

BEALS HISTORICAL SOCIETY

NEWSLETTER

Vol. IX, No. 3 (Summer 2009)

REVOLUTIONARY WAR PRESENTATION BY DR RUTH AHRENS

At 7PM on the evening of Monday June 15th, Ruth Higgins Ahrens will address the Beals Historical Society meeting at the Beal's Elementary School. Her topic will be the first naval battle of the American Revolution; the capture of the British sloop, *Margaretta*, which took place off Machiasport in June, 1775. This battle, the beginning of the United States Navy and the United States Merchant Marine, is of particular local interest as nearly one hundred men from Machias and the surrounding settlements took part; men whose surnames continue to be prominent in our communities to this day.

Dr. Ahrens, a semi-retired psychologist, serves as a docent at the Burnham Tavern Museum, the oldest building in eastern Maine and the only one with a Revolutionary War history.

Please join us as we learn about the effects of the American Revolution not only in this Country but and in particular how it affected Downeast Maine as well. The meeting is free and open to the public. We wish to extend a special invitation to the young people. Light refreshments will be served.

BHS CELEBRATES ITS FIRST ANNUAL MEMORIAL DAY OBSERVANCE

While many Americans across the nation celebrated Memorial Day with a variety of recreational and leisurely activities to mark the beginning of the summer season, a group of fifty or more residents of the Jonesport-Beals community were gathered at the Village Cemetery in Beals for the Society's first Memorial Day observance, honoring deceased veterans and loved ones and the island's first white settler, Manwarren Beal, Jr.

Beals Selectman, Daniel Davis, welcomed those gathered at the burial site of Manwarren and Lydia Beal, and reminded them in a prayer of invocation to be thankful "for this land where our fathers pledged their very lives, their fortunes and their most sacred honor for the ideal of government (in the words of Abraham Lincoln) 'of the people, by the people, and for the people.'" Davis challenged his listeners to take from this special event "a renewed sense of the true significance of this...remembrance."

Selectman Davis included in his opening remarks a brief history of Memorial Day, with its origins in the South as a day of commemoration or "Decoration Day" for soldiers and sailors of the American Civil War. Those in attendance then joined in singing a familiar patriotic selection, "My Country 'Tis of Thee".

A poem entitled "Veterans", written by the late Clara McKenney of Harrington, Maine, was read in remembrance of deceased veterans who were willing to give their lives, if need be, to preserve and protect this great land in which we live. This was followed by a memorial prayer and moment of silence, after which local resident and music teacher, Jerry York, played the traditional and emotion-stirring trumpet taps.

Another McKenney poem, "Memorial Thoughts", was read which expressed the collective sentiments of those present, portraying the typical burial grounds as a "land of slab and stone," a place where individuals annually search out "the stones and markers of those [we've] loved and known"---fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers, friends and "ever the veterans who answered our country's wartime call." In response, McKenney adds, we often "drop for each a tear, a thought" and a thank-you to God that [we] "have known them and the love and happiness they brought."

A major portion of the program was devoted to the memory of first settler, Manwarren Beal, Jr. Davis reminded the assembly that it had been thirty-nine years since a small group of Beals residents gathered on the same spot at the Beals cemetery to dedicate a monument in honor of Manwarren Beal, Jr. He then elaborated on Beal's life, his personal qualities and principles, and his contribution to the local history of the region during the Revolutionary War era, information garnered from the *1905 Jonesport Census, Early Jonesborough Families of Washington County, Maine*, by Leonard Tibbetts and Darryl Lamson and *Memorabilia*, by Eileen L. Beal, with additional data from other local sources.

Manwarren was born August 12, 1736 in York, Maine, then a part of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts; he died unexpectedly on Beal's Island on August 23, 1800. Manwarren is said to have been a large man, well educated, and a leader among the local settlers. He was a trader by profession, transporting supplies from Portland to Boston.

Manwarren moved from York to Cape Elizabeth (then known as Falmouth, Massachusetts and later Portland, Maine), where he married Lydia Welch on November 15, 1758. He and his young family left Falmouth and sailed the rugged Maine coast, settling in Mt. Desert in 1768. He later scouted the Down-East area for as much as six years, until he found a suitable site for settlement in the Machias-Bucks Harbor area, where two of his first eight children were born. Dissatisfied with that location, he moved back down the coast, dropping anchor in what is known today as Barney's Cove in the year 1776 (some records say 1774), his home for the remaining 29 years of his life.

(continued on attached sheet)

**LOBSTER BOAT RACE MOVIES
ENTERTAIN MOOSABECK, SPARK MEMORIES
By Nancy Beal**

The program was home movies and the house was packed. It was the April 24 meeting of the Beals Historical Society in the elementary school gym, and the movies showed lobster boat racing in Moosabec Reach. Many of those who had been behind the wheels or under the hulls in boat shops were there. All present had witnessed the frothy spectacle of (mostly) working lobster boats churning up the waters east of the Jonesport-Beals Bridge.

First up was Tim Sample's narration of the 1994 event, taped and broadcast on CBS News' "Sunday Morning." Despite calling the waterway "Jonesport Reach," the Maine humorist's account held everyone's attention. The film showed Darrell Kelley in the start boat, then the outboard *Debbi O*, with his brother-in-law, Lessie White, on the bow, ready to drop the flag signaling the beginning of the race. We watched Benny Beal's legendary racer, *Stella Ann*, lose engine power midway down the race course, allowing Jack Schlaefer's diesel-powered *Captain Jack* to reach the finish line first in the grand finale, the world's fastest lobster boat race.

Beals boat builder Calvin Beal Jr., who had built the *Jack* and was Schlaefer's sternman in that race, recalled that the real *Captain Jack* thought the *Stella* had crossed the line before her engine died, as well as that of the speedy *Daydreamer* piloted by Wesley Shute. Thinking he was out of the running for first or second place, Schlaefer throttled back until Beal yelled to keep going and grab what would turn out to be first place. (The *Voop* also participated in the race, dashing up the Reach outside the race course—disqualified for lack of a keel, snatch block, windows and anything else that created drag).

Another film shown of the 1994 races was taken on the finish line by Richard Merchant. Merchant gave the film to Galen Alley, owner/operator of the *Lorna R* and holder—for a time—of the world's fastest lobster boat title. Alley gave the film to Kenton Feeney, who acted as master of ceremonies April 24. Bill Plaskon, movie man for the Jonesport Historical Society, used his equipment to put it on the big screen. The last film Plaskon ran, produced by W. Royce Productions, highlighted the 1996 contest, and identified race classes, boats, skippers, and winners.

The films prompted reminiscences from those in the audience of racing before video cameras. A tarnished, engraved silver trophy at the lectern led Beals boat builder Willis Beal to come forward and talk about the playful races his grandfather, Lowell Beal, and some colleagues spent their Sunday afternoons engaged in. The group decided they should have a trophy and so the silver vase was bought. Grampy Lowell won the first time they raced for it. When challenged that his boat and not his racing prowess was responsible for the victory, he agreed to swap boats the next Sunday—and won again.

After some memories about peapod races in the 1930s, Feeney asked the audience if anyone knew when the first motorized boat race took place. Beal recalled, as a young boy (he was born in 1944), watching races between the torpedo stern boats *Red Wing* and *Thoroughbred*. Feeney expressed regret that those events, as well as standoffs between such legendary racers as the *Marguerite G* and the *Laura W*, had not been captured on film.

The next set of races will feature the Model Boat Races, which will be held at Perio Point, at 9 AM, and the World's Fastest Boat Races, which will be held in Moosabec Reach at 11AM on Saturday July 4th. Finish line for this race is at Perio Point!!! Hope to see you there!

BHS HAS A NEW FUNDRAISER!!!

BHS is now selling 13x15x5.5 canvas tote bags featuring Moose Peak Lighthouse in its entirety. The tote can be purchased at the Beals Town Office, The Berry Vines in Machias, or from Chris Crowley, or Carol Davis for \$20.00 plus tax.



If you would like it shipped, please send a check made payable to: Beals Historical Society, PO Box 280, Beals ME 04611. Please include \$21.00 plus \$7.00 shipping. Thank you!

BHS AWARDED \$3,000 GRANT

The Beals Historical Society is proud to announce that it has received a \$3,000 grant from Conoco Phillips, through the corporation's employee volunteer grant program.

Employee Kenton Feeney, who also serves as vice president of the historical society, initiated the grant request.

The funds will be used for the installation of an electrical pole and wiring of the new building.

Anyone interested in making a tax-deductible donation to the Society, for the completion of the interior of the new building, may do so by using the above information.

RECENT MEMBERS PASSING

We wish to express our deepest sympathy to the families of Myrtle Lenfestey of Beals and Elliot, Elva Kidder of Hancock, and Stanley Blish of Jonesport.

BRICK FUNDRAISER REMINDER

Currently we have 17 memorial brick orders. We need 25 to place our first order. We hope you are considering honoring or memorializing your loved ones. Or you may wish to purchase a brick to commemorate your school and year of graduation.

Thank you!

2009 MEMBERSHIP UPDATE

BHS would like to **WELCOME** new members Janet R. Cooper of New Haven, CT, Guy and Nancy Kent of Severn, MD, Raymond and Judy Marcus of Beals, ME, William and Nancy (Crowley) Doolittle of Poughkeepsie, NY and Gwendolyn Smith of Independence, MO. Thank you for joining!

At this time, BHS has 92 current members and 54 Life members. Please remember to submit your membership renewal application today. In order for this important endeavor to survive, BHS needs your support!!! ☺

The Day the Sylvania W. Beal Came Home (Part II) by Luther M. Beal

(In the last newsletter we learned that the Sylvania W. Beal sailed in the Boston Tall Ships Parade. Cousin Carolyn had the exciting privilege to sail Boston Harbor aboard the Beal and visit with the owner and Captain Geoff Jones. During that conversation plans were made to bring the Sylvania W. Beal home for a visit.)



A dragger begins to sink during the bad weather
Photo by Gail W. Beal

On another note; A friend of the BHS sent me information on the Sylvania W. Beal from "Mast and Masters a brief History of Sardine Carriers and Boatmen" by John Gilman. I have chosen not to include her years as a sardine carrier. Some will say it is because these years are less glamorous than her previous years and certainly now as a windjammer. I will tell you I omit these years for the economy of space, but you may choose the reason that fits best for you.

The air was filled anticipation. The emotions ranged from sheer excitement of having The Sylvania W. Beal in home waters to the dreadful fear of tragedy. The air had been thick with fog for several days. The old saying, "You can't see your hand in front of you" rang true. Another saying I still use today is, "The fog is so thick you can cut it with a knife." We always heard about the fog in London, but I can say, from being there numerous times, it is nothing like the fog at Beals. We take first place on that one.

We stopped in the middle of the Beals Jonesport Bridge and stood looking in all four directions. It was like being in a Science Fiction movie and lost in space. In each direction the bridge became less and less visible until there was no bridge at all. It was as if we were on a platform just suspended there in time and space. It looked as if you drove in either direction, you would drop off into emptiness. I had a very eerie feeling. I knew that if we drove in either direction we would find land, but I confess it was frightening until I actually saw the Beals end of the bridge and knew it did connect to someplace.

We had spoken, by land phone, with Captain Geoffrey Jones on October 18, 1992 just hours before he left CT. for the homecoming at Beals Island. Days past without a word, and calls to his home in CT provided no information. They had

heard nothing either. Concerned people in both communities waited and worried while promising to call each other immediately if any news came.

My father, Charles H. Beal II, was very knowledgeable of boats and the sea, and he calculated the time it would take from Nantucket, MA to Beals Island, ME using several different routes. Of course, with no cell phones or the wonderful means of communications we have today our options were very limited. We had the CB Radio on listening for a word that might give us a clue as to the whereabouts of the Sylvania W. Beal. I called the Marine Operator several times only to be disappointed. We called several points along the coast hopeful that someone might have seen her or have some news. The fog was thick all the way to Nantucket and beyond. We were told that it was not unusual to have it cover such an area but it was unusually thick. The hours stretched into days and the nights were long even with little time spent sleeping.

We continued to call Coast Guard Stations from Jonesport to Nantucket hoping to hear some little piece of news that might tell us The Beal and crew were safe. We continued to call hour after hour until some of the operators new the sound of our voices, and told us they too were looking and listening for any news. Dad lifted the mike now every fifteen minutes and tried calling The Beal. He figured that if they had not tied up or anchored to wait out the fog, she had to be nearing the area of our CB signal. Almost every call brought a reply from someone who had not seen or heard from him.

Finally, when the calculated time of her arrival had long past and despair began to set-in, we heard a very faint, "The is the Sylvania W. Beal do you read me?" Dad asked us to be quiet as he could hear above the cries of relieved excitement. Some of us attempted to stifle the sobs and listen to the broken conversation. I couldn't understand much of Captain Jones discourse, but I could hear loud and clear the deep tone of my father's. I hear him say, "Yes, I know right where you are, you are off of Crowley's Island." It had been prearranged that because of the heavy fog, he would tie up at the Coast Guard Station at the Jonesport side of the Beals Jonesport Bridge. Dad continued to give Captain Jones his location, directions and the estimated time he would be at the Coast Guard Station.

We drove to the bridge once again only to find conditions unchanged. Cameras in hand we peered into the grayness for what seemed hours. We were in the same location but what was different was the knowledge The Beal would soon break through the gray curtain of fog. Eyes watering and strained from the intense staring until someone shouted, "There she is, there she is!" Another round of tissues for those of us so emotionally attached.

I could only see the long bow overhang as though it were penetrating a sheer soft gray veil so delicate it showed no signs of penetration. It was as if she transcended worlds passing through time and space from one world to another. We stood there in awe as the fog lifted a little and we saw her turn before going under the bridge. Obviously, Captain Jones saw the Coast Guard Station and turned to dock his vessel. It must have seemed an oasis after days in the blinding fog.

Some hands on deck saw those of us on the bridge and began to wave. We threw our arms into the air and waved as if to summons a rescuing ship after days at sea. It was such a welcome sight that words could never express the feels we experienced. We were so happy to have her home and to know the crew was safe. I could only think of the wives and families who waited months looking out to sea from their cupola for a glimpse of the sails of a returning ship. So many times they did not return, but what a glad and joyous time when they did come home.



The Sylvina W. Beal at the US Coast Guard Station Jonesport Photo by G. Beal

That night we welcomed the crew of The Beal by CB Radio and left them in peace to rest and recover from the arduous voyage they had just experienced. The next morning we learned the main bilge pump broke setting them behind in schedule. We found the fog scaled a little and we went to see the schooner in the light of morning. As we looked down on her decks, we waited for an invitation to come aboard. The invitation soon came and when Captain Jones was introduced to my father the questions came faster than dad could keep up with them. Realizing that dad had first hand knowledge of the vessel, he wanted to learn as much of her history as possible. I had my camcorder with me and I recorded hours of the conversation until my battery was drained.

It was a sight to see and an unforgettable experience to hear. An old sailor reliving the days when his grandfather owned and operated the schooner he named for his wife, my father's grandmother, and the young Captain Jones so eager to learn every bit of information my dad could remember first hand. Avery Kelley, a local expert on maritime history, joined us. Avery couldn't wait for the Beal to Dock, he had gone out to meet her coming down the reach. Avery was too young to remember the stories my dad told, but he was a wealth of information from study and hearing the older generation talk about days now history.



*Sharing stories aboard The Beal from left to right Charles H. Beal II, Captain Geoff Jones, Rollins Kelley and Farrell E. Beal
Photo by Gail W. Beal*

One of the reasons The Beal came home was to take local school children from the neighboring towns out on a sail. This was an experience hard to imagine by reading the printed page or even hearing it from others. However, a first hand experience of watching the sails fill with wind and feel the vessel's decks become slanted toward the sea is one to remember for a lifetime.

The school children were offered tours on Monday and Tuesday and were offered a two-hour sail on Thursday and Friday. On the following Saturday and Sunday tours were offered at 9:00 AM, 12:00 Noon and 3:00 PM. An unplanned event made one trip a real life ailing experience. On Monday afternoon, several youngsters and old timers from the Beals-Jonesport area got first had experience of sailing days gone by as well as that of the present. The Beal carried a crew of six and about twelve passengers took a four-hour sailing trip out of Jonesport. For most of the passengers it was the first time on a large sailing vessel. They felt as though the stepped back in time as they sailed out of Jonesport's Western Bay. Owner Captain Geoffrey Jones, 29, was at the helm. The plan was to sail a course around the seaward side of Great Wass Island, Head Harbor Island and finally around Spruce Island before entering Jonesport from the eastern passage. It was an experience of the power of ocean and wind. Avery Kelly steered the schooner during part of the trip said that it was brutal Seahorse Rock to Crumple Island.

Vernal Woodard more than 80 years old said that he had been on many boats but this was his first trip on a two masted vessel. Other passengers who were on the voyage were Rollins Kelley, Carl Kelley, Avery Kelley, Shawn Kelley, Gilbert Alley, Donna Alley, Cindy Fagonde and Ricky Fagonde.

A memorable part of the trip was while entering anchorage at Jonesport Marina the Sylvina W. Beal's keel became wedged in the mud. Apparently, the depth of the entrance to the marina had been reduced by shifting mud after the marina was dredged a few years before. Passengers were removed from the vessel and The Beal was towed clear by motorboats. No one was in danger, but it gave just a taste of some of the perils of ancient days of sail. Certainly, this experience made the trip more exciting, but it was as close as anyone wanted to come to real danger,



If you sailed or know of someone who did experience the Sylvia W. Beal on her first visit home since 1953, I would love to hear about your experience or see any pictures you care to share.

You may contact me by email lmbeal@comcast.net or 11 Dalton Street, Newburyport, MA 01950.

*The Sylvia W. Beal at Jonesport Marina
Photo by Gail W. Beal*

FIRST ANNUAL MEMORIAL DAY OBSERVANCE

Manwarren and Lydia were the parents of eleven children, from whom most of us gathered here today, are descended. Some of those sons and daughters are also buried within the confines of this burial ground. The first child died in infancy, leaving no record of gender or age. The first living child was Sarah, followed by Lydia, Jeremiah, Lucy, Manwarren III, Asa (born at Bucks Harbor), and Ammi (born at Machias), all these born before Manwarren came to settle at Beals. Olive was born at Moosepeak or Moosepecky, now Jonesport. Fanny died as a child, and the last child, Barnabas I, was born at Jonesport. Lydia Welch Beal---referred to as “Madam Beals” in at least one publication---died in early April of 1819 at age 79, considered an “advanced age” in those days.

Manwarren Beal was a very influential man, who used his powers of persuasion in the late 1700’s to promote the conservation of the fishing industry for future generations, an unusual cause to champion in his day. He foresaw more than 200 years ago what we realize today to be an obsolete industry in the Moosabec Reach community. His letters of petition to the courts to make a law against the torching of herring are prized among our local archives. During the Revolutionary War, Manwarren served on the Committee of Safety and Correspondence at Machias under its chairman and local hero, Reverend Lyons.

It was during the Revolutionary War period that a British officer boarded Manwarren’s vessel in search of “incriminating papers”, which he could not find. In anger, he used his sword to vandalize Manwarren’s desk; then left in a rage. That desk was later restored and became a cherished piece in the home of the late Lawrence B. Norton of West Jonesport, Maine. He often recounted with pride its significance as a part of our local heritage, and pointed out to his many visitors the marks and stains associated with that particular incident. The desk later became a part of Barna Norton’s estate, and today is in the possession of his Barna’s granddaughter, Whitney Norton of Jonesport.

Another anecdote of local lore, which has been in circulation for generations, involves the captain of a British privateer that anchored in Barney’s Cove. The story goes that the Captain and some of his crewmembers went ashore to Manwarren’s cabin, while he was sick in bed with a low-grade fever. The British ransacked the little cabin, and confiscated food and supplies that Manwarren and his wife had worked hard to store for the long, hard winter months that would soon fall upon the islands. The Beals’ daughter, Sally, stood helplessly by witnessing the random destruction and theft of their most precious commodities. Upon observing the tearful young girl, the British officer took his fine silk handkerchief from his pocket and tossed it to her as he was about to leave. Davis pointed out that this theme is recounted in other writings set on the Maine coast during the Revolutionary War period, possibly based on this local incident involving Manwarren and his daughter Sally.

Davis concluded his remarks concerning Manwarren Beal by saying that the gray granite monument with mirror-black accents, erected on Manwarren Beal’s gravesite in 1970, after a lapse of 170 years, was dedicated on October 25th of that year to the memory of this local legend and hero, for whom the town of Beals is named. An additional tribute was bestowed on the legendary Manwarren Beal, when the Hannah Weston Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution placed a Revolutionary Patriot Marker at the gravesite in his honor, in recognition of his service to the Down-East area during the war.

Down-East area for as much as six years, until he found a suitable site for settlement in the Machias-Bucks Harbor area, where two of his first eight children were born. Dissatisfied with that location, he moved back down the coast, dropping anchor in what is known today as Barney’s Cove in the year 1776 (some records say 1774), his home for the remaining 29 years of his life.

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The Beal monument stands today, reminding each of us of the great man who first settled this small island on Moosabec Reach. Such a tribute had been the dream of a lifetime for Eileen Beal and her mother, Delcena Lenfestey, duly noted among the many descendants of Manwarren Beal. It was their ambition to bring to fruition something tangible and lasting, to go hand-in-hand with the many stories associated with Manwarren Beal, stories which have been passed down from generation to generation.

Following the historical portion of the program, Manwarren's last poetic piece, composed at "Moospecky Reach" on July 17, 1800, about six weeks before his death, was read, the source of which is Alton Norton's book, copyright 1950, *Moosabec Manavelins*. It is included as follows, with words inserted for clarification.

July is the month I on begin,
'Tis near about the seventeen.
The grass in bloom and fine and green,
The days are spent that I have seen.

The days my God Thou lend to me,
My life my death is all with Thee.
My Lord, Thou lent me many days,
To spend in truth and give Thee praise.

My thoughts has [have] not been dead,
That passed through my heart and head.
The meditations of my soul,
Has [Have] ever been my chief control.

My God of life, my glass has run,
To sixty-three six weeks to come;
The world to me is [as] a burthen [burden] came,
But still I glory in Thy name;
To tread Thy just and even path,
In all my life unto my death.

My God, to mediate on Thee,
The greatest comfort that can be.

And still, my God, my time's with Thee;
I hasten to eternity.

My God, my thoughts do meditate,
I patiently do Thy time do wait.
My hope and faith is all in Thee,
Supported by true charity.
I am a worm but of the dust,
My morals mean for to be just;
And what, O Lord, more can I be,
To rise unto felicity [happiness; good fortune].

O may my leaf be ever green,
To my last day for to be seen;
And when my time no more shall be,
My God, receive my soul to Thee.

I find in it to my soul's peace,
The sweets of love never to cease.
Pardon, O God, the sins I've done,
Still be my guide in time to come;
And hold me up in Thy right hand,
To do Thy will at Thy command.

Additional stanzas, written in similar meter, were written by an unknown author, July 3, 1801, and presented to Manwarren's widow, Lydia Beal. They are as follows (some punctuation added):

The author of the above lines we know
 Is gone to the dust where we must go.
 This is sad tidings for to relate,
 And we know our loss is very great.
 But of our loss we should not complain;
 We hope it is his eternal gain.

We ought not to murmur or repine,
 For the hand that's done it is divine. He was
 humane, kind, and just,
 And in his God he put his trust.
 His morals were exceeding good;

He would not deny the hungry food.

Of all his virtues, I cannot write;
 In doing good, he took delight.
 He was not fond of every preacher,
 But followed his own inward teacher.

In his last hour, he was calm in mind,
 And without a groan his breath resigned.
 He gave good advice to all he left behind,
 And to his maker's will he was resigned.

Davis concluded this portion of his presentation by expressing his thanks for the life and example of Manwarren Beal, and for the foundation that he laid so many years ago, a foundation upon which the Beal's Island community has been firmly established and preserved for generations. He said, "This monument stands before us, reminding us daily of that great man who walked the island's paths, through the woods and along its shores." He also expressed his thanks for the efforts made by, then selectman, Eileen Beal, and all who supported and assisted her in such a worthy undertaking, in making the monument possible. That sentiment was extended to any individuals in the audience who were supportive of that effort in the late 1960's.

Carol Davis, president of BHS, concluded the Memorial Day ceremonies at the cemetery, placing a floral tribute of red-white-and-blue carnations on the gravesite of Manwarren and Lydia Beal.

Following a prayer of benediction, a procession was formed, which made its way along the flag-lined roadway to a lot adjacent to the Jonesport-Beals Bridge, where a floral tribute was made to those from the Moosabec area lost to the sea. After an appropriate Scripture reading and the reading of an original poem by Selectman Davis entitled "Ode to the Sea", written on the drowning-death of a dear friend, Alvin "Pidgie" Beal (teenage son of John and Margaret Beal) in 1972, the procession made its way onto the bridge, from which a decorative floral wreath was cast into Moosabec Reach by Carol Davis with the blessing, "May the floral wreath that we cast upon the waters, in memory of all those who have lost their lives to the sea, adequately express our sentiments on this special occasion. Let this wreath be a conduit of our love, our prayers, and our remembrance as it goes forth from this place."

The BHS Memorial Day ceremonies were concluded with a moment of silence, taps, and the recitation of the benediction.