

Spring 4-1-1967

Maine, Spring 1967

Maine Department of Economic Development

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalmaine.com/decd_docs

Recommended Citation

Maine Department of Economic Development, "Maine, Spring 1967" (1967). *Economic and Community Development Documents*. 118.
https://digitalmaine.com/decd_docs/118

This Text is brought to you for free and open access by the Economic and Community Development at Digital Maine. It has been accepted for inclusion in Economic and Community Development Documents by an authorized administrator of Digital Maine. For more information, please contact statedocs@maine.gov.

M
C.2

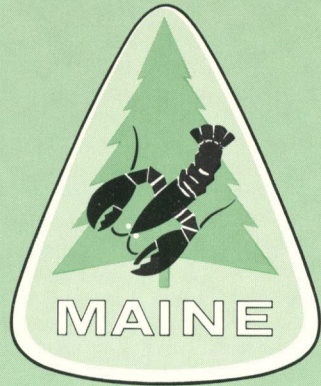
Dec. 14/1:
1/4

MAINE

SPRING 1967



MAY 2 1967



MAINE

is published four times a year by the Department of Economic Development

VOL. 1, NO. 4

CONTENTS

1 EDITORIAL

Governor Kenneth M. Curtis outlines MAINE'S purpose.

2 MORE HANDS ARE TURNING TO CRAFTS

Handcrafters benefit themselves—and Maine, too.

5 EXPO via MAINE

Maine—ideal route to the Montreal Fair.

6 SPRING BLOSSOMS IN MAINE

Maine photographers record a joyous season in color.

8 ART COMES TO THE VALLEY

Amateur artists advance Maine's cultural renaissance.

10 THE BANGOR TIGERS

The white water hellions are gone, but the pulp-wood drives remain.

12 BROWSERS' BAILIWICK

Goings on from hither and yon.

Governor of Maine

Kenneth M. Curtis

Commissioner

Standish K. Bachman

Advisory Council

Halsey Smith, Portland
Chairman
Wallace Haselton, Augusta
John Maines, Bangor
Stanley Leen, Brewer
Robert Beith, Portland
Guy Butler, Bethel
Maurice Drees, Portland

Editorial Board

Robert O. Elliot
Charles G. H. Evans
Philip J. Macy

Editor

Bud Martin

Art Director

Linwood Partridge



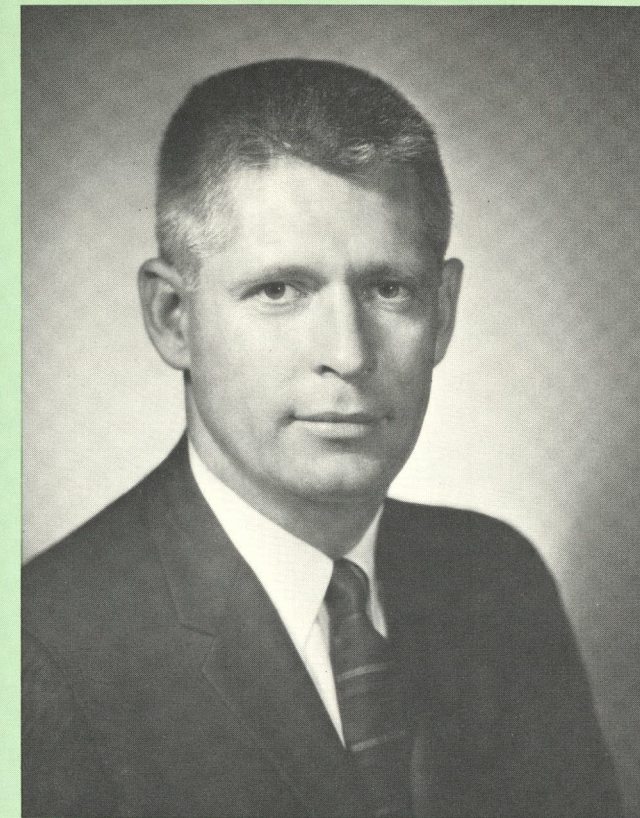
COVER PICTURE

Paul A. Knaut, Jr., Dover-Foxcroft photographer, labelled this member of the orchid family "Showy lady's slipper". It blossoms shyly in remote, damp places in the Maine late spring and early summer.

DON'T FORGET THE ZIP!

If you want to receive MAINE each quarter, (Summer, Fall, Winter and Spring) just drop us a card and say so, giving your name and address and ZIP number.

Maine Department of Economic Development, State Office Building, Augusta, Maine 04330. Permit for second class postage applied for at Augusta, Maine. Printed under appropriation number 3920.



I am always seeking new and imaginative ways to make Maine grow. There is no effort too small to be made, no challenge too big to meet.

In the months and years ahead, we will grow, but how we grow and what we accomplish with growth must be carefully thought out today, for Maine is at the threshold of a dynamic era.

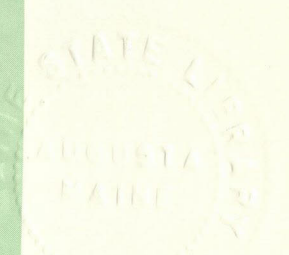
This magazine has a role to play in our plans and in our future. It will be our voice in distant corners of the nation, it will be an exciting tool to sell our State, and it will go directly to our customers.

Our customers are in recreation, industry, agriculture, and every other segment of the economic community. Maine has limitless opportunities for all of them; and, through the pages of this journal, we expect to reach all of them.

Each issue of this journal contains some Downeast tang of a Maine day, or glimpses into the droll mind of a Yankee trader. Perhaps there'll be a link with our heritage of early America, or an item illustrating our role in the space age.

If you find that reading it, or merely scanning its colorful pages, makes you think of visiting here or moving here or just wanting to know more about Maine, then its purpose has been served.

Kenneth M. Curtis
Governor



MORE HANDS ARE TURNING to CRAFTS

There seems to be something about the good Maine air that bestirs the urge for self expression. From Kittery to Fort Kent people young and older are whittling, painting, weaving, making jewelry, pottery, furniture, rugs and bric-a-brac. And gift shops are sprouting everywhere to display their output.

This is good!

Handcrafters and the things they make have become an important Maine attraction. Tourists love them. Some tourists become one of them.

Mrs. Kaufman, for instance . . .

Some fifteen years or so ago Mr. and Mrs. Worth M. Kaufman vacationed in South Thomaston. The next year they packed up their belongings and moved from Wisconsin to become permanent residents of the Maine coastal town.



Mrs. Elizabeth Kaufman

Many out-of-staters have pulled up stakes and moved to Maine as the result of vacationing here, and the State is the better for it. In the case of the Kaufmans Maine gained substantially.

Perhaps no one person has done more to encourage handcrafting in Maine and to improve the lot of its practitioners than Mrs. Elizabeth Kaufman.

Her background of hand weaving, teaching costume design in New York and operating her own gift shop, "The Old Spalding House" in South Thomaston have given her exceptional insight into the business of making—and selling—the products of hand craftsmanship. Many the successful hand crafter operating in Maine today has profited from Mrs. Kaufman's counsel, freely given to those with the talent and the will to profit by it.

For the past twelve years Mrs. Kaufman has edited "Handcraft Trails in Maine", an attractive folder which describes the products of 60 Maine handcrafters and locates the sources where they may be purchased. About 25 exhibits, museums and schools of art and handcrafts also are listed. "Trails" was originated about 19 years ago by The Maine Coast Craftsmen, an organization headquartered in Rockland. The publication is revised annually.

In 1966 30,000 copies were distributed through the Maine Publicity Bureau, the Department of Economic Development, tourist centers in and out of Maine and by the craftsmen themselves and the stores in which their creations are sold.

The pursuit of handcrafts leadeth off through strange pastures to ends unforeseen.

Gary Hoyle began modelling figures of mammoth prehistoric critters in clay when he was eight years old. When the Gardiner Public Library's pictorial resources of dinosaurs and pterodactyls became exhausted Gary took to collecting and modelling living creatures. This was an interesting period for the Hoyle family and their neighbors.

There have been 30 snakes, off and on, on the Hoyle premises. There have been mice, moles, salamanders, lizards and turtles; and squirrels, chipmunks, raccoons and rabbits. They're all extinct now except Mr. Twombly, the talking crow, but for so long as Gary's sketchbook and his clay sculptures remain they'll be remembered.

One of the most vividly remembered is Albion, the albino bullfrog with one pink eye.

It was a sad thing about Albion.

Gary found him swimming in a brook, a tadpole with

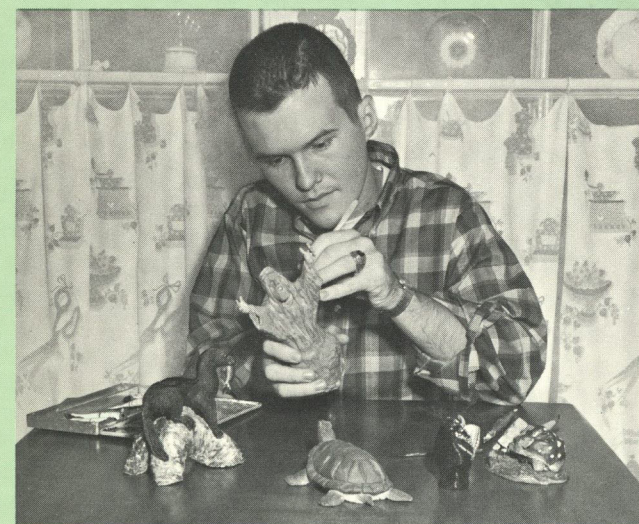
a blond skin. Naturalists with whom Gary corresponded said that only twelve tadpoles like Albion were known to have existed in the United States, and Albion was the only one of his kind ever to have been reported from Maine.

For two years Gary fed Albion meal worms and insects and then, on the very eve of the Gardiner High School Science Fair at which he was to have been exhibited, the rare frog up and died. Gary spent the night removing his innards and stuffing the skin with cotton batting so that Albion was able to attend the Fair after all. But it wasn't quite the same.

At this point in his career (he was a high school sophomore) Gary believed that his future lay in one of three directions. His interest in animals suggested veterinary medicine. He seemed to be eminently gifted to function as a naturalist-illustrator. And there was taxidermy.

And then Gary sold two exquisite clay sculptures of box turtles to the perfectionist Klir Beck, for exhibit in the Maine State House Museum. Gary was certain that he would become a museum curator like the late Mr. Beck.

Now Gary Hoyle is a University of Maine senior. Sale of his handcraft plus summer employment using his skills in water color, modelling, murals and design have paid for all but a small part of his college education.



Gary Hoyle

Meanwhile, he has become interested in medical research. He intends to earn a master's degree, then combine research with art by creating biological illustrations.

And so an eight-year-old's infatuation with handcrafting will mature into a satisfying career. And a benefit to mankind.

Bill Vinton lays no claim to being an artist. Serious practitioners "get the shudders" (the words are his) at his methods, he freely admits.

Yet his perfect likenesses of natural objects incorporated in pottery mugs, bowls, ash trays, wall plaques are sold in 70 shops, some as far distant as North Carolina. Last year he fired 5000 pieces. He could have sold more.

Maine is a long way from Rangoon, Burma, where Vinton was born of missionary parents, but he made it to Lovell about 30 years ago and built a lodge and guest cabins on Kezar Lake. An ebullient and gregarious soul, Vinton enjoyed the role of mine host except on rainy days, when he was hard put to find entertainment for 50 guests.

He bought a secondhand kiln, throwing wheels and other appurtenances of pottery making, learned just enough to inculcate a smattering of theory, and turned his guests loose with the equipment. They had so much fun that soon guests from other camps wanted in.

The first thing Vinton knew he, too, was having fun with potter's clay. D'you s'pose a man could make a dollar with it, during the long winter months?



Bill Vinton

Realizing that he could not hope to compete with experienced artisans he developed a technique of his own which, if not unique, is certainly unusual.

Vinton seldom uses a wheel. He rolls out his clay in a thin sheet, like a pie crust, and makes an impression in it with something which interests him. It may be a

MORE HANDS ARE TURNING *To* CRAFTS

berry, a nut, a leaf, a flower, a spray of grasses or even a cabbage head. Often as not, it's a fish, a partridge foot, or the hoof of a deer or the paw of a bear. Whatever it may be, it produces a perfect imprint of something that once lived in or near Kezar Lake, Maine. Vinton has developed the technique to the point where he can imprint the delicate veining of a damsel fly's wing in clay.

When the impression is complete Vinton handmolds the clay into the desired shape and colors, glazes and fires it, and it's ready for market.

There's but one fly in the ointment of the contented potter of Kezar Lake: they're pressuring him to increase production.

An agent wants him to train a crew that could produce 20,000 pieces per year.

But Bill Vinton relishes not the prospect of becoming, as he puts it, "an overseer and a bookkeeper". He wants to remain a craftsman. Chances are, that's just what he'll do.

Seemingly inconsequential things can alter the course of history—like the horse shoe nail for want of which a kingdom was lost, and the spider web that saved the life of a king.

If a Pennsylvanian, Mr. Fred W. Sonn, hadn't returned to Maine year after year to revel in the bass fishing at David Pond in Fayette there never would have been any Maine Woodland Jewelry or a Jackman's Mill Shop in which to sell it and other things, either.

One summer Mr. Sonn brought his daughter with him and she met Richard Jackman who operated a water-powered sawmill on David's shores with his father, and they were married and have lived happily ever after as one of Maine's many husband and wife teams engaged in handcraft.

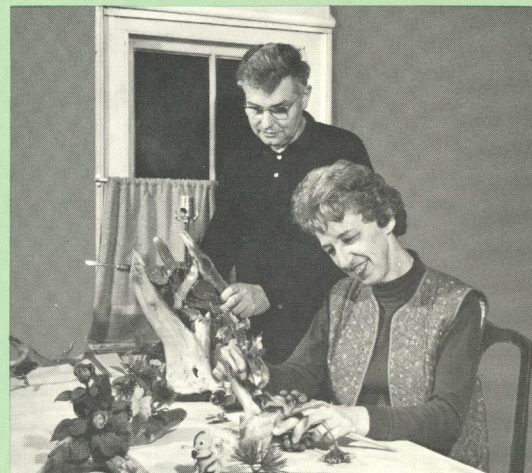
It was the new Mrs. Ruth Jackman, a city girl whose experience in handcraft had heretofore been confined to the functions of a nurse supervisor in a New York hospital, who first got the idea that pretties might be fashioned from the small things which burgeon unnoticed in the woodlands. Her husband encouraged her.

She made earrings and brooches and pendants and tie-bars and cuff links from beech nut burrs, acorns, wild-flowers, hemlock cones and slices of sumac, just for the fun of it and for the pleasure it brought to the friends to whom she gave it. The friends pestered her incessantly to put it on the market.

One day she scooped up some of her creations in a shoe box and took them to town—just to prove that

there couldn't possibly be a market for anything which was so much fun to make. A jeweler bought the lot on her first call—and asked for more.

And this was the beginning of a Maine handcraft enterprise whose creations have sold from coast to coast. Gift shops are the principal outlet but conventions, where the items are distributed as favors, are an important market. Special designs are created for conventions and promotions.



Richard and Ruth Jackman

The original simple line has been increased to 45 types of jewelry and 30 items of decorated driftwood, sometimes combined with slate, such as table lamps and decorations and wall plaques. The Jackman homestead has been converted into a shop for sale of the Jackman's and other handcrafters' work.

Volume sales are promoted by advertising, exhibits at trade shows and at the annual Maine Products Show and the Eastern States Exposition at West Springfield, Massachusetts.

The vignettes sketched above offer but a glimpse of the acceleration in handcraft activity which is occurring in Maine. Amateurs and professionals are joining the ranks in numbers.

An interesting development is the influx of out-of-staters who have set up studios in Maine, many of them artists of national reputation.

Growth of vacation travel in Maine is a factor in the expansion of handcraft activities. The preponderance of studios and shops are located in coastal areas where the heaviest concentration of tourists occurs.

Competent instruction is increasingly available. Maine Arts & Crafts Inc. counsels its members and sells their work in its Kennebunk store. The Maine Publicity Bureau displays Maine handcrafts in its information centers at Kittery and Rockefeller Plaza, New York. The Department of Economic Development has limited space for exhibition in its annual Maine Products Show and at the Eastern States Exposition in West Springfield, Massachusetts.

Expo...

Expected attendance at Montreal's Expo '67 is 35 million people.

Maine is one of only three states which has erected a tabernacle of its own upon the grounds wherein to preach to this multitude about the good things enjoyed by its citizens, its visitors and its customers.

Maine Artist Gene Klebe paints 70-foot mural for Maine Pavilion backdrop at Montreal Expo '67.



Ever since the 102nd Legislature authorized Maine's participation the Department of Economic Development has been laboring to make this mission a successful one.

Naturally, we expect to gain many converts and customers at the Fairgrounds. To this end we have spared no pains to make our chapel attractive, and we have engaged an experienced staff to proselytize.

But this is only one phase of the crusade.

We are striving to induce as many as we can to travel through Maine on their pilgrimage to and from Montreal. Strangely enough, these efforts will reach more people than will attend the Fair itself—40 million.

Here are some details of the program:

A NEW YORK TIMES tabloid supplement, to be published shortly before the Expo April 28 opening date. In addition to the regular 1,505,000 circulation of the TIMES, the Department will distribute a quarter of a million copies through travel agents, tour brokers and other outlets.

A literature exchange agreement has been made with the Province of Quebec involving an estimated 200,000 mailings suggesting the use of a Maine-Quebec route

to or from Montreal.

"Visit Maine" display cards in the electric train system between the city and the Fairgrounds. (These trains are capable of carrying 50,000 passengers per hour.)

"Travel Maine" easel cards, produced by the DED Exhibits and Display shop in Augusta, are to be displayed at travel terminals through much of the United States, including Maine tourist information offices in New York and Montreal.

The easel card, incidentally, is a replica of a 17 by 20-foot three dimensional map section done in luminous ma-

terials, which will be the background for the information area in the Maine Pavilion.

A full page Maine advertisement has already appeared in a special Canadian newspaper tabloid devoted to the Exposition.

Frequent news stories to travel editors citing historic and scenic points along the Maine routes to Montreal have been released.

Travel Maine information will be distributed at 16 offices of the "Ask Mr. Foster" service in 13 cities from Toronto to Washington, D. C.

Literature rack distribution in industrial plants, department stores and other commercial establishments with an estimated 990,000 employees is being planned.

Special advertising copy will be carried in national magazines with a total circulation of more than 13 million.

...via Maine

The brooks
open,



The brooks sing Winter's requiem. (Knaut)

the sap flows,



Maple syrup, a harvest of Spring. (Maine Forest Service)



- and suddenly....

Spring Blossoms

White trillium. (Provost)

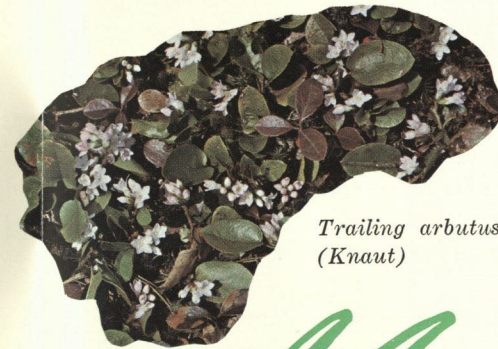


Apple blossoms. (Norton)

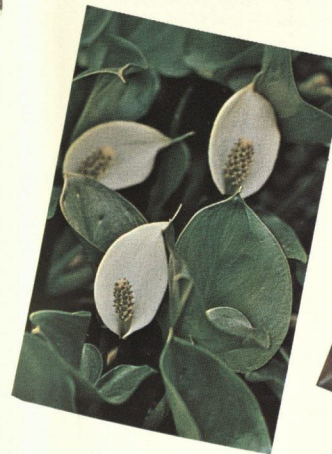


in

Maine



Trailing arbutus. (Knaut)



Wild calla. (Provost)



Painted trillium. (Provost)

Sheep laurel. (Provost)



Pink lady's slipper. (Provost)



Wild flowers carpet the Rangeley uplands. (Knaut)



Probably few members of the Kennebec Valley Art Association ever will paint, seriously. Most of them have jobs and professions which leave time to pursue art only as a leisure time interest. A few are professionals.

Yet this group of some 200 men and women, by associating themselves in a community effort to further an interest in and appreciation of art, have brought tangible benefits to themselves and to their region. They have written a notable chapter in the revival of interest in the arts and the humanities which is definitely underway in Maine.

Robert D. Demers, formerly a KENNEBEC JOURNAL staff artist, is generally credited with being the instigator of the Kennebec Valley Art Association. Sixty kindred spirits elected him first president of the organization. This was in 1958.

In the early years they held monthly meetings in the Augusta Area Chamber of Commerce and the Y.M.C.A. buildings. They were encouraged by guest speakers such as Wendell Hadlock, director of the Farnsworth Museum in Rockland and by educators and artists of national reputation who were natives or part time residents of Maine.

After two years of this sort of inspiration they were sufficiently steamed up to launch their first major project.

Enthusiasm and hard work made up for a lack of funds and experience and the experimental Maine State Art Festival, held in the State House in 1960, was a resounding success. It blossomed into an annual institution, held in vacant legislative hearing rooms during the month of August.

Some five thousand visitors from many states view the work of full time and seasonal Maine artists and sculptors, each year, gaining thereby favorable impressions of Maine's cultural image.

But the KVAA-ers wanted to do more.

They wanted to acquire a gallery of their own in which to maintain permanent exhibitions, hold meetings and conduct classes for those who were beginning to express the desire to learn more about art.

This was the time to ascertain whether the community would add solid support to its expressed approval of the work accomplished so far.

Brigades of members invaded attics, collecting anything that owners would let go of that looked as though someone might be inveigled into bidding for at a public auction.

They amassed an appalling amount of trash and a modicum of treasure. And they cleared \$500 on it.

About this time Linwood V. Partridge, who became president in 1964, learned of an aged and ailing three-story brick building at 160 Water Street in Hallowell's

ART COMES to the VALLEY



business district, from which the owner could be persuaded to part for \$6,200.

The likes of the fund raising campaign which ensued have never been seen in the Kennebec Valley—or on the Penobscot, either. Donations were solicited by letter, radio, newspaper and by personal appearances before groups and individuals—anyone who would listen. The KENNEBEC JOURNAL was generous with publicity. And so were Augusta Radio Stations WRDO and WFAU and Television Station WCSH in Portland.

Top left
KVAA President Charles D. Danforth is Director of Instrumental Music, Augusta Public Schools.

Lower left
Children's art class at the Harlow Gallery.

Right
President Danforth exhibits a watercolor by Bertrand H. Hoyle, father of Gary Hoyle (Page 3).



Meanwhile the handsome exhibition room with its old brick walls is visited by hundreds of Mainers and tourists during the summer season, when it is open daily without admission charge. There's ample room for meetings and for qualified members to conduct art classes for children and adults.

Gallery sales of members' works have totalled many thousands of dollars. Prices range from \$25 to \$700 and there is a browsers' rack where unframed pieces may be picked up for as little as \$5.00. The largest single sale to date was a sculpture by the late William Zorach of Robinhood—\$3,000. One Maine artist has sold 13 of his paintings from the Harlow Gallery walls.

There were public bean suppers, food sales, concerts, lectures, plays, Beaux Arts balls, outdoor art festivals with member artists sketching and painting on the main street of Hallowell and—more auctions.

The rumpus reached the ears of a generous Connecticut couple, former Mainers, who responded with a contribution that made the first phase of the project feasible. The building was purchased and the decision made to name the exhibition hall-to-be "The Harlow Gallery" in memory of Dr. George A. Harlow, late of Augusta, father of the lady who had married the generous Connecticut man.

And so the Kennebec Valley Art Association moved into its own building, such as it was, and began the extensive and costly renovations. They're still sponsoring public activities to help raise funds to retire the mortgage.

Accomplishments of the Kennebec Valley Art Association may be summed up this way:

Interest in and appreciation of art in Maine has been increased;

Mainers and summer visitors have been enabled to acquire original works which please them at prices they can afford to pay;

Maine artists have been encouraged through exhibition and sale of their work—and the small commissions on sales are helping to whittle away the mortgage on the building.

The City of Hallowell, itself, has perked up. Many attribute the sprucing up of the commercial district which has been going on during recent years to the example set by the Kennebec Valley Art Association.

It appears that Art and Culture can bear benefits unforeseen, that are wondrous to behold.

THE BANGOR



Pierce Memorial

TIGERS

by Lester A. DeCoster
Assistant Supervisor,
Information & Education
Maine Forest Service

In this day of tigers in tanks and tigers in cereal boxes, some may think that a "Bangor Tiger" is a new advertising gimmick. Actually, the name became famous long before Madison Avenue was known as anything but a street in New York City.

To be a Bangor Tiger in the 1800's was to be one of the fast company of famed Maine River Drivers. Stewart Holbrook, that articulate historian of the lumberjack, described them as "the sure-footed lads of Bangor who spring after spring walked 200 and more miles on heaving logs straight down the middle of the Penobscot . . . Quick of foot and ready for battle."

They were also called White Water men, Wild Riverhogs and other names that do not appear in family magazines. But they got the job done. They cleared the wilderness (they called it letting daylight into the swamp) and, come that proverbial place where all sinners go, or high water, they got the logs to the mill.

There were 1381 sawmills in Maine in 1840. The first commercial wood pulp mill would not be built in Maine for another 28 years—long lumber was king. The only cheap and reasonable way to get the quantities of wood required to the sawmills was to drive it down the rivers. Old records show that in 1840 the river drivers rode 100 million board feet of long logs down the Penobscot River, 40 million board feet down the Kennebec, and 60 million board feet down other rivers.

The tools were axes, two-man crosscut saws, swing dogs (the predecessor of the peavey), brute strength and pure cussedness. The men who cut the logs and the men who drove them down the rivers were one and the same. They went into the woods in October and didn't come out until spring. But, when they did come out, they deeply impressed the staid inhabitants of riverbank farms and towns. Holbrook says, "It was said of loggers that they lived in trees hanging by their tails, and that they would eat and digest hay, if you but sprinkled whiskey on it."

Pulpwood logs are "driven" down the white water stretches of the Penobscot West Branch, much as in the old days . . .



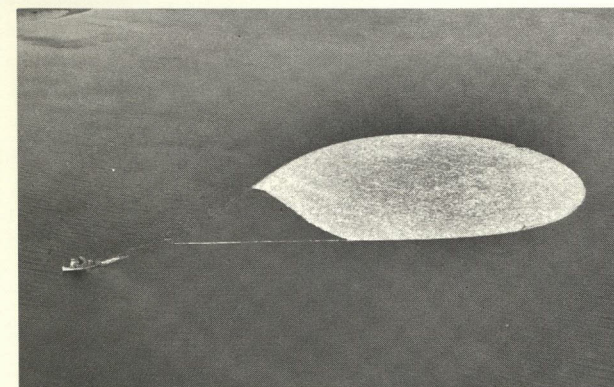
Bangor, East Machias, Calais, Fort Kent, Greenville, Waterville, Skowhegan, Ellsworth, Rumford and Augusta in the past all have heard the howls of wild-eyed river drivers fresh from seven months in the woods and determined to spend all their money and energy on booze, brawls and other rivertown commodities.

Thoreau visited Maine in 1846 and after seeing Bangor, wrote in his book, "The Maine Woods": "There stands the City of Bangor, fifty miles up the Penobscot at the head of navigation for vessels of the larger class, the principal lumber depot on this continent, with a population of twelve thousand, like a star on the edge of the night, still hewing at the forest of which it is built, already overflowing with the luxuries and refinements of Europe, and sending its vessels to Spain, to England, and to the West Indies for its groceries, and yet, only a few ax-men have gone 'up river', into the howling wilderness which feeds it."

By 1840 the big pine boom was over and many of the restless Maine loggers moved on to other parts in search of big timber. Augusta, Michigan and Stillwater, Minnesota bear the Maine mark and many a town named Bangor hoped to emulate the famous Maine city. The Bangor Tiger, with his sharp calk boots, indeed left his print all along the way to the West Coast.

The Bangor Tiger has been replaced by men who cut and drive four-foot pulpwood logs and go home to wife and family after work, in the evening.

"boomed" and towed across the lakes, and . . .



Wood is still king in the State of Maine but the growth of the industry (to \$645 million annually) has surpassed the capacity of even Maine's mighty rivers to feed the insatiable maws of the pulp and paper mills.

For years, the bulk of the four-foot logs has been flowed to mill by rails and highways. There are some who say that even the four-foot pulpwood log is on its way out. The tendency is toward transportation to the mills in the form of wood chips, blown into specially-made boxcars and truck bodies from chipping plants located near the source of supply.

But the annual pulpwood drives and an occasional river drive of long logs probably will not end in our day. The Great Northern Paper Company drove 170,000 cords of pulpwood down the Penobscot West Branch in 1965 and the Kennebec River still floats thousands of cords to the Scott Paper Company pulpmill in Shawmut and the Hudson Pulp and Paper Company plant in Augusta.

As recently as two years ago 24 million board feet of long logs were driven down the St. John River to St. John, New Brunswick, and the spring freshet still carries an occasional long log drive on the Machias River.

The Penobscot River Driving Company founded in 1846 still holds annual meetings to hold its charter and the Kennebec Log Driving Company formed in 1835 still appoints a master river driver.

But the only place you'll see a Bangor Tiger is in a little park near the Bangor Public Library, where three calk-booted bronze men struggle with bronze logs on a bronze river. This is the Pierce Memorial, a statue set on a granite block, presented to the city by a member of one of Maine's famous lumber families to commemorate the men who crowned long lumber king and made the city famous.

(Great Northern Paper Co. photos)

stored just above the papermill at Millinocket, they cover the water like ice.



KNEES

Knees are popping into view everywhere these days, but not many men are looking for the kind that ship-builders want.

In a wooden vessel the knees are curved pieces of timber used to join the beams and the frames. Since they are natural curves, selected from the tree as it grows, they have exceptional strength.

Back in the days when Maine launched 80 per cent of the wooden square riggers built in the United States ship's knees were an important commodity. Men with the skill to select and saw them were in demand.

The advent of steel ships outmoded the trade, just as technological progress is eliminating skilled jobs today.



One of the few men left in Maine who practices the old trade is Arthur Sprague of Cherryfield. In his mellow years, now, he's been supplying tamarack knees for Maine small boat builders since he was seventeen. Sometimes he gets a request from an architect who wants to produce a marine effect in an interior such as a restaurant.

Arthur Sprague with blank for ship's knee.
(Maine Forest Service)

NATURE NOTE

Please . . . let there be no misunderstanding. We at Putterfen do not discriminate against woodpeckers.

Ours is a fully integrated and equal opportunity household wherein woodpeckers, chickadees, juncos, nut-hatches, tree sparrows, grosbeaks and even blue jays are free to squabble for their share of the family grocery budget.

Hairy woodpeckers are exemplary guests—in the wintertime. Their suet demands are modest and their deportment is above reproach, which is more than can be said for some of the others.

But at the approach of spring Dr. Jekyll becomes a Mr. Hyde. The gentle hairy reverts to a *Dryobates villosus villosus*, and lives up to his villainous name with awesome persistence.

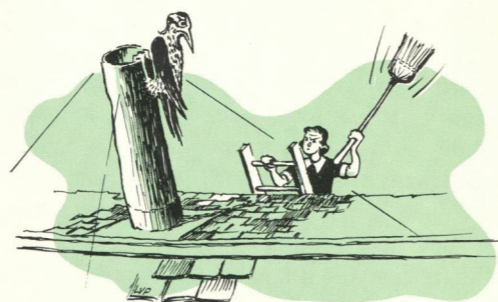
The rat-tat-tat of a woodpecker serenading his beloved on a hollow maple is not an unpleasant sound, if the tree be somewhere off in the distance.

But when the timpani is performed upon the tin stovepipe of a camp in which a young writer struggles for the wherewithal to placate his creditors—then drastic action is called for.

Short of a double barreled shotgun, few weapons are more terrifying than a broom in the determined hands of an aroused housewife. Aunt Vi and her broom once evicted a moose from the Putterfen pea patch. He swam the pond and disappeared into the woods on the dead run.

Aunt Vi placed a ladder against Putterfen's shingled wall. The woodpecker squawked and departed when he

saw her ascending with her broom. Aunt Vi descended. The woodpecker returned. Aunt Vi re-ascended. The bird squawked and re-departed. Aunt Vi re-descended. The woodpecker came back. Aunt Vi attacked again. The bird squawked and retreated. Aunt Vi sagged to earth. The critter flew back and got in a few vengeful rat-a-tat-tats before Aunt Vi started wearily up the ladder again.



"Douse him with the hose!" Uncle Bud bellowed from the doorway.

The first squirt was a bullseye.

But the bird just ruffled his feathers, sidled to the far side of the stovepipe, and resumed his hammering.

Uncle Bud scurried up the ladder and taped newspapers around the pipe. Though muffled, the racket was still unbearable.

Aunt Vi attacked with her mop. It worked no better than the broom.

A counsel of war was held. Uncle Bud's story HAD to be in the noon mail to meet a magazine deadline in New York. Clearly, something must be done. Something desperate.

Uncle Bud mounted the ladder and slathered the stovepipe with lard. The redhead swooped, skidded off the pipe—"Boink!"—and flew away smeared, sputtering, vanquished.

He never did return but that summer Uncle Bud put up a brick chimney, anyway.

BONUS

A Lewiston Evening Journal editorial points out that the State will receive economic as well as cultural bene-

"You save six cents a trip for every stop sign that is eliminated by an overpass or underpass; and for every curve eliminated on the open highway you save 2.4 cents per trip."

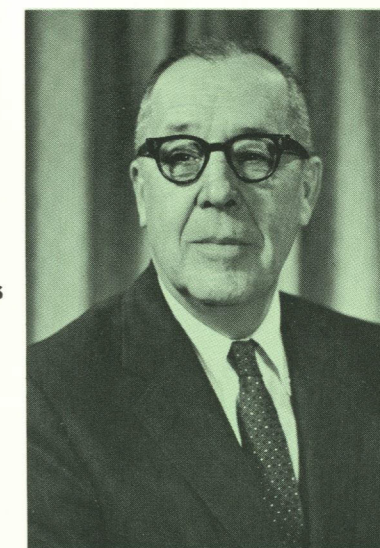
A VERITY

"The ability to have our own way, and at the same time to convince others that they are having their own way, is rare among men. Among women it is as common as eyebrows!"

—Thomas Bailey Aldrich

DIRECTOR NAMED

Appointment of William E. Matthews, Augusta, to Director of the DED Division of Research and Planning was announced by Commissioner Standish K. Bachman. Matthews succeeds Dana Little who resigned to become Director of the Public Affairs Research Center at Bowdoin College.



William E. Matthews

fits from the Maine State Commission on the Arts and the Humanities program:

"... The development of cultural programs and projects will be of real value just in terms of making our State more attractive to outside industries. These (programs) serve to supplement the fundamental educational facilities of the State, and consequently they are interests with which industries are concerned."

AUTO ODDITIES

Some of the best browsing that reaches our desk is contained in MAINE HIGHWAYS NEWS, monthly Maine State Highway Commission publication. Here are some items, paraphrased:

"Divorced men and women and misses drive faster than spouses.

"Slow signs are not very effective in reducing vehicle speeds.

"New cars are driven faster than old ones, heavier cars faster than lighter ones and high-priced cars faster than low-priced ones.

"Non-owners drive faster than the owner, who has to pay the bills.

"The longer the trip, the higher the average speed; the higher the average yearly mileage, the higher the average speed.

"The average Maine motorist pays \$40 per year for highway and bridge maintenance and snow removal.

BROWSERS' BAILIWICK



Department of Economic
Development

State Office Building
Augusta, Maine 04330

Return Requested

BULK RATE
U. S. POSTAGE
PAID
Permit No. 284
Augusta, Maine



Can the man in the bow of the dory help your company's earnings in '67?

We'd like you to meet a lobsterman's brother on his day off, an alumnus of Southern Maine's Vocational Technical Institute. At 23 he's an old hand at setting-up a tape-operated, big-bed lathe.

He's not really one man, but many — not all Maine workers, but most. He's part of the reason for the success companies enjoy after putting a plant in Maine.

When the someones somewhere were learning to stand on street corners, he was learning the pleasures of working hard — with his mind as well as his back.

When we offer you profit, he helps us keep our promise. When we offer you pleasure, the natural blessings of living in Maine all but speak for themselves. But

your new friend in the bow of the dory adds a brief but eloquent comment. Each morning when he punches the time clock, there's a whistle on his lips.

We want you to move to Maine. Let us know your requirements and we'll get specific about financing, water, taxes, transportation, power, land, resources — you name it.

**Write: Mr. Standish K. Bachman
Commissioner of the Maine Department
of Economic Development, Room 211U
State House, Augusta, Maine**

You'll be answered promptly and in confidence.

Maine makes a promise of profit & pleasure

This advertisement appeared nationally in Forbes, Dun's Review, Business Week and New Yorker, reaching a total circulation of 1,622,000.