett home...

That was twelve years ago. Their children were 10 and 11, and George himself was in his forties. Perhaps out of the twelve years he had been with his family on land four years. And to what purpose all this separation and loneliness for them all. His Captain's wage so carefully managed by Caroline won only meagre comforts. There was so little left for the children's schooling, and for their own old age. Even so, they were more fortunate than many.

The land spewed them out. The few choice spots of earth had been taken up by speculators and made into country estates for rich men. The curse of barrenness lay upon all the rest of the Land. Men and women became scarred and old before their time, toiling for a scant subsistence. The forests had been wasted until they were almost gone. The fishing industry had little profit and was overcrowded. Those who had gone down to the sea in ships returned to the land.

Huge families were still the usual thing. George was one of ten children. Families of twenty were not uncommon. Boys and men were milling about the country, disinherited, restless, drifting to the cities and back to the country, rootless. All over New England the same conditions prevailed. Then by the blessing of God came news of California. Articles appeared in eastern newspapers written by one Dr. John Marsh. They were eagerly copied all over the country and eagerly read and the news relayed by word of mouth till every worker in the factories and every farm laborer, and every superfluous son to New England had heard the glories of that golden land, that paradise beside the western sea.

Men turned with new hope to have a goal for all, their striving. The world was young again with hope. Men and women caught the contagion. Caroline swifter to make up her mind-as is the way of women-silently watched the processes of her husband's mind. She read everything she could find on California, and waited... Held her peace. The children were growing up. What could there be for them in this hungry land. They must go....when George had found a way.

Meanwhile George, walking the deck night after night, groped for a Plan that would work. He owned an interest in the Packet under his feet. He had pondered. But it was built for the coast-wise trade, not for the open seas. He had not the money to buy a ship. Then he would build one! But how, unless he had help? Ah, he would interest other men poor like himself, and build a ship and own it all together. And in it they would go to California and found a colony, where justice and equality should rule.

And the long cruelty of the winters that outraged human endurance. And the storms that beat on land and sea, and-oh God-the dark nights when somewhere out there in the blackness her man was riding with Death. George Kimball dreamed daringly. Not a man of much learning, he was nevertheless a pioneer in many realms of humanitarian thought. Some of his ideas were revolutionary for the time he lived in. Indeed they still are, but the trend of the world is now definitely toward a realization of those same dreams. He believed in woman suffrage when that was just about the most unpopular thing a man or woman could believe in. And he believed a woman should have the right to go forth and choose her mate as frankly and openly as the female does in

Nature. And he believed in a public ownership of all the tools of production, and in a cooperative system. Perhaps the most revolutionary of his ideas had to do with a redistribution of wealth, and the common ownership of land.

Many a night as he walked the deck of his ship his thoughts fell into rhythm with his steps.
Tramp....Tramp....Tramp....Tramp....

"The land and the water, the light and the air
To man were the free gift of God,
And this right inheres wherever we are
Until we are done with the sod.
"Land for & homestead, air, water and light,
All persons inherit at birth.
No law should stay this inalienable right
Of all who dwell on this earth."

Not great poetry. But a great dream! And upon that dream, George decided to go to California. The next morning the Captain entered the port of Frankfort, unloaded his cargo and passengers, and strode up the hill to his home. Caroline was in the kitchen making cake when the gate clicked. Always she made jelly layer cake for his return, and the little family made holiday for the few days of his stay. She looked through the window and saw him coming down the path. His step had a new spring. Eagerness was in his face, a new set to his broad shoulders. Caroline knew before he spoke a word that the great decision had been made.

That night the talk was all of California. He was surprised that Caroline and the children knew so much about it. After supper, he pulled out of his dunnage bag a roll of papers and spread them out on the table. They contained plans for the new ship that was to be named "The California". He had drawn them on his last journey from New York, but he had been carrying them in his head for a long while.

Their four heads bent over the plans while he explained the wonders of the ship. He would build into her structure certain ideas of his own to make her strong and swift. She would weigh 600 tons, and would contain living accommodations for 200 people. She would be worth about 20,000 dollars, and she was going to be built and operated on the cooperative plan. And the 200 people who owned shares in her were going to found a colony in California.

Caroline was fairly dazed by the daring magnitude of the plan. But she believed he could do it if anyone could. Any doubt she may have had was dispelled by the vigor and enthusiasm with which he went about his great task.

Chapter 2

Building the Ship, Preparations and Getting Underway

Early the next morning he was down at the ship's offices resigning his captaincy of the New York and Maine Packet boat. And before noon he had picked out, a capable sailor named Aaron Gadscomb of Eastport to be his mate, and had sent him up the coast to [Cutler, Maine](#), to cut timber for the ship, and to get provisions for a large company of the workmen. Then he, the Captain, went about from village to village, lecturing, talking to groups of men, about the cooperative ship and the colonization scheme. His enthusiasm was contagious. Men called him Peter the Hermit. He soon had the Maine countryside agog with the great adventure. Of course many of the old down-east, state-o-Mainers shook their heads and said it couldn't be done. Why the man had no capital, the merchants said. It was a wild, hare-brained scheme. They were disappointed. They had thought

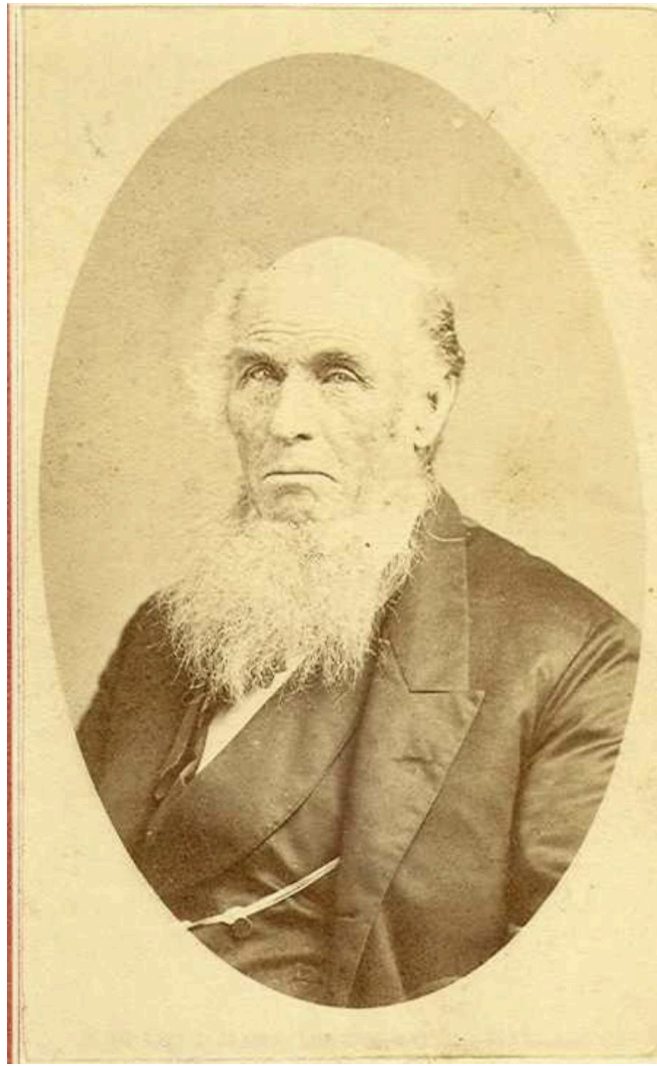
George Kimball a pretty level-headed man. And now he was going off to the ends of the earth and dragging that pretty wife of his along. And he was trying to get a lot of other men to do the same thing. They were advising everybody to keep clear of the whole thing.



Cutler Harbor, Maine. Courtesy of [Penobscot Marine Museum](#) and Eastern Illustrating & Publishing Co. Collection

But before long George Kimball began here and there to make a convert. And they began to assemble in the woods at Cutler to cut and shape the timber for the ship. And the Captain spent part of every week working with them. One day when his crew consisted of only two men, a doubting Thomas came along and called out, "Well, Captain, when do you expect to sail for California?" And George Kimball, puckering his deep-set gray eyes, drawled in reply, "Well, Father Noah engaged in a similar enterprise, was 120 years in building his ark-ship. It might take us some longer, but we're bound to have her off for California." Week by week the company increased until 65 men were at work, cutting, hauling lumber and building the ship.

Robert Douglass, ship-carpenter, was put in charge of the construction work. About the first of April, 1849, he laid the keel of the good ship California and the Dream began to take on solid proportions. People stopped laughing, and began to boast. Converts to the enterprise increased until there were 65 men at work, cutting and hauling lumber, sanding and hammering of the ship hull. Great oak ribs were lifted into place and caulked to make them water tight.



Robert Douglas circa 1870

The Cutler shipyard became a busy place and the town newspaper began to take some pride that the ship was being launched from her docks. Tall trees were stripped and set up as masts.

In early November, came the day of the launching with the whole town looking on and folks that came from miles around in farm wagons. She took to the water like a duck and out in Machias Bay she rode at anchor as neat a craft as one would wish to see. Meanwhile, the men colonists were assembling their families, and furniture and farm implements and provisions. Caroline and the children came from Frankfort with all their worldly possessions including the old whale oil lamp, a treasured Queen Anne platter, and a great high-backed chair, and the old family Bible and the Captain's set of Shakespeare.

On the 14th of November the company boarded the ship. The shore was crowded with friends as the boats took them out to the ship in the Bay. Then all was abustle and noise on board with sharp cries of command, men tugging at ropes and the windlass heaving up the anchors. Then she spread her canvas like white wings and sailed away to the south. As the land dwindled in the distance, most of that company looked their last upon their native state.

The Hathaway family filled a large boat with their three generations. Grandma Hathaway had been sick for many months, but she refused to be left behind. And Mrs. Loren Hathaway, her daughter-in-law, was heavy with child. But undaunted, they started out on this voyage into the Unknown.

As the ship sailed down the coast they put in at several ports of entry to take on passengers and freight. Finally they arrived at Boston.



Central Wharf Boston circa 1850 by John D Heywood

(Editor's Note: The California Packet arrived in Boston about **21 Jan 1850** according to this [28 January 1850 Newspaper article](#) and spent about six weeks taking on new passengers and preparing for the journey ahead.)

Seldom has staid old Boston been so stirred out of her calm as when Captain Kimball and his colonists arrived in the harbour. By the hundreds they streamed down to visit the ship and talk with the passengers. They welcomed them with open arms and took them to their homes. Merchants and other business men visited the ship and found out all her needs. They equipped the ship with every thing she could possibly need, including a huge brass mariner's spy glass for the Captain, the gift of the Boston Geographical Society. And then true to her instincts blessed old Boston gave them a lot of books that they might improve their minds on the voyage. Last of all the city gave the company a grand ball on the eve of their departure, and notables vied with each other in honoring the captain and his passengers. The climax of the evening arrived when the President of the Boston Geographical Society, made up of distinguished scientists of that learned center, presented to Captain Kimball a large brass mariner's spy glass. The modest Captain was quite overcome, for he had not thought he was accomplishing anything worthy of note for these distinguished scientists.

On Saturday, **March 2, 1850**, the California Packet was cleared out at the Boston Custom house, and on the following day, she dropped into the stream with sails bellying in the north easterly breeze.

March 4th, the Captain's Log-Journal records as follows:

"Wind N.W... 200 passengers on board. Old Mrs. Hathaway quite sick. Among our passengers are 65 families, including my own, my wife, Caroline, my daughter Adelia, age 11 years, Edgar H. Kimball, my son 8 years. With a fine breeze we made 9 knots on our E.S.E. course, passing Cape Cod about 6 miles distant....

(Editor's Note: The [Passenger List](#) was published that day in The Boston Atlas. We've extracted the information to a spreadsheet so you can see where many of the passengers came from and who they were.)

The voyage had now begun in earnest as the voyagers were soon to find out. Early on Wednesday morning the ship began to roll and plunge in a wild gale. The passengers clung to their berths in the throes of violent sea sickness. At noon, she hove to under close-reefed main topsail while the gale continued to increase. In the morning the large boat had been cut away from the starboard side. In the afternoon the corresponding large boat on the larboard side was so damaged that it had to be cut away. Gadscomb, the mate, injured his hand in the process. Night came on with the storm ever increasing. The ship lay to like a gull. The waves curled mountain high over her, throwing her on her side in the trough. The next moment she would rise high on a crest to pitch head foremost into a smother of churning waters. Every movable thing was washed from her decks and the sea poured in through her scuppers and bow ports. The ship was in utter darkness. Families huddled together in terror. Some praying. Some raising a feeble song in the black against the thunder of the waves. Many were too ill to want to live.

Midnight came on, the blackest midnight any of them had ever known. All this time the Captain had stood gripping the wheel in his own firm hands, trying to ease the ship against the monstrous waves. Most of the crew were helpless and he had sent them below. Gadscomb and Thomas Street, the sailing master, and the Captain were manning the ship alone. Some of the steadier men were put at the pumps. Then came word that the pumps wouldn't work. The ship was water-logged. The hold was filling up. The Captain thrust the wheel into the mate's hands and went below. He staggered into the cabin where Caroline and the children were. He knelt against the berth where Caroline lay and spoke her name. She opened her eyes and feebly "How are things," she whispered. And he answered, "Caroline, I'm afraid we're going to the bottom."

Adelia lying sick beside her mother, heard those words, and remembered them all her life. But at the time she was too ill to care. A moment later her father was gone. Up through the hatch way, and back to the wheel. And so the night wore on....

Then slowly, imperceptibly, almost, the fury began to abate....Dawn... Gray sea met gray sky. The waves still rose high, but automatically, their anger was spent. The ship righted herself, responding to the wheel. The pumps began to work, the hold to empty itself of water. Seven bells- the hour for breakfast- but no breakfast, and few could eat had it been prepared. The fuel was so water soaked that for days little cooking could be done. But the California had vindicated herself. Laconically, the Captain jots down in his log that she "proves to be a good sea boat and a good sailor."

Editor's Note: You can read the rest of the Journey of the California, Chapters 3, 4, and 5 [here](#).

Do You Have Any Items of Historical Value?



Tim and Meg Gailey last summer sharing their trove of Historical letters, photos, etc with the Historical Society.

If you have any items of historical interest in your home, we would very much appreciate hearing from you. Although we can not accept or house any additional historical items at this time, we would like to photograph and document what you have. Last summer the Gaileys and the Kennedys allowed us to photograph objects in their homes which were of historical interest. Please contact us at IsleauHautHistory@gmail.com or call 207.335.2731 after 25 June 2025.



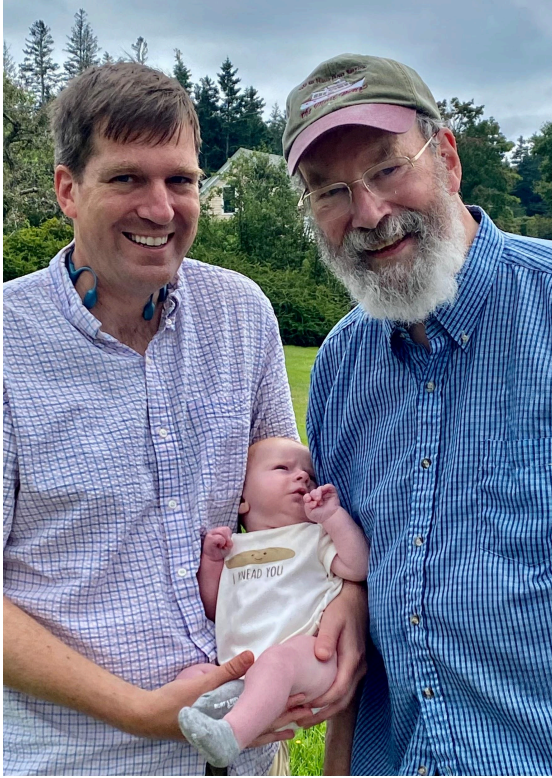
From the Gaileys' collection at The Professor's House.



*Virginia and Skeet MacDonald.
We found this gem hanging at the Kennedy's last summer.*

Island Folks

Mary Fennell



Three Generations of Gaileys, Adam, Quentin Robert and Tim



Heading to the Pond, Abby and Penny



Bernie and Billy



Out for a Ride: Sarah & Anna, Barbara Ternes' grandchildren



Wes, Rachel Harris' grandson



Ian and Sue Woollen

Remembrance

We would like to honor those members of the Isle au Haut community who've died since our last Newsletter. Sympathy and thoughts to their families and apologies for anyone who has not been mentioned.



[Joan Tilney](#)



[Tim Matilda and Diane Vallilee](#)



[Dottie and Rudi Graf](#)



[Jim Greelaw](#)



[Jean McBean](#)

A Note From Your Historical Society

We hope you've enjoyed this Newsletter and that you will support your Isle au Haut Historical Society by becoming a member or by renewing your membership for 2025. To do so, please send your name, email address, and annual dues payment of \$10 for individual or family membership (check preferred) to The Isle au Haut Historical Society, PO Box 7, Isle au Haut, ME 04645.

Membership dues help preserve our rich Island history and support the programs offered by our Historical Society. We especially welcome your involvement.

If you are interested in taking a more active role, please send an email to IsleauHautHistory@gmail.com.

We have a series of Summer Lectures that are still being planned and a new [Historical Village Walking Tour](#)

To you who joined last year and sent in contributions, Thank You!

Special Thanks to all who have helped make this edition possible by contributing photos and articles and with editing: Mary Fennell for her photographs, Kristen Carlson-Lewis, Connor Maxcy, Diane W. Vallilee, Harold van Doren, Donna Hopkins, Bob Smith, Bill and Sarah Chamberlin and Tom Guglielmo. We also want to especially thank The Bancroft Library of UC Berkeley for Louisa A. Schott's story of George Washington Kimball.