

To follow Chapter III, formerly Chapter VII

A year or two after our first summer in Maine father bought a small speed boat in Boston which he named the Squid. By the standards of today it was not very fast, having a top speed of twenty miles an hour, but ~~which~~ then was like the wind compared with the speed of a fishing boat powered by a two-cycle engine. The Squid was V-bottomed with an engine under a hatch ~~over~~ covering the forward half, a windshield and driver's seat just aft of the hatch, a steering wheel like an automobile that gave the boat a galemonious atmosphere of power, and a coskpit behind the driver with seats on either side for passengers. On a glass-calm surface the Squid was fun to drive, but ~~when/there/was~~ on waves it pounded badly and in even a moderate sea it had to be slowed way down to avoid nosing under. In these conditions it wallowed along and was much less seaworthy than an equally slow fisherman's boat.

The Squid was shipped to Maine on board the Bargar boat and at Rockland was transfered to the steamer Catherine which brought her out to Butter Island. In her crate the Squid was a fairly large piece of freight which delayed the unloading of other cargo at Rockland. For the little Catherine she was almost too big to be carried at all and could only be loaded crosswise so that she projected through the cargo ports on either side. The difficulties of transferring the Squid from one steamer to the other delayed the departure of the Catherine for several hours. The passengers who were anxious to get to their destinations became more and more restive and angry with each added delay until they regarded the person who was responsible for shipping such cumbersome freight with virulent hate.

The whole family was waiting on the dock at Butter Island to see the new boat arrive. We had been waiting a long time without suspecting what had caused the Catherine to be so late until at last she was spotted coming up the bay with what looked like an enormous bone in her mouth. Then we knew. But the Catherine's troubles had just begun, for it proved much <sup>the</sup> more difficult to extract the crated Squid from ~~her~~ bowels of the Catherine

/ than it had been to put her there. There were more delays, consultations ~~among~~/between the officers, and advice from shore. Various abortive attempts were made to get the crate out. Meanwhile the passengers began to express their uncomplimentary opinions of the person responsible. The captain got mad. To avoid identification with the situation father and mother withdrew discretely to watch the unloading struggles from a distance. Father told us children <sup>to keep quiet and</sup> not to say a word about who's <sup>us</sup> boat it was. None of this bothered/a bit. We thought it was a tremendous occasion and enjoyed it all. In the end the Squid was disgorged without too much damage by being uncrated. The climax came when she ~~dropped~~/into the water ~~and~~ <sup>between</sup> the wharf and the steamer-suspended over a widening gap ~~of~~ <sup>between</sup> the wharf and the steamer-her bow on one and her stern on the other <sup>off</sup> sideways. ~~slid~~ <sup>as</sup> the Catherine slid ~~away~~

~~into~~ <sup>When</sup> she splashed into the water, the passengers, I am sure, and probably the crew as well hoped she would sink. It would have saved the day for them <sup>if she had</sup>, but they were disappointed.

For father the Squid was more of a toy than anything else in which he enjoyed taking his friends for a ~~short~~ <sup>short</sup> rides/around the Island. On one of these trips he hit a



submerged rock while traveling at full speed. Fortunately only the shaft and propeller were damaged and he managed to limp home.

After that he seldom took the Squid out, but rather surprisingly <sup>took her</sup> allowed me to use her often. I ~~went~~ all over the bay, ~~in her~~, ~~some~~ sometimes in heavier weather than was wise. <sup>in her, however,</sup> The most exciting ~~the~~ trip I made/was after the war while I was still in college.

My roommate was coming to visit from Mt. Desert Island by way of a steamer that stopped at North Haven in the evening on its way back to Rockland. It was a calm day but there were thunderstorms about. I went down the bay in the late afternoon to meet him by the shortest route through ~~what~~ a passage called the Little Thoroughfare. It is a rather tricky route full of ledges <sup>at any tide</sup> and small islands but safe/if you know the course and I was sure

OK I did. <sup>The</sup> The steamer from Mt. Desert, a side-wheeler named the J. T. Morse. was late so that when we started ~~back~~ for home darkness was upon us. Several thunderstorms had moved into our part of the bay and soon rain began to fall, at first lightly and then in sheets. Though there was no wind the rain was driven hard against the windshield by our speed. ~~so/that~~ Because it was <sup>looking over the top</sup> impossible to see through I steered standing up/with the rain beating in my face. Frequent flashes of lightning that illuminated the islands and sea all around guided me on the course. From almost complete darkness we were instantaneously bathed in dazzling light. During these flashes we saw a silvery bay in the distance and dark, ~~pockmarked~~ water close at hand pock-marked by the rain which was coming straight down. There was a slight swell which in those instants of vision gave the ~~sea~~ polished surface of the sea a molded wave <sup>appearance</sup>. All around the silhouettes of

rocks and islands stood out clearly. I steered past these known landmarks at full speed exhilarated during the periods of darkness by the uncertainty of the time of the next flash when I could again ~~would be able to~~ reset my course. We twisted through the Little Thoroughfare and out ~~past~~ among the islands at its entrance, picking up one by one the ledges and bouys by which I knew the passage. We came out into the more open bay and headed for Great Spruce Head Island. The storms continued to light our way intermittantly; the rain never let up. When we were within two miles of home we saw a light which at first I could not place. It <sup>was</sup> ~~seemed to be~~ where no light should have been and yet ~~was~~ seemed to be where we were going. And then I realized that someone had placed a lantern on the dock to guide us. ~~Father had~~ ~~done it~~. When we got home we discovered that father had done it.