

1957

Maine The Land of Remembered Vacations, 1957

Maine Development Commission

Follow this and additional works at: http://digitalmaine.com/tourism_books

Recommended Citation

Maine Development Commission, "Maine The Land of Remembered Vacations, 1957" (1957). *Maine Tourism Books*. 9.
http://digitalmaine.com/tourism_books/9

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 Maine Tourism Books by an authorized administrator of Digital Maine. For more information, please contact statedocs@maine.gov.

D60.5:La 253/957

C.1 C.1

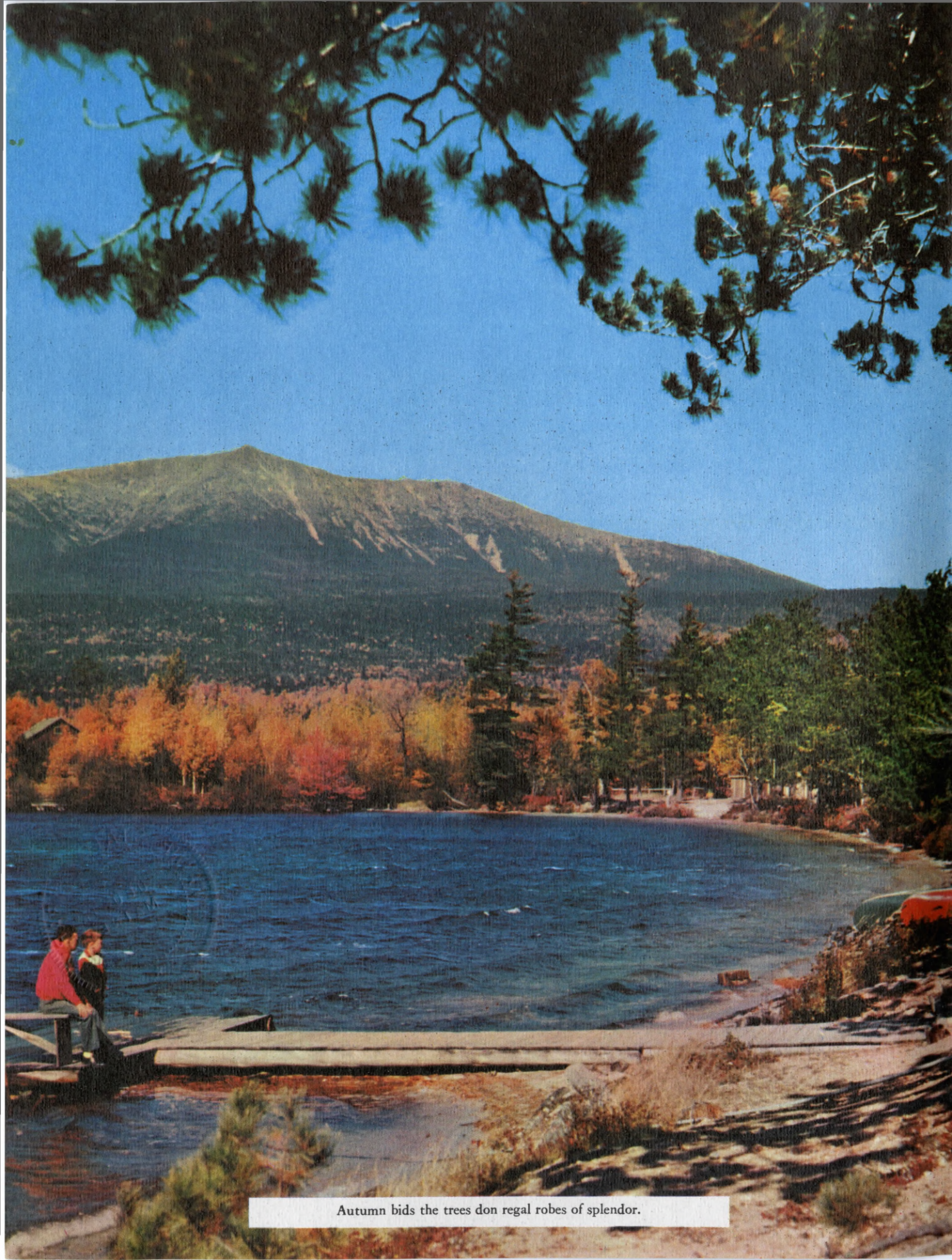
MAINE STATE LIBRARY

MAINE


THE LAND OF REMEMBERED VACATIONS

LIBRARY USE ONLY





Autumn bids the trees don regal robes of splendor.



THE early explorers who sailed by the light of distant stars brought their staunch barks to rest in nameless, but hospitable, harbors along the coast. They dropped anchor on shores where white men had never trod, and they marveled at the beauty of this new land. Intrepid explorers and seasoned navigators though they were, one and all succumbed to Maine's loveliness.

Included among them were great names whose very echoes thunder through the corridors of Time. Almost a full thousand years have passed, according to historians, since that memorable winter of 999–1000 A.D., when the mighty Vikings themselves established their controversial settlement here. Many present day students of those indomitable sea rovers insist their legend-misted Vineland must have been located at, or near, the mouth of our Kennebec River.

Be that as it may, nearly half a millenium later — 1496, to be exact — none other than Sebastian Cabot touched these shores.

From the time the French settled St. Croix Island — 1604 — notable events crowded fast on one another's heels. Three years later, Popham, on the Kennebec, was founded (thirteen years before the Pilgrims reached Plymouth Rock). From then onward, Maine's history is replete with significant events.

Speaking of the Pilgrims, Maine's beloved poet laureate, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, wrote one of America's favorite poems with Pilgrims as his background. That poem immortalized, among others, the gallant John Alden. Undoubtedly, millions of school children are familiar with, and have quoted the classic line: 'Why don't you speak for yourself, John?'


But what most of those students, and ever so many others, may not be fully aware of, is that John Alden, together with scores of other Pilgrims, frequently visited Maine. As a matter of well authenticated fact, their visits were spurred on by grim necessity. They journeyed to Maine from Massachusetts Bay Colony to barter for furs with the Indians; they then used the furs, resulting from such barter, in lieu of cash to repay London merchants who had gambled the original money that made possible their daring adventure of crossing the Atlantic to establish a new way of life. Especially during the early years of their beleaguered little colony, the trading post of Cushnoc (where Maine's capital city of Augusta now stands) provided plenty of prime pelts that Alden, and heroic fellows like him, acquired to ease our forefathers' financial plight.

Through later years, right down to the present, Maine boasts an enviable history. Her sons and daughters made their marks in peaceful pursuits. On the other hand, whenever, and wherever, our country's wars were waged, here or abroad, in the forefront of the fray stood stalwart State o' Mainers. The first naval battle of the Revolutionary War took place off Machias, in 1776.

If Maine people are genuinely proud of their heritage, it is obvious they have every right to be.

1957

MAY 7 1957





Off for a merry cruise along Maine's fabled coast.



Heaps of lobster traps all ready for service.



Smooth, sandy beaches glint in the warm summer sun.

9 UNDOUBTEDLY, Maine's coast is unlike any other coast in this country. It has a sturdy independence of its own that is fascinating to study. The Maine coast goes where it pleases, and takes its own good time doing so. If a straight line were drawn on a map, 'from top to bottom,' as land-lubbers say, the actual distance from southernmost to northernmost tips ranges about 240-odd miles. But the Maine coast, with its myriad of bays, coves, estuaries, harbors, and varied indentations, covers ten times this distance, or from 2400 to 2500 miles.

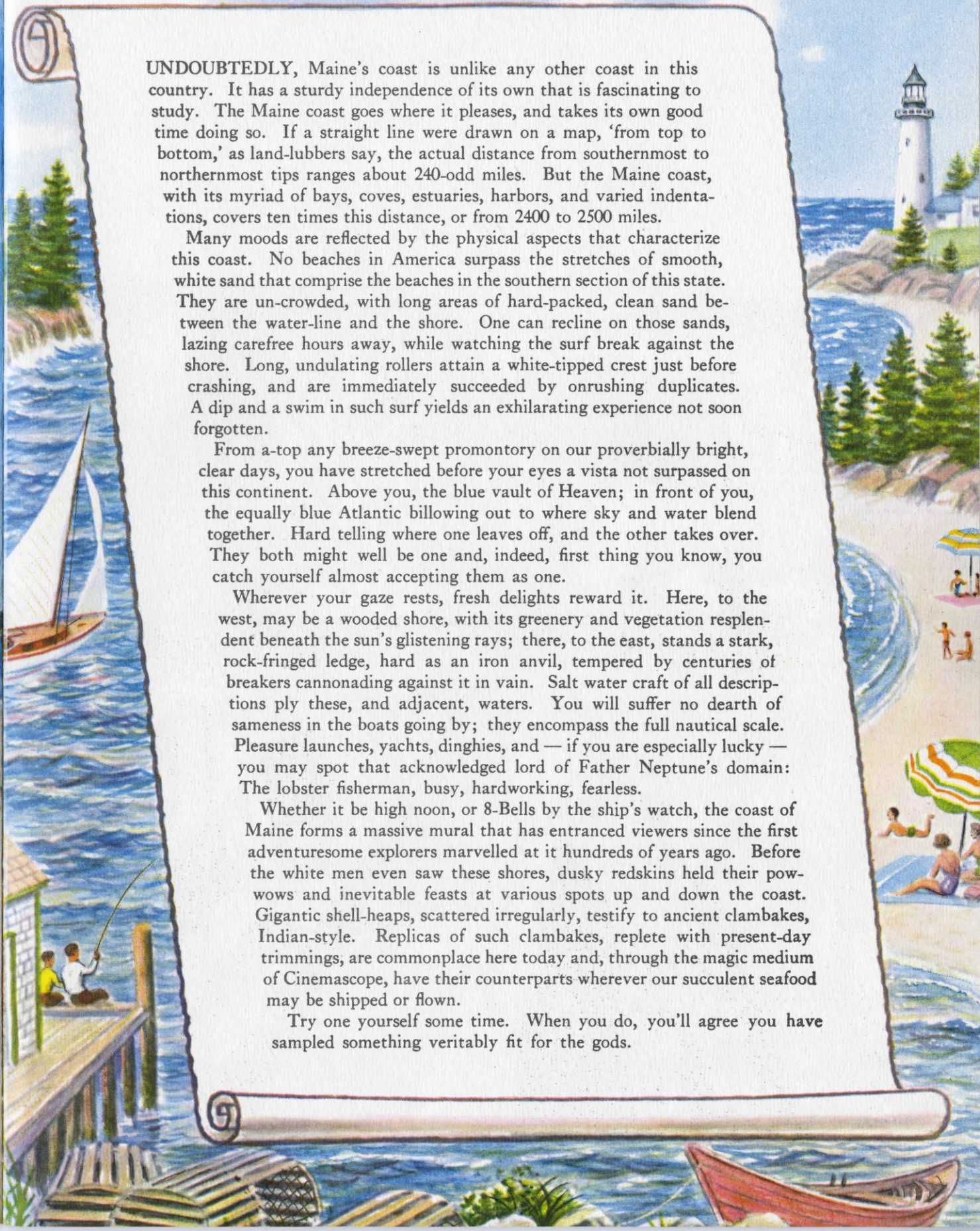
Many moods are reflected by the physical aspects that characterize this coast. No beaches in America surpass the stretches of smooth, white sand that comprise the beaches in the southern section of this state. They are un-crowded, with long areas of hard-packed, clean sand between the water-line and the shore. One can recline on those sands, lazing carefree hours away, while watching the surf break against the shore. Long, undulating rollers attain a white-tipped crest just before crashing, and are immediately succeeded by onrushing duplicates. A dip and a swim in such surf yields an exhilarating experience not soon forgotten.

From a-top any breeze-swept promontory on our proverbially bright, clear days, you have stretched before your eyes a vista not surpassed on this continent. Above you, the blue vault of Heaven; in front of you, the equally blue Atlantic billowing out to where sky and water blend together. Hard telling where one leaves off, and the other takes over. They both might well be one and, indeed, first thing you know, you catch yourself almost accepting them as one.

Wherever your gaze rests, fresh delights reward it. Here, to the west, may be a wooded shore, with its greenery and vegetation resplendent beneath the sun's glistening rays; there, to the east, stands a stark, rock-fringed ledge, hard as an iron anvil, tempered by centuries of breakers cannonading against it in vain. Salt water craft of all descriptions ply these, and adjacent, waters. You will suffer no dearth of sameness in the boats going by; they encompass the full nautical scale. Pleasure launches, yachts, dinghies, and — if you are especially lucky — you may spot that acknowledged lord of Father Neptune's domain: The lobster fisherman, busy, hardworking, fearless.

Whether it be high noon, or 8-Bells by the ship's watch, the coast of Maine forms a massive mural that has entranced viewers since the first adventuresome explorers marvelled at it hundreds of years ago. Before the white men even saw these shores, dusky redskins held their powwows and inevitable feasts at various spots up and down the coast. Gigantic shell-heaps, scattered irregularly, testify to ancient clambakes, Indian-style. Replicas of such clambakes, replete with present-day trimmings, are commonplace here today and, through the magic medium of Cinemascope, have their counterparts wherever our succulent seafood may be shipped or flown.

Try one yourself some time. When you do, you'll agree you have sampled something veritably fit for the gods.





Boats of all sizes and descriptions ply our inviting waters.



A feast fit for a king in its own rock-ringed setting.



Rolling fairways invite both novice and pro.

9

MAINE possesses a plenitude of lovely features which appeals to virtually every taste. Some prefer the coast; others prefer the mountains; still others prefer the endless delights of inland cities, towns and villages.

Maine boasts a truly tremendous woodland area. While this booklet deliberately refrains from quoting figures or statistics, there are times when exceptions must prevail. Accordingly, some idea of Maine's forested expanse may be gleaned from realizing our woodlands exceed 16,780,000 acres, a figure representing over four-fifths of the state's total area.

Such a massive background of wooded wonderlands gives the Pine Tree State a special setting which must have been designed when Dame Nature smiled benignly, in one of her kindest, most creative moods. Because, not content with the stately forests, she bestowed, for added measure, hundreds upon hundreds of clear, shimmering lakes whose sparkle outshines jeweled gems in any queen's tiara. Some 2,500 of such lakes, by actual, physical count. This combination highlights one of the most incomparably beautiful regions under the blue vaults of Heaven. Maine citizens who are lucky enough to live here the year 'round never tire of this, and other super-spectacles, while vacationists and visitors, who gaze upon them for the first time, are literally transfixed with enchantment.

Up until recent years, the only tinge of regret marring this lavish bounty was that some garden spots were not readily accessible. Happily, that objection has now been effectually overcome: Today's turnpikes and modern highways, laced and inter-laced all over the state, place these treasures handily within reach of all.

At the same time, accommodations have kept pace with modern tempo. Wherever you go, you can be confident you will be well taken care of at the end of the day. World famous hotels greet you, together with a host of hostelrys, less distinguished, perhaps, but equally dedicated to looking after your welfare. Smaller hotels and motels dot the landscape; immaculately clean private homes likewise cater to the traveler, regardless of the duration of his stay.

Maine people are traditionally hospitable. Though intensely proud of their native state, they relish sharing it with others. You may turn into their gate at eventide as a stranger, but when you leave them to resume your journey in the morning, they look upon you as their friend.

Playgrounds and picnic groves afford endless chances for the kind of jolly recreation vacationists anticipate. The lake areas have their well-balanced programs of summer activities; special events crowd on each other's heels day after day.

Looking down on them all, symbolizing a benediction of peace, is the omnipresent white-spined church, its steeple pointing skyward. Here in Maine, inland and elsewhere, the church of your faith will be waiting. And thereby, somehow, making the serene, sublime scene complete.






Aroostook County's mammoth potato fields stretch to the distant horizon.



Where contentment and tranquility walk hand in hand.



Trim craft ride at anchor in sheltered cove.

A man in a hat and vest is fishing in a river. He is holding a fishing rod and a net. A fish is jumping out of the water near him. The background shows a forest and a waterfall.

PEOPLE are under constant strain in these times. Everything is being speeded up, faster and faster. The pressures of life are never-ending, it seems. It is easy to form the habit of worrying about tomorrow, when the world itself is so unsettled.

Seeking an answer, work weeks have been shortened and annual vacations assured. Still, these things by themselves are not enough. People require a complete change of environment occasionally. They need to be themselves; to dress as they like and eat and sleep to suit their own moods. In short, they need a place where they can find peace of mind and renew their energies for whatever lies ahead.

There are many such places in Maine. Mountains stand in the distance. The green trees come down to the shores of countless lakes and wilderness ponds. Streams sparkle in the sun. In this natural setting, hotels, inns and Maine sporting camps cater to individual tastes. Food is excellent and accommodations designed for those who want to relax.

The sport of fishing helps many people forget themselves even more completely. Maine waters contain such desirable species as Atlantic and landlocked salmon, brook trout, black bass, white perch and pickerel. Guides and all facilities are readily available. A person may try his luck casually at first but it isn't long before the whole family is joining in the fun.

Yet the fish are only the means to an end. The important thing is the utter contentment to be found in the Maine woods. Quiet conversations with guides and others have a significant effect on vacationists, too.

One phase of this peaceful existence is a little puzzling, perhaps. Nobody seems to be rushing around, trying to organize activities of some sort or another. Folks rest and relax on their Maine vacations, unless they want it otherwise.

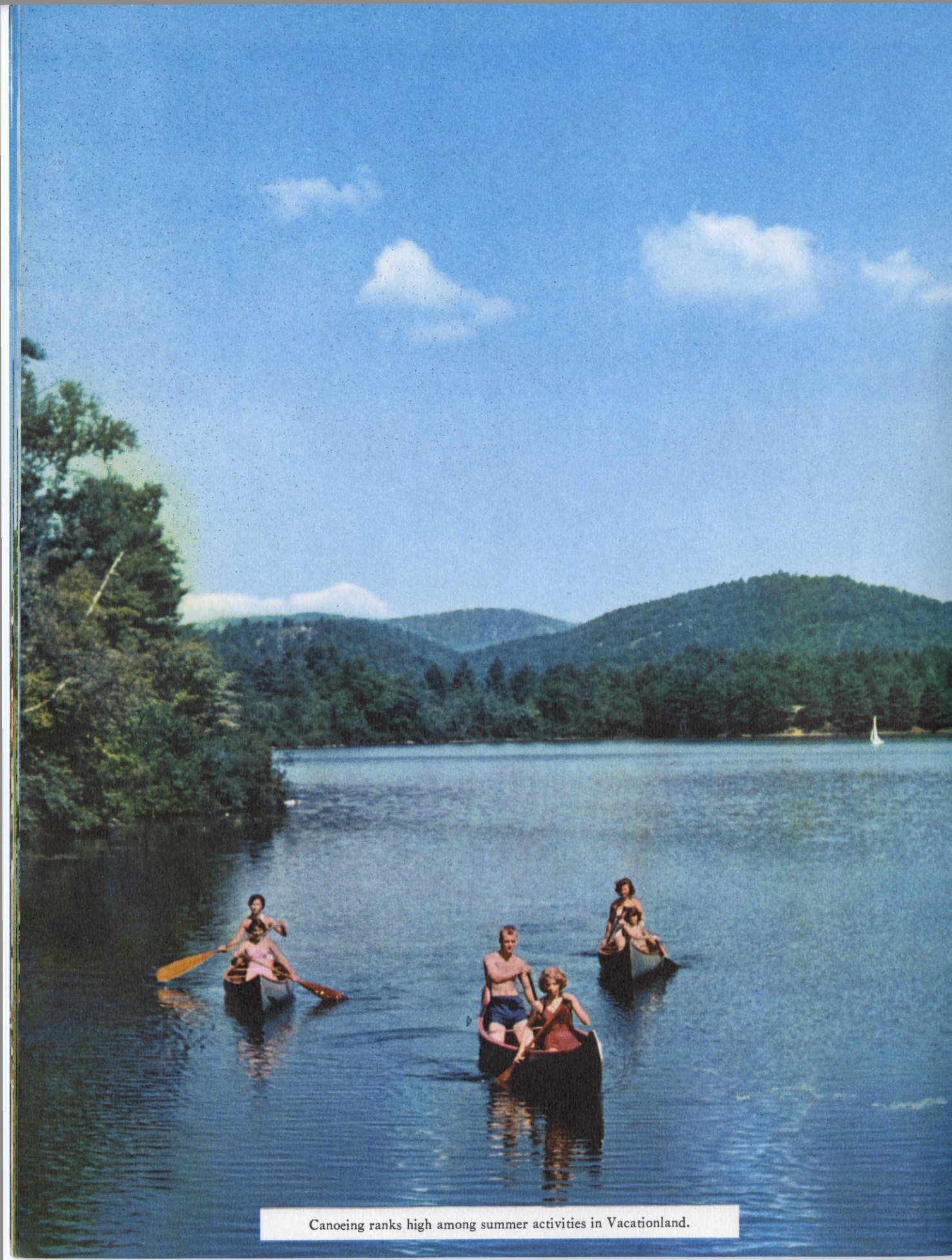
However, each day in the Maine woods is long remembered. The simple, natural life is good. The fragrant wood smoke, curling out of the cabin chimney, the wind murmuring in the spruce trees, the sun making its circle and the rising moon laying a silver path across the water, are all fascinating parts of a vacation.

Jaded appetites are sharpened, for the Maine food is wholesome and carefully prepared. Sleepless nights are a thing of the past. Everybody awakens early, feeling refreshed and ready for any adventure.


This is the answer to the pressures of modern life. Everything falls into place on a Maine vacation. After a few days of fishing, the things which worried one can be rationalized. It is only necessary to look up at the stars to find humility and to breathe the good Maine air to find peace.



No wonder he's smiling after netting such a beauty.



Canoeing ranks high among summer activities in Vacationland.



WILDERNESS rivers and streams were the highways used by early explorers and voyageurs. The canoe was their chief means of transportation. The American Indians taught them to construct lightweight crafts, for there were long portages to cross. Yet, the white men developed sturdier canoes, for thoroughness and craftsmanship were born in them. Thus, today, some of the best canoes in the world are made in Maine.

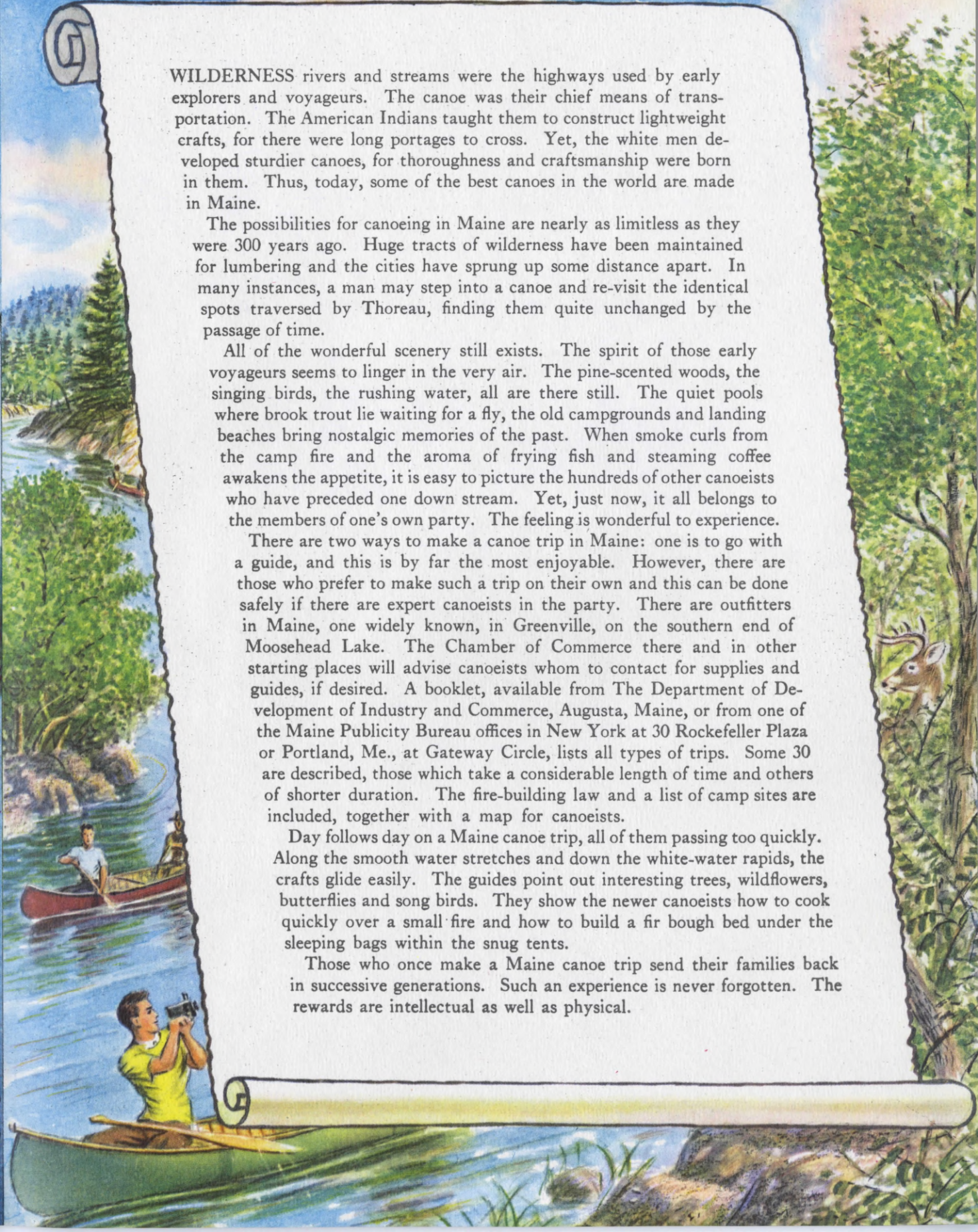
The possibilities for canoeing in Maine are nearly as limitless as they were 300 years ago. Huge tracts of wilderness have been maintained for lumbering and the cities have sprung up some distance apart. In many instances, a man may step into a canoe and re-visit the identical spots traversed by Thoreau, finding them quite unchanged by the passage of time.

All of the wonderful scenery still exists. The spirit of those early voyageurs seems to linger in the very air. The pine-scented woods, the singing birds, the rushing water, all are there still. The quiet pools where brook trout lie waiting for a fly, the old campgrounds and landing beaches bring nostalgic memories of the past. When smoke curls from the camp fire and the aroma of frying fish and steaming coffee awakens the appetite, it is easy to picture the hundreds of other canoeists who have preceded one down stream. Yet, just now, it all belongs to the members of one's own party. The feeling is wonderful to experience.

There are two ways to make a canoe trip in Maine: one is to go with a guide, and this is by far the most enjoyable. However, there are those who prefer to make such a trip on their own and this can be done safely if there are expert canoeists in the party. There are outfitters in Maine, one widely known, in Greenville, on the southern end of Moosehead Lake. The Chamber of Commerce there and in other starting places will advise canoeists whom to contact for supplies and guides, if desired. A booklet, available from The Department of Development of Industry and Commerce, Augusta, Maine, or from one of the Maine Publicity Bureau offices in New York at 30 Rockefeller Plaza or Portland, Me., at Gateway Circle, lists all types of trips. Some 30 are described, those which take a considerable length of time and others of shorter duration. The fire-building law and a list of camp sites are included, together with a map for canoeists.

Day follows day on a Maine canoe trip, all of them passing too quickly. Along the smooth water stretches and down the white-water rapids, the crafts glide easily. The guides point out interesting trees, wildflowers, butterflies and song birds. They show the newer canoeists how to cook quickly over a small fire and how to build a fir bough bed under the sleeping bags within the snug tents.

Those who once make a Maine canoe trip send their families back in successive generations. Such an experience is never forgotten. The rewards are intellectual as well as physical.

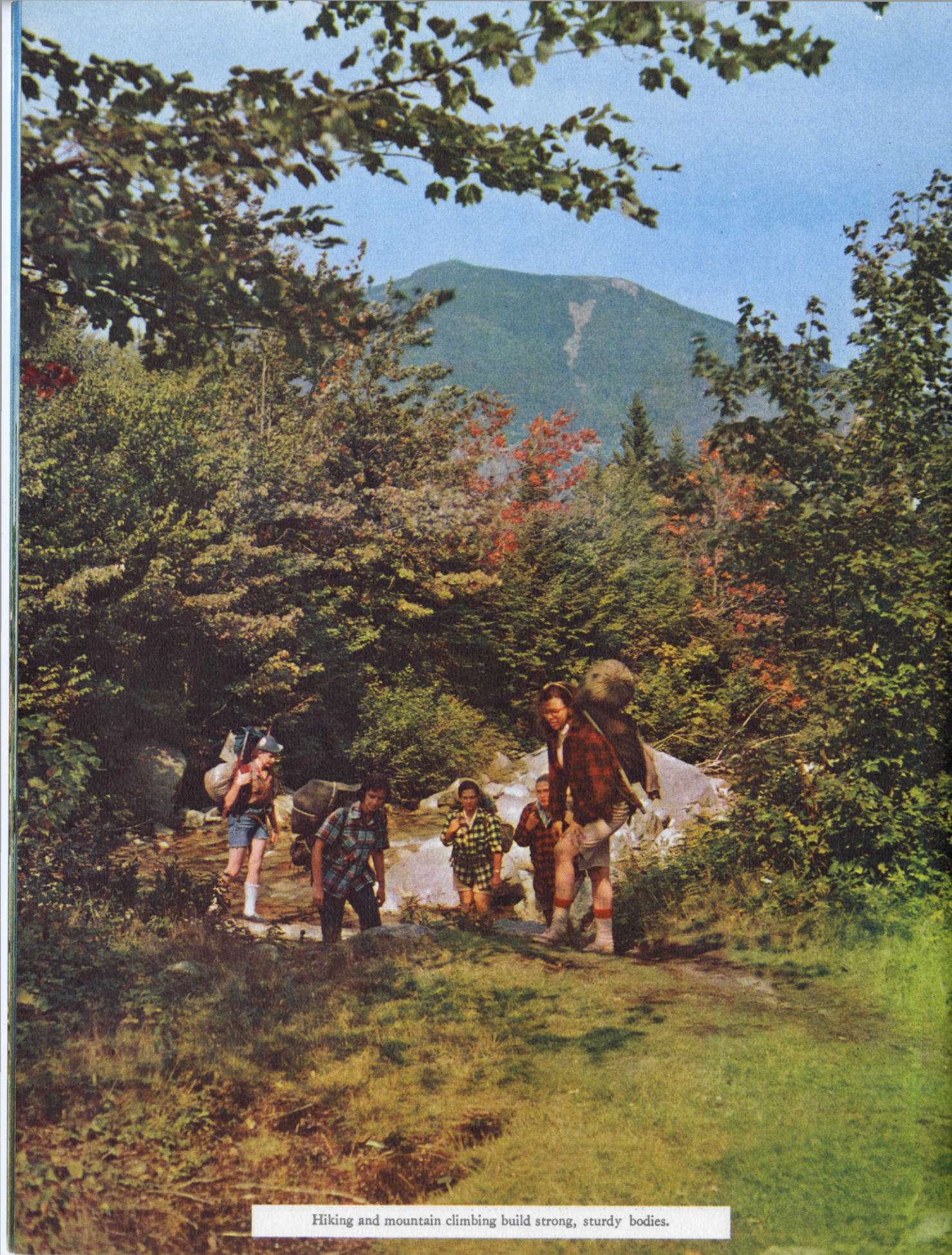




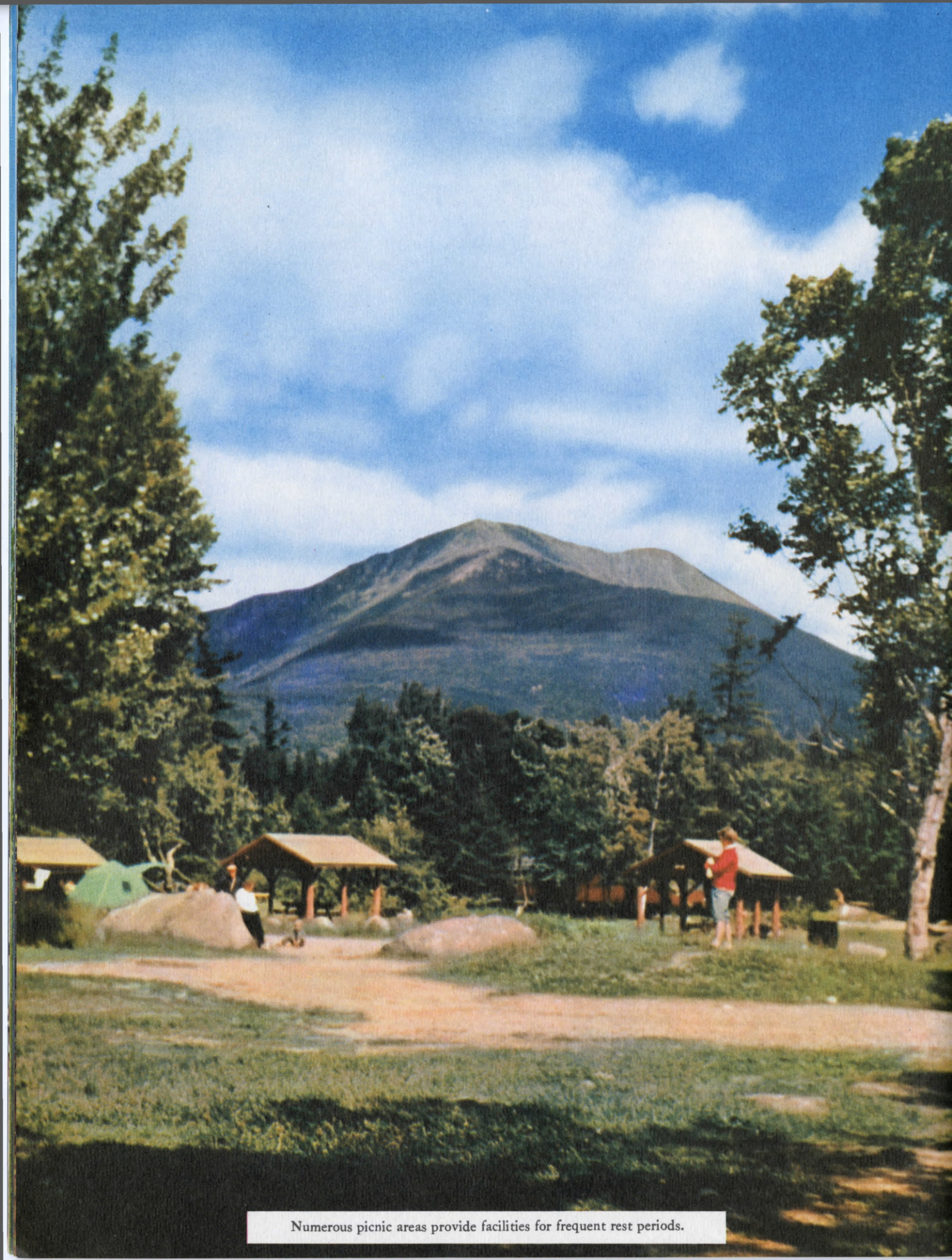
Far from the crowds and their hectic tempo.



Some 2500 lakes make Maine a Mecca for water sports.



Hiking and mountain climbing build strong, sturdy bodies.



Numerous picnic areas provide facilities for frequent rest periods.



Mother Nature herself might have laid out our picturesque courses.



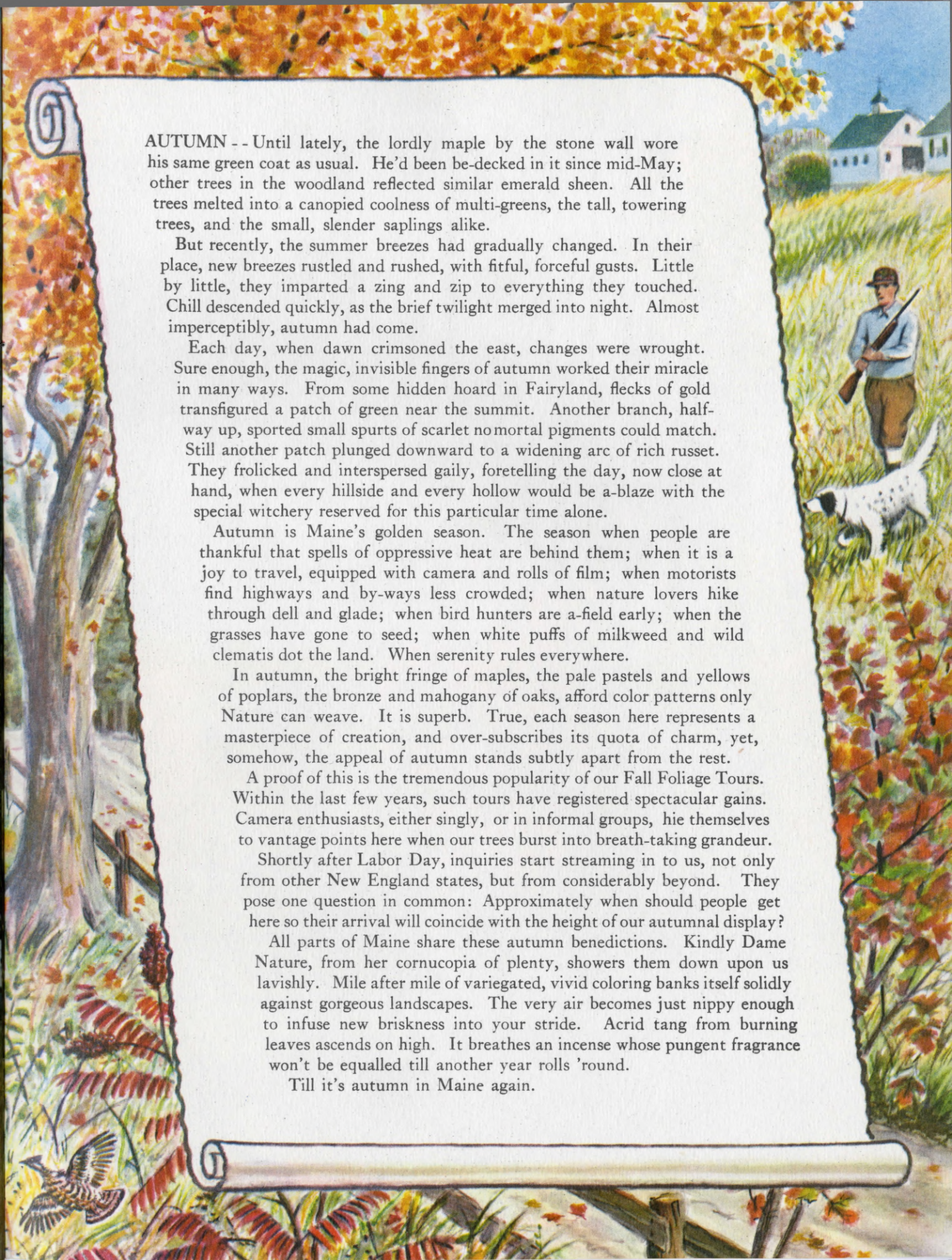
Fresh enchantment greets the traveler around each winding turn.



Distant mountains and fleecy clouds form backdrop for drowsing goldenrod.



Enjoy your favorite sport in settings of natural grandeur.



AUTUMN -- Until lately, the lordly maple by the stone wall wore his same green coat as usual. He'd been be-decked in it since mid-May; other trees in the woodland reflected similar emerald sheen. All the trees melted into a canopied coolness of multi-greens, the tall, towering trees, and the small, slender saplings alike.

But recently, the summer breezes had gradually changed. In their place, new breezes rustled and rushed, with fitful, forceful gusts. Little by little, they imparted a zing and zip to everything they touched. Chill descended quickly, as the brief twilight merged into night. Almost imperceptibly, autumn had come.

Each day, when dawn crimsoned the east, changes were wrought. Sure enough, the magic, invisible fingers of autumn worked their miracle in many ways. From some hidden hoard in Fairyland, flecks of gold transfigured a patch of green near the summit. Another branch, half-way up, sported small spurts of scarlet no mortal pigments could match. Still another patch plunged downward to a widening arc of rich russet. They frolicked and interspersed gaily, foretelling the day, now close at hand, when every hillside and every hollow would be a-blaze with the special witchery reserved for this particular time alone.

Autumn is Maine's golden season. The season when people are thankful that spells of oppressive heat are behind them; when it is a joy to travel, equipped with camera and rolls of film; when motorists find highways and by-ways less crowded; when nature lovers hike through dell and glade; when bird hunters are a-field early; when the grasses have gone to seed; when white puffs of milkweed and wild clematis dot the land. When serenity rules everywhere.

In autumn, the bright fringe of maples, the pale pastels and yellows of poplars, the bronze and mahogany of oaks, afford color patterns only Nature can weave. It is superb. True, each season here represents a masterpiece of creation, and over-subscribes its quota of charm, yet, somehow, the appeal of autumn stands subtly apart from the rest.

A proof of this is the tremendous popularity of our Fall Foliage Tours. Within the last few years, such tours have registered spectacular gains. Camera enthusiasts, either singly, or in informal groups, hie themselves to vantage points here when our trees burst into breath-taking grandeur.

Shortly after Labor Day, inquiries start streaming in to us, not only from other New England states, but from considerably beyond. They pose one question in common: Approximately when should people get here so their arrival will coincide with the height of our autumnal display?

All parts of Maine share these autumn benedictions. Kindly Dame Nature, from her cornucopia of plenty, showers them down upon us lavishly. Mile after mile of variegated, vivid coloring banks itself solidly against gorgeous landscapes. The very air becomes just nippy enough to infuse new briskness into your stride. Acrid tang from burning leaves ascends on high. It breathes an incense whose pungent fragrance won't be equalled till another year rolls 'round.

Till it's autumn in Maine again.



When Indian Summer bids sportsmen a-field.



When the foliage turns, the forest becomes Fairyland.



Rover receives his Award of Merit from Master.



Modern ski-tows double the pleasure of skiing.

THE SHRILL WHISTLE of a speeding train, the deeper tones of a huge ocean liner, the thunderous noise of a big passenger plane coming in for a landing, send little shivers of excitement up and down our spines. A glance at a new automobile — even looking at our old family car — these sounds and sights make all of us long to pack up and go — somewhere.

Let that “somewhere” be Maine and the experience will never be forgotten.

In the preceding pages only a few of the locations in this beautiful state are pictured and only a few of the diversions are suggested. It is necessary, *personally*, to watch the surf pounding in on the coast, to lie in the sun on a sandy ocean beach or to walk along the winding shoreline of a quiet inland lake. You must breathe the clean, cool air of Maine to really know a “remembered” vacation.

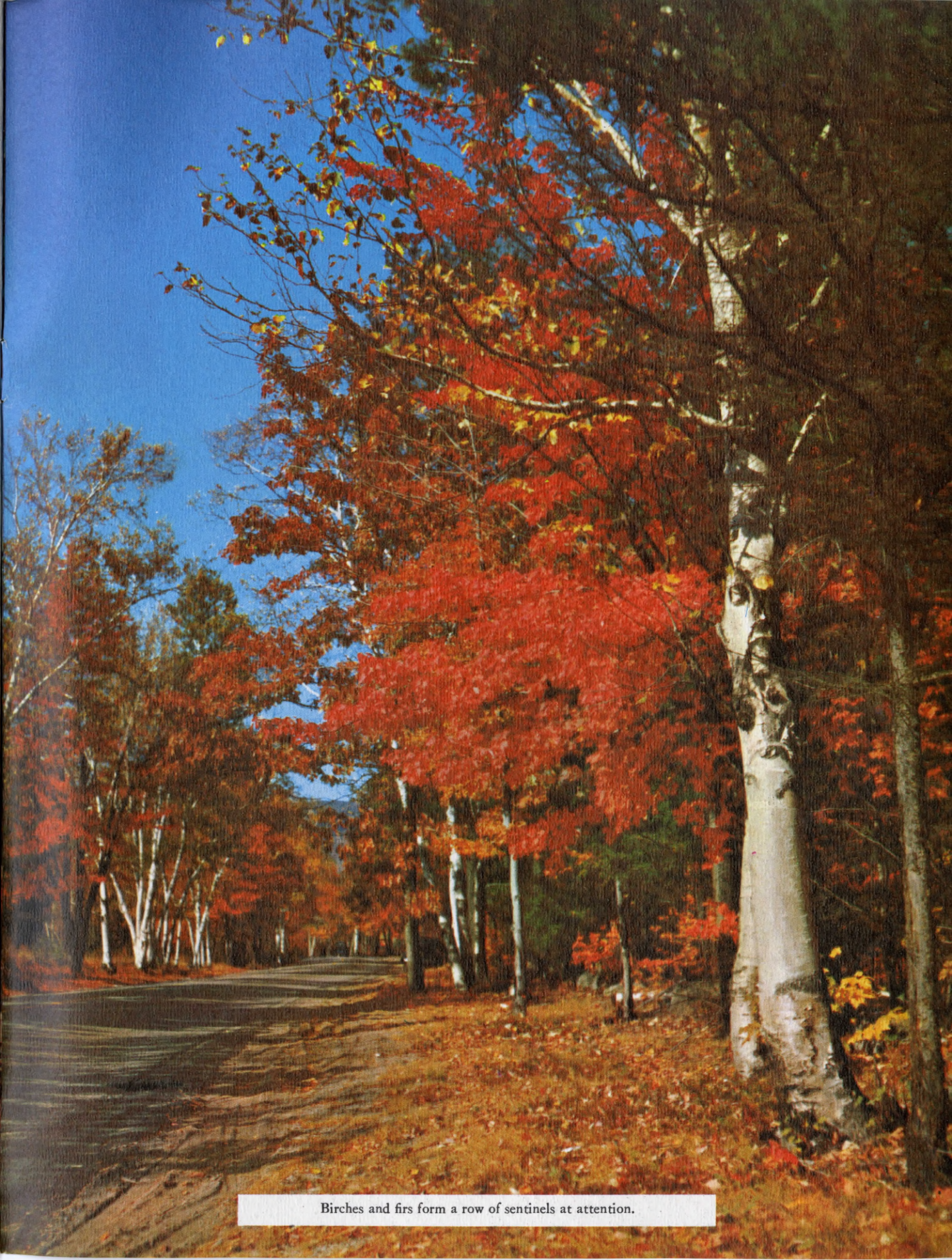
You will find Maine folks hospitable. Accommodations? Excellent. Food? Why, nowhere else in the country do people pay more attention to the preparation and serving of good food than they do in Maine.

For more detailed information and to obtain any of the following booklets listed below, address The Department of Industry and Commerce, State House, Augusta, Maine.

MAINE, THE LAND OF REMEMBERED VACATIONS
MAINE FISHING
MAINE HUNTING
MAINE CANOEING
MAINE SALT WATER FISHING
FACTS ABOUT MAINE
MAINE HIGHWAY MAP
MOUNTAIN CLIMBING IN MAINE
MAINE CAMPS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS
PUBLIC PARKS IN MAINE
BUYER'S DIRECTORY OF MAINE MANUFACTURERS



This booklet issued and distributed
by the
Department of Industry and Commerce
State House Augusta, Maine



Birches and firs form a row of sentinels at attention.

MAINE

THE LAND OF REMEMBERED VACATIONS

