

J.H.E.

H.S.E

[written around circular seal]

The American Federation of Amiable, Avaricious and Continuous
Clam Diggers

MEMORIES
OF
HOPE ISLAND

Contributed to Maine Memory Network by Maine Historical Society
(Coll. 1893)
Date: 1935
Description: Memories of Hope Island, 1935 scrapbook.



IRENE BALL TURNER KATHRYN BALL ECKELS
SISTERS



[photo]

Irene Ball Turner

[photo]

Kathryn Ball Eckels

Sisters

[photo]

HOPE ISLAND MEMORIES

being

a compilation of

Prose, Pictures and Poetry

by

Members and Friends of

Clam Diggers Union #1

Philadelphia Oct. 17th - 1935

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Coll.
1893



1994.79.1

CONSTITUTION

Article I

Name

The name of this organization shall be "THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF AMIABLE, AVARICIOUS AND CONTINUOUS CLAM DIGGERS - HOPE ISLAND UNION NUMBER ONE!"

Article II

Purpose

a. The purpose of this association shall be to promote, by precept and more especially by example, the gentle art of Digging; within the geographical confines of the Islands of Hope, Sand and Rogue; the succulent bivalve mollusk (*Mya Arenaria*) commonly called Clam.

b. To keep at all times a sufficient supply to satisfy the apparently insatiable appetite of the sundry Cod, Pollock and other poor fish who inhabit, during the month of August each year, the Island of Hope and the water surrounding the same.

c. To inculcate in the minds of the members, a working knowledge of the essential and important differences between the Clam, (*Mya Arenaria*) or squirter, the Clam (*Venus Mercenaria*) or quohog and the Surf or Hen Clam, (*Spiscula solidissima*), whose usefulness for food purposes is limited to animals devoid of the sense of smell.

Article III

Membership

The Membership shall comprise:

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Membership

The membership shall comprise:



a. Those individuals who at some time during the month of August each year, are sojourning on the Island of Hope and who have, with more or less enthusiasm, made suitable application.

b. Those who have agreed in writing to make no demands for cash or other credits against charges for entertainment on account of or in lieu of, any contributions of clams, cunners, cod or other sea foods procured in the exercise of their functions as members of this organization. Infraction of this Rule shall be deemed sufficient grounds for rejection or expulsion.

c. Membership shall be limited to males, females, alledged golfers, Ring Tossers, Cunner fisherman and Bridge Players, provided they have previously made their peace with LUCY.

Article IV

Officers

a. The supreme command of the Union shall be vested in the BIG BOSS or "CLAM-ANT" whose duty it shall be to call the Union to duty, distribute the Hooks, locate the squitters and otherwise supervise and direct all operations of the Clan.

b. The second in command shall be the "OLFACTOR" or smeller, to whom shall be referred all questions as to the relative mortality of the Crop. Members incapable of distinguishing between life and death, shall not be eligible to this office; should the OLFACTOR lose consciousness in the discharge of his duty, another may be appointed.

c. Diggers to the number of four (being all the Hooks available) shall be called the

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"CLAM-JAM-FERY"
meaning the rabble or mob, whose duty it will
be to Dig. Passing the Hook to ANDY is not
permissible and no Hook is to remain idle dur-
ing operations.

Article V

Meetings

Meetings shall be called at low tide
only, at the discretion of the CLAM-ANT-OLFACTOR
LUCY-ANDY and at least 3 diggers. Failure to
attend may be considered cause for fine or ex-
pulsion or both.

Article VI

Motto

NO DIG - NO EAT

Article VII

Seal

(see next page)

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(see next page)

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[written around circular seal]

THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF AMIABLE,
AVARICIOUS AND CONTINUOUS CLAM
DIGGERS



THROUGH THE SHADOWS
-Jennings

[photo] THROUGH THE SHADOWS
-Jennings

FRIENDLY ROAD
-Grayson



FRIENDLY ROAD
-Grayson [photo]

ADVENTURES IN FRIENDSHIP
-Barker



TWIXT LAND AND SEA
-Conrad



NOWHERE ELSE IN THE WORLD
- Hudson

ADVENTURES IN FRIENDSHIP
-- Barker

[photo]

TWIXT LAND AND SEA
-- Conrad

[photo]

NOWHERE ELSE IN THE WORLD
-- Hudson



ON THE FACE OF THE WATERS
--Steel

[photo]
ON THE FACE OF THE WATERS
-- Steel

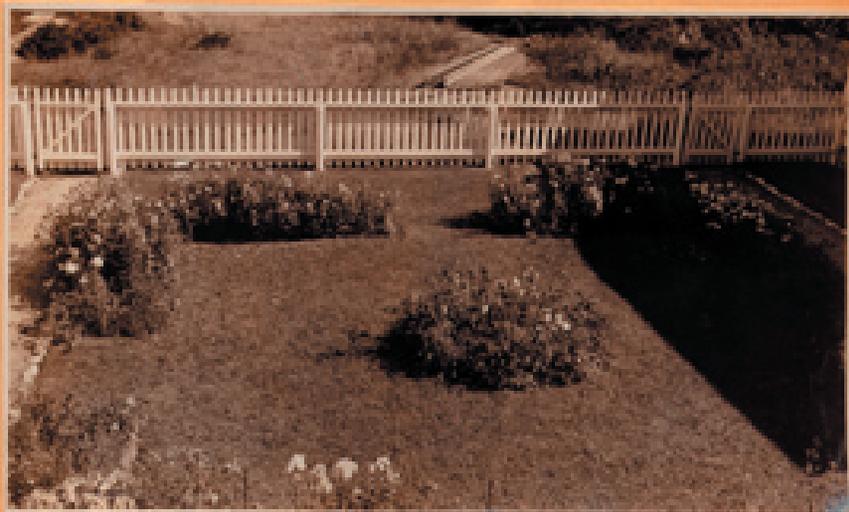


THE SENTINAL OF WELCOME

[photo]
THE SENTINAL OF WELCOME



HOUSE OF GENTLEFOLK
Turgenev



THE GARDEN OF MEMORIES
- Mercer

[photo]
HOUSE OF GENTLEFOLK
Turgenev

[photo]
THE GARDEN OF MEMORIES
-- Mercer



LITTLE SHIPS
- Norris

[photo]

LITTLE SHIPS
-- Norris



WHAT PRICE FOR FISH
- Connolly

[photo]

WHAT PRICE FOR FISH
-- Connolly



A GOOD MAN'S LOVE
- Delafield

[photo]

A GOOD MAN'S LOVE
-- Delafield



LOADS OF LOVE
-Parrish

[photo]

LOADS OF LOVE
-- Parrish



L to R - John, Kathryn, Howard + Josephine Eckels

THE HAPPY FAMILY

[photo]

L to R – John, Kathryn, Howard + Josephine Eckels
THE HAPPY FAMILY



CERTAIN PEOPLE OF IMPORTANCE
-Norris

[photo]

CERTAIN PEOPLE OF IMPORTANCE
-- Norris

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KEEPER OF THE KEYS
-Bigger

[photo]

KEEPER OF THE KEYS
-- Bigger



[photo]

TRAIL OF THE LONESOME PINE

-- Fox

TRAIL OF THE LONESOME PINE
-Fox

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CONTRIBUTED
BY

Kitty

[photo]

CONTRIBUTED BY
Kitty

AND

John

[photo]

AND

John





THE BOSS

RECUPERATING AFTER STEAMED CLAMS,
ROCK COD, MAINE CORN, STRING BEANS,
TOMATO - WITH LEMON; AND ---
LUCY'S BLUEBERRY PIE!
EVEN THE LAST OBSTACLE LEANS TO HIM!

MT. WASHINGTON - NINETY MILES AWAY
(IN THE BACKGROUND)

YES - PRODUCED ON RARE OCCASIONS

[photo]

The boss
recuperating after steamed clams,
rock cod, Maine corn, string beans
tomato - with lemon; and ----
Lucy's blueberry pie!
even the last obstacle leans to him!

Mt. Washington - ninety miles away
(in the background)
yes --- produced on rare occasions



CAPT. HERB GRIFFITH
A PIOUS SKIPPER
HE HAS A PULPIT ON HIS BOAT
BUT NO TUNA FROM HIS ORGAN!

HOWARD — CAPTAIN, DO YOU KNOW WHERE
ALL THE ROCKS ARE IN CASCO BAY?
CAP — NO, MR. ECKELS, BUT
I KNOW WHERE THEY HAINT!

[photo]

Capt. Herb Griffith
A Pious Skipper
He has a pulpit on his boat
But no tuna from his organ!

Howard — Captain, do you know where
All the Rocks are in Casco Bay?
Cap --- No Mr. Eckels, But
I know where they Haint!



THE STAFF



WHO PLAY SUCH A LARGE
PART IN MAKING HOPE ISLAND
DAYS SUCH GLORIOUS ONES.

[photo]

THE STAFF

Who play such a large
part in making Hope Island
days such glorious ones.

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WHO SAID CUNNERS?



BEFORE



AFTER

EMIL HOLDS ONE END OF THE LINE
 BUT MARION CAUGHT MOST OF THEM
 HOWARD'S EYES SPARKLE AS HE THINKS
 OF BREAKFAST

WHO SAID CUNNERS?

[photo] Before

[photo] After

Emil holds one end of the line
 But Marion caught most of them
 Howard's eyes sparkle as he thinks
 of breakfast

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AMOS AND ANDY
WAITING FOR PASSENGERS
TO TAXI TO CLIFF

[photo]

AMOS and ANDY
Waiting for passengers
to taxi to Cliff



THE ALBRECHT CLAN IN 1934



CHORUS
"I HOPE I LAND HERE
SOON AGAIN!"

[photo]

The Albrect clan in 1934

[photo]

Chorus

"I Hope I land here
soon again!"

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OFF TO HALF-WAY ROCK



WILL - OFFICIAL CLAM OPENER
OUT FOR ROCK COD
AND ROUGH SEAS

[photo]

Off to Halfway Rock

[photo]

Will - Official clam opener
out for rock cod
and rough seas



YOU'RE THE TOP
AND
KNOW ALL THE ANSWERS
WHEN IT COMES TO
ENTERTAINING ROYALLY

[photo]
You're the TOP
and
know all the answers
when it comes to
entertaining royally

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FOUR QUEENS - ALL ACES!

[photo]
Four queens – all aces!



THE WHOLE DECK

[photo]
The whole deck

THE LONESOME PINE



REFLECTIONS!

WHO DOES NOT LOVE TO
REFLECT ON SUCH A GLORIOUS
VACATION SPOT!



THE QUARTER DECK

The Lonesome Pine

[photo]

Reflections!

Who does not love to
reflect on such a glorious
vacation spot!

[photo]

The quarter deck



NAN AND TOM TAKE THE KITTY



LIVERSIDGES IN GOOD COMPANY
BEFORE THE RESCUE

[photo]

Nan and Tom take the Kitty

[photo]

Liversidges in good company
before the rescue

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OUR FRANK
(MAJOR BOAS)
ROCK WALKER GOOD SCOUT
WORLD TRAVELER
AND
LIFE SAVER EXTRAORDINARY

GAZING CROSS THE BAY AT
THE  IN DISTRESS.
THEN-ACTION!

[photo]
Our Frank
(Major Boas)
rock walker good scout
world traveler
and
life saver extraordinary

Gazing cross the bay at
the [illustration of a cat] in distress.
then - action

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SEVEN

[photo]
Seven



COME ELEVEN

[photo]
Come eleven



PICNICING WITH THE BLACKS
A CIVE ON UPPER GOOSE



THE MARINER

[photo]

Picnicing with the Blacks
A cover on Upper Goose

[photo]

The mariner

To our dear friend Howard

One sunny morning a little over three years ago, Grace and I began a journey with you and Josephine which was to be a memorable one, not only because of the beauty of the trip itself, but because of friendships it engendered for all time. Hope Island! The very name itself seemed to conjure up pleasant anticipations - one could really hope for any thing! Some one has said that "to travel hopefully is better than to arrive" but in our case both proved agreeable . . . A short way on our trip we were joined by Margaret and Will Jones which added gaiety to our party. Our first stop as you recall was at Bear Mountain where a lunch fit for Gods, not men, was dispersed by Josephine. After that feast life took on a real gust and we all felt a renewed sense of the comfort and joy in living.

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On to Portland! There Mr Black met us
 and took the party to the Island on his yacht.
 "After a good Woman, good wine, good books
 and good tobacco" there is nothing that
 so stirs this old heart of mine as the sight
 of an island of soft green, quietly resting
 in an azure bay with a fine breeze
 sending ripples to her shore.
 Just such a sight met our eyes that day.
 The house, spacious and comfortable,
 with its crackling wood fire to welcome us
 and a table set with delicious food
 were happiness enough for any man - or woman!
 Memories such as these are the finest
 things that we can carry on thru life
 and Grace and I have no finer ones
 than these days of splendid companionship
 with you and Josephine
 May the years deal kindly with you
 both and Hope Island be a refuge
 where you can refresh and renew
 your youth for many years to come
 With love and best wishes
 George & Grace Bridgman

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Here is a greeting from dear
Hope Island,
Home of the tasty cunner fish,
Where the waves croon soft-
ly day and night,
Where the skies are blue
and the sands are white,
And there's joy for your
every wish.

h. a. J.

[photo]

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Just A Reverie.

A Reverie.

[illustration of fireplace and mantel]

[written on mantle:]

YE ARE WELCOME AND THE HEARTH GLOWS WITH THE JOY OF YOUR PRESENCE

Outside, a lovely harvest moon, making a beautiful silvery streak across the waters of Casco Bay, at lovely Hope Island, Maine. Inside, lamps are lighted, a fine log fire is the grate under the mantel with its carved message of welcome and the assurance that the hearth grows brighter with the joy of our presence. It is Sunday evening, the tea table is set in

front of the fire place, and the friends are gathered around to enjoy the repast, and the intercourse of congenial friends. The logs snap and crackle, while our hostess pours tea, and Ethel serves us. Conversation flows and "this is the end of a perfect day."

This is the memory the "Clam Diggers" carry with them during the winter - this among many others - a memory that lingers, and makes us long for a repetition next year at "Hope."

Margaret.

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Margaret.

Our Fishermen Three.



*Howard
With cunners caught from the rocks.*



*Carl
With his 10 lb. 2oz cod.*



*Billy
With his 11lb pollock.*

Our Fishermen Three.
[photo]

Howard
With cunners caught from the rocks.

[photo]

[photo]

Carl
With his 10 lb.2oz cod.

Billy
With his 11lb. Pollock.



*"The Keeper of the Keys"
and
"Dusty."*



*Our Transportation Service
and
"Prince."*

[photo]
"The Keeper of the Keys"
and
"Dusty."

[photo]
Our Transportation Service
and
"Prince."



*Mr. Black
and
"Augustus"*

[photo] Mr. Black
and
"Augustus"

*Howard
Viewing the
landscape.*



Howard
Viewing the [photo]
landscape.

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*"The Clam Diggers"
and "The Staff."*



[photo]

"The Clam Diggers"
and "The Staff"

[photo]



"Our Boys"



"Everybody works but Father!"

[photo]
"Our Boys"

[photo]
"Everybody works but Father!"



Looking East.



Andy bringing mail from "Cliff"

[photo]
Looking East.

[photo]
Andy bringing mail from "Cliff"



Our Pine Tree - after "rejuvenation."

[photo]

Our Pine Tree – after “rejuvenation”



*Picnic at Goose Island.
1934.*

[photo]

Picnic at Goose Island
1934.



*The day the orchard was cleared.
1935.*

[photo]

The day the orchard was cleared.
1935.

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Hope Island.
(Hospitality Incarnate)

Happy memories come to me
Of this island in the sea.
Perfect hosts! Of fun a hoard!
Entrancing stories round the board.
Island graced with tree and turf
Sea and sky and rock and surf
Land of cunner, gulls and cod
And blueberries and fishing rod
N'er spent I a better day
than
Drifting down Hope Island way.

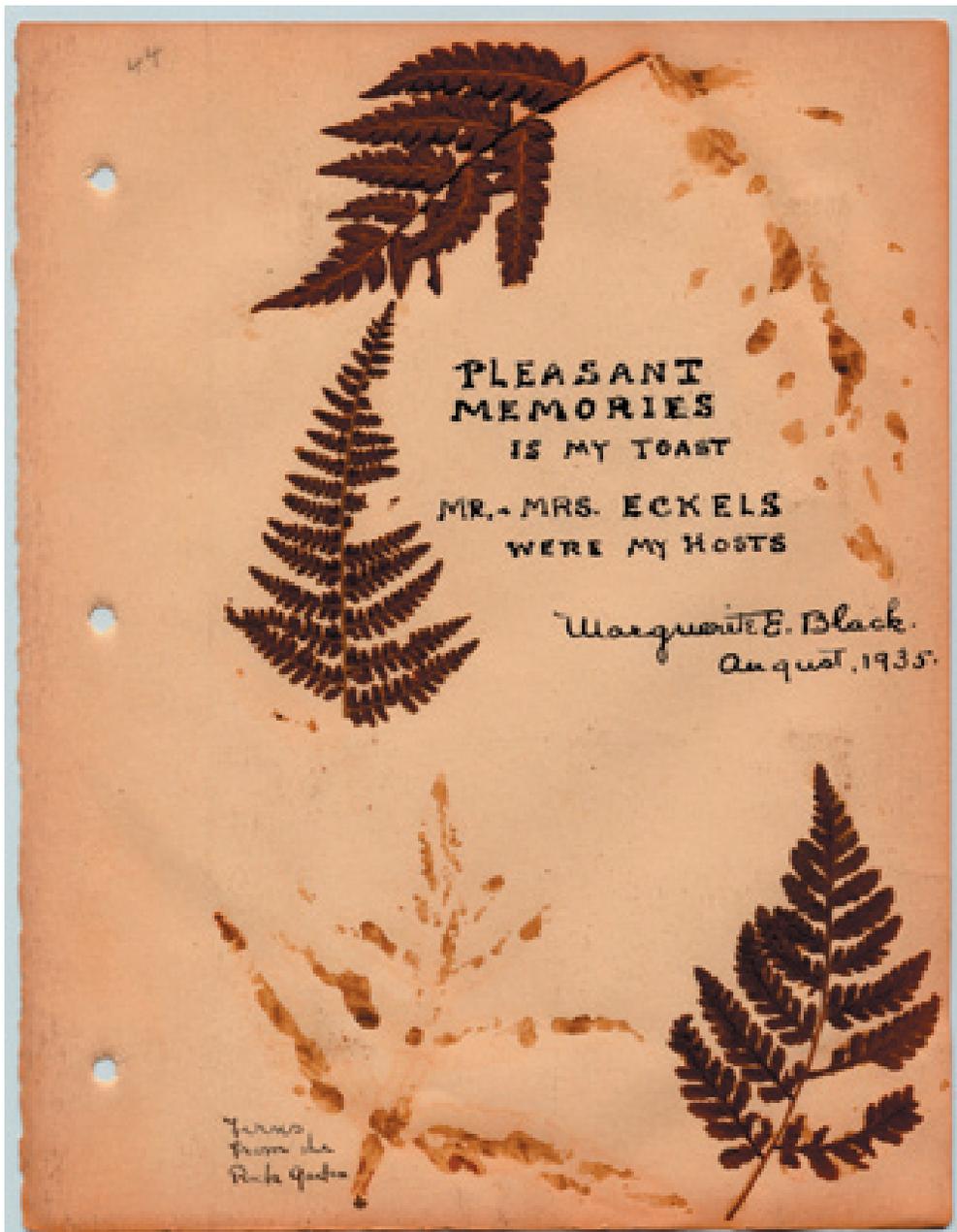
Adele Carter.

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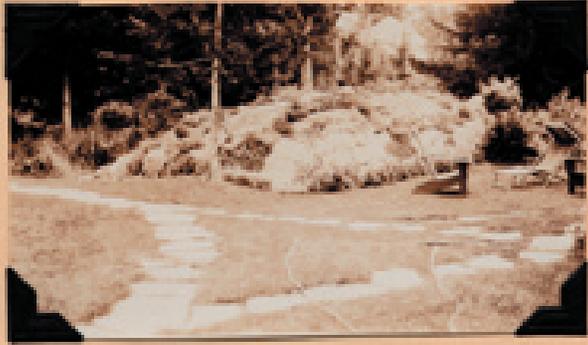
Adele Carter.



PLEASANT
MEMORIES
Is My Toast

MR. + MRS. ECKELS
Were My Hosts

Marguerite E. Black
August, 1935



The Rock from which the ferns came.

[photo]

[photo]

The Rock from which the ferns came.



NORMAN J. BACH



THE CASTAWAYS

Strangers in a strange land on a stormy late afternoon. A dock, on which was built the comfortable and congenial quarters of the Portland Yacht Club, jutting out into a wind tossed bay covered by dense fog. And there we sat waiting for the Hope Island boat which never arrived. (Incidentally it was our own fault).

Fortunately for us, your neighbor and friend, Mr. Black, arrived before we had given up all hope and very kindly offered to put us on Hope Island with the statement that it is a bad fog and you will have to go at your own risk, adding, I am taking my mother-in-law back with me. While this statement was not encouraging we quickly decided to take the same chance Mr. Black's mother-in-law was taking and boarded his boat.

There are two experiences which stand out in bold relief. One is our ride through the dense fog to the island and our landing on it and the other is the delightful and unforgettable sojourn on the island itself. The contrast was

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so marked that we will never forget either of them.

I do not know whether you have ever approached Hope Island on a rainy, foggy late afternoon. If so, you will recall that you do not see it until you are almost on top of it and then your only view is one of rocks and woods with no sign of human beings or habitation. It was a stern and rock bound coast with murmuring pines and hemlocks upon which Mr. Black abandoned us to the mercy of the elements. I cannot describe the feeling which came over us as we watched his boat leave the island. Not even the cow, which we subsequently saw grazing about at all times, was in sight. We had a definite feeling that Mr. Black had made a mistake in the fog and had left us stranded on the wrong island.

Fortunately for us, there was only one way we could go and that was to follow the boardwalk and while the woods through which it led looked formidable it was a case of taking a chance on

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the forest or spending the night on the boat landing. However, the distance was short and we soon reached the "castle". Did you ever experience a sudden change from gloom and despair to hope and its fulfillment? If so, you can realize our feelings when we entered that cheerful living room with a fire roaring in the fireplace and Frank Boas' cheerful and enthusiastic greeting despite the look of amazement on his face at our appearance.

From that moment forward everything was different. Gloom turned to joy and fog to beautiful sunlight. We were immediately made to feel very much at home, especially after we sat down to one of the banquets which are served on Hope Island at least three times a day.

The arrival of Howard and his friends shortly thereafter perfected the setting and then things began to hum. I will not attempt to describe how we occupied our time. I doubt if I could if I wanted to. Time just seemed to

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disappear. What with eating (and such eats), walking, sailing, fishing and bridge, the days and nights passed all too rapidly. But why attempt to describe the same delightful experiences which you have had many times. Give me good company and good food and you certainly can ask for no more.

One of our most cherished hopes is to again repeat our delightful stay on Hope Island.

Nan Hyndman
Tom Hyndman

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Tom Hyndman

51



OVER THE OCEAN AND THROUGH THE SURF --
TILL WE COME TO THE HAPPIEST SPOT ON
EARTH!



HOPE ISLAND THE GEM OF CASCO BAY --
ONE LOOK AND HERE WE WANTED TO
STAY!
GENE AND GEORGE.

[photo]

Over the ocean and through the surf --
Till we come to happiest spot on
earth!

[photo]

Hope Island the gem of Casco Bay --
One look and here we wanted to stay!
Gene and George.

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ENJOYING HIMSELF IN THE BEST OF WAY,
VIEWING MAGNIFICENT CASCO BAY,
HOWARD ECKELS LEADER OF THE LOYAL CLAN,
THE AMERICAN UNION OF DIGGERS OF CLAMS.

[photo]

Enjoying himself in the best of way,
Viewing magnificent Casco Bay,
Howard Eckels leader of the loyal clan,
The American Union of Diggers of Clams.



AT SPRING LAKE, NEW JERSEY THE MEETING IS CALLED,
OF THE CLAM DIGGERS UNION BUT ALAS NOT ALL,
OF THE MEMBERS ARE PRESENT FOR BIG CHIEF ECKELS
IS MISSING WHEN THE OTHERS SOUND THE OPENING BELL.
THERE'S ONLY BILL EVANS AND GEORGE ROMISEY,
WILL JOES, CARL ALBRECHT, WILL SYLVESTER ADD THREE
MORE MEMBERS PRESENT, THE TOTAL IS FIVE,
TO KEEP THE CLAM DIGGERS UNION ALIVE.
BUT WITHOUT HOWARD ECKELS THE MEETING'S A
FLOP.
SO TILL THE NEXT TIME, WE FEAR WE MUST STOP.

[photo]

At Spring Lake, New Jersey the meeting is called,
Of the Clam Diggers Union but alas not all,
Of the members are present for Big Chief Eckels,
Is missing when the others sound the opening bell.
There's only Bill Evans and George Romisey,
Will Joes, Carl Albrecht, Will Sylvester add three
More members present, the total is five,
To keep the Clam Diggers Union alive.
But without Howard Eckels the meeting's a
flop,
So till the next time, we fear we must stop.

Gene and George

GENE AND GEORGE

53



ACTUAL SIZE OF CUNNERS AND ROCK COD CAUGHT AT HOPE ISLAND. TOO BAD HOWARD ECKELS, FRANK BOAS, WILL JONES AND CARL ALBRECHT ARE NOT EQUAL WERE CHALLENGED DOWN HERE AT HOPE ISLAND.



JUST A LITTLE REMINDER OF RUMSEY'S HAT, IT WAS BURNED BY A BULB AND THAT WAS THAT. THOUGH BY RIGHTS ITS DEAD AND GONE, IN ITS CRIPPLED CONDITION IT LINGERS ON. (AS DOES THE MEMORY OF HOPE ISLAND.)

"JUST LOOK AT WHAT I HAVE CAUGHT," YOU CRY, WHILE ALL WE CAN DO IS SIGH AND SIGH, THE CUNNERS AND ROCK COD COME TO YOU LIKE CHILDREN TO THE OLD LADY IN FINE INDEE.



Gene and George

[postcard]

Actual size of cunners and rock cod caught at Hope Island. Too bad Howard Eckels, Frank Boas, Will Jones and Carl Albrecht are not equal in size on account of being / fed at Hope Island.
under

[photo]

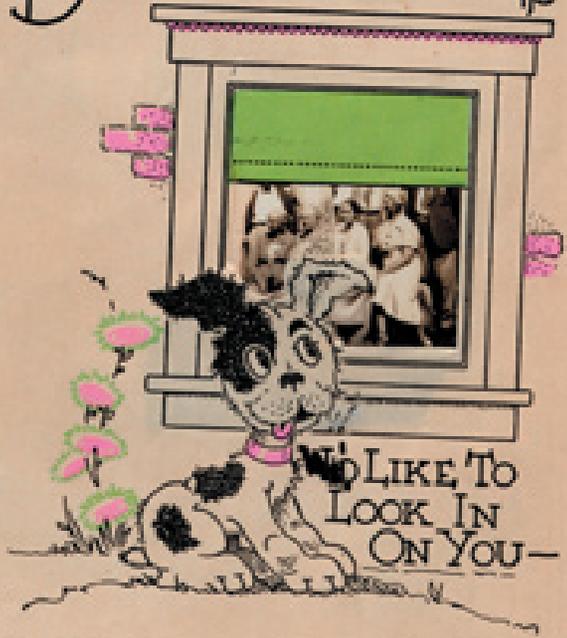
Just a little reminder of Rumsey's hat, It was burned by a bulb and that was that,
Though by rights its dead and gone, In its crippled condition it lingers on. (As does the memory of Hope Island.)

"Just look at what I have caught" you cry,
While all we can do is sigh and sigh,
The cunners and rock cod come to you
Like children to the old lady in the shoe.

Gene and George

54

BIRTHDAY GREETINGS



Gene M. C. 1965

55



Josephine [card] Howard

[card]

Gene and George



- GENE AND GEORGE -

HOPE ISLAND CLUB JOTTINGS

If you have never been fortunate enough to have been on the Island we will tell you something about it. Four men with a lot of money in their purses and a lot of time on their hands are the owners. After taking a delightful trip of some nine miles in a fast boat you reach the Island. After you have been assigned your room, in which you find the best of springs and mattresses and a convenient bath room you join the crowd in the big room down stairs. Ties are taboo but there is always some guy, whose ancestors put other guys in stocks or ducked witches, who persists in wearing a tie, but be a man and throw yours in your grip or hide it.

One of the first things they do is to give you a long bamboo pole. They hide the bait in little shells and you crack these or your fingers with a rock. Then you perch perilously on a slippery rock and throw bait at small fishes which they call cunners. After you catch a hundred of these you are exhausted. You think you have enough for two weeks but you repeat this the next day if they can catch you. Then they set you to work digging clams, a dirty, tiresome job, for clams are not as dumb as you think they are. They burrow deep. After this back breaking job, you hustle to the other end of the Island and pick blueberries. For every ten you eat you are supposed to put one in the pail. If you have a weak stomach some cheerful chap suggests deep sea fishing and once more you suffer while your stomach goes up and down with the tide, a very distressing situation. You are on a diet but you had better forget about that for the Island will stand for no such nonsense. They have some splendid liquid refreshments, which you need badly after cunners, clams, blue berrying and deep sea fishing. Then comes the contract You have sworn to yourself to turn in at ten, but if you get to bed by one-thirty you still win. Your avoirdupois continues to increase but you are now reckless and don't give a hang. You get burned and then tanned, the tang of the salt air gets into your system and you wonder why you do not have sense to give up working and begin to enjoy life when some nit wit reminds you that the vacation time is over. Such briefly is life on the Island, where the salt spray flies, where the stars are thick and bright overhead, where the sky is blue or flicked with fleecy clouds, where there is ~~life~~ life and laughter, where your lungs are filled with clean air, where time just tumbles along and where kindly men and charming women are your daily companions.

Oct 7, 1935.

William H. Evans

HOPE ISLAND CLUB JOTTINGS

54

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Oct 7, 1935.

William H. Evans

THE HOWARD ECKELS ONE NO TRUMP BID

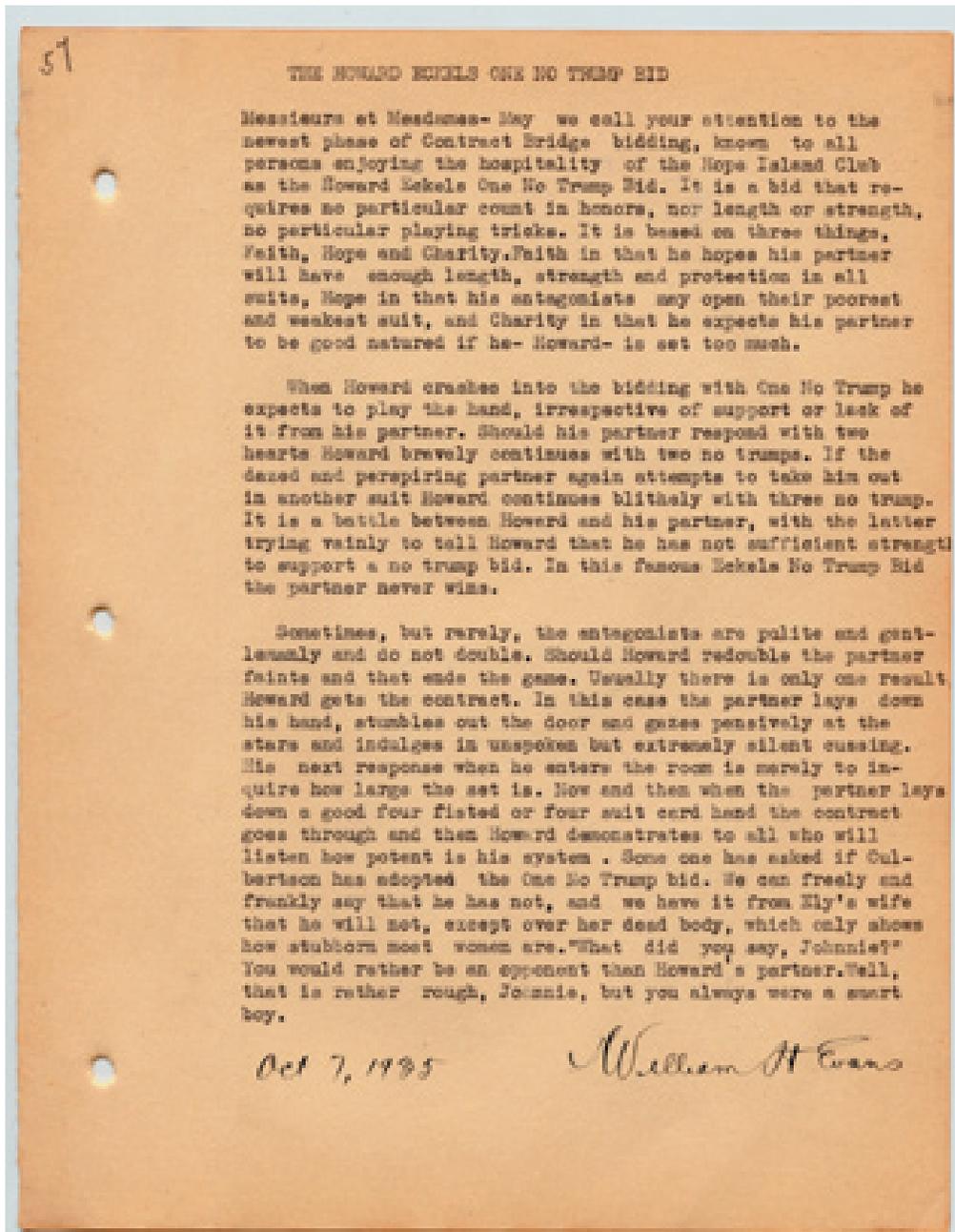
Messieurs et Mesdames- May we call your attention to the newest phase of Contract Bridge bidding, known to all persons enjoying the hospitality of the Hope Island Club as the Howard Eckels One No Trump Bid. It is a bid that requires no particular count in honors, nor length or strength, no particular playing tricks. It is based on three things, Faith, Hope and Charity. Faith in that he hopes his partner will have enough length, strength and protection in all suits, Hope in that his antagonists may open their poorest and weakest suit, and Charity in that he expects his partner to be good natured if he- Howard- is set too much.

When Howard crashes into the bidding with One No Trump he expects to play the hand, irrespective of support or lack of it from his partner. Should his partner respond with two hearts Howard bravely continues with two no trumps. If the dazed and perspiring partner again attempts to take him out in another suit Howard continues blithely with three no trump. It is a battle between Howard and his partner, with the latter trying vainly to tell Howard that he has not sufficient strength to support a no trump bid. In this famous Eckels No Trump Bid the partner never wins.

Sometimes, but rarely, the antagonists are polite and gentlemanly and do not double. Should Howard redouble the partner faints and that ends the game. Usually there is only one result, Howard gets the contract. In this case the partner lays down his hand, stumbles out the door and gazes pensively at the stars and indulges in unspoken but extremely silent cussing. His next response when he enters the room is merely to inquire how large the set is. Now and then when the partner lays down a good four fisted or four suit card hand the contract goes through and then Howard demonstrates to all who will listen how potent is his system. Some one has asked if Culbertson has adopted the One No Trump bid. We can freely and frankly say that he has not, and we have it from Ely's wife that he will not, except over her dead body, which only shows how stubborn most women are. "What did you say, Johnnie?" You would rather be an opponent than Howard's partner. Well, that is rather rough, Johnnie, but you always were a smart boy.

Oct 7, 1935

William H Evans



THE HUMMING BIRD AND THE LOUSE

A bit of ornithology somewhere on Cliff Island, where the guests of the Hope Island Club get their mail, just as the Northwest Mounted Police get their men.

Once upon a time, dear children, certain persons who were staying at Hope Island went over to Cliff Island for no reason at all. Carl Albrecht, who fattens at Hope like the proverbial fatted calf, and on whom the Island makes not a cent for he eats them out of house and home, happened to remark that one of the features of Cliff Island was a nest of a humming bird. Now, little ones, not many persons have ever seen the nest of a humming bird, for the h.b. builds its nest where few people ever see it. So Carl acted as an escort but while he located several trees there were no nests. Naturally, like yourselves, we like to see these things older people tell us about, so we kept walking and we would have eventually walked into the bay had we not seen two girls. Here is a lesson worth remembering. Never trust a young girl, for she biteth like an adder and stingeth like a scorpion.

Politely we asked the girls if they knew where the tree was. Politely they told us we had passed the tree but they would show the tree and the nest. Beware, boys and girls, of little girls who are too polite, for politeness is like face powder. It covers a multitude of sins and blemishes but a little of it goes a very long distance. So we walked back to the tree, which one of the girls pointed out. Finally we saw the nest of the humming bird but there were no humming birds and what is a humming bird's nest without a humming bird. Perhaps your Sunday School teacher can tell you, for I cannot.

So Carl remarked: "I wonder where the female bird is", meaning the mother bird. Bill Evans came back with this one: "Well, I suppose it has gone for the mail". Which, dear little ones, is simply a play of words. Now, children, what do you suppose that naughty little girl said? She said "Oh, that's lousy", which is language not taught in any Sunday School. Not reprimanding the little girl Bill said cuttingly: "But we're still good friends?" And that horrid little creature remarked: "Yes, but it's still lousy." And we never did see that humming bird. Good Night, dear little ones, this is Uncle Howard signing off.

Moral: Never tell a joke to a girl for she has no sense of humor. And above all never get into an argument with the female sex. You just waste your time.

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An Interlude

With busy days, weeks, months + years
we know not where the time has flown.
We would not change the plan one whit
But details, yes, had we but known
More time for nature, thoughts + friends
We've caught, as one who has their dreams,
A chance to-day - then, say good-bye
And, so, no more for long it seems -
Yet with these moments-scattered, yes,
we fill the scenes in memory's store.
They charm and brighten all our lives.
These golden spots of friendly lore.
One picture there hangs clear + taut,
Hope Island and a summer's night,
The path of gold to all outstretched
As moonlight lays her path of light.

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One picture there hangs clear + taut,
Hope Island, and a summer's night,
The path of gold to all outstretched
As moonlight lays her path of light -

The quiet, rest, with nature's tunes
Stealing gently o'er our souls
A spot one never will forget —
Even blueberries!! And it all unrolls.

The dining table, oh what weight
Of good things! lobster, fish + clams in state
Or — no, I must stop with greatest haste
Before I tell a dreadful fate.

But, best of all, are the kind friends
Who share and ask for nothing more
Than drinking in this wealth of lure
To Hope Island and summer's store.

Lillian Morris.

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Lillian Morris.

- A Summer Idyl -

When mid-June comes with days so fair,
 Sunshine, nesting birds, warm lazy air,
 then, Ho for Maine & Old Hope Isle,
 (I love each stone of that rocky pile)
 Its headlands, woods & waters cold
 surf dashing high on its coastline bold
 Oceans breath with pine, spruce & balsam scent
 bring a feeling of peace & deep content
 as on the deep brown bed of the spruce so fine
 I doze in the warmth of the clear sunshine
 Sounds: alluring notes, as from the pipes of Pan,
 with dim organ notes of cathedral grand,
 I awake: to find my brief playtime days
 are past, go back I must to city dim
 & heat like furnace blast, but my
 soul may read from memory's
 page,
 a record of peace & joy, that lends
 youth to age.

(As Mr. & Mrs. Eckels sees it)

Sylvia

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Sylvia

- A Summer Fisherman -

"Philadelphia Eckels" was a fisherman bold
 from Hope Island - State of Maine,
 Where he loved to fish in the waters cold
 With "Handy Andy" of the same,
 They'd load the boat with bait & lines
 sandwiches cake & pie
 And Eckels would carry on his hip
 a portion of old rye.
 Then off to Half Way Rock they'd go
 and anchor away out side,
 Bait up their lines (then bait themselves)
 and sit there side by side;
 Till Eckels he hooked a big one,
 haddock, pollock or cusk
 Then he'd rize right, up give three cheers
 and off his coat he'd husk
 With "Andy" haul the anchor and
 set a course for "Hope"
 And after dinner, by the hearth fire,
 Eckels would give his imagination scope
 Telling all and sundry of the monster ones
 that about his line did play
 How when he shouted "Andy! get the gaff"
 they gave one flop and swam away.

E. E. Anderson

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E. E. Anderson

A Beautiful Sunset
At Hope Island, Me.

Oh! Beautiful Hope.

When the western skies are
Tinged with blue and gray
It's approaching night.

When the sun sinks down behind
the silo,

Where the evening pines sing low their
Evening bye-low;

And the evening star seems to have
A brighter twinkle.

When the harvest moon takes on a deeper
yellow; And Northern skies and weather
are a brighter red and mellow.

Beautiful Hope Island.

Oh! Who could wish for more!

It has been our greatest pleasure to serve
you there, "Mrs. Eckels", and your guests we
are always happy to please you.

Wishing you many more happy years.
Lucy Brown, 6130 Girard Ave.

I.

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Wishing you many More happy Years.

Lucy Brown, 6130 Girard Ave.

9/29/35

II

At Hope Island Maine.
 The joy of living!
 No season is more beautiful,
 Than summer time at Hope I.
 Where the wind brings breath
 of fir trees sweet, from
 woodlands far and near.
 And fragrance of flowers so
 sweet.
 It is our greatest pleasure
 to contribute the best
 Service there, to you & family
 And your guests.
 We are happy to please you,
 With Best wishes and
 May God Bless you.
 Wishing you many Happy years.
 Ethel Lumpkin
 6130 Girard Ave. 9/29/35

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9/29/35

62
Finis.

To our dear friends Josephine & Howard.
It has given us the greatest
pleasure to make this little book
of "Hope Island Memories" for you.
If you enjoy possessing it half
as much as we have enjoyed
compiling it, we will be more
than satisfied. The "Clam Dig-
ger" friends whom we asked to
contribute, have been so pleased
to add their pleasant recollec-
tions.

This is delivered on Howard's
birthday; to say "Happy Birthday";
but it is for you both, with our
warmest love.

Margaret and Will.

October 17-1935.

"Haec olim meminisse juvabit"

"I hope you'll like it."

(With apologies to Ben Burnie.

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