



Our Light Shines On!

Newsletter of PIONEER FAMILIES ASSOCIATION

Vol. IV No. III Spring 2004

REUNION 2004! JULY 17,18, 2004

5TH MAINE, PEAKS ISLAND, MAINE

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REUNION 2004! July 17,18 5th Maine Museum

***Bailey Island Cruise - July 17, 10am from Casco Bay Lines - ask for PFA group Rate\$16.00 optional lunch at Bailey Island restaurant**

***Schooner Fare Concert - July 17, 7:30 PM, TEIA Peaks Is., order tickets from Stephanie Castle, 49 Edwards St., Peaks Island, Me. 04108 Sealights99@aol.com, adults \$18.00, seniors \$16.00, ask to be part of PFA reserved table**

***Reunion Meeting at 5th Maine Sat. July 18th 9AM-4/5PM Come early stay late!!**

***Tours of Peaks Island will be available at 5th Maine - contact Marissa at 5th Maine**

***Please let us know if you will be needing transportation to and from 5th Maine**

Luna Sole Creative Party Planning - PFA Reunion Menu Sun. July 18th, 2004

Continental Breakfast

Cold Cereals, Milk
Fresh Muffins, Cinnamon Rolls, Bagels
Egg Casserole w. sausage, onions, mush.
Juice - Apple, Orange

Breakfast - Adult \$15.00, Child \$8.00

Lunch

Potato Salad, Cole Slaw
Ham & Swiss or
Smoked Turkey & Cheese Sandwich
Hot Dog/Hamburger
asst. cookies, brownies, watermelon
soda, punch

**Lunch - Adult \$20.00, Child \$10.00
w. steamed lobster \$30.00**

I plan to arrive at Peaks about _____ I will need transportation to 5th Maine _____

I am enclosing payment for the following meals _____

I am enclosing payment for 2005-2006 membership/ newsletter \$20.00 _____

I plan to go on Bailey Island Cruise July 17th _____

I plan on attending Schooner Fare Concert July 17th _____

I will contact Stephanie Castle -address above -

I am interested in purchasing a PFA T-Shirt _____ Sweatshirt _____ Tote bag _____

PLEASE REPLY TO: ANNE STERLING by July 1

29 Orchard St., Salem, Mass. 01970
1-800-772-6627 x 37 work
1-978-590-4893 cell
e-mail leafpeeper@aol.com

Anne will especially need to know your meal plans, which must be ordered & paid in advance

History of PIONEER FAMILIES ASSOCIATION

by

Editha Nelson

PIONEER FAMILIES ASSOCIATION was founded in 1990 with Jessica Parks as the spark plug and driving force that glued us together. The purpose of the organization is encompassed in the statement from Christian Metz:

Behold the work of the Old...
Let your Heritage not be lost,
But bequeath it as a Memory, Treasure and Blessing
Gather the lost and the hidden
And preserve it for thy children. Christian Metz, 1846

Founding members came from the families of Brackett, Clark, Cleeve, Grave, Greely, Preble, Price, Randall, Reed, Skillings, Sterling, Trefethen & Trott. Like waves in the ocean, others have joined us since. At this point, I don't know that we could really name all the families that trace their heritage here, but all are welcome.

In 1991, approx. 100 people attended the first PFA Reunion. At that time, Reed Park, Trefethen Cemetery and Brackett Cemetery were rededicated with stone tablets. The group has since cleaned up these cemeteries including extensive gravestone cleaning and some restoration. Plats for Pond Grove, Brackett and Trefethen Cemeteries on Peaks Island and Monhegan Cemetery on Monhegan Island have been completed. These plats have been used extensively for research by the Founding Families and others. A Commemorative Memorial Stone was placed on Peaks Island in memory of Michael Mitton, who once owned Peaks Island in the 1600's. Over twenty of the family groups took it upon themselves to create a most beautiful quilt depicting some aspect of these families. It now rests with the Maine Historical Society, but is shown every summer in the Pioneer Families Museum Room at the Fifth Maine Regiment Museum on Peaks Island. Sometime during our growth, Fifth Maine took us under their wing and has been most cooperative and generous. Since so many of the PFA families descend from George Cleeve, we have joined with the George Cleeve Assoc. in projects in Portland. We worked on the naming of the new Portland-South Portland Bridge but were unsuccessful in getting it named after George Cleeve. However, we were successful in the dedication of a park in South Portland, site of one of the original homesteads. One of our members donated a beautiful statue of George Cleeve and he now stands in bronze, on the Portland waterfront proudly overlooking his domain.

Oh, how it has changed over time! During this time, PFA has been thrilled with the participation of so many people who are interested in their endeavors. Such contributions include: A young lady selflessly planted flowers each year at Reed Park, making it look cared for and beautiful. The City of Portland donated benches and a trellis for Reed Park and maintenance care for the park and cemeteries. Many folks have been generous in their help of genealogical information, even when not directly connected to our families. PIONEER FAMILIES ASSOC. has been growing strong and healthy and is performing many services for society.

OUR LIGHT SHINES ON!!!

Trefethen Family Cemetery, Peaks Island

In keeping with the Pioneer Family Association's last effort in restoring the stone monuments of the Brackett Cemetery. We are asking for donations for the restoration of the stones in the Trefethen Family Cemetery. Several of the stones are tipping and at least one has fallen over, and others are close to falling. This cemetery is the resting place of Jessie B Trefethen as well as other Trefethen and Parks, loved and missed, family members. The work to be done and the fees from Richardson Monument Co, who did the Brackett Cemetery work, includes the following:

5 new foundations	\$712.80	6 resealing monuments	\$150.00
24 cleaning monuments	\$720.00	Ferry fees to the island - trucks	
Total	\$1732.80		

We would like to have the work completed for the Pioneer Family Reunion in July of 2004. Kim MacIsaac has graciously agreed to be our collection agent and disperser of funds for this project as she has done for previous cemetery projects. **Please make checks payable to "Fifth Maine"/Trefethen Cemetery Funds. Send to:** Fifth Maine Regiment, PO Box 41, Peaks Island ME 04108. Any donations received over the actual costs will remain in the PFA account for future projects. As the Fifth Maine is a nonprofit organization all donations are fully tax deductible. Thank you for your help in this important project.

Jane and David Adams

Cumberland Cemetery Project

As many of you know, I am a Greely. My family is originally from England and Salisbury, Mass., and finally the North Yarmouth, Cumberland, Portland areas. As an only child, I always thought that I had no cousins! Recently, I was especially excited to have found a cousin after searching for many years! Two years ago, 2002, I met for the first time, my mother's cousin, Carleton D. Greely in Portland. I had previously known his aunts, Isabel & Marion. It was Marion who managed Merino Yarn Shop on upper Congress St. with my mother, Alberta, in the '20's- '30's. Our relative, Eliphalet Greely was a clipper ship captain in his early years and later President of Casco Bank & Trust as well as a banking commissioner for the State of Maine. He later became a six term mayor of Portland in the mid 1800's. Eliphalet and his wife were childless. His will stipulated money for the founding of Greely Institute in Cumberland and for City Hospital in Portland. Greely Institute was built in 1868. Recently, it underwent a renovation, and in keeping with the heritage of the building, the town chose to preserve the old building and build a new complex around it. It is now known as Greely High School & Greely Middle School. The middle school occupies the original old building. The two schools are surrounded by many acres of sports complex, in keeping with the town's commitment to inter league sports. In 2002, my daughter, Linda, her children, Michael, Kayla and I visited the area. We visited Moss Side Cemetery where my Greely family is buried. Greely Institute and the older cemetery are on the corner of Maine Rte 9 and Tuttle Rd in the center of town. We noticed the general disrepair of this cemetery and to the Greely monument and stone. Recently, we were notified that, after much effort, Richard Storey, President of the Cumberland Historical Society has negotiated for restoration of the entire cemetery with funding coming from the town of Cumberland. We are delighted that they are choosing to do this in honor of their forbears! Many thanks go to my cousin, Carleton for his efforts in this project. Donations will be accepted by the town of Cumberland. It has been suggested that volunteers might be interested in assisting in painting the iron fence much like an old-fashioned barn raising. It is my desire to take part in this!

Norma Greely Blanchard Hallisey

PEAKS ISLAND MEMORIES: PUNTS

I grew up assuming that summers on Peaks were incomplete without access to a punt. Until we owned one of our own, we had a standing offer from the Greeleys to borrow theirs. Dad would promise us a morning's outing in the Greeley's punt only under exacting conditions: the day must be warm, bright, completely calm and windless. I remember waking up early on sunny days to gaze outside from my cot on our screened back porch, to check the tops of the Spruce trees to see if they were swaying in the wind. I knew Dad would say no boating even in the slightest breeze.

Then a day would arrive, oh joy, when Dad agreed that the conditions were satisfactory (and he in the mood no doubt) to borrow the Greeley's punt. Bob and I (Web was still too small) would accompany Dad on the short walk from our bungalow in the woods to the Greeley house to pick up their oars. The Greeleys lived across the road from the Trefethen homestead, next to Miss Mitchell's and two houses north of Cousin Mary Wheeler's place. We always entered the Greeley's through the back door, off Pleasant Avenue. I thought it curious that from Pleasant Avenue their house looked small, while from the front on Island Avenue it seemed much larger with its commanding view of Trefethen Landing and the bay. I especially remember their chow dog, as well as Mr. Greeley dressed in his policeman's uniform. They always greeted us warmly.

The Greeley's punt, along with a number of others, was moored off Trefethen Landing with a pulley arrangement and a float held in place by an anchor secured in the mud-flat bottom, about 20 feet out from the landing. We'd pull the punt in, climb down the crude ladder, untie the ropes, and be on our way. Sometimes Dad rowed us to the East shore of Great Diamond by the firebreak separating Fort McKinley from the rest of Great Diamond. The water there was fairly deep, and both cunners and Pollack were easily caught on a tide flowing in through Hussey Sound. Another favorite place with good fishing was the ocean side of Pumpkin Knob, just far enough away from the rocks to keep us out of the surf. And a fishing trip to Pumpkin Knob always included a row all the way around the tiny island with its abandoned house that invited images of everything from ghosts to romance. Whatever our destination, Dad was intent on instructing Bob and me about the many dos and don'ts of puntmanship, such as NEVER stand up straight (you'll fall overboard) and ALWAYS feather your oars after each stroke (you'll go faster with less effort). That's advice I've never forgotten.

At some point in the mid-thirties, Dad agreed that we should have a punt of our own. He engaged Cousin Henry Trefethen, the island iceman, to build us a punt during the following winter. The price was \$20. It was gracefully shaped, widest at the center with safe, high sides and a flat bottom. Both the bow and stern floated higher than the center. The bow came to a point and the stern was tapered with a blunt end, two or three feet across. We named it the Pebble and painted in pea green. Each summer, we moored it to Trefethen Landing, where it rose and fell with the tides in the company of a half-dozen or so other punts. We loved that punt and the opportunities it provided.

From then on through the summer of '41, that punt became part of our lives on the island. Soon we were old and skilled enough to venture out without Dad. Separately and with friends we returned again and again to fish in the same spots we had known earlier. We explored. We rowed to Fort Gorges or to House Island, where we wandered around Fort Scammel -- sometimes to both on the same day. We circled Great Diamond by passing over the sand bar at high tide. Long Island was out of reach because crossing Hussey Sound Island was forbidden. (We obeyed, although I can remember fighting the temptation.) Once some of us headed to Cushing's Island, beached the punt, and walked around to satisfy our curiosity about that very private island. The few residents whom we encountered gave us dirty looks without speaking. Feeling totally unwelcome, we cut short our mission. That punt even put up with abuse. I remember several times when we were swimming off Trefethen, a few of us tried our best to sink the

Pebble. It was possible to swamp it completely, but it simply refused to stop floating. An unyielding, seaworthy craft. Bailing the punt out afterward was a long chore -- our punishment.

One time we arrived at the landing to find our mooring empty. No punt. Gone. We were afraid that the Pebble had vanished for good. Dad reported it missing, hoping by some miracle it would return, like a lost pet. But a short time after that, we were awakened in the middle of the night by a man shouting near our cottage. "We've recovered your punt," he hollered. Yes, that pea green punt of ours had been located drifting down the bay. Everyone concluded that some soldier(s) stationed at Fort McKinley had been on Peaks until late that night, and needing transportation back to post, borrowed the Pebble for passage, and then let it float away with the tide. That had happened before.

During the Fall, Winter and Spring the Pebble rested under the Trefethen-Evergreen Club House. Following the summer of '41, it remained stored there until after the war, a period when we could not come to the island. By the Summer of 1946, my brothers and I could only spend short vacations on Peaks, so Dad and Mother gave the Pebble to Uncle Bob and Aunt Hazel, who moored it in front of their cottage on Oak Lawn for Aunt Hazel's son John and his family to enjoy.

Sometime in the fifties, the Pebble became ours again since John's family no longer used it. For ten years or so, Pete and I and our three kids fished and explored with the Pebble whenever we came to Peaks -- at a price, however. It became our responsibility to take the punt out of storage and put it back during our two or three week stays. Typically, soon after we arrived on the island, we'd retrieve the punt from under the club house and with the help of logs to roll it on, set it upside down on the beach, and spent several days caulking and repainting the flat bottom. At last we'd launch the punt and locate a suitable spot to moor it, for by that time a heavy storm had destroyed Trefethen Landing. Then we'd have a week or so for exploring the forts and other islands and fishing in our favorite places, doing all the wonderful things I'd done in my childhood. Too soon the day would come when we had to haul the Pebble in and put it back to bed.

Our trusty punt met an end it didn't deserve. For several years our vacations on the island were too brief to prepare it for launching, forsaken, it spent its final days imprisoned on dry land, slowly deteriorating under the club house. The last time we looked, our Pebble had disappeared.

Last Minute Addition! *An informal gathering will be held on Saturday, July 17th at the George Cleeve statue on the Portland Waterfront overlooking the beautiful Casco Bay! We will gather after the Bailey Island Cruise returns about 3 PM for fun and fellowship with friends and family. Please feel free to join us if you can.*