Campobello Island: far from the mainstream

Stephen O. Muskie

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CAMPOBELLO ISLAND:
FAR FROM THE MAINSTREAM
by
Stephen O. Muskie

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Requirements for the Degree
MASTER OF FINE ARTS

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Charles Arnold Jr., Chairman
Professor
School of Photographic Arts and Sciences, R.I.T.

Michael Lewis
Professor
Department of Art, University of Maine

David J. Robertson
Professor
School of Photographic Arts and Sciences, R.I.T.
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Press on. Nothing in the world can take the place of persistence. Talent will not; nothing is more common than unsuccessful men with talent. Genius will not; unrewarded genius is almost a proverb. Education alone will not; the world is full of educated derelicts. Persistence and determination alone are omnipotent.
"Well... I went up to Calais one time. Oh, it was good while it lasted. I went in the morning and was home by supper. Didn't want the sun to set on me in a foreign land."

Bud Mitchell, Wilson's Beach

"You might say, and you know it has to be, everybody on this island, and the first of 'em, they're all foreigners, wasn't they? They didn't come from here cause there was no one here to have them, was there? They come from some other country. My grandfather, my mother's father, come from Ireland. And my other grandfather, he come up on the St. John River. I don't know, I forget just how. Anyway, he come here in a log canoe. Come with his father. And they're all the same."

Asa Brown, Wilson's Beach

"Joyce was ten years old when we came here. She hated it. She thought she was buried in the woods. I was homesick, too, but I wouldn't let my husband know that I figured we had made a mistake. I wasn't going to admit it. I'd look out of the front door and the scenery was so gloomy and so glum that I thought, 'Oh, isn't this awful.' It would get to the marrow of your bones. And I thought, 'But I can never let Wayne know how I feel.' Because, then, he was 65 when we came here. He told me it would kill him; the transition would kill him. I said, 'It might kill you, but we're going to find the place we like.' But, after living here he said he'd had the best ten years of his life. Before that, he just existed. When he came here, he lived. He loved it."

Evelyn Morrell, Welshpool

"I've never had any desire to live anywhere else. Just cause it's home I guess. I'd rather be here than anywhere else. Now it's lovely to St. John. I was up there this winter and stayed two months. But the best part of my visit was coming home."

Mazie Mathews, Wilson's Beach

"I dread to go home where I live in New York. You people here are just as gentle and nice as can be; gettin along lovely. We might go on the street (in New York) and somebody would shoot us, or knock us down, and take what money we had."

Anonymous visitor talking to Waldo Mathews at Wilson's Beach
MY PHILOSOPHY AND PROCEDURE

My outlook on life is that of an intrinsically optimistic yet basically shy and introverted person who tends to be somewhat lazy and brooding. I feel more comfortable dealing with people individually rather than in groups. And I generally prefer the role of observer to that of participant.

My photography has always been marked by a tendency towards romanticizing the world around me; showing what I find to be beautiful and ignoring what is ugly or needs improvement. I am a better photo-illustrator than a photo-journalist because of my outlook. Yet, in my thesis I wanted to realistically document a place, a group of people, and a way of life for which I felt an affinity.

My personality traits and tendencies played an important part in choosing Campobello Island as a thesis subject. The island has a somewhat romantic history, to a great extent is still unspoiled, and her people lead lives still largely independent of the corrosive influences of our complex, demanding society. Having a romantic nature and feeling the urge to escape into the past or the future nurtures the tendency to appreciate a place like Campobello Island. It provided me with a place and a reason to escape the demands of my regular job and mundane worries. Being a six-hour-automobile-drive from my home in southern Maine, the island was far enough away to present a refreshing change of pace, removed from the intrusive influences of the modern world. Once I arrived there I had fewer of the tempting diversions (television, theaters, concerts, restaurants, shopping areas, etc.) to distract me, although, too often, I still managed to find excuses not to work.

I recall driving to a deserted beach on an especially warm, clear day in February ostensibly to search for photographs. I had just finished lunch and was feeling comfortable, full, and lazy. At that time of year, outside the tourist season, there was little likelyhood of finding any people
there. When I arrived the sun was high in the deep-blue sky (generally bad light for photography) and nothing struck my fancy to photograph. I turned my car into the sun, stopped, rolled down my window to feel a gentle breeze blow across my face, tilted my car seat back, and closed my eyes to take a nap with the sound of waves lapping the nearby shore. I remember thinking, "When I die I hope it's in a place like this on a day like today." Sometime later, maybe minutes or maybe hours, I awoke to the mellow sound of a beautiful, young woman asking, "Hello? Excuse me, I almost thought you were dead! Our car is stuck over in the rocks at the far end of the beach. Could you give me a ride to town for help?"

One of the most enjoyable ways I found to kill time and avoid my thesis work was to attend many of the daily 5 o'clock cocktail parties held at the Lubec, Maine home of Rad Pike, the Roosevelt Park's naturalist. Each evening I could relate the events of the day or my photographic plans for that night or the next day. It wasn't just a pleasant way to waste time, however, because inevitably one of the regulars or an infrequent visitor would suggest a different approach to a vexing photographic problem or would proffer some other helpful information.

During three of my 13 thesis trips I stayed at Rad Pike's home. Otherwise I stayed at the Roosevelt Park in return for doing some of their photographic and design work. One of my greatest mistakes was to isolate myself from the rest of the island residents by staying at the park. I now realize that if I had stayed at the Owen House (for tourists) or at the home of one or more islanders I would have taken a further step toward disalienating myself. Staying where I did increased my sense of isolation. I wanted to be thought of as more than a tourist and foreigner, but I probably never achieved that goal.

Most of my professional experience is in newspaper photojournalism in large Maine towns and small cities where I'd blend
into the background unnoticed (so I told myself). Except for
the cameras I carried I was just another face in the crowd.
But on Campobello Island, where everyone knows almost everyone
else among their 1200 fellow residents, I could not blend into
the background. I was a foreigner. Being rather shy and
feeling uncomfortable as the center of attention I consequently
avoided photographing people initially and spent much of my
time wandering over uninhabited parts of the island photo-
graphing its natural beauty. Most of the pictures of people
were taken during the last four to six trips I made to the
island when I had overcome my shyness. After establishing
contact with a few people, one interview or photo session
inevitably led to another. Soon I was a familiar sight and
my purpose for being there was known to Campobello's residents.
I discovered they were often as shy as I was, yet they were
always friendly and helpful.

In order to visit the island many times during every
season of the year, I arranged my lifestyle to accommodate the
thesis. One year I worked as a freelance photographer so I
could travel easily. Other years I went to Campobello during
vacation periods or I took time off without pay from the newspa-
pers on which I worked. Much of the initial editing of
transparencies (from 7,000 to 500 to 68), the layout of pages,
and the transcription of tape-recorded interviews was done on
weekends from October, 1978 until August, 1979. Finally I
left my job in September, 1979 to spend the last twelve weeks
writing, type-setting, doing paste-up, printing the pages, and
printing and mounting the Cibachrome prints.

A reading of my thesis proposal and a study of the finished
project will reveal several discrepancies. The most obvious
departures are in the geographic coverage area, in the number
of photographs printed, and in the omission of a complementary
slide exhibit.

Initially I intended to photograph almost as extensively
in neighboring Lubec and Eastport, Maine as on Campobello
Island. I spent 60 to 70 days in the area during the 13 trips I made from October, 1975 to October, 1978. It took me almost half that time to realize that I was trying to cover too large a subject in depth given the available time and my limited resources. Despite my thesis advisors' pleas to limit its scope I persisted in trying to cover all three of those communities. Finally I decided to limit the thesis almost exclusively to Campobello. If I had to do it again I would further limit the scope to one aspect of Campobello: fishing, the old people, the ecology, the story-telling tradition, etc.

The final exhibit encompasses 68 photographic prints, more than twice the number I originally intended to include. Although there are subjects that I was unable to photograph (such as hauling fish from a weir, children's ballet classes, high school basketball games, etc.) because of scheduling problems, the exhibit offers a fairly comprehensive view of life on the island. Consequently I feel that it would be redundant and unnecessary to also project additional slides with the exhibit, which I originally proposed. Many of the slides not included in the exhibit were shot in Lubec and Eastport during the first of my visits to the area. While some of the pictures are interesting they no longer fit the revised scope of the thesis.

I said nothing in the original proposal about why I chose to exhibit the photographs in the form of magazine-style layouts. While considering possible thesis subjects I decided that I wanted to execute the project in such a way as to prepare myself for the requirements of magazine and book publishers who generally require color transparencies from the photojournalists they hire. Since I could have no assurance that the photographs I took would be published I decided to show them in the context of a publishable format. I felt that it was necessary to learn to shoot pictures knowing they would be used with text, headlines, and other photographs in
such a way that not all of the photographs would or should be able to stand alone. They would be part of a whole that should be greater than the sum of its parts.

PHOTOGRAPHIC PROBLEMS

During graduate school I heard several photographers say that it was difficult to photograph as easily in color as in black and white. In one of my school projects I set out to disprove that contention by pretending that the Kodacolor film I used for that project was no different than the Tri-X I normally used. To a great extent I felt that I was successful, but I was using a color negative film. When it came to using color transparency film, with its slower speed and narrow exposure and color temperature latitude, in my thesis project I discovered why photographers feel constricted by the use of color transparency film. For a long time I bracketed my exposures excessively, sometimes making as many as a dozen half-stop consecutive aperture changes without changing the angle of view. Except for the waste of film and money that was not a problem when photographing still nature subjects. But once I began to photograph people and other moving subjects it became an unrealistic approach. When viewing the processed slides I could see how wide an exposure latitude was acceptable (about 1 stop maximum to either side of the correct exposure). But with moving subjects there often was no time for even two exposure shifts so I forced myself to learn to use the limitations of my film and equipment. I told myself that if I missed a picture because of an exposure mistake I would have only myself to blame.

But one exposure problem I could not initially control was the use of flash, direct or bounce. Direct flash did not look natural. Bounce flash looked more natural if the exposure was correct and if the flash was not bounced off an unusually colored wall or ceiling. The solution was to buy a flash meter
and a white umbrella with which to bounce the flash. Occasionally a slave unit was also used.

However some subjects were too large to accommodate flash (the intensity of which falls off rapidly with distance). The pictures taken inside the boatbuilder's shed were made without flash using high speed film and fairly long exposures while allowing for the fact that some detail would inevitably be lost in the darkest shadows and the brightest highlights despite the use of contrast reduction masking when making the Cibachrome prints.

Mixed light sources also presented a problem. In the sardine canning factory three light sources existed: daylight, fluorescent, and tungsten. I first tried to photograph with no supplementary light sources, hoping the strong daylight from adjacent windows would overpower the greenish tinge of the fluorescent tubes. It did not. Filtering for the fluorescent would have given a magenta cast to areas lit by daylight. Since I did not have enough flash units to overcome the fluorescent light in the entire length of the 75-foot-long room I decided to use bounce flash to illuminate the foreground and let the background go whatever color it would. That became the most satisfactory choice for all the mixed lighting situations in which I worked.

One other flash problem should be related. The photograph of President Roosevelt's bedroom presented an additional complication. Aside from being a mixed lighting situation, with strong window back-lighting, the room was too small to accommodate much flash equipment, besides which I had only one flash unit at the time. Since I needed great depth of field I stopped the lens down to f22 and, over the course of a one-minute exposure, manually triggered my Ascor flash unit as fast as it would recycle (about 16 times) to bounce light from a corner of the room over my shoulder, thus building up the density of the shadows in the picture. My 100 watt-second
Ascor strobe unit thus had the light output equivalent of a 1600 watt-second unit, allowing me to close down the lens aperture four more stops.

If I had to do the thesis again I would be tempted to photograph only in black and white, not because of any aesthetic dislike of color or because of the technical annoyances but because of the lack of permanence of the color materials and, to a lesser extent, because of the cost involved.

I chose to work with Kodachrome film (KR 135-36) for 95% of the photography, with High Speed Ektachrome film (ET and ED 135-36) for 5% of the photography, and with Cibachrome paper for the prints. Of the currently available color materials, Kodachrome and Cibachrome are the most permanent and give the most pleasing color rendition for my taste. Yet they do not have the permanence of black and white materials. I briefly considered making separation negatives to print by the dye transfer method or some other reconstruction method but rejected that procedure as being too expensive and time consuming. As it was I spent close to $4,000 on film, paper, chemicals, materials, and special equipment to complete the project. If it had been photographed in black and white the cost would have been less than half that amount.

THE PRINTING PROCESS

The Cibachrome prints were made by the standard amateur process for that material (a fairly simple and brief procedure) except that all but a handful of transparencies were masked to reduce the overall contrast of the final print. Using non-detailed instructions from Kodak (pamphlet packed with their Pan Masking film plus their Dye Transfer booklet) and Ciba (a mimeographed set of masking instructions) a procedure for gang-printing the contrast reduction masks was developed by trial and error as follows:

A normal contrast transparency with a wide range of colors,
including fleshtones, was chosen to make an unmasked print on Cibachrome paper. By trial and error, changing the exposure time and filtration settings, a good-quality 8x10 print was made (except that the contrast was too high). There was good color rendition and detail in the middle range of tones. However the highlight tones were washed out and deep shadow tones were blocked up.

Using that print exposure time and filtration (35Y, 15C, 15 seconds, f8) setting, and following Ciba's masking instruction sheet, the lens was then closed down two additional stops (from f8 to f16). Exposure time was set to 1/3 the print exposure time (from 15 seconds to 5 seconds).

The unmounted transparency used to make the test print was then placed emulsion side up against the glass of a contact printing frame. It was taped in place with the film perforations left uncovered. Over the transparency a small piece of diffusion sheeting (Kodacel TA401 cellulose triacetate sheeting, matte surface, .003 inch thick) was taped to the glass with its dull side up. Finally, in total darkness, the glass was placed (film and diffusion sheet down) over a 4x5 sheet of Kodak Pan Masking Film #4570. All film, glass, and diffusion surfaces were kept dust free. The contact printer was then exposed to the enlarger's light for 5 seconds at f16, 35Y, and 15C.

When processed, the mask density looked thin and the image appeared out of focus. To test it for correctness of density a Cibachrome print was made from the original transparency with the mask taped to it in register. The film perforations helped simplify the registration process, which was very critical, especially as print size increased. A glass negative carrier was necessary to maintain proper registration of the transparency/mask combination.

The first masked test print was a great improvement over the unmasked print but it was still too high in contrast. A
second mask was made, increasing the amount of exposure. A print from that mask was more improved, but not perfect. Finally I determined that the optimum mask exposure time for my set up was 20 seconds at f16, a figure which yielded a just perceptible density in the highlight areas of the mask (shadows of the transparency).

The final masked print exposure was 30 seconds at f8, 35Y, and 15C. Exposure times for the largest masked prints were as long as 7 minutes at f5.6.

Exposure of the transparencies onto the masking film remained constant while development varied among three times depending upon which of four broad categories of contrast the original transparencies were placed. Extremely low contrast transparencies were printed without a mask. Average contrast, moderate contrast, and high contrast transparency masks were tray developed one sheet at a time in total darkness for three minutes, five minutes, and seven minutes respectively in a 1:4 dilution of Kodak DK-50 developer with constant agitation from back to front and from side to side. Developer was used once, then discarded.

By grouping transparencies into several contrast categories masks could be made in clusters of four per sheet of 4x5 masking film and developed together. Although they were not perfectly contrast-corrected by this method the remaining corrections could be easily made by dodging or burning parts of the prints made from the transparency/mask combinations once the overall gross contrast inaccuracies were reduced.

Making the masks and 68 prints used in the thesis presentation took about eight weeks working full time. The large prints took the most time (two days to make the most difficult, requiring eight sheets of paper). Some of the small prints were correctly made after only two of three attempts. Four finished prints were the most made in one day.

The 75° print processing temperature was maintained by
simply adding hot water to a 16x20 tray of water in which bottles of the three Ciba chemicals were stored. The processing procedure in each of the daylight print processing drums (3 oz., 6 oz., and 12 oz. of chemicals respectively in the 8x10, 11x14, and 16x20 drums) was as follows: one minute water rinse and drain, two minutes developer and drain, one minute water rinse and drain, four minutes bleach and drain, one minute water rinse and drain, three minutes fix and drain, and three minutes wash. Total processing time was fifteen minutes.

To further reduce the final print contrast in some cases additional dilution of the developer in 1:2, 1:3, and 1:4 ratios was attempted. Overall contrast reduction was not significant by that method however. It could not supplant the masking procedure, but it did supplement it. Extended exposure and decreased development times had a similar effect; ie. not very significant.

Finished prints were air dried on fiberglass screens, then trimmed and mounted in spaces left for them on the vinyl "page" supports using Scotch 3M Positionable Mounting Adhesive sheets.

The method by which the headlines, text, cutlines, screen tints, and borders were printed on the 14x20 inch vinyl "page" supports was the high-contrast Kwik Print process, originally a commercial printers' proofing method. As far as I know the materials and instructions for the process are available only from Light Impressions Corp., Rochester, N.Y.

In the Kwik Print process a light-sensitive emulsion (of any color) is applied to a support (paper, cloth, vinyl, etc.). When dry the support is exposed to a strong ultraviolet light source through a negative or positive. Wherever exposure occurs the emulsion is hardened so that it will not wash away when developed by gently pouring water over its surface. Since the resulting image does not have great density, the support material can be recoated and re-exposed to the same
image (or a different one if desired) several times in register (using a pin register system). For my purposes I normally used three successive coatings and exposures of a given color (black for the text, brown for the screen tints) except for the lead spread which required eight successive coatings and exposures to build up a rich density in the large expanse of black background.

I considered using screen tints on more than two page spreads until I discovered that the quality control of the Kwik Print vinyl support was poor. It was not uncommon to find burnishing marks, scratches, spots or areas to which the emulsion would not adhere. Generally the faults were obvious in large expanses of solid color or screen tints. But it was difficult to tell if they were present until an image had actually been made on the support, at which point I had to throw away the print and start over, hoping that the next sheet would not be flawed.

In order to maintain clean white areas on the Kwik Print pages I found it necessary to use a 1:6 solution of common household ammonia when developing the page prints. Using a wet cheesecloth I very gently spread the ammonia solution over the page after its initial water development, then thoroughly, but gently, rinsed the ammonia solution off the page support. At that point the emulsion was extremely sensitive to scratches, but after blow-drying with a hair dryer it became fairly resistant to abrasion.

During my production work on the thesis I had access to the graphic arts, typesetting, and paste-up facilities of a local newspaper for which I worked. The equipment available (light tables, waxers, typesetting computers, plate makers, process cameras, film processors, sinks, and PMT processors) was invaluable in saving time and effort. Nevertheless all the work could have been done in my home darkroom.

Having the equipment available just made it easier and faster to try variations in my approach to solving some of
the graphics problems I encountered. Enlarging or reducing type faces or map drawings was simplified, exposure times on the Kwik Print material were shortened, and there was plenty of room to spread out all the material in use.

Once the prints were made and mounted on the finished magazine-style pages of the thesis I framed each two-page spread in an aluminum section frame for exhibit.

AFTERWORD

In choosing my thesis subject I hoped I might be able to sell part or all of the project to a magazine or book publisher. So the theme selection was based somewhat on a perceived commercial interest in Campobello as a story subject. Yet my primary goal remained the documentation of the island in my own way from start to finish.

As it happened I eventually did sell the first magazine publishing rights to Yankee, a small, 900,000-circulation magazine with 2/3 of its readership outside New England. A copy of their 12 page layout is enclosed. While I am pleased with the results it is not nearly as comprehensive as my layouts. It loses impact from the small size. And it doesn't adequately stress the aspects of Campobello that were most important to me.

The exhibit itself was purchased by a group of people who donated it to the Roosevelt Campobello International Park where it is on exhibit from June through mid-October, seen by a couple hundred thousand people each year. That is much more rewarding to me, knowing that I am hopefully enabling many brief visitors to the island to understand and better appreciate it as a beautiful place where gentle people live and work, not just as a backward, little island which accommodates a great, former president's memorial.
PHOTOGRAPHIC EQUIPMENT

35mm cameras: two Leica M2R bodies, one M4 body, and one M5 body with Leitz lenses, including 21/3.4, 28/2.8, 35/1.4, 50/2.0, 90/2.8 and 135/2.8; two Canon Fl bodies with Canon lenses, including 20/2.8, 24/2.8, 28/2.0, 35/2.0, 50/3.5, 85/1.8, 80-200/4.0, and 400/4.5.

Flash units: Ascor 1600 handlemount, Honeywell 682S handlemount, Sunpack 100, Honeywell slave, one silver and one white Reflectasol 42 inch umbrella reflectors;

Exposure meters: one Minolta Flash Meter II and one Gossen Luna Pro;

Tripods: one Gitzo Studex Performance with large ball head and one large Leitz Ball and Socket.

DARKROOM EQUIPMENT

Enlarger and accessories: Beseler 45MCRX with Beseler Dichro DG color head and glass negative carrier; Vivek 110 and 400T voltage stabilizer and converter; El Nikkor 50/2.8 and 75/4.0 enlarging lenses; and Heathkit PT-15 electronic timer;

Print processing equipment: Unicolor daylight processing drums of 8x10, 11x14, and 16x20 sizes; Chromega processing drum agitator; misc. large trays and chemical storage bottles; Kodak color process thermometer; five 20x32 inch home-made fiberglass print-drying screens; and one 11x14 Technal Al forced air print dryer;

Graphic arts equipment: Robertson 30x40 inch process camera; Nu Arc plate maker; Pakolith film processor; hand-held hair dryer; and misc. light tables and large sinks.
MATERIALS

Kodachrome film, ASA 64, KR135-36
Ektachrome film, ASA 200, ED135-36
Ektachrome film, ASA 160 (tungsten balanced), ET135-36
Cibachrome color paper, pearl surface, 8x10, 11x14, and 16x20
Cibachrome P12 chemistry in 5 quart kits
Kodacel diffusion sheeting, TA401 cellulose triacetate, matte surface, .003 inch thick
Scotch 3M Positionable Mounting Adhesive sheets, 16x20
Kwik Print high-contrast vinyl print support, 16x20
Kwik Print emulsion in black and brown colors
Kodak PMT (Photo-Mechanical Transfer) sheets and chemicals
Kodak Pan Masking Film 4570, 4x5
Agfa Gevalith Ortho 081 lithographic film, 20x24 and smaller
8 x 18
Abstract of Campeollio
CAMPOBELLO ISLAND: FAR FROM THE MAINSTREAM

Introduction

She is shrouded by the cool, blue mist of early morning that slowly evaporates into the clean, bright air of mid-day. Her shore is shaped by the continual pounding of the icy surf from the Bay of Fundy, site of two great whirlpools and the highest tides in the world. Her air is tangy with the mixing scents of land and sea. The signs of man's presence are barely perceptible over much of her flowing fields, dense forests, tidal marshes, expansive mudflats, and jagged headlands. Campobello Island has changed comparatively little over the centuries that man has known her.

"The northern and southern ends of the island provide a dramatic topographical contrast. The north, with its ledge, thin topsoil and low hills, resembles the coast of Scotland. The south is almost tropical in the luxuriance of its ferns and flowers, culminating in the Fog Forest at Liberty Point, an eerie green-gray world of lichen-hung trees shrouded in perpetual fog."

She seems so far away. Indeed she is far from the hurry-hurry attitude of a rat-race infested society; removed from the mainstream; at the end of the cultural line, the technological line, the shipping line, the energy line, and the financial line.

To reach the end of that line, drive northeast along the Maine coast through countryside, becoming more sparsely populated as the miles roll by, toward the easternmost town in Maine: Lubec. Drive along the peninsula leading out to that town; along a ridge, surrounded on three sides by an expanse of ocean and sky. When you reach the road's end and look across the narrow slip of water separating her from the United States, there is Campobello.
She is a Canadian island, only a stone's throw from the U.S.; a mile by sea from her nearest Canadian neighbor, Deer Island; twelve miles by sea from the Canadian mainland. Her residents must drive over sixty miles of U.S. roads to reach the Canadian border and the city of St. Stephens, New Brunswick. For many years, because the only medical service available in the area was in Lubec, many Campobello babies were born in that Maine town with the resultant right to choose their citizenship in the United States.

Geographically she should be a part of the U.S. Yet the island is Canadian because of a purported historical quirk. As the story goes Daniel Webster (1782-1852) led an American delegation for settlement of the boundary issue. Sailing down the St. Croix River, Webster, being a poor sailor, refused to continue further into the rough seas of Passamaquoddy Bay to the east and around Campobello Island. Rather, he insisted on hugging the shore of Maine, through the Lubec Narrows, thus awarding the island to Canada.

Although it makes a colorful account of the manner in which Campobello came to be Canadian, Daniel Webster's stomach probably had little to do with the boundary decision. According to the proceedings of the Royal Society of Canada, "We cannot question that the line according to the usual custom in such cases would have followed the navigable channels, and would have given (the United States) Campobello, geographically a part of Maine and separated from it by only a narrow and shallow channel." That Canada was the island's recipient, "was due to no virtue on her part, but was a pure piece of luck...."

Campobello was visited for thousands of years by Indians who left only huge piles of clam shells as evidence of their stays. Viking adventurers may also have touched her shores during one or more voyages. And the great French explorer, Samuel de Champlain, sailed through Passamaquoddy Bay on his way up the St. Croix River, the present boundary between the
U.S. and Canada. On a map drawn by Champlain in 1607 he identifies Campobello as Port aux Coquilles (Isle of Clams).

Five years after the first known settlement of the island by Europeans, a census taken in 1689 listed its inhabitants as four men, four women, eight boys, five girls, four horses, and seven horned cattle.

But her recorded history really began about September 30, 1767 when the island was granted to Captain William Owen by Lord William Campbell, the British governor of Nova Scotia. Named the "Principal Proprietary of the Great Outer Island of Passamaquoddy," Owen chose to christen the island, Campo Bello, as he said, "partly complementary and punning on the name of the governor," and partly in response to the island's beauty, "Campo Bello being, so I presume, the Spanish and Italian equivalent of the French beau champ or the British fair field."

Owen and his descendants ruled their little island kingdom favorable or not for the next 114 years. Under their rule, "the island was a feudal fief of a dynasty of Welsh seamen that gave the Royal Navy two admirals, one of whom was born on Campobello and the other of whom lies buried there."

Another was once the tutor of the English Prime Minister William Pitt.

"The Principal Proprietary was the island's lord, and the people were his tenants. His wife was given the courtesy title of Lady. He performed marriages. He prepared sermons and preached them in the church that he had caused to be built. He was inclined to regard the island's militiamen as his private army. The first Principal Proprietary erected a set of stocks and a whipping post to punish 'the unruly, disorderly and dishonest,' and his successors were all of them magistrates. At one point the Owens issued their own money emblazoned with the family motto Flecti Non Frangi (To be bent, not to be broken)."

The forth, and last, Proprietary married into the family and changed his name to Owen, thus complying with a bequest
which granted him title to the island. Seven years after his death the Owen era came to an end when his widow decided to sell her rights to Campobello to a group of American businessmen.

With a capital of one million dollars, they intended to develop the island into a summer resort to which wealthy, upper-class residents of New York, Boston, and Montreal escaped, traveling by private yacht or railway car. Although a boon to the island's economy, eventually "the resorts fell victim to a variety of factors, including the First World War, the motor car, the servant problem and the income tax." But while it lasted the resort community on the southern end of Campobello grew to include many spacious "cottages" and three prosperous hotels. Advertising brochures for the hotels described them as providing "all the comforts of a refined home," offering "quiet and retired life, made wholesome by the soft yet bracing air, never too hot and seldom too cold." They went on to say that at Campobello, "one may find absolute relief from hay fever."

Among the visitors to the island in 1883 were James and Sara Roosevelt, who brought with them their one-year-old son, Franklin, a future president of the United States. They liked the place so well that they bought ten acres of land overlooking Friar's Bay and erected a cottage of their own.

Young Franklin Roosevelt spent his summers on the island, met his future wife, Eleanor, there, and in his 40th. year contracted polio there. That illness proved to be his greatest tragedy and the source of his greatest triumph in overcoming its debilitating physical and emotional effects.

"Campobello's contribution to the making of (Franklin D. Roosevelt) is considerable. His character, his courage and his humanity were developed there in formative years. When his place in world events and values is determined in the years to come these three qualities will be given high rank. Whatever the verdict of political history may be, the legends of Campobello will forever celebrate the adventures
and habits of his boyhood. They helped Franklin Roosevelt gain the courage and self-reliance which scorned the handi-
caps of a great affliction."

Because of his love of the island and its role in shaping his future, and thus the future of the United States, a tribute to his memory was developed on the island: the world's first international park.

The Roosevelt Campobello International Park was estab-
lished in 1964 to preserve FDR's summer home and to give vis-
itors the opportunity to experience some of what made Campobello a special place for him.

There are two proposed projects which could have enormous effects on the Roosevelt Park and on the ecology and economy of the island and the whole area. One is the construction of an oil refinery at Eastport, the only natural, deep-water port on the east coast of the United States and, therefore, the only place suitable for the docking of crude-oil-carrying supertankers. The other project is a long-standing proposal for a tidal power project to generate electricity.

The refinery proposal has met considerable opposition on environmental grounds. The United States Department of Environmental Protection has withheld necessary air and water quality permits for its construction pending further study. And the Canadian government has refused permission for travel of the supertankers through Head Harbor Passage between Campobello and Deer Island. They say because of the narrow passage, the possibility of rough seas, and the persistent, heavy fog, there is a great potential for a huge oil spill.

The tidal power project has been in existence for almost sixty years, having been actively encouraged by President Roosevelt following its conception by a Campobello neighbor of his. "There had come to the island in 1919 an American engineer, Dexter P. Cooper.... He developed a plan for using the tides to generate electric power, through the construction of a system of dams and sea-gates and the creation of two great basins, one in Passamaquoddy Bay and one in Maine's Cobscook Bay. When the moon's pull is strongest, the tides
at the head of the Bay of Fundy may rise and fall as much as fifty-three feet. In 1935, Roosevelt allocated ten million dollars in relief funds to the project and sent 3,000 relief workers to prepare the site, but the effort had to be abandoned a year later when Congress refused to advance further funds. The plan was opposed by Canadian fishing interests and rejected by the United States engineers as too remote and expensive."

However, since the price of oil has risen so much in recent years and its availability has slackened, there is renewed interest in the possibility. Although its construction would be expensive (over $500 million) and operating and maintenance costs would be high (over $30 million per year) there would be no fuel costs, unlike fossil-fuel-fired or nuclear plants. Proponents say it would recoup its initial cost and become a clean, inexpensive yearly source of over 250 million watts of electricity.

Only time will tell which of those two energy project proposals, if either, eventually will be constructed. Both have the potential to drastically alter the area and the lives of its residents for better or worse.

One project which already has altered the lives of Campobello islanders was the opening of a bridge linking the island to Lubec, Maine in 1962. Some residents felt that by ending their isolation from the rest of the world it took away part of their feeling of self-sufficiency and independence. Many residents complained, "We aren't an island anymore." But the bridge and the opening of the Roosevelt Park two years later brought additional jobs and income to Campobello, whose residents had previously relied almost solely on the whims of the sea to provide their livelihood.

Yet, when the park closes and the tourists leave in mid-October, the sense of being alone on an island returns. The two seasonal motels on the island shutter their doors for the winter along with their adjoining restaurants and several roadside fried-fish, pizza, and hamburger stands. There are
no theaters, no nightclubs, no museums, and no shopping centers; just two general stores.

Entertainment other than Canadian television is provided by local initiative: the senior citizens' club holds dinners and quilting parties; the Canadian Legion hall provides a place to drink alcohol, to dance, and to play pool, cards, darts and bingo; and the island's consolidated high school and grade school sponsors sporting and other events. Most islanders have cars and the bridge allows them to come and go as they please, but other forms of entertainment are many miles away.

The fact that there are no bars or taverns on Campobello (just two seasonal restaurants and the Canadian Legion hall are licensed to serve liquor) reflects the island's longstanding tradition of teetotaling and the strong influence of religion on residents. Yet they have not always been uninvolved with alcoholic beverages.

During the economic hard times of the 1870's, islanders alleviated their financial plight by starting a new industry: rum running. "There were two warehouses on the island where not only rum but Holland gin, Irish and Scotch whiskies and French wines were kept in bond until they could be sold and taken aboard the fishing schooners that came up from Gloucester in fleets of thirty or forty ostensibly to buy herring."

Outraged by the rum running in the Passamaquoddy Bay area, temperance societies and law and order leagues in several American and Canadian towns occasionally, "forced reluctant officers to act. Usually such efforts were not very well co-ordinated and there was likely to be at least one 'oasis.'" The Eastport Sentinel (Feb. 25, 1880) reminded its readers now and then that Campobello was a 'rum' parish. During strict periods of enforcement considerable ingenuity was shown by thirsty Eastporters.... The Sentinel (June 2, 1880) revealed that... "among the latest discoveries in the shape of a device for smuggling is a tin bustle, manufactured for an Eastport female for the above purpose. It was filled but not in posi-
tion when discovered.""

A similar situation occurred during the Prohibition era of the 1920's. "Elderly Campobello fishermen tend to change the subject when asked about the rum running days when Black Diamond rum could be bought in Jamaica for 17 cents for a five-gallon keg that could be sold in the United States for $40, and Campobello fishermen would go out in their small boats to pick up liquor from the schooners anchored near The Wolves (islands) and carry it to Eastport or Lubec."

Other forms of smuggling prospered in the area at various times. During the Napoleonic War, at the beginning of the 19th. century, Britain blockaded the entire continent of Europe, thus cutting off the United States. In retaliation Congress passed the Embargo Act in 1807 forbidding American ships to embark for any foreign port. And two years later Congress substituted the Non-Intercourse Act which allowed American ships to trade with any country except England and France.

"Quickly Eastport, Maine, only two miles from Campobello, became one of the busiest towns in the United States. Smuggling became Campobello's chief industry. The islanders said, 'That's why fogs were made.'"

"It was commonly said that Eastport was home to the fastest ships in the world—ships that could sail from Maine to Sweden in three or four hours and sometimes make the same trip twice in one day," by simply changing their registration papers.

Of course smuggling wasn't a continuous occupation for the islanders' forefathers, who not only fished, but farmed and occasionally worked as loggers or mill hands. Today's 1200 island residents live in three scattered communities (at North Road, Welshpool, and Wilson's Beach) centered around the Harbor de L'Outre on the nine-mile-long island's protected western side. Most of the islanders work as fishermen or fish processors. Some specialize in one of many types of fishing such as hand-lining, lobstering, trauling,
dragging, gillnetting, seining, or weir tending. Others do a little bit of several kinds of fishing. Some residents, especially those living at Welshpool near the former summer colony and Roosevelt Park, make their living keeping shop or catering to the tourists in season. Others work in a recently constructed filleting plant, at Jackson Brothers' fish drying and salting plant, or at the sardine canning factory, all located at Wilson's Beach. A few build boats, repair automobiles, or do odd jobs, such as carpentry. In the fall some men and quite a few women and children go "tipping" to gather evergreen bows from which they fashion Christmas wreaths.

There is a twine ship at Welshpool that employs several people to make and repair nets for the fishing boats, although many nets are repaired right on the wharves where the boats are tethered.

Whatever they do, the people of Campobello do it with little or no sense of urgency. They take their time and enjoy their lives whether or not they happen to enjoy the particular task at hand. Maybe they are attuned to the rhythmic changes of the tide or the seasons. Even in the sardine factory, where women are prodded by the incessant demands of a non-stop conveyor belt loaded with herring to process, there are smiles and friendly snatches of conversation to be caught. Even though paid for piece work, they take time to stop and talk with strangers, to laugh and gossip.

Their speech is easily recognizable. They talk, "with an accent distinctly different from that of either the nearby Canadian islands of Deer Island and Grand Manan or the neighboring Maine coast. Their speech with its broad 'a,' slurred 'r' and such intonations as might come from the mouth of a Frenchman who had learned his English in Wales, is much the same as that of their eighteenth-century ancestors. A native of Campobello could recognize another anywhere as soon as he heard him speak."

Shortly after being exposed to their unique accent and some of the interesting accounts related by islanders I de-
cided to tape-record conversations with several people. In that way I could supplement my own impressions of the island and what I had read and related of her history with the thoughts and words of some of her own people, without any intermediary.

Two of the conversations I transcribed are with transplanted residents who talk about their quests to be accepted by the communities into which they moved 15 and 30 years ago respectively. Two other conversations are with elderly islanders. One is the oldest man living on Campobello. The other is a lady who refuses to grow old. They both tell what it was like living on the island for the past 80 to 90 years. Another resident tells part of the story of his life in verse. And finally, a Lubec resident, and former naturalist for the Roosevelt Park, describes the ecology of the island.

Aside from those conversations, there are some fascinating stories about Campobello and her past which can be read from several sources (see the bibliography). It is not my intention to extensively duplicate what has been written or said before about Campobello and her interesting history. Others have told it better and more completely than I can in the space and time available here. Rather I prefer to just introduce the island by way of the previous narrative and try to establish a feeling for her that has grown steadily during the 13 one week trips I made there from October, 1975 through November, 1978. I hope that the pictures contained herein and the recorded words of her people will best describe what I found and love about Campobello.
Title Page

Title: CAMPOBELLO: THE LAND, THE SEA, AND THE PEOPLE

Thesis Proposal for the Master of Fine Arts Degree
School of Photographic Arts and Sciences
Rochester Institute of Technology

Submitted by: Stephen O. Muskie Date: April 19, 1977

Thesis Board

Chief Advisor: Charles Arnold, Jr.
Professor
School of Photographic Arts and Sciences
Rochester Institute of Technology

Associate Advisors: Michael Lewis
Professor and Chairman
Department of Art
University of Maine at Orono

David J. Robertson
Associate Professor
School of Photographic Arts and Sciences
Rochester Institute of Technology

Approved by the Graduate Committee Date: 4/19/77
Chairman:
Purpose of the Thesis:

The purpose of this thesis is to examine and photographically describe the character of Campobello, a Canadian island, and the surrounding locale, with special attention given to the relationship of its residents to their island and to the nearby Maine communities of Lubec and Eastport.

Scope and Background of the Thesis:

Located across a narrow tide-rip and connected by bridge to the town of Lubec, Maine, Campobello Island, by geographical proximity if by nothing else, should be a part of the United States. However, by some quirk of politics and a map-maker's pen it is Canadian. Its citizens must drive across sixty miles of U.S. roads or travel seven miles by boat to reach their own mainland.

Campobello had a rich history as the feudal fief of a dynasty of Welsh seamen until 1881, when it became the summer resort of several wealthy American families. One of the most prominent of those was the family of Franklin Delano Roosevelt, who spent his boyhood summers there, as a young man was stricken by polio after swimming in the frigid waters surrounding the island, and later used the island as a retreat during his presidency. Yet it has remained on the outer fringe of development at the easternmost tip of the United States; physically distant from its own nation.

The entire area has been economically depressed for decades. Most of the people of the region make their living at fishing, fish processing or related enterprises, and some cottage industries, such as "tipping" (gathering evergreen boughs and tips to fashion wreaths), with the summer tourist season recently providing additional economic support as the result of the development of the Roosevelt Campobello International Park and a Canadian provincial park and golf course.
Extreme contrasts in the weather transform the area, especially Campobello itself, from a colorful, flower-bedecked paradise in summer to a bleak, wind-swept desert of snow in winter. The flora of the twenty-square-mile island is greatly varied, ranging from the dilicate mosses and the bright-colored lichens and flowers of the luxuriant peat bogs and fog-forests at the southern end to the gnarled, weathered pines of the barren, rocky, northern tip, only nine miles distant.

Campobello is nestled at the outermost edge of a group of islands in Passamaquoddy Bay which flows into the Bay of Fundy. Because the area experiences some of the highest tides in the world it is the possible site of a mammoth tidal power project. North of Campobello, just across the bay, Eastport, Maine may soon be the location of a super-tanker-fed oil refinery. Both the refinery and the power project could have a tremendous impact on the unspoiled ecology and struggling economy of the area and on the life style of its people.

The character of the residents of Campobello has been molded by their ancestors and by their environment; and what makes their island unique makes them unique. Author Alden Nowlan in his book "Campobello: The Outer Island," describes the inhabitants thusly:

"Most of Campobello's 1200 people (about 85 per cent of whom depend on fishing for their living) belong to ten families, each of which possesses its own collective identity. Island folklore says that the Newmans are absent-minded and inclined to drawl and that the Calders are born with the gift of the gab. There are similar legends about the Lanks, the Clines, the Malechts and the others." But, despite those idiosyncrasies, they are a community of people who, "speak with an accent distinctly different from that of either the nearby Canadian islands of Deer Island and Grand Manan or the neighboring Maine coast. Their speech, with its broad 'a', slurred 'r' and such intonations as might come from the mouth of a Frenchman who had learned his English in Wales, is much the same as that of their eighteenth-century ancestors. A native of Campobelle
could recognize another anywhere as soon as he heard him speak.

Nowlan continues, "In Maine they call them Over Homers—people who say hello to strangers and reply politely and at length to the questions of tourists who do not know a dory from a dinghy or a cod from a pollock. But, individually and collectively, they are private people; their world is divided into islanders and outsiders. They are courteous and even generous to people they do not know. But to be accepted, a newcomer must be watchful and patient; he must not assume that a close acquaintance of several months' standing is necessarily a friend. They have inherited the strength and shrewdness of their Scots and Yankee ancestors, but are kept from being dour by their environment. All fishermen are gamblers—not compulsive bettors, but professional odds-players. They can never be sure whether the weather will be fair or foul, the catch good or bad, and are always conscious that when they go out in the boats it is never certain that they will come back. Forced to live with Chance, the fisherfolks of Campobello have developed a grudging affection for her."

* * *

My intent in this thesis is to make an accurate graphic representation of these aspects and others that I find concerning the people of Campobello: their relationships with one another, with their neighbors in Lubec and Eastport, and with the land and sea on which they live and work. During my comparatively brief exposure to their way of life, the obvious differences and similarities which immediately intrigue the tourist will be recorded, but more importantly I want to catch the subtleties of their relationships and their lives which make them a unique asset enriching the whole of human culture. I will not only learn something about this remarkable place and its people, I will also learn new skills and improve my ability to communicate what I know and feel about a subject through photography.
Procedures:

My photographs of Campobello will be taken over a minimum one year period, involving at least six weeks' residence. The original photographs will be predominantly 35mm color transparencies, taken with single lens reflex and rangefinder cameras and utilizing a wide selection of lens focal lengths. The pictures will be made under available-light conditions, or with the addition of electronic flash, reflectors, or tungsten photofloods if they aid the effective representation of a particular subject.

A selection of at least two dozen color (and possibly some black and white) prints of my photographs will be presented in the context of large, finished paste-ups (ie. between 10 x 13 inches and 23 x 30 inches) of a multi-page magazine layout including headlines, text, and cutlines or catchlines. Each double page layout will be framed for exhibition. The balance of the photographs taken will be presented in a continuously projected slide show, adjacent to the exhibit. The text will consist of quotations of some of the subjects photographed, my own observations and/or excerpts from various books about the region.

Information utilized as the basis for the text will be gathered from area libraries, interviews, newspapers, and other pertinent sources.

I will produce the appropriately-sized Cibachrome reversal, internegative-produced positive, or black and white prints used in the layouts.

A transparency of each of the framed, double-page layouts and at least one original print will be included, along with transparencies of the overall exhibition, in the final Thesis Report.
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Nonmanipulated Cibachrome print from an unmasked transparency.
Cibachrome print from a masked transparency. The mask contrast and density was insufficient.
Cibachrome print from a correctly masked transparency.
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Sizes XL $38.95ppd.
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Supertweed Skimmer Jumper
Neck and arm openings are banded in blending cotton chamoid cloth. Jumper has neat flare, super side pockets, self belt. Below knee length. Choose wine or blue, tweedy weave 100% brushed cotton. Gently machine wash.
Sizes S-M-L $36.95
Sizes XL $36.95ppd.
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Tweedy Topper
Favorite tree falling topper has tiny band collar, front button placket, neat narrow shoulders, deepset long cuffed sleeves. Choose wine heather or blue bazer, tweedy weave softly brushed 100% cotton. Gently machine wash.
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