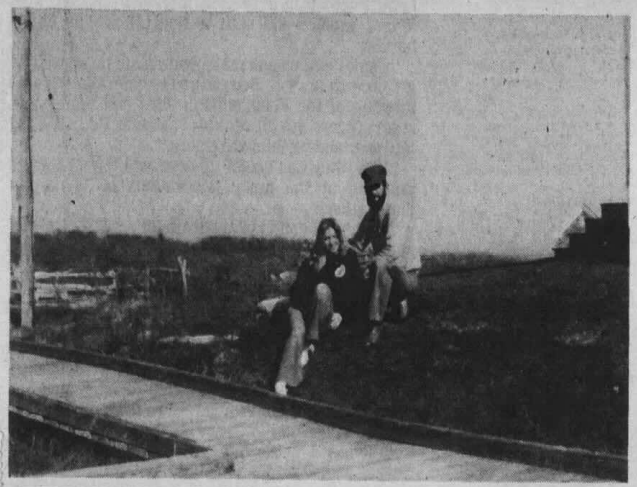
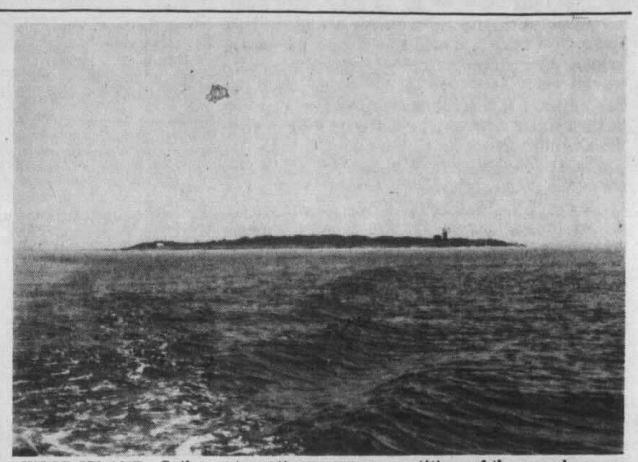
Wood Island Light Built In 1808



THE MCQUADES—Mike McQuade, keeper at Wood Island Light Station, and his wife, Patsy, taken in front of their island home. Former residents of Omaha, Nebraska, they came to Maine in July, 1976.



WOOD ISLAND LIGHT STATION—The large house provided for living quarters and the passageway which connects the house and tower. In olden days the lightkeepers had to be prepared to care for shipwreck survivors and provide supplies to needy fishermen.



WOOD ISLAND—Sailors, at one time, were superstitious of the area because many schooners, caught in terrible winter gales, cracked up and sank nearby. There reportedly were 108 shipwrecks recorded in less than 50 years. Winslow Homer did a beautiful painting of this island as viewed from his Prouts Neck home.

By LUCILLE S. BANGS

Mike McQuade and his wife, Patsy, both natives of Omaha, Nebraska, came to the Wood Island Light Station last July to take up residence for a two-year stay.

The Lighthouse is located off Old Orchard Beach, but it is nearer Camp Ellis and Biddeford Pool. The boat trip from Wood Island to Biddeford Pool is approximately one mile.

While Mike was in the Navy, he spent most of his time on a submarine out of Connecticut. After his discharge from the Navy he and Mrs. McQuade went back home to Omaha, but found they missed the sights and sounds of the sea.

Because there is less family separation in the Coast Guard than in the Navy, Mike joined the Guard and was first stationed on a Search and Rescue Boat on Cape Cod.

No Better Place

After nearly two years Mike asked for duty at a Light Station and was assigned to Wood Island. He says, "We couldn't have asked for a better place to be near the ocean."

Wood Island Light Station, built in 1808, is one of the old Colonial lights. The lighthouse was ordered built by President Thomas Jefferson. The conical-shaped lighthouse tower, constructed of granite blocks, 75 feet above the waterline on the eastern end of the island marks the southern entrance to Wood Island Harbor.

After the light had been in operation for more than 50 years, some changes were ordered by President James Buchanan. These alterations greatly improved the value of the station as an aid to navigation. Reportedly, in ONE gale, three ships loaded with cord wood and bound for Boston broke up and sank near Wood Island.

In olden days large fleets of seiners could be seen sailing about the island watching for schools of mackerel and herring. Lobster trap buoys were seen floating in the nearby waters. Now, during the summer, the island is surrounded by thousands of lobster buoys.

Mike describes the island as a stretch of land one-half mile long and a quarter of a mile wide. It is covered with rocks, weeds, brush and trees. Some of the trees are evergreens, as spruce is especially resistant to salt spray. The terrain is rough and rolling with several ponds and gullies.

Once Had Six Houses

At one time there were reportedly six houses on the island but fires, winds, and weather have destroyed them. Thick underbrush has concealed most of the evidence of prior habitation. Working their way through the brush, the McQuades found a few piles of stones which were probably used as foundations for the early homes.

There are no records at the station, but reportedly during the winter of 1869, gale force winds swept across the island like a tornado and cut a wide swath through the trees. Years later the island was swept by fire leaving a barren, desolate strip of land.

Fine Home

The home provided for the lightkeeper is a big, rambling two-story building. In early days a lightkeeper sometimes had a large family and space was also needed to care for shipwreck survivors if any were rescued near the station. After many years of additions and improvements the house now has three bedrooms, a large kitchen, an office, a laundryroom, living room and an upstairs bathroom complete with an electric toilet. In the basement there is an oil furnace which was converted from coal in the 50's. There is also a 2,000-gallon water cistern. Fresh water, which comes from an underground well, is pumped into the cistern and then pumped to the faucets as needed.

A 40-foot passageway connects the house and the tower. Other buildings include the boathouse, a garage-workshop, and the paint house which was formerly the lamp oil shed when the beacon burned like a kerosene lamp.

The boathouse is on the other side of the island which means a half-mile walk to reach the boat. Mike enjoys the walk except on cold windy days. There was an accumulation of about 34 inches of snow to shovel this past winter. But the most difficult task for the McQuades during the winter was breaking up and shoveling four inches of ice from the boardwalk.

The Coast Guard provides a 15-foot peapod dinghy with a nine horse power motor for Mike's use. His trips to the mainland for mail and supplies are not scheduled for they depend upon wind and weather. Mrs. McQuade accompanies him only when the seas are extraordinarily calm so Mike had to do most of the Christmas shopping.

Merry Christmas

Although the McQuades were alone for the holiday, they bought a tree and decorated it and the house with cranberries, popcorn and homemade decorations. During the holidays they were remembered by many relatives and friends with gifts, cookies and food. They received a box of candy from the South Portland Base and a gift from the Maine Coast Missionary Society.

Sharing their home is a little Lhasa Apso named Torrey, which means "one who lives by the tower". The puppy was only nine weeks old when the McQuades came to Maine.

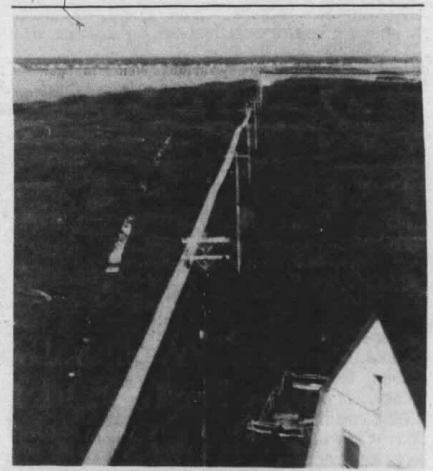
The Mascot, Kelly

Already in residence at the

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WOOD ISLAND LIGHT—Located to the south of Old Orchard Beach, approximately one mile from Biddeford Pool, the Wood Island Light Station was erected in 1808 to aid navigators in the Saco Bay area. The tower is 75 feet above the water line.



BOARDWALK—It stretches across the island, making the boathouse more easily accessible except in gale force winds and raging storms. This past winter it was a difficult task to clear this walk of ice that was four inches thick after one storm. The severe storm in late March caused a major emergency when electricity was off for 18 hours.

Fort Beausejour Now A National Park

By MARY LOU HEALY

The history we share with our northern neighbor, Canada, goes back long before the War for Independence. It reaches into the past to a time when our people fought side by side against mutual enemies. Relics of that period still exist in many

touched land...marshes with harsh, blowing grass, glistening red-brown mud and the unmistakable odor that advertises their presence.

These great flats have been the scene of many battles among Indians, French and English.

An interesting bit of local color is found in the complex system of dykes, called "aboiteaux", which were originated by the early Acadians. With these dykes, they reclaimed many acres from the grip of the sea. Three

constant wind tossing back your hair, and gaze across the endless expanse of flat marsh, imagining how lonely a place it must have been so long ago.

More of that long-ago time is being unearthed at the Fort now, as archaeologists pursue their excavations of old foundations and earthworks. Here, as in so many places, the reconstruction of our past, the attempt to place it into perspective with our present, has suddenly gained importance.

Roots have become of value and the past, long forgotten in attic and cellar, has been dusted off and put on display. So it is at old Fort Beausejour in New Brunswick.

Wood Island Light



THE MASCOT—Kelly, mascot of Wood Island Light and guardian of the property, was taken to the Island as a puppy and has never left. Now five years old, the handsome Collie has had four owners and has been very loyal to each one.

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Light Station was a five-year-old Collie. She was taken to Wood Island as a puppy and has never left. Mike and Patsy are her fourth owners and she has been very loyal to each one. She always accompanies Mike to the boat house and when he goes to the mainland, she waits at the boat landing for him to return. She is guardian of the island. She keeps seagulls, rats and mice away from the house and alerts the McQuades when anyone comes to the island. She and Torrey are great pals despite their difference in size.

No amount of care or preparation can wholly protect man from the sea. Mike has had a few mishaps. When there are swells coming over the boat skid, he has to time himself when bringing the boat onto the skid. Otherwise the waves can pick up the boat and carry it onto the rocks. This has happened to Mike twice so far.

The worst accident happened when he was knocked against a cross-bar of the skid making a hole in the side of the boat. Luckily, the hole was above the water line, so Mike was able to patch it with no resultant problems.

There Can Be Problems

Most of Mike's problems occur when the outboard motor isn't working well. In cold weather the gas-line freezes checking the flow of gas to the engine and the whole thing quits with Mike only part way to shore. Then he has to row back to the island.

One day the outgoing current was too strong for Mike to combat with the oars so he had to beach the boat about 250 feet from the boat skid. He was unable to work on the motor with the boat in that position so he, with the help of his wife, Patsy, hauled the 600 pound boat over and around the rocks to get it back on the skid. Some task!

Mike's primary duty is to make sure that the light and fog signal are kept in working order and to be at the station when it is time to turn them on. His days are occupied with the upkeep of the boat, boathouse, boardwalk, house, station and grounds.

Always Plenty To Do

For the past five years there has been talk of automating the Wood Island Light and other family light stations. Fortunately opinions have changed so improvements are to be made at the Wood Island Station. During inclement weather the McQuades are helping by repainting and paneling some of the rooms.

Mike and Patsy are avid readers and have hobbies to occupy their spare time. Mike enjoys refinishing furniture and Patsy does needlework, which includes designing some original ideas.

They even have a TV which they found while cleaning out some odds and ends in the attic. They plugged it in and it has worked fairly well ever since.

Power from Biddeford Pool supplies electricity for the house, appliances, and for the beacon. When the supply is cut off for any reason, there is an emergency diesel generator that keeps the light and fog horn in operation. The generator also supplies most of the power needed for the house during an emergency.

Fierce Storm

Mike had to use the generator power for an hour in August when Hurricane Belle threatened, but the severe storm the latter part of March which downed lines and poles in Cumberland and York Counties was a major emergency. The electricity was off for 18 hours. The McQuades were awakened at 12:30 a.m. by the "light-out" alarm. The station was switched to generator power and that meant checking the generator and taking readings every hour until electricity from the mainland was again available.

The Coast Guard owns a third of Wood Island or about nine acres. The Audubon Society owns a part and a private individual owns a small section.

During the months of May, June, and July, Wood Island is used as a breeding ground by thousands of gulls. It is also a resting place for many species of birds, especially during the fall migrations.

Great for Bird Watchers

Through the weeks of autumn and early winter the McQuades spotted many different kinds of sparrows, wrens, humming birds and woodpeckers. An osprey lingered for a few days. A large hawk and two smaller ones searched the island for mice. One evening Mrs. McQuade saw a large brown owl sitting on the power line watching as she and the dogs walked by.

It is the first time Mike and Patsy have had an opportunity to observe these birds of prey. They greatly admire their grace and beauty and often stop to watch some new feathered visitor.

She Loves It

Patsy loves living on their own little island close to the sea and being with Mike 24 hours a day. She hopes to visit inland and northern Maine before Mike is transferred. Mike is eligible to one free weekend each month. Whenever he takes time off, a relief keeper goes out to make sure the station stays in working condition while Mike is away.

The McQuades know that Wood Island has reportedly been the scene of murders, illicit liquor distribution and many shipwrecks. They have heard that a murder victim is supposed to haunt the island and that, at the turn of the century, there were so many shipwrecks in the area that people began to wonder if there were, indeed, a jinx presaging doom to those who sailed nearby.

In spite of the gruesome tales, Mike and Patsy have calmly kept the beacon functioning as a guiding light for the ships at sea. Thus far, they have heard no eerie wailing over the wind-whipped waves nor seen a ghostly apparition bounding along the boardwalk and across the barren terrain.

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although it could not be proved that the fire was set.

In the panic of 1907 the Lowell fortune and Lowell mills had not suffered while the hard-earned savings of many had been swept away. There was probably resentment because the heirs of August Lowell lived in luxury and Amy still gave her expensive entertainments at Sevenels.

Threatening Letters

Amy was too heart-broken to rebuild the stables. She was upset over threatening letters, that if she didn't share her wealth with the poor something worse would happen. Sevenels was her refuge and strength.

Carl was a great help during this period of sadness. His music for her "Lilacs" was often performed by Boston Symphony. Amy entertained more than ever and he nicknamed her "baronne" and she called him "marquis". Carl put two of her poems to music, "Sea Shell" and the "Trout". Carl married someone else, but their friendship still continued.

Brother Harvard President

Brother Lawrence became the 21st president of Harvard in 1909. The ceremony was outdoors in front of University Hall on a warm October day and Amy was a little late! She was proud of her brother who looked a great deal like their father. She determined to work harder so that she would be known as "Amy Lowell's brother".

About this time she began raising sheep dogs with her cousin, Barbara Higginson. They called their kennel "Hylowe," from Higginson and Lowell. Her first puppies were called Hylowe Sir John and Hylowe Prue. She bred them until there were seven thoroughbred show dogs. They were part of her life, and they had the meadow of herchildhood to play in.

At dinner they would wait at the doorway in a semicircle until the guests had finished dinner. When a guest arrived he would be accompanied by a guard to protect him against the barking dogs and at the door given a clean towel to protect himself against the slurps of the dogs. Amy would beam at her children while she puffed on a little manilla cigar.

In summer she took the dogs to Dublin in a haycart and took care of them, feeding them top-round steak and fresh vegetables. One hot summer day a friend drove around in her pony cart and found Amy in a starched white dress with leg o' mutton sleeves, spraying her dogs with a garden hose.

One of First

She kept up her amateur theatricals at Sevenels. It was one of the first "little theaters" in America. There was a story that she cracked a horsewhip to bring the cast to attention. Actually it was her riding crop, but it made a good yarn.

Amy had been writing verse for eight years and felt that she should get some in print. A school friend had married Ellery Sedgwick, the editor of Atlantic Monthly. With great timidity she sent him four poems which he accepted at once. The first was printed in 1910 and gave her great assurance in a period of self-doubt.

She ran into Josephine Peobody in a florist shop and asked her about Houghton Mifflin. Josephine had won the Stratford prize for "The Pied Piper". She wrote lighter poetry than Amy, but was considered an authority by various editors. Accordingly, Amy made an appointment with Ferris Greenslet, the new editor of Houghton Mifflin.

He was unprepared for the huge figure who entered his office. She wore an old-fashioned black serge suit, a high net collar and pince-nez on her nose, a sleek pompadour. She looked as if she might be the president of Harvard, rather than his sister.

On Edge of Fame

She was a charming talker when she sat down, and one forgot her enormous bulk. Her face was delicate in feature with a small nose and well-formed mouth. She had small hands and wore several rings, one on the index finger. Greenslet realized he was promising to publish her poems.

In that first interview she determined the design of her book. It must be like Keat's "Lamia", Berkeley Updike must handle the job. He understood her worship of Keats. As a title for the book she chose "A Dome of Many-Colored Glass" from "Adonais" by Shelley.

In this same year 1912, Robert Frost was putting together a little pile of poems. He threw into the fire all he could spare! Harriet Monroe was trying to secure backing for a new magazine, "Poetry, a Magazine of Verse". Edna Millay wrote "Renaissance" and became famous. Emily Dickinson's mystic poetry was being discovered.

Now in this garden of greatness was to appear Amy Lowell, full blown. International fame as a poet was to be hers.

FIGHT SONG

LOS ANGELES (AP) — An important ingredient at Thrifty Corp.'s annual stockholders' meeting is the sing-along of the company's fight song.

But a couple of argumentative shareholders forced this year's meeting to run overtime and the singing of the fight song was canceled. However, songsheets were made available for everyone to take home.