
The Thoroughfare

April 2004

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News from Roque

Selena's and my arrival on Roque was met with broken water pipes, warped floors, drooping drywall, no refrigeration and facilities via a bucket. To say the least, things could only get better from that point. To be expected, there have been challenges and a large learning curve along the way.

Most of the challenges that Roque has presented to date are similar to the challenges we first had at our past island: staffing, equipment problems, the environment and all that goes along with living and working in a remote location and getting to know the different family members and their desires. From experience, these particular challenges lessen as time goes by and other challenges take their place. We have enjoyed meeting these challenges and especially getting to know the family members and trying to meet their wishes. The farm is a special part of the Roque experience and Selena and I have thoroughly enjoyed learning and being a daily part of it's operation and planning.

This winter has brought its own share of challenges. During an extended sub zero stretch of weather the farmhouse was burning a cord of wood

every 4 days. We have been clearing a number of blow downs along the roads from some especially high winds. From mid November to mid January we only had limited access to the mainland pier due to construction. Since mid January we have had to utilize the Jonesport marina for all trips.

The staff is looking forward to the arrival of spring and the family. The houses are stocked with dry wood and work has begun on getting the houses in shape for the season.

Selena and I would like to thank the family for their support this first year and we look forward to many years to follow.

-Bruce Patterson



After some breeding problems Stump-Tail gave birth to twin ewes, both black with white "X" marks on their heads.

SQUIRE'S POINT— Breakfast

George G. Herrick

George A. Gardner (GAG)'s breakfasts at Roque Island set trencherman standards. John Peabody Monks in his *History of Roque* wrote that GAG might put down half a grapefruit or a Bartlett pear, hot cereal with cream so thick it could scarcely pour, eggs or fish, bacon, chop, potatoes, toast, blueberry muffins, butter, milk and coffee. On one occasion a "guest dropped down on all fours and left the dining room crawling and groaning with immensity of the meal he had just eaten, claiming that "any other position was impossible to assume."

"Go, make ready breakfast," says Falstaff in *Henry IV, Part I*. The Oxford English Dictionary gives 1463 as the date of the first mention of "breakfast".

Too late for Chaucer but in time for Shakespeare, whose plays contain fifteen references to the first meal of the day. Up until the late 18th century it was a simple meal, a mere snack of bread washed down by a draught of ale or wine, a "break in the fast" since supper.

The breakfasts that we have known had to await a greater degree of refinement and the development of the fork. The genius of the Italian Renaissance gave us that indispensable utensil and awakened the world to the full potential of the table. It took time for the fork to migrate north. Members of the court of Louis XIV in France were still eating with their fingers in the 1660's.

In the long centuries since, different countries have perfected their dishes. To open the day, the Swiss like choco-

late, the Dutch need cheese, the German insist on sausage. The French prefer to save their strength for lunch. In the tropics nothing could be tastier than fresh fruit. Even within countries, regional specialties flourish. In the U.S. you may encounter grits in the South, maple syrup in Vermont, scrapple in West Virginia or chilies in Texas. Wedding breakfasts and Virginia Hunt breakfasts have rituals of their own. Power breakfasts at the Hotel Carlyle in New

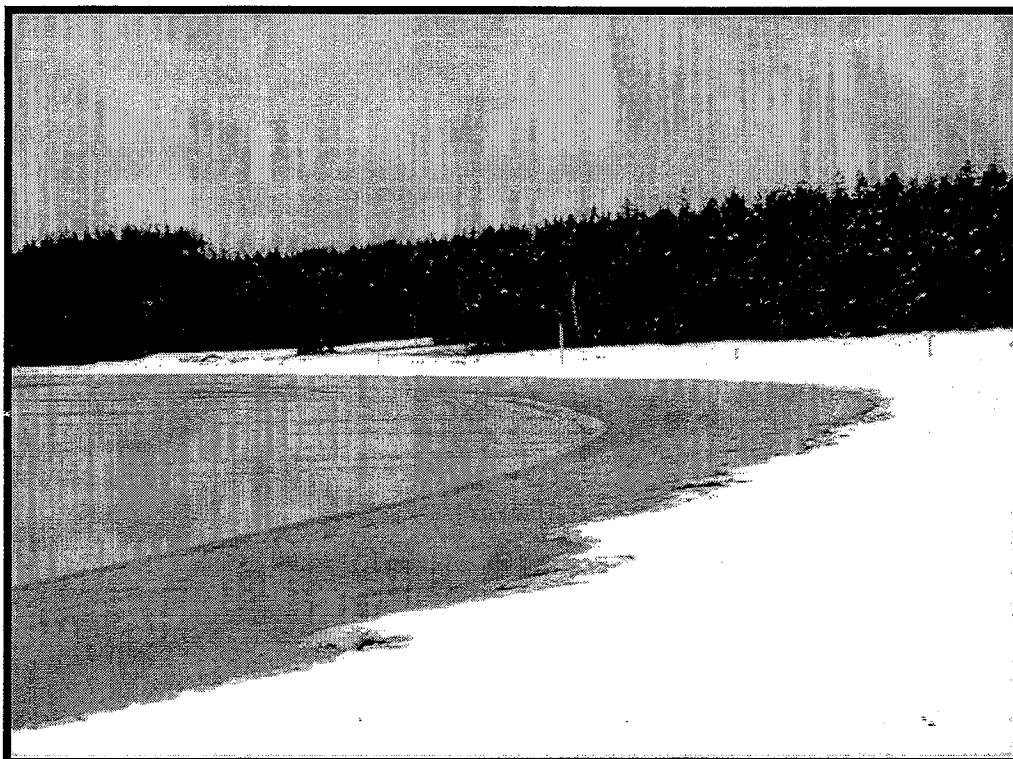
York are of the aqueous kings: "Sparkling or Plain, English or French?" Someone once said that the worst three words in the English language are "Just coffee, please."

Large breakfasts of the Victorian and Edwardian eras created a demand for new kinds of tableware like the chafing dishes and roll back tureens, toast racks and egg

coddlers, muffiniere and *moutardieres*, bread forks and sugar tongs. A sumptuous table summoned serious eaters.

When you consider the really big breakfasts that history and literature have left us, it seems that certain specific factors account for them. Appetite is clearly greater in temperate climates than in the tropics and the food sources more abundant. Leisure time is important and the prospect of heavy exercise in the day ahead. A rural situation may afford access to farm and dairy products, seafood and game. Dr. Johnson extolled Scottish breakfasts above all others and Sir Walter Scott laid claim to the fictional breakfast.

One can only wonder why GAG left mushrooms off his menu.



Ann Monks Barry 1940 -2003

After a ten-year struggle with breast cancer Ann Monks Barry died on July 18, 2003, three days after the birth of her second grandchild, Wilson Endicott Smith, and only a month after her last trip to Roque. On that visit, she enjoyed short evening strolls and moments gazing out onto Roque Island's harbor from the Monks House porch. Ann also took pleasure in lively dinners with other family members (spanning three generations) during Work Week. She very much appreciated the staff's attentiveness and willingness to ferry her to the doctor in Machias.

Ann graduated from the Shipley School, Concord Academy and Radcliffe College. She subsequently obtained a degree in interior decorating. She had a deep appreciation for all things aesthetic, including colors (especially in clothes and interior design), good writing, interesting landscapes, art, and classical music. An accomplished mezzo-soprano, she sang for several years with Musica Sacra in Boston, and always enjoyed playing her piano at home. She served as Chair of the Board of the Boston Lyric Opera for ten years, and was a Trustee and patron of the Boston Early Music Festival, which has set up a fund in her memory. In addition to aesthetics, the theme of healing was also pervasive for Ann. Her grandfather, father and husband were all doctors. In 1980, she found her own expression of that theme through a holistic healing practice that focused on the human energy system.

She loved Roque Island, serving as a Trustee for many years, helping create the second island guest book, and contributing to the new burying ground. Like many others, she loved looking for wonderful beach rocks, exclaiming the most over the soft green limestone rocks that get more velvety with handling, and trying to find granite stones that were perfectly spherical. She was particularly fond of trail work. On hikes, she insisted that her daughters and guests continue her father's tradition of yanking up ten young spruce "weeds" on the way out, and ten more on the way back. She worked for years on a trail on the east shore of the island, connecting the Head to Lakeman's. Her daughter Rebecca will finish clearing the last quarter-mile of this trail in July.

Ann leaves behind her "girls": Rebecca Endicott Barry and Andrea Constantine Barry-Smith (married to John Smith), and her grandsons, Alexander Constantine Smith and Wilson Endicott Smith. Memorial services were held in Seattle on September 20, 2003, and in Weston, MA on October 25 of the same year. Andrea and Rebecca are very grateful for the family's attendance at the services, for the photos and letters and kind words and thoughts. Ann's ashes will be interred at the Roque Island burying ground this summer around the anniversary of her death.

Flotsam

- Georgia Cutler Goodhue and Alexander Duer Reath announced their engagement on August 8, 2003. They will marry on August 28th, 2004 in Marion, Massachusetts
- Robert A. G. Monks has recently written and published a novel, *Reel and Rout*, in which a foreign-born CEO makes a hostile bid for a formidable U.S. publication.
- John P. M. Higgins will soon complete his annotation of John Peabody Monk's *Conversations with Sewell Smith: Around the Island Primarily*.
- Alexander Milo Ryan was married to Zoe (Leath) Ryan on November 15, 2003 in Charleston, South Carolina.
- Nicholas H. S. Higgins has completed his course work towards a Ph.D. in Psychology (at Pacifica Graduate Institute) and is now practicing and working on his dissertation in the Dominican Republic where he resides with his wife and two youngest boys.
- Nicholas D. S. Higgins graduated from Portland High School in Portland, Maine in June 2003 and is now a Freshman at the University of Southern Maine.

Barnyard Tales:

In Jesse's words, the story of a curious ram lamb

The lambs are getting older (some are now 3 week sold) and they are becoming curious about what is going on around them. The older lambs and their mothers have been moved to the back pen of the sheep barn and have access to their fenced in yard. At first, this was pretty scary for the lambs and they tended to stay right at their mothers' sides. Now that they are more accustomed to being outside the lambs have gotten a lot bolder.

Much to their mothers' dismay they have discovered that they can creep out through the boards of their fence and do some exploring on their own. They are interested in everything going on

around them. They are seen outside nibbling on the cedar shingles and climbing the steps of the new poultry building. They taste the dirt and rocks and check out the tractors and the Sand Peep II in the equipment shed. They are fascinated by the laying flock and watch them intently when I let the hens out in the afternoon to forage.

One curious ram lamb followed one of the speckled sussex hens around the poultry building and almost all the way to the Wood-Mizer shed. A low-flying raven startled the chicken who ran back underneath the poultry building. The ram suddenly realized he'd strayed a little too far from home and panicked. His ears went straight up and he started crying for his mother.

His mother had been calling to him ever since he'd started off after the hen, but he'd ignored her.

He was frantic!! He was on the wrong side of the poultry building and unable to see his mother, or the other sheep for that matter, and the acoustics between the buildings was making it difficult for him to follow her "voice" back to the pen.

Eventually he found his way back to the pen. He and his mother were happy to be reunited. His "scary" adventure hasn't seemed to dampen his spirit any. He's still out and about on a daily basis.



Cranium, the curious ram lamb, with Bruce. (The white on his head seems to form a skull.)

THE LIBRARY CORNER

Additions to Roque Island's Library

- Borthwich, J.S. Bodies of Water (1990)
- Brace, Gerald Warner. A Summer's Tale (1949)
- Brodo, Irwin M. Lichens of North America (2001)
- Charles, Rebecca and DiClementi, Deborah. Lobster Rolls and Blueberry Pie (2003)
- Chase, Sarah Leah and Jonothan. Saltwater Seasonings (1992)
- Davidson, Alan. North Atlantic Seafood (2003)
- Donworth, E.C. Not to the Swift (reprint 2003)
- Gardner, Kevin. The Granite Kiss. Traditions and Technique of Building New England Stone Walls (2001)
- Graham, Elinor. Our Way Down East (1993)
- Heinrich, Berndt. Winter World (2003)
- Larghten, Oscar. Ninety Years at the Isles of Shoals (1900)
- Lien, Jan and Katona, Steve. A Guide to Photographic Identification of Individual Whales (1990)
- Lyon, Robert (ed.). Gentlemen Photographers. The Work of Loring and Wm. Underwood (1987)
- Maclean, Charles. Island at the Edge of the World (1972)
- Macfarlane, Robert. Mountains of the Mind (2003)
- Moore, Ruth. Speak to the Winds (1956)
- Muir, Emily. The Time of My Life (2002, inscribed)
- Munson, Gorham. Penobscot. Downeast Paradise (1959)
- Peters, Harold and Burleigh, Thomas, D. The Birds of Newfoundland (1951)
- Proper, Ida Sedgwick. Monhegan. The Cradle of New England (1930)
- Russel, Franklin. The Secret Islands (1965)
- Sears, James R. NEAS Keys to Bethnic Marine Algae of Northeastern Coast of North America... (1998)
- Sterba, Jim. Frankie's Place (2003, inscribed)
- Stobo, W.T. and McLaren, I. The Ipswich Sparrow (1975)
- Trillin, Calvin. Dunestruck (1977)
- Varende, Jean de la. Cherish the Sea. a History of Sail (1956)
- Zielinski, Gregory A. and Keem, Barry. New England Weather, New England Climate (2003)

A Refuge for the Fisherman

An excerpt from John Higgins' investigation of the history and culture of fishing camps on Lakeman's Island:

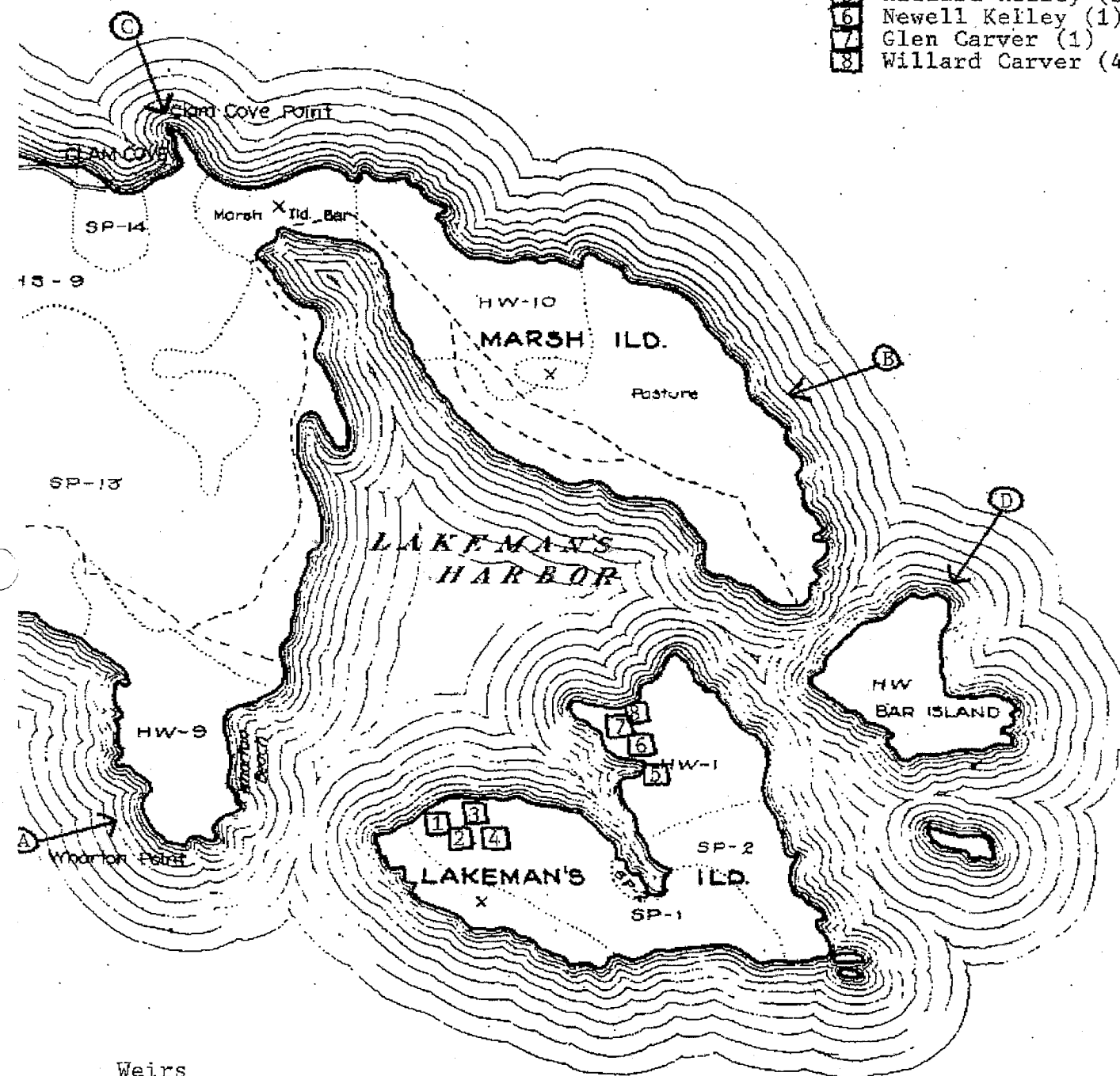
"Given the shelter from rough seas, a natural harbor, a source of fresh water and proximity to rich sardine and lobstering grounds, Lakeman's Island was a natural refuge for early 20th century local fishermen. A number of "camps" sprang up to accommodate these strongly independent and eccentric types, with names such as Kelly, Carver and Dyer, whose exploits still dominate Roque's early folklore. Lakeman's, for lack of a better term, was truly the archipelago's first ghetto. The camps, perhaps 8-12 of them at the height of their "civilization", sat cheek by jowl on either "wing" of the island - the Kellys to the west and the Carvers to the east. Originally, the fishermen used to anchor their camps, which were built on scows. Then they were allowed to tie the scows to the shore, and it was only a matter of time before the occupants moved inland. They were charged a \$1 a year rent, but collecting it was always a difficult and hazardous affair as they were often reluctant to pay the fee.

The camps were very spartan rectangular structures, maybe 10' by 15' in size, bunks for two, and with room for a stove. A 6' dug well was usually close by. Materials depended occasionally on what was offered up by the sea. There were 3 wharves, Kelly's including both a boat shop and blacksmith's shop. Aside from lobstering (each fisherman handled about 80 traps), there were several weirs nearby that were regularly attended to. Marketing was done on Saturdays, and berry picking was frequent on nearby Marsh Island. The Carvers used to keep a Cruising Club Log Book, which they had yachting visitors sign.

(This still exists in private hands in Jonesport)."

The map on the following page locates the old fisherman's camps dating from the late 1940's, though they began in the 1920's. The locating was done last year by John Sawyer of Jonesport, who used to be out there as well as a helper.

Late 1940s



- | | |
|---|--------------------|
| 1 | Edwin Kelley (3) |
| 2 | Bert Carver (3) |
| 3 | Leement Kelley (3) |
| 4 | Harry Woodward (2) |
| 5 | Millard Kelley (3) |
| 6 | Newell Kelley (1) |
| 7 | Glen Carver (1) |
| 8 | Willard Carver (4) |

Weirs

- | | |
|---|--------------------------|
| A | Jailin (Ed Kelley) |
| B | Marsh Island (Ed Kelley) |
| C | Clam Cove (Ed Kelley) |
| D | Bar Island (W. Carver) |

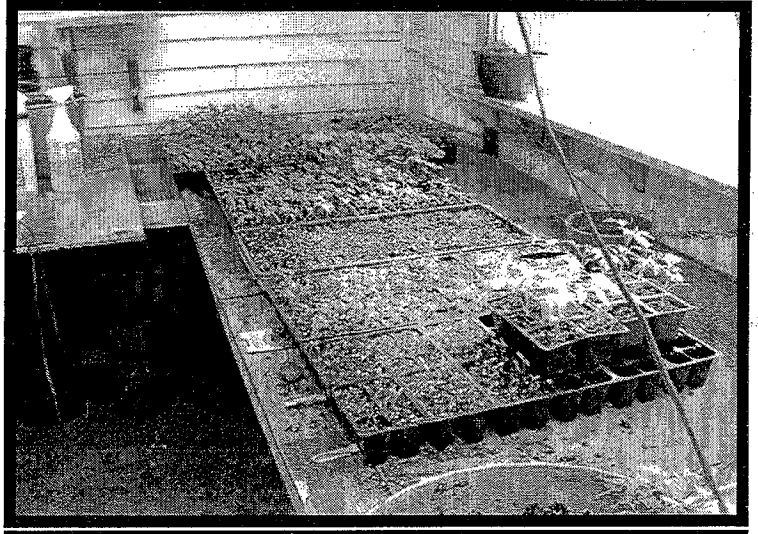
Source: John V. Sawyer, II
Jonesport
July 2002

The Kitchen Cupboard

Pesto

- 2 Cups (or a jar full) of basil leaves
- 1/4 Cup of pine nuts
- 1 or 2 cloves of garlic
- 3/4 to 1 Cup of olive oil
- Onion and/or black pepper to taste

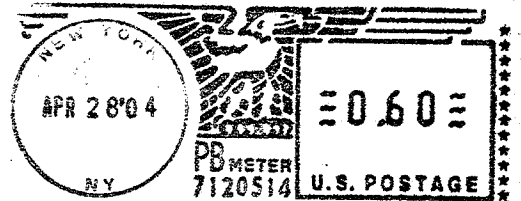
Mix all ingredients in a food processor or blender, slowly adding olive oil until the mixture thickens.



Looking forward to a vegetable garden full of great things this season. Liz, the new cook, indicates that the tomato plants are already 7 inches high!

The Thoroughfare

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