Beals Historical Society Newsletter

Vol. XI, No. 1 (Winter 2011)

2011 BHS Membership Renewal Time

Believe it or not it is once again time to renew your BHS membership! Just a little trivia, BHS has been a non-profit organization for 11 years! Wow! Thank you to its founding and current leaders and to all members for supporting BHS! The membership for 2010 had a final total of 226. We hope to exceed this total in 2011. Membership dues contribute to the general operating fund. At this time of the year, we find heating, insurances and electrical costs to be our greatest expenses. We do appreciate your continued support to this most worthy cause. Please find a membership application attached to this newsletter.

Also, BHS would like to extend a warm welcome to the following new annual members: Susan Sawyer of Lawrenceburg, IN, Robert & Paulette Sawyer of Bucksport, ME, Ron & Brenda (Sawyer) Hoskins of Lisbon Falls, ME, Margo Beal of Belton, MO, Christopher Beal of Belton, MO, Valerie Sullivan of Olathe, KS and Vernon Orville "Bud" Beal, Jr of Independence, MO. Note: Susan, Robert and Brenda are the children of Elizabeth Beal Sawyer. Margo, Christopher, Valerie and Vernon are descendants of Alonzo A. Beal who was the great grandson of Manwarren Beal. Alonzo moved to Missouri in 1943. Welcome and thank you for supporting BHS!

Calendar Of Events

January 14, 7pm at BES
Harry Fish Jr

March 18, 6:30pm at BES
Annual Meeting and Program TBA

May 7, 6:30pm at BES
Talent/Variety Show

June 17, 7pm at BES
Program Meeting TBA

Please mark your calendars. We greatly appreciate your attendance!

Personalized Patio And Veteran's Monument Brick Update

BHS is hoping to begin installing personalized bricks by this June. The ground work is ready for both the patio and the Veteran's monument areas. Bricks are customized to your specifications, and are available for reservation in either 4 x 8 or 8 x 8 sizes at starting prices of $100 and $150 respectively BHS Executive board is now offering a brick payment plan. If you are interested, you may pay 1/2 of the cost upon BHS receipt of your brick application and the other 1/2 of the cost at the time the brick is ordered. In other words, the brick will be ordered once it is paid in full. There is a brick order form included in this newsletter. For more information and to download an order form, please visit our website at www.moosabec.org or email Carol Davis at cfdavis44@yahoo.com. Thank you for your support!

Harry Fish Jr. To Speak On Shipwrecks And Underwater Archaeology

Beals Historical Society's first program of 2011 will be held on Friday, January 14th, 7PM, at Beals Elementary School. It will consist of a presentation, by guest speaker PADI Divemaster Harry Fish Jr., on the topics of Underwater Archaeology and Hunting for Shipwrecks. Harry has been certified since 1963 to take divers diving and to help with student diver instruction. For the past 11 years, he and John Daley have taught dive classes, at UMM, which consist of basic and advanced open water diver, rescue diver, underwater archaeology, divemaster and all open water check outs that go with them. Besides diving, underwater archaeological skills are applied to the recovery of artifacts on designated wreck sites. The presentation will include a short video of actual dives and a display of several recovered items. Harry has sailed from Maine to the Caribbean and back several times over the years and has made more than 1500 dives. His love for the ocean stems from his childhood where he grew up fishing with his father.

The general public is invited to attend this most interesting meeting. Raffle tickets on a print of Beals Elementary School will be sold and light refreshments will be served.

Head Harbor Settlements Of The Nineteenth And Early Twentieth Centuries

A Hundred-Year History of Sealand

Researched and Compiled by Daniel F. Davis

Foreword:

In response to public interest and support for recent presentations of "A Hundred-Year History of Sealand", we have decided to include the written content of that project (in several installments) in upcoming editions of the BHS Newsletter. This should be of particular interest to those who were unable to attend the presentations, as well as those who would like to refresh their understanding of some of the information presented in the public forum. We trust you will look forward to each edition.

Introduction:

It would seem that a presentation on the settlements at Head Harbor Island---and the settlement of Sealand in particular, rightfully should begin with an introduction to the island itself. Most of our readers may be familiar, to some extent, with this wooded island located just east of Great Wass Island and slightly south (about two miles) of Kelley's Point on the mainland in Jonesport, but we would like to present---what we hope will prove to be---some interesting and heretofore unknown facts relating to that neighboring island.

Part I

Historical Background of Head Harbor Island:

In an effort to establish an historical background for this presentation on the Head Harbor Settlements of the Nineteenth and Early Twentieth Centuries, we refer to Charles B. McLane's, book entitled, *Islands of the Mid-Maine Coast, Vol. II, Mount Desert to Machias Bay*, 1989 (our main source for this presentation, unless otherwise stated). In this publication, McLane cites Samuel Eliot Morison and the "Atlantic Neptune" (first published in 1776) in establishing that Samuel de Champlain (1567-1635), the famous French explorer and first governor of Canada, visited this area as early as 1604. In fact, our sources relate that Champlain may have anchored twice in what today is commonly known as "The Cow Yard", a protected harbor near a bold headland on the southernmost part of the island called Black Head.

As of 1770, Head Harbor Island was called "Samuel's Island", perhaps named for Samuel Holland, a master cartographer who mapped the North Atlantic coast for the British Admiralty. By the end of the 1700's, the island was referred to as "East Island". By the early 1800's, the name "Head Harbor" was forever fixed. The word "Head" came from Champlain's name for what we know today as "Black Head"---*Cap Corneille*; "Harbor" for the quiet haven between Head Harbor and Steel Harbor Island called "The Cow Yard" or "The Cow's Yard".

Early Settlements of the 1800's:

For a closer look at the early settlement of this island in the 1800's, we look to the writings of historian William D. Williamson. He notes that only one family was living on Head Harbor in the 1820's (he did not indicate where on the island) and estimated that the island, measuring about one-half mile to three-quarters of a mile wide and 2-3 miles long, consisted of about "300 acres of poor land". (Compare this to Williamson's assessment of neighboring Great Wass Island, located a mile or so west. He states that Great Wass consisted of "1000 acres of good land.") By 1830, there were six families on the island, according to the federal census; eight in 1840, and ten families by mid-1800.

Zebediah Alley's Farm

The earliest homesteads were on the north shore, around what came to be called Beals Harbor (today known as The Wallace Cove), the land mainly used for farming. Some of these early settlers are buried in the Wallace Cove Cemetery located on high land above Edmund's Beach, including Zebediah Alley, Edmund Alley, Jane Alley, Loren Alley (died in his 20's), and two small children.

By the 1860's, there were as many settlers on the south side of the island, from Crow Point near the entrance to the Cow Yard to the eastern shore of Head Harbor. These were mostly fishermen, although there is evidence to suggest some inhabitants also farmed the land.

Status of Settlements in the late 1800's:

A look at the status of the settlements in the late 1800's reveals that by the 1880's most of the shoreline around the entire island had been settled, except the rugged eastern shore from Seguin to Black Head. At least six sub-communities or small clusters of homes and related structures have been identified throughout the island, all linked by a network of wagon or cart roads used by pedestrians and a few cattle. These cart roads later became "town roads", perhaps clearly defined by a series of rock walls still evident today.

The original school, located on a flat ledge just off the road that crossed the island from Hatchet Harbor to the

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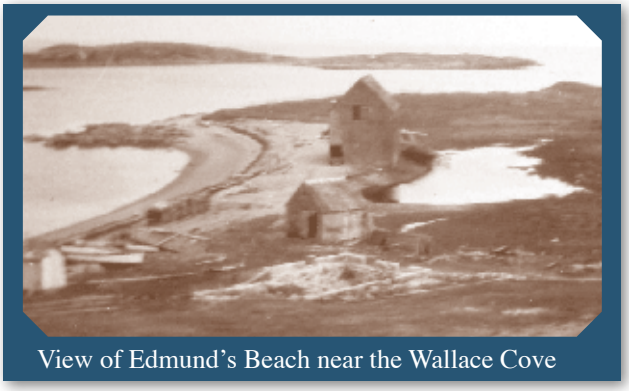
Wallace Cove, near the center of the island, served all of these settlements. (Photos made available to us by Cindy Norton Lee indicate that Vida Lakeman Norton attended this first island school.) There were two settlements on the north shore, east and south of Beals Harbor (Wallace Cove); there was one on the western end of the island around Beals Cove; there was a small cluster of dwellings at Crow Point; several homesteads east of the Cow Yard; and the most recent settlement at Hatchet Harbor, on the southwest side of the island, commonly known as Sealand---the primary focus of this presentation. (Some people use the term "Sealand" interchangeable with "Head Harbor", but for the sake of this presentation, we prefer to use "Sealand" to identify specifically the Hatchet Harbor settlement .)

First school on Head Harbor

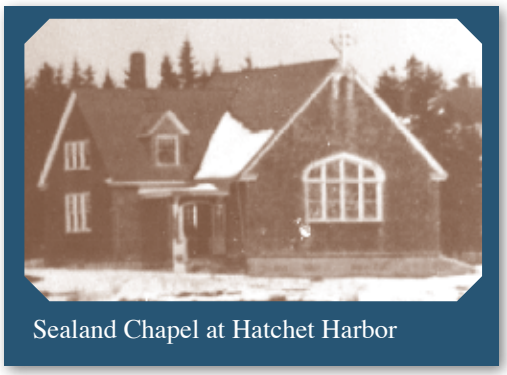
Some areas of the island were avoided for settlement, at first, due to a lack of safe harbors from the rough seas, which frequently pound much of the coast. The 1881 Colby federal census shows two dozen households in total located on Head Harbor, with a total population at that time of 117.



View of Edmund's Beach near the Wallace Cove

Changing Occupations Negatively Affected the Island's Population:

A closer look at the history of the Head Harbor settlements reveals that changing occupations had a negative impact on the island's population. Charles McLane speculates that the 1880's may have been the peak of population growth on Head Harbor Island, based on the fact that the school population, at 70 pupils, was at its highest---having grown in number from 40 in 1870. *The Jonesport Register of 1905* reports that a one-story schoolhouse was to be erected during the summer of 1894 at Head Harbor Island. By the end of the early 1890's, the figure was again in the 40's.



Sealand Chapel at Hatchet Harbor

The 1900 census, however, shows little decline in the overall population, but it reflects significant changes that were coming to the island. Of the two dozen families, resident in 1900, only two had been there in 1880. A great turnover in population was becoming evident, although the newcomers were still Alleys, Beals, and other families common to the area.

At the same time, the occupations of the residents were changing. Up until 1800, most of the menfolk were, more or less, evenly distributed in their occupations as farmers and fishermen, with a few seamen and manual laborers. (The fishermen caught ground fish, including cod, pollack, and herring; they also dug clams.) By 1929, Gladys Muir, pastor-teacher on the island from September 1928-June 1930, and grandmother of the late Roderick Miller, long-time funeral director at Jonesport, records in her journal that some of the men and women did quite well gathering periwinkles at as much as "three cents a pound." Others were engaged in trawling for fish. (She further indicates that some things never change, as we see in one entry that states, "Lobsters very scarce just now, so many are complaining.") By 1900, all but a handful of the menfolk were fishermen. The old farmsteads had fallen into disrepair, and many were abandoned all together.

Much of the change came as the citizenry became more mobile. Farmers, more or less, were attached to the land, and the farms they had built and were required to maintain. As farmers eventually were drawn to the sea for their livelihood, the population was able to migrate easily among the neighboring island and the mainland, where many of their relatives lived. Many took up residence at Beal's and Great Wass Islands and nearby Jonesport. In so doing, they became merely seasonal residents on Head Harbor Island. What had been year-round homes became camps and cottages used during seasonal fishing and hunting trips. The decline of farming and the mobility of the citizenry were likely major contributing factors to the changing character of Head Harbor Island in the last decades of the nineteenth century, and the conclusion of the settlements' hundred-year history in the early twentieth century.

Coming Next Time:

In our next segment, we will look at the rise and fall of quarrying on Head Harbor Island and its influence for change in the Sealand community.

My Life Aboard The U.S.S. Ranger CV-4

First carrier built as a carrier

By Arthur Blackburn Beal

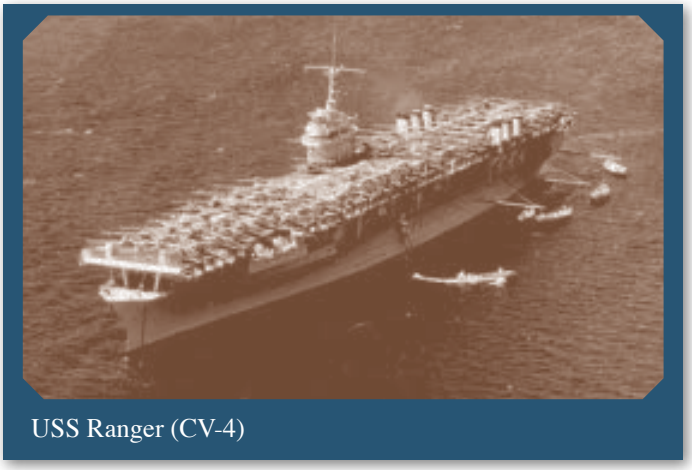
The first time I saw the Ranger, I thought that it was the biggest thing I had ever seen and I think it was. She was tied up at pier seven in Norfolk, Virginia. There were two other carriers on the opposite side of pier seven: the U.S.S. Wasp and U.S.S. Hornet.

I walked up the gangplank with my sea bag and hammock, saluted the fantail (stern of the ship where the flag is) and saluted the Officer of the Day and said "Permission to come aboard, Sir?" He said, "Permission granted,"

I then reported to the personnel office with my orders and from there to the Leading Chief for assignment. The Leading Chief was a much older man who had been in the Navy for a long time. He took me around to the various shops to find out what I wanted to strike for: mechanic, metalsmith, radio, ordnance, etc. First we went to the mechanic shop; it was too greasy for me, then to the metal shop, too noisy. Then we went up to the flight deck and just under it was a space that extended from one side of the ship to the other, there was a long steel bench on one side and a row of bunks on the other, some sailors were working on some machine guns, while others were sitting around playing cards and drinking coffee, that is when I decided to become an Aviation Ordnanaceman!!!

I had to sleep in a hammock on the mess deck and live out of my sea bag, roll all my clothes and put my toilet articles in a ditty bag, a small bag that was put into the sea bag when not in use. The movies were held on the mess deck, so I had to wait until the movie was over before I could put my hammock up on the hooks provided, had to trice up my hammock, pack my sea bag and store it away in the sea bag locker every morning about four, if I had the mid watch (0000/0400) I didn't get much sleep.

Sleeping in a hammock is a story in itself. It is strung fore and aft and you just jump into it, because it is at eye level you grab something hanging from the overhead and swing into it, but that isn't as easy as it sounds and takes quite a long time to master the art. Once you have, it's nice because no matter how much the ship rolls you don't, the only movement you are aware of is when the ship takes a nosedive into a huge wave and then it feels like you are hitting a snow bank. Then when the ship climbs up the crest of the wave and down the other side, one or both of the screws would come out of the water and what vibrations that produces, but fortunately that doesn't happen too often.



USS Ranger (CV-4)

I found out that of all the places we went, from above the Arctic Circle to below the Equator, the roughest water was Cape Hatteras, off the coast of Virginia.

Sleeping in a hammock was great and I missed it when I went to a bunk on the forth deck (we named it Torpedo Junction). After the movie, when you were all sealed up, some of your buddies would be going for coffee in the galley would give your hammock a spin and sometimes you would find yourself upside down looking at the deck, but it was all in fun and you very seldom fell out. That went on until I made Third Class Petty Officer, maybe that's why I studied so hard to make it. Nine months from Seaman Recruit to Second Class Seaman to First Class Seaman then to Third Class Ordnance man.

The Chief that I worked for was a crusty old salt, we called him "Pappy Craft" but not to his face, of course. He took a liking to me somehow, wouldn't let me read any funny books or anything, but course books. So every time I was eligible for the next rating, he made sure I took it. I sure didn't want to fail it either, never did all through my time on the ship and passed my exam for Chief before I left and made it just after I left, for a total of three years. I was the second youngest Chief in the Navy. How about that !!!

Years later, I became good friends with a Willy Francis O'Neil, who was the youngest Chief at the time I made it.

The squadron I was in was VS 41, the V stood for heavier than air, and the S stood for search. The planes were: SB2U2's, they had fabric covering and the only metal on the wings were the walkways next to the fuselage.

The first hop (flight) was quite hairy, to say the least. The procedure was to take off, got to about ten thousand feet, find the target and dive straight down on it to about twelve hundred feet and release the bomb (small practice bomb) and pull out. My whole face was pulled down to my chin and I couldn't have raised my arms even if I had tried to, I looked out and the wing fabric was actually flapping and curved upward at the tips.

What a scary feeling and then to look down and see the carrier that we were going to land on, looked like a postage stamp. I thought to myself: How can we possibly land on that little thing, but we did? There is a landing signal officer that stands on the fantail with a paddle in each hand and when the plane is in the landing pattern, the signal officer holds the paddles outstretched to tell the pilot if his wings are level and if he has the tail hook down and is in the correct position.

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He will give the signal to land, which consists of dropping the plane down onto the deck and hope the tail hook will grab the arresting wire before you get to the barrier of the planes in front of it.

The Ranger was a beautiful ship with battleship linoleum, red mostly, but in some areas it was inlaid with colors, the ladder railings were brass, the bulkheads had a covering of cork, that helped make it soundproof, and were painted white throughout the ship. Then after the war started, the ship went into the yard to have all the cork chipped off, the brass railings replaced with chain, the linoleum was taken off and it didn't look like the same ship, but it was explained that it was to help prevent fire damage, and that made a lot of sense.

We had just about everything aboard ship that we did on the beach: Our own laundry, library, fresh water shower, but at sea, we were on water hours and had a Marine on duty to see that you didn't use too much water. You got wet, soaped down, rinsed off, turning the water off between soaping and rinsed. We had to get all the fresh water from the sea and took a lot of power to run the evaporators that supplied all the fresh water for cooking, bathing, drinking, and to run the boilers, so you can see why it was necessary to have water hours.

After a while, I could find my way to the mess deck (just below the hanger deck) and to the fight deck, where I did most of my work: When I wasn't pushing planes back from the stern after a flight had landed, to re-spot the deck for another flight. When I wasn't doing that, my time was spent in the armory learning how to be an Ordnanceman, that involved a lot of different duties like taking the guns out of the planes, carrying them to the armory, taking them all apart, cleaning and oiling them. Putting them back together and finally putting them back in their respective planes and making absolutely sure that they would work should the pilot have to use them.

Also, we had to load either bombs or depth charges depending on the mission. Our planes had three bomb racks: one in the center and one under each wing, they would hold a one thousand pound bomb on the center rack. Either a five hundred pound bomb or three. Three hundred fifty pound depth charges for sinking submarines. The bombs and ammunition were brought up from the magazine deep in the bowels of the ship. At times, one of my duties was to go to the magazine and belt 50-calibre ammo for the two machine guns in the forward part of the wings, also for the 30-calibre gun in the rear seat.

Arthur Blackburn Beal and his wife Isabel

I wasn't too comfortable doing that and tried not to think of what would happen if we were hit by a torpedo, but guess I wouldn't have known it anyway, we also had to send the bombs and depth charges up to the flight deck via a small elevator, so they could be loaded on the planes as needed.

The flight deck was a busy place during flight quarters, we put the bombs on the bomb carries (like small wheel barrows), so we could roll them under the planes and using a bomb hoist, would crank them up to the bomb rack and lock them into place. It was hard and heavy work, but I was young, strong, and fearless in those days, as was most of the ships crew. It took me a long time, quite a long time to find my way around the ship; and to find the fastest way to get from my sleeping compartment on the forth deck to the flight deck, so that no mater where I was, if they sounded General Quarters or torpedo defense, I could get to my station in the shortest amount of time. I would mull it over in my mind where the laundry, library, geedunk stand (where you could buy cigarettes or have a soda, candy bar or things like that) I never found out where the name came from. I guess it took about three months before I knew enough to find anywhere I wanted to go.

I remember the first time the ship got underway with me on it, what a thrill that was for me! With the Bull Horn (loud speaker) announcing" Now hear this! Make all preparations for getting underway" The tug boats would be signaling each other, as they hooked on to us to pull or push us away from the pier, then announcement of "The Officer of the Day has shifted his watch to the Bridge" always proceeded by a boatswains whistle using a different call for every event that was going to take place.

We left pier seven and was ready to do battle with the Nazis and sailed around Chesapeake Bay having all sorts of drills, and as soon as we cleared the channel, the call of "Flight Quarters, all hands, man your flight quarters stations" Then things went into action, the planes would be all lined up on the stern of the flight deck with each one being manned by a "Plane Captain", an airplane mechanic that got the plane ready for flight and turned the engine up to check the mags and everything on the plane that was used to get the plane in the air. We, the Ordnanceman, would load what the mission called for mostly miniature bombs, small bombs, that had a shortgun shell that would explode on contact and were installed in a cigar shaped rack that held five bombs, so the pilot could make five bombing runs and the explosion would leave a smoke could so as to mark the spot where it hit. Sometimes we would come back to pier seven at night but most of the time we would stay out for days at a time with daily drills, drills and more drills among the two cruisers, five destroyers that made up task force

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twenty one.

January 1942, we left Norfolk, Virginia for I don't know where. For about three days, maintaining a constant three plane patrol with depth chargers and had to relieve them every four hours. The planes would take off and then we would have the pilots taxi the planes forward, so the planes in the air could land and then after they had landed, we had to push them back aft or where ever they wanted them.

Some would go to the hanger deck, but most would stay on the flight deck and be respotted for the next flight of three planes, would take off four hours later and so it went for three days.

Then all of a sudden we approached land that turned out to be the Island of Bermuda. We sent a contingent of our plans to the beach in case they were needed for antisubmarine flights. I went ashore on liberty and what a beautiful place it was: the houses were all painted in a pastel color with a white roof for catching rainwater; each house had a water tank to store the rainwater. The modes of transportation were a railroad that ran the length of the island (20 miles) it is now a bike path for pedal bikes, horses and walking. I rented a horse to go to Horseshoe Beach. The first time I headed toward the beach the horse went about fifty feet and turned around and went back to the stable. Then I got the idea to head him in the opposite direction and when he turns around, kick him into going where I wanted to go. I did just that and he was going at a pretty good clip, when I headed down a hill and at the bottom was the railroad track, and an old lady on a bicycle. And as I got closer, the bike wheel got into the train tracks and the old lady fell off her bike. That scared the horse who just plain stopped, I didn't, and with an English saddle there was nothing to hang onto. I went skidding down the road with my white uniform on got some pretty good bruises. After I had collected my wits, I looked up just in time to see the horse, defiantly walking to the stable, if I had a gun I would have taken a shot at it, but after checking the old lady thought better of it and went back to the ship, swearing that I would never again get on a horse and has held true to this day. We stayed in Bermuda for a long time, training pilots and crew and had drills every ten minutes, it seemed like, and became a well oiled organization.

We got new planes (SBD's) and what a difference, a dream to fly and service after our old SB2U2. They had two 50-calibra guns on each side of the cockpit and fired through the propeller, so they had to be synchronized so they wouldn't hit the prop when they were fired, I become very interested in that procedure and it become my primary job. Another Ordanceman (W.C. Harrup) and I became the two men responsible for checking the "zero shot", that was from the center of the prop blade to the trailing edge, so by the time the bullet got there the blade would have past that spot. The "zero shot" had to be checked every time an engine was changed or a mission was deployed. So needless to say, we were quite busy, also the 30 calibre for the rear seat was a twin mount that was on a track with rollers for easy movement. We operated between Murray's Anchorage and Grassy bay with trips into the Mid Atlantic on submarine patrol and sometimes into North Atlantic.

Our Captain's name was Harrell and a real stickler for regulation. In fact, he would have Captain's Inspection for all hands every Saturday on the flight deck, rain or shine, no matter if we were in a danger zone or not. I used to imagine what would have happened if we did have a sub attack, when all the lower deck people were trying to get to their station down below and the Airedales trying to get to the flight deck, but thank God, that never happened. We called him "Whiskey Harrell" for the obvious reasons. Sometimes in port when I would have the Mid Watch, he would be coming aboard" in his cups" and had quite a time figuring out just which way to go. The Marines helped him get to his quarters, they were responsible for his safety and well being, and also, manned the five-inch gun on the aft, starboard side of the ship. The Captain insisted that the crew had, the Uniform of the Day on, when on the weather decks, especially while in port and sometimes at sea. No one but him could figure out why we couldn't work in dungarees, but he was the master so had to do his whim or will.

Oh happy day!! We got a new Captain by the name of Durgan and what a difference he made, the first thing he did was to put everyone in a working uniform, like undress blues for special duties and dungarees all other times, with no captains inspections every week, maybe once a month if we were in port. The whole atmosphere of the ship changed over night, it became a very happy ship and we all had the greatest respect for our new captain, we affectionately nicknamed him "Dirty Dungaree Durgan".

The middle of February 1942, we pulled out of Shelly Bay and were joined by the cruisers: Augusta and Savannah with destroyers: Lang, Wainwright and Wilson ready to do battle, but continued in a southerly direction for three hundred miles, sailed around the island of Martinique and St. Martin to show the flag, and to let the Viche Government know that we were about. Then cruised around the Atlantic and back to Bermuda the first of March and more training, but the island had changed now the tourists were gone for the duration and the waterfront was bustling with ships of all kinds, loading and unloading and the silence was replaced by military trucks, it was no longer possible to enjoy the island like before. We left Bermuda on the seventeenth of March and pulled into pier seven in Norfolk and were beginning to think we would be left out of the war all together.

April 1942, we pulled into Quonset

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BHS Needs Your Help

Please help us reduce the cost of mailing the newsletter by sending your email address to cfdavis44@yahoo.com. Thank you!!!

Point, Rhode Island (The first carrier to dock in Quonset) and we became a ferryboat for the Army Air Force. P-40 fighter planes were hoisted by crane and put on our flight deck the Air Force pilots came aboard the next day, we got underway to where we didn't know, but then we never did anyway, unless we asked some signalman what was going on, but found out later he next day, we were headed for Africa. We had five destroyers, two cruisers and a fast oil tanker (Merrimac).

Our first stop was Trinidad, B.W.I. We anchored a long way from Port O' Spain and had to take a liberty boat to go ashore. By the time I got there, I was completely soaked with salt water and it was so hot, there I was, a virtual salty sailor (Pun). Anyway, the taprooms were underground and quite cool in comparison to the street, but the salt made me very uncomfortable so took the next liberty boat to the comfort and showers of the Ranger. We had movies on the hanger deck and every once in a while the liberty party would come aboard and what a sight. I guess the combination of booze and heat had taken it's effect, some of them were so drunk that they were hoisted aboard in a cargo net and set down and after a while they would untangle themselves and stagger off to their bunks to sleep it off. I don't know what the name of the movie was, but the sight of the liberty party was better.

1942 November, we were engaged in operation "Torch" the invasion of Morocco. We gave the French warning to find out if they were on our side, and if so, to turn their search lights skyward, but they didn't, so we went in. We lost three planes. Orkney Islands, the bay was full of sunken ships from World War One, we sent four planes to the beach and I went, too. I made a lot of friends there, with the English. They had a lot of spitfires and pilots from the Battle of Britain and could they fly. They would take off in formation and just before they lifted off, they would pull their landing gear up and it looked super. The field was beautiful, all grass they kept mowed, one of our pilots tried it and preceded to plow up a half acre of green grass, we had to fix it up, so our pilots didn't try that again. They had revetments all around the field (bomb proof shelters), they kept the planes that weren't on the line, and our planes were ordered back to the ship. One had to have an engine change, that meant I had to install the interrupter for the guns, did that, and just as I was about to climb into the back seat to fly back to the ship, I'll be darned if a pilot didn't come to town, so I had to stay until the ship came back. They went to Norway to bomb a German instillation, so I missed that, but had a good time. The boiler tender did my laundry and I wore an English cap so I could have a tot of rum everyday, they had a Quonset hut they called "the Pub", so again I put the cap on and went. They had a piano, we filled it with beer mugs so that we could come down in the morning before it opened and have a few, we wouldn't let anyone play it, for fear they might spill the beer. I had just been paid so had plenty of money. I worried about the ship being sunk and me the only one left, but fortunately it didn't happen. I didn't care much for the food, for breakfast they had kippers floating around it tomato sauce or something, but the tea was good, so ate that.

The ship came back and we lost two planes, I was sure glad to get my own bunk back. From August into November 1943 we operated with the British Home Fleet and make strikes on German shipping along the Norwegian coast. Also, we were trying to bomb the German Battleship "Schnhoust" in a Norwegian cove. Thank God she didn't come out, we would have been sunk for sure, she was the one who sank the H.M.S. Hood with one salvo.

We came back to the states May 1944. I was transferred to Ships Company Ordnance Division. The ship was being overhauled and going to the Pacific. I left the ship and went to Quonset Point and then to Ayer Airport, still working planes. I sure missed the old Ranger, my home for three and half years, and even to this day. So much for my life at sea on the U.S.S. Ranger (A grand old lady) AB.

P.S. On the way back to the states, I was on the flight deck when I heard a lot of yelling, a sailor was out on the end of one of the stacks (The Ranger had three stacks, each side that folded down during flight operations) he threatened to jump, we waited and waited, and finally the bull horn gave chow call, so we all yelled "are you going to jump or not?" Then he crawled back and went to eat with us. He sure had trouble living that down, but we didn't tease him too much for fear he might do it again. Bye. A. Beal

Arthur Blackburn Beal was born in Millinocket, Maine on September 13, 1923, the son of Dr. George Napoleon Beal and Agnes Norton Beal of Jonesport/Beals. He entered the Navy at the age of 18 to become aviation ordinance chief, one of the youngest officers to achieve this rank. He served on the USS Ranger (C-4), a World War II aircraft carrier and infamous "ghost ship" that sank five German ships after Axis U-Boat Commander Otto von Bulow believed he had "sunk" her (The Ranger) in 1943.

Arthur died peacefully with his daughters by his side on July 4, 2004. He was the husband of the late Isabel Collier Beal who died in 2002 after 57 years of marriage. Arthur's daughters, "The Beal Girls", Marcia Beal Brazer and Deborah Beal Normandin are pleased to share these memoirs with the members of the Beals Historical Society.

Fall Talent/Variety Show

Close to seventy-five people gathered in the Beals Elementary Gym on Saturday, September 25th, to participate in and to watch the second talent show of the year sponsored by the Beals Historical Society. Carol Davis, President of BHS, began the night with a brief history of the event followed by an introduction of some the people involved in the show. Davis explained that this was the seventh talent show that has been held to raise money for the historical society.

After the introduction of CJ Carver, the Master of Ceremonies for the evening and lifelong Beals Island resident, Wilfred Lenfestey took the stage to sing "Beals Island" followed by a recitation, "I Dreamed of Mama Last Night." The show was videotaped for the archives so Davis asked Lenfestey to tell a story about growing up on his family's farm which had been located near and on the property where the Beals Elementary School now stands.

(L to R) Jim Jameson and Elna Davis.

Elouise Beal leading the locomotion song

Following Lenfestey were several young performers including Jasmine Carver who did a hula hoop routine, Taylor Stewart who sang "Amazing Grace," Melody Gray who sang "I'm in Love With My Savior" and a dance routine to the song "Cowboy Casanova" by Brooke Alley, Kaitlyn Crowley, J-Lynn Beal and Melody Gray. Elna Davis and Jim Jameson got the crowd clapping when they took the stage for an accordion and guitar duet.

Throughout the evening there were several group performances featuring singers Paula Wilson, George and Carol Davis, Renee Gray, Lenell Fenton, Elna Davis and Bethanie Beal, as well as several solo performances by Walter Carver, Marcia McDavid, Faythe Harmon, George Davis and Norm Chagnon.

One of the highlights of the three hour long show was a comedic performance by Pamela Beal of Jonesport who took the stage dressed as an elderly woman named "Poison Pam." She brought with her a satchel filled with helpful must-have items like her long handled grill tongs that she uses as tweezers to pluck those "hard to pull eye brow hairs that are located an older woman's chin" and a feather duster to be used to "remove the gallons of make up that an older woman must wear to cover all of their imperfections."

The crowd was brought to their feet by the song "Let's Twist Again" followed by Marcia McDavid and Carol Davis's rendition of the song "Locomotion." Poison Pam grabbed audience members to form a human train that danced around the gym. As the song ended Poison Pam's ninety-year-old mother Elouise Beal had taken the lead as a brief intermission was taken. As the show resumed there was a dance routine performed by sisters Angela Robinson and Michelle Libby who call themselves "After Shock."

Poison Pam took the stage again to assist VJ Lenfestey perform several feats of magic which included pushing a large coin into Pam's ear and pulling it out through her other ear. Lenfestey also pulled a rabbit from his baseball cap but he noted that because of the hard economic times he was only pulling out a rabbit's foot since his family had eaten the rabbit the night before his performance. He made Poison Pam disappear after she was zipped into a portable outhouse tent and he attempted to cut his assistant in half using is electric chainsaw but Poison Pam quickly exited the stage.

After several other songs were performed the evening ended with George Davis' karaoke version of "White Lightening." The evening's festivities, along with the raffle raised more than $900. The proceeds from the night of performances will be used toward the costs to complete the electrical work needed to light the society's museum displays. The next talent show will be held in the spring of 2011.

Condolences Expressed

BHS wishes to extend deepest sympathies to the families of Arlene Moore and Mina C. Kent. Both of these women will be sadly missed not only by their families but also by the community. As BHS members, their names will be added to our Memorial Roll online at www.moosabec.org. We would like to add pictures or more information regarding these women to the site. If you have such info, please email it to: cfdavis44@yahoo.com. Thank you.

BEALS HERITAGE CENTER
FUND-RAISING DRIVE
BUY A BRICK PROGRAM

The Beals Historical Society is now ready to begin its Brick Fundraising Program. The purchase of a brick will enable the continuation, of the heritage center construction, by completing the patio and entranceway of the center and the Veterans monument. Your purchase of a personalized 4x8 *cinnamon colored* brick with *black filled* lettering for $100.00 is a tax-deductible donation. Or you may wish to purchase an 8x8 brick for $150.00. With this size brick you may add an additional line or use a logo for an additional $10. Please join family, friends and neighbors as we strive to complete the construction of the Beals Heritage Center in 2010!

YES! We'd like to reserve a permanent brick.

Please check one of the following:

☐Brick Patio
☐Veterans Monument

- -

4x8 Brick **SAMPLE**

			I	N		M	E	M	O	R	Y		O	F			
A	R	N	O	L	D		&		I	V	Y		J	O	N	E	S
		G	R	A	N	D	S	O	N	,		M	E	L	V	I	N

_____ Check here for 4x8 brick for $100.00 (standard block lettering included).
_____ Check here for 8x8 brick for $150.00 (add an additional $10 for a logo)

Please engrave our brick as follows:

4 x 8 brick lettering-21 spaces or add an additional line for the 8x8 brick

PLEASE MAKE YOUR CHECK OR MONEY ORDER PAYABLE TO: BEALS HISTORICAL SOCIETY, ATTN: Treasurer, PO Box 280, Beals, ME 04611

Name: _________________________________ Phone: (_______)_____________

Mailing Address: ____

City: ____________________________________ State: __________ Zip: ___________

Email Address: _________________________________ Amount Paid: _____________

For further information, please contact Carol Davis at (207) 497-2675 or email cfdavis44@yahoo.com.

Beals Heritage Center

Beals Historical Society Membership Application

Please check one: ☐ **Renewal** ☐ **New**

Name(s) as you wish it to appear on membership card and member roll on website:

_____

(Please type or print clearly)

Your mailing address: Street or Post Office Box: _____
City: _____ State _____ ZIP: _____

E-mail address: _____

Type of membership (Please review all types and check the one that applies)

☐ **Individual Annual**	**$10 annually**
☐ **Individual/Life**	**$200 one-time payment**
☐ **Couple Annual**	**$15 annually**
☐ **Couple/Life**	**$300 one-time payment**
☐ **Senior/65 Annual**	**$5 annually**
☐ **Senior couple/65 Annual**	**$7.50 annually**
☐ **Student**	**$5 annually**

Over and above dues, I wish to donate _____ for __operating expenses, __building fund, or __ endowment fund. Receipt and membership card will be sent to you.

Instructions: Please print, complete and mail this application, together with tax-deductible check or money order payable to Beals Historical Society to: Membership Chairperson, Beals Historical Society, P.O. Box 280, Beals, ME 04611

Annual memberships are for the calendar year and expire Dec. 31.