

History Builds Community

Jack Russell

As presented at the Acadia Senior College
Food for Thought gathering on January 28, 2011



Courtesy of the Seal Harbor Library

History builds community. This is a timely theme for our island. Throughout this new year, all of us here in this wonderful place can explore and celebrate, together, the many ways in which history builds community.

As those who drive through Somesville know, permanent colonial settlement on this island dates from 1761. In the autumn of that year, Abraham Somes sailed Down East from Gloucester and up the eight-mile narrows he called the River, anchored in what would become Somes Harbor, dug a root cellar, built a simple pitch, and went home for the winter. The following June, he returned for good with his wife Hannah, their four daughters Hannah, Patty, Lucy, and Prudence—and, perhaps, a brace of oxen, a cow, and one or two sheep, all in that famous Chebacco boat of thirty-three feet!

In 2011, we will honor the anniversary of Abraham's rough homestead by celebrating the *full* 250 years of history lived since then on Mount Desert and the surrounding islands. Under the banner of *Celebrate!250*—initially unfurled by the Mount Desert Island Historical Society—scores

of island organizations, cooperating as peers, will offer a diverse, year long, islands-wide celebration of what we have been, done, and become in these 250 years. The partners in *Celebrate!250* include our historical societies, our libraries, our museums, the labs, our schools, many businesses, College of the Atlantic, the towns—and, I say with a member's pride, our own Acadia Senior College. Many gathered at the high school two weeks ago for a fine chowder supper and kickoff. Stay tuned for more. And get ready to revel in sharing history, because a core conviction of *Celebrate!250* is that knowing our history helps bind us as a community.

History builds community. These three words capture how civilization has developed ever since we mastered language and learned to create stories to carry our past. Understanding who we have been, and how we became who we are, can shape our vision of who we should become. Today, I will speak of six ways in which “history builds community” on Mount Desert Island.

Community through Honest Witness

We cannot celebrate the last 250 years of island settlement by people of European descent without first honoring the ten thousand-year history of the People of the Dawn in what became Maine, their at least three thousand history here on Pemetac, and their continuing presence among us as a cultural force. Whatever our personal provenance, most of us on this island are participants in the broad culture that, during the last five hundred years, confronted, dispossessed, and marginalized the Wabanaki. It is good that we come to terms with that history and our relation to the extraordinary revival of Wabanaki nationhood, a renaissance that now invites us to consider our past and future, together with the tribes. Those who acknowledge this history and embrace the invitation become a community through honest witness.

Envision the arrival of the first peoples to live in what would become Acadia. Their long journey down to the shores of the water brought the time when human eyes first beheld these mountains as a new world. Dawnland People came here before any humans, anywhere on earth, turned soil to plant seeds or scratched a language to written form. When they first moved through these valleys, all humans everywhere were hunter-gatherers. In the millennia to come, Wabanaki lifeways evolved through the same passages made by most others in the wider human community.

At the dawn of the seventeenth century, as wind-blown European explorers of the Atlantic first cruised this coast, two civilizations engaged, one ancient in this land, the other adventurers here to prospect and proselytize. Knowing the long struggle and ultimate tragedy to come, we should also remember that native and voyager did meet at times with mutual respect.¹ In Champlain's first passage along this coast, in 1604, when he named our island, his Etchemin guides and good instincts opened promising relations with the Wabanaki sagamore Bessabez during their meeting at the confluence of the Penobscot and Kenduskeag. Four years later, other French built trust with Chief Asticou, leader of the Penobscot in this island domain.

But our honest witness must always face, without illusion, the course of the five hundred years since the Wabanaki peoples first encountered Europeans here. That fateful contact drew the Wabanaki tribes and all native peoples of the East into a long contest for dominion that was driven to resolution by germs, guns, trade, changes in the land, and—so believed the Protestant elect—a righteous God who blessed their rise to domination. In the end, British swords cut open the way Down East; we need but listen to Abraham Somes. "I was requested . . . to procure as many settlers as I could to go with me to settle the land. I accordingly came down immediately after the War was over and peace ratified between Great Britain and the French and Indians—so that I could be safe in moving into the Wilderness."²

As we trace the Wabanaki threads in the fabric of our region during the last 250 years, we know our share of sadness and shame, but we can also affirm the extraordinary cultural revival achieved by the tribes in our time—and we can sustain institutions, such as the Abbe Museum, that support their revival. Our community in honest witness can continue.

Community from True Grit

Knowing that more than a century of dispossessing violence brought the first settlers to these shores should not diminish our respect for those who pioneered settlement here. Their true grit rooted community on our island.

Consider Abraham Somes. For nearly sixty years, this driven, indomitable patriarch shaped island life as no other force. I imagine him that first fall, in 1761, at sundown above the small harbor at the head of the Sound. Weary

from long hours of digging and hewing, about to slumber on cooling ground, did he pause after his supper, watch the last light leave land and water, and envision what this place might become as the bride of his will?

Feeling that family is the core of community, we must ask where stern Abraham was two decades later, when little Lucy, now a woman of twenty and great with child, became the bride of Nicholas Thomas “in the presence of God and Angels” but not her father? Did he banish her to Eden and turn his back forever on his third-born?

But can we find some sympathy for this hard man when, late in his long life, like so many on this island at the time, he faced a legal challenge, by proprietors from away, to his ownership of the land on which he had built his legacy? Justice would prevail in this contest between papers in the hands of Boston lawyers and perseverance by his hands through half a century. Let us hope that hard old Abraham knew vindication.³

Think of Freelope Bartlett, matriarch of the island that would later bear her name—though it was Hog Island when she arrived with her husband Christopher and their two sons in 1762 or 1763. Few facts remain from her hard life—not even the date of her death. But we do know that she raised five sons and four daughters to adulthood and so gave life to the fifteen families, one hundred souls in all, who would live on Bartlett’s island by 1850.⁴ Her pioneer life required that she make food, shelter, and clothing from her immediate world through seasons of constant labor, help from older children, a bit of barter with others who came to these remote islands, a rare cash purchase when they could and, we may hope, gifts brought home from Christopher’s voyages.

We perhaps know enough to imagine her on an April evening in her first decade on the island. Having fed the children, she comes out to bring in water for the night. With Christopher at sea far beyond the gulf, she has been alone for weeks. She pauses in her duty to look up, for a moment of wonder and comfort, to the same shimmering stars we behold today. As a mother, she might think then of her children, and her children’s children, and the lives they would make on these islands. As Freelope Bartlett may have reached forward toward us, so we may reach back, in community, to her grit and grace.

I offer one more story of pioneer true grit—brought to my attention by my good friend Tim Garrity. We honor John Bunker, kin to those for

whom the famous battle hill in Boston is named. John was part of an extended family—a father, four brothers, and two sisters—who came to Mount Desert Island before the Revolutionary War. When the privations of war drained the provisions of the pioneers, John Bunker, known already as “Cap’en Jack,” must have felt their pain in full. A man of action, he and a companion paddled their canoe one hundred miles up the coast to Wiscasset, where several British ships were at anchor. Cap’en Jack found the poorly guarded provision ship that was his object, cut her out, and sailed her down east to home where, at Southwest Harbor, he unloaded food enough for all the island. Community built by Daring Do.⁵

Community from Sacrifice

One hundred and fifty years after Sumter, let us be sure to honor community made through the sacrifice of those Civil War years. I confess that for much of my life I thought of the Civil War in the distanced way that Robert Lowell captures in “For the Union Dead”:

*On a thousand small town New England greens
the old white churches hold their air
of sparse, sincere rebellion; frayed flags
quilt the graveyards of the Grand Army of the Republic.*

*The stone statues of the abstract Union Soldier
grow slimmer and younger each year—
wasp-waisted, they doze over muskets
and muse through their sideburns . . .*

No longer. As a less ignorant historian, those fateful years live for me now. I try to imagine that time of fear and sacrifice on fields far south and at hearths here at home. When Rebel cannon brought the war, there were, on this island, twenty-two schools, several churches, many villages, four towns, and well more than four thousand people. The Civil War changed their lives forever.

More than 350 island men went to war—some of the fifty thousand Mainers who served. Nearly one in five of them—nine thousand in all—would die.⁶ As soldiers and families learned the magnitude of the carnage, a people at war became a republic of suffering.⁷ Reading letters sent from war front and home front, one can feel the fear behind the brave



Augustus Chase Savage (1832-1911) served in the Civil War (U.S. Navy) 1863-65. The Savage families of MDI are his direct descendants.

Courtesy of Rick Savage

banter. James Parker of Somesville writes to his sister Letitia from Washington in August 1862, “The Rebs are near us. They have taken Manassus. We could hear the guns.” And, twenty-one months later, on May 12, 1864, from Maryland, “I presume before a week we shall be where the cold lead flies around careless.” A month later, he fell at Petersburg, with more than two hundred others from his regiment, on a single day.

Letters from home to husbands, fathers, sons, and brothers show strong women who faced the realities of wartime without illusion. Emily Manchester Savage of Mount Desert writes to her husband Augustus in the fall of 1864: “You know Tylor Robinson, Daniel’s son, he has been gone to the war over two years and his wife had a baby this summer.

He has not been home but I suppose he must have sent it in a letter.”⁸

Time healed; forgiveness brought reunion. By 1897, when the Civil War Memorial was dedicated in Eden (now Bar Harbor), the Honorable Luere Babson Deasy could say that the granite monument:

shall also speak, and in the concerted voice of all the heroic dead that it commemorates it shall say, that war is not a nation’s true history—that a nation’s true history is those homely pursuits of peace which were Grant’s first thoughts at Appomattox—the spring plowing, the autumn harvesting, the school, the church, the home, the fireside, and all those conditions making for human progress and human happiness that exist where Peace dwells with Honor.⁹

It is for us, the living—and especially this year—to honor the lives of those for whom weathered medallions at gravesites witness service in the Grand Army of the Republic. I so honor one here: John M. Gilley—great-grandson of Cap’en Jack Bunker. Born in 1819 on this Island, he became a joiner, a shipwright, and farmed for his family. He married Mary Gott, but at twenty-five lost her, and their infant son, in childbirth. After a respectful period of

mourning, he married Lorinda Bartlett, a great-granddaughter of Freeloove.

Forty-two in 1861, he misrepresented his age as thirty-five to muster into the First Maine Cavalry. He re-enlisted at the end of 1863, in his forty-fourth year. In May of 1864, in a skirmish after the Second Battle of the Wilderness, he was wounded, taken prisoner, and died. Unknown arms sent his earthly remains homeward on a long journey to the arms of his family. Like that of Lincoln less than a year later, his coffin journeyed night and day across the states of a grieving but still-living republic. He had fallen in the Wilderness, but the union for which he gave his last full measure of devotion had not perished from the earth.

His families laid him to rest up on Beech Hill with Mary Gott and their infant son. They are there still, in the Wasgatt Cemetery, under the shelter of maples and pines and the care of the living. Each May, near the anniversary of his death, when the spring sun arcs high to warm the land and bud branches back to life, a lily is placed beside his GAR medallion. John Gilley died to make men free. Through his sacrifice, community.

Intermezzo on Class

Community on Mount Desert Island became more complicated following the Civil War. There were, of course, distinctions of wealth and status among those on the young island John Gilley knew. During the first century, however, hard-working equals made our communities. In the fifty years following the Civil War, as the island became a redoubt for the rich, the people of this place had to puzzle out new relations.

A rising stream of Rusticators flowed from island homesteads to new hotels. In time, the wealthiest had grand cottages constructed along the shores of Eden and other island harbors. Skilled labor was needed to build and tend the cottage castles. Hands were hired to wash, iron, polish, and serve. Robust Gilded Age appetites fed a growing summer market for luxury goods. Some island men turned from the sea to support the summer colonies. Young people came here from coastal villages and family farms that no longer had a place for them. Most of their stories are now lost beyond recovery, but we can still understand the changes in island life that they lived and witnessed. In 1897, when Luere Babson Deasy honored the union dead, the community to whom he spoke was far different from the one defended three decades before by the men he commemorated.¹⁰

Let us respect those whose labor built the summer colonies by owning that class complicates community. In their world, as in ours, as individual wealth surpassed commonwealth, divisions were drawn in daily life. After the Gilded Age, as we added two laboratories, a college, and a retirement community that is its own magnet, the class character of our island became even more



“Teakettle” Party, 1902. *Courtesy of the Northeast Harbor Library, Mary C. Wheelwright Collection*

complex. Drive from the Cape Road to Peabody Drive with open eyes. And yet, somehow, we sustain community across class divides. We are still at it.

Community from Courage

Common courage in the face of danger deepens community. My own first memories are of such a time—in 1947, when I was four. Our parents had divorced that September, leaving my mother as the single parent of four young children. Then came the fire. I hold a child’s fragments of memory from that week: we played with Indian pumps on our dock; escaped with others the long way round Route 3; looked back from off island to see flames rage on Sargent and Cadillac; slept on cots at the Ellsworth City Hall; and, incongruously, shopped for a Halloween mask.

We had a teaching mother so, young as we were, we learned. She said that we were fortunate: our home had not burned. We were to be thankful: a saltwater farm couple took us in for a week—people helping people, the way life is supposed to be. Mom said nothing to us about the lab, but she soon knew, of course, that all was lost. (In the months to come, her plan and her scientific diplomacy would regenerate the mouse stocks and so revive the lab as an anchor employer on this island.) During that searing fall, she taught her children that we belonged to a community that would rebuild, a timely lesson for us.

Many years later, having come home at last to the island that had always been home, I would learn more about the heroes of the Great Fire. Many fires scarred Maine that tinder-dry October, but men still came from across

the state to help save our town. On the late afternoon of October 23rd, with a howling wind now driving the conflagration toward the western flank of Bar Harbor, Fire Chief Dave Sleeper made his stand. Crews from Camden, Surry, Bucksport, and Brewer, each led by their chiefs, formed a line with hoses west of Eden from West Street to the Eagle Lake Road. They had hydrant water. If the wind stayed from the northwest, they might be able to hold back a quartering blow from the surging fire. But if the wind turned directly from the west, these crews would face the full fury of the torch—at a cost unknown to them, and the town.

Twenty-five hundred women, children, and elderly were then at the athletic field; they would soon move to the town pier for evacuation by hundreds of small craft now braving heavy seas in Frenchman Bay to reach them. Four hundred did escape this way.

The wind did not turn. The Eden Street line held. Route 3 reopened and two thousand then crawled north to the bridge. All but two lived. Helen Cormier would have been seventy-nine this year, in the golden years of a long life. Along Eden Street, Maine men had wrapped themselves in soaked blankets, opened their hoses full force, and done their duty. The fire roared on, over Kebo Mountain, toward the Jackson Lab.

Alan Salisbury was there, knowing what would soon come; he did what he could. Alan was a big man, a good man, and, in my eyes, then and now, a great man. Of this island through many generations, he worked at the Jackson Lab and had become its night watchman. He and his wife Florence were the essential partners of my parents in establishing the Lab's program for summer students; their daughter Nancy became my schoolmate.

Alan had fought the fire for two days, mostly along the Eagle Lake Road. (There, the day before, a young deer dashed from the burning woods, saw the line of firefighters where Alan served, and turned back into the blaze. "I could never get over that," he would say.) Now, on the afternoon of the 23rd, having sent Florence and Nancy to family in Trenton the previous day, his first concern was for the 90,000 mice, bred for 208 generations over 35 years, that were the scientific and economic essence of the Jackson Lab. When the fire flanked Bar Harbor but threatened the Lab, Alan rushed to its grounds, knowing that wind-blown flames would strike before five o'clock.

A skeleton crew did what little they could for the animals and then left when the first evacuation call blew from the town firehouse whistle at



Young men with Indian pumps wet tinder grass near Norway Drive as fir tree explodes. *Photo by Spike Webb, Bangor Daily News*

4:10. From his caretaker's home on the grounds, Alan Salisbury took his dog, his cat, his gun, a box of family pictures, and a new suit put out for a Masonic event. Then he sped to Bar Harbor to find his mother, at the Old Fellows Hall, still making sandwiches. At 4:50, the fire came, consuming his home and boat in the conflagration as the lab exploded and the mouse colony perished.

The following May, when ground was broken to rebuild the Jackson Lab, knowing what had been done through science and

diplomacy to help make that good day possible, Alan Salisbury said, simply, with pride, "We got our mouse back."

One final stir of these old ashes, to show the complexity of class in our community. It was 1947. Many families, just starting or restarting after the war, had made a first careful purchase for their homes: a sofa, a bed, a chair, perhaps even a refrigerator. Fearing the worst as the fire spread, hundreds brought their best things off island to safety in the open fields along the runways of the Trenton airport. As their lines of safekeeping grew, a steady parade of private planes, chartered by members of the summer colony, landed and took off, lifting their silver and good Bordeaux from harm's way.¹¹

But, as an essential counterpoint to that image, also know this: In the weeks following the fire, scores of island families whose lost homes had been un- or under-insured learned that they would be made whole again through the anonymous generosity of one year-round summer person. Community life—the way it is supposed to be.

Community in Education

Education extends community from one generation to the next. Through schools, we express who we are—and who we hope our children will become. Pioneers built schoolhouses here before they erected churches. In the decades preceding World War I, town high schools were the signature civic achievements of three island communities. In the decades following World War II, the debate over consolidating these high schools stressed island community.

The debate was serious and sustained, dividing towns and homes. Counter to cliché, it was not a contest between enlightened champions of education and benighted, basketball-mad backsiders but a serious discussion of how community is sustained. In fact, the community that ultimately gave the 1965 high school consolidation proposal the second highest vote, at 79.1 percent, that ranked a close second in investment per elementary school pupil, and whose children often scored highest of all the four towns in the eighth grade achievement test was—Tremont.

Majority support for high school consolidation grew slowly over two decades. In 1949, a Regional High School Committee supported by Rockefeller funds convened a panel of twelve experts for an “island educational survey.” All the experts were from away. That August, Mount Desert rejected their consolidation proposal two to one. In 1959, when state law and funding encouraged consolidations across Maine, MDI voters in the four town meetings supported the step two to one, but a majority in Southwest Harbor still opposed, so the initiative failed again. Finally, in 1965, with the incentive of state and private funds and perhaps sensing the world changing in ways that would require new educational resources, MDI voters approved high school consolidation in all four town meetings.¹²

Over four decades of student performance confirm their wisdom, as do the banners that rim the Parady Gym. Students at MDI High School expand and explore community through education. But they still prepare for this opportunity in elementary schools that are supported by their home towns. Having surrendered one dimension of community to consolidation, the towns conserve another by keeping their younger learners close. I have learned the wisdom of this course from my sister Ellen as she speaks from her thirty-four years devoted to the Pemetic Elementary School.

Community in Commons

Finally, we can celebrate the bond built through giving parts of our communities to make a glorious commons for all. The concept of a commons is ancient in this land. Shared land and nature belonging to all grounded the material culture and inspired the spiritual life of the Wabanaki. Most New England colonial towns grew outward from commons that were a source of commonwealth and the hub of civic life. On our island, pioneer families shared pasturage, fisheries, landings, schools, churches, and roads that opened ways between communities.

After the Civil War, private wealth from away claimed most of the better land, closing off places once freely enjoyed by all. To counter these private reserves and the threat of wanton development, visionary men of the summer colony conceived Acadia as a commons for the island and the country. With the help of wise men from here, they achieved their vision.

One of these men was Luere Babson Deasy, the great-grandfather of Dr. Bill Horner, my great friend, who has recently published a path-breaking essay on his forebear.¹³ Mr. Deasy gave much to this island. He was our first resident lawyer, founder of the Bar Harbor Banking & Trust, President of the Maine Senate, Chief Justice of our Supreme Court, and, for four decades, an eloquent public voice for our community.

This Maine man was also a conservator of Acadia who made a unique contribution to the creation of our commons. He was an original member of the Hancock County Trustees for Public Reservations, one of but two year-round residents on that august body. He led its incorporation as a tax-exempt entity in 1903. As the Trustee rooted in island life and ways, he tempered President Eliot's occasional fulminations at our backwardness.¹⁴ He was both the legislative artisan who secured the power of eminent domain for the Trustees and a patient mentor who showed Dorr and Eliot how to win local acceptance of that authority. When the great day came in 1916 to celebrate the creation of Sieur de Monts National Monument, the satisfaction and motivation of Luere Babson Deasy were clear:

The establishment of this Monument guarantees that it will be perpetually open for the use of the public, under due restrictions, not as a matter of suffrage but as a matter of right; it guarantees that it will be protected against devastation or commercial exploitation . . . something that

could not be accomplished under private or even corporate ownership. . . . This great Park lies midway between Northeast Harbor, Seal Harbor and Bar Harbor. It is equally accessible to them all. All have a common interest in it. It reaches out to each . . . and binds them together into one community.

One can only hope that Andrew Emery Liscomb was in the audience at the Building of the Arts that day. He had every right to stand among the founders; all had hiked on paths made by his crews. Andrew Liscomb was the son of a Bar Harbor farmer who, at the age of thirty, became the first Superintendent of Paths for the Bar Harbor Village Improvement Association. He served in that capacity for the next forty years, through the chairmanships of all the great path designers venerated by friends of Acadia—Herbert Jaques, Waldron Bates, S. Weir Mitchell, John Kane, Rudolph Brunnow, Frederick Weeks, and Francis Peabody. Liscomb and his crews of local men, many of whom also served for decades, tended the established trails and built several new ones, including many of the iconic memorial trails we enjoy today. Their hands cut stone on which we still walk. George Dorr credited Andrew Liscomb with laying out and constructing the Sieur de Monts area, hub and heart of the park to which both gave their full measure of devotion.¹⁵

One last illustration of our community in commons. During the Great Depression, New Deal programs deepened ties between Acadia and the surrounding communities. Five thousand acres were added to the park on the western side of the island. These lands were purchased with New Deal funds from hundreds of islanders eager to exchange family woodlots for cash. Through the Civilian Conservation Corps, thousands of young Maine men hoping to help their poor families came here to work in the park. They left enduring improvements: hiking trails, fire roads, camp grounds, picnic areas, and thousands of trees, especially in the new park lands on the western side. Some stayed to marry young women from the island and raise families. The great-grandchildren of those willing sellers and CCC boys are among the children entering elementary schools close to home today. They join the descendants of quarry men, carpenters, masons, equipment operators, and general hands whose labor helped build our commons. Come 2016, centennial year of Acadia, we hope these kids

will enjoy school excursions on carriage roads. As they pass dry-laid granite retaining walls still perfect after eighty years, perhaps some who know their family ties back through generations to the hands that built those walls will put their own hands on those sun-warmed rocks. May they feel then that this is *their* park—through both American citizenship and island birthright.

This year, through *Celebrate!250*, we can all put hands on the warm rock of island history. Some of our celebration should engage our heads as we discuss the uses of our past. But I hope *Celebrate!250* will also appeal to our hearts, to our better nature as a sharing people who care for one another, as has been the common way on these islands for centuries.

Not long ago, flying up the coast, coming home from away, our plane made a long, deep bank on the approach to Trenton. For several seconds, I could see our whole island and most of her sisters. In that moment of grace, I thought: In 2011, as we feel who we are through learning who we have been, from witness to Wabanaki spirit to keepers of Acadian commons, as we honor Chief Asticou and Samuel Champlain; Abraham Somes, Freeloove Bartlett, and Jack Bunker; John Gilley and all our Union dead; President Eliot, George B. Dorr, Rockefellers, Judge Deasy, and Andrew Liscomb; Dave Sleeper, Alan Salisbury, Helen Cormier, Amory Thorndike, and perhaps even Tibby Russell, as we *Celebrate!250* from the Narrows to the Ducks and from the Cape Road to Cooksey Drive—*let history build community!*

Notes

¹ See David Hackett Fischer, *Champlain's Dream* (New York: Simon & Schuster, 2008), especially 174-200.

² Virginia Somes Sanderson, *The Living Past: Being the Story of Somesville, Mount Desert, Maine and Its Relationships with Other Areas of the Island* (Mount Desert: Beech Hill Publishing Company, 1982), 35.

³ Sanderson, *The Living Past*.

⁴ Esther Binnewies and Muriel Davisson, *A History of Bartlett's Island, Mount Desert, Maine* (Mount Desert: Peggy and David Rockefeller, 1981).

⁵ William Otis Sawtelle, *The Gilley Family of Mount Desert* <http://www.gilleymedia.com/wgbakers.asp>.

⁶ My basis for the estimate of island men who served: There were 3,750 residents on MDI in 1850, an increase of 13.4% from 1840. Lacking the 1860 number, I estimate it at 13% higher than 1850, thus 4,238. In 1850, the Town of Mount Desert had 777 residents. Thus I estimate 877 residents of the town in 1860 (1.13 x 777). We know from Savage (see below) that 76 men from the town served in uniform; they were 8.7%

of the estimated town population. Thus the number of MDI men serving is estimated as 8.7% of 4,238, or 367.

⁷ Drew Gilpin Faust, *This Republic of Suffering* (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 2008).

⁸ All three quotations are from Richard M. Savage II, "Mt. Desert in the Civil War," in *Mount Desert: An Informal History*, ed. Gunnar Hansen (Mount Desert: Town of Mount Desert, 1989).

⁹ Bill Horner, MD, "Deasy: A Maine Man," *Chebacco: The Magazine of the Mount Desert Island Historical Society* 11 (2010), 13.

¹⁰ Stephen J. Hornsby, "The Gilded Age and the Making of Bar Harbor: Development of the Resort Industry in Bar Harbor, Maine," *The Geophysical Review* (October 1, 1993).

¹¹ My account of the 1947 fire follows, and the quotations are from, Joyce Butler, *Wildfire Loose: The Week Maine Burned* (Camden: Down East Books, 1997).

¹² Barbara Kent Lawrence, "Consolidation of Rural Schools: Mount Desert Island, Maine; A Case Study," Educational Resources Information Center ED 371 911 (December 1993).

¹³ Horner, "Deasy."

¹⁴ Charles William Eliot to Luere Babson Deasy, August 29, 1903: "*Have you any idea how we can persuade the voters on the island of Mount Desert that the island ought to be treated in every respect like a public park? This is the plain interest of every individual who lives on the island, whether in the summer only or all the year round. Yet the town meetings and the selectmen do not act as if they thought so....*", Horner, "Deasy," 18.

¹⁵ Olmstead Center for Landscape Preservation, *Pathmakers: Cultural Landscape Report for the Historic Hiking Trail System of Mount Desert Island* (Boston: National Park Service, 2006), 43, 45, 64, 72, 75, 85, 98, 101, 105, 177, and 185.