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Cover Photograph: Tonee Harbert
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ABOUT THIS ISSUE—What is folk culture? What is popular culture? Where and when do they interact? Where and when were these terms developed and by whom and for whom? Are they at all useful in our attempt to understand culture or do they further complicate the already complex territory of cultural studies?

In an attempt to find at least a few answers, Salt launched a two year project to look at the interactions of folk culture and popular culture. The project builds on work that Salt has conducted since it first began as a substitute for a high school folklore class at Kennebunk High School in 1973. Salt chose this topic of research for its 1988 summer semester. Professor George Lewis, a sociologist at the University of the Pacific, taught the topic research course. He has stayed close to the project ever since. Individual student work that summer looked at flea markets, woodsmen memorials, junkyards, bingo at the Penobscot Nation, the musical group Schooner Fare, Peaks Island. The subsequent articles and photographs were published within several issues of Salt Magazine.

In 1989, Salt received a grant from the Maine Humanities Council to help fund a conference and special issue of Salt Magazine. The conference took place in June. Salt wishes to acknowledge the support from the Maine Humanities Council as well as the New England Studies Program at the University of Southern Maine for providing space to hold the conference. Work continued on the project during last summer. Much of the results of the conference and the summer’s work appear in this issue of Salt Magazine.

But we won’t stop here. Without doubt, our work will continue to touch upon the topic for at least as many year in the future as it already has in our past.

CONTRIBUTORS

NINA HIEN returned to Salt for several weeks in the summer of 1989 to research and write the article on diners. She first came to Salt to participate in the 1988 fall semester program after a stint as reporter for the Portsmouth Press. Her article on Finns and Yankees appeared in issue number 37 (November, 1989) of Salt. This fall she began an M.A. degree program in journalism at the University of Missouri.

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BRETT JENKS took part in Salt’s 1988 summer semester program after graduating from the University of Massachusetts at Amherst. The results of his field research appeared in his article contrasting the Woodsman Memorial of the Maine North Woods and the Paul Bunyan statue in Bangor—in issue number 36 (June, 1989). He came back to Salt for part of the summer of 1989 and produced the article entitled, “The Way Life Should Be.”

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HARALD PRINS is now assistant professor of anthropology at Kansas State University. His recent work has centered on the Native Americans of Maine, in particular the Micmacs. As a result of his research, the U.S. Congress has acknowledged the tribal status of the Micmacs, making them eligible for a land grant settlement along with other Maine tribes.
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MAINE HAS a very rich road that is only 105 miles long. It has thousands of miles of roads that are poor country cousins in comparison. The current controversy over the widening of the Maine Turnpike often overlooks the politics that keeps 105 miles very rich and the thousands of miles poor.

Part of the ill-will about widening 30 miles of turnpike between York and Portland springs from deep seated differences of opinion about what is best for Maine and its people. Is the widening of the turnpike a sure road to protecting Maine’s economic health? Or is it a threat to the “quality of life” many Mainers value, bringing unwanted encroachments that are irreversible?

That’s only part of it, the 1990s part, which is now clattering over some old political potholes.

A long time ago a system was set up in Maine that guaranteed we were going to have one rich road and a lot of poor roads. And there was a prize for doing it. The Maine state legislature got itself a goose that lays golden eggs back in 1941 when it set up the Maine Turnpike Authority (MTA) to build and operate a major toll road from the border to Augusta.

By the time that toll road was fully operable in 1955, it was pulling in $2 million a year. A hunk of change in those days.

Last year, the turnpike earned $38.5 million. Now we’re talking big business. Of the total, $36 million was from tolls, $2 million from concessions for food and gasoline, with $500,000 from miscellaneous charges.

Now if you had yourself a golden goose like that, you’d be reluctant to give it up, wouldn’t you? That’s exactly what happened with the politicians who raise taxes for roads. Authorization to operate a toll highway under MTA was due to cease when the last dollar of debt was paid in 1981.

It took a special act of the U.S. Congress, but Maine became the only state in the country authorized to operate a toll road ad infinitum under the Maine Turnpike Author-

ity, regardless of whether there was debt or not.

The year 1981 was a rough one for the Maine legislature. Revenue had fallen off and the state would have to increase taxes to maintain the road system. It was a foregone conclusion that the tollbooths would stay on the turnpike.

That didn’t sit well with a lot of people. If you pay off your mortgage, why should you keep paying? Others got that knowing look Mainers get when they think they can stick it to the tourists. It was mostly tourists who used the turnpike anyway, so let them pay it.

Things just smoldered along as usual for eight years while the money was coming in and no money seemed to be going out. MTA could report it had turned over $8.7 million of its income to the state in 1989, or 25 percent.

Then came the proposal to widen 30 miles of the turnpike south of Portland to six lanes. In a state facing a multi-million dollar shortfall and across-the-board cutbacks in everything from roads to education the turnpike widening raised a red flag. Why is it that MTA is so rich that it can expand while the rest of the state is cutting back? Why isn’t the borrowing of what MTA executive director Paul Violette estimates will be $45 to $50 million subject to the same approval by voters that other big bond indebtedness is? If MTA only has to borrow $45 million and can fund the rest of the $167 million project from reserves, how much profit is the golden road making each year? How did it build up such hefty reserves? These and other questions nag the whole issue of turnpike expansion.

Turnpike use is changing, too. Mainers can stop fooling themselves about who’s paying those tolls. It’s not a matter of sticking it to the tourists any more. According to MTA figures, turnpike use is increasing four percent each year (35 million vehicles used the turnpike last year) and 75 percent of that increase comes from commuters.

On a summer Friday afternoon, 35 percent of the cars between mile 6 and 42 on the turnpike are recreational and 16 percent work related. But on a week day, 25.5 percent are work related and 23.5 recreational.

Maybe it’s time to take a harder, longer look at Maine’s rich road.
FROM FOLK TO POP AND BACK AGAIN
popular culture, the topic of a conference sponsored by Salt on June 20, 1989 with funding provided by Salt and the Maine Humanities Council. One primary theme that emerged from the conference was the need to look behind the terms, folk and popular, to look at the political, economic, historical and cultural forces that created them.

Edited portions of four of the seven conference presenters are printed below. The three not included because of space limitations are: George Carey who spoke of the consequences of publicity on folk culture; David C. Smith who addressed the issue of myth and reality within juvenile fiction set in the Maine Woods; and Neil Rosenberg who spoke on country music.

The entire conference proceedings were tape recorded and deposited into the Salt Documentary Archive. Those wishing a more complete knowledge of the conference are welcome to listen to the recordings.

Introduction—George Lewis

DEFINITIONS/DISTINCTIONS

The interplay between popular and folk culture in Maine, the focus of this conference, has been discussed cogently before, but perhaps nowhere as decisively or as humorously as by Maine's own Wicked Good Band who in 1985 published their Wicked Good Book.

The Wicked Good Band focuses on three major types of material culture in their "Dare To Be Wicked Good" lifestyle conversion kit, which they guarantee will make the slickest pop culture consumer into a real down home, folk cultural Mainer.

First they tell you how to "make your Halston dress look just like a polyester pantsuit." Then they show how to "make your exposed-brick apartment look like the inside of a ten-foot-wide trailer." Finally, they point out how to "make a gourmet meal look and taste like a church-supper casserole."

In this way, the real folk culture of Maine can be called forth and created, emerging from the pop culture around it like a phoenix rising from the ashes, or to paint a more Maine-type image, like a pink plastic flamingo lawn ornament at a Downeast garage sale.

In any case, it is certainly evident that cultural objects and experiences, no matter what they are, are not all created equal. Whether they are developed by hand, by tradition, or by assembly line, such forms of material culture reflect the differing cultural meanings of their creators and consumers. Categories like popular culture, folk culture, and sometimes even elite culture, are commonly used to describe and separate for analysis such cultural experiences, settings and products.

Academic categories of this sort are never as neat nor as separable as one would hope. Labels like folk or popular are just that—labels imposed on concrete objects, rituals or patterns of behavior. Much of the time they seem to me to be too neutral, or passive, to describe the active, reactive and creative behavior involved in the actual hands-on making and using of things.

Is the Paul Bunyan statue that stands grinning on a busy thoroughfare in Bangor an artifact of folk or popular culture? What about the legendary "folk" hero that inspired the statue? What about the fact that W. B. Laughead created the character of Paul Bunyan in 1914 in Minneapolis as the focus of an advertising campaign for the Red River Lumber Company?

In truth culture—its creation and consumption—is more of a process than it is a static object or thing you can safely consign to one conceptual category or another, although classifying it as folk or popular is of some help to us in beginning to impose order on this jumble of shifting images and objects we encounter daily.

But we have to remember not to get too concerned about categorizing and trying to make everything fit into neat academic-type conceptual boxes. Studying culture is a messier proposition than that. You have to hang loose, be flexible, take note of what is going on around you.

Like the old Mainer who spoke of his neighbor's son who came home for summer vacation from the University of Maine with a non-stop mouth and a wild academic gleam in his eye. "He may know a lot," the old man conceded. "But he don't realize a goddamn thing."

Facing Page: Statue of Paul Bunyan in Bangor. Photograph by Tonee Harbert
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What we have to realize about culture is something the folklorist Henry Glassie pointed out—that all of us are apt to carry around in our minds images and ideas simultaneously that are both folk and popular—complicated syntheses of materials drawn from both the folk and popular realms.

As an example of this, Maine's own Schooner Fare group say of their music and their approach to it: "We do consider ourselves singers of folk music, but we are in show business. We are not purists who sleep with dulcimers." So how does one categorize the songs of Schooner Fare? Folk or popular?

Simon Bronner, another folklorist and American Studies scholar, recalls a colleague, Richard Dorson, who was proudly showing off a number of cultural artifacts he had found in the fertile folk fields of Gary, Indiana.

"But are these things from the city really folk?" someone in the audience asked him. To which Dorson, only partially tongue-in-cheek replied, "Well, we're folklorists and we found them. So they must be folk."

Yet slippery as they are, there are some distinctions that we may want to consider when attempting to understand the "folkness" or "popularness" of a piece of culture. I will touch, just briefly, on five of these.

First, process. "Where did you learn that song?" someone asks a member of a group like Maine's "Different Shoes." If they say from Camden's Gordon Bok, who in turn learned it from a Maine seaman, the song is likely to be characterized as "folk."

But if they say they learned it from an LP or a CD recording, it is more apt to be thought of as a part of popular culture.

The folk process is thought to be "informal," in the sense of how something is transmitted or learned. Someone tells a joke or sings a song. Someone else learns it and passes it on. Obviously, in this process, alteration takes place.

And yet "folk" material can, and is, put down in popular forms—it is recorded, printed, what have you—and distributed, sometimes widely. And others hear it and take it from there. Popular or folk?

Another way of looking at process is in terms of control. The folk artist is commonly thought to control his or her product from start to finish, while the popular culture artifact is produced via assembly line.

But then we look at Maine Handcrafts, Inc., a huge industry in this state that sells locally produced artifacts, like miniature lobster traps and carved seagulls for tourists. The plans and instructions for these objects are given out to locals, who assemble them by hand at home. What can't be done in Maine gets handcrafted in Taiwan. Popular or folk?

When we turn to the content of culture as our focus, there is even more fun in store.

To decide whether something is folk or popular in nature in terms of an analysis of its content is a traditional area of disagreement among scholars. When looking at culture content, one is concerned with things such as motif or genre. If one reads the contents of an artifact, like reading a text, can one classify as folk those things, no matter when they were made or by whom, that conform to a traditional style or contain traditional elements, strung together in a traditional way?

Are quilts that are made by hand with traditional patterns folk culture, even if they are created from scraps of bright, artificial fabric, scooped up as remnants from the floor of a windbreaker manufacturing plant whose products could well be sold by L.L. Bean—some-
thing I encountered in rural Tennessee?

This raises the distinction of the text as object and design, as opposed to the text as an example of traditional process. For example, colonial eagles and flags, created to look like the original folk carvings, appear as details in contemporary Maine colonial architecture plans. Read as text, these objects are folk. Are they really?

The contrasting example of text as traditional process is that of changes in design in Native American basket weaving in order to make the product more appealing to non-Native American purchasers. Are the baskets thus created folk or popular culture?

An extreme example of this sort of mixed cultural product that makes the point dramatically is the traditionally produced Hopi katchina doll found not long ago in Arizona, carefully created in the shape and form of a Mickey Mouse!

Another commonly used method of distinguishing between folk and popular culture is to look at spatial and temporal dimensions. Briefly, if it has existed for a long time, in relatively the same form and format, it is folk, and if it has a brief time line, it is pop.

Along with this temporal distinction comes one of space, or area. If the artifact is in widespread use, across geographical areas and perhaps even social classes, it is pop. If it is more tightly defined by region, ethnicity and/or social class, it is folk.

Well, you can certainly have a lot of fun with this distinction, too. Is the famous L.L. Bean rubber soled hunting shoe, which has existed for a fairly long time and was once fairly tightly defined by region and other criteria—is it in 1989 a piece of folk culture? Are the Maine horror stories of Stephen King, many of which are known by heart and retold by kids around summer campfires, popular culture or part of an ongoing oral folk tradition?

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Or, to bring up a third example, can Schooner Fare create new folk music today? Or is it popular, even if its shows up in other folk singers’ repertoire, mistakenly labeled as old, and thus “authentic”—as some of their songs have, to their great delight?

Perhaps if we shift to the purpose of the cultural form, we can get a better grip on the pop-folk distinction. Is it being used in the way it was intended and if not, what difference does that make? Do lobster traps cease to be folk culture when they are made into coffee tables that sit in those new Maine exposed brick condos, with copies of Salt magazine piled on them?

Finally, we should consider the perception of the cultural artifact. Is popular culture simply what people label and think of as popular? And is this true of folk culture as well?

Eric Hobsbawn, the British historian, has upended a lot of people’s cherished ideas in the British Isles lately, with his research into the “invention of tradition.” According to him, a lot of what we consider traditional folk culture in those areas is relatively recent in origin, and was developed because of pressures of “romantic tourists and English publishers.”

I expect the same could be found in Maine. For example, tourists like to think of lobster as traditional Maine folk food, and it is marketed as such, in and out of the state. But the fact is, lobster is too damn expensive for most Mainers to serve. Yet now the lobster graces even the lobster graces even the Maine stuff. But according to Maine folklorist Sandy Ives, this is a form and type of humor invented largely by folks from out-of-state, an artificially constructed form that is now widely thought of, even by many Mainers, as part of their folk culture.

The question has to be: if so many people now label it as authentic Maine folk culture, and act as though it is—does this perception lend the artifact enough authenticity for us all to be comfortable with calling it folk culture? Or should it be called popular? And if it is accepted as folk, what impact might such a deceit have upon the collective self-identity of a people?

In conclusion, these sorts of distinctions are difficult ones to make and perhaps absolute categorization is not necessary anyway, nor even desirable.

Material Culture—Harald Prins

INDIAN ARTIFACTS AND LOST IDENTITY

My own research as an anthropologist, first in South America, but later here in Maine and in the Maritimes, has brought me in touch with the Native People here of Maine and in particular the Maliseet and Micmac Indians on the Canadian border.

They live primarily in Aroostook County as off-reservation Indians and because they do not live on reservations, many people believe that they are therefore Canadian Indians, because no good Indian is without a reservation. If they live off the reservation, there’s something wrong with them. Luckily we have begun in the last seven years or so to counter this misconception with respect to the Micmac Indians.

Let me tell you about one beautiful and wonderful Micmac Indian woman who’s a basketmaker and lives in the woods of northern Maine. About one and a half years after my entry into Micmac country, she told my wife, Bunny McBride, that every time I came, she always went to the town library to find which Indian books were there. She always was reading up on the stuff and had a lot of homework to do before the local anthropologist would knock on her door!

This really makes you aware of the interplay between dominant culture and folk culture and that what looks like folk is not always purely oral tradition or traditional. There’s an infusion, there’s a dynamic where dominant society, literary society, begins to influence oral traditions and vice versa.

Because I don’t assume that everybody knows everything about Maine Indians, I will very briefly explain the people we are talking about. Native People today in Maine number approximately 6,000.

They are divided primarily into the Micmac, the Maliseet, the Passamaquoddy, and the Penobscot. The Penobscot have their tribal reservation at Old Town. The Passamaquoddy have two reservations, one at Peter Dana Point and the other one at Pleasant Point in Washington County. And the Maliseet just purchased a small tract of land right on the Canadian border in southern Aroostook County.

And hopefully, the Micmac people will soon be able to purchase a small land base of their own. We are working very hard on it, to provide them with that kind of proper land base for the tribal community.

The Native People in this area have been in touch with Europeans since the early 1500s. That track record of contact with a dominant culture from abroad is very, very long. Anyone who talks about aboriginal culture, Native culture, as if those almost 500 years of history have not occurred, that’s of course a blind idea, it’s an illusion, and I think sometimes even a dangerous illusion. By treating these people as people without history, as if the
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Native culture has persisted unchanged over the ages, I believe [they are denied] their adaptability and the possibility of persisting as Native People, but persisting in a different way than they were 100, or 200 or 300 years ago.

In particular during the last 200 years in this region, the changes have been so fast and so dramatic that that has made these Native communities almost completely marginalized. As a result of being surrounded by dominant culture of missionaries, schoolteachers, traders, townspeople and farmers, their sense of their own aboriginal traditions as they were passed on from generation to generation has become very feeble, has been undermined.

And since these traditions, this framework, provide them with their sense of identity, the undermining of this very tradition will also have an impact on their self image as Native People, number one, and number two, will not surprisingly often lead to an identity crisis.

So the Native People have, very frequently, a problem of defining what precisely it is to be Indian, in particular with the loss of Native language, recognizable dress and hair style.

Who are they if they don't speak their Native tongue, who are they if they're not recognizable physiologically other than by slightly darker skin color—there are so many people from all over the world who have darker skin colors. So it becomes harder and harder for these people to identify themselves as I am a Penobscot, I am a Micmac, I am a Maliseet, I am a Passamaquoddy.

There's been a very strong, dominant force by the hegemonic culture, the Euramerican culture, to put down the Native People, as if it's a negative value, it's bad to be an Indian and they should assimilate, become like Europeans, become civilized.

The picture of what it is to be an Indian is to be lazy, to be drunk, not at work on time, slothful, these are the negative stereotypes. But at the same time, and I think equally dangerous, is the positive stereotyping of the noble savage, who only can walk through the woods staring into the sky and praying to Manitu, looking for Great Spirit's visions. That's as far removed from the reality as you can have it.

Between these two stereotypes, the Native People are kind of dangling. It's very hard to find their own ground, because that has become so feeble as a result of the inroads of dominant culture.

If one's visible or audible Indianness is not obvious to the general public, under the impact of those negative values in dominant society, one may choose to keep his or her identity under wraps. On the other hand, if someone wants to assert that Indianness for one reason or another, such a person will stress the publicly recognized elements of being "Indian." In other words, the presentation of the self conforms to popular image and typically an image is an idealized representation which can be based, but not necessarily so, on Native tradition or it may be created deliberately as a reflection of what the public thinks an "Indian" ought to look like.

Now a major influence on all this outside expectations to which Native people begin to conform is of course the movement of romanticism. Romanticism is a return to nature and therefore also to the Native People who are associated with nature and that of course is a reaction to the growing urbanization, cosmopolitanism, industrialization in the cities. The Indian is romanticized as a child of nature, the noble savage.

So this is not surprising that people like Longfellow begin to make up fantasies such as Hiawatha, using an Algonquin tale, choosing the Iroquois culture hero, giving him the name of Hiawatha, which is a Mohawk chief. It's all a big hodgepodge, but nevertheless has a tremendous impact on the popular thinking about Indians and then in turn Indians begin to respond to that popular image. They begin to act out Longfellow's dream of what an Indian should be.

These romantic city dwellers who go to Maine to find true wilderness, to find the true lobsterman, to find the true whatever, they also go here for the true Indian. Now the Indian begins to respond to their expectation of what it is to be an Indian.

When Native traditions were alive, there was no need to invent or revive such folklore. It was the rapid transformation of the Wabanaki communities that brought on this need. By the way, when I use the word Wabanaki, I'm referring collectively to the Micmac, Maliseet, Passamaquoddy, and Penobscot, who are very closely related Algonkian speaking peoples.

The rapid transformation of these Wabanaki communities has undermined and weakened the aboriginal or "old" tribal customs. In a few instances these traditions remained vital, but to a large extent, they ceased to be functional. In situations however when a limited use for these traditions reappeared, there was a renewed need for historical continuity in which new "old" traditions were developed informally over a period of time or some were also invented. This was indeed the case with Maine Indian artisans.

In particular, this was the case with basket makers who in the course of the 19th-20th century started producing their craft for the market, when there was a growing...
demand for Native made and aesthetically pleasing objects. Responding to this opportunity and driven by economic necessity, many Wabanaki moved into this newly created niche which was created by dominant society for them, which enabled them to make a living as skilled crafts people, manufacturing "Indian" artifacts for the market.

In part, these producers of commodities were able to build on Native tradition and custom handed down from generation to generation, but they also invented new forms, developed new techniques and used new materials which were then incorporated within this "traditional" art form. So there's a lot of stuff which is actually not traditional at all, but then it rapidly becomes absorbed and will be passed on and thought of as traditional, also by themselves by the way.

And so in this dynamic, and I think that's not a word which I use here with exaggeration, in this dynamic culture complex, Native produced artifacts, in particular splint ash basketry became an expression of the essence of Wabanaki Indian identity. And that's the irony, because now we'll get into what this splint ash basketry all comes from.

There's no evidence in the archaeological record whatsoever that splint ash baskets were being used. They usually were made of cattails, sweetgrass, spruce roots, rushes, Indian hemp and primarily birch bark, but not splint ash. Nowhere in the archaeological record, nor in the early ethnographic record, do we find any evidence whatsoever of use of splint ash.

A Dutch anthropologist, Ted Brasser, argued in a book, A Basketful of Indian Culture Change, that Swedish colonists in the Delaware River Valley were the first to introduce it around 1700, and that when Native People were robbed of their hunting and territories and their cornfields, they became artisans and started adopting that craft. Probably on the one hand a social diffusion went via the St. Lawrence River Valley area into the Northeast. Another major source of diffusion of that technique in the Northeast was the American Revolution, when a lot of Loyalists and their slaves who were also making splint ash baskets by that time, in the late 1700s, popped up in Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island. Some of those black people and hillbillies, from Virginia and so on, who had these techniques, they

WHEN NATIVE TRADITIONS WERE LOST, INDIANS BEGAN TO ACT OUT LONGFELLOW'S DREAM OF WHAT AN INDIAN SHOULD BE.
people started entering as lumberjacks, so that by the mid-1800s, the ratio of lumberjacks to Native People in the Penobscot River Valley was 1,000 to 1. We are not talking about anybody else, but purely lumberjacks. With the 1,000 to 1 ratio in the mid-1800s, the Native People were just knocked out of the game. Literally.

With the undermining of their life as hunters, fishers, and gatherers, many Indians turned now to wage labor and artisanry. In 1798, and this is the very first documentation of splint ash basketry, a prosperous white entrepreneur on Vinalhaven Island in Penobscot Bay employed several Indians, one from Canada, and several from the Penobscot, and they were hired to cut trees, catch eels, and make baskets for him. And here you see that he has a demand for what kind of baskets he wants.

Then later, impoverished because of the undermining of the traditional economy, at times reduced to begging to avoid starvation, many small bands of related Native kinfolk began to roam the countryside throughout New England in the early 1800s. In the search for a livelihood, they built small, temporary encampments near white settlements, including Boston, manufactured a variety of woodcrafts such as tubs, boxes, toys, broomsticks, axe handles and baskets, all of which they were peddling from door to door.

I have here a photograph of a young Micmac woman made by Donald Senapas, a Micmac Indian himself. She has now completely conformed to the image which dominant society has of Native women, because this is not Native at all, and yet if you go to Native People themselves, this is in their eyes, Native. And you're a heretic if you claim otherwise.

To me what has become the key thing in studying these things is how popular image [influences us]. We don’t realize to what extent our
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They Conquered the Sea...

Captain Frank Irving Pendleton (1848-1915) of Searsport, Maine in Japanese Samurai costume.

Predecessors have begun to influence us through photographs, through pictures, through dressing up people.

And here you see your concern — to what extent does film reflect reality? Our predecessors had the same concerns, because sometimes reality didn’t match our dreams. In the ultimate analysis, our dreams are sometimes much more powerful forces to survive than reality itself. Reality can be modified, but dreams you can hold on to even if you know that everybody in the world tells you you’re dead wrong.

And so I would like to conclude that if you had been an audience of Wabanaki people and you heard my claim that splint ash basketry was an invented tradition, you would say, “Who cares.”

Literature — Ian McKay

HOW PEGGY’S COVE WENT IDYLLIC

Peggy’s Cove in Nova Scotia is perhaps Canada’s leading iconic landscape, certainly, the leading iconic landscape in the East.

The number of tourists visiting this community of 47 permanent residents was 200,000 in 1984. This was an estimate. The average tourist stays one hour and 45 minutes. So this is the prime example that you would use in the Maritimes of the impact of tourism on the region.

Peggy’s Cove is a very deceptive place. Its image as an unspoiled, tranquil haven of the fisherfolk is in fact a carefully contrived one. The state in 1962 founded the Peggy’s Cove Commission which controls the angles of new houses in the Cove, the size of its signs so that nothing looks too commercial.

The Peggy’s Cove Commission treats the graffiti ridden rocks with acid and with paint to maintain an image of wholesomeness that otherwise would not be there. And it even
prosecutes the village children for selling fudge or other things to tourists, anything that would disrupt the air of romantic enchantment.

The image of tranquility and harmony in Peggy's Cove has, of course, very little relation to the history of the North Atlantic fishermen and the poverty and insecurity which often could be found in Peggy's Cove, as everywhere else in Nova Scotia.

The important and surprising fact about Peggy's Cove is that the 19th century did not consider Peggy's Cove beautiful. People who visited this landscape described it as wild, sterile, repulsive, primitive, in one case even monstrous was the word used.

The south shore of Nova Scotia, roughly defined as that between Halifax and Yarmouth, was very widely regarded as being deformed. Pious advocates of natural theology used to argue that God had thrown up this unsightly pile of rocks in order to protect the fertile and beautiful inland of Nova Scotia from the North Atlantic.

Somehow we have to get to the grips of a cultural mystery, of a place that Baedeker in 1907 passed by altogether in his travel to the region. Now it enjoys two stars and an extremely laudatory description in the no less authoritative Michelin Guide. So something changed obviously from 1907 to the present day. Part of the explanation of this change is that Peggy's Cove did not fit at all comfortably within hegemonic interpretations of landscape and what was beautiful in 19th century Nova Scotia.

Of all the sights in early to mid 19th century Nova Scotia, the Annapolis Valley and Windsor, summer home of the Halifax gentry, were the most popular. So the beautiful at this point was defined very much in terms of the fertile. The gently rolling fertile fields, stately homes and the implication of contented yeoman is there.

There is a sense of historical romance that the 19th century considered really indispensible for beauty. Joseph Howe in his travels through Nova Scotia can be heard to lament that although some of the waterfalls are very interesting and beautiful in a sense, they'll never really become attractions in the European sense, because they lack that aura of European history and romance that you really require for the picturesque.

More than a century later, both the travel accounts and homegrown descriptions of Nova Scotia are now emphasizing its industrial progress. So if you're looking at the South Shore, instead of looking at primitive fisherfolk, scenic coastal villages, a better, more primitive and simpler way of life—none of that's there in tourist promotion in the early 20th century.

What is there are Yarmouth's elegant hedgerows, exquisitely prepared hedgerows. You'll find many pictures of ornate South Shore mansions, a great deal of evidence on the brand new electricity plants in towns like Liverpool and so on. So you have discourse of progress here. Backwards Peggy's Cove was really just an embarrassment, rather than something you would take people to go to see.

There was a really triumphant sense of progress in the early 20th century. And you find this really throughout depictions of the Maritime region before the first world war. What they emphasize are mines, quarries, steel plants, and cities. A very different way of thinking about the region, a very different way of seeing the region than we see later.

With one significant exception, tourism is a marginal force in Nova Scotia before the 1920s. That significant exception is the Dominion-Atlantic Railway which runs the length of the Annapolis Valley. The Dominion-Atlantic Railway is very, very interesting in terms of a prototype or model of what is going to happen after the 1920s more generally.

The Dominion-Atlantic Railway decides to exploit to the full the Annapolis Valley's associations with Evangeline. So we had Longfellow and Indians in the previous presentation, now we've got Longfellow and the Acadians and I think the Acadians were no less enthusiastic than the Natives about pitching themselves to this myth. You get a lot of dressing up in costumes that are thought to be Acadian, a lot of staging of Acadian festivals. Charles G.D. Roberts, the poet, remarks that the Dominion-Atlantic Railway is the first railway in the world founded not upon freight rates, but upon a poem.

And so you see a start of emergence of a total tourism. Total tourism meaning that the tourists' gaze is incorporated into the daily material existence of the host population. So let's take a fairly fundamental shift that we see generally in the 1920s, the shift towards total tourism, which means you've changed what the tourist sees.

You're no longer pitching something on the off chance that it might appeal to tourists. You're going to actually dictate to the local community and also to the tourists what can be seen, what is important. You're going to stage events and you're going to manufacture a landscape that is appropriate to this new industry. So the Evangeline promotion, whose heyday was the period 1890 to 1920, fit very very easily within an aesthetic of the picturesque. We see for the first time a kind of will to innocence that has since been generalized and applied to all the peasantfolk of the Maritime region.

It's only in the 1920s and the 1930s that the system of signs we take as meaning the essence of the Maritimes is invented. Archetypal fishermen, the fisherman before this time was not seen as the essential
Maritimer. Now in the 1920s, suddenly the fisherman and the fisherman’s wife is indeed the archetypal Maritimer. Peggy’s Cove is invented as a touristic attraction in the 1920s.

This array of revisualized landscapes and invented traditions has two basic roots. And these two roots are, first of all, a kind of international modernism, a resistance to industrialization, and particularly as that has been intensified by the experience of the Great War.

So people, especially middle class intellectuals are drawn to a modernist rebellion against industrialism and the very progress that had been celebrated so enthusiastically earlier. This now is being questioned.

Everywhere there’s a kind of panic stricken middle class call for a return to nature and to natural folk that existed somehow before capitalism, before industry. So you see that in international tourism, this is when you start to see the promotion of an international peasantry, you know, American tourists lured to the Riviera by the promise that the people are as beautiful as the land.

Well, exactly the same pitch that lures Americans to the Riviera is going to be used in Nova Scotia. They’re attracted to Nova Scotia by the therapeutic promise of people who exist before industry, before progress. Simple people, simple folk. So Peggy’s Cove emerges in this new cultural complex, because it’s just the right distance from Halifax.

There are thousands of fishing hamlets that could have been Peggy’s Cove in this sort of touristic sense. Peggy’s Cove can easily be reached from Halifax. It’s a bit of an adventure, a sort of thrilling adventure over the jarring rocks, but nonetheless you can get in and out of Peggy’s Cove in the day.

It’s ideally suited to middle class tourists who want a safe adventure among pre-industrial others, in a setting that offers both the sort of sublime terror of watching the waves hit the coast—the sense of being powerless in the face of nature—but you also have the picturesque. The idea of the cove is sort of nurturing, these stalwart fisherfolk in the face of this extraordinary natural scene.

Another root is much more local. It is that the economy has collapsed in Nova Scotia. Industrialization has come to a grinding halt, industries are faltering. Massive out-migration in the 1920s. The 1920s are the crisis decade in Nova Scotia.

So tourism becomes a desperate means of concentrating, of condensing the air of romantic enchantment. What can you turn to? Well, you turn to what seems to be the only product that you can actually compete with in the world market, that is, local culture and local landscape.

So tourism becomes a desperate region’s passport to development. And in report after report from the Duncan Commission in 1926 right on until a report issued last year by the Cape Breton Development Corporation, tourism is the magic formula for a region that doesn’t have anything else that it seems to be able to make a success of.

The state is a central architect in this transformation. State direction of tourism involves, of course, a fascinating paradox. Since the 1920s, the therapeutic benefits of a pre-industrial, unspoiled naturalness have been broadcast by an extremely sophisticated bureaucracy in Halifax armed with up-to-date demographic techniques and directly connected to high powered New York advertising agencies. In fact, Nova Scotia is the first province in Canada to turn toward the potential of television to market this image of simplicity.

The shift in the Province’s tourism motto in the late 1920s really sums up this whole history. It’s only in the 1920s that Nova Scotia becomes “Canada’s Ocean Playground.” Very interesting way of condensing the new form of hedonist tourism, the new naturalism, in the sense of the playground.

Older tourists used to go to find civilization, the whole idea of the grand tour was that you would educate yourself. But now hedonism predominates. You go as a tourist to escape from civilization to a more simple place, a place that you can use for your own pleasure.

Another interesting thing in 1935 is that tartanism is making its first tentative appearance. Tartans were really quite absent from earlier tourism promotion. In the 1930s, we have a Scottish premier, Angus L. MacDonald, very emphatically proud of his Scottish ancestry. So you start to see the first emergence under his direction of what is now an all pervasive Celtic motif. Scottishness fits perfectly into the new idiom of tourism because it can be tied to the romance of a pre-industrial era. It could involve pseudo events that were colorful and easily staged and it can be marketed very competitively. This is one thing that Nova Scotia can market in the tourism market that seems somewhat distinctive.

So it’s in the 1930s that Nova...
Scotia, hitherto a province of many ethnic groups, suddenly becomes a Scottish region. It takes its first fateful steps along the path of state sponsored Scottishness.

State tourism promotion will give you no trace of the 20th century. The province that you will be seeing in state promotion is essentially a mid 19th century province. It's an officially sanctioned way of seeing that organizes festivals, it dominates popular magazines and books and certainly television advertising.

As an historian, I think we have to really take seriously the fact that history occurs in the present and in the mind. You will never in fact touch the past. What happens now is that that present and that mind are controlled by the state and by multinational capital.

I may say it was difficult to be a fisherman in the 1920s and 1930s. Fishermen were robbed of workmen's compensation in 1927 because it got too expensive for the government to pay for, too many fishing disasters, so they took them off workmen's compensation. I may say that fishermen when they tried to form a union in 1947 were beaten down by the RCMP [Royal Canadian Mounted Police] and by National Sea [a large fisheries company]. This is from my perspective, my way of seeing the history of the fishermen and of course it is a partial and biased one. But it's surely part of the overall story.

That history, you can watch it fading before our very eyes as the state coordinates memory. So the state coordination of memory in this case would occur in the Fishermen's Museum of the North Atlantic in Lunenburg, where of course you will find not a word about labor, not a word about working conditions. In fact you will not find more than a scant acknowledgment of disasters in the fishing industry. What acknowledgment you will find is that disasters were natural events which were completely outside human intervention. All the old controver-
THE EVOLUTION OF THE MAINE LICENSE PLATE

1935. The license plate looked just fine. White numbers and letters on a black background with just the word "MAINE" beneath. Satisfies every need for having a license plate in the first place.

1936. The year special interests got into the act. No longer would people say, "That car's from Maine." No, now it would be, "That car's from Maine: Vacationland." Do people in Maine only vacation? Are there no other things to do in Maine except vacation?

1987. The year of the lobster. No longer was the ridiculous "Vacationland" enough, but now a dumb looking, pink colored representation of a lobster appeared draped over the center of the now longer license plate. The lobster wasn't even legal size. Do people in Maine only vacation and eat lobster?

1995. Everyone satisfied now? No way. "Vacationland" has got to go, make way for the tourism department's new jingle, "The Way Life Should Be." Do rich New Yorkers really want to live poor in rural Maine? No matter. The new, improved Maine license plate is stamped out of a wood shingle in the shape of a potato with a wimpy pinko lobster across its middle and edged around its border by a band of plaid embroidered cloth with the words "The Way Life Should Be" near the bottom. Is Maine a class act or what?

The future. To satisfy the potato interests, the license plate takes the shape of a potato.

Potatoes—phooey. What about the lumbering interests? A license plate on a wood shingle. With time it will have a weathered, rustic look and fit right in with "Vacationland."

Lumber—blumber. What about the textile interests? The license plate clearly needs an embroidered plaid edge. Try topping that.
sies about whether the schooners should be carrying radios, whether they should have lifesaving equipment, none of this matters. What is important is that the disasters come from God and were just part of this mythified way of life.

And you will not find there any acknowledgment that by the late 1920s and 1930s Nova Scotians themselves were voting with their feet, out of these picturesque schooners. They're being replaced by even more desperate Newfoundlanders, who are being asked to work at extremely low wages and extremely hard and dangerous conditions.

That history will die and will no longer in a sense be real because the state is able to reconstruct through historical reconstructions of ports and houses and museums, a history you can touch and see and smell, that's far more persuasive than anything an historian can do in a book.

Peggy's Cove for example is a proof of the truth of an idyllic golden past that is far more persuasive than any historical document about starvation in Peggy's Cove in the 1860s. You can go to Peggy's Cove, you can see the humble dwellings of the fisherfolk, you can see that this is a clean, purified way of life, far beyond anything the historian can sum up in your imagination.

I suppose what you want to avoid in this kind of discussion is what Frederick Jameson calls the winner-loser syndrome. That is to say, the model of state control and control from the top down becomes so pervasive, so total, so compelling, that all you can really do is despair and say there is no possibility of resistance. I think there are ways of responding, of talking back to this process, that may make a useful contribution.

And I think in regional literature today, you'll find the tourist figures as the symbol of the most bitter sense of regional alienation. David Adams Richard's novels, the tourist figures as the person who cannot understand and who in a sense is an instrument of regional degradation. So you have this kind of talking back to the machinery of tourism. In a sense one would like to be hopeful and say this is a beginning. It is of course one tenth of one percent of the image production in the region.

At Peggy's Cove—it can never be too often emphasized—people did indeed starve to death. In the 1860s, one of the first great famines that Canadians across the country were asked to give money to, when the fish didn't show up in St. Margaret's Bay, they were called upon to give money to the people in Peggy's Cove. A lot of the problem of course was merchant's credit and the truck system, again something you're not going to find mentioned in the Fishers Museum of the North Atlantic.

One of the great ironies is that as the fisherfolk have become elevated to the status of archetypal Maritimers they're removed from being regarded as workers as other workers are. They're denied the right to form trade unions and are confined to a life of economic marginality.

So it's this experience of history, that official pastoral discourse afflicted with that quest for eternal essences, that is really the underlying philosophy of tourism. This is the discourse that has been consigned to oblivion and which we should not so easily forget.

Music—Edward Ives

MAINE WOODS BALLADS AND CREATIVE TRADITION

I WANT TO START out with a couple of paradoxes. The first one, I'm not sure whether it's mine or whether it's Henry Glassie's, but that's okay. The paradox is that the term folk art is a valid category only so long as we perceive fine art as a valid category. Paradox Number One. Paradox Number Two just occurred to me this morning as we were talking: everything is authentic, but on the other hand, nothing is authentic.

And I would just leave those two there dangling throughout the rest of the talk. They may relate to it, and then again they may not.

A very common note struck in much folklore study is that of folklore as something constantly under threat, something pure that is constantly in danger of contamination in some way. If you look at folklore from a nationalistic point of view, there's the idea that we have our own lore. But it is endangered by the conqueror or whoever takes the place of the conqueror.

The second kind of threat would be involved in a more romantic view of folklore, the Rousseauistic idea of the noble savage. That folklore is a possession of certain rural isolated groups that are constantly being assaulted by the equivalent in music of Tin Pan Alley. You know, popular song is overwhelming our native song.

A good deal of salvage archaeology, we could call it that, has gone on here to make sure that we get all of these songs before it's too late. Francis James Child and the English and Scottish popular ballads [he collected] was looking at this. He wanted to get the authentic, the old, authentic ballads and he saw the later broadside ballads as a contamination, as something that was forcing out the wonderful old ballads. You wanted to get simply the REAL old English and Scottish popular ballads.

There developed all through the early 20th century the "Child other" mentality. When he published the sacred 305 ballads, the effect of that was tremendous. He thought he had pretty much covered the whole show, and then people began finding here in America, in some of the back areas, let's say, of Virginia, North Carolina, and so on that people were still singing these old ballads and books started to be published in the 20s and 30s, collections, ballads and songs from Indi-
ana, ballads and songs from Ohio, British ballads from Maine, and on and on.

The tendency was to put those Child ballads first as the very real, best, the aristocrats of the ballad world and then other ballads sort of tapered off toward the back and local songs might be included in the back of the book.

Helen Creighton, whose Songs and Ballads of Nova Scotia was really a pioneer volume, followed this "Child other" pattern. Yet she tells in the introduction how the first ballad that was ever sung to her on Devil's Island off Nova Scotia was a ballad called "The Lost Babes of Halifax." When she asked a man to sing, that's the one he sang. It was a local song, something that happened right around there. It turns up in her collection of 150 songs, it's number 135.

These two approaches, both of them emphasize a particular repertoire, a particular corpus representing authenticity. And useful work has been done on both approaches, no question about that, but both should be tempered with the realization that change is constant and so is cross fertilization. The whole business is a dynamic, not a static thing.

The stereotype of a pure oral tradition with print acting as a contaminant is just that, a stereotype. Print, as soon as print began to be available, it was used to print ballads. Caxton set up his first press in England in 1477. By 1520 a bookseller in Oxford advertised more than 190 ballads that he was selling from his shop, printed ballads that hang up in the window. Then we have the Seven Dials Press in London which remained in business 25 years, from 1813 to 1838.

Its most successful ventures were in the realm of more or less genuine news balladry, which the owner sometimes composed himself, but more frequently bought from the local ballad writers who worked for him and his competitors.

Political and sporting events, the deaths of prominent people and crimes almost without number, these and other items of news or commentaries on the news were the Seven Dial's chief stock in trade.

Many of our most treasured ballads today, that is ballads treasured by singers particularly, had this kind of origin. They originated in print, they were made up, somebody said, hey that'd make a good ballad, made up a ballad about it, printed it and went out and sold it and before you know it people are singing it.

They built on the idea that people were going to sing and that there was a habit and a tradition of singing. And they simply fit their ballads into this particular tradition. There was a tremendous market for them. Shakespeare in The Winter's Tale, the character of Mopsa, when a ballad seller comes around says, Oh, I love a ballad, especially when it's in print, for then we know it's true.

This of course worked a tremendous change on ballad style and ballad language. This is what Francis James Child was objecting to. He was trying to find the old and authentic rather than looking at this as a healthy kind of development.

The same thing happens through radio, and especially through records, when they started coming onto the market. People would buy records and learn ballads off records. And you could learn not only what the words were and what the tune was, but the style. I can remember the number of people I heard singing "Henry Martin" for instance. They had listened to Joan Baez, they had that record down pat. They knew exactly where Joan Baez got her voice soft, and where she let it come up, you know, the whole thing. It was beautiful. But that added style, you know, that was just a new thing.

Another approach, rather than looking at this as some kind of a corpus, would be to stress process, that is, performance and creativity, within a particular community. If we take art in general as a cultural universal, we've never found a human group that I know of that doesn't have something we could call art. Nor have we ever found people that I know of who don't have song. Song then is a universal. And also creativity and innovation, and that every time you sing an old song, to some extent you will change it.

Always within any tradition new songs are constantly being made up, so creativity and innovation are constants. What went on in the courts of Europe in the 17th, 18th, and 19th centuries is from an anthropological point of view no different than what went on in the lumbercamps of Maine, as far as I'm concerned. That is, the balancing of tradition and invention in the artist's mind, combining it with the talent of the individual artist. It's newness, but also newness in continuity.

Now there was a vital tradition of singing in the lumbercamps. That's not all they did, it was not a nest of singing birds by any matter
of means, but in any camp, say, Saturday night came along, the men had to put in their own entertainment. And singing was a perfectly respectable and accepted way to entertain your friends. And there was a particular style that this followed. You take G. Malcolm Laws, *Native American Balladry*, something of a syllabus of ballads that he feels were composed in America. One section he called ballads of the lumbercamp, there are far more in that particular category than there are in any other occupational category. And more than you'll find in any other category except murder.

I've talked to so many men who remember the singing. One man even said, "I went back in the woods. I missed the singing." I never expected to hear that. That was his reason he claimed for going back into the woods after having not worked there for a while. We're talking now around the turn of the century. But, at the same time, there were camps where nobody sang. I've had plenty of men tell me, "Ahh, there was no singing in the camps, you were too damn tired when you came in at night." Well, you were tired all right. It was a brutalizing life. No question about that.

The thing that fascinates me is that even given this brutalizing life, out of that, art emerged. It was there. As I say, Saturday night would have been your time when men sang. And the vitality of this tradition can be shown by the fact that new songs were constantly being made up.

And there were people from whom new songs were expected. Joe Scott was certainly one of those. Something would happen, Joe would make up a ballad about it. He was not working as a lumberman at the time.

Joe would take a knapsack full of his ballads and go from one camp to another and sell them for a dime a piece. He only had to sell ten of them before he made as much as he would have made as a woodsman working, certainly a good deal more
THE FOLLOWING LIST is meant to be suggestive of readings that are helpful in further understanding the conference and project topic.


IN ADDITION, one may wish to look at other work of conference presenters, including:


**Neil V. Rosenberg.** “Big Fish, Small Pond: Country Musicians and Their Markets.” In *Media Sense* cited above, pp.149-166.


Joe was born 1867, died 1918. Died in the state mental institution here in Augusta. He spent most of his life from about the 1880s working along the Androscoggin River, Rumford, Rangeley, up through that area. Long about 1882, he had a very unfortunate love affair. He was gelded and it absolutely was the central fact of his life. It changed him completely.

By 1897, he’d started writing ballads and going around camps selling them. And from 1897 to about 1901, this was his main occupation, really, as far as I can tell.

Let’s just look at a couple of them, and see how he went about it. One of the first, so far as I can determine, was a ballad called “Howard Carey.” It was about a young man who left his home in New Brunswick, came to Maine to work in the woods. Was warned by his mother before he came to shun those gambling halls, to leave whiskey alone, all of that. He came here, he did not follow his mother’s advice and he dies.

What Joe did was to take a perfectly standard pattern, the ballad begins, “My name is Howard Carey and Grand Falls I was born.” How many traditional ballads begin just exactly that way. He tells the story of how my aged parents being poor, could not maintain us all, so he has to leave home. Once again, this pattern of the young man leaving home, going to work, falling into sin, and being punished for it.

Finally Howard hanged himself in his hotel room. There’s stanzas in there about how he says adieu to his girl and to his parents and all of this, those again are perfectly standard structures within that particular tradition. He uses a particular stanza form there that is again quite traditional.

And the tune that he has here, certainly it was a tune that was drawn...
from what we could call solidly folk tradition by any definition you want to use. That is to say, you can find the parallel for this in Irish tradition, several other songs that I know from the Maritimes and Maine as well to that same tune.

Now that was in May of 1897 that he made that up. In September of that year he made up another song. This was a death on the job type song. And again, the lumber woods were full of stories about men who were killed carrying out their job. They were killed on the river drive, or when a hanging limb came down and hit them, something like that. Joe knew this particular tradition and knew it well. And he tells the story in here of a lumberman, about the accident that killed him, and how they found his body, where they found his body. Now it tells about the funeral thereafter and then ends up with a stanza that is a very standard sort of traditional structure:

But kind friends and good companions of him who’s dead and gone,
To a better land in heaven far away beyond the sun,
Him that you loved dearly you’ll never again see more,
Till you cross through death’s dark valley to that bright celestial shore.

Well, where did he get that tune? Turns out that tune is not a traditional tune as we would call it at all. That tune was written by a man by the name of George F. Root for a song called “Bright Eyed Laughing Little Nell of Narragansett Bay,” which was published in 1860. And I can just give you a sample of how that sounded the way Root wrote it.

And there was a chorus that went with it:

Toll, toll the bell, at early dawn of day
For lovely Nell who quickly passed away
Toll, toll the bell, a soft and mournful way
For bright eyed laughing little Nell of Narragansett Bay.

What Joe did was kind of interesting there. He took that particular tune, but he knocked off the chorus. Over and over again you’ll find that when popular tunes came into folk tradition, one of the things that happened was the chorus disappeared.

So here we have Joe in this woods, working to sell songs to other woodsmen, taking a well known popular song and combining it with folk tradition. And the song was accepted. Now if people hadn’t liked that tune, they could have used any number of other tunes for it. But that tune stayed with it. And it’s always sung to that tune wherever I’ve heard it. And I’ve heard it maybe 50 or 60 times.

One other thing I should point out is that song was published in 1860. Joe wasn’t born until 1867, so in a way, you could point out that he was taking what you could call an oldie, but goodie. Not something that had just been composed, but something that had been around for a long time. He may not even have thought about it as, “Now, I’m going to innovate here.” I rather doubt that he did come to think of it.

He wrote another one called “The Norway Bum,” which is all about, as you might expect, a bum who is just telling his sad story. In the second stanza, he says:

For a small glass of rye, when I am so dry
just to help a poor fellow along,
I will turn on my heel, dance an old fashioned reel,
or I’ll sing you a bit of a song,

Oh I know I’m a rake, and a poor worthless fake,
I am not used to the world and its ways,
Although I’m a bum, and addicted to rum,
I’m a man that has seen better days.

Then he goes on and tells this story of how he became a bum. You start out laughing, everybody winds up in tears by the end of it. Cold sober, you wind up crying. It’s a marvelous piece of work.

But it falls into a tradition which is again not part of the old folk tradition of the face on the barroom floor. I couldn’t find the tune for this, I knew this was a popular tune, somewhere, I just knew it. How did I know? Well, I just knew it, that’s all. And I couldn’t find it.

So one night I was at a party and Larry Older was there. And Larry knew a hell of a slug of songs. We started singing songs back to each other and he gave me several leads. And then I sang this one, and by God he knew it. It was an old song called “Nellie and I.” I haven’t been able to run it down in the Library of Congress yet, but I’ve got a hunch it’s there all right.

At any rate, Joe blended these two traditions and this whole blend was accepted. People were enthusiastic about Joe’s songs, treasured them as a matter of fact. Now older schools of folk song study might have seen Joe Scott as evidence of the decay of the old tradition. I prefer to see it as evidence of a flourishing tradition, a continuity not only of singing, but of creativity—without which no tradition survives.

A closed tradition is a dead tradition. And I think I’ll leave this business of folk and popular culture at that particular point.
THE DINER HAS SAT ON GIRDER ABOVE THE RIVER SINCE 1946.

Above: The A1 Diner, a Worcester Lunch Car, in Gardiner.
KEY, KEY, where’s the key?
"Where in the devil?"
Phyllis Neal is looking for the key to her diner in Sanford, the one in storage with its grills cold. She climbs through the weeds, tries to unlock the door of the silver gleaming diner car that reflects the day and makes light come to an impasse.

The key is turning and the door is opening and for a minute, as you walk in, you’re reminded of other diners that you’ve visited in Maine. Not that there’s a slew of them. The disappearing diner, replaced by McDonalds and other fast food chains.

But there are holdouts and there’s a revival going on. Phyllis Neal is hanging on to her diner. She knows it’s worth something big.

Diners are personal. They’re too compact inside to be otherwise. People listen or talk or yell. And they eat, drink, fill the air with their perfume or their sweat. No pretenses. Everyone’s on the same level, workers and eaters. That’s what a diner has always been about.

Now diners have become more than that. Valuable commodities. People are looking to the diner, not only for food, but as a gauge of the times. America’s times and its culture and mentality.

Here in Sanford, in this dormant diner, receptacle of thought, the light is gone, the windows boarded up.

You sit on a stool and spin around. And you spin and spin and leave the present and travel to another place where it’s time for breakfast and time to hear the story of the diner and America, however shifting it might be.
FIRST STOP, BREAKFAST.  INNER MAINE, INDUSTRIAL MAINE.  THE ADVENT OF THE DINER.

LOUDS DOT the blue sky in Rumford. Clouds of smoke from the active paper mill in town. The fumes from the pulp digestor serve as a wall that deflects tourists from entering and insulates the town from most outside influence and change. But once you break through, the fumes dissipate. That’s the way the Deluxe Diner is, too.

You have to fight the door and slide it open. Not pull, or push, slide. So anybody entering for the first time will be viewed by everybody, mostly all men, sitting at the 16-stool counter, in their struggle to get in. And usually, a fellow sitting at the center stool will lean back and slide it open, but long after you’ve already looked like a fool.

The first thing you see is a shiny, silver hood over the grill that Pete Duguay, the owner, polishes once a week. And it’s either real German silver or nickel. But silver polish works well on it anyhow.

And then you see it, through the smoke and the smell of frying and sweat, the gritty interior of past snow white tiles tainted, with innumerable layers of sallow skin-colored paint on the walls, as many layers of paint as there have been owners. You see the sagging lead-colored ceiling held up by columns. A bevelled glass mirror hides in the corner certainly not used by the likes of women’s ruby red lips and their lipstick. Probably never used for that.

“It’s not a ritzy place, just the average guy comes in,” says Pete. For breakfast before a shift and for a snack in between. Like Larry Henderson, an odd jobs man, who has blond, stringy hair and protruding blue and blood eyes, colored like his shirt, neon blue and Day-Glo pink, also like the color of the hotdogs at the Deluxe Diner. Larry takes you on a pointing tour of the diner. He crooks his finger.

“Another famous attraction is that coffee urn here. They use Eight O’clock brand coffee, that’s another famous attraction. The stuff you buy in a restaurant looks like colored water compared to this.”

Pete unloads 21-25 lbs. of coffee, 50-70 dozen eggs and 45 lbs. of bacon a week, depending on the weather, on the local working men. And J.J. Nissen donuts. To mill workers and construction workers, during hunting season, hunters. Mostly all men. Very few women.

He sells a lot of breakfasts and specials. On Mondays he serves the only exotic sounding thing on the menu, the Chinese Pot Pie. But he defends it by saying, “It’s just a casserole with potatoes, hamburg and creamed corn.” Nothing too far out.

The diner is moving for ten hours of the day. Open at 4 in the morning to 2 P.M. It was once open all 24 hours of the day, but with the arrival of cars, well, you can just about anywhere to eat. There are no booths. Just a line of stools. A line of backs talking about the news of the world.

“Not that much really happens around here. You don’t have murders, you don’t have stabblings, rarely do you ever have a suicide. That’s just about the worst. Really not a heck of a lot to talk about. This place is what you call a town that everybody looks for. With more activities this would be the ideal town. Nothing ever happens,” says Larry.

Except death and disease. Rumford, according to Larry, has the highest leukemia and cancer rate around, though you barely hear of anyone that has it, but that’s what the survey says.

No one really sits around and talks about that over their meal at the diner. They’re more likely to talk about the races and Lotto. Fantasize about winning a million bucks. Someone got five numbers out of seven not too long ago.

“I used to go there, I played the horses a lot,” says Frank Dubois. He doesn’t go there now. He’s done with gambling. He says the diner was a “booking” joint in its heyday. All night long, after pool and card games. He says it probably still is. Maybe he’s pulling my leg.

He and his father, Frenchy, glided the diner into its spot 60 years ago. He was 21. In three weeks, they dug the cellar by hand; pick and shovel. Then hauled it up the hill from what was Reed’s Coal Yard, block and tackle, on the unpaved street with a truck pulled by two of Scotty Richardson’s work horses. Worked from sunset to sundown for 35 cents an hour, and planted it in its first and only spot on Oxford Street.

The poolhalls, Pineau’s next door or Pete Perry’s, down the street. Rack ‘em up. They have long since gone.

“There was no limit on hours that the diner was open. There was not many cars in them days. Now look at it. Like Times Square.” Well it really isn’t. You don’t have to worry about getting pickpocketed.

The diner itself is 98 percent the same from the floor tiles to the walls. Frank knows. It’s a different color, it used to be bright red, you can see it on the back where they never painted it. That red is now more like watered-down ketchup.

At 81, Frank bangs on the frame with his fist. The diner still stands. Frank still stands. You follow him down to the cellar, stand behind him and admire his concrete handiwork. The only part that is not solid, caving in a little, is where the cement blocks are. Frank and Frenchy didn’t put them in. They wouldn’t do that.

The little red, well, now tan, Worcester Lunch Car, has held up well except for the ceiling, which collapsed. A green roof built over the diner is like a hat warding off the rain. But outside of that, the diner is close to what it had been when it was new.

Myrtle McKenna knows. As a member of the historical society in town, she has a folder on the diner.
Including some polaroid snapshots that she took of it a few years back. Though she can’t quite pin down the date that the diner arrived in town. You have to trust Frank’s memory for that one.

She’s on a mission. “I think we’ve got to keep a little of our past for the future generations. They’ll probably not know what an old-fashioned diner is,” she says. They might, with a little Ajax.

Right now, on the food scale, this diner is back in the late 1950s. On the social scale, it’s timeless.

THE ADVENT OF THE DINER IMAGE AND DINER STUDY

ANYTIME, all the time at Moody’s Diner. That’s what Moody’s capitalizes on. Route 1, Waldoboro. A diner that will be marked down in history. The diner that will never die. And everybody has been there. And if you haven’t, well, where have you been? It’s still open 24 hours on weeknights. It has changed very little in 60 years. Unless you want to count the summers when the year round regulars stay away to avoid flocks of vacationers.

Moody’s as a constant. That’s its appeal and lure. People come in to sit in the same booth that they sat in 50 years ago. The Moodys have not updated the inside for that very reason. And because, something you hear in Maine a lot, “If it ain’t broke, don’t fix it.” That’s Judy Moody-Beck talking.

And the food hasn’t changed. Didn’t start serving store packaged items with preservatives, and macaroni and cheese from the box when that was popular. Is not serving egg McMooody’s. Does not have a little heart next to the low cholesterol items on the menu either. In fact, a Moody’s cookbook just came out, with Bertha Moody’s favorite recipes that they still use today, What’s Cooking at Moody’s Diner.

The book also includes perspective drawings of the interior that show its expansions over the years, scrapbook paraphernalia, little anecdotes and reminiscences about the diner like the story from somebody in Egypt, who was wearing a Moody’s T-shirt and was approached by a stranger who said, “Excuse me, but I have to introduce myself to anyone wearing a Moody’s T-shirt in Egypt.”

Moody’s is famous, a Maine landmark and a national icon, a living example of real Maine, some say. Tim Sample, a Maine humorist, uses the setting of Moody’s as the title
piece of one of his books, Saturday Night at Moody's.

"Moody's is not a true diner in the sense of the word. My technical definition of a diner is a custom-built, prefabricated building. You can broaden it to say [a diner] can be anything with a counter," says Larry Cultrera of Medford, Massachusetts, diner buff to the extreme.

Moody's was not built in a factory, but it is in his log of diners anyhow. And it gets an "A." It's one of the 614 diners that Larry has visited in the Northeast. As far south as Tennessee and as far west as Michigan, and he has samples from them all in the shape of a menu or a matchbook, business cards, anything remotely associated with a diner. He has actual pieces of diners and tags off of diners. "I can't buy a whole one to save. I don't ever want to work that hard in my life," he says.

He is part of the only organized group of diner enthusiasts around, the Society for Commercial Archaeology, which not only cherishes diners, but other roadside phenomenon. They are on the fringe of the American preservationists and recently, over the past few years, have gained validity in the eyes of other preservationist groups, so says an article in a July, 1989 issue of the Boston Globe's Sunday magazine.

Diners are now having books written about them that are shelved under such headings on book racks as Americana, or architecture. One such book, American Diner, is by Richard Gutman, the reputed leading diner expert around. He is a diner historian and a diner connoisseur, consulted by those establishing diners now, such as the new Silver Diner in Rockville Pike, Maryland. Consulted by museums, such as the Ford Museum in Dearborn, Michigan, that now has a 60,000 square foot exhibit of the automotive landscape, including a restored 1932 Jerry O'Mahony diner.

"The look of the diner has been changing to reflect the culture," says Gutman. "Continually reflecting what people are comfortable with. There were diners that were completely white," when white appliances hit the market in the 1920s. Part of the "snow-white" appeal was probably to attract women who shied away from diners, thinking they were male bonding places, which they seemed to be.

The diner started as a mobile lunch cart to serve working men before shifts, between shifts and after shifts. At times when other restaurants were already closed. Late at night. Early in the morning. It became stationary, but still had the look of the mobile lunch cart so that people would know what they were getting themselves into.

Embossed on the exterior of some diners made in the 20s was "Ladies Invited." The invitation is still on the Palace Diner in Biddeford which is now open only for breakfast, six days a week.

In the 1930s, the machine age continued to influence the design of diners. They were no longer like box cars, but more like streamlined locomotives with an art deco flourish in their gleaming interiors.

Gutman calls the period before and after WWII, in the 40s, the "Golden Age of the Diner." And diners became even slicker, glossier, faster. Stainless steel, glass block and formica. The number of diners then was at its peak, over 6,700 units.

Quicker, quicker, faster, faster, in came the drive-thru restaurant, and franchised take-out food and automats, and the growing homogeneity in America that came with the television and a move toward suburbanization, for prosperity was in the nation's air. And the cooked-to-order diner started to lose its hold on the market. The diner couldn't keep up.

Within the past few years, the diner has made a comeback from 2,500 units left, increasing eight percent, according to the National Restaurant Association.

And in Maine, the diner comeback has already made several overlapping loops. Following popular trends:

Yuppidom: The nouvelle French food trend of five years ago.

Granaladom: Back to homestyle cooking, natural food, au revoir to the instant mashed potato and canned food era that started in the late 50s.

Beatnikdom: Artistically presented meatloaf.

The Asian craze: The influence of soy sauce and wasabi on this country.

Authenticdom: The latest phase. Real food and real people for real cheap.

"The diner kind of outgrew what it was always meant to be. The revival of it is to go back to something that is clearly identifiable," Gutman says and he laughs about "the irony of a gourmet restaurant in a salt of the earth diner."

RETROVERTED PRESENT. CONCEPTUALLY A DINER, BUT IN ACTUALITY?

LIGHTS. CAMERA. Action. Roll 'em. Zoom in on a silver soda fountain decor that dispenses only imaginary syrup to people in ties, lost in illusion. Add sound track.

"WHAT KINDA BREAD, HOLLY," Deb yells. The way she belts it out you'd think she was cooking at a diner. She works at Al's on Exchange Street smack in the Old Port, Portland's trendy shopping district. Nowhere does it say it's a diner, for Jack Panaica's banker opposed the name "diner" when Jack opened the place, on the grounds that it was too faddish. "Of course I'm never gonna argue with my banker," says Jack.

But it looks like one, although it's in an old building that existed long before diner cars were made. A diner and soda shop combined. Formica table tops, swivel stools, stainless steel, neon signs, a name like Al's, the counter. The waitresses are garbed in pink uniforms with white
CLASSIC MAINE DINERS

The following list is not meant to be authoritative or exhaustive, but rather suggestive of several classic diners found in Maine. Those listed are ones that have evolved to their present operation, however slight or great, but which maintain part of the original diner. Thus the Wa-Co Diner of Eastport is not listed even though it originated as a lunch wagon, for its present operation is an entirely new structure built in 1974. In a similar vein, the Neon Diner of 653 Congress Street in Portland is not listed as it began only this year within the ground floor of a two story brick building. It represents an attempt to recreate something of the feel of the classic diner of old. If readers have suggestions, additions or corrections to the list, we would very much like to hear from them.

The A1 Diner. 3 Bridge Street, Gardiner. Built around 1946 by the Worcester Dining Car Company, Worcester, Massachusetts. Car Number 790. Open Monday through Thursday 5:30 A.M. to 8:00 P.M., Friday 5:30 A.M. to 9:00 P.M., Saturday 7:00 A.M. to 9:00 P.M., and closed on Sunday.

The Miss Brunswick Diner. Route 1/101 Pleasant Street, Brunswick. Originated as a small lunch wagon with a porch built on the front. Additions were made to the wagon over the years until the present size was reached with a seating capacity for 70 people. Open 24 hours a day beginning at 7:00 A.M. on Sunday through 11:00 P.M. on Friday. Open Saturday from 5:00 A.M. to 11:00 P.M. and then the 24 hour open cycle begins again.

Moody’s Diner. Route 1, Waldoboro. Began in 1934 as a small lunch wagon with a porch built on the front. Additions were made to the wagon over the years until the present size was reached with a seating capacity for 70 people. Open 24 hours a day beginning at 7:00 A.M. on Sunday through 11:00 P.M. on Friday. Open Saturday from 5:00 A.M. to 11:00 P.M. and then the 24 hour open cycle begins again.

The Palace Diner. 18 Franklin Street, Biddeford just behind the main downtown street. Diner car built around the 1920s by Pollard and Company of Lowell, Massachusetts. Only open during the mornings.

The Pineland Diner. 156 Main Street, Ellsworth. Now encompassed within Maidee’s Restaurant with the diner car serving as the bar. Larry Cultrera says the diner dates from the 1930s, built by the Jerry O’Mahony Company of Elizabeth, New Jersey. But the present owner, Maidee Chung claims it is a 1932 Worcester Deluxe. Open 11 A.M. to midnight seven days a week with live entertainment weekly.

The Deluxe Diner. 29 Oxford Avenue, Rumford. Built around the 1920s by the Worcester Dining Car Company. A new roof canopy has been added to protect the original diner car. Open Monday to Friday, 4:00 A.M. to 2:00 P.M., and Saturday and Sunday from 5:00 A.M. to 1:00 P.M.

The Farmington Diner. Route 27, Farmington. Has been in Farmington since at least the 1950s, perhaps the 1940s. Was moved to its present location from Lewiston. Open from 5:00 A.M. to 8:00 P.M. seven days a week.

cuffs, wearing Reeboks and ankle socks, the menu is on sandwich board, prices are cheap and food is cooked in plain view.

It’s lunchtime and you order the hot roastbeef sandwich and seconds later holy hell breaks loose. The waitress forgot to ask you what kind of bread you want and from behind the line comes the bellow, Deb’s unrehearsed roar, and you want to roar back, “WHITE BREAD, WHITE BREAD, I WANT IT ON WHITE BREAD, please!”

But you don’t do it, because there are these punky looking kids sitting in the booth next to you, scowling, and an artsy looking woman sitting next to a guy in a tie at the counter, who would think to themselves, “Well gee, it’s okay for the hired help to yell, they’re working, they fit into the scheme, but how come she’s yelling? She’s not supposed to yell, she’s supposed to eat.”

So it’s not a reciprocal relationship here. And you’re not totally comfortable, but it’s not because of the place. It’s because of the people.

“Because the cooking help is not in a kitchen that’s far away, their personalities, be it good or bad, are exposed to the customers who are sitting there and waiting,” says Jack Panaica. “Now we have Deb, one of our cooks, who’s typical of what you would imagine a diner cook to be like.

“A few tattoos here and there, a relatively hard life, works like a horse, very fast, can just throw out food, and has a mouth like a sailor. Has a heart of gold, but at the same time could probably hold her own against anybody in a street fight.

“And she’s a character that the customers who can enjoy this type of place would enjoy, and other people might be offended, depending on what their sense of humor is. Now if they’re “going out to dinner,” then they might be a little upset by this person who would go, “HERE SHARON, GET OVER HERE AND PICK UP THE FOOD.”

“But she can turn out food like crazy,” says Jack. Deb fits the function and fits the part without acting. A real person on a stage. A character in an Italian, neo-realistic film.

“What we wanted to create is theater. We sat down with the architect and we didn’t want to recreate a diner. We wanted to create a feeling of being in a diner and that’s how Al’s originated. To give it the feeling, rather than buying a whole bunch of artifacts and placing them in place, we took the space we had and created a stage prop,” says Jack.

So everything, except for the pop-
Architects, graphic designers, bankers ward the painted silver ceiling and the clock that used to say Texaco, but now says “Don’t Worry-Al’s,” is new. The designs of professionals. Architects, graphic designers, bankers. Not craftsmen in a factory.

And it does feel real. If you can ignore the track lights pointed toward the painted silver ceiling and ignore the mohawk sitting in the corner booth. If you’re sharing the red jello, a long spoon in hand, with a date, and you’re thinking about Buddy Holly. But you have to make an effort for it to feel real.

And Jack had fun doing it. He spent over $100,000 on it. The sandwich board alone cost him around $500 a sheet, the letters, probably $300, $1,400 worth of two stainless steel door handles. But it was a case of a little play on nostalgia, for he had been a diner goer in New York in the 60s, a case of answering to the trend toward resurrecting 50s things, and a case of I’m going to build it because it is a space efficient way of using a long, narrow room.

“It’s funny, ‘cause I’ve seen so many of the young people who are pseudo dressing in the 50s mode and they’re looking at it through eyes that never saw it the first time, so it’s very easy to romanticize it and to wear some of the clothing that they perceive was worn, when in reality the 50s to the people who are living in the 50s are just like the 80s to the people who are living in the 80s. They weren’t particularly easier, but it appears that way so that whenever there’s a time of insecurity, which the last few years, economically and worldwide has caused that psyche, it’s always nice to go back to a time that appeared safer and the 50s caught on.”

Cut. Stop the camera. Just a little interjection. And Jack says, the mind frame of the age is now set in insecurity. Well life is so fast paced now, it’s no wonder. So people are trying to slow down, ‘cause they see that their friends all have ulcers. And they tune in to reruns of “Happy Days.” Even if it’s fake, it’s an attempt. Back to Jack. Roll ‘em.

“There were a couple of shows on television. See the media is very important in creating it. What comes first? The chick or the egg? The backdrop for a lot of commercials on TV used that neon and diner in the background glowing.

“You could probably look through any magazine and some of the backdrops have this diner look. So it was a case of nostalgia. I’ve seen some places do such a great job of recreating a diner that it’s all effect and it’s too bright. So what’s the longevity? It’s such a faddish looking place that in two or three years if the fad’s not there, you have something that doesn’t fit in.”

Would Jack do it again? “People are looking for economic means of surviving. The diner has that appeal. If you see the word ‘diner,’ this probably means inexpensive food that’s certainly acceptable and not formally served. The problem right now that America’s going through is that you have a whole generation of kids that have been brought up on McDonald’s.

“Guess what? They don’t know how to act when they go out to a restaurant. They were brought up on crappy fast food, without any service, go to the window and order. And the problem with Al’s is people walk in there, they see diner and in their mind, they know it’s gonna be good food, but they still have a McDonald’s mentality, expecting the food to pop out of a machine in four seconds. Guess what? We have to cook your food, even though it’s simple fare.

“Food cost right now is astronomical. We’re all struggling. You’ll see a lot of pasta restaurants coming into play, because for a restaurant the food cost is down. This [the diner] is a fad that’s in its maturity, so I wouldn’t be building one now,” he says. Maybe if Jack had bought Al’s today, it would have been Alfredo’s pasta shack.

Okay, it’s a wrap.
says he still wouldn’t have booths or tables. “I would leave it just the way it is. Down here it’s hit and go. If you go with your girlfriend to McDonald’s or Burger King, you’re gonna be there anywheres from 20 minutes to 40 minutes, two people taking the booths. You come in here and regardless, they’ll put your order out within three or four minutes. Everybody’s got their own things to do. Nobody crosses over.”

Rapid Ray's has been maintaining its image for years. It started out as a Hood milk truck with just enough room to stretch your arms out and twirl around and reach everything. It was a part-time job for Ray Camire, a meatcutter, who just got married.

All Ray’s meat is fresh. Not frozen. The hamburger patties are each two ounces plus of lean beef. That has remained a constant through the years.

He worked in the daytime at a local grocery store and from seven to two at night he sold burgers and dogs and cold drinks sharing the space with a gasoline station which closed for the day before he got there. For the first two years, he never had a day off. Seven days a week.

Business was booming, so he dropped his job as a meatcutter, got a new, larger unit and hired two or three helpers, and cut his own meat. And kept growing. But not into a franchise operation. It’s still a family business. And not because of any common marketing lures.

“I know everybody. If I don’t know ‘em, it’s because they’re fairly new around the area. But the thing is, I was not too great with my advertising. I was the type of guy that was very sociable and people felt like they want to come back. In other words, if you come down here, I’ve never seen ya, you got problems, car broke down, you can’t meet your budget, your mind is full of problems, personal problems, before you get out of here, you’re gonna forget those problems a little bit because I’m gonna make you talk. I don’t care how sober you are.

“That’s what made ‘em come back. You’ll say, ‘Gee beautiful day today.’ If you don’t tell me nothing then I’ll turn around, ‘What are you doing exciting today,’ or, ‘What have you got planned for this afternoon?’ Not as it’s none of my business but—. And if you say you’re working hard, well hey, I’ll call up the boss and try to get you a half a day off or an afternoon off so you can go to the—.

“In other words, I’ve always had a comment for them. I’ll make them talk. This is the way I built up my reputation. Getting involved. It makes them feel, ‘Hey look, the guy’s interested.’ It gives them the feeling, ‘We’ll go back to Ray’s. We’ll see him again.’ Now I’ve got two or three, I cannot make head or tail of these guys. They come down here and they’re sober-faced and I can’t get a word. The only thing I can say is they keep on coming so maybe someday they’ll break.”

McDonald’s and Burger King came into Saco in 1957. “When the big boys came into town, they told me to close my doors. I refused to close my door,” says Ray. They hurt Ray’s business for about a week because as he says, “Everything was new,” but now he’s within the same volume range as a Burger King franchise—750,000 to a million hotdogs and hamburgers a year.

Business is still booming. Ray hires a meatcutter now. The customers are the same people over generations, he says. But people live differently. “Well you take in those days, they used to go to drive-ins and after the drive-in stop in here and have a hotdog. Now you’ve got VCRs, you got TVs. The lifestyle of everybody has changed. Everybody right now is living better in the 80s than we was in the 50s and 60s. We have better cars, better food, more entertainment.”

The present day, health-conscious society has not affected Ray’s food sales. But he does have to limit the amount that he eats at his own place and watch his cholesterol like every other 80s minded person. He just had a heart attack. Rapid Ray’s is speeding up and making changes to accommodate the popular demand, but Ray has got to slow down. Play a little.

LUNCH AT THE COSMOPOLITAN DINER IN GARDINER. TRADITION AND INVENTION IN BALANCE. WILL IT RETAIN ITS MIX?

“W HAT COUL D I get that a guy could gag and chew on and manage to swallow?”

“How about a—”

“Well I’ll take it.”

“Blueberry banana muffin?”

“Blueberry banana? Now who put the banana in a blueberry muffin? What’s going on here?”

“How about an English muffin?”

“That’s the old standby, isn’t it? Sweetheart? I love you, have I told you lately? I never told that t’other woman in my life either.”

That’s Leland Perkins talking to Cindy the waitress at the counter of the A1 diner in Gardiner. The diner’s sitting high above river level on steel girders. It meets the sidewalk and all the foot traffic going by and has been here since birth. 1946. Perkins has been here since “the good lord walked on water and square wheels were discovered” and the shoe factories in town were operating.

He assisted in the commotion in getting the diner into its spot. The diner, a Worcester Lunch Car, is stationary. With the work that they put into getting it in its place that thing will probably never be moved again. Outside it’s bustling. Trucks racing by between every chew. Inside it’s bustling. Cindy never stops moving. She wipes down the glistening pink marble counter, Windexes the stainless steel sunburst wall.

“Cindy just moves like silk,” say continued on page 41
DINER PEOPLE

Rapid Ray's, Main Street, Saco.
DELCXE D لبن، OXFORD AVENUE, RUMFORD.
AL'S, EXCHANGE STREET, PORTLAND.
A1 Diner, Bridge Street, Gardiner.
DELUXE DINER, OXFORD AVENUE, RUMFORD.

Photographs by Tonee Harbert
Continued from page 34

a couple in admiration, as if they were at an Ice Capades show. But they're only sitting at a booth. "She's the quintessential diner waitress." Do you think Cindy heard that? She'd be pretty embarrassed if she did. For them, that is.

They are here for lunch, though they usually come for dinner, lunch being "a little more pedestrian." Later they decide they don't want me to use their names, so we'll call them Hope Hunter and Myron Rose.

Originally from New York, they are newcomers in Maine now. Middle-aged business people. A year and a half ago, they were on their way to Dr. Sylvester's, an upscale restaurant in town, when they bypassed it and ended up here. THEY discovered the place. PUT IT ON THE MAP for all their friends from Boston, California and New York. It was right around the time that the boys, Michael Giberson and Neil Andersen bought the place from Mike's father.

Mike is originally from the area, but he left and met Neil in Boston when they worked together at Legal Seafoods. They bop around cooking in the kitchen that's behind the diner along with Bob Newell, prep cook, who's been there for 34 years. He likes the new "exotic food" that the boys are making now in their newly-painted kitchen; white with neon blue, purple and pink and yellow trim; 70-80 hours a week, the boys work. Making mashed potatoes and pies. In shorts and hightops and Neil's funky white hat that covers his short ponytail. Young entrepreneurs, well, a correction by Neil, young kitchen slaves.

Mike used to come to the diner when he was in high school to eat French fries and gravy. "This was a kids' hang-out. Now kids hang out at malls," he says.

"It's where I used to go every day after school and get a cherry pie and coke," says Hope, who grew up in New Rochelle, New York. "It's not
diner food, you know, truck-stop food." Well what is diner food? Isn't it food served in a diner? She says the mussel bisque here is as good as the one at Lutece in New York.

But here it's more casual, less pricey. Diner prices. Two bucks for breakfast, three for lunch, four for dinner. "We always feel like we're visiting somebody's kitchen, some neighbor. It's sort of a campy thing," says Myron. Except you're not helping to make the salad or volunteering to clean the dishes.

"I keep yelling at them to raise the prices," says Hope. Does she want it to become another Dr. Sylvester's? There's already one in town.

"There's so much of a move today toward glitz. When something maintains the dignity of the past, there's something comfortable about it," says Myron. That's more like it. And they make it here through sleet, snow and summer, at least once a week from Edgecomb, 25 miles away. And go home with memories. Scattered pictures.

Trim Jim Whalen is at the next booth. He's a REAL regular. Six to seven times a day. He eats nowhere else. This is his third stop in there today. First he had bacon and eggs and coffee. Then he came in for hamburger steak. And now he's deciding. He scratches his white beard. Wait, "Maybe I was in once before. In between. I don't remember." He's the only one with a monthly tab, the highest having been around $575.

Well how long has he been coming here? Just ask Cindy. When the diner came to town, he was standing across the street by the telephone booth over there that wasn't there then. "It's about the only thing in town that's the same since the 40s. Everything is gone. This is it. When this goes . . . even the post office has changed."

Mike and Neil took away more than they added to the physical diner. Apepsi machine, for instance. Things that didn't fit with the style of the diner. They cleaned it up. The place sparkles.

They added things that did fit. Like Michael's mother's prom picture on display across from the powderpuff-pink-marble counter.

They are aware of "concept diners," such as Al's, which laughingly, they call "faux diners," and they are proud of their diner, their original diner, with the name of the first owner, Heald's, embossed on the yellow porcelain exterior.

"So how long have YOU been coming here?"

"How many years, Cindy?" says Muriel Pinkham.

"Fifty," says Cindy.

"Forty years anyway," says Muriel.

"It's an old landmark. It's an old standby. She's the landmark [pointing to Cindy]. That one is."

Cindy, who has been working the counter for 27 years, since she was 15, has never worked anywhere else, unless you want to count the two weeks she went to work for Bath Iron Works. But this isn't even a fact and neither is the allegation that she once owned a motorcycle. Cindy doesn't talk about herself.

You try. You try to talk to Cindy. You try to ask her why she has been here forever and why she's never had another job and what is it about this place that makes her stay and how is it that she remembers what everybody eats and how they like their coffee and in general what does the world look like from her angle. And what does she say? She runs away and waits on somebody.

"You can't get an opinion from Cindy. She's very hard to pin down. That's good. You've got to make everybody feel welcome. I think [she] does that. She kids with people but she's not ever offensive. Or she's never personal. She knows if I want soup, I want a cup not a bowl. She knows I don't like brown muffins. You can get spoiled. I'm sure she does that for everybody," says Glenna Nowell, the town librarian and recent recipient of a Playboy Magazine award for honorably defending free
The old Pineland Diner goes Oriental.
From biscuits and pancakes to pu-pu platters.
Above: Maidee's, Ellsworth.

speech. She says Cindy's like Bartleby the Scrivener, a master of passive resistance. Though he dies of starvation and she triumphs.

Glenna's at the diner several times a week. Health conscious, she directs questions about the food to a steel square in the wall. The square into the kitchen, where Cindy rings the bell to order, picks up her meals, unloads dirty dishes and hollers for more biscuits. And Mike or Neil peek out and tell her what kinds of cheeses are in the lasagna today.

The change in the menu has brought in new blood, according to Glenna. Adding people without alienating the people who usually come in. Except for the man who used to come in for toast with peanut butter. They lost him when they switched the Nissen factory bread to bakery bread. You know how addictive additives can get.

She likes the mix. "It's kind of like a library. From the very poorest to the elite. Blue collar, white collar, retired, young families. They get a lot of cross section. You see the ultra-liberals, you see the real conservatives, people who would really be disturbed [about] the Supreme Court's decision about flag burning, but not about the abortion decision." And they all sit there in harmony. Truly.

In a place that is filled with so many generations of people, you would think that there would be classes, left and right. But you don't see any. And no underlying feeling of tension exists either. Whether it's between the kitchen workers or the waitresses. And if you have ever worked with food, cooking it or serving it, fast-paced, you know how hot things can get; heat and tempers. And how crazy people can get. Not here.

Leland Perkins knows about that. "I've never seen [Cindy] get mad. She pulled only one on me and that did me in for a lifetime. The jello. And everyone perks up their cars. All eyes, young and old are on Perkins.

"For years they always had jello here. Finally one night she got here and she said, 'Why is it that you never want the jello?' And I said, 'I can't eat anything that's moving or wiggles.' So that's fine and she never asked me no more.

"Then in three years one night I says, 'Oh gee, give a little bit of that jello,' and this place was packed full, she was way up to the end [of the counter], she says, 'Hey Perkins, you got jello? I thought you couldn't eat anything that wiggles!' So that's fine and she never asked me no more.
remark for 30 years, she was a winner. She had me. If you could’ve seen her leaning 'gainst that refrigerator, biggest smile on her face, and she didn’t holler anyway, but she sure put that, ‘Hey Perkins—’

"Golden opportunity," says Cindy now.

“I had an answer for her but I didn’t dare give it," says Leland Perkins.

FROM BREAKFAST TO DESSERT. THE DINER CLOCK, 1940-1990. A SCRAPBOOK FOR THE PINELAND. WILL IT BE THE LAST?

TRIM JIM WHALEN used to go to the Pineland Diner in Augusta "every day for dinner at noontime," and maybe if it was still there he wouldn’t be at the A1 in Gardiner. But it’s up in Ellsworth now in a different shape and form.

Here is the Pineland scrapbook, snatches of scenes in chronological order from birth to death plus several reincarnations.

Augusta, early 1940s to 1968.

Snapshot of Donna Parker at Christmas in 1968, grillcook of 15-20 years, doing most of the cooking right out in the front, with her back to the customers. Things are also cooked in the cellar and transported by the dumbwaiter. Biscuits up. Two eggs, with bacon, toast and homefries for seventy-five cents.

The dirty egg dish is washed in the only sink under the counter. Donna sits on a carton to wash the dishes. She also takes orders and cooks. It’s called multi-tasking.

"Am I gonna get my breakfast or not," said Casey Jones at the Pine-land Diner.

And the plate slid out in front of him.

“Eat it, shut up, eat it or you’ll wear it,” said Donna Parker.

And one of those times she made good on her threat.

“Here’s your egg shampoo,” as she cracked it over his head.

But she helped him wash it off and he wasn’t mad.

Do you think that would ever happen at Al’s?

Around Waldoboro, 1969.

Snapshot of the Pineland in storage. No competition for Moody’s which was the ambitious idea behind the sale. It went by the wayside.


Snapshots of Wendy Leary, who revived and restored the Pineland. Snapshots while taking the tiles out, putting in insulation and replacing the tiles. The Pineland is reincarnated as a medium-priced gourmet restaurant. Tablecloths and candles in the booths. Crepes and corned beef hash, stuffed trout and toasted cheese clubs on the plates.

Ellsworth, 1980s.


There’s a new girl in town. Well actually lady, as in dragon. You think you’re going into a Chinese food palace to get some pork fried rice and you wind up sitting on a stool in a diner car with a T-bone steak and some sesame chicken. From the Pineland to the Chinaland.


Maidee’s scrapbook. On the first page is a firebreathing double-headed dragon menu. With a quote underneath, barked by an older woman as she enters the place. “All I want is coffee and dessert.” But she might have better luck getting a Drunken Buddha and the pu-pu platter or a Mud Slide and some Manhattan clam chowder.

Chinese delicacies and American entrees at Maidee’s. It’s a double-layered place for on the outside all that remains in the spot that could lead you to think it once was the site of a diner is the Pineland sign that still stands. The dining car, a mon-arch style O’Mahony, 1930s vintage, like a dog in a doghouse, is encased in a black building with the menu’s double-headed dragon sign. Suspended from fading, hidden from natural light. It has been remodeled back to the 30s. The statuettes and objets d’art make the place smell like a museum.

“We preserve it and we bring it back more to original," says Maidee Chang. What is original? It took co-owners Chang and Robert Rule 93 days to strip down through the endless layers of paint to reach the mahogany and copper roof. Fourteen boxes of red and black tiles were removed. Tiles that Wendy Leary toiled over. Now it’s back to mahogany.

The marble counter was cut off several feet from the end of the wall and rounded. It is a bar now, with drinks lining the back wall. The marble was made into two tables. Everything is polished. Even the people. This beautiful place will attract professionals. And no real Chinese pot pie is served here.

The place is dark. The place has stools. You want to go home. You’re too full and you feel a little sick. If you spin on the stool you’ll get sicker. And you’re reminded of Phyllis’ dark diner in storage in Sanford, which you know will take on another form in the future. But for now it’s just holding back the sun, unable even to fade.

Who knows what it will become? Maybe she will store cow manure in it. Maybe it will be brought to life again using fax machines for take-out orders. Maybe it will be a sushi bar. Or a real diner, whatever that is. Phyllis doesn’t know yet. Only the times will tell, there’s the key.

Editor’s Note: Since this article was written, Ray Camire of Rapid Ray’s has died and Al’s in Portland has changed management.
SELLING THE FOLK:
MARKETING MAINE CULTURE

By Brett Jenks
Photography by Tonee Harbert

I FOUND IT in The New York Times travel section, under “What to do in Maine.” It was directly above a huge Club Med advertisement that read “The Antidote for Civilization.” The listing was in a little box of type about the size of the Club Med tennis racket:

“Several lobstermen will take along passengers while checking their traps. One worth trying is Lobsta Boat Rides in Bass Harbor: Bill Chamberlain charges $10 a person.”

It got my attention all right. They even used the Maine accent to sell the tour. Culture starved tourists buying the newest and truest Maine tourism. Sort of like rent-a-local.

Strong evidence of how Maine has changed its tourist pitch in recent years, from “vacationland” to “the way life should be.” It’s not just the landscape for sale any more. It’s Maine folks and how they live their lives. Folks who are simpler, if not better. Like in Grandpa’s time.

The old “vacationland” promotion campaign played to an industrialized society’s thirst to get in the car and travel to new unspoiled places. On good roads. Away from the factories and smoke stacks. Advertisements which first drew mass tourism to Maine boasted newly paved roads and cabins with the latest amenities.

Today’s tourists in Maine are different from those motorists of the 1930s and 40s and 50s. Sophisticated studies commissioned by the Maine Office of Tourism tell you what they want. They want to connect with an identifiable culture, something different from back home, which is no longer distinguishable from any other place in America. When they go to Pennsylvania, they want an Amish quilt for the condo couch and Dutch cookbooks for the country-style kitchen. When they come to Maine, they want Moody’s Diner and lobster traps to make into coffee tables.

Maine anthropologist Harald Prins talks about that in relation to his work with Maine Indians. (See page 10 of this issue.) He says, “Romantic city dwellers go to Maine to find true wilderness, to find the true lobsterman, to find the true whatever. They also go here for the true Indian. Now the Indian begins to respond to their expectation of what it is to be an Indian.”

How much is Maine responding to this marketed image of itself? Has this vast, least developed New England state become a kind of giant theme park in which many of its people play to a marketed role, including imitating the accents of Marshall Dodge’s “Bert and I” records?

I decided to go on the road to scope this out. I left from Middle Street in bustling Portland, making sure to pass the Key Bank building where back in 1987 local advertising heroes Londy, Swardlick, & Mackey created “The Way Life Should Be” for the Maine Office of Tourism.

On the way north I made a quick stop at L.L. Bean’s sporting goods store in Freeport, open 24 hours a day around the clock. Synonomous with Bean boots. In the shoe department I saw an old man sitting on a stool with a sewing kit and pre-cut leather pieces making L. L. Bean moccasins. He was on display, sewing by hand the traditional Maine woods way. Just like L. L.’s first pair.

I wondered if we were supposed to believe this is how Bean’s million dollars of mail-orders are filled each year. Or was it like showing city kids a cow in a petting zoo.

Farther up Route 1, in Woolwich, I didn’t stop, but I slowed down enough to get a good look at a new place called the Center of Native Art. It looked like the Maine Tourist Information Center gone generic Indian. There were tomahawks, a totem pole, a giant mural. I decided to check it out later.

In Belfast, where Route 1 turns east, I drove right by the souvenir palace—Perry’s Nut House—itself a momento of the old “Vacationland” days. Out front a big wooden elephant, a rickshaw.

I headed for the coast.

Over the phone Mrs. Chamberlain had assured me the lobster boat was authentic and her husband a real lobster fisherman, but she regretted to say that he hadn’t started yet. He wasn’t taking out passengers and no, they had no idea why they were in The Times.

Captain Hyde started lobster touring in 1977. “I’m the only lobster fisherman who does this. All the rest are just regular people.”

You couldn’t find a better subject for a Maine seaman photo.

Facing Page: Captain David Hyde.
She told me about other lobster tours. One boat cooks up lobster for the tourists right as they are caught—but she recommended Captain Hyde, in Northeast Harbor. He had been doing it the longest and unlike the other tour guides, he too was a real lobsterman, like her husband.

RENT-A-LOCAL
NORTHEAST HARBOR

As we pulled out from the dock, the engine going, wind blowing hard, Captain David Hyde stood at the wheel with his back to us, humming to himself. He wasn’t a talker, he said. Not that we wouldn’t have guessed. He gave no introduction and no speech, but he did pull me aside at the beginning to say if I just sat at the back and listened I would hear all I wanted to know about lobster fishing. “Let ’em do your work for ya.”

Heading out of the bay, we passengers—at $15 a head—introduce ourselves. Carolyn and Bill Bailey are from Pennsylvania with a video camera and their two daughters, Gidget and Billy Jo. They have just visited Niagara Falls. When I asked Mr. Bailey how it was, meaning Niagara Falls, he was thinking video tape. “I don’t know,” he said, “I haven’t seen it.” The other passenger is Jim Bogart, from San Diego. Because he can’t get it at home, he says, he ate three pounds of lobster for lunch and plans to eat four more for dinner.

The harbor is dark scenery, all evergreen trees and jagged rocks. Nobody seems to mind the captain’s silence. Besides, any commentary or introductory story would be hard to hear over the wind. “It’s so nice out here,” Mrs. Bailey shouts, “You shouldn’t go to Maine without going on a boat ride.” Everyone smiles at the thought, looking back and forth from the scenery to each other. We pass an early group of buoys.

Jim Bogart tells me he has a lot of respect for lobstermen. We are sitting back in the stern and Captain Hyde cannot hear us. “I mean, did you ever see these guys work on rough seas?” he says. “You should see that. This water is calm. It’s no problem. But you should see these guys when the waves are up, splashin’ up over the sides, rockin’ the boat. It reminds you of the Amish out in a snow storm. You know what I mean?”

Bill Bailey is standing with his Panasonic video recorder recording the Captain behind the wheel and the seals bobbing in the water on a gray, drizzling day. With a camera and telephoto lens, his daughters are doing the same.

We notice Captain Hyde gearing up. He ties on a rubber smock, replaces his Nike high-tops with rubber boots and, leaning outside the cockpit to watch the buoys, he slows the boat. He picks up his gaff and leans over the side to bring up a buoy. Now that we can hear each other, questions seem natural.

“How do you know which one is yours?” Bogart asks.

“It has my name on it,” he says. Nothing intended, just stating the fact. When he lays the black and yellow buoy up on the gunnel, we can see a name tag. But we know he locates it by color. We smile.

“Why don’t you do it by hand?”

“’Cause I’m not stupid,” he says.

He pulls up the trap: plastic-coated metal instead of wood, what many lobsters have used since the 70s. Captain Hyde says briefly, “They are goin’ back to wood now” because metal traps lost on the bottom do not disintegrate quickly enough. “They keep fishin’ for years,” he says. “I call ’em death traps.”

Water pours out to reveal lots of sea urchins. Two crabs. Two small lobsters.

“We should they be dumb enough to crawl in there?” Mr. Bailey asks.

Hyde pulls them out, lets them do their scraping crawl on the gunnel, while he reaches back for the measuring gauge.

“Ain’t too many of ’em been to Harvard,” he smiles. He shows us the gauge and explains how throwing back those over five and under three and a quarter inches protects the lobsters—the small live to adulthood, the large live to breed. These two are obviously too small, but he shows us how they are measured anyway, along the back of the carapace.

Then he turns and throws them overboard. One by one. We can tell he’s done this for the camera before. It may be just a lazy motion, but as he cocks his arm...
back to toss one over, he pauses just long enough for ready cameras to click. And they do. You could not find a better subject for a Maine seaman photo. He has the fisherman’s beard, a devilish smile, deeply wrinkled eyes.

“What do you call that blue clawed crab?” Mrs. Bailey asks.

“Blue-clawed crab,” says the Captain, smiling. He lets his answer hang there for a while. “I get a lot of crab. And sea urchins like these. And sea cucumbers.”

“What’s a sea cucumber?”

“A big round brown thing,” he says.

“Why don’t you keep those crabs and eat ‘em?” Mr. Bogart asks.

“If I want crab meat, I go to a store and buy it.”

While we touch the sea urchins and provoke the crabs, the captain re baits the pot and drops it overboard. Then he turns his back to us again and guides the boat toward the next trap. He says little or nothing shuttling between pots. The only time one might think he is anything but pure lobsterman is when he slows so we can take photos of the Rockefeller estate or the seals swimming near a small island.

After a few more pots filled with sea urchins and crabs and lobsters that are too small, judging the size becomes a group project, every judge deciding for himself. Everybody wants to see a keeper and the measuring gets optimistic. But he fends us off saying, “Close only counts in horseshoes and hand grenades.” Mrs. Bailey laughs, “And communicable diseases.”

After the tour, sharing a mess of Bud bar bottles, Captain Hyde says he is sure some of the other lobster-touring boats stock their traps each morning to ensure happy customers, tourists who don’t want to see empty traps. “I have friends that have seen ‘em doin’ it,” he says. “That’s cheap shit, loadin’ the traps.” But he doesn’t name names. As there are only a few other tours in the area, he doesn’t have to.

“I think it’s better to show ‘em what it’s really like,” he says. “I don’t want some sonovabitch from New Jersey thinkin’ he can come up here and make a bunch of money after I pull five lobster outta every trap.”

Captain Hyde has been fishing Northeast Harbor and the surrounding water for forty years: the first twenty on shrimp, scallop, and other boats and the last twenty taking people out. He spent eight years sport fishing with tourists, but he says, “Everybody on the boat kept askin’ me how they could get on a lobster boat.” So in 1977 he started lobster touring. “With lobsterin’ there’s no seasickness and you can take more people in less time.” He has spent his summers with tourists ever since.

“I don’t mind the dumb questions,” he says. “It’s the arrogant assholes that get me. I’ve wanted so many times to call one of them a stupid fuck, but instead I, well I come close, I just leave out the ‘stupid fuck.’ If you open your mind ninety-nine percent of ‘em are nice, regular people. It’s just the know-it-alls that get me. I’d rather have somebody come up and say, ‘Hi, I’m a dumb ass,’ and then ask a question.”

For such a determinedly tough old man, he smiles a lot. Big cheeky smiles that make you look for tears in his eyes—always when he is telling mischievous tales. “I had a guy ask me how hard does a lobster bite. He was a real know-it-all type, kind of an ass. So I held one out to him, told him to try it out. The damn fool stuck his finger in there. I had to pry it off with a screwdriver. Damn fool standin’ there, tears runnin’ down his face, blood drippin’ down his finger. I’ve done that to a hundred people. Never thought he’d be dumb enough to stick his finger in there.”

Captain Hyde has more than a few funny stories. And jokes. He laughs and he smiles, and he enjoys being a lobster fisherman, but he seems uncomfortable with his summer job. He takes pride in saying, “I’m the only lobster fisherman who does this. All the rest are just regular people taking people out checking traps.” But he has trouble deciding what his authenticity means and whether a real fisherman takes out tourists. Lobster touring is not as simple for Captain Hyde as cleaning up one’s dirty jokes. At times, it gets to him.

“What I’m doing is no different than bein’ a goddamn whore,” he said at one point. “It’s nothin’ more than prostituting yourself.” But I don’t think he was convinced. It was as if he wanted to hear how it would sound.

Just before I left—his wife was waiting back home with dinner—he told me that just the other day she made fun of him and his tourists. Telling me the story
made him smile. "She's got a good sense of humor, my wife." He said she cut out a cartoon of a Maine turnpike sign that read "Gas, Food, Lodging, Interesting Local Characters, Next Exit." She taped it to the refrigerator, big smile.

Captain Hyde headed down the street to his pickup truck—where he told me his keys waited on the front seat. And I am not sure if it was the beer or all the years on a boat, but I could see it in his walk.

THE WAY ADS SHOULD BE BANK BUILDING, PORTLAND

I headed back to Portland to find out how the advertising firm hired by the Maine Office of Tourism came up with the new slogan. "Vacationland, I think for probably a generation, has been little more than a name on a license plate. It doesn't say anything," David Swardlick, advertising firm of Londy, Swardlick, Mackey, is speaking in a fifth floor conference room of the Key Bank Building in Portland.

"It doesn't position Maine as unique from Vermont or from Disneyland or from South Dakota. We really looked for something that would speak to the uniqueness of Maine. And we think there is a uniqueness that is all about the very very strong emotional attachment. Again, the uniqueness of the landscape and that combination of a unique kind of people and a very very unique positioning for the state of Maine."

"What influence did market research have on the campaign?"

"It had a lot."

David Swardlick is trim, neat, older than he looks. He is small in size, but judging from his more than million dollar advertising account with Maine's Office of Tourism, I imagine his stature in advertising is not. Swardlick is the only remaining founder of Londy, Swardlick, Mackey, the ad firm that dreamed up "The Way Life Should Be" campaign back in '87. His partners now work elsewhere: Brad Londy moved to California and James Mackey, ironically enough, bought and runs the lush Spruce Point Inn in Boothbay Harbor. Presumably, both aren't living life like their ad campaign.

Market research?

"You can't waste all of your time and all of your money speaking to people who are never going to be valid prospects for your product," Swardlick says. "And market research tells us that a Maine vacation is not for everybody."

It is not for the Club-Medders or the tour-guided shoppers, he says. Potential Maine vacationers prefer unstructured travel. They have a minimum household income of $26,000 and a median household income of over $50,000. They are educated. They are 35 to 44 years old. Forty percent of them have at least one child living at home or one child under the age of 18. And most of them come from Massachusetts looking for a nice spot to get away from it all.

Swardlick speaks with many adverbs. Many many. Very very. He also speaks in paragraphs. I ask a question, he gives a paragraph, I sit and listen.

He had an appointment. I didn't want to slow things down.

"We've done a lot of research," he says. "We've talked to many many many hundreds of consumers in the Northeast, from the Boston to New York areas and they tell you what they really do on vacations—is aside from just wanting to get away and relax—the activities that are most common are dining and shopping. Even though people load up their cars with fishing gear and skiing equipment, they have boats and tents and so forth, the number one and number two activities are dining and shopping."

Swardlick speaks as soothingly and confidently as a good physician. He poises his interlocked hands just above the table in front of him, as we look over a pile of ads his firm has created for "upscale" magazines.

Almost every advertisement in "The Way Life Should Be" campaign is nostalgic. Maine is marketed as unspoiled and "quaint," a place to get away from modern life. In each there is one scenic photo—a snapshot a tourist might have taken. Modern vacationers think they have missed something if they go home without photos. Photos of a fall foliage scene with a leaf-strewed porch or a winter sleigh ride, the schooner Heritage at full sail or a sunset over a mountainous lake.

Add to each some nostalgic knick-knacks—antique measuring spoons with an old recipe, a fountain pen and eggnog with a plate of sugar cookies, a sketch book and flowers, a silver tray with raspberries and poetry books by Frost and Longfellow.

"We are not just showing a piece of the landscape," he says. "We are trying to create a sense of the escape, the visit, the relaxation, the rejuvenation that would come from a vacation in Maine."

"So we've created what we call a still life on top of the photograph where we suggest the mood, the feeling and some of the additional activities that would come from a Maine vacation. It's not just a picture of an enchanted winter wonderland landscape," he says. "But it's also the feeling of having visited some winter shops to do a little seasonal shopping, maybe some gifts to bring home to family or friends, the suggestion of a note card and a fountain pen and maybe a couple of glasses of eggnog and some home-baked cookies. That's really what evokes the feeling of not only getting away, but relaxation, rejuvenation, a real personal and fulfilling experience."
If a Ship Is Indeed A Work Of Art, Then We Have Some Pretty Incredible Museums Along Our Coast.

Colorful fishing villages along the coast of Maine have held the treasures of our nautical heritage for more than three centuries. For a lively exhibit of America's past and present, climb into the boat. Call for a free Maine vacation guide at 1-800-553-9595.

Right: If the recipe for Yankee pot roast is Maine's biggest secret—like its lakes and mountains—why invite everyone and their blender over to use it?

If you're a Mainer, you may have some complaints about the state Office of Tourism's advertising campaign, "The Way Life Should Be."
Swardlick hits all the right buttons, if you’re a tourist. If not—if you are a Mainer—you may have a few questions and a few complaints.

THE STATE BUYS TOURISM—1936-1990

When a suburban New Yorker opened The New York Times in 1929, he was summoned to Maine by ads that read “25,000 Miles of Fine, Smooth Roads: Another Maine Attraction.” L. L. Bean, of all the unlikely sales points, showed a tree-lined parking lot on the cover of its 1929 spring catalogue. It was filled with cars and trucks parked to get a view of Mt. Katahdin on the horizon.

Plenty of parking in Maine and plenty of roads to attract that first generation of car owners. You didn’t have to go to Maine for your vacation by steamship or train anymore.

But already the identity crisis was setting in. The Maine Publicity Bureau report for 1929 is almost funny. The Bureau wanted pine trees planted on highway shoulders to show that Maine was without question “the Pine Tree State.” The Bureau wanted signs posted along the way to show motorists the names of rivers and islands as they passed. Somebody had driven through Quebec and liked their signs. Trees in coastal towns were also mentioned.

“Trees are worth hard cold cash to any community. A beautiful elm, a symmetrical maple or a sturdy oak is a big cash asset and has definite sales value. Rows of them, such as found in many places in Maine, are worth thousands of dollars in attraction value. It is because of those trees and our winding streets that Maine has a reputation for quaintness and charm not found outside of New England . . . . It is like a glimpse into paradise to those accustomed to the dreary monotony of the treeless middle west prairies and the more western deserts.”

Concern about Maine’s identity peaked in the state senate over the plan to put the then new “Vacationland” slogan on the license plate. Funny that even the founding fathers of touristland, wearing L.L. Bean boots instead of powdered wigs, had a tough time deciding.

From the Senate Record, March 1935.

Anti-Vacationland

Senator Fernald, of Waldo County, called it an “asinine proposition,” and said that before the year was out many car owners would have scratched off the slogan. He started his argument by reading a definition out of Funk and Wagnall’s Comprehensive Standard Dictionary for 1934.

“The word vacation,” he announced. “An intermission of activity, employment or stated exercises; an interval of some length, as for recreation; a holiday.” What Senator Fernald wanted his fellow senators to consider was how ridiculous “Vacationland” would look on backs of automobiles driven by members of the Governor’s Council. As if the state cars were for joy rides and the Maine government enjoying seven day weekends.

“When you are going along the highway, you see these white and red number plates on cars, Maine official cars, and wanted signs posted along the way to show motorists the names of rivers and islands as they passed. Somebody had driven through Quebec and liked their signs. Trees in coastal towns were also mentioned.

“Trees are worth hard cold cash to any community. A beautiful elm, a symmetrical maple or a sturdy oak is a big cash asset and has definite sales value. Rows of them, such as found in many places in Maine, are worth thousands of dollars in attraction value. It is because of those trees and our winding streets that Maine has a reputation for quaintness and charm not found outside of New England . . . . It is like a glimpse into paradise to those accustomed to the dreary monotony of the treeless middle west prairies and the more western deserts.”

Concern about Maine’s identity peaked in the state senate over the plan to put the then new “Vacationland” slogan on the license plate. Funny that even the founding fathers of touristland, wearing L.L. Bean boots instead of powdered wigs, had a tough time deciding.

Pro-Vacationland

Senator Schnurle of Cumberland County disagreed. “I cannot see any harm at all in the word being upon the plates. The word ‘Maine’ of course is still there because we want the two words to be synonymous: ‘Maine’ and ‘Vacationland.’ We are spending our money to try and make people conscious of that fact and I would prefer to see the bill amended so that some of those men whom we revere so highly will not be embarrassed. I don’t want the Council to be regarded as on a vacation basis, because we know that they work twelve months in every year, nor do I want
to see the little girl on the motorcycle embarrassed. I think she is embarrassed enough in the position she is in."

What determined the outcome was cost. Since the new plates would cost taxpayers not a cent more, the bill was passed and Mainers in 1936 got new license plates.

**PERRY'S NUT HOUSE ROADSIDE EXTRAVAGANZA**

PLANNING the 1930s leg of my journey into marketed Maine culture—I wanted to revisit the "old" tourism—I decided to skip the Desert of Maine. Something about the brochure boasting Maine's only "replica of a real desert," the "world's only sand museum," the "world's largest sand painting," the "narrated coach tours" and a "large gift shop" told me I wouldn't be missing much. So I headed north for Perry's Nut House.

How could I pass up what has to be the only roadside attraction in Maine with a chocolate-brown, fluorescent-lime bumper sticker? Perry's is a monument to the fading tradition of the roadside extravaganza, the early highway days. It's a souvenir shop inside a taxidermist's museum—not the kind of place that sells quilts. The nuts come from an importer in New Jersey. So does the Swedish chocolate. The trinkets are from Asia, the deerskin gloves from New Hampshire, the moccasins Wisconsin, candles Massachusetts, and the cedar boxes are from Missouri.

Everywhere the same contrast—as if the appeal were to vacationing hunters. A stuffed bald eagle with a sign that reads "Most Famous of the Eagles. Eats Small Game, Birds, Ducks" is perched over a table of cheap jewelry with signs that say "Designer Collection" and "Men's Earrings." Quotable hats—"Remember when the air was clean and the sex was dirty?"—hang next to a fun-house mirror which shrinks your legs and quadruples your head. Right below the famous Cape Buffalo trophy, mounted and donated by Teddy Roosevelt. Years ago.

The Roosevelts, especially Eleanor, were regular Nut House customers. It is written in *Eleanor: The Tears Alone* that even though she was too sick to get out of the car, on her very last trip to Maine she asked friends to go in for her.

Every section has its own aroma—"red cedar box," "designer candle"—but the general Perry's Nut House smell is a combination of converted-barn and candy store. It has sagging wooden floors and a "five-continent" stuffed animal collection. The staircase leading up to it is so lopsided it looks like a few hundred thousand tons of visitors spent a couple decades walking up and down one side holding onto the only handrail.

Perry's Nut House started with a bumper crop of Florida pecans back in 1929. Irving Perry, a rags-to-well-off cigar manufacturer who had invested in the nut, decided to take his surplus north. "As I understand it, he bought a truck or he put 'em on a railroad car or something," says Manager Herb McClure, "and he had a garage around here somewhere so he started selling 'em outa the garage and business was damn good. So eventually he decided, well maybe that's better than the cigar business."

Since McClure is not a longtime Mainer—he retired here from Indiana and runs Perry's for Jonathan Bailey, its absentee owner—finding a可靠 account of the attraction's famous beginnings isn't easy. McClure said at one time Perry's offered booklets outlining Nut House history, but they went so fast someone mistakenly sold the original copy. Vintage Perry's Nut House. Herb McClure sent me to J. Treat.

Joshua Treat bought the Nut House from Irving Perry in 1940 and ran it until retirement in 1974. He still lives in Belfast on five acres of land overlooking the West Bay of the Penobscot—a devout Republican who smiles dollar signs today when remembering the women who'd come to the counter at Christmas time with seven or eight pairs of deerskin gloves in their arms. "Nice sale," he smiles, "a nice sell."

His appearance doesn't suggest his years of experience running Route 1's most popular tourist attraction. Beat-up jeans, an Oxford shirt with a pocket full of pens and dusty Nike running shoes seem too casual after a career selling lobster-trap replicas and chocolate-covered ginger. Outside the house he wears a
straw cowboy hat with a thick smear of glue on top put there to seal a hole. Inside or outside the house, he smokes soggy, cheap cigars. "The cheapest I can find," he says, "William Penn's.

"The year after I bought it, 1941, was a fantastically good year," Treat says, offering a brief history. "Then came December 7 and the gas rationing. That gave tourism a crushing blow you know. We went into debt then. Luckily I had the foresight to buy the canned nuts, imported cashews. They were vacuum sealed you see, stayed fresh." Treat speaks slowly, quietly, constantly rotating and shifting his cigar. He served three years during the war in the Pacific Islands, where the Phillipine invasion was staged. "But we struggled through to 1945. I came home in November.

"And then '46 came in like gangbusters. People almost wanted to buy the fixtures. They had been shut off from buyin' things during the war you know. You never saw anything like it."

J. Treat, as Herb McClure calls him, likens tourism to a game that comes with a scorecard. High marks are given to the adventurer who sees the most unusual and unique things. Nifty souvenirs are also point-worthy. "If you can find something unusual to take home to friends," he says, "something they just won't walk in any department store and see—why you figure you've scored quite well and you get a lasting momento for the recipients." But Perry's Nut House is no mere tourist shop, he adds. "I'd say that we were more of an attraction, an institution, a place to see something different, do something different."

In the fifties, he acquired the animals—many, formerly of the Barnum & Bailey circus. No joke. As the history goes, Barnum & Bailey gave them to Tufts University years ago for a museum that was to be constructed there. The plan must have fallen through because they ended up in the possession of J. Treat's brother, William, who bought the "five-continent exhibit" to open what he called "The Animarium" in Seabrook, New Hampshire. The "Animarium" closed down in the fifties and J. Treat, business thriving, acquired his brother's collection. It has been a Maine landmark ever since.

Perry's has, from time to time, sold native and Maine-made items. "People like to see things that are made with a little human effort, rather than run through a machine and whacked out bang bang bang," Treat says. "People have a greater appreciation for that more and more all the time."

But Perry's going for the tradition-starved tourist market? No chance. Who would they find to handcarve a bumper sticker or knit a Nut House sweater? Perry's sells some Native American merchandise today, though most of it's plastic and rubber. Down a long corridor, past the book section, water guns and plastic lobster harmonicas are two walls covered with
PERRY'S BEGAN WITH A BUMPER CROP OF NUTS IN 1929.

Above: Perry's Nut House in Belfast.
spears and drums, tomahawks and boomerangs, some of which are made by Native Americans on the Qualla Reservation in North Carolina.

Funny thing about little Iridian drums: people can’t walk by without tapping them. Kids hit them full fist and hard. Mothers follow in their path hitting softly, once, twice, just for sound. None of the stuff appears too authentic—though with native art “authentic” has many meanings. There are miniature birch bark canoes and leather bags which say both “MAINE” and “Made in Haiti.”

CENTER OF NATIVE ART
WHAT’S AUTHENTIC?

LAST STOP, Woolwich. The front of the place looked more like a ski chalet than a Center of Native anything. It was a pseudo A-frame with sliding glass doors and a front deck. Two homemade chairs sat next to a very un-native pine board picnic table and a twenty-foot owl-topped totem pole. Walking towards the front door I saw “Visa” and “Mastercard” near the handle, then inside I heard reggae music filtering through a room of handmade pottery, jewelry, ornamental shields and baskets. Having just returned from Perry’s Nut House, I was a tad skeptical of Native Art.

Bob Marley and a Penobscot basket? I thought, “Come on.” And then I looked out the back window. I couldn’t believe it. I thought it was a display just like the old moccasin-man in the shoe department at L.L. Bean’s: a real, live Native American piecing together a chair from tree branches, like those on the deck. He was shirtless, his ponytail bouncing as he hammered a branch in place to make an arm rest.

The young cashier manning the component stereo noticed me staring. He was white.

“That’s Peter,” he said. “He and Chuck are working on some chairs today. Go out on it if you want.”

Peter Lafford is a Micmac Indian. He was building bow-backed, alder chairs the Center sells on its front porch. He wasn’t a prop. He was a real Nova Scotian Indian. Chuck Hagan (the owner) was trimming and handing him each branch as he took it from a pile of alder they had cut and trucked out of the woods.

THE CENTER OF NATIVE ART LOOKED LIKE THE MAINE TOURIST INFORMATION CENTER GONE GENERIC INDIAN. TOMAHAWKS, TOTEM POLE, GIANT MURAL.

Chuck owns the Center along with his wife Marli. Peter wasn’t on display and the Center wasn’t an Asian trinket importer. It was more like a revivalist craft shop, totally sincere.

When I told him where I had just been, Chuck laughed. “We’re not a Perry’s Nut House,” he said. “I wouldn’t have a little doll made in Taiwan with some little dress on it and beads stuck to glue. All of the items in here present a down-to-earth theme. They come from the earth. They come from someone with a real good feeling close to the earth. Like we have a lot of clay, we have a lot of wood, we have paper, you know, those kinds of items: porcupine quills, bear claws.”

Chuck is wearing a porcupine quill choker, a sleeveless t-shirt and jeans. He is white. And he is big on personal philosophy. He has a lot to say about the industrial world, about the need for a slower-paced way of life and a revival of fundamental family values—all in the hope of easing our collective assault on the environment. “We’ve done a really lousy job,” he says, “because you figure we’ve only been here about 250 years or so and well, look around, it’s devastation.

“My wife and I,” Chuck says, “when we started this place, we wanted to promote Native Americans. We didn’t want to exploit them. We weren’t here to say let’s see how much we can get for this or that. Anything that you find in here, an item that you would find in our place, you could go to the reserve and probably find it at the same price.”

Peter met Chuck and his wife Marli when, driving down Route 1 weeks before, he decided to stop in. “Coming into the door the first time,” Peter remembers, “I knew Marli knew I was a native right away. I could see kind of like a sparkle in her eye and stuff, so I came and shook hands and talked to them. I told them that my sister did some bead work and crafts and one thing led to another.” Peter now works part-time for Chuck, some days in housing construction and others making bow-back chairs. They are like new friends. Peter is even staying at Chuck’s house, along with his girlfriend.

I noticed Peter has a “P-e-t-e-r” tattoo spelled out across his knuckles. Another on his bicep says, “Gloria.”

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“She was my old girlfriend,” Peter explained. “Not the one now. That was a long time ago.”

Since he left the reservation in Afton, Nova Scotia, at twenty-one, Peter has worked construction all over the Northeast. Job opportunities on the “reserve” are scarce, he says, but the main reason he stays away is that it is not safe for him to live there. When he told me the story later, he was almost whispering. “I didn’t know no better at the time, but I ended up really getting into alcohol and drugs and stuff pretty bad. I ended up getting into a fight with a guy one night. I was like 16 years old. I got really drunk and took a bunch of pills and stuff and got into a fight and woke up the next morning and a bunch of cops had guns on me and stuff. The guy I beat up, I guess he ended up dying or something and I was sent to prison for it.

“When I came out of prison,” he says, “the family—the guy’s brothers and stuff—were like, ‘We’re gonna kill you because you took one of our lives,’ so I tried to stay away from them and stuff. I mean they tried to run me over a couple of times. Shot at me twice. But I said I think it’s better if I leave.” He has lived away from the reservation ever since, mostly working construction, sometimes building chairs.

The chairs he builds are like those his grandfather made. Peter said he spent a lot of time as a child helping and watching his grandfather. I asked about the nails, wondering about their authenticity, though I wasn’t sure how to decide what is and what isn’t authentic.

“My grandfather used nails too,” he says, “but they looked like tacks or something. And they were a different style than the way these ones are. After these chairs are done that we’re doing here now, I’m gonna do a special set and I’m gonna dedicate ’em to my grandfather—the way he used to do them—’cause he did ’em different. He peeled all the bark off ’em so that they like got a really rustic, rusty brown color to them. And he’d take poplar, about two inches, three inches in diameter, and split ’em in half and use them for the seat, because poplar’s really white. So you got like a nice brown background with a nice bright white seat, I’m gonna do probably a good sofa and a couple of chairs and maybe a coffee table or somethin’ you know, and dedicate it to him. But he never liked me callin’ him grandfather. I don’t know why. He’d always say, ‘I’m not grandfather or granddaddy. I’m old man. Call me old man.’”

Peter and Chuck tell you what is “authentic” by making fun of what is not authentic. Like “Al Bass from Boston, Mass.” who sounds like the used car salesman of “native” wares. “He wears a pinky ring and polyester pants and stuff, you know, driving a Lincoln Continental with three antennas on it,” Chuck said. “And he comes in and says, ‘Okay, I’ve got some American Indian stuff, some pseudo-American Indian stuff and I’ve got some stuff that’s kinda like American Indian stuff that you can sell for American Indian stuff.”

Peter laughed. “What a jerk.”

“It’s kinda like wait a minute buddy, somehow we’re missin’ the point here,” Chuck said. “I said what I have here is traditional stuff that if it isn’t made by Native Americans sure has a Native American theme.” People should want to pay for an object based not on the price of a mass produced equivalent, he says, but on the amount of time and labor needed for its creation.

Later, inside the Center, I talked to Marli. Since Chuck works construction during the week to support his family and the Center, Marli runs it. She also organizes the classes in paper-making, mask painting, quill and bead jewelry, Japanese pottery and other hand crafts, which are taught by teachers and craftspeople from the Woolwich and Bath area.

“We like to schedule the classes on weekend evenings as much as we can,” she said, “to offer the kids an alternative to what usually goes on.” At about 25, she looked young enough to be in high school with her t-shirt painting class. She has wide, sad, hazel eyes, freckles and auburn hair. But she spoke like the wise mother of two. Like Chuck, she wants to lead a more “native” life.

“What we want to do is get people involved,” she said. “Natives and white people. There is a lot to be learned from Native culture. If you look at what we’re destroying, you see that it’s all irreplaceable. Indians are more respectful of the earth. I think their family orientation is also appealing.”

Chuck added: “I think the Natives were the first
ecologists that were around. Conservationists, I mean. The people were resourceful. Whatever you look at that they did, they did with resource and an idea and a spirit. I think they knew a long time ago that the planet was fragile and that the impact they had on it really mattered. That's what kind of drew us to it.”

The intention of a work of art is what is important to them. That is what provides “authenticity.” It has nothing to do with bloodline or the style or materials used by a craftsman, they say. If a work is made by hand with the appropriate “down-to-earth” spirit, it is authentic.

Chuck likes to use sweet grass baskets as an example. To me a sweet grass basket looks like any other basket. It’s made of malleable wood and it’s woven. But I know nothing about sweet grass. Any creation which uses sweet grass, he argues, is one which earns its price in back-breaking labor. “You think about ‘em pounding the ash and braiding the sweet grass and then putting it into a basket, and then you look at that and break it down and it’s pennies. It’s pennies for what you pay for the piece, you know.” Without knowledge of the labor involved, though, fifteen dollars for an ornamental sized basket—it would make a nice earring—seems like a lot of money.

“If the person who is doing it is white,” Chuck says, “and I’m white, I’m not Indian—that isn’t the essence of what it’s about. I think it’s in spirit. There is a whole other culture that I can really see myself relating to.”

HISTORIC SHOPPING
NEXT EXIT.

ROSSING the Carlton Bridge, heading back south into Bath, I saw it, a cozy little blue sign: “Historic Shopping: Next Exit.” I felt like I was in a Ziggy cartoon, my whole touristic journey summed up on its last leg: Maine as museum gift-shop, selling nostalgic goods to go.

Read the ads. Follow the little blue signs. The state markets a 19th century lifestyle using images of tea cups and fountain pens. Captain Hyde sells two hour tours of the traditional way he works. Chuck and Marli sell take-home Native crafts. They’ll even teach you how to make your own once you get there.

Tourists want pre-packaged, traditional Maine culture, and everywhere they are getting it. They swarm out of their cars to take photos of locals, listening with cupped hands for “Ayuh,” clapping them for a “Can’t get theah from heah.” Maine widens the highways, builds more motels. Folk concerts and craft shows spring up faster than sweetgrass. It’s happening out here right now, all along the highway.

“Welcome To Maine Ladies And Gentlemen, ‘The Way Life Used To Be.’”

salt
"TOURISTS GO TO MAINE TO FIND THE TRUE INDIAN."

Above: Center for Native Art.
Guide to Maine Eating

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’ve resisted mentioning Burger King. 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.

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, Wednesday and Thursday, 7 A.M.-8:30 P.M.; Friday and Saturday, 7 A.M.-9:30 P.M.; Sunday, 11 A.M.-8:30 P.M.; closed Tuesday.

ANDOVER

Andover Variety Store. “Can’t understand why they call it that because it’s a place to eat,” says Monty Washburn, who tests his fishing stories at the counter every year. “Maybe it’s that you can get a variety to eat.” The store opens at 9 A.M., closes 13 hours later at 7 P.M. 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

Christo’s. 66 Alfred Road. Can you believe it? After all these years as the Colonial Hut in downtown, milltown Biddeford, the restaurant owners have joined the “ethnic” restaurant bandwagon. We understand their children are the culprits. Christo’s is the name of the husband-owner. We’re waiting for Pat’s (the wife-owner) name to be given equal space. Other than the change of name, the building is the same. What’s different is the expansion of the restaurant’s trademark of Greek food. Pat and Roger are still cranking it out. Try their homemade spinach pie. The Franco-American club Richelieu still meets here weekly. Hours: 5-11 P.M. every day except Saturday when open until 11 P.M.

Dan’s. 106 Elm Street. Brash Biddeford Democratic Party politics argued here. Heaps of cheap food spills over the edges of your plate. Open for lunch. Hours: Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, 11 A.M.-6 P.M.; Thursday and Friday, 11 A.M.-7 P.M.; closed Saturday and Sunday.

CAPE NEDDICK

Richeleau. 35 Main Street in the heart of Camden. It ain’t exactly positioning itself for the windjammer crowd. Signs in the window attest to this. Signs such as, “The Last Local Luncheonette,” “Not Fancy, Just Fresh, Fast and Friendly,” and “Down Home, Down East, No Ferns, No Quiche.” Two eggs, toast, juice, coffee, $3.30, clams, $7.25. Special: Early Bird Special: 4:30-8:30 A.M., 2 eggs, toast and homefries, $1.25. Dinner listings available from 11 A.M. to 9 P.M.

CAMDEN

Marriner’s Restaurant. 35 Main Street in the heart of Camden. It ain’t exactly positioning itself for the windjammer crowd. Signs in the window attest to this. Signs such as, “The Last Local Luncheonette,” “Not Fancy, Just Fresh, Fast and Friendly,” and “Down Home, Down East, No Ferns, No Quiche.” Two eggs, toast, juice, coffee, $3.30, clams, $7.25. Special: Early Bird Special: 4:30-8:30 A.M., 2 eggs, toast and homefries, $1.25. Dinner listings available from 11 A.M. to 9 P.M.

CAPE NEDDICK

Angelo’s. Fort Western Road. Open for lunch. Hours: 11 A.M.-2 P.M. Monday through Saturday. Early Bird Special at 11 A.M. Monday through Saturday.

CANTON


EAST BANGOR

Waco Diner. (Pronounced Wa-co, not like that foreign place of Waco, Texas). Bank Square, Water Street in the downtown. Unpretentious lunch cart. Name comes from combining founders’ names Watt and Cowell. Until recently, the one place in town where a Budweiser beer is served during the day throughout the year. Locals eat the food. One outsider didn’t the second time. So much for outsiders. Hours: 6 A.M.-9 P.M. Monday through Saturday; 7 A.M.-11 A.M. Sunday (breakfast only). The owner of the Waco wrote us recently and wanted to know on whose authority our description of her place was based. Our authority was two: a native and a non-native. One likes to eat there, the other didn’t the second time. We correct our description on this point—last issue we said “outsiders often don’t the second time”—we only know of one.

EASTPORT

Doris’ Cafe. Route 11 on the way to Eagle Lake. Across from the Dodge Dealer. If needed, you can grab a room for the night or have your laundry cleaned. You can brush up on your Acadian French while feasting on Doris’ large succulent omelettes. Hours: 6 A.M.-9 P.M. Monday through Friday, 6 A.M.-11 A.M. Sunday (breakfast only). The owner of the Waco wrote us recently and wanted to know on whose authority our description of her place was based. Our authority was two: a native and a non-native. One likes to eat there, the other didn’t the second time. We correct our description on this point—last issue we said “outsiders often don’t the second time”—we only know of one.

FORT KENT

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HERMON/BANGOR

Dysart’s Truckstop. Just off Exit 44 of Interstate 95 in Hermon about three miles south of Bangor. See Salt issue number 28 for article about this place. Dysart’s has its own fleet of trucks and truckers have their own tables. Breakfast is the deal
here, slabs of ham so big they hang over the side of the plate. One of Salt's trustees from Bangor says he has a sticky bun here before driving to a board meeting.

JONESBORO

White House. One of our readers, Bill Conway, sent us the following review on this place: "Route 1 on way to Machias. Too much great food when you go for dinners. Order light for specials, sandwiches, salads, and you are served tremendous meals. The crackers and cheese placed on table before any order will fill you up—be careful. Plenty of tables with a long counter space."

KENNEBUNK

Glen-Mor. Route 1, just north of center of town. Good pies. Heavy on the fried food 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 room out front. Hours: 7 A.M.-8 P.M. Tuesday to Thursday; 7 A.M.-8:30 P.M. Friday and Saturday; 8 A.M.-7:30 P.M. Sunday.

Hole in the Wall. Now expanded to the corner beside its former hole, but the old name sticks. What do you call a growing hole in the wall? Route 1 in the center of town. Good, simple food and soups. Carol, the owner/cook, is something. Easy to be in the middle of a minor war of give and take between her and her regular customers. Come twice and you're a regular. She'll remember you.

KENNEBUNKPORT

Alison's. In center of town at Dock Square. Bastardized descendant of the old wonderful Chat and Chew. Polished brass rails instead. Don't expect miracles with the food. Tourist types enter heavily through the summer, but locals still dominate the bar. Emmy rules the roost. Hours: Serves breakfast 6 A.M.-11 A.M., lunch 12 noon-4 P.M., dinner 6 P.M.-10 P.M. every day of the week, except Sunday when opens at 7 A.M. Bar is open until 1 A.M.

MACHIAS

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

MILBRIDGE

The Red Barn. Route 1 in the center of town. Straight food and a large salad bar. Has a wishing well out front where coins are tossed in. Eat blueberry pancakes in wild blueberry barrens country.

ORONO

C.D. "Pat" Farnsworth's Cafe. 11 Mill Street. Established in 1931, then selling ice cream and confections. Later became a restaurant, adding pizza to its menu in 1963. Now Pat's Pizza chains

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BARRY Manilow
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Olivia Newton-John
Christopher Cross

Dionne Warwick
Dan Fogelberg
Kenny Rogers
Stephen Bishop
Gordon Lightfoot

Light Favorites From The 60s, 70s, & 80s

Thoroughly Enjoyable!
are dotted throughout the state. This, however, is the original, and little changed since the '30s. Tin ceilings, a long bar with worn Formica counter, high red stools, a wooden cigar case with large glass doors hanging behind the counter, and a straight row of rustic booths line the opposite wall nearly forever. Added bonus: two Lion's Club gumball machines beside the entrance. Pat is 80 and "going strong," said his daughter. Open for breakfast, lunch, and dinner from 6 A.M. to 9 P.M. six days a week.

PORTLAND


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."

Port Hole. 20 Custom House Wharf. Near the end of the old Casco Bay Ferries pier off Commercial Street. First name place for people who work on the waterfront. Sit down at the 25-foot counter and before you know it someone will be calling you "deah"—either Russ the owner or Linda the waitress or Louise the cook. Speedy comes in at noon. "Sit down, deah. Louise has made you your favorite dinner. It's ham today. Just sit yourself right down, Speedy."

Breakfast served all day on Saturday and Sunday. Fall and Winter hours: Monday-Thursday: 3 A.M.-6 P.M.; Friday: 3 A.M.-9 P.M.; Saturday: 3 A.M.-6 P.M.; Sunday: 6:30 A.M.-3 P.M.

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 P.M. Monday to Thursday; 11 A.M.-12:30 P.M. Friday and Saturday; closed Sunday.

PORTSMOUTH (NEW HAMPSHIRE)

Rosa's. We realize this is just over the state line, but it's one of the two places outside of Maine that's worth eating at. 80 State Street in the downtown. Straight Italian food. Not the same since recent expansion and renovations. Catch the Memorial Bridge All Stars musical group—a mixture of ages and instruments from piano, trombone, drums, to clarinet. Heavy on old tunes. Play every Wednesday evening.

SACO

The Plaza. Main Street. Don't be fooled by the fancy new front. The Plaza is a great old 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 teak wall paneling are also of that vintage. Mashed potatoes, meatloaf and reliable green peas from a can in the two dollar range.

Rapid Ray's. Center of Main Street. Gussied up from former elongated super mobile unit of duo Rapid Ray and Dynamite Don. Part of the gentrification look for Saco which no one thought possible three years ago. Don't let the sleek diner architectural style fool you. It's just an outer skin. Inside, the place still has much of the feel of their former hot dog van. Ray Camire, the original owner, began business in 1954 using a Hood milk truck, three years before McDonald's arrived in town. Ray recently died from a heart attack, but the place is still going. Biggest bargain: steamed hot dogs. This is pure hot dog heaven with servers you'd think if you met them on the street sold hot dogs for a living. Have hamburgers as well.

SEBAGO LAKE

Gall's Variety/Cafe. Intersection of Routes 35 and 114. Offers $1.69 breakfasts 6 A.M.-11 A.M. Walk past the variety store goods to the four or five tables by the beer cooler in back. Lunch and dinner from 11 A.M.-9 P.M. Coffee for 25 cents all day long. Real food for real men. Local fishing stories exchanged daily; both fact and fiction.
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PORTLAND

Inn On Carlton, Portland, 46 Carlton Street. 207-775-1910. Innkeeper: Susan Holland. Graciously restored 1869 Victorian Townhouse located in Portland's historic West End. Sue Holland's custom bookbindery is located downstairs, where she restores old books and designs new bindings. Elegant stairway, large rooms, high ceilings, comfortable antique furnishings. Seven guest rooms with private and shared baths. Full continental breakfast. $60 to $80 double, lower off season. Open year round. (See display ad this page.)

Inn at Parkspring, Portland, 135 Spring Street. 207-774-1059. Innkeeper: Judi Riley. In the heart of Portland, close to museums and movies, this three story townhouse built circa 1845 reflects popular 19th century Portland architecture. Seven comfortable guest rooms with fine furnishings, most with private bath. Continental breakfast served daily. $80 to $90 for two, lower off season. (See display ad this page.)

Pomegranate Inn, Portland, 49 Neal Street. 207-772-1006. Set in Portland's historic and architecturally rich Western Promenade, the home is registered by Greater Portland Landmarks as the Barbour/Milliken House, circa 1884. Stunning interior design retains the architectural integrity while lending a decidedly contemporary flavor. Truly unique accommodations. Six guest rooms, antiques, fine linens. Full continental breakfast. $95 double, $85 off season. Open year round. (See display ad opposite page.)

FREEPORT

Bagley House, Freeport, R.R. 3, Box 269C. 207-865-6566. Innkeeper: Sigurd A. Knudsen, Jr. Built by Israel Bagley in 1772, it is the oldest house in the area and has served as an inn and a schoolhouse. The area's first worship services were held here and Mr. Bagley opened the area's first store next to the house. Set in the country on six acres of fields and woods, the Bagley House offers five antique-filled guest rooms with both private and shared baths. Full breakfast is served to all guests. A splendid country home. $60 to $80 double, lower off season. Open year round.

KENNEBUNK/KENNEBUNKPORT

Kennebunk Inn, Kennebunk, 45 Main Street. 207-985-3351. Innkeepers: Angela and Arthur LeBlanc. Located in the heart of Kennebunk, the Inn has been a landmark since 1799. Nationally renowned for its fine dining room and charming, historic accommodations, the Kennebunk Inn offers a variety of guest rooms with many antiques and fine furnishings. $45 to $98 double, lower off season. Open year round. (See display ad this page.)

The Captain Lord Mansion, Kennebunkport. P.O. Box 800. 207-967-3141. Innkeepers: Bev Davis and Rick Litchfield. Built in 1812 by Captain Nathaniel Lord, 16 spacious guest rooms, all with private baths. 14 working fireplaces, octagonal cupola, blown glass windows, hand pulled working elevator, and other unique architectural features (Don't forget to see the gold vault). Full family style breakfast with fresh baked breads. $65 to $85 per room, May through December. Lower off season. Open year round. (See display ad opposite page.)

MIDCOAST/DOWNEAST

Hannah Nickels House, Searsport, Route 1, Searsport, Route 1, Box 38. 207-548-6691. Innkeeper: Linda Ruuska. The mansion is set on six acres of beautiful grounds with ocean views and a short walk to the ocean's edge. Located in Searsport, whose wide streets are lined with large frame houses and larger barns offering antique buys. This 1864 mansion was built by Captain A. V. Nickels and offers five comfortable guest rooms with period features and antique furnishings. Full breakfast served. $50 to $75 double. Open all year, with reservations required November through April.

Captain Drummond House, Phippsburg Center, Parker Head Road, P.O. Box 72. 207-389-1394. Innkeeper Donna Dillman. High on a bluff overlooking the Kennebuc River, the inn is minutes from sand beaches and historic forts. It is believed to be the former site of the McCobb Tavern, named after one of the area's earliest settlers, James McCobb. The restored 1792 country home, occupied for many years by the Drummond family, has four guest rooms decorated with folk art and fine antiques. Six working fireplaces. Full gourmet breakfast with fresh baked breads. $65 to $85 double. Open May through October and during the winter months by appointment.

Todd House, Eastport, Todd's Head. 207-853-2328. Innkeeper: Ruth M. McInnis. In the easternmost city of the United States, this old inn is on a bluff overlooking Passamaquoddy Bay with splendid views of incoming vessels and Canadian islands. It was built in 1775 as a cabin, with a huge center chimney, later converted to its present size. Townspeople gathered here in 1801 to charter Eastern Lodge Number 7 of the Masonic Order. Full breakfast served before the big fireplace in the common room, with home baked goods. Five guest...
rooms with many original features and fine furnishings. $35 to $45 double. Open year round.

Le Domaine, Hancock, Box 496. 207-422-3395 or 422-3916. Innkeeper: Nicole L. Purslow. Le Domaine began as a tea room operated by Nicole’s mother, an accomplished chef, who fled France during World War II. She and her husband left behind their inn in France, settling in Hancock and building Le Domaine in 1946. “People come for the cuisine,” remarked Nicole. “We are small enough to provide our guests with superb service and fine French cooking they will return for.” Le Domaine offers 7 finely appointed rooms in its shingled French country style inn. Fully stocked wine cellar. 100 acre grounds complete with trout pond. $80 per person, includes breakfast and dinner. Open mid-May to November. (See display ad on this page.)
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