



Enriching lives through the joy of lifelong learning

CSC Officers: 2020-2021
President: Maryanne Ward
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New Harbor, Maine, June 7, 2020

COASTAL SENIOR COLLEGE

MISSION STATEMENT

The mission of Coastal Senior College is to enrich the lives of its members through the joy of lifelong learning

VISION STATEMENT

CSC is a welcoming community of enthusiastic learners in Knox and Lincoln Counties involved in a wide range of intellectual, creative, social and physical activities that offer opportunities to learn and connect with others. Our faculty consists of excellent instructors from different walks of life. Creative approaches and multiple technologies enhance our learning experiences making them available to more people.

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Letter from Coastal Senior College President Maryanne Ward

Dear Members and Friends of CSC:

The last time I wrote to you I used the analogy of our little boat being in drydock for a refit. I am happy to report that our hull is sound and we are back in the water, although not quite ready to set sail. Almost all the legal work for independence is finished thanks to wonderful volunteer lawyers. Our Tech committee has selected the software which will guide us and the Curriculum

Committee is gathering course proposals for Winter term. We are close to launching our new website. As I looked over the shoulder of the Curriculum Committee chair, I saw a course on Black Holes from our own astronomer, Ted Williams. You will be able to find that course and all the others when our new website is up and running. You'll be able to renew your membership and register from the website – it will be just as easy as shopping on line at LLBean. Winter term will begin February 8. Save those dates. All classes will be on Zoom.

I know Zoom isn't ideal. I hate seeing myself -- I find me distracting. Having admitted that I share your concerns, here is the way I learned to live with the technology. I think of all those wonderful nineteenth- and early twentieth-century letter writers who worked so hard to keep in touch with loved ones. What if they had said to themselves, "I cannot see them in person, so I won't communicate." Thank goodness they used their tools so eloquently. We will do the best we can with ours. In the Spring we will look for safe places to meet, but we have to rely on others to provide those spaces. Given where the country is at present, we still have a long way to go to get back to safe and normal. Europe is experiencing a second wave of covid. We cannot afford to put our minds and our lives on hold and wait for this to pass. Our time together is precious.

I am reading Victorian poetry this term and a lot of it is rather over the top. But, sometimes you come back to a poem with a new appreciation. Tennyson's "Ulysses" imagines an elderly Ulysses (Odysseus) finding himself bored and under-employed rousing his men to one more voyage. I thought of senior college and trying to launch our little boat in some very troubled waters.

"Though much is taken, much abides; and though
We are not now that strength which in old days
Moved earth and heaven, that which we are, we are—
One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find and not to yield."

I am not urging us to jump into our kayaks and head for Pemaquid Point, but I am urging all of us not to go into hibernation and be ready to embrace these coming months. Grab a book, sit down at the piano, pick up your paint brush, plant winter lettuce or hook a rug -- be careful, but be active. Register to vote and prepare to register for Winter term!

Stay safe,
Maryanne

Faculty Corner

To meet the demands of teaching during social distancing under a global pandemic, Coastal Senior College acquired additional digital tools to support teaching on Zoom. In the following piece, Cynthia Dias, one of CSC's instructors, describes how she uses the technology to more effectively teach her class.

For the past several years I have taught drawing and watercolor classes for Coastal Senior College. This fall, online classes replaced in person teaching due to the pandemic. The course I taught was Draw the Basics, a beginners class using pencil and colored pencils. The length of the four classes was shortened to one and one-half hours from the usual two hours. There were nine people in total including Cathy Jewitt, the co-host and myself. There were two subjects for each class that were rendered from photographs that I emailed to each participant several days before class

I was given a webcam, tripod, video light and headphones for the course. I ended up using the camera and tripod that was placed next to me looking down on my worktable. This enabled everyone to see my art demonstrations clearly. In some ways using Zoom actually was more effective than teaching in person because of the ability for everyone to see my demonstration at the same time. Because it was a small group I found it wasn't necessary for anyone to be muted and questions or comments could be made at any time during the class. Participants could show their artwork to the class if they felt comfortable. If not, they were given the option to email me directly with images of their drawings and I responded with helpful tips. I found this worked out great and it made for a relaxing atmosphere. Using the chat screen, I was able to share the titles and authors of books that I showed during the class.

The course participants learned various drawing techniques within a group and in the comfort of their own homes. My experience using Zoom technology was very positive and I am looking forward to teaching again using this format.



Drawing done by Cynthia Dias using one of the photos that were shown during her class

Faculty Corner

In this next piece, Walpole resident and CSC faculty member Michael Uhl, explains the genesis of his interest in Waldoboro and in the writer of a 2 volume history of Waldoboro, Jasper Stahl. In the second part Uhl sheds more light on Jasper Stahl's particular take on Waldoboro and its residents, along with their opinions of him.

My interest in Waldoboro and Stahl dates to a research grant from the Maine Humanities Council in the 90s. My larger interest was, and remains, the German American experience generally, of which Waldoboro represents an interesting and anomalous chapter. I was very gratified, of course, to discover in the work of Jasper Stahl such a powerful account of the settling of Waldoboro, and the role played by a small migration of Germans there in the colonial period (when 90% of German speaking migrants were headed for Penn's colony).

During interviews with Waldoboro residents who knew Jasper well, some of whom collaborated with him on the history, a profile emerged of a man whom many found difficult to work with in a number of local contexts. Indeed, small town politics: she who is without sin...

The comments of Stahl's local critics and detractors, to include Barbara Cooney, tend to focus on the author's personality and eccentric style. What seemed little understood - or at least diplomatically skirted - is what led the author to ultimately appropriate his scholarship to evaluate much of the native population of his beloved hometown and lifetime residence in the most disparaging language.

Based on a close reading of the history - not undertaken by many perhaps - and on the aforesaid interviews buttressed by a thick file of other primary and secondary materials I have accumulated over the years, and an investigation of the Stahl papers at the University of Maine on two occasions, my essay offers some preliminary hints on what led to the meltdown with which Stahl concludes his otherwise exemplary history.

The History of Old Broad Bay and Waldoboro

JASPER J. STAHL

THIS IS A HISTORY which, in the words of the author, "omits no detail, however seemingly small, so long as it is human, relevant and illuminating."

Here we are given a full-sized portrait of a town during more than two centuries — from the feudal aspect of its first years when, merely a tract of land belonging to the ambitious General Waldo, it was settled by immigrant Germans, to its present thriving role in the life of Maine.

Waldoboro has an exciting background. The story of its settling is not only an illuminating part of Maine history, but of American history. Many of the settlers who landed in Old Broad Bay had considered themselves en route to Philadelphia, or Boston, or New York. The rivalry between landholders who were trying to lure people to their sites was a bitter one. Devious means were used to make certain not only that the settlers would land where they were wanted, but would land there in such poverty and in so much debt that they would have to allow themselves to be sold as slaves.

Professor Stahl writes from the standpoint that "local history is a part of world history"; that historical writing is a "continuous re-creation of the life of the past in all of its relevant detail, not only the modes of thinking and feeling implicit in the leadership of the great, but also the customs, beliefs and practices of the commoner man. . ." His aim has been that of Macauley's "perfect historian": to exhibit the character and spirit of an age in miniature.

The result may well be another *Middletown* — warmer, more personal, in its approach but possibly even more complete in its re-creation of a town's growth.

As HENRY BESTON writes: "The history of the American small town is of immense importance in the history of America, and in his *History of Old Broad Bay and Waldoboro*, Professor Stahl has enriched American historical writing with a superb account of one of the most interesting communities in New England."

2 volumes, approx. 650 pages each, buckram bound, illustrated.

Pre-publication \$15.00

After Publication \$25.00

Publication November

[2]

The pre-publication tear sheet (circa 1955) was used by Jasper to promote his book, and it also contains the Henry Beston quote.

The Curious Case of Jasper Jacob Stahl
*Two souls, alas, are housed within my breast,
and each will wrestle for the mastery there.*

— Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, Faust

Jasper J. Stahl, author of the *History of Old Broad Bay and Waldoborough*, won praise from a neighboring writer, Henry Beston, for “having enriched American historical writing with a superb account of one of the most interesting communities in New England.” That community is Waldoboro, Maine, where Jasper was born in 1886, the youngest of four children, to Lucy Keene, a Mayflower descendant, and Albion F. Stahl, captain of a square rigger. Jasper was linked as well through both families to the colonial Germans who’d settled the area in the mid-18th century.

Jasper grounds the story of his native hearth in the Paleolithic, and carries it though to 1950. At the bedrock of his learned narrative is the ancestral saga of several boatloads of Germans transported from the catchment regions of the Rhine by Boston merchant, Samuel Waldo, to the war torn northern frontier of the Massachusetts Bay Colony; and the subsequent adaptation of their descendants over two centuries to the dominant English-speaking world around them.

This two volume work is Jasper’s gift to all who trace their lineage from the Waldoboro Germans, and is of great appeal to the general reader who appreciates how a local history can open windows on a wider world. But what puzzles me is that Jasper Stahl also appropriates this historical platform to settle some longstanding hometown scores. In June of 1950, as he prepared the text for publication, Jasper wondered aloud to a reporter at the *Portland Sunday Telegram* if perhaps the final chapter, in which he “evaluates the community in terms of its social, educational, religious and cultural life... may not be printable.” And that “it might be the better part of wisdom to publish it posthumously.”

Wisdom’s better part did not prevail. The insertion of Henry Beston’s flattering appraisal on a tear sheet to spur the book’s sales, gives no notice of the bitter jeremiad in the conclusive chapter, where Jasper mercilessly flays his Waldoboro contemporaries for their backwardness. To the contrary. The promotional copy likens the work to the classic small town study, *Middletown*, only “warmer, more personal.” Certainly the latter. The undeniable passion of Jasper’s attachment to “the still lingering aroma of [Waldoboro’s] ancient

culture...,” is evident throughout the text. And yet one might legitimately wonder if Beston had read that deeply into the almost 1,200 pages to discover this discordant personal theme, or, if he had, chose to discreetly sidestep entanglement in a small town imbroglio?

Not all the townspeople’s alleged deficiencies are graded with equal scorn. Jasper saved his most savage criticism for Waldoboro’s failures in the field of education. Education, he bitterly recalled from boyhood, was “debauched in the back districts,” where the majority of the towns’ neighborhoods, some sixteen of them, gave minimal support to their one room schools. This failing, he decried, was compounded by Waldoboro’s being “seventy years behind its neighbors” in its persistent refusal to join back settlement secondary education into a single consolidated high school.

Here was a grievance that festered over a lifetime; but as a youthful dilemma, it was one Jasper mastered spectacularly. His appetite for learning was enabled by attending a private preparatory up the road in Newcastle, Lincoln Academy, where he could receive adequate academic groundwork for Bowdoin College. This determination to escape Waldoboro’s ‘deficiencies’ had been nurtured in the Stahl household, where slack habits were stiffened, he told the *Sunday Telegram*, by “a discipline of the fo’c’sle.” Each day at “sun-up” when captain Albion “bellowed ‘Turn to!’ the whole family “hit the deck.”

That discipline was dramatically nauticalized when, as a boy, Jasper sailed with his father around the Horn of Valparaiso. Waldoboro had once enjoyed great renown as a ship building center. From having been the 6th most trafficked port in the U.S. during its Great Days, bracketing decades before and after the Civil War, the year following Jasper’s birth, for the first time in a century, the town did not build a single ship. Waldoboro, by Jasper’s boyhood, had become what he disparagingly dismissed as “a grassland.”

Waldoboro’s progressive decline into Jasper’s middle years was mapped in a commencement essay by a graduating senior of the village high school in 1934. “Do you know,” she wrote cataloging the town’s heyday, “that at one time Waldoboro possessed three large dry goods stores, five clothing stores, two hardware and stove dealers, two jewelers, four shoe stores, two drug stores, nine or ten grocers, dealers in books, crockery and paper hangings, two harness makers, a brass and iron foundry, a sail maker, saw mills, planing and molding mills, carding and oakum mills, three livery stables...” and it doesn’t stop there. This

was another of Jasper's pet vexations: that Waldoboro had failed to recover from its Great Days to rival nearby trading centers.

But Jasper was no more drawn to trade than he was to the sea, and I suspect he was bookish from childhood. A few sightings of his early years are scattered among the community-notes in the Lincoln County News, which tracked such a voluminous number of Waldoboro folks, it's as if the town were living under the all-seeing eye of a roaming reporter. A steady procession of visitations and homecomings, including Jasper's while at Bowdoin, is jolted occasionally by the latest misfortunes, a worker's hand crushed by falling granite on a bridge repair, a horse lost through the ice; and we learn of Jasper's lead role in 1895 celebrating George Washington's Birthday at the South Primary School, and two years later that he shared a school prize for spelling.

I found virtually nothing to further illuminate his boyhood among sheaves of letters and other documents in the Jasper Stahl papers at the University of Maine, which outline the major stages of his mature years, but preserve no childhood ephemera or photographs. And the reticent scholar, notwithstanding the explosive Chapter L, only rarely intruded in the Waldoboro history with a private sentiment, thus touchingly elevating a boyhood memorial to his "late and dearly beloved" elementary school teacher, Susan A. Ludwig.



The article announcing the Longfellow Prize is apparently from a Brunswick daily, dateline Feb. 27, circa 1909. The clipping is without Masthead or year. 1909 was the year Jasper graduated from Bowdoin.

The rich trove of documentation on Jasper's biography begins to accumulate once he has solved the challenge of his own education, and leaves Waldoboro. At Bowdoin College, now known as Jake, he shone academically, graduating first in his class in 1909, awarded the prestigious Longfellow post-graduate fellowship. And while Jasper does not appear to have made copies of his own letters, the correspondence he received shows evidence of lifelong friendship with a number of his classmates. That August following commencement, the local paper reports that Jasper had left for New York and sailed for Germany to advance his studies.

Jasper's archived papers are equally barren of any account as to whether the two-plus years he spent in Germany mingled elements of a continental idyll, or, as several oversized certificates of attendance from universities in Munich, Göttingen, and Berlin suggest, were strictly in service to the grindstone. Two words in a telegram from Reed College in Oregon arrived toward the end of his stay with exciting news: "Elected Instructor." Riding the Imperial Limited in mid-July 1911, presumably en route to Bremen to board the S.S. Kurfurst at the end of the month for home, and his new career, Jasper jotted down two lines in a scantily filled notebook revealing that not all was at ease in the young scholar's mind. He wrote:

"My life has been strange, almost abnormal.

A sheltered child, the playmate of girls."

This is a thought I had difficulty not holding in mind as I deepened my knowledge of Jasper's life. It could be imagined that such a painful self-estimation in his tender twenties might have set a pattern for the lifelong bachelor in an academic cocoon.

Jasper settled smoothly into his instructorship in modern languages at Reed College beginning the fall term. Letters testify that students sought him out for advice, and for trading gossip on campus life. One from Carl to my dear Mr. Stahl begins, "Will you listen to a little confession? It's about Jean again." By 1914 Jasper had risen to Assistant Professor of German, on the threshold of a national campaign against the "hyphenated" identity of German Americans as the country was being prepared to enter the Great War alongside Britain and France.

"These are some of the most serious days I have even lived," Jasper had confided in his notebook on May 21, 1917, six weeks after "war has come into our midst at the college. I could not see my country making war on the Germans... Many here felt as I did... [but] gradually men found themselves drifting into the struggle."

Jasper appears to have drifted less than having been pushed. A student complaint had been filed with the U.S. Attorney General about his sympathies for the Germans, but his views were more cultural than political, and the President of Reed College assured authorities there “was no question of his loyalty.” Immediately thereafter Jasper enlisted in the Navy, trained as an ensign, and made a final notebook entry on January 18, 1919, “I reported aboard the USS Rose, and began my duties as executive officer of this ship.”

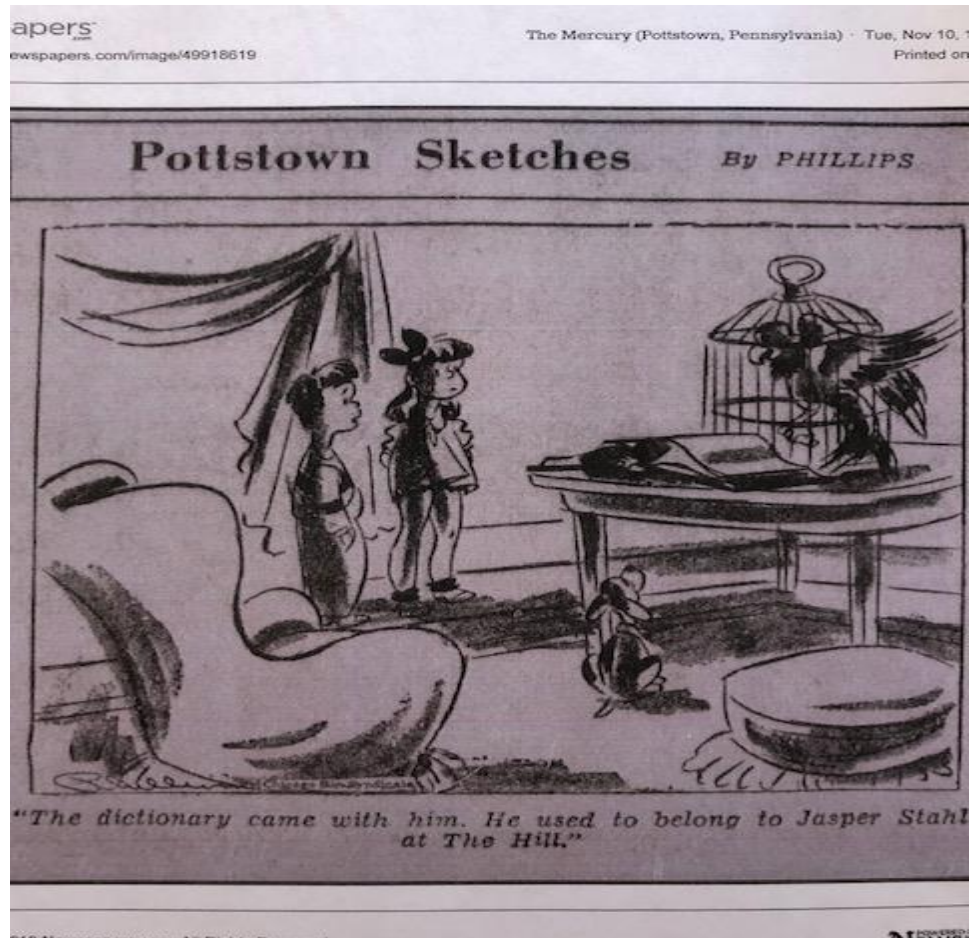
Jasper’s good fortune was to ride out the war on a mine sweeper sweeping no mines at the mouths of harbors along the Pacific, while many of his colleagues and college friends dodged shells overseas in the trenches. Jasper stayed in touch with a number of them, including one close chum from Waldoboro, and classmate at Bowdoin, nicknamed ‘Stick.’ Jasper would be best man when Stick married after the war.

While himself in training, Stick wrote Jasper thanking him for his “gift of De Profundis,” the literary epistle Oscar Wilde composed for his former lover while in the Reading Gaol, convicted for “gross indecency.” “I must confess to only slight acquaintance with Oscar Wilde,” Stick replied, and he was “reading the work with great interest because of the subject matter...” Writing from Camp Dix, Stick acknowledges that “until I got in the Army I felt like a slacker.” He is stoically adjusting to Army life, where one can’t just tell anyone to “go to hell...” and must “buckle to officers you feel to be your inferiors. But one has to look at the thing as part of the game.” Now, he says, he is “anxious” to go to France.

A letter from a former Reed student began “I’m writing from a pretty little town, ‘somewhere in France.’ I’m hoping that the time will soon come when this terrible war will be settled.” A wartime list tracking the whereabouts of the Bowdoin class of 1909 shows that many were in uniform. Letters to and from the battlefield kept bonds tied with friends and family, and such correspondence is well represented among Jasper’s papers.

Mustered from the Navy, Jasper began his long association with Hill School, in Pottstown, PA, a prestigious preparatory serving as a “feeder” to Princeton University. There was a sameness to his thirty years at The Hill. Rising to Director of Studies, his aura was captured in a faculty sketch honoring the school’s 125th anniversary. Not even Jasper’s admirers, the writer deadpanned, “would

have called him the ‘Mr. Chips’ of The Hill. You might find the mellow side of him as he puffed his pipe in his bachelor apartment. Certainly softness had no part of his view of education. He was severe and demanding, and... abrasive at times. He was a taskmaster...” But Jasper’s abiding influence could be measured, if partially in jest, in a 1938 survey among incoming freshmen at Princeton asked to name the Greatest Living American. “A dark horse by the name of J.J. Stahl polled a total of 28 votes.”



"Pottstown Sketches," The Mercury (Pottstown, PA) Nov.10, 1942 Provided by the current librarian of the Hill

The umbilical to his native town had never been severed, always retreating to Waldoboro for holidays and the summer break. By 1947, when Jasper retired to the town’s “oldest inhabitable” colonial homestead, his presence among the villagers, even counting the absences of his teaching years, had been as familiar as a migrating bird that comes and goes with the seasons. Looking back on how at the age of eighty, four year before his death, Jasper was regarded locally after

decades of such familiarity, the Portland Press Herald offered its own *evaluation*: “antagonistic, humane, quixotic and severe.”

Like his idol Goethe, Jasper seemed also a man beset by two opposing souls. I would confirm this repeatedly, when, on a research grant some years back, I interviewed several residents who had known him well, including, Esther Gross, who’d aided Jasper in genealogical digging for his history. “Jasper,” she recalled, “was a man who formed his own opinions and stuck to them. He could be very pleasant or sarcastic, hurtful if he felt like it too.”

Still grateful in middle-age, Robert Stover was one of “two boys who didn’t have a good home life” taken in by Jasper and put through high school. But Stover too saw in his benefactor, “a conflict in two personalities.” One of Jasper’s conflicting moods was decidedly monastic. Sometimes, he told the Sunday Telegram, he didn’t “speak to a single soul for days... when I can remain sweet and wholesome because there is no one around to annoy me.”

Moody or “quixotic” he may have been, but he was also social, at least selectively. “We saw a lot of Jasper,” the celebrated children’s author, Barbara Cooney, told me, as his neighbor summering in Waldoboro with her family. “He always showed up around dessert time. He was a boring person, but a thorough scholar. They all called him professor. He wasn’t a professor,” by which Cooney, known for her own sharp tongue, meant he taught in a secondary school, not a university. But in 1960, Bowdoin College conferred an honorary degree on Jasper, who thereafter till the end of his life styled himself as “Doctor” Stahl.

Jasper also pursued a public life after retirement, honoring civic duty and religious scruples. He served on the town school board and was appointed by the Governor to the state Education Building Committee. He taught Sunday school at what was the oldest Baptist Church in Maine, and gave the sermon or read from German scripture at the annual service in the old German Meeting House, one of the town’s most venerable monuments. He helped locate and post signage for the area’s other historical sites, and lectured on local history when called upon by community groups. He was a dues paying member of the American Legion, although one can’t quite see him on a barstool quaffing shots of Four Roses with his veteran comrades. As for politics, Jasper had journeyed from New Deal reformer and FDR enthusiast to vilifier of Harry Truman and card carrying Republican.

There were acts of generosity - and continuity - in Jasper's life. Beyond fostering those two boys, he donated liberally to both his church and Bowdoin College; and his closest neighbor observed how old friends routinely made summer pilgrimages to Waldoboro to visit him. Moreover, not all his annoyances were reserved for the townspeople. Jasper often voiced dismay at the dizzying pace of a changing world, and railed against an age of shifting moral sands, with its speeding automobiles, comic books, and "sex movies," and above all, "a civilization that prostitutes itself to getting and spending with a ruinous exclusiveness."

When it came to the community assessment he reserved for the final chapter of his master work he offered words of approbation for the most energetic among the town's business and cultural elites. He even praised an admired principal for raising standards in the high school. But Jasper fueled the scorn of Waldoboro's hoi polloi with a sweeping torrent of verbal barbs. Not only was the town "shoddy and drab... a hideous sprawl," he grumbled. But among the majority of its adults he beheld "too little cultivation of grace and charm," and overall a "communal life immersed in a fog of ignorance and illiteracy."

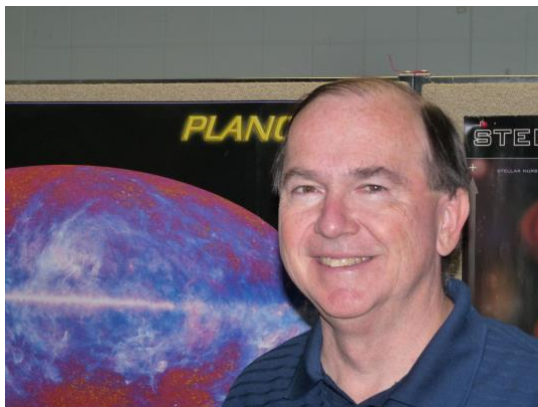
Were it not harsh enough to pass off a bad tempered harangue as impartial "sociological analysis," Jasper then drew final blood by summoning the discredited language of social Darwinism, stamping Waldoboro as a community where "generations of intermarriage and interbreeding have not exactly conduced to an enriched biological heritage." Finally, as if to suggest his judgements were not only fair, but undisputable, he coldly observed, "the reader should remember... that charity is not a virtue of the historian."

Few Maine towns could boast of such a comprehensive history. But beyond the local gentry who contributed to its publication there was little recognition of the author's achievement as a local adornment when the two volume set appeared. From interviews what I heard most was, not resentment about what some holy fool thought about them, but that Jasper, despite his intellectual pretensions, had botched accounts of family history. That's unlikely; but legend looms large in genealogy, the only history most of the town's old timers found of particular interest. All that chastisement for naught. What then explains Jasper's need to deliver it? Nowhere in the wide variety of sources consulted for this profile did I uncover a shred of solid evidence to satisfactorily plumb the depth from where Jasper's vehemence had sprung. To glory in the place... and yet despise its people? I am left to graft a psychological inference - sketchy I concede - to that

rare and oblique confession Jasper seemed compelled to record, the “strange... abnormal... sheltered” child that troubled his memory. Those childhood misadventures staged a drama almost prelapsarian. However magnified in an imagination agitated by antipathy, these hidden wounds foreclosed any semblance of reconciliation with those at whose doorstep he had placed them. Was this what drove Jasper to seek salvation in education as his only escape, and by some immeasurable psychic alchemy, transformed the “playmate of girls” into the stern governor of boys?



The photo of the elder Stahl appears in a profile, His Dream Comes True, Portland Sunday Telegram Magazine, June 11, 1950.



Meet New Board Member

Theodore Williams

Theodore (Ted) Williams is Professor Emeritus of Physics and Astronomy at Rutgers University and former Director of the South African Astronomical Observatory. He is a native of Ohio, with a physics BS degree from Purdue

University and astronomy PhD from the California Institute of Technology. He spent most of his career at Rutgers, where he pursued observational studies of the kinematics and dynamics of galaxies, and developed instrumentation for imaging spectroscopy, while teaching a variety of undergraduate and graduate courses in physics and astronomy. He has spent innumerable nights at telescopes around the world, including observatories in California, Arizona, Texas, and Hawaii, as well as Chile, China and South Africa, and an orbiting facility on the Space Shuttle (Ted stayed firmly on the ground).

After spending a number of family vacations in Maine, Ted and his wife Janet purchased a home in Jefferson. They retired here in 2018 after returning from five years in South Africa. His family includes two children and two grandchildren, all of whom live in Maine (along with assorted dogs and cats). He is a keen small-boat sailor and trains dogs for the sport of agility.

Ted has taught two Coastal Senior College courses: “A Guided Tour of the Universe” and “Death from the Skies”, and will teach “A History of Astronomy” in the fall 2020 semester. He is a member of the CSC Curriculum Committee and joined the CSC Board in the spring of 2020. His goals as a board member are the successful transition of the College to an independent organization, and expanding both its membership and course offerings.

Postcards From Gus

Following are entry 02 and 03 in the blog series [Postcards from Gus-- Sandbox Atlas](#) written by Cathy Jewitt, a member of CSC's Marketing and Publicity Committee, and Ben Meader, a cartographer and GIS analyst in South Bristol, Maine. Postcards from Gus is a modern travelogue through Maine's past which features postcards, photos and maps, many by Augustus "Gus" Phillips, and contemporary photos by John Meader.

Ben and Cathy "invite you to travel the state with Gus, and us—a cartographer, a writer, and a photographer—three Mainers who walked into a museum and couldn't stop exploring moments from the past ..."

[Postcards from Gus, #02](#)

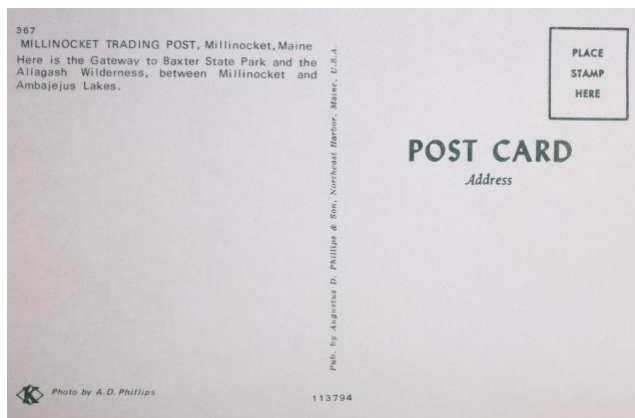
Breaking the Water: Maine's Lighthouses Seen by a Father and Son, a Century Apart



Boon Island lighthouse pictured in Gus's Postcard #427. Photo courtesy of Penobscot Marine Museum.

Postcard from Gus, #3

The North Woods, the Road, and a Rambler: Gus Explores Katahdin, Baxter, and Maine's Interior.



Gus's Postcard of the Millinocket Trading Post, #367, Courtesy of the [Penobscot Marine Museum](#)

News of CSC's Faculty and Members

Coastal Senior College sends its best wishes and prayers to Marie Sabin who has had a stroke and is now under hospice care.

IF YOU ARE HOME SHELTERING IN PLACE OR PRACTICING SOCIAL DISTANCING, EXERCISE YOUR CREATIVE JUICES; WRITE A STORY, A POEM, A TRAVELOGUE, TAKE A PHOTO, OR TAKE A PICTURE OF YOUR ARTWORK AND SEND IT TO cscenewsletter@gmail.com

Do you enjoy teaching adults who love to learn?

Do you have an interest in topics that you'd like to share with your friends and neighbors? If so, we invite you to become a member of the Coastal Senior College faculty and our learning community of over 400 members. Our mission is to enrich the lives of seniors through the joy of lifelong learning. CSC is one of 17 members in the Maine Senior College Network (maineseniorcollege.org).

Our 30 plus volunteer faculty include academics, professionals and knowledgeable instructors who graciously teach classes in the liberal arts and sciences, healthy living and outdoor and hands-on learning to those 50 and older in Lincoln and Knox counties. We invite you to discuss teaching opportunities by contacting the curriculum committee co-chair, John Ward jcw039@hotmail.com



New Harbor, Maine, June 7 2020



Thank you to Judith Mitchell for the owl drawings

Any questions or comments, please send an email to cscenewsletter@gmail.com