



PROSPECT HARBOR LIGHT

PHOTO BY GLEN DALTON

Glen Dalton is a Joshua who made the sun stand still; He stopped it at Corea, and it's been stopped there still. His pictures of the harbor show the sun is always high; The steeple's always standing and the lobster boats are nigh.

A thousand and other spots in Maine will never pass away, Because Glen with his Kodak just wandered by one day. The Downeast landscape has become through Dalton's eyes immortal You enter Maine right through his lens as through a magic portal.

There'll always be what he could see; the Prospect Harbor light, The hundreds more of coastal spots he made forever bright. His camera he has made arrest the passage swift of time Imperishable, immortal—like a not forgotten rhyme.

The vistas that he fancied may die as decades pass; The pictures that he took of them will still forever last. His camera's given all of Maine, wherever it may be, A kind of life forever, an immortality.

By JAMES RUSSELL WIGGINS

Glen Dalton of Gouldsboro, a longtime contributor to this page, died Monday at the age of 90.

The Ellsworth American.

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Poem to celebrate Glen Dalton Day
August 29, 1998

Glen Dalton

Glen Dalton is a Joshua
Who made the sun stand still;
He stopped it at Corea,
And it's been stopped there still.
His pictures of the harbor
Show the sun is always high;
The steeple's always standing,
And the lobster boats are nigh.
A thousand other spots in Maine
Will never pass away,
Because Glen with his Kodak
Just wandered by one day.
The Down East landscape has become,
Through Dalton's eyes immortal;
You enter Maine right through his lens
As through a magic portal.
There'll always be what he could see:
The Prospect Harbor light,
The hundreds more of coastal spots
He made forever bright.
His camera he has made arrest
The passage swift of time,
Imperishable, immortal—like
A not forgotten rhyme.
The vistas that he fancied may
Die as the decades pass;
The pictures that he took of them
Will still forever last.
His camera's given all of Maine,
Wherever it may be,
A kind of life forever,
An immortality.

By James Russell Wiggins
August 29, 1998