

The Life and Times Of David R. Hill

“What a long strange trip it’s been”
Grateful Dead, *Truckin’*, 1970



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This document is intended to be a work of non-fiction. Any similarity to actual persons, living or dead, or actual events may be purely coincidental, but is more likely to be entirely accurate.

Foreword

I had intended to start this project upon retirement, but I had other projects to complete first; and then COVID hit. Nancy and I were confined to the house for the better part of two years and it wasn't until Nancy resumed work at Maine Medical Center that I had the spare time to devote to this effort. Plus, I wanted to capture these memories while I can still dredge them from my aging memory banks.

My intent is to provide a complete and factual account of my life with as much detail included as necessary to tell the tale without boring the reader to death, which may happen nonetheless.

I've excluded names where it might be embarrassing or when, more likely, I can't remember the name in question.

So, dive in, and I hope you enjoy the ride! (I consider mixed metaphors to be acceptable.)

David R. Hill
Chebeague Island, Maine
Begun: February 1, 2022
Completed: April 24, 2022
Updated: ---



This grainy picture shows my boat on the back shore in front of our house around 1963. The fishhouses from front to back belonged to Floyd Hamilton, Peter Johnson, Alf Hamilton and Ray Hamilton. They're all gone now, along with the fishhouses. Gone also is the boat.

The 1940s – Coming into the world



I have the honor of being descended from John Alden and Priscilla Mullins of the Massachusetts Plymouth Colony of Pilgrims. This lineage is not unique to me; probably half or more of Chebeague's long-term family residents can also claim these ancestors.

The recognized settler of Chebeague Island, Ambrose Hamilton, married Deborah Soule, great-great-great granddaughter of John and Priscilla and they had ten children. They were followed by four generations of Curits, ancestors of William G. (Billy) Hill, his son Bill, Jr. and, finally, me, David Russell Hill, born on September 8, 1946 in New York Hospital, now the Cornell Medical Center in New York City. My brother, Eddie, named me David (biblical meaning "beloved") and Russell is a family name from Aroostook County, Maine.

My mother was Vera Cashman Ciampa, born in Brockton, Massachusetts in 1907. Her mother was Sadie A. Ciampa, born in 1884. Her father was Costantino F. Ciampa born in 1874, who emigrated from Benevento, Italy around the turn of the century. Carlo Rispoli came from Naples, Italy around the same time. More on him later.

My grandfather, Billy Hill, was quite the celebrity in his day. Born in the building which now houses the Great Chebeague Golf Club, he defeated the fabled Annie Oakley in a shooting match held in Rangeley, Maine. She arranged for his employment by Remington Arms Co., where he demonstrated Remington products as a sharpshooter. The full story of his life may be found at [this](#) link to the Chebeague Island Historical Society. It may not play on the Firefox browser. (Actual links included on Page 47.)



My father, Billy, Jr. was a professional musician who dropped out of the New England Conservatory of Music to play jazz. This evolved to society music and he played with many notable celebrities in the Statler chain of hotels. He concluded his professional career in the Washington, DC area, playing at venues such as the Congressional Country Club and presidential inaugural balls. One time he brought home flowers for my mother that had been on President Eisenhower's table that night.

I think we were in Texas when Dad was on a radio show that my mother would let me stay up to hear. One night, they were playing one of my favorite songs, *Bim Bam Boom*. The announcer stated that this song went out to the drummer's son. But then right in the middle of the song, the radio died! I was heartbroken. The next morning I told Dad what had happened and he said me must have hit his drums too hard. I, of course, believed him.



My mother, Vera, taught school her entire working life. In the early years she had to lie about being married, as married women weren't allowed to pollute the minds of youngsters. She gave birth to my brother Edward on January 29, 1934. He passed away on April 10, 2014 in Alexandria, Virginia.

Grampy Bill's father-in-law, Frank Merriam had plans for the East End of Chebeague, which he owned. I think we can all be thankful that his plans never came to fruition

He did pass the East End Point on to Grampy Bill, which he owned until the Army took it over in World War II for a gun emplacement and troop barracks.



Here is the entire Hill clan, c. 1946, with me in utero. From top to bottom, left to right: Agnes Webber, William Hill Sr., Ethyl Hill, Franklin Hill, Katherine Hill Putnam, William Hill Jr., Eleanor Hill, Francis Putnam, Vera Ciampa Hill, Sandra Hill, Shelby Putnam, and Edward Hill.



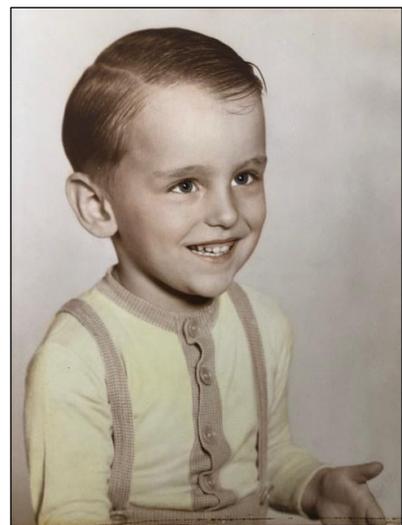
My earliest memories are at our home in New York City at 47 Barrow Street in Greenwich Village. My uncle Lincoln Ciampa lived in the basement apartment of the brownstone, built in 1899. I remember Eddie working on homework for his classes at NYU. And I remember unscrewing a knob on the kitchen cabinet and my mother telling me to put it back on, which I did. What I don't remember is putting a cigarette in my mother's mouth in the morning, which she related in a letter to my father.

Once I found some concrete missing from the lower entry to Lincoln's apartment, which gave me the opportunity to actually play in some dirt, which I did with a spoon provided by my mother. That came to a quick halt when a passing man informed me that if I kept digging, I'd go straight to Hell. Now I don't know the source or nature of my information, but I didn't want to take any chances – I filled in the hole immediately.

My mother allowed me to walk around the block at the age of four or so. Can you imagine thinking that might be OK these days? I enjoyed watching the man press pants in the steam press at the dry cleaners. This is, until he threatened to throw me into the press. Such a nice city, that New York City!

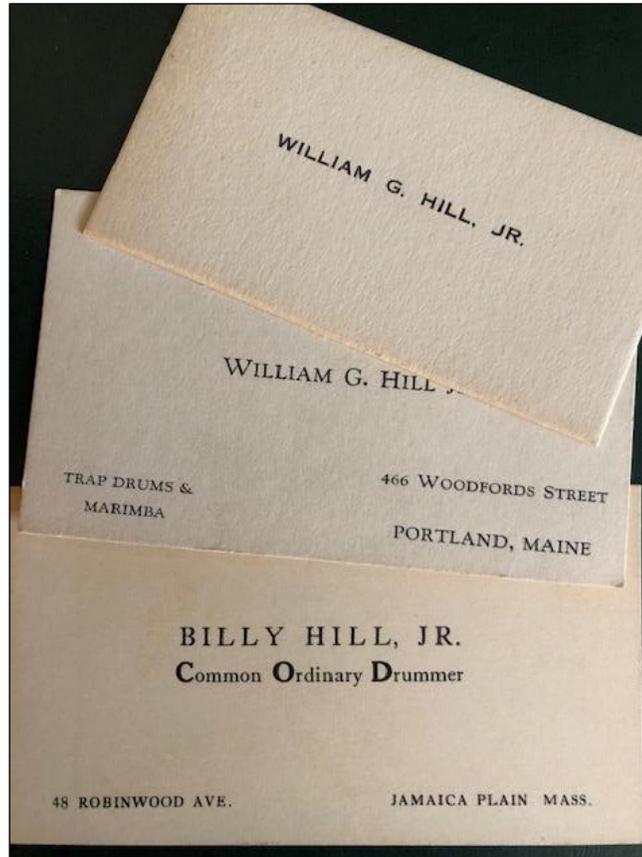
Once in my search for exciting stuff, I found a Miller High Life sign that I brought home to put in my window, a decoration that was not accepted by my mother.

There was one nice event. My father gave me a silver dollar and I thought it would be a good idea to buy a toy with it at the corner toy store. But the owner told me I should save that coin because it was special. I kept that coin until it was stolen by a



pickpocket in Rome. It even survived a year in Casco Bay when I lost my wallet overboard at Chandlers Cove, later to be recovered by Earle Doughty. Nancy wasn't too upset, as she said it looked like a condom in my wallet. Nonetheless, I was disappointed to lose that coin.

Here are a few of my father's early business cards. I find it interesting that he would list his instruments as "trap drums" and "marimba."



As for **Common Ordinary Drummer**, we know he wasn't one of those. The cousins demanded that he sit in with the band at a family wedding. The leader was thinking, "Oh, sure, let Uncle Billy sit in." It took about five measures for the band to realize they were in the presence of a professional. When they had finished the number, the leader called for the regular drummer to rejoin the band. But he suggested the band take a break. My dad was a tough act to follow.

Nancy, my father, and I visited the house on Woodfords Street in Portland when it was up for sale around 1990. I finally got to see where their pet rabbit would be banned from the dining room, only to go upstairs, down the hall to the front stairs and back into the dining room through the other door.

Towards the end of the decade we went "on the road" in our 1947 Plymouth. Dad trailed a small trailer behind it and the three of us were self-sufficient with stops in Boston, Syracuse, Buffalo, Washington, Detroit, Los Angeles, Houston, San Antonio, and elsewhere across the country.

The 1950s – Growing up on the road

While living in San Bernardino, CA, we acquired a parakeet who we dubbed Son San – son of San Bernardino. Made sense. Once, when on the road, we stopped for gas and the kid running the pump had never seen a parakeet before. Since Son San had his wings clipped, Dad took him out of the cage to show the bird. Off he went, clipped wings or not, never to be seen again. Ironically, this occurred in Bird City, Kansas.

I spent a lot of time on top of the bass drum in the back seat reading comic books. The TV (in those days a large box with a small screen) was on the seat next to me with the bird cage on top. Once I rigged a weighted string to hang out the window to indicate on a calibrated strip of paper what our speed was. It didn't work too well.

The Walt Disney show about Davy Crockett was a huge hit in the '50s and it seems that all the kids except me were wearing coonskin caps. I was thrilled to be able to see the real Alamo when we found ourselves in San Antonio. Boy, was I disappointed! It was this little adobe building in the middle of nowhere and did not look like the site of a pitched battle, much less Davy Crockett's last stand! A visit 60 years later was much more satisfying as the city had grown up around the Alamo and the old Spanish mission had been restored to a very informative destination.

When I started school, I thought it was normal to go for two or three months and then move on to another town, another school, a whole new set of friends. One disturbing memory that I have is standing up to recite the Pledge of Allegiance (which in those days did not include the words, "under God"), getting halfway through the pledge and vomiting on the floor. I don't know if that was a political statement or not, but I was thoroughly embarrassed.

The only constant in my life during those years was the old Plymouth. I cried when we got rid of it, but I soon came to like the Hudsons that we moved up to. At that time, Uncle Lincoln was working for Hudson designing the dashboard and my family always likes to support those who support us.

Lincoln was a very interesting person. A brilliant inventor, he developed the disposable syringe for Becton Dickinson who, of course, secured the patents and the revenue. He was a member of the prestigious Marshall Chess Club in New York. One highlight of my teenage years was actually beating Uncle Lincoln at chess with a discovered bishop attack. Sneaky, but it worked.

My Grandmother Sadie had an interesting way of controlling her property taxes on Chebeague. When the tax assessor would come to visit, she would sit him down at the kitchen table and offer him some of her homemade dandelion wine. Her taxes would go up little, if any.

At one point in my childhood, I became curious about where babies came from. My progressive mother filled me in on all the details. It all made sense to me but I still couldn't understand why girls had long hair and boys had short hair. Nonetheless, I shared my newfound knowledge with all my friends. Years later, I understood why all the neighborhood parents had forbidden their children from associating with David Hill.

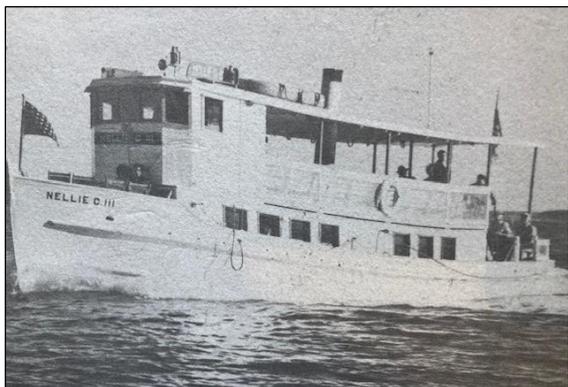
In 1954 or so, I spent the winter on Chebeague with Grampy Bill. I went to the “new” school with Stella Hamilton as my teacher in a class of around twenty kids, seven of whom were named Stephen, including my future brother-in-law, Stephen Johnson. One of my fondest memories was sledding down the hill from the third green with Doc, my grandfather’s Golden Retriever. I’d fall off the sled and Doc would be there licking me to make sure I was alright. After Grampy Bill died, Doc was given to a breeder. Some low-life poisoned all the dogs in the kennel, including Doc. I didn’t have another dog until 1976 when I got Mister, a German Shepherd.

One constant in our moves around the country was my electric trains. Just like Sheldon Cooper on *Big Bang Theory*, I guess. I had S-Gauge American Flyers which I found much more realistic than the larger, boxy, but more popular Lionel trains (Sheldon should have known better). Being the purist that I was, I rubbed off the “American Flyer” designations on the locomotives. I later discovered that doing so drastically reduced the value of these pieces to collectors. No matter, all my trains are in storage cases stored in the garage. I hope they have withstood the ravages of moisture, freezing, pests, and time.

My summers were spent on Chebeague. In 1956, I opened up my “Comic Library,” offering a “large selection of Disney and other good comic books” for a rental fee of one cent per day, open Monday through Friday from 10 am until noon. I remember making a total of \$25 that summer from the comic library and working in Grammy Sadie’s garden, which I spent on new rolling stock for my electric trains. The only comic that wasn’t returned was by Roger Bruley, who swore until the day he died that he had no memory of such an event.

Chebeague Island was a very different place in the 1950s, though in so many ways it is just the same. It’s the same in that, for the most part, housing is still constructed the old-fashioned way; pre-fab just doesn’t lend itself to convenient transportation by truck, though the The Kids’ Place is a notable exception. There are still few license plates on cars. They are not required since there are no state-maintained roads on the Island. Some people have plates so they can take their car to the mainland for an occasional outing. Month/year registration stickers, however, are required and most people stick these on the bumpers. But taking a car to Chebeague was usually a one-way trip. Junk cars on the Island are a perennial problem.

Nancy has noted that nowadays there are still kids selling lemonade by the roadside; they’re just grandchildren of prior generations.



But getting to Chebeague has really changed with the construction of the bridge to Cousins Island and the advent of ferry service between Cousins and Chebeague, first by Jasper (Smitty) Smith (Lindy’s father) and then by the Chebeague Transportation Company. During the summer we used to get to the Island on the *Nellie G. III* (launched in 1946, same as me) from Falmouth Foreside with stops on demand at Cousins and

Littlejohns Islands. During the winter, it was Casco Bay lines from Portland. Donna Damon has written extensively about the school boat operating through the ice in those days.

Jim Millinger, who used to skipper the *Nellie G. III*, and I took a trip to Lake Winnepesaukee to see the old *Nellie G. III*. in her reincarnation as the *Judge David Sewell*. I fulfilled a lifetime dream when I took the helm. When we opened up the engine box we were surprised to see the same engine as she had in the 1950s and traces of the same salmon color she was painted in those days. Prior to that in Portland, she had been dubbed *Longfellow*, and prior to that she was *India Star*. What kind of name is that for a New England boat?

This is what the front part of our property might have looked like in those days, or perhaps a few years earlier. Lincoln had put in the arbor way and a tennis court. The area was cleared to the road, where the house currently owned by Alice Mellon may be seen. The field has since grown in and it is possible that the clay he brought in depressed the ground. At any rate, it is now wetlands and was once considered as a site for a fire pond.



In the 1950s, we were living in southeast DC in a house that featured a side yard with a sharp drop to the driveway below. A narrow sidewalk ran between the drop and the house to the front yard. One day I was riding my tricycle in the side yard when I lost control and was headed for the drop. Thinking I was doomed, I closed my eyes and prepared for the worst. Somehow I threaded the needle on the sidewalk between the drop and the house and ended up in the

front yard, unharmed. A similar thing happened about ten years later in rural upstate New York late at night when I missed a stop sign at a t-intersection and found myself headed for a house at 60 mph. Again, I closed my eyes and managed to steer my '53 Buick to the left and run up their driveway, coming to a halt just short of a garage. I backed out and continued. Or, there was the time in Ithaca when I slid on the ice leading to the suspension bridge over the gorge. I slid down the path and was ready to go over the edge when I caught myself on the wooden rail fence, saving myself from a certain death. This was the same gorge where we threw a piano from the bridge, where it took ten seconds to get to the bottom creating an 88-note chord. Later, reflecting on these near-death experiences, I figured I was being spared so that I could bring Elizabeth and Katherine into the world. This made me wonder, "What happens now, considering that my mission has been accomplished?"

On New Year's Eve, 1957-58, we were living in Detroit. My father came home from working at the Detroit Statler with my mother and they were both crying. I came out of the bedroom and said, "Grampy Bill died, didn't he?" They were shocked to hear this and confirmed that it was true.

I knew because when I last saw Grampy Bill in September, I had a strange premonition. I was reading about the new 1958 Edsel line and it came time to leave for the boat. I stopped on my way out between the living and dining rooms, looked at him, and knew I was seeing him for the last time. He asked, "What are you waiting for?" "Nothing," I replied, "see you next year."



The 1960s – The education years

When I got to the sixth grade my parents decided that in order to get a decent education I would have to be located in a stable environment. They narrowed the choice to two good towns for music, Detroit and Washington. In those days, Detroit was booming and DC was always a political center. Dad told the story about the auto executives who hosted an after-hours party upstairs in the hotel and asked the band to play. They did and all but the trumpet player got new cars as “tips.” The trumpet player regretted being too tired to play a couple extra hours. Too bad Dad wasn’t in that band. This was before the invasion of foreign cars and the decline of the auto industry.

Fortunately, Mom and Dad chose Washington and in 1958 we moved into a house at 3 West Spring Street in Alexandria, which I believe cost around \$18,000. When Dad sold it in 1989, I



think he got around \$300,000 for it. It was a two family home, very unusual in the Rosemont neighborhood of Alexandria on Spring Street between Commonwealth Avenue and Russell Road. Rent for the upstairs apartment paid the mortgage. At one point, FBI trainees rented the apartment and provided great security for Mom and Dad. They even mowed the lawn and shoveled snow when needed. As a result, a symbiotic relationship developed. The FBI “boys” would pass the apartment on to the next group of trainees with the understanding

that they would care for the two little old people living downstairs. In return, my parents didn’t raise the rent. \$125/month was a real bargain in those days. I guess even more so now.

We had a housewarming party in 1958. My father had a guest list on Hotel Statler stationery that lists “Rut Hawn, Laura, and Goldie” as guests. Rutledge Hawn played bass, as I remember, with my father in Washington. I have a memory of my best friend Charles Friedenstien and me kicking a little blond girl off the swing that we wanted to play on. That was probably a mistake as Goldie went on to star on “Laugh In,” “Private Benjamin,” and many other movies.

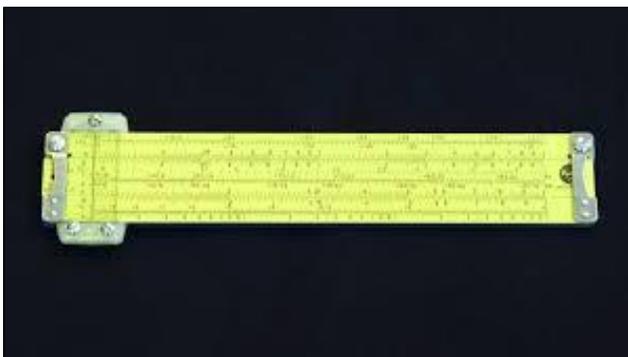
I started school in Alexandria for 6th grade at the Matthew Fontaine Maury School on Russell Road. Then I went to Robert E. Lee Elementary School in downtown Alexandria for seventh grade, followed by eighth grade at Thomas Jefferson Junior High, finishing up at George Washington High School, on Mount Vernon Avenue, a few blocks from our house. Consider the names of those schools; they were all named for slave owners (or in Maury’s case, a supporter of slavery) and Maury and Lee fought for the confederacy. A recent article described the removal of Maury’s monument from Monument Avenue in Richmond, Virginia, a monument that reflected his pro-slavery stance through deep ties to the slave trade that accompanied his scientific achievements. We were definitely in the Old South.

Despite the Southern atmosphere, I received what I consider to be an excellent public school education. Several of our graduating class went on to Ivy League colleges, three of us to Cornell, one to Harvard and a couple others I don't remember. I wasn't near the top of my class but I think I got a boost from being on my high school crew team. I got a letter from my freshman coach to be, Clayton Chapman, urging me to come to Cornell as it's rare for them to find experienced coxswains. Did that make a difference? I don't know and when I asked Clay that question a couple of years ago, he said he didn't know.

Another factor that may have aided in my acceptance to Cornell was my trip to visit a young lady in Hornell, NY, not far from Ithaca. My parents let me drive up to Ithaca for an interview at Cornell, which I did, with a visit to Hornell. That trip may have enhanced my chances at acceptance.

At any rate, I gained acceptance to Cornell, which was fortunate since I had been denied acceptance at Princeton, Dartmouth, and Bowdoin. I remember calling my mother on April 15, 1964, the day acceptance/rejection letters went out. I asked her if I got any mail and she said there was one from Princeton. Is it thick or thin, I asked. Thin, she said. We went through this process for the other colleges. There was a thick one from Rutgers and TWO thick ones from Cornell! I had been admitted to Cornell, but denied financial aid. I asked if we could afford to send me to Cornell and my mother said we would find a way. That was a life changing moment. What would my life have been had I gone to Rutgers? Better? Worse? Who knows? Anyway, off I went to Ithaca. Dad was working in Syracuse at the time and he went down to the Cornell Campus Store and bought me a Cornell jacket, Cornell sweatshirt, and Cornell baseball cap. He was a very proud papa.

That spring, I took the bus up to Syracuse to visit Dad who was playing at the Hotel Syracuse at the time. I walked from the bus station to the hotel and into the ballroom where his band was playing. During a break he took me to the main ballroom to "meet somebody." To this day, I don't know whether he introduced me to Duke Ellington or Count Basie. I was a bit awestruck. After the band was done for the night, we had a couple of beers in the bar (I was almost 18!) and I was flattered when he asked me to drive home around two in the morning. On the way, we encountered a cab driver who had been struck with a frying pan and robbed. He was OK and we helped as much as we could. No cell phones in those days.



But back to my high school years. For the Science Fair in 1961, I built an analog computer that used potentiometers to enter numbers which could then be added, multiplied, and divided. Impressive, but I built it from plans I found in Popular Science magazine. Another project was a large slide rule which made it easier to enter numbers due to its size. It turns out this was praised as an instruction tool, rather than a better slide

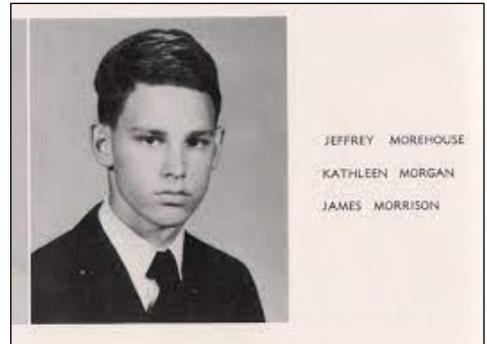
rule. For those who don't know what a slide rule is or was, it was an instrument to do mathematical calculations.

In my high school sophomore year, my friends Wayne Axtell and Don Bozarth joined me in going out for the George Washington High School Crew (or rowing) Team. Wayne and I were little guys who aspired to be coxswains while Don was big enough to swing an oar. This got us out of phys ed, which was a good thing. In order to join the team, we had to have tetanus shots. The Potomac was not the cleanest river in those days. Heading north on the river, we would head for the tower on the Old Post Office Building. It broke my heart when that building became the Trump International Hotel. Not only that, but I used to stand at the bus stop in front of that building when waiting for a bus to other parts of DC.

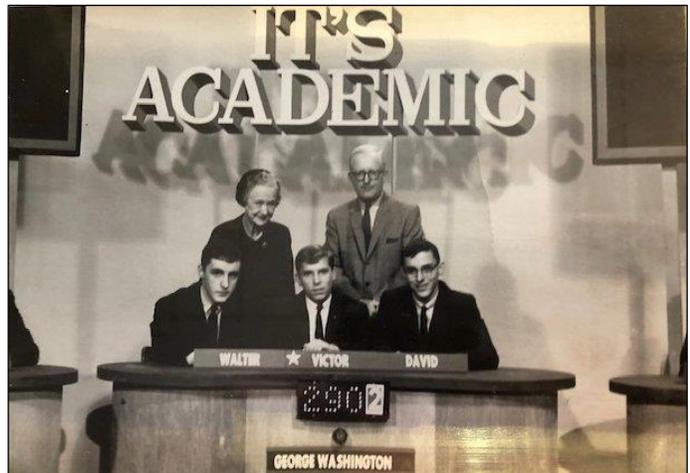


During my sophomore year, I made the Third Eight and in our first race we managed to win, beating Hammond and Washington and Lee, which was quite an accomplishment. In the left lane, I cut the corner around the Three Sisters Island, which was perfectly legal but I caught hell from our coach for going into shallow water. At least we won. I still have my varsity letter sweater with the big "GW" with crossed oars. And, as I mentioned, I think my crew participation helped get me into Cornell.

Interesting fact: Jim Morrison graduated from GWHS in 1961. For those who don't recognize the name, he was the notorious lead singer of the 60s group the Doors (*Light My Fire*). I still have my yearbook with his photo in it. Another copy of the yearbook sold for around \$300 on *Pawn Stars*.



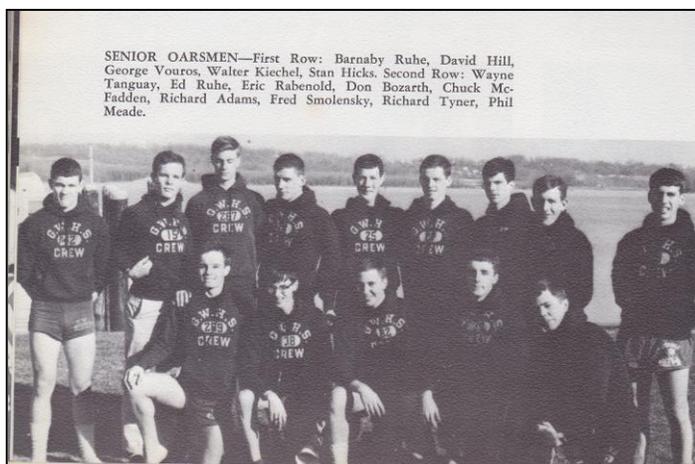
My other activities in high school included being Business Manager for the yearbook and being on the *It's Academic* team, a TV quiz show for area high schools. With me on the team were Victor Bonfiglio and Walter Kiechel III, who is now an author and business journalist. He has served as Managing Editor of *Fortune* magazine and as the Editorial Director of Harvard Business School Publishing,



producer of the *Harvard Business Review*. His most recent work is *The Lords of Strategy*,^[1] which *The Wall Street Journal* has described as a "clear, deft and cogent" history of the management consulting industry. I don't know what happened to Vic.

Despite Walter's clear intellectual superiority (he went to Harvard, after all), we came in second. I remember answering "Gulf Stream!" to a question about the Humboldt Current, dropping my head and muttering "shit" which went right into the microphone below my chin. I have an audio recording of the show on CD if anyone is interested. I can't imagine who would be. After the taping, Betsy Herron and I went out for ice cream.

Betsy was my platonic sister substitute and I her likewise brother. We shared a lot about life, loves, and whatever crossed our young minds at the time. We spent many hours pondering these topics during round trips to Mount Vernon, a nice drive unimpeded by a lot of traffic in those days. During one of those trips, we encountered a taxi broken down by the roadside. Since it was a Plymouth just like our family car, I quickly recognized the problem as being a stuck shift linkage and flipped it back into place. I think the guy was so amazed he forgot to thank me. Oh, well. Betsy now lives in Nova Scotia, has visited us here, and we remain in touch.



Eric Rabenold is another high school buddy that I've stayed in touch with. He and his wife Becky visited us on Chebeague just before the pandemic hit. Eric was on the crew team with me and we had many adventures as teenagers.

My two most memorable teachers were Irving Lindsay and Mary Snider. Mr. Lindsay taught math and was a brilliant man with a quirky sense of humor. A few years before, Mr. Lindsay had Willard Scott as a student, who went on to a career on TV, notably on the *Today* show. But prior to that, he portrayed Bozo the Clown on local DC TV. This inspired Mr. Lindsay to refer to faltering students as "Bozo." When a student strayed from accuracy, Mr. Lindsay would cry "camerad" (don't shoot!). I was most flattered when he had a student who had to repeat his class. When the student correctly solved a problem at the blackboard, Mr. Lindsay asked him how he did it. "That's the way David Hill did it last year" was his response.

Mary Snider taught us how to think independently. At students' request she started a before-school literature discussion group in which I participated. At the age of sixty-something she joined the Peace Corps. It's difficult to describe how inspirational she was. One day in her class an announcement came over the PA that President Kennedy had been shot – no further details. She continued her class which at the time seemed odd, but in retrospect was probably the best thing to do. A while later the announcement came that the President was dead. That was devastating. I still have the *Kennedy for President* button I was wearing that day.

Kennedy's assassination was a local story in the DC area. Air Force One landed at Andrews Air Force Base, across the Potomac from Alexandria. Betsy and I went to the Capitol to view Kennedy lying in state. We were standing in line when word swept through the crowd that Lee Harvey Oswald had been shot. The first reaction from people was, "good, serves the SOB right." But then the gravity of the event sunk in and people questioned what was happening in our nation. Betsy and I got out of line and went home. I think we saw a movie on the way.

I had actually shook Kennedy's hand when he campaigned for the presidency at our high school in 1960. All the kids were running behind the motorcade as it circled the football field, but I thought it would be more efficient to run across the field and meet the limousine when it arrived. Kennedy seemed surprised when I called his name and extended my hand. Former Maine governor Paul LePage told a similar story which ended with him being wrestled to the ground by Secret Service agents. This was as believable as most of LePage's statements, as the Secret Service didn't protect presidential candidates until after Kennedy's assassination.

The other president whose hand I shook was Bill Clinton at a campaign stop at the Portland International Jetport in June, 1993. Nancy, Peter Rice, Elizabeth, Kay-Kay, and I also saw him at Bath Iron Works on Labor Day, 1996.

In the summer of 1963, I restored an old semi-dory (pictured on the first page), fibreglassing the bottom to the waterline on a hot summer windless day, working close to the fiberglass resin. When I launched the boat on an early-morning high tide, I noticed I was having trouble moving around the boat. Thinking I just didn't have my "sea-legs," I thought nothing of it until I came ashore and fell flat on my face on the beach. My friend ran up to the house and came back with an old pair of crutches which I used to make my way up to the house.

My mother asked Dr. Gray to come over and check me out. He started what was called the Sister Kenney Treatment, applying hot compresses followed by passive movement of the limbs. This was followed by an ambulance trip to Maine Medical Center (it could have been Maine General then), very exciting for a 16 year-old boy in perfect health – except for the ability to walk. Although not needed, I asked for them to run the siren.

The next morning in the hospital, I read in the *Portland Press Herald* that I was Maine's first polio case in several years. All the kids on Chebeague had to get polio shots. Later that morning, a doctor came in to inform me that I didn't have polio and they didn't really know what the problem was. But I regained the use of my legs and over the next few weeks recovered completely with no treatment or medication. I blame the fibreglass.

The British Invasion hit during my last year in high school. One day when I was driving to DC to buy beer (the age was 18 then, but 18 year olds couldn't vote yet) I heard on the radio that there were throngs of people in line to buy Beatles tickets. So I decided to head up to the old Uline Arena to see the excitement. There was no line, no excitement. So I decided to buy tickets. I had \$6.00 so I could get two \$3.00 tickets or one \$4.00 ticket. I couldn't think of anyone I wanted to take to the concert, so I bought a \$4.00 ticket and sat in the second or third row of the stands, which I actually think were better seats than on the floor. The screaming of

teenage girls pretty much wiped out the music, but it was still a great show. This was the Beatles' first American concert, the Tuesday after appearing on the Ed Sullivan Show. The first of many rock concerts that I attended, I've included a list of the bands I've seen in the Appendices, Page 62.

One memorable event was seeing Bob Dylan in Barton Hall at Cornell's Fall Weekend, 1965, for \$1.80/ticket. He played his first set with his usual acoustic numbers. But for the second set, he came out with his backup band (later The Band with Robbie Robertson and Levon Helm). Going electric with a band was new, not "true folk," and controversial. Between numbers, someone in the audience called out, "We want the REAL Bob Dylan!" I'm convinced Dylan called an audible because I saw him turn to the band and say something. Then he told the crowd, "You're going to get him," and launched into *Ballad of a Thin Man* – "Because something is happening here, but you don't know what it is, do you, Mr. Jones?"

In 1967, I saw Simon and Garfunkel twice. Once in an intimate setting at Ithaca College and again in Barton Hall. At Cornell, between sets, I went to get Cokes for my date and me. On the way back to our seats I decided to take a shortcut behind the stage. There I saw Paul Simon and Art Garfunkel chatting with a few students, one of whom asked Paul if he knew so-and-so. "Yes, she lived in the apartment next door to me in the Village!" "Come on, Artie, Paul, time to get back on stage," their manager yelled. By the time I got back to our seats, the ice had melted in the Cokes and my date asked where I had been. When I told her, she was not pleased.

My favorites were the Rolling Stones, which I saw six times, including Cornell on October 30, 1965 for \$2.25. Nancy and I won a radio contest limo trip to see them in Boston in 1997.

After graduating from GWHS in 1964, I headed off for Ithaca and Cornell University where I met my roommate Kit (Christopher) Hayes from Grafton, VT. Kit had attended Tabor Academy and competed in the Royal Henley Regatta in England. Although Kit could have certainly done well on the Cornell Crew, he opted for lacrosse. He and his wife Jo visited in 2021.

It was a bit of a shock to go from a high-achieving senior at a 2000 student high school to nowhere near the brightest freshman at a 10,000 student Ivy League university. I had signed up for an advanced mathematics class (maybe even my major to be) when observations that the professor deemed as "intuitively obvious to the most casual of observers" were nowhere near obvious to me, despite my status as more than a casual observer. I noticed that many of the other students (all male) had pocket protectors in their breast pockets filled with various pens and pencils. I don't know why, but that signaled a fashion statement that just wasn't me. That was the end of my plans as a math major.

I've always said that I didn't let college stand in the way of my education. This is true on several levels: Interpersonal relations, political beliefs, intellectual curiosity, among others. The two most profound influences in my college life were the fraternity and the Cornell Crew team. At this point I'd like to insert a piece that I wrote a couple of years ago about our freshman crew team, which will be found in the Appendices, Page 49.



Unfortunately, that freshman team was broken up and our dream of going to the Mexico City Olympics in 1968 never came close to being realized. I went on to cox the Junior Varsity boat coached by the legendary Stork Sanford and we did OK, but not nearly as successful as the freshman boat. This is demonstrated by the fact that to this day I can name the members of the freshman boat (in order) but can't even remember who stroked the later boats. And the stroke sat right in front of me! One fun memory was actually rowing in the five seat at the Coxswains Race at the IRA Regatta in Syracuse. I'd like to think I powered that boat, being bigger than the average coxswain. We won and I have the shirts to prove it. Nancy made all my trophy shirts into a lovely quilt. The girls thought I would be angry to see all my shirts cut up but, to the contrary, I love it! Better than sitting in a trunk in the attic.

I obtained a movie of our freshman boat practicing on the Inlet and running a time trial on Cayuga Lake prior to the first race of the season. Watch it [here](#). (Actual links included on Page 47; may be needed if this link fails.)

The fraternity was the other big influence of my college years. I still correspond with David "Wally" Siehl and we've gotten together several times over the years. I lived in the fraternity house from my sophomore year on. Tau Kappa Epsilon no longer exists at Cornell and that is really a shame. The house recently sold for \$1.5 million. But I had a lot of good times there at parties, at the poker table, in the dining room and, occasionally, studying.

For the first two years at Cornell, I drove "White Wonder Car," a 1958 Plymouth. Dave Siehl, Jim Swanbeck and I took it to Jim's parent's home in Virginia, where it died. Jim's father buried it (literally) in a landfill he was creating. Dave retired as an attorney for the FCC in Washington, and has retired to Goose Creek, South Carolina with his wife Edna Mae, while Jim is an OB/GYN practicing in Bel Air, MD. I last saw him when he was doing his residency at Maine Medical Center.

My fraternity brother, Gordon Mayo, was from Oswego, NY, up on Lake Ontario with weather that was even worse than Ithaca. The streets and sidewalks were like tunnels through the snow during the winter. But we would mush to Oswego to find young ladies at Oswego State.



Young ladies could also be found where Wilmer and the Dukes were playing. We travelled around upstate New York just to see them play in Buffalo, Syracuse, Geneva, etc. My major accomplishment as social chairman of our fraternity was to bring the Dukes to play at Spring Weekend. The last time I saw them was in 1970 when I found myself in the area for business and saw the Dukes at the Warehouse in Ithaca. They opened for Bo Diddley, believe it or not. I was chatting with the boys during a break and they were trying to decide who would bring Bo on the stage. "Hey, man, you got a suit on. You do it!" So I did. Afterwards, I got Bo Diddley's autograph on my plane ticket envelope. I asked him to sign it "Ellas McDaniel," his real name. I think maybe he couldn't spell it, as he signed it "Bo Diddley."

Another great band was "The Roadents," fronted by my good friend and fraternity brother, Bill Hawkins. Here we all are, with

me shamelessly desecrating the sanctity of Cornell rowing with a couple of my friends from Ithaca College. That's another fraternity brother, Jerry Katz, on bass. Another example of my wasted college education. But, as you can see, I sure had fun.



And then there was Cornell hockey. Ned Harkness put together a series of teams that dominated the Ivy League and was the undefeated and untied 1969-70 NCAA champion. There are no athletic scholarships allowed in the Ivy League, but there were no rules against fraternities offering free housing to players. Plus, the School of Agriculture was a good place for

hockey students. So it turned out that the only American on the hockey team at that time was the backup goalie. He played behind Ken Dryden, so didn't get much ice time.

Two hockey players, Larry Hughes and Bob Aitchison were in our fraternity. One evening they were comparing notes about their time in Junior A hockey in Toronto and they came to the conclusion that it was Bob who knocked out Larry's front tooth. They never did find it. Larry, his brother John (captain of the hockey team), and I took my '53 Buick Roadmaster ("The Big B," as a mechanic listed it on a repair slip) to Toronto one weekend. They fixed me up with a young lady and we went to see the Maple Leafs play. My date explained hockey to me and I'm pretty sure personally knew all the players. I was wearing my Cornell jacket with crossed oars and she asked if they were curling brooms. I had fun but there wasn't much electricity between us.

Years later, I was surprised to see John Hughes cheering on as his daughter, Sarah, won the Gold Medal in ladies singles at the 2002 Olympics. She is three months younger than Etta and is an American, having been born on Long Island, New York.

The Big B was a story in itself. Ozzie, the chef at Beta Sig where Wally and I washed lunch dishes, said he knew a woman whose husband had just died and was looking to sell his car. I went to see her and asked how much she wanted for the car. Thirty-five dollars was her surprising answer. The odometer was broken at 96,000 miles and the glove compartment was filled with racetrack tickets, but it seemed to run well. It had a good AM radio with the station selection controlled by a floor button. I offered her fifty dollars if she would throw in the snow tires. Later, the Hughes boys and I drove it to Toronto, flying the Canadian flag on the way back. Eventually, the car ended up on Chebeague, abandoned when I got the '66 Volvo for college graduation. When my parents arranged to have The Big B towed to the dump, it was stuck in gear and actually started up! I could hear it crying, "Don't take me to the dump! I can still run! See?"



During the summer of 1965 I was driving along South Road when I saw a long-haired young lady walking along the road. She graciously accepted the ride I offered. When she heard the song playing on the radio, *Eve of Destruction* by Barry McGuire, she exclaimed what a great song that was. That was my introduction to Nancy Ross. More about her later.

I should probably say something about my academic education. After my very brief stint as a math major, I found Sociology and had the pleasure of having Yuri Bronfenbrenner and Charles Ackerman as professors. Bronfenbrenner was a leading child psychologist whose memorable adage was, "if you don't know something, look it up!" Ackerman was gay long before it became OK to be gay and, as he said, "you have the perfect person to teach the Sociology of Deviance." My other memorable class was Theater Arts 375-376, also known as Flicks for Kicks. Information from this class about the history of cinema still resides in my memory.

My senior year, the love of my life (at the time) and I drove to New York City and ate pizza somewhere on Broadway. That evening, we saw *The Tiger Makes Out* with Eli Wallach and

were amazed to see that very pizzeria in the movie! We even recognized the chef! Of all the pizza joints in all the Cities...

I graduated from Cornell in 1968, not a great time with the Vietnam War raging and the draft looming. I got to see a lot of my high school friends as we rode the bus from Alexandria to Richmond for our draft physicals. I was actually given a temporary commission to be in charge of the bus! I wish I had saved that document. When we arrived at the Induction Center, we all had to pee and were finally allowed to go to the bathroom. But one guy didn't have to go. "Take some of mine, I'm a diabetic!" one helpful boy offered. For my part, I tried to fail the eye test by consistently claiming I couldn't read one line of the Snellen test when I couldn't read the next one.

Because of my earlier bout with faux-polio, I was told to walk about 10 blocks to a civilian doctor for an examination. I did the same thing on the eye test and when the doctor examined my legs I gave less than full resistance to his efforts lower my raised legs. When I informed the doctor that I couldn't walk long distances, I was informed that he was sure the army would excuse me from marching. I figured "I'm in the army now!"

When I got back to the Induction Center, I was told to strip to my skivvies. They thought I had just arrived. All the guys were waiting to go home and not too happy with the delay.

About two weeks later I got two letters: Acceptance to the UVA Business School and a 1-Y draft deferment. That was a good day and was followed by a good evening at the Fall Creek House.

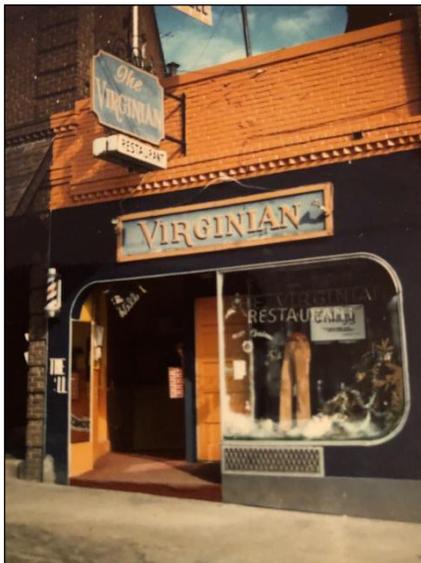
So with a degree in Sociology, what to do with my life? I called by brother Eddie for one of the few (maybe only) times I called for advice. He suggested business school. At the time, I was tired of the Ivy League and thought that the University of Virginia with its fledgling MBA program might be a good choice. Turns out it was. One of my B-School classmates asked me if I liked Cornell. My response was revealing, I think: "Yes, I liked it, but I didn't know it at the time"



I had an apartment at 230 14th Street, NW in Charlottesville. The owner was a benevolent landlord who rented exclusively to graduate students. The rent was only \$110/month (\$55 each for two roommates), a bargain even in those days. We had several med students, a couple of lawyers, and a history grad student in residence, plus me from the Business School. We used to have great times recounting what our respective disciplines were teaching us. It was a 15-minute walk to the UVA campus, or Grounds as it was ostentatiously known. It broke my heart when I saw the neo-Nazis parading with their tiki torches past the Rotunda and across the UVA lawn in 2017. Much the way I felt the same year when there were shootings at the ball field down the street from my high school in Alexandria. That shouldn't be happening in those places. If at all. I'll refrain from making comments about Donald J. Trump, other than to say I wish he had never been born.

During the summer between years at business school, I worked for American Cyanamid in New Jersey. I had a great apartment set up by the mother of a girl I was dating. Swimming pool and all. That was the summer of Woodstock, and my brother and I went. He wasted all the film in his camera taking pictures of helicopters in the sky where if he had waited he could have filmed naked people. We got through the roadblocks on Saturday morning by claiming we'd driven from Virginia – my license plates helped. We walked for a couple hours and found an abandoned blanket about two-thirds down the bowl and there we were. But we didn't stay long as Eddie had to get to the airport and fly back to California. But at least I can say I was there.

Rich Heeseler (DEKE fraternity brother of George W. Bush at Yale) and I came to Maine for a weekend in July of 1969. On our way back to New Jersey and Long Island, as I dropped in my quarter into the bin at the old toll both on the Piscataqua River, the Eagle landed on the moon. That night, we watched the moon landing at Rich's house. I had a copy of the New York Times, "MAN WALKS ON MOON," which I left on my desk at American Cyanamid, but someone stole it. Pity.



While attending UVA GSBA (later the Darden School), I worked as a cashier three hours a night for dinner and \$1.25 an hour. I usually managed to get my class reading done between customers. Senator Angus King was in UVA Law School at the time and said he used to come into the Virginian frequently. Not that I knew him then, but we later did have a chuckle over what a small world it could be. He was also on *It's Academic* representing T. C. Hammond high school, also a rowing rival.

One night a drunken Wahoo (more likely a Townie) beat up the Virginian owner, Frank Kessler. Sitting up front, I saw the whole thing and had to testify in court against the punk. The defense attorney befuddled the waitress who testified, but not me! I nailed the bastard.

In 2004, Kay-Kay and I went down to Charlottesville to check out the University of Virginia. We visited Monticello, dined at the Virginian and met in the Rotunda. The student guide mentioned how all his classmates in Ohio wanted to go to college anywhere but Ohio. I wondered if he knew what the students in Alexandria were thinking about UVA.

We then stopped at Georgetown University. It had been snowing and the local people thought it was cold. It felt like a heat wave to us Mainiacs. That night we stayed with Ed and Shirley in Alexandria.

A weird thing happened one night on the way back to Charlottesville after a weekend at home in Alexandria. I ran over a dead body on I-95. His name was Hassel S. Stiltner and I'm pretty sure he was dead as I was the second or third car to hit him. The first to hit him was a marine from Quantico. He described the victim as in a linebacker's stance in the travel lane. With a pistol in his pocket, we theorized that his suicide was a choice between shooting himself and

ruining somebody else's life. We were sitting in the back of the police cruiser as they were shoveling his remains from the travel lane. That's when I discovered that police cruisers don't have door handles inside the car to allow easy exit. Mr. Stiltner left a blood splatter behind my left front wheel on the fender. In my mind, that splatter was much larger than it actually was.

After they let us leave the police station, I decided to return to Alexandria rather than continue on to Charlottesville. I was a nervous wreck all the way home. My mother made hot cocoa when I came in after midnight. A few weeks later, I learned that one of my tires had been ruined. The guy in the tire store asked what happened and seemed shocked when I told him I'd run over a dead body.

At UVA I concentrated in Marketing and took grad school as seriously as undergrad. But I managed to learn quite a bit. More than a learning experience, I think business school is a filter for recruiters to thin the applicant pool. One recruiter who wasn't impressed with me at all worked for a New York ad agency – Gardiner Layng, summer resident of Chebeague who knew me as a wild youth. His wife, Jeanne, complained about me “honking for her daughter (Sally).” Hey, she wasn't my date; I was just picking her up to give her a ride to the Lobster Pot!

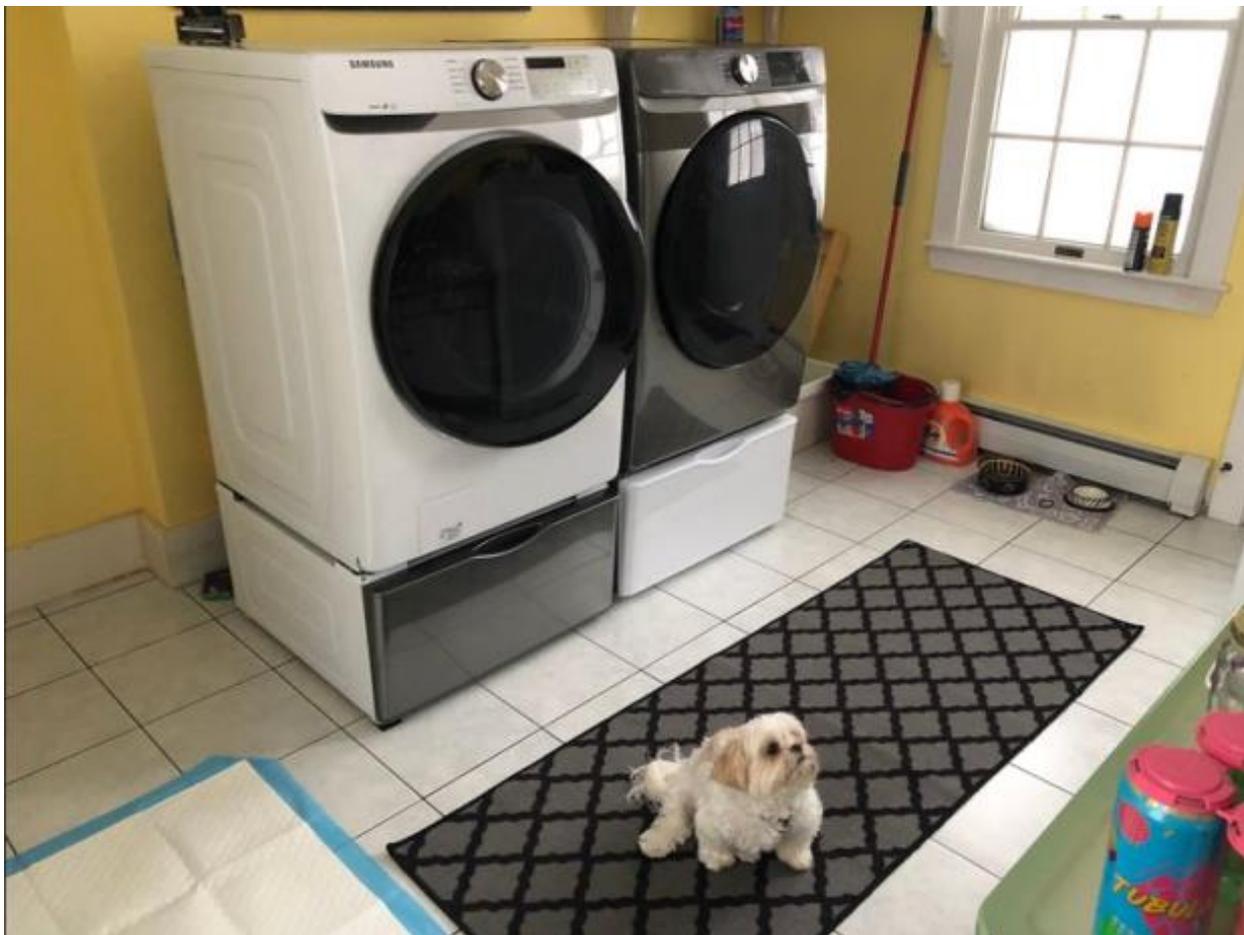
I almost got kicked out of UVA. We had the luxury of one of the first timeshare computers to be used in education, probably the first in a business school along with Harvard. These machines connected to a remote computer at Duke (no Internet yet) by a telephone handset plugged into a modem. Data was fed in via punch tape and the language of the computer was Basic, as invented by Kemeny and Kurtz at Dartmouth a few years earlier. There were a few time series programs available and I noticed that they weren't locked down and therefore susceptible to revision. The modern term is “hacking.” A friend of mine and I noticed that a First Year student had his computer password written on a notebook which he had left next to the computer terminal. So we thought it would be a good idea to use this password to gain access to the program and alter the headline to indicate that our marketing professor, Neil “Pete” Borden had a diet consisting of fecal matter. From then on, that message was repeated on every page outputted from the printer. Pete didn't see the humor in this ingenious prank and informed the two of us that since the computer was in North Carolina, this was an interstate crime and thus a Federal issue. But he also said he didn't know who did this, but we were the two most likely culprits and high on his list of suspects. We had a reputation as anti-establishment types, I guess. Pete died in 2017 and I suspect the statute of limitations has run, so now the tale can be told.

During a visit home from UVA, I noticed that my father had a copy of *In-A-Gadda-Da-Vida* by Iron Butterfly. I really didn't think that my father was into hard rock, so I asked him what he was doing with this record. He said he heard it had a good drum solo. I asked what he thought of it and he said it was OK, but the drummer “cheated” because he had a Fender bass running underneath him during the whole solo. I never could hear that Fender, but Dad did.

It was in grad school that I became engaged for the first time to a nice young lady from Sweetbrier College, named Miriam (Mim) Washabaugh. My parents didn't like her, said she was too snooty. I should have listened as she dumped me a month before graduation. At least she taught me to put down the toilet seat. With that chapter behind me, I was glad to get on the road to my next adventure – Marketing Research Assistant at General Mills, Inc. in Minneapolis, Minnesota.



**I goofed and bought the dryer in black instead of white.
So I switched the pedestal bases. Looks almost intentional.
Dolly doesn't to mind the discrepancy.**



The 1970s – Minneapolis and Chicago

It was good that I arrived in Minneapolis in June when I did. It gave me a chance to ease into the winter weather. At first, I wondered why the bank thermometer had a plus sign in front of the temperature – e.g. +73. I learned that there was a reason for that which, for example, was to differentiate between -10 and +10. Or -25 and +25. I also wondered why cars had electric plugs sticking out of their grilles. Those, of course, were so the owner could plug the car in at night and let the block heater keep the engine warm and easier (or possible) to start. General Mills had outlets in the parking lot where you could plug in your car. They started out by row 25, which meant you had to make a choice between (1) having a car that starts or (2) not having to walk that distance facing into a stiff north wind in below zero weather.

KQRS had a hippy-dippy DJ on in the morning who one day stated that the “the wind is out of the northwest at about 5 miles an hour, the humidity is pretty low and the temperature – you don’t want to know.” Actually, I did want to know as this was the first really cold day I had experienced in my life – minus 25 degrees. And that wasn’t Celsius! Which would have sounded even worse at minus 32. Vapor poured from the storm drains as if the earth had surrendered and was giving up all of its heat.

Minnesota is a very friendly place. You may have heard of Minnesota Nice. Of course, there are lots of differences between Minneapolis and the East, which they refer to as “Out East.” They say “ish” instead of “yuck” and they say “roof” (rhymes with “woof” instead of rhyming with “goof.” For example, in Minnesota “the roof should be waterproof” has two pronunciations of “oof.”

I moved into a fairly luxurious apartment near the airport and the Metropolitan Sports Center which, it turns out, was inhabited by athletes, stewardesses (now known as flight attendants), and divorcees. Not really wowed by the swimming pool, sauna, and golf simulator, I moved out less than a year later. As a secure building, entry was gained by “buzzing” one in. But one day a knock came on my door (no prior buzzing) and I opened it to find a couple of young ladies selling magazine subscriptions. I detected Maine accents and asked where they were from. “Chebeague Island,” they said. They didn’t believe me when I said my family was from Chebeague until I pointed out the chart of Casco Bay I had on the wall near the door. I had drinks with the Boxer girls and ended up buying magazines I didn’t want.

A friend of mine from General Mills, Bruce Jones, and I had purchased a 1939 Chris Craft for \$100 in sad need of restoration. So I moved to an apartment on Lake Minnetonka, we fixed up the boat, and it was docked in front of my first floor apartment.

My upstairs neighbor had a hypocritical view of neighbors. He would pound on the floor (my ceiling) if he didn’t like my music, but it was OK for him to put his speakers out on his balcony and blast music out onto the lake as well as into my apartment. On the afternoon of New Year’s Eve, he pounded on my ceiling while I was preparing to host a party that night. I decided I had had enough and the following first Monday of 1972, I stopped at a real estate office to inquire into houses to buy. I guess my upstairs neighbor had had enough, too, because he was

in the real estate office, as well. We looked at each other and I'm sure we were both thinking, "If you move out, maybe I'll stay."



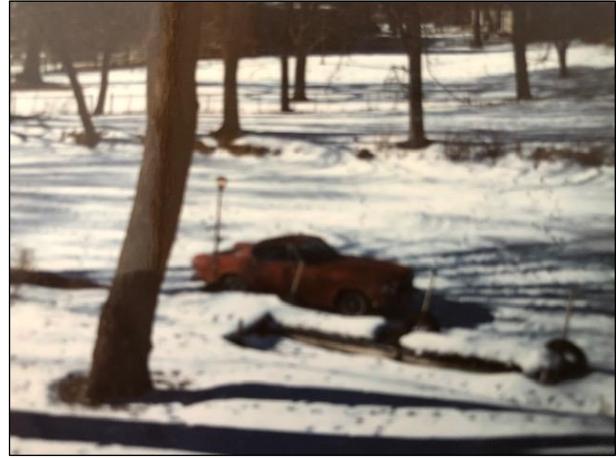
But I didn't stay. I found a house I liked. I asked my parents if I could borrow some money for a down payment and my mother informed me that Grammy Sadie had left me some money but they didn't want to give it to me for fear I'd waste it on something foolish. They may have been right, but I know I might have bought a house a lot sooner. The house was a small one bedroom house with a full basement located off Spring Park Bay on Lake Minnetonka. It was owned by a little old couple (recently deceased) and came fully

furnished. We still have a couch and chair (since recovered) from that house and maybe some other stuff as well. When the ice melted and the snow went away, I discovered I had a dock on the lake. Bonus! The heirs to the previous owners couldn't agree whether or not to accept my offer of \$16,500, a couple thousand less than they were asking, so the lawyer involved accepted my bid on their behalf. Today (3/2022, picture to right), Zillow lists that house for \$738,400, 45 times what I paid. But the place has been completely rebuilt, even though it no longer includes the lot across the street, which now has a house listed at \$258,000 (no picture available). I sold it all for \$25,000, so I made out OK and as a single person, it was the right move for me to get into home ownership early. I'm pleased our daughter Katherine has followed my example.



Before I bought the house, I traded in the 1966 Volvo 122S that my parents gave me for college graduation and bought my favorite car of all time, a new 1971 Volvo 1800E. I paid \$5,000 for that car! I gave this car to Kay-Kay for graduation from high school and she took it to Salt Lake City, with a blown antique tire on the way. Unfortunately, some idiot totaled the car, which saved Kay-Kay from injury, thank goodness.

Here are a couple of pictures that show the difference between Minnesota summer and Minnesota winter. It doesn't show, but the car is moored to the dock, just in case.



At General Mills, I started in the Sperry Division, which is basically flour. I was assigned to doing marketing research for the new products group and I worked on teenage beverages, bouillon, Chills & Thrills, and other products that never made it to the grocery shelf. From there I went to the in-house marketing research function and worked on all sorts of products. One memorable one was Frankenberry that was dealing with a problem with the cereal causing young customers' bowel movements to turn red and appear to be bloody. My mission was to determine the degree to which this was a problem with mothers (and fathers, too, I guess), when a different dye was used in place of red dye #2. That posed an interesting problem from a methodological perspective.



Next I received a promotion to Assistant Marketing Research Manager in the Betty Crocker Division, working primarily on cake mixes. By the way, Betty Crocker exists in name only and only from the shoulder up. Do these images really portray the same woman? I think not. Looks like a sorority house shot.

The only thing I see in common is some sort of red blouse or jacket and a white blouse, scarf, or necklace. And she hasn't aged a bit since 1920.

I didn't enjoy working in the Betty Crocker Division and sought a transfer to the Toys and Games division where Bruce Jones was in charge of research and Vern Caffarella was head of the division. We all got along well and I was looking forward to the change. But the department leadership in Betty Crocker blocked the move and not long afterwards I was asked to leave General Mills, which was a hard blow. By the way, Vern Caffarella passed away in 2019 at age 97, having steered the efforts to acquire Red Lobster and Olive Garden.

Next, I did the unthinkable – I accepted a job with Pillsbury. Kind of like leaving the Red Sox to join the Yankees. Or vice-versa, depending on your prejudices. But that didn't last long as I had trouble making it to the airport in time to catch business flights. I missed two and I was gone.



Having exhausted all appropriate job opportunities in Minneapolis, I cast a wider net and ended up in Chicago, or actually Elmhurst, Illinois, working for Keebler. I had become an elf! This was a very good and enjoyable job working for an excellent boss, John Boord, with whom I've lost touch. I was the marketing research department as John had assumed added responsibilities, but remained my supervisor. This job took me to focus groups and survey locations around the country and allowed me to get back to Maine at times.

I bought a house in Villa Park, less than five miles from Keebler, but with traffic it took a half hour to get to work. This was the second house I had bought as a single person, and was more like a traditional home with two bedrooms and a large basement sufficient to accommodate my expanding pinball machine collection plus, of course, my Brunswick pool table. I ended up donating the pool table to the Chebeague Recreation Center, along with a couple of pinball machines.



One evening, some friends of mine and I went to a local bar to hear some music. They had a rule forbidding what they called "gym shoes." I tried to convince them that Adidas were not gym shoes, but to no avail. So I went to a more forgiving bar to play pinball. There I met Darcy Marie Comerford who challenged me to a game. I don't remember who won, but I ended up marrying her.

She came from a nouveau riche family who lived in a gated development in Oakbrook. Her father manufactured shoe shanks for upscale brands such as Florsheim. We married at the Mary Magdalen Episcopal Church in Villa Park in 1977, followed by a reception at Indian Lakes Country Club in Bloomingdale in a rather stylish manner. We repeated the ceremony for the Chebeague Island crowd, with Peter Rice officiating. Darcy was a very nice person, but didn't have much regard for marriage vows. Thinking that David Burgess was straight, she tried to crawl into bed with him one night. After three and half years, we divorced amicably, she getting the Volvo station wagon and me getting Mister, our German Shepherd. Here's a recent picture from her Facebook page.



At Keebler, they played Muzak. Muzak (also known as elevator music) is a type of background music played in offices where people have no intention whatsoever of listening to music, and during telephone calls when people are placed on hold. I thought I recognized one of the tunes as being very reminiscent of music I had heard my father's band play. I asked Dad if he had ever recorded for Muzak. After a pregnant pause he responded, "You went to college, didn't you?" Apparently, he wasn't all that proud of this musical achievement.

One morning, John Boord asked me if I had seen the latest issue of *Advertising Age* with a job listing for a marketing research director in Portland, Maine. I said I had and he said if that job was in Aspen he would jump at it. Reluctantly, I did apply, reasoning that I really couldn't let an opportunity like that get away, that I would regret it forever. As it turns out, I didn't regret it, and it certainly changed my life.

After our disastrous loss to Harvard in the 1965 Eastern Sprints, our Cornell freshman boat went on to a come-from-behind victory over Penn. Here we are, pouring it on in our last strokes of the race. More about this boat and who was in it on Page 49.



The 1980s – Back to Maine

Throughout my life, Chebeague Island has been my anchor. We traveled all around the country when I was a child, but we always returned to Maine. When I went on vacation from Minnesota or Illinois, it was to come home to Chebeague. This sign used to be on Cousins Island and pointed the way to the wharf. One night, with the help of a 7/16” wrench, it fell off its post and I picked it up. In my college rooms in Ithaca, my houses in Minnesota, Illinois, and Cape Elizabeth, the sign always pointed back to the Island. Now it is in the barn pointing toward the center of the Island where the Town Office is now located.



I discovered that my neighbor in Cape Elizabeth had actually hand painted that sign and thousands of others around the State. I told him I felt guilty about picking up that fallen sign. He told me not to worry; he had to paint another one and got paid again.

The house on Chebeague has been in the family since 1925. The Hamiltons built the house in 1876, the year General Custer and his troops were slaughtered at Little Big Horn. My grandparents bought the house and passed it on to my mother who, in turn passed it on to my brother and me. Nancy and I bought out Eddie and became the sole owners around 1986 or so. Now the next problem is how to pass it on to our four daughters.

I started with Hannaford Brothers on January 2, 1980, the beginning of a new decade and a new life. Hannaford owned several chains of supermarkets around the state which have currently been mostly consolidated under the Hannafords name. Although I was pleased to be back in Maine, it was not a good fit with my new employer, which had been my fear. I thought I was adjusting well and beginning to function effectively as their Marketing Research Manager, but top management felt differently and I was terminated a year later.

Darcy left not long afterwards and things were pretty bleak for a while. But then I started to do freelance marketing research hiring Island people to do interviewing from their homes. One of my interviewers was my mother who luckily happened to call the marketing research manager for Guy Gannet Publications, aka *The Portland Press Herald*. This led to me being hired in 1982 as General Manager of Strategic Marketing Services, the research arm of the newspaper, offering research services to all forms of local (and some out-of-state) clients. That lasted for seven years, until the operation was sold to Pan Atlantic Consultants and became a division thereof.

Since then the *Press Herald* building has become the *Press Hotel*. Someday I would like to stay in the room located on the fifth floor, south corner, where my office used to be.

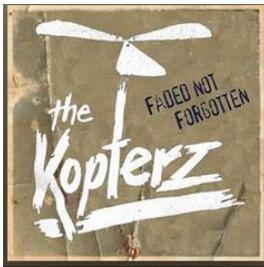
During my early years at the newspaper, in 1983 to be precise, I happened to drop by Bev Johnson’s house for some now forgotten reason. She asked me to return a garden hose to her sister, who was staying for the weekend at their father’s house on the Island, which I did.



Her sister was the little girl, Nancy Ross, who I had given a ride to almost ten years ago. She had gone to college in Hawaii, married, become Nancy Garcia, had two daughters and had returned to Maine to accept a nursing position at Maine Medical Center.



Here's a picture of the three Ross girls – Beverly, Nancy, and Charlotte. What I find interesting about this picture is that, as far as I know, it is the only picture of these little girls as children. Compare that to the hundreds of pictures of other children in the family, a few of which are included in this document.

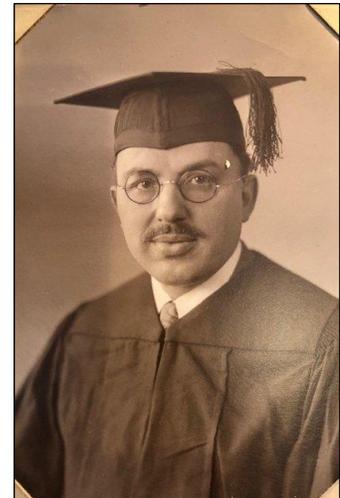


One thing led to another very quickly and we were married on July 9, 1983 on Chebeague in what was then the Chebeague Methodist Church (now the



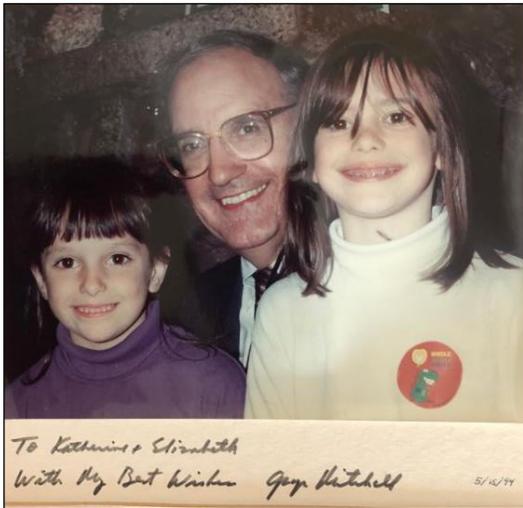
Chebeague Community Church – a whole other story) with a memorable reception at my parents' (now our) home. Nancy Ross had become Nancy Hill. We had Joe Brien and the Kopterz play at the reception standing over the septic tank (with Mandy singing backup vocals), which was a treat for everyone, except for the fist fight that broke out in the middle of the reception.

Nancy's grandfather was Carlo Rispoli, who changed his name to "Ross" when he came to America in the early 20th century. He was a member of the Sons of Italy and did private investigations for them regarding the Sacco and Vanzetti case. My grandfather, Costantino Ciampa, came to the U.S. in the early 20th century and was the secretary/treasurer for the Sons of Italy and worked on the Saco and Vanzetti case. He most likely wrote the check to Carlo for his services. They almost certainly knew each other. In the Appendices I have included a link to information about the Saco and Vanzetti case, as well as a letter Grampa Connie wrote about the case. It is written in Italian.



As of this writing, Nancy and I have been married for going on 39 years, so it looks like it might last. Victoria Leilani was born on December 6, 1972, followed by Amanda Luahn on July 29, 1975 with Jimmy, Nancy's first husband, followed by Elizabeth Cashman on February 7, 1985 and finally by Katherine Ross on June 9, 1986.

Once I brought home some Japanese short grain sticky rice and was surprised by how thrilled Vicky and Mandy were to get such a “treat.” They were ecstatic to get something reminiscent of Hawaii.



We suspect that Elizabeth had a prior life. She informed us that her name was “Etta” even though she had no problem pronouncing Elizabeth. She would say the word “iron” as if the “r” were pronounced, which is the antiquated way to say “iron,” probably back to the 1600s or earlier. A wonderful memory I have is how her face lit up when I walked into a restaurant on Exchange Street to meet Nancy for lunch one day. I felt like a million bucks.

Katherine, on the other hand, is a new life. Everything was new to her. She became known as Kay-Kay because when she was little I would lift her up and down and say, “Kay, Kay, Kay, Kay” and she would laugh and giggle. Wish I could still do that. Ever the over achiever, Kay-Kay has done well in life so far and we are convinced she will continue to do so. Here are the girls with then Senator Mitchell. They had a liberal bent even then.

That’s enough about our children. Let’s get back to my life. My time with the newspaper was enlightening. I got to meet and work with talented journalists such as Bill Caldwell, Ginny Pitt, Brenda Garrand, and Don Hansen. We would occasionally take time out for a “quiz” on any subject of interest to the quizmaster. In those days, computers were in their infancy and I caught a lot of grief for bringing in an Apple][+ to do my work. They just didn’t appreciate that my handwriting was such as to make such a luxury a necessity. In those days, there was one terminal on the fifth floor where the editorial writers would enter their work to be sent down to composing. No desktop computers for them. Yet.

Around 1984, Nancy bought a Tandy Radio Shack TRS-80 computer for the girls to use. They never did because I took over. That led to an Apple] [+]. Inspired by Beagle Brothers programs, I started to mess around with programming and decided to learn machine language so I could control X-10 switches from an Apple (X-10s were PC based at that time). Then I got involved with Checkmate Technologies out of Arizona, working on software for inclusion with their Apple products. As a result, I became a Certified Apple Developer. I even had the glass plaque proclaiming such, but it fell and broke.

Nancy and I went to Applefest in Boston and I don’t think I was ever so thrilled as to see my program running on a giant monitor (normal TV nowadays) in the exhibition hall. I made a few bucks selling shareware versions of my X-10 software that helped send Mandy to Kents Hill.

Around that time I wrote a program I called Baby Colors. All it did was display different colors and shapes on the screen depending on which keys were struck. It wasn’t really instructional as

much as fun for toddlers, but Kay-Kay attributes her lightning-fast typing skills to Baby Colors. I suspect it was more the Mavis Beacon keyboard typing tutor software.



Around that time, I bought a new Apple //GS, WOZ signature edition, which is currently in the Studio probably being eaten by mice. I actually had one of my X-10 floppy disks signed by Steve Wozniak but, unfortunately, it's been lost.

My mother died in 1989 followed by my father in 1991. Late one night with my mother at Maine Medical Center, she said I should go home and get some sleep. I told her I was sure I had caused her a few sleepless nights. She said I had, but never as a baby. I wrote a eulogy for my father's funeral, as well as a piece for the *Press Herald*, which I've included on pages 55 and 57 of the Appendices. I also wrote a eulogy for my mother, but that has been lost.

When my parents were flying back to Virginia in 1988, Vice President George H. W. Bush was scheduled to arrive at the Jetport that day. We were told there would be no delay but, of course, there was. Senator Olympia Snowe was at the airport to greet the VP but found my mother in distress in the ladies room. She told us, and Nancy went to Mum's assistance. I wonder how Trump would have handled the situation. I think I know. Years later I was in a meeting with Senator Snowe and belatedly thanked her for her kind assistance.

When the newspaper decided to shut down their external marketing research department in 1989, I moved over to Pan Atlantic Consultants. They bought the Strategic Marketing Services name and client list and I came along with the deal. Pan Atlantic was owned by Patrick Murphy and David Miley, a pair of Irish immigrants who I must say had questionable ethics. At one point, Patrick asked if I would fudge research results to better favor our client. I refused. Relations became strained after that.



Here are Stephen and Kay-Kay out hauling. CEI used this picture in their 2010 Annual Report, but they airbrushed out her tattoo and extended her halter top to cover midriff flesh.

The 1990s – Family man

Fortunately, in spring of 1991, I learned that the Chebeague Transportation Company (CTC) was looking for a part time general manager. Cap Leonard and Glenn Kersteen served as the search committee and I was hired. And thus began a new chapter in my life.

After my stint with Pan Atlantic Consultants, I decided to retire my SMS-PAC license plate. The best I could do was ILNDER. But the state decided to expand the limit from six to seven letters. So I went to the DMV on the first day of the new number availability and got ISLANDR. Much better and suited to my new role with CTC, as *Islander* was then the fleet flagship.



Here is the family in the early 90s – Nancy, Mandy, Vicky, Kay-Kay, and Etta. A true bevy of beauties.

I find it interesting how one thing leads to another. My employment with CTC led to involvement in a lawsuit involving the use of the parking lot on Cousins Island. That involved a lawyer named Doug Carr, who served on the Yarmouth School Committee. He suggested that I run for the School Committee since I had two young daughters. That, in turn, led us to become more involved in Yarmouth politics, which I think actually helped in our relations with the Yarmouth Town Council in dealing with CTC. After a few months, my part time employment at CTC was expanded to full time. Nancy was also active, elected to the Yarmouth Town Council during that period.

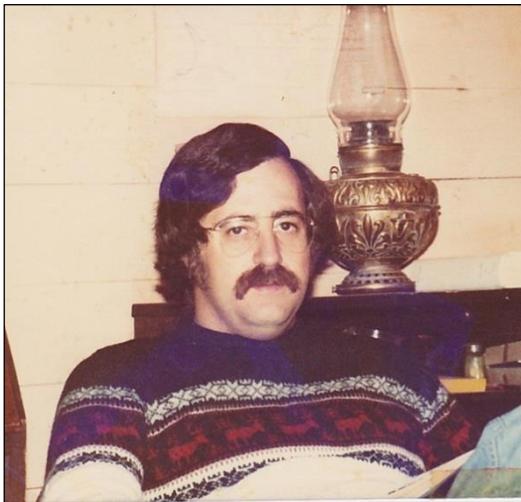
The dispute to which I refer began when Bud Sewall, who owned the cottage next to the entrance to the Cousins Island Parking Lot (now demolished), placed a chain across the entrance to the parking lot. My cousin, Shelby Putnam, Gary Varney, and perhaps a third person, went over to the parking lot and cut the chain with bolt cutters. When the bus came to turn around in the right-of-way, Mr. Sewall sought to stop the bus from entering. Shelby motioned for the bus to continue and Mr. Sewall jumped out of the way. On Christmas Eve, Shelby was arrested and taken to jail and released on Christmas Day. Thus followed suits and counter-suits as CTC asserted its rights to provide transportation to Chebeague.

Eventually, the suit was settled by the Second Amended Judgment and Order which absolved CTC of any liability due to the actions of others and shortly thereafter, the State of Maine took the parking lot by eminent domain, thereby guaranteeing Chebeaguers rights to the parking lot forever, and a new wharf agreement secured rights for Chebeague Island. The whole sordid history is recorded [here](#). (Actual links included on Page 47; may be needed if this link fails.)

Other projects with CTC included the renovation of the *Big Squaw* (renamed *Dirigo* to be more politically correct), the acquisition of the *Dovekie* pushboat, creation of the CTC website, and trying to keep the company financially sound.

My association with CTC inspired me to become more involved in life on Chebeague and its organizations. In addition to CTC, I have served as president of the Historical Society (twice), president of the Library, and president of the Recreation Center. I served on the secession committee and edited the *Report of the Chebeague Island Secession Territory Representatives*, a most complete statement of our case. I was elected to the Board of Selectmen during our second year as a town and served for fifteen subsequent years.

During that time, my little girls were growing up. Sometimes I feel like I missed a lot of what was happening. The parents' dilemma, I guess. It all happens so fast.



Gary Oderda in his younger years.

Nancy and me at Vicky Gomez's wedding. Nancy is always beautiful, and fully figured in those days.



A picture of a happy man with a beautiful bride daughter



The 2000s – Creating a company and a town

After Kay-Kay graduated from high school, we sold the house on Cousins Island and moved to Chebeague. We remodeled the old family homestead by converting the screen porch to expand the living room, added the deck above it, remodeled the kitchen, added a bathroom to both the master bedroom and next to the laundry room, and combined the master bedroom upstairs with the little bedroom next to it, with a patio door out to the new deck. Photos over many years will be found [here](#). Shortly before my father died, we expanded the garage next to the barn and added a deck above it, with a patio door opening onto it.



I began a long career, seventeen plus years, in 2001 with the Maine Small Business Development Center. I started as a business counselor in Fairfield, advising startup and existing businesses with obtaining financing and other operational issues. During my second week there, I received a call from Nancy that a plane had hit the World Trade Center in New York. We had a TV in my basement conference room to show videos and I had added a rabbit ear antenna so I could watch *The Price is Right* at lunch time. The picture

was grainy but the devastation was clear. I went upstairs to inform the staff of KVCOG (Kennebec Valley Council of Governments) that I had the event on TV and we all sat around my conference table, stunned in awe and disbelief. Such a strange time. But at least we were the UNITED states then, unlike the fractured nation we have now.

After a year and a half in Fairfield, I was promoted to Center Director and moved my office to Wiscasset, a much easier commute and a chance to be a more integral part of CEI (Coastal Enterprises, Inc.), sponsor of the Maine SBDC. I worked closely with Ron Phillips, the legendary founder of CEI, and managed a staff of a half dozen business counselors. For reasons that elude me, the title was changed to “business advisors” around 2015. This was a very satisfying career for me and it was with sadness that I retired in 2018 at the age of 72 for a life of leisure on Chebeague Island. They gave me a great going-away party complete with work gloves and trash bags.

While commuting on the early boat in my early years with CEI, deckhand Alnah Doughty Robinson (now deceased) came out from the wheelhouse of the *Big Squaw* to announce that a moose was swimming down toward the East End. “Should we go check it out, or continue to Cousins?” “Moose, moose, moose!” came the answer. So, we swung around to see the moose as it swam ashore and went up the field towards our house! A great start for the day.

Over the years, Nancy and I made quite a few vacation trips to destinations such as Aruba, Hawaii, Margarita Island (Venezuela), Montreal, London, Newcastle England, Paris, San Diego, Belgium, Galapagos, New York City, Quebec City, Yarmouth Nova Scotia, Malta, Zanzibar,

Williamsburg, Washington, ParkCity/Salt Lake City, Loon Mountain, (Lincoln, New Hampshire), Ithaca New York, Oregon, and, of course, The Netherlands. In my business travels with General Mills, and Keebler I visited practically every state in the union, while I believe I've been to or through almost every town in Maine traveling for my local employers.

Loon Mountain had a murphy bed which folded down from a closet. We enjoyed giving Kay-Kay "murphy bed" rides up and down. I don't remember Elizabeth wishing to participate.

Our trip to Paris was hoped to be a wonderful time with Nancy, Elizabeth, Katherine, and Viki. It was OK until we were stopped by the gendarmes in the subway when one or more of the kids jumped the turnstile and we were shaken down for about \$100 in cash. I was looking forward to dinner in the Eiffel Tower until the cigarette smoke drove me out of the dining room, leaving me to eat chocolate truffles alone in the entry room. Then I developed a staph infection requiring antibiotics. Things got worse when most of my hair fell out in the shower. I was left with what looked like a Mohawk.

On our last evening in Paris I reluctantly went to a restaurant near the Eiffel Tower. Nancy and I had a wonderful evening together. There was a dog lying there adding a homey touch. I ordered lobster and it was delicious. I asked where it was from and the waiter said, he thought, "Boston." "See," Nancy said, "American lobster!" The waiter said, "No, Boulogne, northwest France!"

One thing we noticed when we moved to Chebeague was that there was no Internet available other than dial-up. For those who don't remember this antiquated way to get online, it involved a modem that would connect your computer to the Internet by telephone lines at speeds up to 56kps. We're now hoping to eventually have gigabit service on the Island which would be about 2,000 times faster. I think I did the math correctly. And by the way, you couldn't use the telephone while on dial-up, so you really needed two telephone lines. You couldn't do much with dial-up as it was so slo-o-o-w loading. Nonetheless, I had my own vanity [website](#).

I heard a true statement on the Netflix series, *Virgin River*: "Our Internet is slow, but our gossip is fast." We couldn't do much about the gossip, but Beverly and I decided we needed to do something about the Internet, so we started www.chebeague.net. Our first effort involved a couple of guys who were just in it for the money, which definitely isn't here. Next we partnered with Mainely Wired and started 900 MHz wireless service, which provided around a meg of service from several antennas around the island. But the demand for speed continued to grow, so we instituted DSL service with speeds up to 25 meg. But it still wasn't good enough, as those speeds weren't available all around the Island and not at all in some locations. So the next step is fiber around the Island, which is currently under way with service available (we hope) to everyone on the Island in 2023.

In our most recent application to the ConnectME Authority we described our history thusly: "On July 12, 2006, Chebeague.net was incorporated. With the help of grants from the ConnectMaine Authority, the Island Institute and Chebeague's Recompense Foundation, the twelve founding islanders were determined to make dial-up internet obsolete with the advent

of 900 MHz wireless high-speed internet service. This evolved to DSL delivering speeds almost up to today's modern standards. As a self-sufficient home-grown network, this community ingenuity was described by Tilson Technologies as 'Maine's first municipal broadband network,' although the Town itself was not involved at that time. Chebeague.net's story may be found [here](#).

"When Chebeague.net was denied access to the new federally-funded fiber optic cable serving the Island, Axiom Technologies, LLC stepped up to assume ownership of the island network in February, 2016. Since that time, Axiom has gained access to the cable and provided reliable, affordable, locally serviced internet service to over 200 island households, businesses, and non-profits. However, the limitations of antiquated DSL technology prevent achieving modern speeds and many parts of Chebeague are completely unserved."

But I was being diplomatic in my history of the company. What I failed to elaborate on was the fact that Fairpoint (now Consolidated) obtained federal funding to run the fiber optic cable under the bay to the Island under the representation that the Island was totally unserved. This despite the fact that Fairpoint received \$17 per month from each of Chebeague.net's 200+ customers to allow their telephone lines to be used to provide DSL service. I guess they forgot or didn't know how they were serving the Island. Of course, a fiber feed to the Island was a great improvement and we sought to migrate our system to the fiber in partnership with Fairpoint, but Fairpoint refused access to us.

Beverly and I figured we would be squeezed out of business in short order. We tried to negotiate with Fairpoint, to no avail. We threatened them with a lawsuit and they basically told us they had more money and better lawyers than us, and they were right. So we were ready to throw in the towel when Mark Ouellette and Susan Corbett stepped up and managed to do what we couldn't, that is gain access to the fiber optic cable to serve the Island. We and our stockholders signed Chebeague.net over to Axiom Technologies in exchange for free service for the next ten years.

The other big event in our lives was the secession of Chebeague Island from the Town of Cumberland and MSAD #51. It began when SAD #51 announced a plan to send fifth graders to the mainland for school. Parents and citizens believed that these children were too young to be taking a boat to the mainland in all weather and before the sun rises in the winter. Plus, it would also eliminate a teacher and it was feared that this was a scheme to eventually close the school. Close to 100 people traveled to the mainland to state their case. The MSAD #51 School Committee relented, but instead of rejecting the idea out of hand, they stated they would take it up again next year. That led to Chebeague's citizens forming the Chebeague Island Community Association (CICA) which sought to secure Chebeague's independence as Maine's newest independent town. Jim Phipps and I established the 501(c)(3) corporation.

Nancy and I worked on the effort and, as mentioned earlier, I edited the Report to the Legislature, which can be viewed [here](#). I traveled to Augusta to lobby for our bill's passage and was there when it passed the Senate by an almost unanimous vote. One of the three dissenters was Karl Turner, the senator from Cumberland. And I was there when Governor Baldacci signed

the bill into law and was given one of the pens used to sign the bill. We remain Maine's newest town, as the legislature has since made it more difficult for towns to secede.

On Appendices Page 52 is an editorial I wrote pleading our case in the *Portland Press Herald*. I'd like to think it helped. Whether it did or not, I think it's one of the best things I've ever written. Somewhere around this time, I decided I would rather be known as "David" rather than "Dave." I think it was because someone once referred to me as "Dave Fill."

The newly minted Town of Chebeague Island had its first elections for municipal officers on July 1, 2007. I stood for election and, not at all surprisingly, I lost to Donna Damon. It wasn't even close and shouldn't have been. But not deterred, I ran again the next year and won, defeating David Stevens. Over the next fifteen years I was re-elected four times until 2021 when I came in fourth in a three-way race, losing to Mark Dyer, Jen Belesca, and write-in candidate Carol White. At the time of this writing, Donna Damon is choosing to not run again and I reluctantly decided to run again with the objective being to ensure the timely installation of fiber optic broadband Internet on the Island. We'll see.

I worked on many issues over the course of my time on the Board of Selectmen. The one nasty episode I remember was regarding an issue involving Susan Campbell. I don't even remember what it was. I just know that Deb Hall accused me of unethical favoritism and Donna Damon came to my defense, which was fortunate because I was livid.

Deb Hall has a history of being on the wrong side of reason. She stated that COVID-19 vaccinations couldn't be conducted on Chebeague, so the Chebeague COVID Resource Team (CCRT) arranged to have Maine CDC nurses come to Chebeague to vaccinate a couple hundred people. Deb Hall wouldn't partner the Chebeague Island Hall with nursing students from the University of Southern Maine Community Health program. So Jenny Hackel, NP, obtained permission from the Historical Society to be the sponsoring organization, providing a springboard to connect with other organizations, offices, and businesses on the island to help improve community health.

As long as I'm airing past grievances, I should mention my former friend, Deb Bowman. She and Deb Hall conspired to terminate the good work being done by Nancy, Ginny Ballard, and Joan Robinson. They wanted to close the weekly clinic on the Island under the pretense that it could cause members of the Island Council to "lose their homes" in the event of malpractice, which was a completely bogus red herring. In the course of the controversy, Deb Bowman told Nancy, "We have *never* been friends." After that, we weren't. The local clinic closed.

Over the years I owned several boats. The first was the semi-dory pictured on the first page. Next was another semi-dory that Dad used after I moved to Minnesota. In the early 70s, Bruce Jones and I restored a 1939 Chris-Craft, (see Page 27) which I left behind when I moved to Chicago and Bruce had moved to Massachusetts. My next boat was a 20' Jolly Roger with a jet drive purchased at an auction attended by Andrew Todd and me. I could circumnavigate the Island in fifteen minutes. I named it *Going, Going, Gone*, a reference to its speed as well as its auction origin. As it turned out, however, it was a more apt reference to its demise when it swamped on the mooring in a storm and damaged the drive bouncing on the bottom.



Next, we bought a 1989 20' Regal inboard/outboard with a Volvo Penta engine, which we took all around Casco Bay and Kay-Kay and I took to Wiscasset, as documented in the Appendices. Originally named the "Etta Kay," we renamed her "Betty Kay" in deference to changing preferences. I mothballed this boat when I had my hip repaired and the boat rotted in the front yard. When I tried to give it away, the engine was found to have a hole in it. Pity.

Here is a rather strange family caught in the Netherlands. It looks like the Monopoly Man standing with Major Tom, accompanied by their catatonic wives.



The 2010s – Grandparenthood



As of this writing, we have seven grandchildren: Amaya and James Kanoa (Victoria), Adelaide and Eleanor (Mandy and Roxanne) and Evelyn, Felix, and Benjamin (Elizabeth and Tom). We are incredibly proud of all of them and hope that Katherine and Nate will eventually add to the gang.

With four of the grandchildren in the Denver area and three in the Netherlands, we don't get to see them too often. But, fortunately, they all like to come to Maine to see the old folks. And with Mandy and Roxanne buying Fran Calder's house on Firehouse Road, we're guaranteed to see more of them in future years. Plus it's good to have a barn even bigger than ours in which to store "stuff."

In 2011, I moved into my second decade as Center Director for the Maine Small Business Development Center in Wiscasset. There were some changes at CEI, but they didn't affect me that much. CEI built a new headquarters on the site of the old Brunswick Police Department and moved from Wiscasset, selling the buildings across the street (where my offices were) in the process. The CEI main building was demolished and is currently a parking lot. I moved my offices in an agreement with Lincoln County Economic Development to a location south of Wiscasset Village, right across Route 1 from the famous (or infamous) Big Al's (which recently closed).

“Let’s get silly!”



Summer, 2014

First row: Maxwell (first canine), Adelaide, Felix, Eleanor

Second row: Evelyn, Nancy, Amanda, Amaya, James Kanoa, Roxanne

Back row: Katherine, David, Tom, Benjamin, Elizabeth, Victoria, Devin (Victoria’s boyfriend at the time)

The kids have turned out just fine. They each have their own lives and appear to be very satisfied with where they are in life. At times they have each caused us anger and pain, but that has always been outweighed by the joy they bring us and by the joy that their children naturally generate. We are very proud of them, their accomplishments, and their families.

Nancy has lost a lot of weight since this picture was taken. She decided to go on a keto diet a few years ago and has stuck to it religiously since then. Having lost over one hundred pounds, she can rightly say she’s a whole new woman. I am very proud of her determination and accomplishment.

I had my hip repaired in 2007 and my knee replaced on 09/15/2014. My first convalescence at home didn't work out so well, so for the knee I went to The Cedars to recover. In the meantime, Nancy was in Denver helping Mandy to recover from her surgery. My experience at The Cedars was less than ideal. There was no Internet in the room, the TV was an old big box that got only local channels, cell service was spotty, and, most importantly, there was hardly any rehabilitation offered to help me get back on my feet.

I called Nancy and begged her to get me out of there as soon as possible. "Please come home and rescue me!" She said she would lose some \$500 in airfare if she had to change her tickets. I told her I would gladly pay the cancellation fee if she would just get me out of that hellhole. She came home and sprung me and I did home based physical therapy with Jocelyn Corkum, and recovered completely.

As Jack Dawson intended to do in *Titanic*, I wrote a "sharply worded letter" to the management of The Cedars and I would like to think it had some effect as the conditions there have improved greatly over the years. When I last visited Diane Calder there, she was very happy with the accommodations and care at that facility.

Here's Dolly grudgingly dressed up for Halloween



The 2020s – COVID changes the world



It wasn't too long into the new decade that everything changed for everybody. I had spent the first year and a half of my retirement cleaning out the barn (now full again) and working on some other projects, such as broadband Internet for the Island. But then in March of 2020 I made what would be my last trip to the mainland for some time to come – COVID-19 had struck, and Nancy and I were scared stiff. With my respiratory ailments I could be a quick victim.

By the way, these lions (dubbed Shiloh and Sheba by Etta and Kay-Kay) were purchased on a below-freezing day in New York City around 1995. The antique store owner kept coming down on the price and finally threw in free shipping. Beverly and Stephen brought them down to the house on a sled in January. They are the work of Erik Kramer and have sold on the Internet for \$2,000 to \$3,000. I don't remember how much we paid, but it wasn't that much!

The Town did not take much action initially, but eventually I took the lead in applying for State funds to cover the costs of masks, signage, and other activities to combat the pandemic. I would say we were very successful in keeping Chebeague safe with only a couple of positive tests logged during that first year, awaiting the availability of the vaccine. During this period, both Nancy and I participated in both the Community Advisory Response Team (CART) and CCRT. Both of these efforts continue, responding to the needs of the moment.

As mentioned earlier, we did vaccinations on the island. I designed and managed a database to allow people to sign up for their shots while Nancy helped in the administration of the shots. We did this in two waves, one for each of the pair of initial vaccinations and the second for the boosters. A second round of booster shots is scheduled for early May, 2022. We hope it won't be necessary, but we will certainly be ready to do it again, as needed.

Unfortunately, the Omicron variant hit the Island hard in late 2021, as it did all across the nation. But on Chebeague, there was only one serious case involving hospitalization. However, many of the less serious cases occurred in the Hill Household.

We had planned a glorious holiday reunion with Nancy and I welcoming the following family members to stay for a few days to a week or more: Mandy, Addy, Ella, Victoria, Kanoa, Amaya, Elizabeth, Tom, Evie, Felix, and Benjamin. All staying in our house on Chebeague. With the Studio closed for the winter, we had fold out beds, inflatable mattresses and made room for all in the house. Kay-Kay and Nate had planned to be joining us from the mainland from time to time.

A couple days into our family reunion, one of us who had not been completely vaccinated came down with COVID-19. That person was sick, but not seriously so. Within hours, it seems, the virus had spread through the entire group. Only four did not get it, but two of those had already had the virus. Kay-Kay and Nate had it but they believe they got it at their bowling alley. We quarantined in separate rooms in the house with a couple moving to a different house, courtesy of Eldon Mayer. To say that this mini-pandemic caused anxiety and frayed tempers would be an understatement. It certainly ruined our long-awaited family reunion. Here's what I had to say earlier, on Appendices Page 53, in December of 2020.



The one bright spot during the pandemic visit: The Snow Family out in the yard with four of their creators, Tom, Evie, Benjamin, and Ella.

So that's it, up to now, early 2022. I have no idea what is to come, where we'll go, what we'll do, what adventures await us, what heartbreaks will befall us. I may try to keep this autobiography updated, but for some reason I think it will pretty much stand on its own as currently written. I wouldn't want to mess up the formatting. Maybe I'll add another Addendum.

David R. Hill
April 24, 2022

Reflections

I thought it might be fun to capture a few highlights of my life so that my children and future generations might know a little bit about who I was. I hope they might find it interesting. I know I would have liked to know more about how my grandfather came from Italy and what it was like to be a correspondent for Mussolini and to then reject his propaganda. I was curious as to which staircase my mother used to walk out to her wedding ceremony. Did she come down the steep back stairs and come directly out the door, as seen in the wedding movie? Or did she come down the front stairs and walk through the house to the door? Some details are important and some are not – all in the eye of the beholder.

But as I got into this project I gained an appreciation for what a wonderful life I've had. Sure, there were some rough spots and I've discovered that I don't spend as much time or effort describing them as I do the more joyous or humorous moments. That may be the simple tendency to accentuate the positive, eliminate the negative, and don't mess with Mr. In-Between, to quote an old song.

But to get sentimental for a moment, maybe even mushy, what this effort has taught me more than anything is to be grateful for the good times I've had. Maybe it's best summarized by John Lennon's *In My Life*. Click [here](#) to listen. (Actual links included on Page 47)

*There are places I'll remember
All my life though some have changed
Some forever, not for better
Some have gone and some remain*

*All these places have their moments
With lovers and friends I still can recall
Some are dead and some are living
In my life I've loved them all*

*But of all these friends and lovers
There is no one compares with you
And these memories lose their meaning
When I think of love as something new*

*Though I know I'll never lose affection
For people and things that went before
I know I'll often stop and think about them
In my life I love you more*

*Though I know I'll never lose affection
For people and things that went before
I know I'll often stop and think about them
In my life I love you more*

In my life I love you more

Links

Links may be cut-and-pasted if the text link doesn't work or if they must be entered manually.

Billy Hill History:

<https://www.chebeague.org/history/Hilldavid/Billy%20Hill%20IPresentation.mp4>.

Sacco and Vanzetti History:

<https://www.smithsonianmag.com/history/sacco-and-vanzettis-trial-century-exposed-injustice-1920s-america-180977843/>

Cornell Freshman Crew:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=vkI6lpRSZoY&t=18s>

Original CTC website:

<https://www.chebeague.org/DRH/ChebeagueTrans/Welcome.html>

House History:

<https://www.chebeague.org/DRH/Househistory/index.htm>

Chebeague.net:

<https://www.chebeague.org/Broadband/index.html> and

<https://www.chebeague.org/Broadband/AboutUs.html>

Report of the Chebeague Island Secession Territory Representatives

<https://www.chebeague.org/DRH/legislative-report.pdf>

Portlandpaw.com

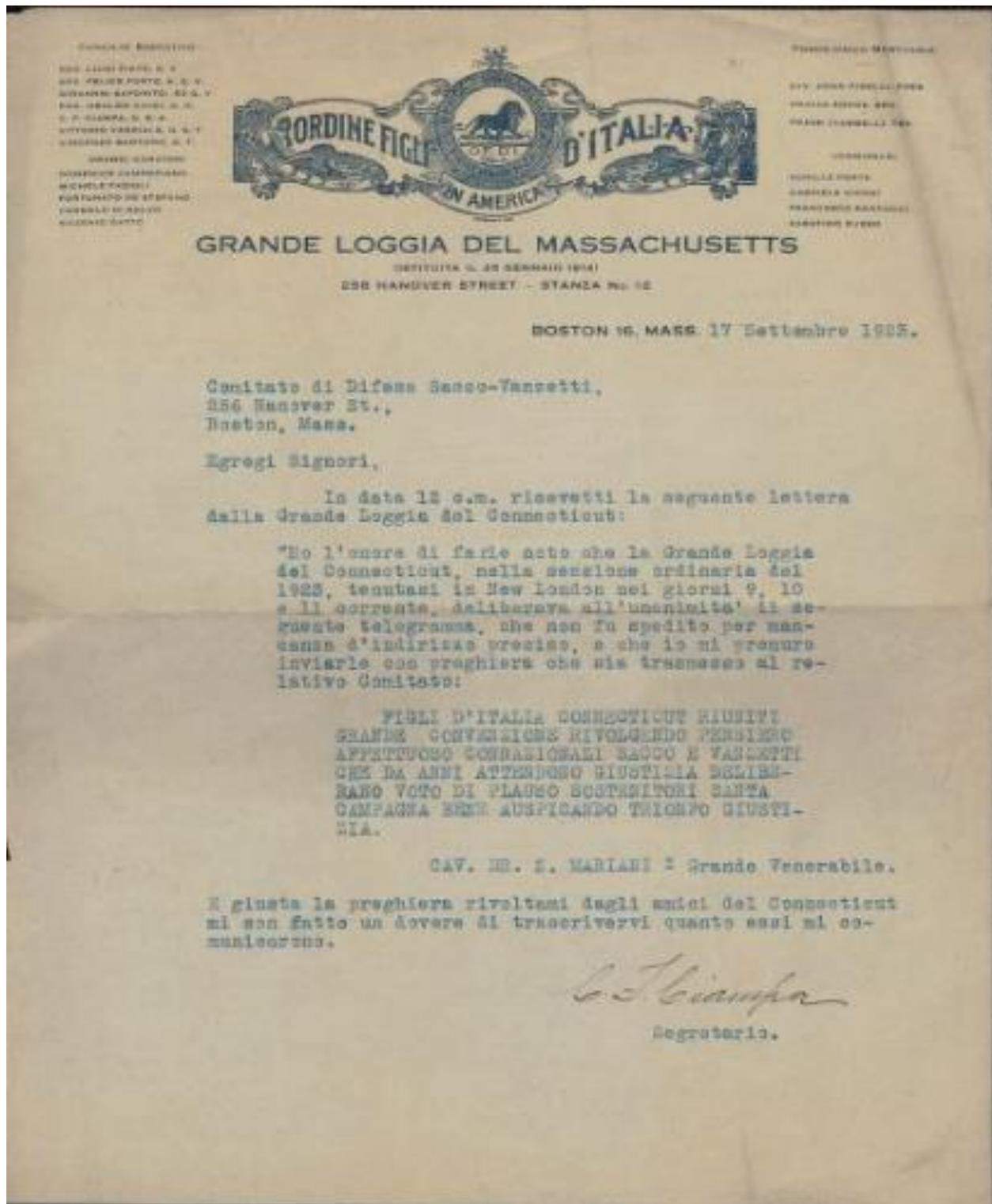
<https://www.chebeague.org/DRH/index.html>

In My Life: (this one needs to be copied and pasted due to multiple lines)

<https://www.google.com/url?sa=t&rct=j&q=&esrc=s&source=web&cd=&cad=rja&uact=8&ved=2ahUKEwj3kt780vf1AhUCk4kEHaFkA7gQwgsBegQILhAB&url=https%3A%2F%2Fwww.youtube.com%2Fwatch%3Fv%3DZqpysaAo4BQ&usg=AOvVaw0fBtzQWvyuq4-uGsUFfn4z>

Appendices

Letter regarding Sacco and Vanzetti



The Tale of the Karmic Oar

The Cornell rowing tradition is to present senior oarsmen with an oar upon graduation if an old set is being retired. I never received an oar because by my senior year I had become too heavy to be a coxswain and, frankly, I should have gone out to row for the 150 pound lightweights. Actually, I'm not even sure that coxswains got an oar. Maybe we just got an old rudder. This was back in the 1960s when wooden shells actually had a rudder attached to the stern, and not that little movable fin behind the coxswain's seat that they call a rudder nowadays. But I digress.

I always wanted a Cornell oar. The closest I had was the pledge paddle I made in 1965 fashioned from a one inch by seven inch by five foot pine board stolen from the lumber yard near the boathouse and made to look like an oar using genuine carnelian red boathouse paint and the team rigger's oar stencil. Nice, but far from a real oar.



At my 25th Cornell Reunion in 1993, I had hoped to see a few of my old boatmates from back in the day. Although I had a great time going back out on the inlet for a row with the alumni, I was disappointed that I knew none of the participants. I did have one chuckle when my stroke asked what I did for a living and I told him I managed a ferry boat company. "Things haven't changed much for you, have they?" he replied.

As our fiftieth reunion approached in 2018, I was determined to get at least a few of the oarsmen back, particularly from our 1965 Freshman boat, which was the greatest crew I had ever been a part of. We beat Navy, Syracuse, Yale, and Princeton to start the season and were ranked top seed in the Eastern Sprints. We would have matched that seed if we hadn't suffered a disastrous crab in the last three strokes and lost to Harvard. We went on to beat Pennsylvania and were looking for redemption in the IRA regatta, but we were severely weakened when we lost the heart of our "engine room" to mononucleosis and took third place behind Navy and Dartmouth. But, we won together, we lost together.

With the help of CornellConnect, I sought out the members of our freshman boat and successfully made contact with them all, with the exception of Bob Kelley, who had passed

away eight years earlier. Though only one or two had even thought about attending the reunion in June, the surviving eight members of the 1965 First Freshman Eight made the trek from all over the United States to Ithaca to once again paddle on the inlet with Rick Dehmel, '68 filling in for Bob. We almost made it out onto Cayuga Lake, but we discovered that 72+ year olds have only so much stamina left.

Rick, who rowed with the lightweights and with the freshman heavies towards the end of the 1965 season, fashioned reproduction racing shirts exactly matching the jerseys of the time. After the row, we convened for the obligatory ice cream stop at Purity on Cascadilla Street. That evening, Bruce Moulton, '68 organized a dinner at ZaZa's Cuchina. And after we had all returned to our everyday lives, John Lindl, '68 launched a drive for us to buy a new Empacher eight for the program. That boat was dedicated and launched in September of 2019. Bob Kelley and Arnie Sierk (who passed just four months after our joyous 2018 reunion) were honored by gunwale inscriptions next to the seats where they rowed. In the bow, we recognized our debt to Clayton Chapman, '57, our freshman coach, who also attended the christening of the "Class of '68." Bob's widow, MeriJean, christened the new boat with traditional Cayuga Lake finish line water, with Arnie's son, Michael, cheering her on. Naturally,



Cornell 1965 First Freshman Eight Reunion, June, 2018:

Bruce Moulton, Jack Lyons, Tom Noble, Arnie Sierk, David Hill,
Pete Robinson, John Lindl, Paul Ericson, Rick Dehmel

we took the new boat out for an inaugural row on the inlet.

Fifty years had done little to separate the common bonds forged so many years ago. Even if we didn't row like it, we felt young again, just like the old days. Personally, I was thrilled to have gotten the ball rolling, snowballing into such a memorable event rekindling valued friendships and providing long term benefits to the Cornell rowing program.

But, remember the oar that I had lusted for? For months, I had toyed with the idea of asking Coach Todd Kennett if he had an old vintage oar laying around the boathouse that he could spare, but I didn't feel comfortable making that request.

Then out of the blue, I received an e-mail from Arnie Sierk's widow, Christina, stating that Arnie's 100% wooden oar had been found in a house on Cape Cod, in Harwich, Massachusetts. The new owner of the house had taken the initiative to track down Chris and offer the oar back to her and her family. Nobody knew how the oar had made its way to its present home.

Maybe the 12' 2" length of the oar was too much to handle when Arnie left Ithaca in 1968. Maybe he gave it to a fellow oarsman who could safely transport and care for it. Maybe Arnie didn't want an oar he had probably broken with his strength. We just don't know.

I was bold enough to ask Chris if I could have the oar if nobody else wanted it. She replied, "After checking with our family, no one feels that they need/want or can accommodate the sweep that was found with Arnie's name on it...I know Arnie would be happy for you to have it if you still wish." The current owner said, "...it has a good-sized crack in it so it is kind of delicate." After the shell christening, on the way home from Ithaca, we picked up the oar from Cape Cod, the oar longer than the car and protruding from the trunk of our Prius and sounding the "open door" alarm all the way home.



So does initiating a chain of events that results in Cornell University receiving a brand new eight oared shell deserve my receiving a 52-year-old cracked oar? Is that karma? I think so. I also think it's a fair deal. In fact, a very good deal.

David R. Hill, '68
October, 2019

**Modern Cornell oars, composite carbon-fiber "cleaver" blades and shafts.
Our boat was better synchronized.**



MAINE VOICES

Secession is Chebeague's only hope

Perhaps island life as we know it is doomed, but people deserve the chance to preserve it.

Chebeague Island is seriously contemplating seceding from the town of Cumberland and people want to know why. The issues are more complex than they might appear and, oddly enough, it's not all about money. It is highly unlikely that secession will immediately lower property taxes on Chebeague, if ever.

The defining characteristic of an island creates the need for independence - physical isolation. It isn't that easy or efficient to participate in mainland government when a body of water intervenes and one depends on the ferry schedule to do what others take for granted.

When municipal and educational circumstances force residents to wonder if there is any future for the island, it becomes clear that we must take matters into our own hands.

It isn't for lack of trying. In their early days as a town (formed in 1821), Cumberland and Chebeague were even more distant, since there were no direct transportation links other than private sailing vessels. Back then, Chebeague was functionally an independent community, though its residents occasionally locked horns with the mainland.

It has only been since the 1956 bulding of the bridge from the mainland to Cousins Island and regular ferry service began between Cousins and Chebeague that students began traveling to the mainland for schooling and more two-way participation in

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

David R. Hill, a small-business consultant, is a year-round resident of Chebeague Island and a volunteer with the Chebeague Island Community Association.

government developed.

Also, the system became more formalized with the creation of Maine School Administrative District 51 (1966) and adoption of the council/manager form of government (1972). Chebeague initially opposed both of these actions.

This form of long-distance representative government has failed. Chebeague and Cumberland may share a charter, but they do not share a community.

Despite repeated attempts by Cumberland and Chebeague to work together, understand each other's needs and function as a unit, it just hasn't worked. The 3 miles of Casco Bay separating the two sections of town is just too great a gulf to span.

While Cumberland's priorities tend to focus on controlling growth within the rapidly growing Portland suburb, Chebeague's priorities deal with the basic survival of a traditional rural island community.

NOT ABOUT TAXES

More than 80 percent of the registered voters of Chebeague signed a petition seeking a meeting with the Town Council to discuss secession. Soon, both communities will vote on the issue.

Practically every petition signer will say that secession is not about taxes. So, what is it about? Three things: fear, survival and independence.

Fear that our school will close. Fear that young people won't be able to find a place to live on Chebeague. Fear that older people can't afford to stay in their homes. Fear that the fishing

community will be forced off the island. Fear that the islands near Chebeague will fall prey to destructive development. Fear that a vibrant working waterfront community will become another Nantucket or Martha's Vineyard.

Those concerns all point to a very strong fear that the community may not survive in its present form. Maine had more than 300 island communities (each with its own school) in 1900. Today, that number has dwindled to 14.

RIGHT TO SURVIVE?

Does a community have a right to demand that it survive? Maybe not. But does it have an obligation to do everything within its power to ensure its survival? The American way would answer, "Most assuredly, yes."

And that leads to independence. When municipal and educational circumstances force residents to wonder if there is any future for the island, it becomes clear that we must take matters into our own hands. Maybe we'll fail, and Chebeague will become the summer resort island of the 2020s. But if we don't try, failure is virtually assured.

What is much more likely is that with self-government will come self-preservation. We'll keep the elementary school open to teach just one pupil, if it comes to that. We'll provide affordable housing. We'll support our fishing community and serve as responsible stewards to the small islands near us. We'll use our tax dollars to ensure our futures.

The time has come for Chebeague Island, with the encouragement and support of the town of Cumberland and the state of Maine, to follow the lead of Thomas Jefferson and "assume the blessings and security of self government."

— Special to the Press Herald

It could be worse – it could be 1970

The past few months have been good to many of us. More time with family, time to indulge hobbies, a chance to reconnect with nature. For others, though, these times have been difficult, if not hell. The challenges have been daunting. Things just haven't been the same. But it could be worse. It could be 1970.

Think of it – no Internet. That means no Zoom meetings, no e-mail, no Facebook, no YouTube, no Netflix, no online gaming, education or banking, no telecommuting, no dating sites. Even job hunting would have to be conducted by U.S. Mail and telephone.

Without Internet, we would have no e-commerce; no Amazon, no Ebay, none of hundreds of other online retailers. In addition, we wouldn't have online versions of traditional vendors, such as Sears, Target, and other bricks-and-mortar stores. In 1970, Walmart was just getting started. One would have to go to an actual store to procure critical supplies.

Even medicine would be different. We wouldn't have online telemedicine and diagnostics. Many pharmaceuticals had yet to be developed. On the plus side, we hadn't yet had to deal with AIDS, SARS, Avian Flu, Swine Flu, MERS, Ebola, or Zika.

Business itself would be different. Remember typewriters, secretaries, business meetings, printed memorandums, fax machines, and business travel? Remember white-out? And reading newspapers actually printed on paper? And without Internet, working from home? Impossible.

Education would be far less productive without the resources provided by the Internet and the ability to search the world's knowledge base. The verb to "google" had not yet been invented.

Safety would be far less important than it is today, as evidenced by the development of seatbelts, airbags, environmental laws, and product safety.

You might have been fortunate and had cable TV in 1970, but satellite TV didn't fully evolve until the 1980s. All of your tele viewing pleasure had to be satisfied by just a few local channels, maybe just one or two (or none) if you lived in a rural area. And if you were fortunate enough to be able to watch TV, your set would be 25 inches or less in diameter, not 55 or 65 inches (or more), like modern televisions. It might even have been in black-and-white, not color.

And then there's TIVO or the more generic DVR (Digital Video Recorder) that frees one from the time constraints of watching TV at a prescribed time. And pay-per-view. And Netflix. Etc. Etc.

There wouldn't be cellular phones. Consequently, there wouldn't be FaceTime, Angry Birds, Mapquest, GPS, your music collection, photographs, or (gasp!) text messages. Of course, with everyone effectively confined to their homes, their soon-to-be-abandoned landlines would suffice.

Taken together, these advances in technology enable us to better cope with the challenges of the pandemic, while reducing the danger associated with interpersonal contact. Plus, we can be thankful that we don't have it as bad as it must have been in the pandemic of 1918!

David R. Hill
October, 2020



Eulogy for my father – June, 1991

Two years ago, our family gathered in this church to celebrate the life and to mourn the passing of my mother, Vera Hill. That memorial service was remarkable in that within a very few days our family assembled from all around the country, bringing songs, poems, and tributes to Mum. I have never been as proud of my family as I was that day.

Today we are assembling again, this time to remember William G. Hill, who went to join his beloved wife last January 28th.

I think Dad would have been pleased with his obituary, which referred to him as "musician, teacher." He would have also been pleased by the references to his Maine background, of which he was especially proud, particularly Chebeague Island. Although our family goes back hundreds of years on Chebeague, and although he was born in Portland and always had a home on Chebeague, Dad was afraid he was considered an "outsider," since he had moved away from Maine when he was in high school and had followed his career away from Chebeague. I remember how pleased he was when I told him that Earle Doughty had referred to him as "one of the last of the original Chebeaguers."

But Dad was a musician almost as long as he was a Chebeaguer. He got his first set of drums during World War I at the age of ten. He made his first public appearance at the old Strand Theater at the age of fourteen. During high school summer vacations, he was playing at dances in New Hampshire, sometimes making as much as two dollars a night. He studied classical music at the New England Conservatory of Music, but found jazz to be more to his liking, so he started playing with the Big Bands in the '30s, working with many of the greats and near-greats. Like any real Chebeaguer, Dad was a story teller and he could go on for hours about his adventures in show business. About how the auto execs in Detroit's heyday would give new Buicks to musicians as tips (Dad wasn't one of them). About how happy the musicians in Boston were when Rudy Vallee decided to seek his fortune in New York. About playing for Presidents and for gangsters. It was an exciting life and Dad enjoyed it, although the traveling and time away from home and family weren't to his liking. So when Ed was old enough to be on his own and I was old enough to travel, he took my mother and me on the road with him. Our home was a Plymouth or a Hudson towing a trailer and carrying a roof rack. I rode in the back seat on top of the bass drum, next to the parakeet cage. We lived in Boston, Syracuse, Buffalo, Washington, Detroit, Los Angeles, Houston, San Antonio and elsewhere for between one and six months at a time. It was a crazy way to grow up, but a great way to get to know your parents.

Dad was a professional in every sense of the word. An accomplished musician, Dad not only played the drums but also piano and vibraphones. Sometimes at family functions we'd goad him into sitting in with the band who, as a rule, detests letting someone play with them. But they soon recognized that Dad was no amateur. In fact, rather than finish the set when Dad was done, the regular drummer would call a break rather than try to follow Dad's act. This happened on more than one occasion.

Dad was a perfectionist who placed high importance on doing things properly. Yet he had the patience to be a good drum instructor and pass along his knowledge, if not his natural talent.

So now he's gone and with him, it seems, an entire age. The cards and letters of condolence we've received over the past few months have been overwhelming in both their number and sentiment. Blanchard Bates said Dad was "the exemplar of gracious friendship." I believe that to be true. I am very fortunate in that my father was one of my best friends.

Another thought expressed by several people was that Chebeague is a common bond for families and friends, something we all have and always will have. Dad was a part of Chebeague and for his family and friends he will always be a part of Chebeague. We will remember him and we will miss him. But most of all, we'll be thankful that he touched our lives as he did.

David R. Hill
June, 1991



Portland Press Herald editorial – February, 1991

It was late January. The Gulf War was raging one-sidedly and the New York Giants had just defeated the Buffalo Bills in football's most exciting Super Bowl. The United States was preparing to mark the fifth anniversary of the Challenger shuttle disaster, and in Yarmouth, Maine an old man was drawing his last, labored breaths. His life had been a good and full one, although he perhaps had smoked a few too many Pall Malls during his eighty-one years on earth. But this isn't about my father or his life, or about the dangers of tobacco. This is about a death in the family.

Shortly after three o'clock that morning, light snow began to fall. My father loved snow, and I believe the flurries were coming for him. When the flurries left about fifteen minutes later, my father had gone with them. Now begin the difficult times, I thought, telling the relatives, making the arrangements, and dealing with the personal grief.

I have a theory which may or may not be valid, which others with different experiences may dispute. It is my belief that when there is a death in the family, it doesn't matter whether that death was sudden and totally unexpected, or long and drawn out: The grief is equally profound and debilitating. Granted, the initial shock of a sudden death is more severe, but after that stage is passed I believe the experiences become comparable and equally difficult. No amount of planning or self-preparation can adequately equip a person to deal with death as they wish they could deal with death.

I had read about the terrible things that happen to the families of recently departed people, from cavalier treatment by bureaucracy to outright exploitation by funeral homes. Thank goodness that isn't the case in Maine, or at least with the people with whom we dealt. The local police were very helpful and the funeral home was prompt and professional in discharging their very early morning responsibilities. The most welcome surprise came later in the day when the funeral director was most accommodating in fulfilling our needs. He wasn't in the least aggressive about providing products or services which we considered to be unnecessary. In fact, after informing me that the plain wooden box for my father's ashes (or "cremains," as they're known) was no longer available, the funeral director was very content to let me make my own.

Such practical assistance is certainly helpful, but the truly valuable support came from relatives, friends, co-workers, neighbors, and acquaintances. Their kind words were, I believe, genuine and unique to an area of the country that still values personal relations. A business acquaintance I had met only once before expressed his condolences on my father's death. He had seen the notice in the newspaper and had linked my father to me. Somehow I don't think that happens very often in New Jersey.

I think this is due to the small community, small city, small state environment in which we are lucky to find ourselves. Having been sensitized by my father's passing preceded two years ago by my mother, I have been observing the way in which the rites of death are observed in Maine. Even the newspaper, with its featured lead obituary, contributes to the personal sense of the event. A person's passing is not seen as another statistic, when the funeral is to be and

where to send the flowers. As a side note, I believe that all obituaries should be handled in this manner. It seems unfair to single out one person a day for this honor. If this is impractical, then the practice should be dropped altogether, but that would be a step backward.

At my father's funeral, I met people who had never even known him. They were his new neighbors and although they hadn't the opportunity to meet him due to his prolonged illness, they wanted to pay their respects anyway. That is a testament not to my father, but to the people who continue to display social grace in a society that some believe to be crumbling.

People recognize that death is a necessary part of life. If they do not, harsh reality will soon teach them otherwise. It is comforting to know that people also realize that they possess the power to help people through difficult times and have the compassion to do so.

David R. Hill
February, 1991



Mother Sells a Car

Kim Boehm graciously serves to rid the Island of junk cars, much to the appreciation of all on Chebeague. I was reminded of an earlier day, when we had what was affectionately known as “the dump.” In addition to household trash, bottles, cans and all other forms of rubbish imaginable, this is where old cars went when they died. And it was where the owners of cars that were still running would come to find parts to keep ‘em rolling.



Sometime around 1958, my mother, Vera Hill, wanted to sell a care we’d inherited from my grandfather, Billy Hill. If I recall correctly, it was a 1951 Hillman-Minx. It had a leather interior, ran well, and it had little turn signal arms that would pop out of the columns between the front and rear doors. Kind of neat. My mother asked \$100 for the car, which was a fair price. She put up signs around the Island and waited for prospective buyers.

But they didn’t come and it didn’t sell. I’m pretty sure she didn’t receive any inquiries at all. So she decided to put it on the dump. But once she got it to the dump, she took out the battery and took off the wheels. After all, they still had some life left to them.

It wasn’t more than two hours before the phone rang (ring two) with somebody on the line who wanted to know how much my mother wanted for the tires and battery. “Why, I guess you could have those for \$100,” replied my mother. “Done,” said the caller.

Of course, by then the vultures had descended upon the old Hillman-Minx and parts had already disappeared and some damage done. But that was OK...the proud new owner had a “free” car!

Kay-Kay at the helm



The Tale of the Jolly White Giant

There are many traditions on Chebeague that enjoy varying degrees of acceptance and celebration. Tales of outhouse-tipping and cows on the roofs of fishhouses have evolved to adventures involving devil's fiddles (using only the best Aunt Lydia's thread, of course) and several carbide and black powder cannons.

But one tradition has its roots in the 1960s and involves three bored teenagers inspired by the ghosts of Andrew Dickson White and Ezra Cornell. It seems that tradition has it that if a virgin were to cross the Cornell University quadrangle at midnight, the statues of the college's two founding fathers would walk across the quad and shake hands. To commemorate this event, footprints have magically appeared on the central pathway between the statues on the quad, marking the passage of the bronze apparitions.

One summer night, our three teen miscreants were discussing this phenomenon while listening to the Kingsmen belt out their latest hit, The Jolly Green Giant. One thing led to another, and pretty soon the idea of a visit from a large-footed creature was born. He would land at the Stone Wharf and take a leisurely stroll to the Lobster Pot, the teen hangout and snack bar next to Doughty's Market.

A four-toed footprint template was fashioned, brushes and paint were procured, and the project began. Since only white paint was available (actually, it was requisitioned without authority), the creature assumed a "white" identity. The first footprint went on the float next to Smitty's Polly Lin II. Remnants of the second footprint may still be seen on one of the granite blocks of the Stone Wharf near where the telephone booth used to be. The tracks then proceeded up the road from the wharf.

Concerns for the amount of paint being consumed, combined with the effort involved in applying the paint to the road led to two decisions: First, the stride of the visitor would be lengthened (thus leading to his gigantic proportions) and, second, a shortcut would be taken across the golf course exiting by the tennis courts. Certainly, a giant couldn't leave footprints on the fairways, but he could (and did) leave a mark (still partially visible) on the flat rock near the cemetery.

The teen trio was riding in a flat gray 1953 Rambler with a British green racing stripe. Largely constructed from recycled Campbell's soup cans, this "car" sported multiple horns and carried the name "The Outer Limit" on its rear fenders. The boys carefully and quietly parked near Earle Doughty's store to complete their mission.

When they returned to the car, they were surprised to find a small stick figure sitting on the windshield. What was this, voodoo? Actually, it was a clear message that they had been seen and identified. But Earle never admitted any knowledge of this incident and, to the best of my knowledge, he never revealed the identities of the midnight artists.

So who were these mis-guided youths, shamelessly defacing public property? It would be inappropriate to divulge names, but one is a prominent local auto repair specialist, one went on

to become the chief of police in Lewiston before entering state government, and the third eventually chaired the new Town of Chebeague Island's Board of Selectmen. And who says vandals can't succeed in life? Thank goodness for the statute of limitations.

Since that warm summer night in 1965, several generations of road artists have given us turkey tracks, bird tracks, alien footprints, bear tracks, lobster claws and the Y2K stars. The visitor continues to walk up the road from the Stone Wharf, but nowadays he/she/it heads up the hill to the Chebeague Inn, presumably to slake a thirst that has been building for decades. But it all started with the Jolly (ho, ho, ho) White Giant.

Evie appreciating fine art



Logbook of the “Betty Kay”

Saturday, August 16, 2003

David and Katherine Hill left Chebeague Island at 0915 in stiff SW breeze. Quite rough out to Eagle Island, rougher with following seas to Cape Small. Engine stalled near Seguin Island. Sailboat with skipper fishing from stern was headed right at us, untended. Got engine started again and avoided collision. Cause of stalling unknown – could have been boat backsliding on a wave. Reached mouth of Kennebec River to find the water much calmer. Proceeded up Kennebec past beautiful houses and boats. Passed Fort Popham and Popham Beach. Rounded bend in river to see large Bath Iron Works facility. Very impressive. Tied up at Maine Maritime Museum at 1030. Spent two hours at the museum. Left at 1245. Headed up Sasanoa River through Hockomock Bay and Hell’s Gate up to Wiscasset. Arrived at 1415. Went across to Eddy’s Marina a bought 18.4 gallons of gas for \$36.80. Tied up at Wiscasset Town Landing at 1430. Walked up to Nick’s Pizza shop and got steak sandwiches. Visited CEI office, used facilities, checked movie listings and picked up Tyrell’s car, which we took back to the landing. Rested and napped in the afternoon. Severe thunderstorm struck around 1700, but we were well-sheltered in the boat, though the forward hatch leaked some, as did the gap between the top and the side curtains. The rain was torrential. Emerged around 1800 and went to the movies in Brunswick, Seabiscuit, which we both enjoyed very much. Had dinner and hot fudge sundaes at Friendly’s after the movie. Returned to the boat and put lights out at 2330.

Sunday, August 17, 2003

Rose at 0545. Used facilities at CEI and returned Tyrell’s car. Left Wiscasset at 0615, heading across the harbor to the Sheepscot River in patchy fog. Went down Sheepscot in low-lying fog that reduced visibility to between 1/4 and one mile. Not much better from mouth of river. Picked our way along coast heading into small rollers and light headwinds past Sequin to Cape Small. Steered WSW by compass from there back to Casco Bay. Sighted a couple of whales. Went into Muscongus Bay by mistake, but worked our way back out to Little Mark Island and then in past Eagle to hebeague. Tied up at the mooring at 0830. A very enjoyable voyage.

Bands I have seen

Animals	Hot Nuts	Searchers
B. B. King	Ian and Sylvia	Sheryl Crow
Bachman-Turner Overdrive	Incredible String Band	Siegal-Schwall Blues Band
Barbarians	Jackson Browne	Simon & Garfunkel (twice)
Barenaked Ladies	James Gang	Sister Hazel
Beatles	Janis Joplin (twice)	Sly and the Family Stone
Bo Diddley	Jay and the Techniques	Smokey and the Miracles
Bob Dylan	Jimi Hendrix (twice)	Soul Decision
Boston	John Denver	Spencer Davis Group
Canned Heat (twice)	Jorma Kaukonen (Jefferson Airplane)	Stephen Stills
Chad & Jeremy	Link Wray and the Wraymen	Steppenwolf
Cheap Trick	Martha and the Vandellas	Temptations (had tickets, couldn't go due to illness)
The Corrs	Peter and Gordon	The Band
Count Basie	Peter, Paul and Mary (twice)	Third Eye Blind
Dave Brubeck	Phish	Tom Rush
Dave Matthews Band	Procol Harum	Trashmen
Dave Clark Five	Rascals	Willy Nelson
Dido	REM	Wilmer and the Dukes (dozens of times)
Donovan	Rolling Stones (six times)	Zombies
Fats Domino	Samantha Mumba	Nancy saw ZZ Top without me
Four Seasons		
Fugs		



Partying with The Animals (*House of the Rising Sun, We Gotta Get Out of this Place, Don't Let Me Be Misunderstood, It's My Life*). Left to right, yours truly, Eric Burdon, Edmund Doughty, me again, Chas Chandler, Edmund, and Alan Price at the Old Port Tavern after their Portland concert in 1983. Me with glasses, hair, and a 'stache.