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Six million people come to Maine on vacation each year. Do they make life better or worse for Mainers? How are they changing the state?
Salt Magazine is produced jointly by college students and professionals. It is a result of Salt's educational programs. Salt also maintains an archives of tape recorded interviews and photographic negatives.

Above: Summer guests at The Colony, Kennebunkport. Photograph by Ken Kobre.
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Cover photograph . Monte Paulsen

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Guide to Maine Eating

The Really Important Places

Illustration by Karen Gelardi

SACO

The Plaza. Main St. Don't be fooled by the fancy new front. The Plaza is still a little girl in a new hat. The steam that clouds the windows on a winter day comes from the same 50-year-old coffee and water urns that began belching out strong black coffee in 1936. Wooden booths and tinsel paneling are also that vintage. Mashed potatoes, meatloaf and reliable peas from a can in the two dollar range. Hours: 7 A.M.-8 P.M. every day.

SANFORD

[New Listing]. Redman's Corner Diner. Corner of Washington Street and Pioneer Avenue. Eighteen stools line a long straight counter. There's a gumball machine behind. A couple of two chair tables plus one for four round out the seating options. Hours: Monday to Friday, 5 A.M.-2 P.M. Saturday 7 A.M.-2 P.M.; Sunday, 7 A.M.-12 noon. Breakfast served 5 A.M.-11 A.M. Monday to Friday and all day Saturday and Sunday. Homemade toast rivals Wonder Bread for airiness. Homemade pie-90 cents. Daily special that day was steak for $3.25.

WALDORO


PORTLAND

[New Listing]. DiPhilippo's Ye Olde Pancake Shoppe. Forget what the name conjures up. 617 Congress Street. Breakfast and lunch. Hours: Monday to Friday, 5 A.M.-1:45 P.M. Saturday, 6 A.M.-1:30 P.M.; Sunday: 6 A.M.-12:45 P.M. "Lunches 10 A.M. till closing But Never on Sunday" says the menu. Counter stools and lots of tables. Jimmy DiPhilippo's in charge at the cash register hard by the entrance/exit. "George, you want a table?" "No." "You wanta table young lady?" She takes it. Two minutes go by. "George, there should be something breaking shortly for you." Village Cafe. 112 Newbury Street. Inexpensive Italian food. You get what you pay for. Serves as a reminder of Portland's Italian community before it was dispersed by housing renewal projects, and a link for the remaining community. Micucci's Italian grocery is around the corner on India Street. Hours: 11 A.M.-11:30 A.M. Monday to Thursday; 11 A.M.-12:30 A.M. Friday and Saturday; closed Sunday.

ALFRED

Leedy's. Route 202 in the center of town. Everyone takes their mother here on Mother's Day. It's mobbed. The two seaters at the counter are different. Avoid the pies. Hours: Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, 11 AM.-9 PM; Thursday, 1 AM.-10 P.M. Dinner listings available from 11 AM. Stools and lots of tables. Hours: 11 AM.-11 AM. Sunday (breakfast only).

ANOVER

Andover Variety Store. "Can't understand why they call it that because it's a place to eat," says Monty Washburn, who tests his flailing stories at the counter every year. "Maybe it's that you can get a variety to eat." Addie Feener opens at 6, closes 13 hours later at 7 and does it all herself at age 70. Coffee and hot chocolate go for 25 cents. Ham, eggs, toast and coffee cost $1.50. There's one lunch special every day.

BIDDEFORD

Colonial Hut. 66 Alfred Road. Not what it once was or as popular. But the French Canadian Club Richeleau meets here weekly and the trademark of Greek food is still turned out. The connection is to the restaurant's name is beyond us. Try their homemade spinach pie. Hours: 8 A.M.-10 P.M. every day except Saturday when open until 11 P.M.

BINGHAM

Thompson's Restaurant. In the center of town on Route 201. The kind of place where people still talk about the deer that broke occupants out with their trousers down. Hours: 6 AM.-9 P.M. Monday through Saturday; 7 A.M.-11 A.M. Sunday. Never on Sunday" says the menu. Counter stool is closest to the entrance/exit. "George, you want a table?" "No." "You wanta table young lady?" She takes it. Two minutes go by. "George, there should be something breaking shortly for you.

BRUNSWICK

[New Listing]. Miss Brunswick Diner. 101 Pleasant Street. Fourteen (10 + 4) stools in a long and short counter. Also several booths. Daily specials listed on board. Mexican food offered. A Budweiser beer costs $1.25. Placecard was a puzzle of finding presidents/vice-presidents' names from a maze of letters the shape of U.S. map. People in three booths heavily into it. Hours: 4:30 A.M.-9 P.M. Monday through Thursday; 4:30 A.M. Friday and Saturday. Early Bird Special: 4:30 - 8 A.M.; 2 eggs, toast and homefries, $1.25. Dinner listings available from 11 A.M. to 9 P.M.

CAPE NODDICK


HERMON/BANGOR

Dysart's Truckstop. Just off exit 44 Interstate 95 in Hermon about three miles south of Bangor. See Salt issue number 28 for article about this place. Dysart's own their own fleet of trucks and truckers have their own tables. Breakfast is the deal here. One of Salt's trustees from Bangor says he has a sticky bun here before driving to a board meeting.

KENNEBUNK

Glen-Mor. Route 1, just north of center of town. Good pies. Heavy on the fried variety. A salad brings you half a head of iceberg lettuce. Rotary Club takes over back room once a week, but there's plenty more out there. Final entry. "George, you want a table?" "No." "You wanta table young lady?" She takes it. Two minutes go by. "George, there should be something breaking shortly for you.

LUBEC

Tip's Lunch. Water Street. Straight food. Put your feet on a chair and you'll be told to remove them. Just as you should be. Counter stools and tables. Hours: 5:30 A.M.-6:30 P.M. every day except Sunday when it's closed.

MACIAS

Helen's Restaurant. Unfortunately, now the New Helen's just north of center of town on Route 1. Nothing like the great old Helen's. But the thick pies with thick topping of cream are still the greatest. Counter area has closest feel to the old Helen's.

MILBRIDGE

The Round Barn. Route 1 in the center of town. Straight food with a wishing well out front where coins are tossed. Eat blueberry pancakes in blueberry country.

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WALDOBORO


Our list comes entirely from unassigned and utterly unpaid for reviews. We wouldn't pay a plug nickel for any of them. And though it was suggested, with merit, we're resisted mentioning Burger Kings. This is an informal guide to places where locals feel comfortable enough to sit, eat and talk and not have to worry about looking right, eating right or their wallet. We rely on suggestions from readers. We welcome others. Tell us about the place, what goes on and how it came to be.
What Are You Doing?

The influx of tourists into Maine over the Fourth of July reminded us of an encounter between insiders and outsiders that happened to us a couple of years ago. We had driven to Lubec. We were there to make some deliveries. And to take some photographs for an area newspaper. What the photographs were of was not of particular concern. That they were taken in Lubec was.

It was in November which is not exactly a high tourist time for Lubec or any place else in Washington County. Having made the deliveries, we parked on Main Street in front of the Lubec Apothecary (the former Mabee’s Drugstore for years and years and years).

We were running behind schedule. Quite badly, in fact. So we got out of the car and stood next to it, peering into the camera and motioning it back and forth along the street. We clicked a picture. Not much luck. We slung the camera on our side. And waited.

An old battered pickup truck with two guys inside drove by. They were not going very fast. The passenger side guy, the one nearest to us, looked to see what we were up to. They were obviously locals. Good Lubecers. The truck kept going in slow motion down the street. It really was hardly moving at all.

We kept standing. A couple of minutes later, the same pickup truck came down the street from the same direction it had first come from. It idled up and then stopped beside us. The guy on the passenger side rolled his window down and pointed a Polaroid camera at us. He clicked a picture.

We asked, "What are you doing?" To ourselves, "What the hell are you doing?"

For a moment there was silence. Then he asked us the same question, "What are YOU doing?"

No more was said. For another second or two we looked across an abyss at each other. Then he rolled up his window. And left.

Welcome to the Wild West

We went to Bangor looking for a story not long ago. We had some suggestions but nothing definite to go on. Somebody said try the peavey factory outside of Bangor. Somebody said see Stephen and Tabatha King.

Somebody else said do a story about the Greyhound Bus Station, because there you’ll find people waiting to go north and people waiting to go south. A jumping off spot to Maine’s remote hinterlands or a funnel to southern affluence.

Well we went to the Greyhound Bus Station first, be-
Subscribe.

And get me as a bonus.*
There's no better deal... Bub.

*Subscribe to Salt by October 31, 1987 and we'll send you a copy of issue number 26 with the guy above featured inside. Free.
Bangor but just drink, drink, drink," said Joe, as he proved his point. "Just bars and banks and restaurants. There was a lot more goin' on 15 years ago."

Down the other end of the bar was "captain," who said he had been a reporter once. That was twenty years ago and now he hangs out and talks a fast line in his captain's hat and stained jacket. The captain was playing a bar scene in his own movie.

A big man from Machias named Bill stopped short of his last name when he found we were reporters. "I'm not supposed to be here." But he was willing to talk about Bangor, where he has come once a week for over 35 years.

"This here town was always a wild west town. Always a little crazy.

"Bangor, I think it's a city," he paused to scratch his head, "it's like a country boy. You can take the boy out of the country, but you can't take the country out of the boy. That's like Bangor is." He gulped down his draft and bolted from the bar.

Next day watching the passing scene from a bagel shop in the center of Bangor, his observation seemed apt. Things had the "like it or lump it" feel of a western town. The same apparent disregard for the past, for physical surroundings, for the nature of buildings, for the dirty canal waters of the Penobscot River running through downtown.

The very bagel shop itself spoke of disdain for niceties. Its red formica tables and plastic chairs were plunked willy nilly over the ground floor of a once elegant building. Crystal chandeliers still remained on one side, while plastic wall panels of the cheapest sort covered the other. Over the panels was a warped print of a Native American on horseback, while outside the windows real Penobscots walked by in baseball caps.

People who crossed the street were mostly low level bankers in rumpled suits or waitresses and delivery men in their uniforms. There were no shoppers, no joggers, no tourists.

"Some of these banks are going to turn into ten storey filling stations," the parking attendant at Fenderson's Insurance predicted when we walked by.

He pointed out buildings in the area owned by Donald T. Cohen which were to have been part of downtown Bangor's revitalization. Work had been stopped.

Small ironies were apparent in the positioning of remaining businesses. The House of Brides is next door to the Central Gun Shop, which advertizes "enforcement supplies," with billy clubs and whistles in the front window. On a second floor in the center of the city, The Oasis invites you to send a "bellygram." Hard rock music comes from bars that advertize 75 cent beer. There are more empty buildings than pawn shops.

Signs on some of the empty buildings tell of a Bangor with a glittering past. An opera house with part of the marquee intact. Theatres. Movie houses. Grand hotels and restaurants.

Other signs of Bangor's former preeminence can be found only in old photographs, the buildings themselves having been destroyed in one of the most blundering cases of "urban renewal" in America.

In city hall, a scale model dated 1963 tells you it was deliberate and not by chance that Bangor was razed. There are the parking lots and bank buildings of today. No scale model exists of what was once in those spaces.

At the edge of Bangor, the Holiday Inn touts a "Wet Tee Shirt Contest" on one side of its marquee and tells passers-by to "Support Your Chamber" on the other. Bug eyed locals and traveling salesmen in the Bounty Tavern of the Holiday howl their gratitude to buxom lasses who compete nightly for the wet tee shirt title.

Across the street, next to the Bangor Daily News, stands a 31 foot fiber glass figure of Paul Bunyan, weighing 3700 pounds. No artistic talent has been expended in the making of this monstrous cliche. He smiles unrelentingly from a full lipped mouth but his eyes are blank. The plaque beside him lays claim to a day that is no longer there for Bangor, if it ever was, when the city of the north was "the lumber capitol of the world."

We came back empty handed from Bangor. No story we were ready to tell. Even the film we shot didn't say much. But we remembered what Bill told us back in the bar about a country boy, how you couldn't take the country out of him.
Colonists and Coneheads

Maine’s coastal towns have a caste system. Colonists are the gentry who put the place on the social map and expect the natives to do their bidding. Coneheads, or bus tourers, are near the bottom, just a step above day-trippers.

By Peter I. Rose

I AM INTRIGUED BY the relationships between the groups who live in, summer in and pass through resort towns along the coast of Maine and New England, places almost totally dependent for their livelihoods on the sort of people many of the locals claim they can’t abide, but reluctantly admit it would be very hard to live without.

I have been to many such places (and have a home in one of them) and have asked many oldtimers to describe their areas.

If pressed, they rank themselves by something akin to caste. The outsiders have their caste-lines, too.

At the top are the brahmins who, as anyone who reads E.M. Forster or The Boston Globe already knows, are the high priests, revered and envied. In fact, there are two sorts of brahmins: “native” ones and colonists. The native types claim exclusivity on the basis of having gotten there first. They are sometimes called settlers. The colonists are the gentry who landed a bit later, folks from Boston, Philadelphia, or New York who put these places on the social map and who think that the natives, even the “first families,” are actually there to do their bidding. The colonists own the old estates, the family islands, the compounds; they affect the studied, faded, insouciant Ralph Lauren look. (Real men, including land-rich locals, don’t wear pre-washed jeans, tweed jackets, and Bean boots, like “the sports.” They wear matching khaki shirts and trousers, and baseball caps.)

Then there are those the locals - and some of the colonists - call the newcomers. I would call them the entrenched outsiders. They are merchants and professionals and retirees; sometimes they are artists or artisans. They all came from somewhere else to establish new homes in places where, not infrequently, they had been brought or sent as children or where they had vacationed early in their careers.

They are often the movers and the shakers, the people who lead campaigns to fix things that, in the eyes of many of the oldtimers, “ain’t yet broke.” They are anticipators and preservationists, ever trying to get ready for changes they think are inevitable and wrong. A strain on the water system. A plan to move a building or put up a condominium complex which would threaten the ambiance of their towns. At the same time, they are the cosmopolites who want to bring “culture” to the provinces - summer theater, dance, interesting speakers, activities they know will also serve those in the next category (who are a kind of distant kin), the summer people. Summer people are the ones who build the heavily glassed and well-decked and decked out houses on top of the dunes or who gut and refit little Cape Cod houses erected centuries ago by those who sought the advantages of the hollows to provide them shelter from the winter winds. Summer people make local realtors very happy, contractors very wealthy, and boatyard and hardware store employees very busy.

They pay ever-increasing taxes without too much grumbling, except about the threat of “outsiders.” They don’t want encroachment on their preserves either. (A friend once defined a “Vineyard ecologist” as a summer person who already had his three acres.)

PETER I. ROSE, a sociologist and writer, is chair of Salt’s Academic Board. He is Sophia Smith Professor of Sociology at Smith College.
Beneath the summer people are the renters. They are stratified in their own pecking order: those who come for a month, for two weeks, for one. The members of these distinct subsets (recognized by the cars they drive: Volvos, Toyotas, and Chevys, respectively) stay in every conceivable type of dwelling: old, refurbished capes; seaside cottages with screened porches that invariably list to leeward; California-style ranch houses; or homes of certain summer people willing temporarily to share their shangri las with land-poor folks - for a cool $4,500 a month.

Taken together, the renters are the ones who, more than any others, support the fashionable boutiques, the art galleries, the antique shops, and the better harborside restaurants.

Locals have nothing but contemptuous terms for the next class of vacationers, those who come on bus tours. In Camden they are called “coneheads” for, since their trips are pre-packaged and pre-paid, they are wont to save their money and shop only for ice cream.

At the bottom of everybody’s lists are the daytrippers down from Boston (or wherever) who are readily identified by the souvenirs they buy and the tee shirts they wear. “I got scrod in Searsport” or “My parents went to Ogunquit and all I got was this lousy shirt” - a sentiment shared by the chambers of commerce whose members wish they had bought more.

In most resort areas during the summer months, the year-rounders have to augment their labor force with armies of college students to work behind the counters of the arts and crafts shops and clothing stores, pump gas, wait on tables in all but the most provincial of the eateries (which are manned by relatives and other townies), and do all kinds of jobs in the hotels visited by several sorts of clientele.

The hotels themselves have their rank order, too. At the top are the aging, once-elegant gigantic wooden structures still visited by long-loyal patrons. Even when in the middle of town, they are as isolated from the hoi polloi as the compounds of the colonists (whose owners are often the only others the residents of the old hotels visit).

Then there are those who frequent the well-restored inns; and those who stay in the spate of recently built look-alikes whose main differences seem to be in the character of the plumbing. Beneath the inns are the modern hotels, sometimes designed to blend in to the local scene but as often seeming to have been designed to purposely ignore it.

On the outskirts are motels of every size and shape. They cater mostly to transient populations, many coming by family car, others on bus tours. They stop for a night or two, then move on.

Some who come by car, and the few who come by motorcycle, still stay in cabins, the kind with names like “Bide-a-Wee” or “Sweet Dreams” or “Idlease.” The entrenched outsiders often urge the summer people to join them in trying to zone the cabins - and the motor homes parks - out of existence.

“They spoil the neighborhood.” The natives rarely seem so concerned.

When summer ends, the pace of life in the coastal New England resort towns slackens dramatically. The homes of the summer people, the hotels, and the little cabins are boarded up; the boats are hauled out and stored; and those who stay on shift into their offseason rhythms. One thing that hardly changes is the hierarchy.

Despite the fact that several rungs on the ladder are missing, relationships between groups tend to continue along the well-established patterns. The locals, rich and poor, still maintain their ambivalent attitudes towards the colonists. (“If George Bush becomes President,” it is said in Kennebunkport, “this place will become another Hyannis - or a Plains, Georgia!”)

The entrenched outsiders go about their businesses of doctoring and lawyering and writing and throwing pots. Many of the shopkeepers, save for the ones who run their own general stores and “superettes,” head south to run branches or shops in places that are often southern versions of their summer locales.

And the members of the native working class scrounge for jobs or turn to the unemployment office for yet another long winter season when, with the others, they will spend endless hours grousing about the goddamn summer people while awaiting their return.
VENICE WAS UNDER siege in the spring. Not by armies or earthquakes, but by a lavalike flow of travelers in search of pleasure and amusement.

It got so bad that the Italian city sealed itself off from tourists. Closed the city gates. Declared a state of emergency. Announced curbs on tourism, limits to the numbers of cars and buses that could enter.

For Mainers who make jokes about closing the bridges over the Piscataqua River to stop the flow of tourists into Maine, the closing of Venice to tourism must offer a certain wry pleasure, a vindication of their half serious solution.

Venice's plight draws attention to the down side of tourism, the side that is destructive, imperialistic and blind to its corroding effect on the institutions, mores and peoples of the host place.

Tourism is not all innocence. It cannot be judged solely from the motives of the tourists themselves, who see their travels as a benign use of their time and money. A pleasurable break in the workaday lives of a productive society that can afford to get away, see new places, experience new things, slow down and relax.

When we travel with money in our pockets, we do more than spend it. Our money talks, especially if the places we visit have a lower standard of living and its people less money than we. We affect what anthropologists call the "material culture" and we affect people's lives.

If we insist on renting the same kinds of bathrooms and bedrooms we had back at home, they are built for us. New accommodations go up to suit our tastes or old ones are refurbished. If the native food is too spicy or too bland or too odd to suit us - for more than a meal or two - new restaurants spring up to feed us what we're used to having. If we want to shop the way we do at home, new shops are built for us.

We also affect people's lives. The fisherman's son becomes a bartender. His wife learns to cook the food we like. His sister is a chamber maid. And his mother washes our sheets.

Now the fisherman's family has more money than ever before. His bartender son can afford to drink what we drink, his wife can serve the family our kind of food on Sunday, his sister can buy one of our dresses in the new shops, and his mother can take a vacation to Florida.

FORGET VENICE, WHAT about Maine? What are the effects of tourism on Maine? Good, bad or somewhere in between?

If we agree with the governor of the state of Maine and the Maine State Development Office, whatever those effects are, we want more.

As part of his winning platform, Governor Jock McKernan promised to push more tourism. He has tripled the budget of the Maine Tourism Bureau, from $1 million to $3 million.

Tourism is already Maine's dominant industry, according to a tourism study sponsored by the Maine State Development Office for the years 1984-85. Tourism has more than doubled in recent years and now stands at 6.3 million. It is the largest employer in the state, supplying almost 60,000 jobs. Tourists from out of state spent $1.2 billion in Maine in 1985.

The impact of this massive increase in tourism is extreme in the southern coastal portion of Maine, which gets the highest concentration of tourists in the summer months. The physical appearance of southern Maine along Route 1 changes almost daily, as hundreds of new slick motel rooms are built and dozens of new factory outlet malls spring up.

Going north, the impact decreases almost in direct relation to the distance from Boston and New York, with the exception of Bar Harbor, which gets a heavy Winnebago crowd on its way to Acadia National Park.

We may well ask how long Maine can sustain this extraordinary growth to accommodate the dictates of tourism without losing forever that quality of landscape and living that makes Maine Maine.

We may well ask what is happening to the lives of the people who live in the path of this massive influx of tourists. What will this mean for future generations?

That is exactly what we have done in this issue of Salt. We cannot hope to arrive at all answers. But we have looked for them. And we have learned enough to know that recent tourism, in its sheer numbers, is destroying much in Maine. That tourism is a two edged sword which cuts both ways. And that tourism, without the balance of other jobs, leads to the prostitution of Maine's young people.

Pamela Holley Wood
THE SATURATED SOUTH

When anybody talks about tourists, they're talking about numbers, not individual tourists. People that come, by and large, are nice. Not too many that are outright obnoxious. But the fact that so many come and we are small in numbers and live in a small community, that's what makes it so hard to live with.

Thomas Bradbury
Kennebunkport Selectman

THE NUMBERS

6.3 million come to Maine each year.
6 tourists for every Mainer.

3 million come to southern coastal tourist towns.*
100 tourists for every local Mainer.

$1.2 billion spent in Maine by tourists.
$1,000 for every Mainer.

$480 million spent in southern coastal tourist towns.*
$16,000 for every local Mainer.

57,600 jobs dependent on tourism in state.
26,000 jobs in southern coastal tourist towns.*

30,500 motel rooms in Maine.
13,000 motel rooms in southern coastal tourist towns.*

*Kittery, the Yorks, Ogunquit, Wells, Kennebunkport, Kennebunk, and Old Orchard Beach.

TOUR BUS!

photograph Traci Timlin
By Sherine Adeli

WHERE'S GEORGE Bush's house? Where's George Bush's house?" shriek two elderly women, cameras poised.

The tour bus stops and the guide announces to 46 people, "Anyone who wants to take a picture - YOU HAVE FIVE SECONDS!" They laugh as they leave the bus, rushing just the same.

Like many of the thousands of tour buses cruising through Maine during the summer and fall, this bus covers New England, one day in each of four states and three in Massachusetts. (Today is Thursday. This must be Maine.)

"We rotate, so everybody gets to see. That way it's fair."

The 46 riders are guaranteed the essential amenities for a weeklong vacation on wheels. Comfortable rooms waiting for them each night. Dinner with a choice of two entrees (lobster or steak). A talking tour guide to tell them what they are seeing. A modern, air conditioned bus with plush reclining seats and tinted windows so large that no movement, other than the turn of a head, is necessary to view Kennebunkport, Maine's celebrated sights.

"Nice food, good restaurants - whatever they show you on tour is the best," says Gilbert, a heavyset man who is touring with his family of six.

Harry, a slightly foppish gentleman from North Carolina, also has no complaints. "I like bein' waited on," he drawls, touching the brim of his hat, which secures his wig from the gentle breeze. "And not doin' the drivin', that kind of thing."

Four women in their late fifties shift amiably from seat to seat. "We rotate, don't ya know, so everybody gets to see," says one.

"Makes it real fair," her companion agrees. "We're tryin' to find our place," explains a third woman. They decide on what's fair and sit down to rest.

"Well, we've always driven before, but we decided to sit back and let somebody else drive this time."

"And plan and pick up the suitcases."

Together they chime, "It has really worked out very well. Super. It really has."

The four from the panhandle of Florida find sightseeing particularly exciting in Kennebunkport.

"We were just so interested with the rocks. Those tall ones and all those on the beach were just so pretty."

"The colors in those rocks were just so gorgeous!"

A third woman reminds the others of their first loyalty to Florida. "But we have the white, sandy beaches."

From Pasadena, a couple has joined the tour group. Mary Lou is stout with strawberry blonde hair to match her florid face. Her husband hides behind the Wall Street Journal, ignoring the stretch of ocean glittering outside the window.

SHERINE ADELI took part in the 1986 summer semester at Salt. She came to Salt from Stephens College in Missouri from which she recently graduated.

Guy, the father, is a bespectacled man in his late thirties with a camera hanging from his neck. He says he had a good idea of what he'd find in New England, even though this is his first trip.

"New England, all shutters, all white, that's what we see in the movies." About the tour, he says, "It's fast. But I think it gives us a good overall view.
and next time around we can come back and know what we want to do." He squints behind his glasses to block the bright July sun. "Probably like skiing, in the wintertime."

Traveling with Guy and his family is a woman from Hawaii with her two children. She talks with a halting accent and is shy. "I wanted the kids to learn some history. In Hawaii, they don't know geographies. We don't know north, south, east and west, because we don't use those terms. They've learned a lot."

In fact, many bus tourists come to New England for a summary of the nation's beginning. From Geneva, Switzerland, Antoine and Cleo are touring for this reason. "I have a very nice book at home on New England," says Cleo, in heavily accented English.

"We wanted to see the historical part of the United States," says Antoine, his dark eyes confronting each object that crosses them. Fierce black brows give him a commanding appearance even though he is almost as short as his wife. They ask someone to point out Mount Desert Island on the map. "So that is where Marguerite Yourcenar lives." They know her as "the only woman ever admitted to the French Academy," an austere body of arbitrars of the French language since the 17th century.

They measure the distance between Kennebunkport and Blue Hill on Penobscot Bay between thumb and fifth finger. Hundreds of miles. Maine is so big!

SATISFACTION IS NOT guaranteed. Miriam of Brooklyn, New York, stands staring at the ocean at 9 am, waiting impatiently for the bus to depart. She is a short woman in her mid-sixties with salt and pepper hair in a bowl cut about her determined brow and jaw.

"There's not as much atmosphere on the tours," she says. You don't really observe anything because you're only there overnight. "What do I know about Maine now? Well, there's a very interesting brochure in the hotel room that describes the history of the town and how this inn was handed down through the family. "But generally you get a very superficial feel of it. I don't know whether it's a problem with the tour guide or what."

Twenty minutes have passed and the bus has not moved. Miriam gets off the bus, stalks back and forth and announces, "That air conditioning is freezing!"

Later she is informed that it is an oversleeping tour guide who is holding up the departure. "I tell ya," she storms, "he's getting no tip from me!"

Each day brings a series of departures, of climbing on the bus and getting off. Today the passengers are ready to return to the inn after an afternoon of shopping in Kennebunkport. The tour guide makes three head counts before he is confident enough to tell the bus driver to drive away.

When the bus arrives at the inn, passengers are asked to sit quietly while the tour guide passes out the room keys. "Mrs. Caldwell, you're in 285," the guide calls out cheerfully, holding up her key.

"Well, just tell everybody!" snaps the short Mrs. Caldwell, her beehive hairdo bobbing furiously as she stumps to the front, snatches her key and stalks out of the bus. Her audience applauds as an embarrassed tour director mutters an apology, then continues to call out names, omitting the room numbers.

The bus driver leans against the bus, watching his passengers embark for their rooms. He has driven this tour for 15 years and knows the spiel of the tour director as well as he knows the roads. "We are the Cadillac in tours," he grins. "They stay in the finest places, eat the finest meals. Now they'll have lobster here tonight. If they want lobster, they'll have it, anything they want."

He turns to watch the bellboys carry in the mountain of suitcases, two by two. "Anything they want."
SEASIDE TOURISM
Where Millions Meet on the Street

Interviews by Sherine Adeli
Story by Salt staff with Sherine Adeli

The day is overcast. By midmorning the temperature is still only 65 degrees and fog is rolling in. Ideal weather for shopping, a tourist pastime almost as popular as the beach in Maine's coastal towns.

Cars edge slowly over the drawbridge to Dock Square in Kennebunkport. A tap of the accelerator takes each driver as far as he can go. Lines extend down two feeder roads from the north and south, clogging arteries already narrowed by parked cars.

Back home they might honk. Back in the places their license plates identify - Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, Pennsylvania. Places where a heat wave takes the temperature up to 95 degrees today. They don't honk, not out of any delicacy to this place but because they simply don't want to do on vacation what they do going to work.

Two tour buses converge on the narrow bridge, built 55 years ago to swing aside for water traffic. The bridge engorges like a snake swallowing a baby elephant. Tourists lounging on the rails chew fried clams and glance at other tourists framed in tinted glass windows.

The moist air holds a mix of mud flats, fried clams and exhaust fumes. Seagulls crotch as they dip for fish guts and tourist droppings. From a boxy tour boat no boatbuilder would care to claim, a loudspeaker blares, "This is historic Kennebunkport, known for its beautiful homes and churches, one of the oldest villages in Maine."

Saxony Imports waits at the end of the bridge, its doors open seven days a week, 11 hours a day, for those who can find a place to park and walk in. Today the souvenir store is packed. Owner Ray Shmalo is pleased. His sister Paulette speaks for him, "We're delighted with the increase in tourism, naturally, because it enhances business."

"Go ahead and buy it," a woman tells her husband, as he hesitates over a tee shirt. "After all, you're on vacation."

In a town that now has six tee shirt shops, three souvenir stores and eateries of the buy-and-keep-walking type - cookies, fudge, pizza, taffy - there is no excuse to return home without proof of being in Kennebunkport.

What was once an elite watering spot for wealthy New Yorkers and Bostonians and Philadelphians is now a middle class spa, reaping modest sums from many pockets instead of large sums from a few.

At the peak of the summer season, over 400 businesses crowd the streets of Kennebunkport to offer their wares to 20,000 daily visitors. The town's 4,200 year round residents are outnumbered five to one on a summer day. Shop space in places that are little bigger than walkin closets goes for upwards of $20 a square foot.

House after house along the arteries to Dock Square empty out the families that live in them to become more buying spaces. Front windows with delicate panes are punched out for plate glass that is not for looking outside but for peering inside. Barns convert to antique shops, first selling their own contents - three legged couches and bottomless chairs - and then those of other barns.

Practical businesses that repair shoes and sell potatoes leave. Soon the town has more art galleries than churches, more places to eat lobster than moorings for lobsterboats.

By the first snow, the doors are locked, the plate glass windows shrouded. The tourist town becomes a ghost town, most of its shopkeepers wintering in the sun belt, like Ray Shmalo. "Carpetbaggers," is what the locals call them.

Especially during town meeting in March. Here the frustrations of a tourist town get an annual airing. Once again locals vote not to install toilets
downtown for the customers of carpetbaggers. They pass anti growth moratoriums and ordinances against trolleys to the beach.

In the 1980s radical change reshapes such tourist towns as Kennebunkport and Bar Harbor. The tides of tourism have already swept away an indigenous population that worked and lived in the town centers, converted their homes and changed their meeting places, sending the people inland to cheaper land.

The change has been even more consuming for Freeport and Wells, which are little more than ugly shopping malls, and for Old Orchard Beach, whose once sweeping beauty is blighted by honky tonk development that would have been unimaginable to residents 50 years ago. On the threatened list are such idyllic spots as Camden and other coastal towns more distant from Boston.

What's happening to Kennebunkport isn't taking 50 years, but five. A town heretofore protected by its inhabitants, by luck (the shortage of gasoline in the 1970s) and by poor soil conditions that inhibited construction, is now floundering under
the pressures of tourism. It's what people talk about in the summer and fall of 1987. On the streets and in their homes. At work and at the beach. Whether they are natives or newcomers, daytrippers or summer people, shopkeepers or landowners. Villains are hard to identity and so are heroines. Frustrations, short tempers, erosion of values and small absurdities are there aplenty.

IT DIDN'T USED to be that way. It was just a little country street where old friends meet. The people were country people and they all went to their own church.”

Ann Little is speaking. She lives one block from Dock Square on the corner of Spring Street and South Main Street. At her corner, cars can go left and travel down Log Cabin Road to Route One or they can go right and take Route Nine to Cape Porpoise.

She lives at a bottleneck that tries the temper of even the saintliest drivers. The drone of engines and the screech of braking is continuous outside the windows of her large white house from early morning until after midnight. “It took me 15 minutes to get out of here yesterday morning. FIFTEEN MINUTES. I was only goin’ to the vegetable stand up here. And I waited there and they went bumper to bumper to bumper.”

She has lived in this house since 1944 and in Maine most of her life. “So the town has changed drastically. Traffic wise and every other wise. There isn’t an American in that village down here on the square,” she says nodding toward Dock Square. “They’re all foreigners,” she says ominously, “from somewheres.”

Until ten years ago, there were few changes, she says. But beginning in the late 1970s, the changes were overwhelming. “And it isn’t the objection to the people that come in. It’s, the place is too small. There’s not enough land for them, not enough housing, not enough room for them!”

Ann remembers when everyone knew everyone in the town. “You can go to the postoffice five days a week and you never see anybody you knew.”

Ann Small’s antagonism toward the shops in Dock Square is intense. “Believe it or not, I haven’t been in a single one of those shops down there. Course the drugstore is different (it stays open year round and is run by Ben Tito, a local pharmacist). “I don’t even go through the town. I shop and bank in Kennebunk and I go this way.” she points away from Dock Square.

Go ahead and buy it. After all, you’re on vacation.

WHY DOES ANYBODY go away to a resort to buy there, as a souvenir, something made in Korea?” It is a question, not an indictment of fellow shopkeepers by Henry Pasco.

The gift shop he runs with his sister Priscilla in Dock Square reflects his impeccable taste and knowledge of what is authentic and what is not. When people complain that the shops in the square offer increasingly sleazy merchandise, they aren’t thinking of the Pascoes.

Henry and Priscilla started their shop at a time when almost all the shops in Kennebunkport catered to wealthy patrons. In those days, there were no tee shirt shops and no cheap Korean merchandise. No Saxony Imports. In its place, the Lyric Theatre played classic movies on summer nights to a mixed crowd of locals and summer people.

Guests of The Colony and the other big hotels shopped in the square for “quality merchandise” as locals put it. Fine art from Europe and America. Designer dresses from New York and Paris. Paintings and water colors that would hang over drawing room mantels in Philadelphia and Boston. And the Dock Square Market, which delivered the best cheeses and meats and condiments on credit to the kitchens of the big summer “cottages” overlooking the ocean.

It was a gentility Dock Square lost in the 80s with its new surge of automobile tourists, who come for a day, or a few days, on a working man’s budget. Many dollars from a wealthy few gave way to a few dollars from many, and with that the character and pace of Dock Square changed.

The Pascoes represent the old gentility and taste of former times. They differ in other ways from the owners of Saxony Imports. They live year round in the community and involve themselves in community activities.

Priscilla is an active supporter of the library and Henry is on the board of the Kennebunkport Historical Society. He also is a
"meals on wheels" deliverer.

Although he founded the Kennebunkport Merchant's Association, Henry is quick to see the problem with seasonal merchants who give nothing to the community. "Either they go to Florida or they go to some of the ski resorts." His eyes harden and his words are staccato. "But they assume no community responsibility. They leave it for us!"

CARL BARTLETT FIRST visited Kennebunkport 39 years ago on his honeymoon. He loved the area. Eight years ago he left Concord, New Hampshire, to make it his home. He admires its beauty still.

"I try to take a few minutes every day and go out there and sit on the bridge. I came here because I wanted to enjoy it. I feel very fortunate."

Carl is a former school teacher who taught vocational arts for 34 of his 69 years. Now he runs his hardware store, enjoys the house he and his wife built and takes his turn tackling the town's problems as one of its selectmen.

Nobody would ever accuse him of being a carpetbagger. His philosophy for running his business differs markedly from that of most businesses in this tourist town.

He says he had three goals in mind when he first took over the store with his partner and he ranks them in their order of importance. "One was to have a good time. Two was to meet the needs of the people here. Three, to make a little money."

"The store is a stage for the customers to come in and perform on," smiles Carl. "We listen to their jokes and we tell some, too. They pick on us and we pick on them and egg them on. And there's a lot more laughs than there are tears in here - which is what I think life is all about."

This year he moved his hardware store from Dock Square across the river. He did this because the parking and traffic problems are so severe in Dock Square that his customers - community people - couldn't get to him.

"The parking the first year we were here was a problem from July 4th till Labor Day. Now it goes from the middle of April to Christmas." He sees no ready solutions. "If the town parking lot were five times the size, it still probably wouldn't be big enough. And there's nowhere to make it."

While he sees the severe problems caused by the impact of tourism and the crush of automobile traffic, Carl Bartlett remains firm in his enthusiasm for his chosen home. "I've told many people, when I was a selectman, 'This is a very fine place to live. And if you live in a very fine place, there are those who want to join us. The thing we've got to do is protect it to keep it alluring.'"

As for other places, "I have people call me every once in a while and say, 'You won a prize, you can go to Las Vegas,' or something like that.

"I say, 'I don't want to go there.'"

"'They say, 'Well you can go to some other place.'"

"'I say, 'I don't want to go anywhere.'"

"'Why not?'"

"'I say, 'I like it HERE.'"

MAURICE GENDREAU IS a developer in the Kennebunkport area. Some people call him a "good" developer, others say he has his good projects and his bad.

He has just filed suit against the town of Kennebunkport over a condominium project he wishes to develop in the old Booth Tarkington estate. The suit demands that he be allowed to connect the project to the town sewer in an irregular way.

One project he is universally applauded for is the development of the former shoe factory on Cat Mousam River where both his parents were skilled workers and he himself worked years ago. Today the long abandoned factory holds offices, shops and a bank. In West Kennebunk he plans 80 houses on a former 1,615 acre farm, and on Route One north of Kennebunk a year round convention center and hotel.
For Maurice Gendreau, growth and development are not ugly words, but a fact of life to be dealt with.

"Growth is here. It's a matter of facing up to it. We're gonna have to accommodate that growth and how we do accommodate that growth is going to determine whether or not we can maintain a certain resemblance to the standard of living we're accustomed to enjoying in this area."

"I don't think there's an option of accepting growth or not accepting it. I think growth is here and I think what we have to do is get as high a quality of growth as we can have."

Poor town ordinances that encourage poor planning result in bad development, he believes, and to combat this he urges education of the public and town regulatory boards.

"All you have to do is take a drive down to southern New Hampshire and you'll see what we're gonna be like in five years from now," he warns.

"Let's try to get some ordinances on the books that allow the development of land in such a fashion that we can keep the maximum quality of life that we enjoy. There are very few communities that have ordinances that are sophisticated enough to allow that type of development.

"People are coming here. We've had about a 15 percent growth in this area here. That to me is only the beginning. I see it in my business, because I know I have offers from people in Texas and Florida, New Jersey, Rhode Island. They're coming here and I'm talking about developers that have the wherewithal financially.

"There are very few communities in the state of Maine that, if I have enough money, I can't break their ordinance." Up to now, he says, "What's been happening here is that most of the developers are local. And most of the guys live here and they don't want it to go to that extent."

He argues that towns which pass no growth ordinances will be in conflict with constitutional rights, which allow citizens to live anywhere in the United States they choose. Communities will have to demonstrate to the courts that they are planning to accommodate growth at a controlled rate.

"The day of saying, 'The sewer is full, you can't live here,' is gone by the boards. You have to say, 'The sewer system is full today, but we've got a plan that next year we're going to be able to accommodate some more people in the following year. The same with the school systems, the same with police, fire. You can't stop growth.'"

Maurice Gendreau believes strongly in cluster development, so that stretches of green remain. Higher density of people in designated areas should be encouraged, strip development along roadways discouraged.

In recent months he has seen greater cooperation between regional and state planning boards and developers. He contrasts this with going to a meeting of the Southern Maine Regional Planning Commission about eight years ago to represent the state homebuilders association.

"I walked into the place and I felt exactly the way Adolph Hitler would have felt if he had walked into the Israeli Parliamentary building. Developers and the no-growth forces were at such opposite ends that it was war. There was no communication. There was no planning."

"Up until a short while ago, the state planning office was probably the stronghold of the zero growth. 'Let's keep the bridge in Kittery down to keep all those foreigners out of here.' That's changing. They've realized that you can't keep them out."

With a Gallic wink, he concludes. "I'm just old enough to remember when you couldn't sell a house in Kennebunk or Kennebunkport!"

Beryl Bilderverback has played an active part in the community of Kennebunkport for most of her life. She has owned a restaurant in Cape Porpoise and is a year round local whose husband is a fisherman.

She has friends and relatives who make their living from tourism and friends and relatives who hate tourism. Beryl herself is a forthright, unafraid person who calls her shots as she sees them, sometimes seeming to support tourism, sometimes criticizing its effects.

This is what wins her the role of moderator at the annual town meetings. People may not always agree with Beryl, but they trust her and she is one of them.

"If you were a tourist, wouldn't you hate to go into a town where there are no facilities? It's almost CRUEL. Really! You're saying, 'Come to Kennebunkport,' then you treat
them rudely, crudely.” This in support of tourism.

And again. “It’s something we have to live with - and we’ve GOT it. And in some ways, we’re lucky we’ve got it.

“When I was a kid, this was a desolate place, Kennebunkport. Especially in the winter. Bleak and barren, really. But it certainly is a different situation today. And there’s something cheerful and pleasant about the tourism.

“You know how when you’re on vacation it’s great. And I love daytripping myself, so how can we begrudge the other fellow, although we do I guess.”

On the other side, she sees the strain seasonal businesses put on local taxpayers to provide services that do not benefit them, even indirectly. Like the sewer, which she has overseen 12 years as a member of the sewer committee.

“They wouldn’t have needed as large a system if it wasn’t for the hotels, motels and seasonal businesses,” she says. “They use it only part of the year so we have seasonal rates, which is only just and fair. But what it does is make it more expensive for the rural person.

“And when it comes to voting day, the rural people are there to
vote. And of course they're not going to favor anything for Dock Square. You have your local people who don't want all these tourists. And your shopkeepers, many of them have picked up their fast money and fast change and headed for Florida or wherever."

The solution, as Beryl sees it, is for the state of Maine to share with Kennebunkport more of the sales tax revenue collected from tourism and other businesses each year. If this were done, locals would feel that tourism as a business was giving back something directly to the town instead of merely taking from it.

This is no small piece of change the state collects. Over two million dollars was collected in Kennebunkport from the five percent sales tax in 1985. The state gives back to the town a mere four percent of the take, or $80,949. Beryl Bilderback believes this share should be much larger.

"They've GOT to give some of the sales tax money back to these local towns," she insists, "so that we, in turn, can resolve some of the problems tourists are creating for us."

While she may be more tolerant of tourism than some of her friends and relatives, Beryl has the same personal frustrations anyone else does over living in a tourist town.

"God, it's so hard to find a place to park!"

**How the Natives Feel about Tourism**

Something Tom Bradbury can explain as well as anyone. He has clear rights to the title. Since 1735, generations of his family have lived in Cape Porpoise, Maine.

Tom himself at 37 is a local history buff, manager of a grocery store started by his paternal grandfather and enlarged by his father and uncle, and the author of two children's books based on tales he was told by relatives and neighbors.

The changes he has seen since his father's day have urged him into action on the Maine Coast Heritage Trust, the Kennebunkport Conservation Commission, a growth study committee and the Kennebunkport Board of Selectmen.

But probably what makes him best at speaking for natives is standing around and listening to them air their opinions at the store.

Most of the time he tells it with a wry kind of humor that might turn into earnestness if he's not careful. "Someone will move to the town for the sake of getting to a small, quaint New England country town. So they'll arrive at this small, quaint New England country town and then they'll say, 'Well, damn, we haven't got a laundromat.'"

"And then they'll say, 'Well, you know, the recreation department in our town used to have a fulltime softball coordinator in the summer. I think we should have one.' So they have a fulltime softball coordinator.

"And they'll say, 'Well, jeez,' Tom starts to laugh. 'We need such and such, because it was really convenient at our town. Have a 24 hour pizza parlor in downtown, those nights when I'm really feeling hungry.' So they build a 24 hour pizza parlor."

"And by the time they're done, they've arrived right back where they left, and they'll say, 'I wish I could live in a small, quaint New England town.'"

Tom shakes his head, laughing, and continues the story. "They'll move a hundred miles up the coast and all the people that didn't want a 24 hour pizza parlor or a fulltime softball coordinator are here paying the tab, and they're a hundred miles up the coast saying, 'Ya know, I had a 24 hour pizza parlor when I left Kennebunkport.'"

What is most disturbing to Tom and other natives is the erosion of their values and their way of looking at things. "The person that's fillin' that house down the road isn't a native Mainer. And he doesn't think like one. It's not that there's anything wrong with the Massachusetts value systems.

"The disturbing part, I guess," he says reflectively, "is that you're in your hometown. It's not like you made a conscious decision to go there for that particular lifestyle."

"You've stayed where you are and the lifestyle's coming to you. That makes it harder to accept."

Though he realizes that the town's principal source of income is tourism – its market does twice the business in the summer that it does off season – the fact is tourism is frustrating.

"You've put up with the winter here," he says, "looking forward to summer. When summer comes, your work load doubles. You can't take your family to the beach, because there's no place to park. You can't drive through Dock Square because you don't want to get stuck in the traffic.

"You don't enjoy what you have because so many others have come to enjoy it for you."

"And you've been here, waiting all winter for this and when the time arrives, between the black flies and the people, you can't stand it. So you go home and close the door and watch a rerun on TV or something. It's kind of sad."
WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE, SIR?

Little Poland Spring, Maine, was something in those days. They came to the Poland Spring House from all over the place. I was a waitress there one summer, 60, 70 years ago. We didn’t have any days off.

We were so busy with our work that we didn’t know too much about the guests. They played golf a lot and tennis and went horseback riding and went down to the ponds and went out boating, I suppose.

The only recreation we had is we got our work done in the evening we could go out on the veranda and look into the ballroom where the orchestra played and watch the people dance. We used to like to do that. Boy, we were tired lots of times when it came the end of day. And we had to do our own washing, on scrub boards. We wore these long white skirts two inches from the ground and they had to be starched and ironed.

Mabel Shuman Bowden
Interview in Damariscotta
On her 93rd birthday
June 30, 1987

I took the job because it was easy. Easier than any other starting job. Maybe the tips will get better in August.

Kennebunkport Waitress
Maine, 1987
EARL

By Jeff Herbst

EARL SCANS THE ROOM from behind the varnished edge of his stage. He waits, in the stronger lights on his side of the bar, like an actor for his audience. With his striped shirt, light slacks and white leather tennis shoes, Earl, almost 40, could be in his late 20s. He may look younger because he avoids Maine winters. "It gets so cold that everything dies, freezes to death. It also runs out all the weak-kneed people like myself. Only the hard core stick around. So it's a cleansing process."

Earl heads west after the leaves fall. From Maine he goes to a similar small select bar at a ski resort in Steamboat Springs, Colorado, and in the spring to a third bar in southern California.

Now he tells Terry, a Mainer whose job keeps him here through all seasons, why this life suits him.

One afternoon, he says, he got on a chairlift with a lawyer from Toledo, who asked him, dumbfounded, "You live here?"

"And this guy's making $80,000 a year and living in a ranch house outside of Ohio and does everything he can to spend a week in Steamboat Springs, and I can live in Steamboat Springs all winter.

"I don't have a ranch home, but who the hell wants a ranch home in Toledo?"

A couple walk into the bar. Their clothes, like Earl's, are sharp yet casual and reflect the bar's mellow atmosphere. "This is nice," says the woman, her glance taking in the fireplace and the rich, wooden wall facing Earl.

He nods, puts two napkins on the counter, and includes them in a monologue he started for Terry. It's about the mechanical toys he couldn't resist in a California toy store. He bought a cheerleading bear that whistles and shakes pompons and a pig that shuffles along, then stops to wiggle its snout.

His favorite is the Kung Fu Robot. When turned on, it flashes its beady red eyes and threatens with its twisting nunchaks.

The ice broken, Earl takes the couple's orders, a Lite draft and Tequila Sunrise. Terry orders another Molson and teases Earl about the nature of his job.

Earl grins. "Yeah, this is what I do. Sit on a bar stool and talk trash and make drinks every once in a while. I don't know, I was always able to do this and it never really seemed too much like work.

"It seemed like there was a party going on and you were at the party and you just go to make drinks and stuff and they paid you at the end of the night.

"I don't think it really matters whether I consider myself a bartender or not. When I have to make money, that's what I am."

The couple sip as Earl begins to wash a tray of cocktail glasses. He looks up from the sink and continues his monologue about the mechanical toys.

He bought a toy cow, too. He left it propped in the rear window of his car. Each night of his trip east from California, Earl photographed the cow in the rear window. Then he could say, "Here's the cow in Tucson.

"Here's the cow in El Paso."

JEFF HERBST came to Salt for the 1987 summer semester from Chicago by way of the University of Arizona at Tuscon where he is a senior.
"Here's the cow in Houston."

He stopped by Alabama to see his little grandmother who is in her 90s. She saw the cow in the back window of his car, so he took it out and showed it to her.

"Four Tanqueray and tonics and a Sea Breeze," a hurried waiter interrupts. Earl wipes his hands, nods, but finishes his story first.

His grandmother loved the cow. She held it to her chest and stroked it. So of course Earl gave it to her. "I bought it just for you," he told her.

This bartending job came about just like the one in Steamboat Springs. He wandered into it.

"I think the first time I was up here was 1980, from Boston," he tells Terry. "I knew a girl who lived up here. We were gonna live up here.

"It was just circumstantial that it was a tourist place. When I got up here and put myself into the job market, that was the way to support myself because it was a tourist place.

"If I'd been somewhere else, I don't know what I would've done. I might've had to work."

The couple at the bar are ready for a second round. A Lite for the woman but the man can't decide. "Did you ever hear of that drink that has cranberry and orange juice in it?" he asks Earl.

"If you called it by name, I'd make it," Earl replies with a confident look that could be called a grin, but is too subtle to be a definite expression. "I can't do it the other way."

He rumages in a drawer, pulls out a paperback bartender's guide, and hands it to the customer. The man begins to thumb through the pages.

Earl turns back to Terry and gets as serious as he ever gets behind the bar. "This is a rare job, what I have here. It isn't anything to aspire to, I don't think, because the circumstances of falling into it are really, really hard.

"The idea of being a transient worker is not that hard to do, I don't think. But to be a transient worker and wind up in really good places, you really are taking a risk to do it because one summer of making the wrong decision can be a real nightmare."

No question in Earl's mind that this coastal summer resort town is the right decision for him. "Here ya can walk right around the corner and you're in this incredible place, ya know. Beautiful. I never get tired of that. It's aesthetically real pleasing.

He contrasts it to San Diego, where his parents live. "Riding around and looking at wasted landscapes with garbage all over 'em, ya get to where you just are oblivious to that stuff. And somehow or other, it seems to me that it diminishes the quality of your life by virtue of the fact that you get to where you expect that. So you don't get offended when you look on the side of the road and there are tons of crap."

Having George Bush come to town is not a plus, according to Earl. "They booked it (the dining room where Earl works) a week in advance. The Secret Service came in and did all kinds of junk all over the place. They had dinner out there, couple of hours, then they left. Over the course of that time, we had like 30 no shows on the reservation book. The speculation was the Secret Service called in phony names so that they could regulate the traffic going through the building. And so we lost a thousand bucks.

"So there's the benefits of having George Bush live in your neighborhood."

If Earl had his way, "There would have to be a few more trailers around here for it to be really a healthy place. And there just aren't. Every little rat hole is worth a ton of money."

"I wonder," his grin is broad, "if when Captain Lord and Captain Jeffrey and those guys were building those joints [the big wooden mansions in the center of town] up there, if the little guys that were living in quonset huts down on the river were going, 'Oh, this place is going to hell in a hand basket. It's just those rich people rolling in.'"

For his regulars, Earl has cartoons from Doonesbury or The New Yorker waiting, and for people of the right political bent, peppery language about the latest happenings in Washington. He's up on the sports scene and you can count on him to recommend a book every week or so.

"I'm at a bar with newspapers, television, and people coming in from all over the place to talk and exchange ideas. I get a wide diverse bunch of information.

"I've worked in the restaurant and bar business for a long time, for 16 or 17 years. I've managed restaurants and bartended, been a head waiter and washed dishes and done all kinds of stuff."

He unplugs the two sinks. As the water gurgles out, he slides the clean glasses back into their overhead slots.

"This deal right here is a really sweet deal. I like workin' in this place a lot. The guy's easy to work for. I rarely have any problems here at all.

"I'm in this state of grace where I have to really push it hard to do anything wrong. I can team up on anybody's team - if it works to my advantage."

The customer slaps the bartender's guide on the bar and beckons to Earl, who's still putting glasses away.

"I just remembered," he calls. "Mountgay Madras."
AMY SITS CALMLY in a rocking chair on the creaky wooden porch of the seasonal inn. The forest green paint on the chairs is beginning to peel, which does not bode well so early in the summer. I sit next to her admiring her tan and wishing that I too had a rocking chair to sit in.

Over our shoulders, power boats packed with tourists rumble by noisily on the Kennebunk River, spewing gasoline into the crisp Maine air. The sound of idle chatter drifts our way. Amy does not scowl at the vacationers, as I do. She sits with what she calls her “cute little uniform” on her lap while a Florida Cadillac parks beside other out-of-state cars. Mine is the Ford Escort with New York plates, dents, rust and all.

Although Amy is a native, she appears no different from the children of guests who wander aimlessly around the lobby of the inn killing valuable leisure time. With her boating shoes, pink shirt and blue gym shorts, Amy and I, in sandals, swim trunks and white t-shirt, could be guests sitting on the porch to catch the afternoon breeze after a rigorous game of tennis.

But Amy has a purpose. She is here to work. She tells me this is her first job in the restaurant business and she is starting at the bottom as a bus girl. “My friends just started getting into the restaurant business this year,” she says, “’cause it was easy. I think it’s just a job that’s available and they just get what they can.” Right here at the inn, Amy has a friend and her younger sister as co-workers.

“Everybody said that I would hate it, that work-

PETER MILLARD is a senior at Hamilton College in New York. He participated in the 1987 summer semester at Salt.
ing in a restaurant was really not much fun, especially bussing. They said it's all dirty work and we get paid nothing and it's not worth it.

"But I like it. I enjoy it. I like the people." Looking at the elderly couple get out of the Cadillac, I wonder how. Next to sun, the lady's red lipstick is the brightest thing around.

"The people here are really nice, so that helps," she says. I ask her if she runs into some obnoxious types, too, and wait for complaints like "Canadians are lousy tippers" or "People from New Jersey are so pushy."

Instead she says, "I haven't had that many really unpleasant people. I just treat them normally, you know. (I guess she means like she would treat anybody else.) What I find is that people are really, you know, they are happy that you are coming and pouring them water and taking away their plates and stuff.

"And then some people are like I'm interrupting their whole life and why am I here taking away their plates. They seem like they are going to kill me or bite my head off for me asking them a little question."

Amy tucks a strand of honey-brown hair behind a delicately ringed ear. I figure she's going to tell me what it's really like now. "This person asked me if I was their waitress and I said, 'No. I'm just a bus girl.' They're like, 'Oh, but we want you to be our waitress.' So that was pretty nice." She rocks and I fidget.

Her first night was a fiasco, but she tells it like a joke. "Everything was going perfectly. I was doing a really good job and people were saying so. The waiter I was working with asked me if I would bring some more butter over to his table.

"I went over there and put the butter down and took my hand away and I spilled this lady's wine glass all over her.

"The thing that was funniest, I just yelled," Amy yells loudly in a voice that would carry all over the dining room, "OH MY GOD!" and claps her hands to her head.

"And the whole restaurant looks up at me and the lady is like, 'It's NOT the end of the world.'

"And so I carried the tray back right after that and a whole wine glass falls and breaks and I'm like, 'Oh great. What a wonderful start!'"

She laughs. Then continues. "But I haven't made too many mistakes." She hardly gives me a glance as I light another cigarette and twist in my straight back chair. I find out she goes to college and makes pottery. I find out her grandparents used to own the Wentworth Hotel, now torn down and replaced by condominiums. Later I see the old wooden Wentworth Hotel sign hanging on the wall inside this inn where two Wentworth descendants work.

If she feels any loss or regrets - from the granddaughter of a hotel owner to a bus girl - she doesn't voice them. Again she tells me she likes her work because of the people, and I ask her if she means the guests.

"Well the people who come in, but," she smiles, and enthusiasm takes over. "The people I work with and the job itself, you know, just the whole thing of trying to keep a whole system going so you get the people in on time and their table set and then getting the people cleared and keeping everyone happy. I dunno, I like it."

She wins. I believe her. It doesn't occur to me that Amy's never going to let me know if she has any complaints about her job. (Somebody else sets me straight on that.) She might tell Earl the bartender, or the waiters or her friend the bus girl or her sister who is a salad girl. But not me with my New York license plates and certainly not the lady in the Cadillac.

Our conversation winds down to a pleasant silence. It is time for Amy to get to work. Inside the inn the sound of voices and clinking silverware and china drift through the screen door.

Amy plants her feet on the wooden porch and stands, holding her uniform in front of her like a tray. As for next year, she ponders, "I may do something career oriented like trying to get a job in day care or working at a summer camp or something, but as far as I know right now it would just be easy to do this."
Even with the full heat of the July afternoon approaching ninety degrees, twelve-year-old Billy Beckwith keeps picking strawberries. He just strips his T-shirt and keeps picking. His hands work quickly, mechanically, as he makes his slow progress down the rows. The pickers — Billy, his father, and two of Billy's friends — straddle the rows and bend their heads low over the plants. They look as though they might be schoolchildren at play, imitating elephants in the wide fields. It's just not so. "Some days get really hard," Billy says. "Gets hot."

Billy is working an eight-hour day this summer at two-fifty an hour. He has worked on his family's farm and with the connected store for most of his life. He says he started at "no particular age."

"The store was a schoolhouse. That's why we named it Schoolhouse Farm." A sign over the barn-sized doorway reads: SCHOOL HOUSE #4 1850. Another sign, above an outdoor stand where Billy arranges the strawberry containers, reads: NATIVE PRODUCE.

A lot of Billy's friends don't work. They "go to the beach, whatever." Meanwhile Billy makes money; he's saving. Maybe for a car. And, he says, "Just in case. That's how I think of it. Makes it a little bit easier. I guess that's what keeps me going." Billy's wage of two-fifty an hour is up from two dollars last year. "It's not too big money. But I'm not too big either."

Billy balances three quart-containers of strawberries in his arms and makes his way carefully down along the rows to the store at the edge of the field. "The store was a schoolhouse. That's why we named it Schoolhouse Farm." Route One, which is Maine's major tourist route up the coast, runs right by the Schoolhouse Farm's doorway and along the farm's fields in mid-coastal Warren. "We get a lot of tourists," Billy says. "It's kind of fun to watch them. Most of them come from the city so they'll all show their kids everything." He nods towards the barn. "They just go over there and try to pat the cows and stuff. Sometimes tour buses come and stop and the people buy stuff. I don't like that. The store gets really crowded." Billy says he can tell tourists by their clothes. "They buy all the new fashions. They'll mumble to me or something. I don't really listen to 'em." Still, Billy says, "I've never seen an unfriendly person." And, he admits, "We make a lot of money off them, so it doesn't really bother me."

The farm's produce, which Billy helps stock on the old wooden stands and shelves inside the store, includes "peas, strawberries, pumpkins, squash. Squash ... I hate that. It's just it takes such a long time, it gets boring. I guess picking strawberries is pretty easy."

Though Billy is only twelve, he keeps the hours of an adult, six days a week. "We're used to working every day — I am. I've never asked to take a day off. I mean, I look forward to getting off at around five-thirty, so I just plan to do things then." He's sacrificed joining a basketball team this summer for a week-long trip to Pennsylvania later in July, That trip, along with his work, he says, will take up most of the summer.

"Yeah, it would get kind of boring. All summer long just doing nothing. That would get to me."
TOURISTS
SALT PHOTOGRAPHIC ESSAY
Photographs:
Mary Anne Hanlon, page 30
Ken Kobre, pages 29, 33, 34, 35, 36
Lynn Kippax, Jr. pages 30, 32
Monte Paulsen, pages 31
"You mean the - the natives didn’t want all these splendid improvements?" Mrs. Arden asked.

"Oh, they wanted them, I suppose," he explained. "They know that they benefit by things that enlarge the desirable class of people here; but they’re a very peculiar sort of clan .... They seem not to like changes, even when it’s obvious that the changes are beneficial."

Booth Tarkington
*Mirthful Haven*
Doubleday, Doran & Co.,
1930

What good are tourists, basically? I don’t see anything good with tourism, the way we run it at least. I see a lot good in tourism the way the Europeans run it. And there it is tied very closely with conservation and preservation of heritage. They’re very much aware the preservation of community “character” ... is tied to the almighty buck. They make every effort to see that that character is retained for tourist purposes. We don’t do that. We haven’t made that equation yet.

Gordon Abbott, Jr.
Maine Coast Heritage Trust
Lecture in Cape Porpoise,
Maine, 1986
SODA FOUNTAIN PHILOSOPHY
Natives, Yachters and Coneheads in a Camden Pharmacy
AT THE FOUNTAIN AND TWO TABLES ARE ALL THE CHARACTERS OF CAMDEN’S TRANSFORMATION, SOME RESISTING, SOME ACCEPTING THEIR TOWN’S CHANGE.

Article by Kate Skorpen
Photography by Ken Kobre

Fred Smith leans on the milk white soda fountain of the Boynton and McKay Drugstore on Camden’s Main Street. He is small, his bent shoulders just topping the spigots that rise from the counter.

Fred’s face is rusty. The skin is hardened and creviced by the sun, in contrast to the polished copper cheeks of the clerk, Kate. She is my friend since childhood and her presence first brought me to this place.

Fred takes off a soiled baseball cap and turns it toward us. “Send in more tourists,” it reads. “The last ones were delicious.” It pictures an oversized lobster tending a boiling pot. Fred, Kate and I, all Mainers, share a laugh. Looking out the tall front windows, I see a green sedan taxi pull up on Camden’s Main Street. A middle aged woman hurries out of the back seat. She sports a designer’s polo shirt and fashionably cut jeans. She is quickly through the door and takes a paper from the stack marked reserve.

Sam Jones, the pharmacist and owner, is chatting with Fred about the fence Fred is mending. He breaks the conversation to offer this customer a friendly “How do?”

“Well, thank you,” she smiles. Tucking her folded New York Times under her arm, she jogs back out to the taxi, which is snarling the already querulous traffic of Route One. “A boaty,” comments Kate, “back in town.” Our gaze follows the hired car on its way to the dock, where it will drop this woman at her yacht. Sam retreats to the back to fill a prescription called in from a neighboring vessel. Fred culls the froth of his vanilla ice cream soda. Behind him, a balding man from St. Louis with an automatic 35 millimeter camera slung at his hip comments on the counter. “Well, isn’t this a sight,” he declares in a drawl. “Just look at that counter, will you. That white glass and all. It’s real old fashioned. I haven’t seen one of these I don’t think since I was a child.”

These remarks he makes to no one. His wife is browsing through the magazines. His large round body bobbing behind Fred’s leaning wiry frame reappears in the maple framed mirror behind the fountain.

Fred, without turning or paying much heed to this tourist, remarks that he remembers ten fountains in Camden going back to the 1920s. Two, he tells us, made their own ice cream. But this one, the one he rests on today, he knows to be the last one. Though this fountain is the
famed attraction of Boynton and McKay, there is much in this store that is equally resonant of the past. Overhead is a white pressed steel ceiling, swirling in floral patterns. Under foot are black and white hexagonal tiles, broken in places, marking almost a century of passing and pause. Standing tall on the long sides are graceful birds-eye maple shelves, carved in simple angles and arcs by the Camden Shipbuilding Company in 1893.

This merging of what has gone before and what is to come is why I am here. Rather, it is what has brought me back to this store. I was struck by the irony of all these motions and meetings of change amidst all these relics and intentions of staying the same.

I recognize in Camden the identity of an emerging “tourist town.” The fluctuating seasonal populations, the often overbearing crowds of vacationers, and the physical transformation of the streets, stores and eating places to cater to these outsiders’ needs and desires.

I have seen it at various states of ravishment in other Maine coastal towns, such as Wells and Boothbay; towns that have been transformed into gaudy strips of restaurants, gifts shops and factory outlets. I fear it in my own area, only forty miles down the Penobscot River, or an hours’ drive up its parallel course of antique stores, take-out stands and bed and breakfasts on “scenic coastal” Route One.

I fear it because this transition from a small isolated community to a busy tourist town does not simply transform the look of the land and the tempo on the streets. It interferes with the daily lives, the morning coffee and the afternoon housekeeping of the locals.

This Camden drugstore is a safe house in a changing coastal town. Its polished surfaces, the woods, glasses and tiles, seem to serve as indelible references to old ways while they host the activities of new ways.

Standing at the fountain and sitting at these two drugstore tables are all the characters of the town’s transformation, some resisting, some accepting their town’s change.

KATE SKORPEN attended the 1986 summer semester program at Salt. This past spring she graduated from Hampshire College. She hails from Bucksport.

KEN KOBRE taught photojournalism at Salt during the summer semester of 1987. He teaches photojournalism at San Francisco State University.

KATE LIFTS THE glass and dunks it into the sudsy water of the sink. As she rinses, a man approaches the fountain. He wears a royal blue clerk’s smock with pen, pencils and glasses’ case arranged in the breast pocket. He has remarkably thin wrists and unusually thick gray hair.

“Hello there, Bunny,” Kate says brightly, pleased to see him. She turns to the cupboard, pulls out a cup and fills it with coffee. He takes the mug and winks at Kate. As she sweeps the pile of silver and copper change off the counter and sorts it into the cash register, she tells me in a hushed aside that Bunny is “a real peach.”

Bunny Young sits down at the front table. He sets his coffee mug on the glass top and opens the plastic wrap of a snack-size package of Lorna Doone cookies. He responds to my shy approach and introduction with a gesture to sit down. Yes, he will talk to me. “Well,” he begins, “very few have been here as long as me. Very few. I’m the oldest person on Main Street for service, constant service, in one store.

“Some of them have worked 35 years in town. Some worked in town, went away and came back. But I’ve been here on Main Street since 1935.” He takes a small, sharp bite from his first Lorna Doone cookie.

The store he works for is J.C.Curtis Hardware, a few blocks down the street and up around the corner. This drugstore and that hardware store are two of a trio of stores with seniority in town. The third is Haskel’s, a clothing store here on Main Street.

Bunny has outlasted three owners at Curtis’s. I ask him if there has been much change during his half century of service. “Quite a drastic change. Different merchandise. Mother Machree, there is anything there you want. You carry everything now while you used to carry plows, horse harnesses and halters and farmin’ stuff. And hardware. Course that stuff’s all gone.

“So now it’s like everything. You have to carry so much. Everything there. Gifts. All that kind of stuff. Complete turn about.”

Bunny began coming to this drugstore 55 years ago, in the Tom McKay days. Now he comes in for coffee, and sometimes cookies, twice, sometimes three times a day.

“Have there been changes in the drugstore?” “No, actually, the counter’s been there ever since Hector wore diapers. And the same line of merchandise. He’s still the old fashioned drugstore. And there aren’t many of them around. This
place here is just the same.

"Sam, the druggist, knows more than any friggin' doctors in town. You ask him a question and you get the truth. And he knows what he's talking about. Makes a difference. I want to tell him to go to hell, I can."

Bunny is relaxed while he reflects on the town stores. He leans back and chews steadily on his cookie. But when I ask about the general changes in town, he puts down his cookie, purses his lips and leans towards me.

"You know what it is now."

"What is it?" I ask.

"You've been here, ain't ya? A couple of days?"

"I have, but can you tell me what you think it is?" I coax. "Well, it's a tremendous increase in out-of-town people. Now, my neighborhood - all new neighbors. New Jersey. Rhode Island. New York."

"Most people died or moved out. All newcomers. And they are different. A country person and a city person don't live the same. They don't think the same."

"They think they're important. "Bout the main question, they think they're important."

"And, funny, 'cause they come here 'cause they love the way we live. Give them six months and I'll be damned if they don't want to change it."

Bunny finishes his last cookie and puts his cup back on the counter. He winks to Kate, nods to me, and walks out onto Main Street down and around the block towards Curtis Hardware.

Kate fills my coffee cup and tells me about the recent episode that "went down" outside the drugstore. A fan fell out of an upper store window and knocked down a tourist passing by. She tells how Sam ran out to assist the fallen man with bandages and such before the ambulance arrived.

While we talk, finding a bit too much humor in this poor man's misfortune, two women come in and sit at the table Bunny just left. They place several packages and bags at their feet. Friends, they bumped into each other while shopping the Camden boutiques. Both have been living in the area for ten years. "Well, I believe in progress," Iris responds, "but we are looking for a community and we liked the East Coast."

"We'd been in Maine and we drove into Rockport once and just fell in love with it. Went right to the first real estate agent whose sign we saw and bought a house that weekend."

"I did the same thing," Clare jumps in. "We'd been on vacation here like you," she tells Iris. "We both agree that it was the very same weekend that they bought their houses."

"More people are moving here. More people who perhaps spent their summers in Maine and are sick of the city and think, 'Why not go where I was so happy as a child?'" explains Clare. "I think there are a lot of people like that - I think I like it because it reminds me of where I went when I was a child in the summer. We had to leave on Labor Day and now we don't have to leave on Labor Day."

"Actually, it's a super community, it really is," Iris observes.

"It is a super drugstore, never mind the community. Super drugstore," Clare responds. "I like it because it's rather old fashioned. Not all geared up with neon. Look at that beautiful...," she points towards the fountain. "It's the way a pharmacy should be, and I lived in Europe a lot, and to me this is more like a pharmacy than a, well you know, a jazz joint."

"The people here are great," Iris squeezes in. "It's nice to be waited on," Clare resumes. "Here everything is from behind the counter. You are waited on. It's great."

Iris scans the room. "You know it's not the Laverdiere chain store experience. But, it's a small town. It's fun to come here."

It is fun to come here. Fun to hang around the fountain, talking to the clerks and Sam, drinking coffee, meeting the customers. Often I am mistaken for one of the clerks. That makes it easy to open up conversations with most of the customers. But not with John Hart.
He is a regular. I saw him come in twice yesterday, but I was intimidated by his prickly manner. Today I nod and smile at him as his coffee is poured into his personal mug stored in the glass cupboard.

"Got to talk to somebody or talk to nobody," is his edgy comment as I approach his table. His words and pauses are abrupt. He has a spiky crew cut and wears classic tortoise and gold rimmed glasses. Bits of grass cling to his navy work shirt. John Hart used to go to town meetings, but he gets "too shook up" to go anymore. "Tain't worth it. My blood pressure gets too high. They don't listen. There's others comin' in. They'll take care of it.

"I was talking to one of the fellas that grew up here," he tells me. "I was talking, 'Well,' I said, 'You go back about ten years and any ones that lived here in town, I bet they haven't lived here more than ten years, outside of two or three born and brought up here.' He said, 'Make that eight years.'

"And all those who come in, they want to try this and they try that. They sit back, 'Oh well. We've already tried this. We've already tried that.' That's the way it goes." John has lived in Camden for 36 years. Though his father was born here, he was born in Pennsylvania. "My father went down there to make some money," John says. "He didn't make any more than I'm making."

John is the caretaker for the Symington estate (once Watson). "They have a place here in Camden, so it keeps me going. Keeps me occupied all the time." Since 1952, he has worked for this family, who spend their summers at the estate and visit there occasionally in the off seasons.

His "trade", as John calls it, has deep roots in the Camden of the past. It is the trade of local Maine caretakers in lifelong service to out-of-state wealthy summer families. Recently, however, with the new popularity of Camden for middle class business and professional people and for automobile tourism, many of the large family estates are being sold for commercial use or subdivisions or condominiums. Old alliances between natives and wealthy summer people are less common in the Camden of today.

Another caretaker who comes to the drugstore is Henry. He came from England as a trained gardener and worked for 45 years at the estate of the Dodge family of Philadelphia, who made their millions in real estate, railroads and coal. "I remodeled the whole estate. I built a woods garden, a rose garden, wild garden," he says of his accomplishments on the 700-acre estate. "It's
gone down some now, because probably the younger people, they’re not there all the time.” The younger people are Henry’s replacements, who take on Henry’s lifework as a summer or pre-career job.

Boynton and McKay, for both caretakers, is part of the activity of their days. “I pick up newspapers, cut grass, plant the gardens, run errands. Anything else they might think of,” explains John of his duties. These errands and “anything else” bring John into the drugstore two or three times a day. I ask John if he has seen Camden change much over the years. “I sure have. They say they want to keep Camden just like it used to be. It’s no wheres like it used to be, at’all. There’s no Boston Boat Wharf over there. There’s no lumber yard down there where the condos are.”

What about the people? Are they different? “Well people are people. The only thing that bothers me is the summer traffic on Main Street. You can’t get through when you’re in a hurry. ‘Ninety percent of them are vacationers and they don’t realize anybody’s working, I guess. Everybody’s out after money. I don’t blame them.

“But I know one thing. When you take a ride back into the country and then you come back into Camden, you might just as well go into Manhattan. Same difference.”

BEFORE MELISSA opened the store at seven this morning, bundles of “local” newspapers were dropped at the door. The out of state papers from Boston, New York, Worcester, Wall Street come at nine.

Only about a third of each stack goes out for general sales. Now it is time for Melissa and Kate to reserve the remaining majority.

Kate grabs an index card filled with handwritten lists. These are the reservations that change daily according to the docking or regional social schedules of the customers. She writes these names with a ballpoint pen next to the various forecasts of weather.

Melissa begins tagging her stack with clothespins, personalized with the names in red marker. These are for the regulars. No sooner has she finished these efforts than a man comes in and appreciatively takes his copy from the pile and trots out the door.

“It’s a nuisance,” admits Sam with a resigned smile. “The record keeping is impossible. We have people that just come in and pick up their papers. We charge them by the month. That
takes a lot of time. But we’ve gained some really good customers by doing that. They like the extra effort.”

On Sunday, Boynton and McKay gets 150 copies of The New York Times, about .00108 of the national sales. Of these, 120 are reserved. This shipment is in addition to the three other Sunday papers the store carries.

“Newspapers are funny,” Sam says. “If someone comes in and they have a prescription with them and it’s something that we don’t have in stock, they don’t particularly get upset. ‘Okay. I’ll pick it up in a day or so.’

“But if they come in and we have forgotten to save The New York Times, they get really irate. People would kill for the Sunday Times. Really!

“I’ve often threatened just to leave them out on the sidewalk and say, ‘Help yourself!’ and watch the chaos. That would be interesting!”

“IF I WANT TO come in here and say, ‘Save me next Tuesday’s paper because there’s something in there I want,’ it’ll be saved. If I need a prescription in the middle of the night - Sam would rather not do it in the middle of the night - but he would,” John Fullerton tells me.

I am sitting with John at the back table. He has bought a newspaper and is browsing through its pages as he drinks a vanilla soda. He looks like an active man, healthy and broad. His face is much younger than the short gray hair would suggest. John Fullerton is one of the “others comin’ in” that John Hart, the caretaker, told me about. They’re the ones who “take care” of Camden now. John Fullerton has recently been elected to the Board of Selectmen.

He moved to Camden ten years ago. “Somewhere between Miami, Detroit, Boston and Los Angeles, sometime between college and when I was 32, I decided that when and if I ever got married and settled down, I was going to live in Maine.

“My mother’s from up around here. And we used to come up every summer.”

John did get married and since his arrival he has played many different parts in the Camden scene. He started off mowing lawns, but soon got a job marking tires as a ticket officer. He then went through the Police Academy and did “that” for two years. The next six years he spent as a code officer. His duties included inspecting buildings and working with the zoning and planning boards over applications for new construction. Two years ago he left that position to buy and run a nearby campground with his wife.

I ask him what is most striking about Camden’s present change. “A lot of new buildings. A greater demand for property, which puts property values for Camden much higher than the rest of the state. And all the Bed and Breakfasts. When I was zoning officer, there weren’t any Bed and Breakfasts in town.” He describes how the big old houses and estates, once “single family residences” have been converted to “denser use. That is a big change in town.” He also talks of the increased numbers of nightly, weekly and seasonal travellers and their demand for temporary lodging.

What is drawing people to Camden in such numbers? “Well, a lot of publicity in the past few years. money Magazine picked Camden two years ago as the tenth most desirable place in the nation to retire.

“The New Yorker picked Camden, Maine, as the third most desirable vacation spot on the East Coast north of Washington, D.C.”

When I ask him what explains this, he considers a while. “I think probably the mix of people here. It’s not all countryish. ‘If you went down to Friendship [where his mother is from] you got pretty much the same....”

He checks himself. “I’m not trying to say they’re all the same down there, but they’re not very cosmopolitan, I guess.

“They’re worried about what happens in Friendship and if Rockland burns down, just as long as it doesn’t burn their grocery store, then no big deal, you know.”

In Camden he sees more diversity than in other Maine towns. “It’s not all local Mainers. A lot of people come from away and made their homes here. There’s always been a kind of a summer place.

“There’s been families that have helped - the Watsons and Boks, Watson from I.B.M. and Bok Tower in Florida - who’ve made substantial contributions to the town in terms of acquisitions and parks and things like that.”

The park and public landing that open up the shores and land to the visitor are important attractions, John believes. Glancing at the wooded hills that rise from the harbor, he says that one of the “saving graces” of Camden is that 25 percent of the land mass is a state park.

“So we don’t have to worry about those hills being turned into housing developments. We have a few other ones in town that are goin’ that way and that’s too bad.”

Like John Hart, John Fullerton is concerned about the town’s future. One of his hopes as a selectman is that more effort will be put into
"pre-planning." He thinks it is unfortunate that the town now spends most of its energy responding to problems after they arise. Two examples he cites are complaints about an unopposed development project and the unforeseen closing of a factory.

John believes the town government ought to consider its role in providing reasonably priced housing and should look towards replacing jobs lost to the disintegration of the leather and wool manufacturing in the area.

"You have property values going way up. You're putting kids out of high school and they're going away to college and unless they're going to major in business administration, there's not going to be too much for them to do to come back here." John finishes his soda and folds his paper. What is it that brings him to this drugstore so often? "It's just a personable place. Sam sort of sets the tenor for it," he grins.

"T HIS STORE IS - it's a pharmacist's dream - is what it is." Sam Jones' square face rounds in a smile.

Sam looks like a good Samaritan, wearing the simple high collared white smock of his trade. His eyes are brown and kind, framed by large square glasses, which he adjusts to different angles according to the near or far needs of his middle aged sight. The whole effect is one of humbleness and generosity. "It's a wonderful store. It's fun," he says in a boy's tone, bouncing his shoulders like an excited child. "It has the classic appearance of a real drugstore as opposed to the chains. I've never worked in a chain store and I don't think I could. It's a whole different atmosphere. And this is just really informal and has things you don't find elsewhere, period."

"What sort of things?"
"Things like the old wood. Like the tile floor. Like the pressed steel ceiling.
"Like the customers whose families have been customers since the store opened. And the incredible loyalty of these people. We greet most of the customers by name. I mean it's that kind of store. And they, the same. They know our name. And we see them several times a week at least.
"And it's just - just fun. I spend 70 hours plus a week here and love every minute of it.
"Dealing with people is what's fun. Whether it's with prescriptions or whether it's making an ice cream cone, it's fun." Sam's "dealings" with people exceed the specified services of fountain or pharmacy.

I have seen him struggling with tiny pins in an effort to replace a gentleman's watch band and tinkering with a woman's tape machine that will not respond to new batteries. On the counter in front of us now is a plastic bag full of flowering twigs and stems a customer wants him to identify. He comments that he will have to take the bunch home for referral to his Key to Woody Plants.
Sam, who grew up in nearby Lincolnville, remembers visiting Mr. McKay and his son, Tom, Jr., when he worked at Libby's Pharmacy during high school days. "They influenced me a great deal, in convincing me that pharmacy was a good thing to do." When Sam was away at the Massachusetts College of Pharmacy pursuing his Bachelor's and Master's degrees, he often came back to visit these mentors. The younger happy to see me. He was a delightful man!"

After Sam finished his schooling, he returned to the area to work in a pharmacy in Belfast. With the death of the elder Tom McKay and the unexpected drowning of his son, Sam was hired Tom helped with books and supplies he had from going three years earlier to the college. "And I always stopped by to see Mr. McKay when I came home and he was very cordial and
as pharmacist by Janet McKay, who ran the store for ten years. In 1980, Sam bought the business from her.

"Even though I grew up here and knew a lot of people in Camden, I’m glad I was able to work here for Janet before I bought the business. Because it was," he hesitates to gather delicacy, "this is a different type of store from Libby’s Pharmacy. The customers are different people. Different ... different group."

Here Sam refers to what he terms the store’s "prestige image." The summer families that have been with the store since it opened. The tastes of these longtime patrons is reflected in the stock he keeps, the perfumes and cosmetics, the selections of magazines and newspapers.

"I think a mistake a lot of people that come in here and buy businesses make, they change it all over. Change everything around. Modernize it. And that puts a lot of people out. "I had a customer say to me this morning - let’s see, she is probably 82 or 83 years old. She has been coming here for a long, long time. She went to high school here. She was, I think, a year behind my father in high school.

“She said, ‘This is the only store in town that’s the same as it was when I was growing up here.’ And the changes offend them. Drastic changes.”

Sam never joins the anti tourist talk that sometimes takes over the drugstore when only locals are there. It is not his way to argue, but he makes it clear if you ask him that the tourist industry is important to him as a business owner. “The tourist industry,” he says with gentle bluntness, “is the backbone of the whole area. Without it, I wouldn’t be here, that’s for sure, nor would many of the other businesses. ‘This year is going to be incredible. I think basically the area’s pretty well known. Nationally. People come here from all over.

‘I’ve had people come here from 1,500 to 2,000 miles away because some of their friends told them about this neat little drugstore in Camden, Maine, and they wanted to see it.’ Sam puts a label on a small brown bottle of glycerin he has prepared at the request of Melissa. She asks about the price. “Oh, let’s see,” he considers. “How about 45 cents.”

“We’ll make our fortune,” Melissa quips as she takes the vial to a chapped lipped visitor.

RUSSELL HALL leans back in the swivel chair at Sam’s desk in the back room. His worn canvas hat slouches forward in a similar tilt on his head, almost touching the frames of his glasses. Two of his fingers are injured, one in a splint, the other bandaged. Given these bulky wrappings, he is having some difficulty lighting his pipe this morning. While Sam prepares prescriptions, Russell tells of his injuries, both involving his rambunctious German Shepherd.

“I wonder how many years I’ve been sitting out here in the back of the store,” Russell muses. “Now that you mention it, when old Tom McKay was here, I used to do the same.”

“How did you get back room privileges?” I ask. “He took them,” Sam retorts.

Sam remembers serving Russell, currently in his late 70s, at Libby’s Pharmacy when Russell was Sam’s age now. Russell was the second owner of J.C. Curtis Hardware, where Bunny works. He ran it for 30 or so years. Sam considers him one of the best store owners this town has seen.

Russell has nothing but praise for the summer people who were his customers. “We did not have so many tourists. We had summer people. And they were fine people, fine. Practically all of them. “But it’s the number of tourists now. If you walk down the sidewalk, if I walk back to the store now, if I meet one person I know, it’s quite unusual. It’s the full tourist scene.” He stops to soften his criticism. “Some of the tourists, I mean a good majority of them are very nice,” he offers. Does he know where they are coming from? “No, no. ‘Cause you don’t know the tourist ‘cept when you see a license plate.”

“And when he owned the store,” Sam interjects from his post at the typewriter, “he didn’t object to the number of people.” Russell smiles a point won to Sam. “I think,” he returns, holding his pipe at a bent elbow’s length, “I think that’s a fair statement. Yah. Yah.

“But when the tour buses come and vomit their contents on you, you know they come in and they just want to look and they want to come in to stay dry ....”

“What did somebody call them? Butter, sticky fingers?” Melissa prompts, as she applies price stickers to small product boxes. “They touch but they don’t ....”

“No. No. Wait a minute,” Sam intercedes. “Finger printers. They touch everything but they don’t buy anything.” Humor is the best defense in this back room talk and Russell is known as a heavy practitioner. “I think in the retail business if you have a sense of humor you use it,” Russell says. “You’re going to offend a few people, but you’re going to please a lot more than you’ll offend, is the way I would put it. I mean if Sam
didn't have a sense of humor, for example, we wouldn't be drinking coffee here in the morning. Russell is referring to the legendary eight o'clock coffee group that meets at Boynton and McKay. Their ages range from the early 40s to the seasoned 70s.

"And they discuss local politics, they discuss international events, they discuss each other's personalities," says Sam of "the gang. That's one of the regular features of the day. That's always fun."

"We don't get at people, public people," Russell adds. "We get at each other. We try to get something on everybody. We never say anything nice about anybody in that group. Always picking on somebody. That's the idea of it.

"If a person were sensitive, it's not a place for him to be. When I first injured my thumb," he shakes his head, "I didn't get any sympathy."

M ONDAY MORNING, a few minutes before eight. I am meeting with the "infamous" gang, the eight o'clock coffee group. I sit next to Russell, across from Burns, Al, Bill and George. Like Russell's injured fingers, my presence is treated as live bait for their sarcasms, criticisms and witticisms. "This young lady is a bugger," is my introduction to a man who pauses at the table to take in the group's antics. "She's a bugger. You want to watch her."

"We don't want you to talk to him," Bill warns me about the man. "He's the mayor of Rockland. This other guy coming in is our friendly undertaker."

The undertaker takes a shot at Russell and his canine injuries. "Russell, you thought of getting a dog sled?" he asks.

"Ah, did you come in for anything?" Russell deadpans. "Yuh, free coffee."

Jake, the newest member of the group, excepting for my honorary presence, comes and seats himself. It is now a bulging circle of nine that quite fills the back of the store.

Two customers come in and attempt to get past to the back cash register. "You would like to buy something?" George asks them sarcastically, noticing their patient efforts to squeeze behind his chair. The group laughs, "What would you like?"

"Yes. What would you like?" Bill follows up. "He can get you anything in the store."

"Could you really?" the young woman replies, recognizing their game. "Guess I've come to the right place."

As the customers leave, the undertaker says,
"You know this is a fine group," voice dripping with sarcasm, "but you don't do a damn thing for business."
"You mean we're too lively?"
"McKay's business, not mine."
"Either one."
By 8:20 it's time to go. Time for the daily coin flipping to see who pays for the round of coffees.

Sitting at the drugstore tables, meeting at the fountain, people in Camden talk about the changes coming to town. The bank is bigger. The little restaurant in the back is gone. Brown's Market is gone.

There is only one lobster boat in the harbor, and that, they say sarcastically, is there for its decorative charm. They do not know anyone on the streets when they walk up to the store. They have strangers for neighbors.

The last mill in town has closed down, throwing millworkers out of work. What will happen in the mill buildings now? Will they house a series of factory outlets, like Freeport and other spots along busy Route One in southern Maine?

Bunny, John Hart, Russell and his coffee group are tried daily by the new pressures of the town. They have lost much of the peace and familiarity they enjoyed about their quiet friendly little coastal town.

Who can predict how much else of their world will remain for them. Will the "new" people like John Fullerton and Clare and Iris keep the balance that allows the old habits of a country town to coexist with new growth?

Or will the native culture be swept away, replaced by residents and visitors who practice no etiquette of host and guest, who reshape the town to suit their social and material tastes?

What will happen to Boynton and McKay when Bunny, John Hart and Russell Hall are no longer around? Sam's love of "every minute" of his 11 hour days comes from his chats with Fred about the old fence, from remembering with Russell the time when they poured molasses in Kip Burket's boots, the badgering of the morning coffee group, and the seasonal reappearance of loyal summer families he has known for generations, with their talk about nieces and gardens.

These people, not a business, are Sam Jones' inheritance from Tom McKay. Without them, Boynton and McKay is no more than a stage setting without a cast, another sterile site miscalled "living history."
I've had people come from 1,500 to 2,000 miles away because they'd heard of this neat little drugstore in Camden, Maine.
TOURISTS ON THE LAKE

Lakeside Pines is virtually a town. The campground can hold 800 people.

Fat raindrops roll down Joey's nose and splash on his tongue. He shutters his eyes. On the beach he can hear his three big cousins yelling. The stones they skip pop like corks in the cool air.

Joey sits down and hugs the warm lake water around his shoulders. One toe stirs the sand. His tongue reaches for the raindrops.

"Hey, Joey, wanta try?" his big cousins call. "Here's a rock for you." Joey rolls on his belly.

Smells climb up his nose. Stingy like what they squirt in his nose for a cold. It drifts down from tall prickly trees with no low branches to climb.

Wet dog smell. Blackie splashing after his stick. Bacon smell. "Joey!" It's Gram. "Joey, come get your pancakes." He unsquints his eyes. She stands on the shore in her supermarket dress. Rain day is town day. He scrambles ashore to the picnic table under the canopy. Today he gets his own fishing pole.
By Sarah Collins

THE KID DRINKING two cans of classic Coke for breakfast outside the Lakeside Pines Campground store pulls at his sweatpants, which stick fast to his legs. "Hot enough for you?" I ask him.

"Gonna be harsh," he says, scanning the hazy blue sky. Even before eight, the air is heavy and humid. The temperature will peak at 90 this July Saturday.

No wonder the delivery man from the Portland News doesn't bother to get out of the van. He simply heaves a bundle of newspapers out a front window and they land with a thump on the hard-packed dirt.

I see those papers and instinctively rub my hands along my shorts, remembering how the print of the Boston Globe remained on them after I set out similar piles two seasons before. This morning the chore belongs to Todd Doucette, the tall, skinny, fourth child of the owners and operators of Lakeside Pines, Charlene "Peewee" and Gerald Doucette, Jr.

Todd has come to open up and get the day started at the nerve center of the campground, 197 trailer sites that cluster beneath the long-needle pines at the edge of Long Lake, north of Bridgton.

The store is little different from when I worked in it. In the early morning, adults silently pick out a half gallon of milk or pound of bacon, hand over change for a reserved copy of the newspaper or grunt, "Marlboros. Hard pack."

Later the children, more vocal, bargain. "How much chocolate milk can I get for 63 cents?"

On hot days like this one, someone in a bathing suit is rooting through the ice cream freezer every thirty seconds.

Lakeside Pines is virtually a town. The campground can hold 800 people, spread among its 197 sites in cabins, tents and trailers. Families that come back every year hold "seasonal" sites from late June to September 15. Almost two-thirds of the camp, 120 plots, are seasonal.

Retirees spend the whole summer, indulging in what one camper calls "an extended long weekend." Younger, working seasonals come for ten weekends and their two week vacation. Some breadwinners leave their families in Maine and commute.

They come from eastern Massachusetts to the campground each year, from places like Beverly, Peabody, Melrose and Randolph. Some have come for as many as four generations. Back home, they work in factories and stores and "service" jobs. Long Lake is their piece of Maine.

"YOU TELL ANYONE down home you're going camping and what comes into their minds? It's that you're out there in a tent, in the wilderness. When I tell somebody from home I went camping in a 31-foot trailer with a living room and dining room and the whole nine yards, they say, 'You call that camping?' "

Bob Corthell laughs. He doesn't mind being teased. For 21 years he and Dorothy have come to Lakeside from Beverly, Massachusetts.

Besides the trailer, his
campsites has a couple of pine trees, a patio with outdoor fireplace and gas stove and picnic table. It is close to the main path and to other Corthells.

“That’s the way it goes, from family to family to family,” Dorothy says. “My son Bobby has a trailer just like this and he’s bringing his own children. Our daughter came up until this year, but now the way she works, she can’t get up because she works weekends. And the oldest boy, they just had a new baby, so they won’t be up this summer.”

Craig, a chunky, mugging eight-year-old, is visiting his grandmother this week while his brother Jeff and parents remain in Massachusetts, their trailer zipped up in clear plastic curtains. He has come here every summer of his life.

That Craig and Jeff will carry on this tradition, Dorothy doesn’t doubt for a minute. For a Corthell to vacation somewhere else would be as shocking as Ted Kennedy defecting from Hyannisport.

“It’s really great,” Dorothy says. “I wouldn’t go anywhere else, I haven’t tried anywhere else, and I’m not interested to try anywhere else.”

GERRY DOUCETTE IS the genial host of the campground. He stands out, a hefty man in a dark green t-shirt and grease spattered jeans, there among the sunburned campers with their bare feet, bathing suits and Hawaiian shirts.

He strolls through the campground, stops by a few campsites to razz the seasonals, “Forehead gettin’ a little higher there, Bob?” and ends up at the store.

“You gonna catch something today, Jonathan?” he asks a small blonde boy.

“I dunno,” Jonathan grins.

Gerry leaves, careful to detour at the Charleston Chews, which were his downfall before he started a strenuous diet. He waves at the teenage boys playing basketball before he gets into his black pickup to fetch a part for the sink in the ladies’ washroom.

You seldom catch Gerry sitting down. If a child loses a quarter in the Pac-Man machine, if a teenager takes on too much beer and starts raising Cain, if an elderly matron runs out of wood, if the sewage gets confused, ‘My God, Gerry, the you know, it’s coming up through the drain,’ Gerry is called. He is the man of the hour, any hour, day or night.

The campers count on his being here as they would the lake itself and he counts on them to wave and shout hello as he makes his rounds on foot or backhoe. He has a family here, outside of his wife and six children and his parents who summer in nearby Harrison.

“Last year an ownership type campground group came in and offered me a tremendous amount of money. I really wasn’t interested because I feel that after 26 years the people we have here mean a lot to us.

“They’re just like family. I just couldn’t do this to ‘em, turn it around and sell it off. I don’t think it’s fair to them. These people come back year after year and they really are family.”

IT’S WHAT THEY DON’T do that makes the vacation for most campers. No housework, cooking, battling rush-hour traffic. “You get up, it’s bright, you have ten minutes of housework, then your breakfast and I try to walk every day,” Terry Andrews says.

“How many years sitting
Cottagers are different from campers, 
Cottagers stick to themselves. 
Our campers are very sociable.
"You never get tired of it. You can sit here at night, and you can see all the lights in the town and along the lake, and all the cottages. You never get tired of looking at the water.

“You’d come up here on a Friday night and you’d just be wiped out. Wake up here Saturday morning and you can just feel your head relaxing as the day went by.”

That was when Terry and Warren Andrews first started coming to Lakeside Pines in 1965, when both were working. Terry was an executive secretary and Warren a shipbuilder in Quincy.

“It took us three hours to get here every Friday and three hours going home on Sunday, sometimes five depending on traffic, because we had to go through Boston. People would say to us, ‘Why? How can you do it? How can you take that ride for just one day?’

“And I’d tell them, ‘Don’t knock it, because you really have to try it.’”

Theirs is an isolated campsite, on the edge of the grounds bordering private property. You go up a small knoll to find it. Terry’s petunias and four o’clocks fill a slight slope that goes down to the lake, where Warren has built a small deck and a boat dock.

“It’s the greatest thing there is, to get off into a little Shangri-La, like this, and now we just have an extended long weekend, all summer long.”

"COTTAGERS ARE DIFFERENT FROM CAMPERS,” says Peewee Doucette. “Cottagers stick to themselves and don’t do anything with anybody else. Our campers are very sociable.” The lakes around Bridgton draw large numbers of people who build or rent private cottages for the summer, as well as the gregarious campers of Lakeside Pines.

Peewee’s campers socialize on the beach, on the campground paths, around their picnic tables, in the children’s rec hall and at organized weekly events like Bingo and the movies.

“I don’t like motels,” says Peg Page, who has come to the campground for years. “You don’t meet anybody. I don’t think we try as much at home as we do up here. I wish it were that way in life, but it isn’t.”

“People are closer to you here,” says Bob Corthell. “Anybody in the campground here, somebody got hurt, you would have help. At home your next door neighbor probably wouldn’t know you were in the hospital for a week.

“You get a good mixture of people. And they seem to lose something when they leave the city. You come up here, it’s different, you don’t have the same attitude towards your neighbor as you do at home.”

Wednesday night movies are a staple for the campers. Peewee Doucette picks them out and gets teased for her selections. One from the Herbie the Lovebug series is bound to show up each season. Disney—old Disney—gets a second lease on life from Peewee Doucette.

The night’s feature is always something familiar to the campers, so it’s just background sounds and pictures for what really goes on. Everyone’s buzzing with gossip or silly jokes or plans to raise a little ruckus on one of the paths. Everyone’s there. Nobody wants to miss the movie.

In the rec room, Beverly Harris rules with an iron hand and breezy quips for the kids who have been her charges for “twenty years too long.”

A teenage couple ask about renting a canoe. “How long? Half a day? You want it for today or tomorrow?” They want it today. Beverly looks out the window at the increasing fog. “You do?”

I collide with four teenagers who brush past me to mill around Beverly’s office. “Kevin,
you beavin’ yourself?” she jabs.

A mock serious nod that he is. Beverly has the last word. “How come?”

At the open laundry shed, Skip Lee and his daughter Stephanie fold clothes. A burly man with a kind face, Skip could be a basketball coach or a pediatrician or a mail carrier, which he is.

“We have our rituals,” he says. “Friday evenings it’s the drive-in. Tonight it’s the Oxford Plains Speedway. And we always have one big dinner out,” he continues, putting t-shirts and jeans into two piles on the dryer.

“That’s not Scott’s,” reprimands 12-year-old Stephanie.

“That’s right. He has good taste. He doesn’t like Menudo,” her father teases. Tomorrow morning Skip will be on his way to a convention in Silver Spring, Maryland. “Better get an early start,” he sighs.

“Anything after six and you’re dead on 495.”
Rusticators can't abide tourists. "I picture them as the people I see in the grocery store who walk around and complain, 'Brown eggs! Arrg.'"
RUSTICATOR
Roosting for the Summer in Maine

By George C. Carey

NOT MORE THAN five miles north of the Lake Pines Camp Ground, just beyond the village of Harrison, another kind of vacationer roosts on a hillside looking west.

Judy Pence is a rusticator, a sojourner to the state who like others views her relationship with Maine in a very special way. But unlike the Lake Pines converts who rent a plot of ground, Judy and her family have bought property, built, and begun to sink roots into their investment on Summit Hill Road.

For nearly twenty years she, her husband Homer, and their two children have packed their car in Muncie, Indiana and struck east, bound for Harrison. Since Homer professes music at Ball State University and Judy for years has played for the Indianapolis Symphony Orchestra, their summers have been long and free, filled with the pleasure of whittling their niche into the Maine landscape.

And yes, Judy would have you believe she is a rusticator “as far as my definition is concerned.” That definition: “Someone who lives out in the country and prefers to be there, prefers to be away from the city-type setting, wants to enjoy nature and the woods and everything that goes with it, peace and quiet, and we do enjoy all the wildlife, trees, flowers, everything around here.”

For the Pence family there are 67 acres of enjoyment, and from the look of the cleared meadow that runs a good long way down the hillside from their log framed house, that enjoyment has been mixed quite generously with the Protestant ethic. The blend of pine and deciduous forest that stretches north from the edge of their clearing has been selectively cut, thinned and neatened with the kind of labor that bends the back and more than moistens the armpits. It is this toil which also renders a better understanding of the land and a pride and affection for place.

Judy Pence is what you might call a seminal rusticator. There are places in Maine where families have been returning to the same summer holdings for six and seven generations, yet in every case some forebearer had to have the original vision which created such a family beachhead. And they had to have the sense (and the money) to buy when the time and the price were right.

That time came in 1967 when Judy and Homer Pence bought their property with another Indiana family and a bachelor friend. “Homer and I had just visited New England in a travel trailer a couple of times, you know, visiting friends in Massachusetts who had a music camp down there, and we all read the Saturday Review of Literature, and if you remember, the back pages of the old Saturday Review of Literature were just full of wonderful ads for beautiful sounding properties in New England.

“They were all so expensive that we didn’t dream we could afford them, and then one day in 1967 Kay Knight called me up and said they’d just received their issue and she said, ‘I can’t believe this but there’s 67 acres for sale in a town called Harrison, Maine, with a house and a barn for $12,000.’

“Now dividing that between three of us, that seemed affordable, so we called the person who was in charge - it turned out that it was one of the editors of the Saturday Review who had this land for sale and she needed the money to go back and get her doctorate and so she was selling it for what she thought she could get quickly.

And so we drove all night to get here. Kay Knight sat with all the kids and Homer and Morris Knight and I and Paul Boyer — he’s the singles guy — we all drove — you can make it here from Muncie in 24 hours, and we drove all night and toured the property and said, ‘We’ll take it.’”

While the Lake Pines campers return summer after summer for the sociability that style of...

GEORGE C. CAREY is a fourth generation rusticator who spends as much time as he can at his family compound in Tenants Harbor. The rest of the time he is a Professor of English and Folklore at the University of Massachusetts at Amherst. He is a member of Salt’s Academic Board and was Visiting Professor at Salt during the 1986 summer semester.
vacationing provides, the real attraction for Judy Pence is the land. “The people,” she says, “we love the people. The people were a bonus, but the land is the lure here.” Then she qualifies. “I don’t think you can survive without friends on a permanent basis. We were talking about it in anticipating our retirement, so it’s nice we made these friendships that we assume will carry on in our retirement when we come here to live.”

When Judy speaks of people she isn’t referring to fellow campers or neighboring rusticators, she is talking about year round Mainers, the people who make her way of life possible. When you vacation within the confines of a campground, there is little need to negotiate with the natives about services; the camp operators handle those matters.

But when you own your own house and improve your own property, you become dependent on the local population to overcome the variety of small obstacles that invariably surface along the path to an idyllic pastoral existence. Toilets back up, culverts decay, vandals become bolder with the onset of winter (the Pences have already been robbed once), power frequently subsides. And so out of necessity and sometimes to their delight, Judy and her husband have come to know the plumber, the forester, the backhoe operator.

“We have gotten along very well with the people in this town. When we began to dig the foundation and do all the things and have the plumbing put in, we had to call upon quite a few people who were then strangers, but they became friends. For instance, the man who did the backhoe work for this house - we keep saying every summer we try to have an excuse to hire Harold again because we like him so much and we want to see him and the townspeople. We like everybody we’ve come into contact with in this town, and as far as looking after this place, the neighbors as they drive by keep an eye out for us.”

The word rusticator has in it the notion of rustic, of being like a rustic as Judy Pence suggests in her own definition of the word. The term also connotes the notion of seasonal, an outsider but one with more attachment to a location than the wayfarer in his Winnebago or the biker flitting through with his overnight trappings.

Judy Pence certainly does not consider herself a tourist, at least not as she defines that term: “I picture them as the people I see in the grocery store who walk around and say, ‘Well, we can get this much cheaper at home,’ or ‘Brown eggs! Arreg, I don’t want those brown eggs. What? They don’t have super duper suds here; we have those at home.’

“I mean they loudly complain as they push their carts through the grocery store and they speed through the town and literally, I see why they’re called the summer complaint... I know how people feel, but we do our darnest not to offend and hope that people will think of us as residents and not those darned tourists.”

Earlier rusticators, turn of the century rusticators, built their large rambling cottages with an eye to seasonal permanence, a way to beat the heat of Boston or Philadelphia, but they gave no thought whatsoever to living in those drafty quarters come winter.

TIMES HAVE CHANGED as the Pences know. It’s no longer a major endeavor to slide Downeast with the improved highways, even from Muncie, Indiana. As late as the 1940s though, you thought twice, or even four times, before you struck out for Maine from places like New Jersey which now seem virtually contiguous. With the advent of the interstate highway system and the three day weekend, there has come to Maine a species that some call, “the year round summer person.”

It would appear that the Pences angle towards that sobriquet. Inside their tight, well insulated house there is nothing to dissuade the visitor from thinking this is just another nice ordinary home - unless it’s Judy’s oboe which lies completely dismantled on the diningroom table. The kitchen is well appointed, modern; a large Jotul stove dominates the combined livingroom/diningroom, and Judy is quick to point out that her son has already passed an entire winter here, at times almost too warm: “When it got to 30 degrees outside, he told me he had to open the windows.” The only truly summer appurtenance on the house is the large screened-in porch which looks west, down across the cleared meadow, out over the original farmhouse to the hills beyond.

This then is the Pences summer cottage, soon to be their retirement home, the place they long to come back to each year and soon won’t have to long to anymore. As soon as Homer can get his pension in line and wind things down at Ball State, the Pences will head Downeast for good and officially become year round summer folk.

In the meantime, what strikes the curious observer more than anything about this Indiana couple is their ardent wish to give something back to the community which they believe has given so much to them. It’s a most admirable
trait. Not many out-of-staters feel so obligated. Most come to Maine to take, or better perhaps, to absorb whatever it is their particular vacation spot offers; pickerel or perch, a stretch of the Allagash, sunlit blue coastal reaches.

In return they leave behind a portion of their bank account which to be sure the state can use, but a great deal of talent slips in and out of Maine in the recreation months without ever being tapped. Over the years, the Pences have furnished an alternative to this general pattern.

"What we decided to do," says Judy, "we needed something. I guess you don't need an excuse to come to Maine, because it's its own excuse, but we also felt like making a contribution and I guess through our music, that was the contribution we could make other than caring for the land we have, and so our goal was to start a chamber music festival."

That festival blossomed back in the early 1970s with four musicians - the four property owners themselves - giving small concerts periodically during the summer for anyone interested.

From those tenuous beginnings, the Summit Hills Players has developed into a large chamber group of more than twenty instruments whose members rotate throughout the summer and whose concerts fill the Bridgton Academy Auditorium with more than 200 patrons two nights a week for the six weeks the concert series runs.

Beyond the legacy to the community, there is of course the legacy that Judy and her husband will pass on to their progeny. As anyone knows who has returned year after year to a special place as a child, the associations run deep, the affection tallies and holds. Judy's son and daughter have been coming back to Harrison since they were very small and their love for the surroundings, to hear Judy tell it, is all consuming. "They love it here; they just ache to get back here."

When you have embued in your children a love for place, it seems you've begun a tradition that could run on for some time. As the generations proliferate, there's no question that squabbles will arise, the animosities sharpen, but the land will invariably act as the lure and the bond and Judy knows this when she says about their Summit Hill holdings: "I think this is the best thing we have to leave our children, I really do."

And here a fourth generation rusticator nods approvingly. Wise parents. Fortunate progeny, most fortunate.
Put it all together—what they know, what you know and what the professionals you work with know. Right through publication. That's what we do at Salt. When we cover a story, college students work with professionals. We have writers working with photographers. Graphic designers working with oral historians.

Some people compare what we do to the Farm Security Administration documentary photographers of the Depression. People like Walker Evans or Dorothea Lange. Only we work in the 1980s. Others point to the sense of regionalism that pervades our work. The same regionalism that flows through the work of writers like William Faulkner. Only we're non-fiction. What John McPhee calls the literature of fact. Even sociologists and historians think we might be okay. We're interested in change. We're interested in tradition. In the region of Maine.

Boston is 90 minutes to the south of us. Bangor is two and a half hours to the north of us, Portland 40 minutes. We're right on the coast.

Nancy Jesser from Barnard says she came to Salt "Because I wanted to take something all the way to the end. I got papers back in class with criticisms or suggestions, but I never took it the next step."

We filled that need. We run a semester program in the summer and fall when students can earn up to 12 to 15 credits. We also offer two shorter programs for part time or commuter students. Credit is awarded through the University of Maine system along with cooperating colleges and universities. The courses we offer feed off each other to work as a unit. They range from The Oral Interview, to a declared semester Topic in Research, to a student's own Independent Research, to interpretive courses like Writing and Editing for Publication, Photographic Documentation, and Design.

When Nancy Jesser was at Salt, she earned the maximum of 15 credits. We put her through the paces on how to conduct an interview and how to come back with the goods. Professor David C. Smith, historian from the University of Maine, oversaw the semester research topic on "Maine: Myth and Reality." Which provided the context for Nancy's own independent work on Maine's great North Woods today. No small topic. She took that work, along with other of her shorter writings, through the workshops and individual conferences of the Writing and Editing for Publication course.

For more information, call us at (207) 967-3311 or write us at Salt Center for Field Studies, P.O. Box 1400, Kennebunkport, Maine 04046. A scholarship fund is available to help Maine students in need of financial aid. Non-Maine residents may be eligible for financial aid as well.
THE SALT PILE

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The Salt Book (hardbound, 430 pages) sells for $10.95 plus $1.00 for shipping. Salt Two (hardbound, 433 pages) sells for $14.95 plus $1.00 for shipping. The cost of back issues is $3.00 each plus $.50 shipping, with the exception of No. 21 & 22 (Eastport for Pride) that costs $6.95 plus $1.00 for shipping. Library rates for back issues are available. Binders (Each holds 8 issues) are available for $9.25 including shipping cost.

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No. 3:-Maine Barns, Shrimping with Dave Burnham; Arundel Town Meeting; Restoring Ship Models (William Whorf); Smelting (Bert Graves and Harvey Bixby); Fishing Off a Sailing Vessel (Kenneth Hutchins).
No. 4:-Farming with Clifford Jackson; How to Build a Lobster Trap (Stilly Kennedy); Dowsing (Gordon MacLean and George Martin); Wildwood Chapel; Blueberry Hill Ghosts; Wild Honeybee Hunt (Monty Washburn); Charcoal Making (Avra Ross); Cottage Cheese (Eleanor Nedeby); Masonry (Willie Grendel).
No. 5:-The Forks; Bear Trapping (Russell Kennedy); Old Bottles (Ted Towne); Willis Gowen’s Drugstore; Making Flintlock Guns; Arthur Fretwell’s Wooden World; Gooch’s Beach.
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No. 9 & 10:-Bicentennial Issue) North Haven Island; Goat Island Lighthouse; goat Island Shepherdess (Jenny Circote); Island Shepherdess (Jenny Circote); Island Shepherdess (Jenny Circote).
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No. 12:-Tuna Fishing (Ken Hutchins); Butter Making (Mary Turner); Stone Walls (Mortared); Fiddleheadining; Making Bait Bags (Ada Foss); Making a Duck Blind; Willi and Elizabeth Ames; Whistle Making.
No. 13:-River Driving (12 chapter series); Cider Making; Old Time Christmas (interviews with scores of Salt’s people about Christmas 50 and 60 years ago).
No. 14:-Grandfather’s Golden Easter; Marie Gallaro; 50 Years in the Mills; Felling a Tree; Paddle Making; Cod Liver Oil; Ken Berdeen’s Lilacs; Swan’s Island (Part 1); Maine Diner.
No. 15:-Fishing Cutting; Laying the Keel; Swan’s Island, Part 2 (Ruth Moulden, Walter Stinson, Basil Joyce and Edwin Goot); Country Sawmill.
No. 16:-Indian Island, Madasa Sapiel; Clan Mother of the Penobsoc; Medicine Man (Senabeh Francis); Part 1; Ships in Bottles; Fishermen’s Superstitions; Fire of 47; Metal Spinning.
No. 17:-Friendship Sloops (Ralph Stanley); Rigging the Endeavor; Sam Polk; When You’re Married to a Fisherman; Stenciling; Medicine Man (Senabeh Francis), Part 2.
No. 18:-Cecil Kelley’s Tales; Digging Clams with Jake; Greek Easter; Fly Casting; Wreck of the Schooner Charles; Sam Miller, the Minstrel Man; Alewives; Bertha Guerin; Lofting a Boat; Helen Perley.
No. 19:-Mount Desert Island; Draper Liscomby; Bar Harbor’s Art Deco Theater; Evelyn Turner; Clarence Roberts; Planting (Maurice Gordon); Pottery Making.
No. 20:-Tenth Anniversary Issue) Gems of Cape Porpoise (Harbor Islands); Albert Redmond; Tower Clocks of the Kennebunks; Salt’s New Home; Semester in Maine; In Search of the 20th Century Penobscot.
No. 21 & 22:-Eastport for Pride Eastport: Then and Now; Inside a Sardine Factory; Politics, People and Pittston; Revival of the Waterfront.
No. 23:-I Could Never Call Myself a Yankee) Five Immigrant Experiences: Italians (David Breggia); French Canadians (Antoinette Bernier); Russians (Lisa Pasechnik); Greeks (John Anagnostis); Japanese (Suzuho Laplanthe).
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No. 25:-Waitressing (Gladys McLean); Island Shepherdess (Jenny Circote); Island Sheep Drive; Lobstering (Casey Stender).
No. 26:-Quilting; Salt Marsh Dikes; Wild Blueberry Harvest; French Canadian Musician (Toots Buthot).
No. 27:-Beal’s Island Storyteller (Avery Kelley); Fencing the Sea (Lobstermen vs. Musselmen); Maine says No to Nuclear Waste; One Room Island School (Cliff Island); One Room School Teacher (Ruth Jackson Pinkham).
No. 28:-Storyteller (Avery Kelley of Beals Island); Dysart’s Truckstop (Bangor); McCurdy’s Herring Smokehouse (Lube); Francis O’Brien, Bookseller (Portland).
No. 29:-Maine: Myth and Reality: Being Young in Maine; The Great North Woods; The Homeless; UPS Man (Sacopee Valley).
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