Maine, Spring 1967

Maine Department of Economic Development

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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
Here 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.

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 handcrafters operating in Maine today have 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 shops of art and handcrafts are listed. "Trails" was originated about 19 years ago by The Maine Coast Craftsmen, an organisation 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.

He pursues of handcrafts leadeth oft 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. Twambley, 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 a 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 insides 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 Klr 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.

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.

Gary Hoyle

Mr. and Mrs. Kaufman have visited several of Gary’s outstanding exhibition—s. He is being featured in "The Best Is Yet to Come," a traveling exhibit of Gallery 500, 50 East 57th Street, New York. The show is open daily and Mrs. Kaufman invites all of her handcraft friends to visit.

Bill Vinton

Ill 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 Kedar 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 incalculable 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?
MORE HANDS ARE TURNING 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 Kazar 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 Kazar 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.

Similarly 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 the 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 handicraft.

It was the new Mrs. Ruth Jackman, a city girl whose experience in handicraft 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-clip glazes and colors, glazes and fires it, and it's ready for market.

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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, Massachussetts.

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 handicraft 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 handicrafts in its information centers at Kittery and Rockefeller Plaza, New York. The Department of Economic Development has limited space for exhibition in its Kennebunk store and at the Eastern States Exposition in West Springfield, Massachussetts.

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 1,500,000 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 tourism 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-
The brooks open, the sap flows, and suddenly...

Spring Blossoms in Maine

The brooks sing Winter's requiem. (Knaat)
Sheep laurel. (Provost)

Wild flowers carpet the Rangeley uplands. (Knaat)

Apple blossoms. (Norton)

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

Pink lady's slipper. (Provost)

Wild calla. (Provost)

White trillium. (Provost)

Pink lady's slipper. (Provost)
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. Dovers, 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 months 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 interested in bidding for it at a public auction.

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

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

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

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 exhibitions and sales 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 poked 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.
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 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 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 crane), 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 steid 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."

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 river town 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 universe, with the luxuries and refinements of the towns which feeds it."

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 granite block. This is the Pierce Memorial, a statue set on 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.

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 pulp mill in Shawmut and the Hudson Pulp and Paper Company plant in Augusta.
KNEES

Knees are popping into view everywhere these days, but not many men are looking for the kind that shipbuilders 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 commodify. 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 practice 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. Our's is a fully integrated and equal opportunity house.
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.