



Second Club Building in 1936

A young Arthur Dumas, son of founder Alfred Dumas, stands in front of the second Club building in 1936.



Maurice and Arthur Dumas in the 1940's

In the 1940's Maurice and Arthur inherited the Club from their father and Club founder, Alfred Dumas. There must have been a members' heavy beer drinking night when this photo was taken. Later, Maurice and Arthur sold the Club property and operations to the members.

I am Alfred (Freddy), son of Arthur and Eva and brother of Carol, Edith and Paul. In those days we lived on Prince Street, a stone's throw from the Club. I often spent my youthful days at the club playing with the LeBlanc boys and others. A favorite pastime was watching Fred Lavoie prepare the boats for the summer. He was a pro, wielding his wooden mallet and metal chisel, inserting cotton between the wooden boards followed by a new coat of paint. His electric winch, cables and extensive pulley system would drag the boat laden wood cradles across the oil and grease soaked timbers in the boat yard and onto the bed of the truck on the steel rail runway. When the tide was high enough, we

watched the truck being lowered down the rails into the water, releasing another boat to leisurely summer of fun.

We enjoyed many trips to Misery Island, Rockport and the Cape on our boat named the Venture. One day, we were returning from Misery Island with a number of members aboard. Dad had placed me at the helm and we were cruising at a very leisurely pace as the party was still in full force. Without any warning, I grounded the boat on the rocks of the Haste. I immediately ran below in a crushed emotional state. Before long, Dad was at my side telling me not to worry because the tide was rising. He was right and the boat was soon freed with no harm done. Since then, I always avoided the Haste like my life depended on it.

Looking back, we lived in a much slower, uncomplicated time. There was plenty of rowing and fishing for flounder just across from the Marblehead cemetery. We boys always looked forward to eating lobster body meat at the Club on Sunday morning after a Saturday night lobster feast. Of course, the claws and tails were never found. Whenever you went to the Club, there were always a few old timers inside playing cribbage. Before you knew it, Labor Day had passed and Fred Lavoie was hauling the boats back into the boat yard. Another summer full of priceless memories had ended. I am gratified to know that the Club continues to be a success today because of its desire to give its members the opportunity to build their own treasure of memories.