

1953

Maine The Land of Remembered Vacations, 1953

Maine Development Commission

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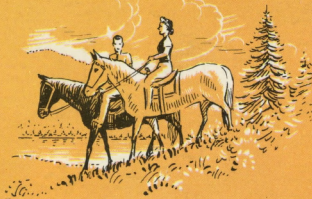
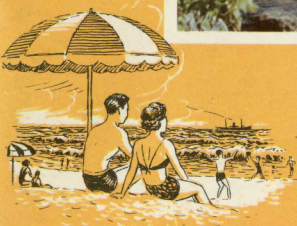
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MAINE

The Land of Remembered Vacations
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MAINE

Land of Remembered Vacations

'A.G.S.' WAS THE PEN NAME used by the late Arthur Gray Staples, immortal editor of the Lewiston (Maine) *Journal*. His prolific output included an unforgettable daily column, 'Just Talks.' Actually, these 'talks' were essays, averaging better than a thousand words apiece, and totalling over a third of a million words a year.

Many people marveled that he could turn out so much *good* copy, so enjoyable and so thoroughly readable, year in and year out. One day a questioner asked him why he didn't run out of themes, or get tired, and wonder *what* could possibly be left to write about. His reply was a classic.

"I've got the greatest subject in the world to write about," he declared. "*Maine*. Yes, sirree, this good old State of Maine. The *people* who live here; the *way* they live; the *homes* they live in; what they *do*; what they *say*. What their forefathers did, and said, *before* them.

"You don't have to move out of this great state to get all the 'themes' a fellow needs to keep him busy writing, till Gabriel blows the horn. Don't worry about any imaginary lack of themes, when you're talking, or writing, about *Maine*. It's lack of *time* that bothers *me*. Because, there just *isn't* enough time for any *one* man to try and tell about *everything* we've got *here*. Simply check 'em off: Sunsets; twilights; dawns; afterglows; snow-crested mountain peaks; stalwart pine trees; shimmering stretches of sandy beaches; climate, according to unbiased United States weather bureau statistics, second to none in healthfulness; industry renowned wherever men trade. And, finally, though far from least, a friendly, down-to-earth breed of folks for your neighbors, who are the salt of the earth.

"'Themes?,' he echoed, scornfully, "'themes?'" These facts, these *truths* I've just enumerated, are all the 'themes' I want. They're plenty good enough for *me*!"

And they're good enough for *us*, too. More applicable today, possibly, than when the gentle philosopher first voiced them over three decades ago. So, when idly conjecturing what 'theme' to use in this foreword about Maine, thoughts roam fondly back to *all* the articles A. G. S. wrote of happily and inspiringly. Each single one of those themes was

. . . *Maine!*

Probably we're prejudiced, but *we* still think *that's* the *best* theme of all.

Maine Development Commission



COMPILED AND ISSUED BY THE
MAINE DEVELOPMENT COMMISSION
AUGUSTA, MAINE

{1953}

JUN 30 1953



A nostalgic reminder of a bygone day. The Pine Tree State maintains some of these covered bridges for their rustic charm and to awaken memories of times past.



Towering shade trees evenly spaced along rolling lawns stand like sentinels over this dwelling that symbolizes grace with sturdiness.





Mirrored in blue waters, here reposes another picturesque village. For all its pastoral placidity, however, keen eyes will note smoke ascending from the chimney of its busy mill, testifying that industry's wheels turn there.

"...and we shall call this new lande — this goode lande — Mayne."

So, CALL IT 'Mayne' they did, those brave, intrepid souls who first settled our state. Early spelling varied; 'y' gave way to 'i,' the 'e' was discarded, to 'Main,' perhaps in connection with the 'bounding main' of song and story. Soon, however, the name, 'Maine,' was universally accepted, and has since remained unchanged.

Students of Maine's history aver that nine-and-a-half centuries ago — 999 and 1,000 A.D. — Norsemen's armor clanked on these shores. Over six hundred years later, when the colony of Massachusetts Bay fought grimly for its existence, Maine played a decisive role in its eventual survival.

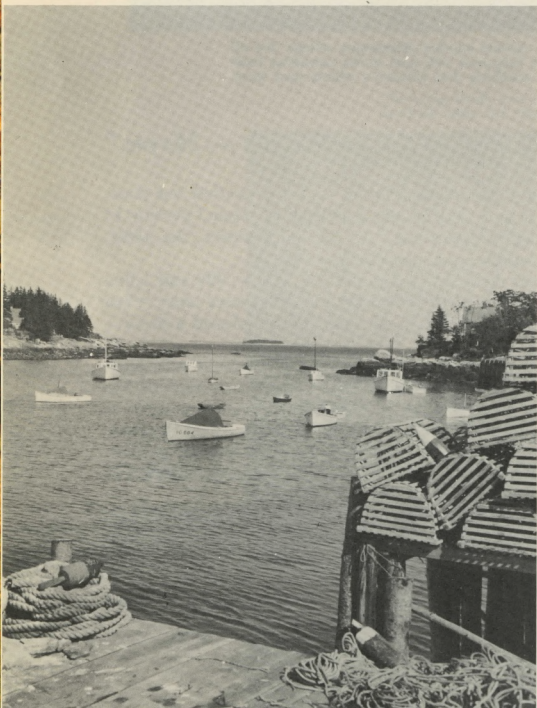
Indisputable records attest to this latter fact. The Pilgrims secured furs and pelts from the Indians at the Cushnoc trading-post, on the Kennebec river. These furs enabled the colonists to repay London loans that had made the whole Plymouth adventure possible in the first place, and to obtain sorely needed fresh finances. Cushnoc stood where Augusta, the state capital of Maine, now stands; among other Pilgrims who hazarded the perilous journey from distant Plymouth were John Alden and Capt. Myles Standish, afterwards immortalized by Maine's beloved poet, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Part of Massachusetts until 1820, Maine then became the Union's twenty-third state. Her industry, and enviable location, shared credit for her rapid growth. Today that same industry is enhanced on every side — be it coastal, inland, lake, mountain, seashore — by the charm that is Maine's, and Maine's alone.

The following pages attempt to capture and depict something of this unequalled charm in a variety of forms.



Above: Clean, smooth sands, white as snowflakes or gleaming like gold, curl in an inviting crescent beyond these rugged rocks. Below: Lobster traps and lobstermen's gear await the morning's call to duty.



*“ . . . where the
restless tides forever play.”*

EXPERIENCED TRAVELERS insist that Maine's coast is unlike that of any other section in America. To conjure up a fleeting vista of our coast, take a June day; drench well with lazy sunshine; sprinkle a few fleecy clouds in the blue vault's expanse above; add the ceaseless roll of white-tipped breakers, gently washing mile after mile of uncrowded beaches and — presto! — there you have it! A coast that has hundreds of bays, coves, estuaries, harbors, inlets. Boats and craft of all sizes and description ply these waters, some sailing for the fun of it, others for their livelihood.

Here, too, is a Mecca for those of artistic leanings, whether their preference be with brush and canvas, or with lens and shutter. Unbelievable though it sounds, this dipping, twisting coastline, if followed through all its zig-zagging contours, measures approximately 2,500 miles.



Lovers of natural beauty revel in the magnificence and magnitude of all that Maine offers. Shimmering under a summer sun, these waters reflect the blue of the heavens. Everywhere is the lush greenness of woodlands and in the distance the eternal hills are crowned by summer's cottony clouds.



Our aquatic attractions keep abreast of popular innovations. When the whole broad Atlantic isn't sufficient, this enclosed salt-water swimming pool gives lucky bathers their own 'private ocean.'

Hundreds of beautiful harbors abound along the Maine coast, havens for even the smallest boat.





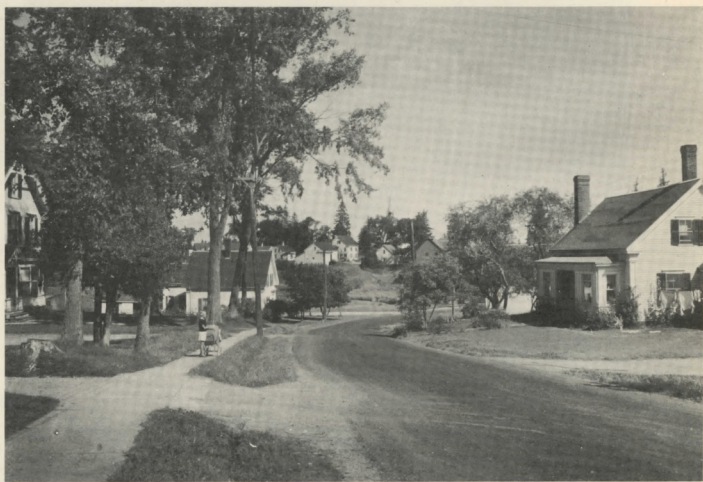
Craft of all descriptions are headed for Maine in the summer to enjoy the matchless opportunities for sailing and cruising that Maine's world-famous coast offers the enthusiast.



Eager visitors by the hundreds of thousands flock to Maine beaches every summer. Far as the eye can reach, happy throngs drink in the incomparable combination of the 'Four S's': Sand, sea, sun and surf.



With their sparkling green leaves surmounted by radiant white blossoms, undulating fields of potatoes beautify an Aroostook landscape.



Winding black-topped roads like this lazily twist and turn, provoking our wonderment as to what may be just around that corner.





One can almost whiff the fragrant scent of the pines waving above this jolly group.

" . . . contentment comes from scenes like this."

TURNING AWAY from the coast, one may journey to inland Maine, where equally enchanting delights are to be found. The entire state is bejewelled with lakes whose shimmering surfaces reflect the cool greenery of encircling forests. They remind one for all the world of rare gems in flawless settings, especially when seen from aloft.

More than two thousand five hundred lakes nestle in this state. Besides our lakes, fifteen rivers, plus hundreds upon hundreds of streams, are also listed. Mountains, stretching in size up to mile-high Katahdin, lift their lofty, snow-crested summits to the stars.

Busy cities, providing every modern convenience, contrast with villages in which life flows along at an unhurried pace. Memories of Yesteryear cling nostalgically 'round the latter communities; one need not possess too active an imagination to discern reminders of a mode of living that has virtually vanished from the American scene.



Off we go, down a gentle grade, past prim picket fences enclosing well-kept white cottages, on our way to distant destinations. Thanks to our excellent highways, *all* roads, including 'side roads,' present individual pictorial treats.



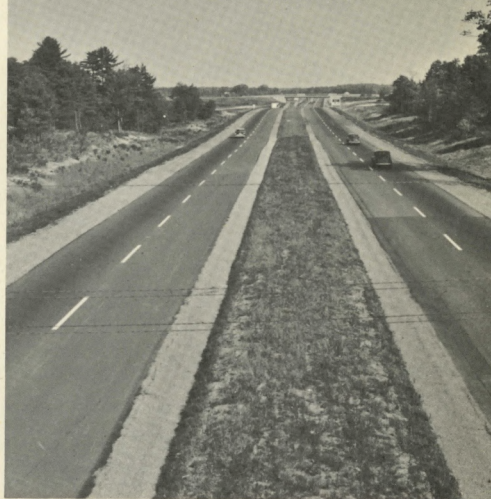
Wild roses vie with carefully-tended gardens to claim appreciative applause from motorists wherever their travels take them over the fine roads intersecting our state.

*" . . . inviting roads that
beckon us ever onward."*

CONSTRUCTION of better travel arteries has progressed at an accelerated tempo here, particularly since World War Two's termination. Undismayed by the high costs involved, Maine is currently going ahead with an impressive, long-range highway program.

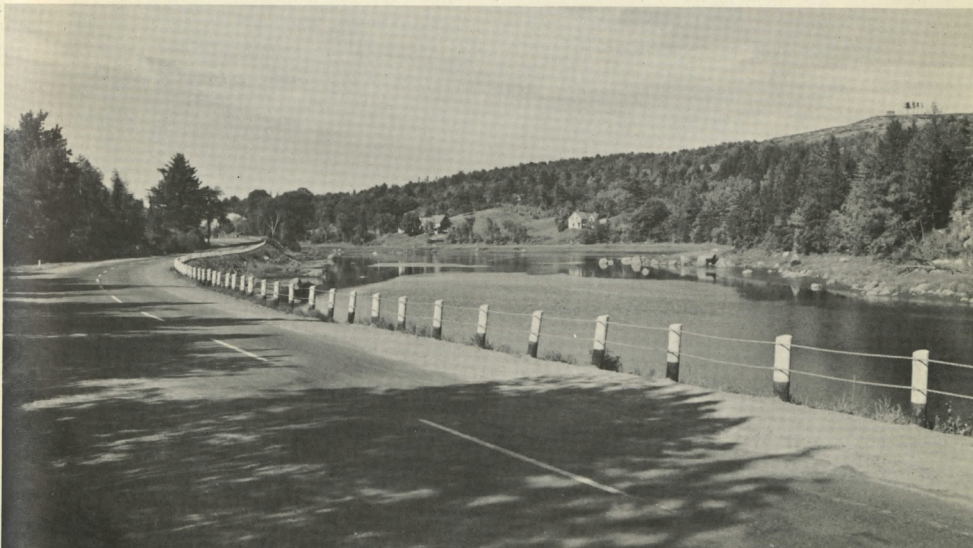
A noteworthy feature of this state's road-building expansion is that its aims are being achieved without destroying natural beauty. Thus, a happy medium is attained. Pageants of scenic grandeur enfold all around the traveler; even our so-called 'side roads' richly deserve exploring because of their distinctive, quiet appeal.

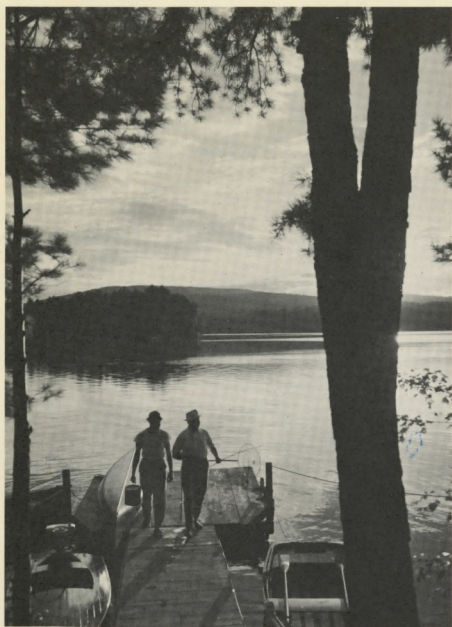
The type of road you ride on depends on yourself. You may take the broad-laned turnpike, or you may drive along leisurely over a network of other roads. All are well kept up. Painstaking, vigilant maintenance pays off in better highways, and our own afford excellent examples of this fact.



Wonderful new roads offer safe and comfortable transportation. Pictured is the Maine Turnpike, described by experts as one of the nation's best highways. Thousands of miles of paved roads lead the visitor to vistas of scenic beauty.

Small communities fare exceptionally well when it comes to good roads and painstaking, punctilious servicing of them.





"...here our cares and troubles float away like the morning dew."

FEW SPOTS this side of Paradise provide the heart's-ease that pond and stream bring to your true fisherman. Wherever Nimrods gather and conversation veers to our finny friends, Maine is THE state, spoken of in reverential respect.

The fattest trout lurk warily here, deep in secluded pools; the greediest bass that ever gobbled a lure make this state their habitat. One fish whose home is synonymous with Maine waters is our fightin' land-locked salmon.

Even if no pleasurable accompanying facilities existed, such fabulous fellows as these piscatorial prizes, and the rest of their valiant clan, would rightly entitle Maine to rank first in fishermen's affections. Yet, we DO have facilities unsurpassed anywhere.

Sporting camps are clustered where once all was wilderness. It is nothing uncommon for entire families to make a beeline for such delightful camps each year when vacation time unfurls its welcome banners.

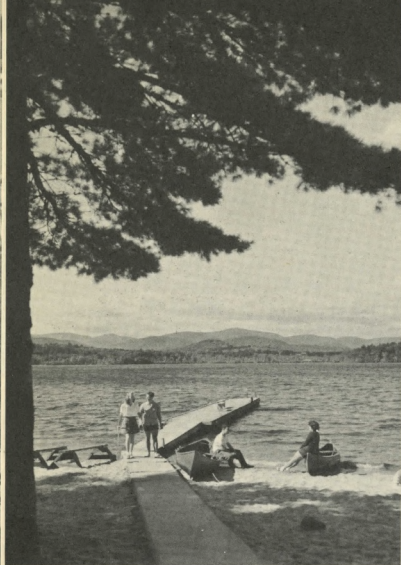
Above: We could safely append an unqualified guarantee that such scenes as these gladden the heart of every angler. Below: Even the fabled deities of mythology might look down from Mount Olympus, and envy the breakfast of fresh-caught, sizzling-brown trout of this lucky trio.



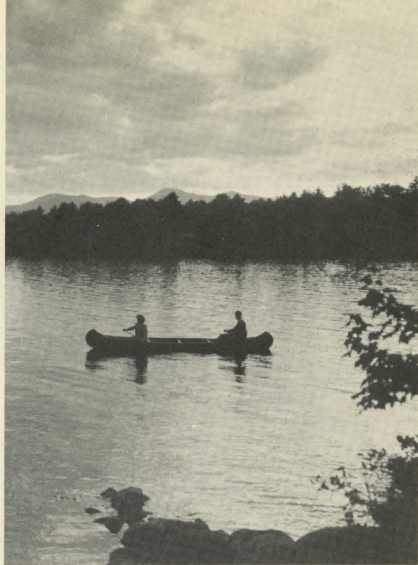


Above: Climax of the adventure, when you maneuver the fightin' Big Un network, and — thrill of thrills! — *net* him! Below: For fullest enjoyment of this fascinating sport, men who may take their choice of fishing grounds anywhere in the whole United States, come to Maine. Many travel hundreds of miles, some, even thousands of miles, to do so. While the army of *women* anglers annually becomes larger.





When vacation time comes, and the great outdoors calls, Maine truly becomes 'Home-Away-From-Home.'



Most vacation havens specialize in but one natural advantage: Lake, or seashore, or mountain, or inland. *We* specialize in them *all*!



Chances are that these care-free vacationers just returned from an invigorating sail-boat trip around the lake. Boating appeals to large numbers of our visitors who test their proficiency in our waters.

Under Indian tutors, white men learned the art of canoeing generations ago. These two charming navigators handle their frail craft with expert coordination.





Members of this quartet of avid equestriennes learn that riders will find beauty along old roads as well as conventional bridle paths.

" . . . a-field or a-float, these hours will be long remembered."

E DUCATORS echo the physician's precept that a healthy mind functions best in a healthy body. Scan the roster of recommended exercises, and regardless in what capacity your choice may lie, Maine can serve it up promptly.

This page, and its counterpart opposite, depict three different popular sports. Little-used country lanes sometimes reveal more picturesque fascination than regulation bridle paths. Sporty golf courses, including many 18-holers, challenge your assault on par. Practically anywhere you turn, some waterway will bear you on a memorable journey, via canoe.

Devotees of sports are increasing with each successive year. Wherever you may be, and at whatever season, your Maine host will equip you with the latest, most approved adjuncts to heighten the zest of your favorite sport. Such cooperative, helpful service stems from the innate friendliness of Maine people, and their sincere satisfaction in having you share Nature's bounty with them.



Whether a hacking duffer, or boasting a low handicap, you'll crave to shoot 'just one more round' on the kind of golf courses that abound here.



The dexterity with which lithe paddlers propel their canoe over a lake's yielding surface never fails to evoke admiration from those not initiated in the art.



Preparing to cast off from the wharf's mooring place before leisurely paddling to the opposite shore. Thousands of such girls leave summer camps, experts in canoeing and similar healthful activities.



Camp counsellors carefully supervise a well-chosen variety of pastimes and sports in which the boys and girls under their charge participate. In addition, the camps themselves are checked periodically on the State level.

*"... as the twig is bent,
so is the tree inclined."*

SURROUNDED by all our advantages here in Maine, boys and girls start along the pathway of Life with the best foot forward, as the old saying goes. This applies not only to our own children, but likewise those who trek to our boys' and girls' camps every summer from all over this nation.

Summer camps for youngsters spread everywhere with phenomenal growth, largely attributable to pioneering work Maine performed. Boys and girls of all ages, from primary school to college, share in the happy, healthful environment our camps afford. Strictly supervised by the Health Department, these camps nurture a spirit of self-reliance among their temporary sojourners, a self-reliance bound to yield character-moulding dividends later on in life.



Just about every kind of body-building exercise imaginable makes up the never-dull daily program practiced at our camps.



Hallowed ivy — and fond memories — cling to these walls.

*“ . . . where Learning
and Culture walk
hand in hand.”*

MAINE PEOPLE have resolutely clung to time-tested, traditional AMERICAN practices and teachings. We have resisted the latter day ‘changes’ in our fundamental structure, particularly the trend to controversial ‘isms.’ Our solid principles are safely reflected in our schools and colleges today, precisely as in years gone by. We never compromised with, or lowered the standards of learning, upon which our culture is based.

Irrespective where the location may be, busy city or small hamlet, our schools adhere to

New, modern well-planned schoolhouses in all sections of the State.



the same proven principles that generations of sound application stamped unmistakably with success. Through the various grades, up to high schools and academies, the future of our youth rests safely in the care, and under the guidance of capable, conscientious teachers. Those seeking higher learning may choose from the state's excellent colleges, together with our junior colleges and secondary schools.

Stately churches and meeting places for worshippers of practically all creeds bring the solace and strength of their imperishable spiritual bond. As mentioned earlier, artists and photographers contribute to the culture of Maine by re-creating the beautiful scenes everywhere confronting them.



"Where every prospect pleases" — an old bridge drowns in the summer sun.

Sundown on a Maine lake, an adventure in beauty and contentment you'll treasure always.





From the eminence of such a perch incomparable scenery unfolds.

"... let me hie me far from the teeming city."

ONE FORM of exercise that enjoys universal appeal is hiking. Age or sex presents no barrier to this sport. Save for adverse, inclement weather, it can be indulged in any time.

Hiking assumes many forms, with mountain climbing one of the favorites. To novice and veteran alike, Maine mountains loom up as interesting, withal friendly challenges. In season, individuals and groups undertake ascending them almost daily.

Assorted sideline features make such climbs doubly rewarding. Magnificent camera studies abound along most paths, while folks with a flair for mineral research invariably bring home some unusual specimens as souvenirs. As might be expected, many of these hikers are themselves ardent lovers of nature, truly in their element when enjoying our many trails.



While ascending whatever mountain you elect to climb, the panorama extending behind and below you will compensate many fold for your journey. Upon reaching your goal, the world you gaze out upon reveals horizons never glimpsed before.



Take a typically neat street, in a typically clean Maine village or town, and invariably you sense the 'homey' quality it personifies. Difficult to define, this characteristic dominates the first impression you gain of our communities. Happily, an actual, close acquaintance with the places themselves and, especially, the people in them, intensifies that initial belief into certainty.



*" . . . for here
I live, and happy be."*

MAINE PEOPLE dearly cherish their homes, as people do in all favored regions. Yet, we honestly believe that the word, 'Home,' rings with a special significance here. With us, the emotion goes far deeper than mere pride.

Perhaps it could be defined as an intangible inheritance passed down, almost without awareness, from generation to generation. Probably its foundations are rooted in the quiet, but intense spirit of neighborliness which leaves lasting impressions upon our visitors. Most likely, it falls somewhere within the range encompassed by happy hearts in happy homes.

Because, Maine people do indeed have very much to make them happy. Among our numerous blessings, surely no more healthful climate flourishes anywhere on the globe. Every one of the four seasons yields its own individual boons. Throughout the entire year, the panorama changes continuously, with each change producing new wonders.

Our visitors early perceive Maine is a fine place in which to live. They experience our hospitality; they first sense, then, subsequently, share the love we feel for this state. That accounts for the reason why so many of them after a while cease to be classed as 'visitors' any more. Thanks to the warm alchemy of friendship, they feel as we want them to feel: That they **BELONG** here.

It's really astonishing how many of them call Maine as we ourselves call it . . . Home!



Modern Maine homes.



One of the many thriving plants located in virtually every section of our industrially-minded state.

Piles of cordwood stacked in company yards keep our huge pulp and paper mills going full blast.



"... where industry and commerce serve men well."

SPACE REQUIREMENTS herein preclude detailing our many industrial accomplishments. Nevertheless, another of this commission's publications (Maine Geared to Industry) discusses these favorable points in comprehensive, specific fashion. Yet, while on the subject of industry, we must pin-point the all-round ability of Maine labor.

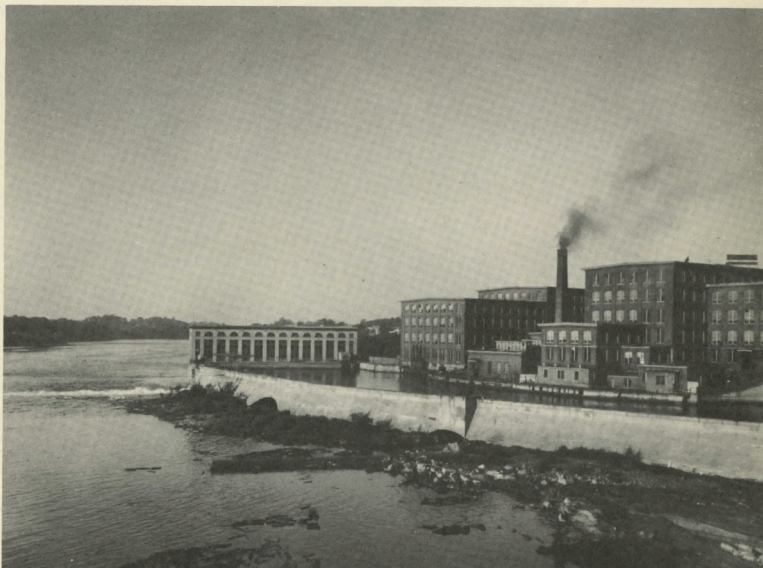
When it comes right down to top-notch workingmen — and women, too — we refuse to doff our hats to any state in the Union. You just can't beat the good old-fashioned 'Yankee ingenuity and stability' of Maine workers anywhere.



Beside this adjacent canal, one of America's foremost textile plants has been operating successfully for over a century. It can correctly be termed the industrial backbone of its native city, and entire surrounding community.



Men with vision early realized the potentialities of our rivers for providing the power that businesses like this require. As evidenced below, such sites possess manifold natural advantages.




*" . . . when the
frost is on the pun'kin."*

EACH OF THE FOUR SEASONS here personifies enchantment. The one which any individual likes best depends wholly upon that individual's personal preferences. While this booklet plays no favorites, so to speak, we do feel constrained to single out autumn for a special, well-merited paragraph or two.

Of course, the sportsman, accompanied by his faithful bird dog, knows full well Maine's hunting season has no peer anywhere. That's also the time when Mother Nature assumes perhaps her most magical moods.

Annually we receive innumerable inquiries concerning when the fall foliage attains its height. While the entire period from approximately mid-September to mid-October is a blaze of sustained splendor, the peak centers on the last week in September and the first week in October.



Our annual autumnal spectacle transforms erstwhile green trees into whole hillsides of indescribable glory.

Maine's quiet byways acquire a charm and beauty all their own when Autumn paints the countryside with magic colors.





Old Mother Nature knows no rival when it gets down to cases of producing the hues she reserves for us as September wanes.



The first few frosty nights, in conjunction with Indian summer days, supply the mysterious ingredients that usher in this carnival of color.



Against a backdrop of fragrant pine, fir, and spruce, multitudes of criss-crossing tracks clearly indicate these trails' popularity. The seven young ladies below are anxious to get to the top so that they may experience the thrill of trying their skis on this slope.



“ . . . merrily Yule logs blaze and crackle.”

EXACTLY in the same sense that autumn deserved special mention, so does winter, likewise. Same as its three predecessors, winter is also an out-of-doors season. All sorts of sports can be found on tap: Skating, skiing, sliding, snowshoeing, tobogganing will quickly imprint ruddy health into young cheeks. Among almost forgotten reminders of Yesteryear, in the list of winter pastimes, must be included sleigh rides. More than any other season, perhaps, parties take place in homes; some groups hold dances, others stage plays. With the highways free from ice, travel flows freely from one end of the state to the other.

Winter in Maine is far from being a period of enforced inactivity. Instead, nowadays, it rates as one of our most popular, and most anticipated seasons.



Small wonder that winter activities in Maine number such a legion of enthusiastic followers. Our natural advantages coupled with modern innovations produce just the combination they like best.



" . . . our latch-string is out, and bids you welcome."

WE GIVE YOU this booklet with our sincere compliments. If it brings you some enjoyment, and quickens your interest in Maine, our hope and purpose will be well served.

Naturally, any presentation of this type can at best do justice to such a myriad of topics in a broad sense only. Rather than citing, and dwelling on individual phases, it generalizes. Accordingly, for those interested in specific departments, we issue, gratis, a well-rounded group of booklets which discuss various departments in detail. This list of publications appears below.

Our desire to be of friendly help to you does not necessarily end when we offer you this brochure. On the contrary, if we can serve you in any additional manner, please feel entirely free to call upon us, at no charge. Our assistance will be gladly extended; frequently that assistance takes in a lot of latitude. We have helped many others in everything from finding a nice home here, to securing a desirable industrial location. Who knows? Maybe we can serve YOU, too.

Any of the following booklets published by the state may be obtained by designating the copy, or copies, desired. Simply address your request to: Maine Development Commission, State House, Augusta, Maine.

MAINE, THE LAND OF REMEMBERED VACATIONS
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CANOEING
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FACTS ABOUT MAINE
STATE HIGHWAY MAP
MOUNTAIN CLIMBING IN MAINE
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