

the
MAINE
Sketchbook

DRAWINGS AND DESCRIPTIONS OF VACATIONLAND'S MOST INTERESTING SPOTS

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BY

M. MAYO CITRIN

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MAINE



Preface

Nature's bounties have been so richly bestowed upon the State of Maine as to make the depiction, or even the description, of all of its myriad beauties an impossibility. No one volume, however large, however replete with words and pictures, could possibly suffice to accurately portray even a part of its scenic whole. Nor can any man-made medium of portrayal, whether pen, pencil, or artist's brush, hope to capture the matchless beauty of Maine's seashore, hills, fields, lakes and streams.

The author has herein done his humble best to depict in word and picture a few, a very few, of Maine's interesting places. If the contents of this volume may serve to give the visitor an incentive to explore Maine's captivating Eden; if it may revive, in the native, a memory of places seen, and enchanting hours spent, then the author has no apology — save one — to offer. And that apology must be, perforce, to Nature.

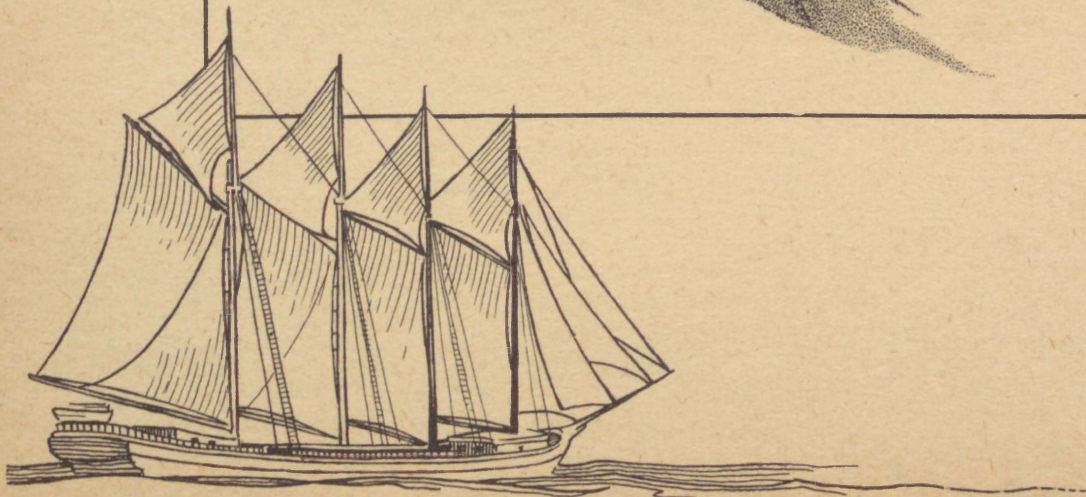
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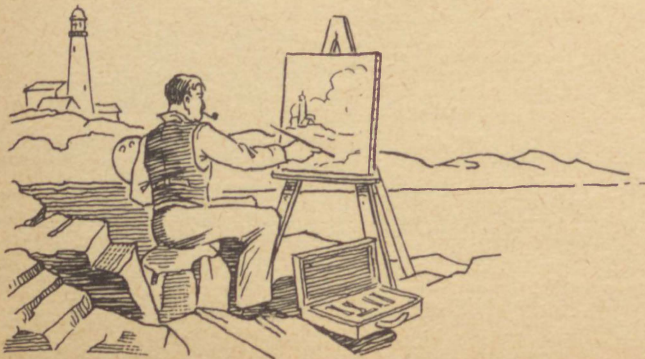
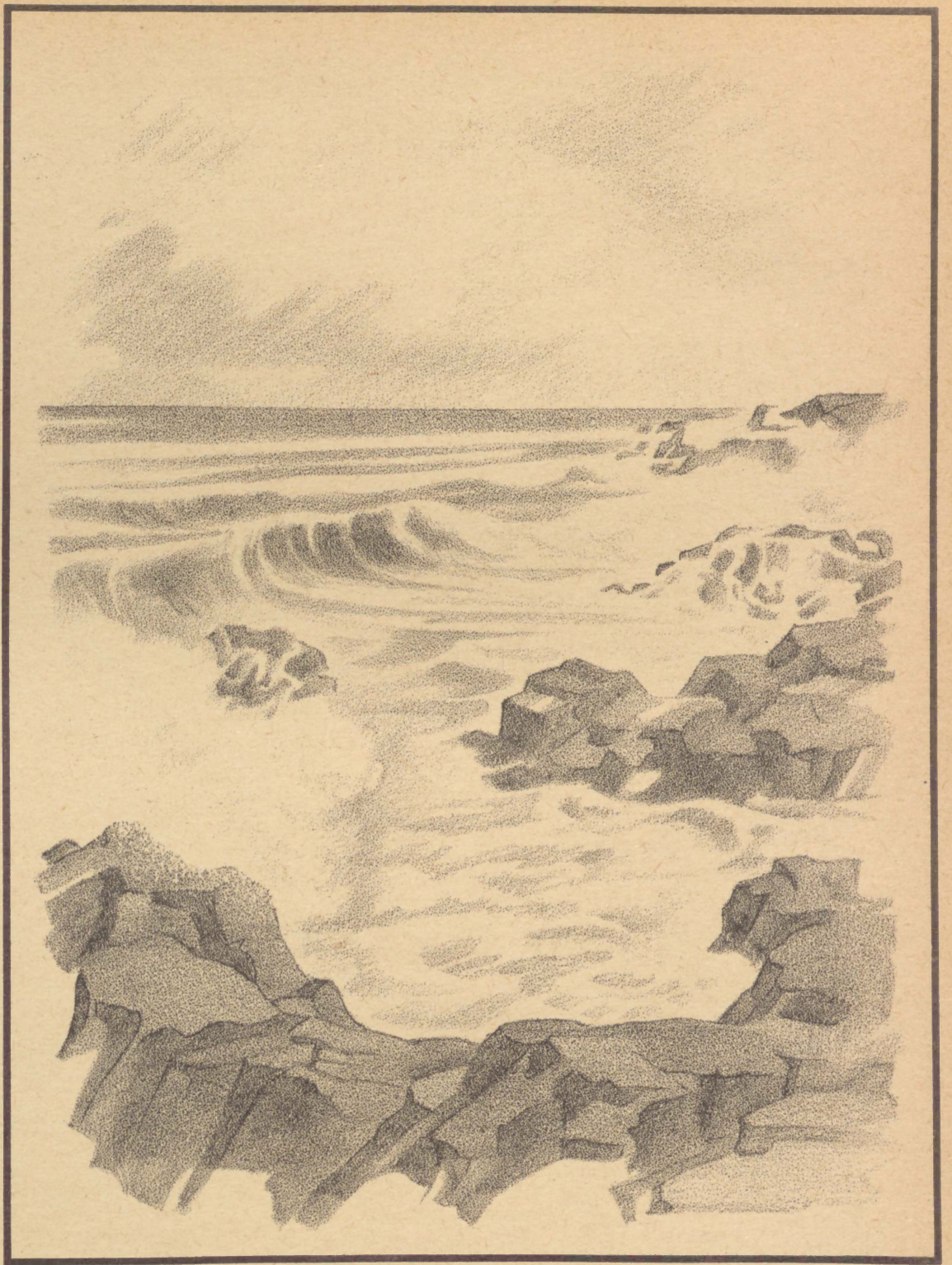
Sentinel

UNQUESTIONABLY one of Maine's foremost points of interest is Portland Head Light, whose powerful eye blinks nightly over picturesque Casco Bay. Rich in historical interest, the Head Light is yearly visited by thousands. George Washington authorized its erection in 1787, and it was brought to completion—by Maine men—in 1790. First lighted in January, 1791. This sturdy old sentinel, first to stand guard over the coast, rises 101 feet above the sea, and throws a light which is visible from 16 to 30 miles away. Its tower affords a magnificent view of Casco Bay's 365 islands. Unofficial statistic: More cameras have been aimed at Portland Head Light than at any other point of interest on the Atlantic seaboard.



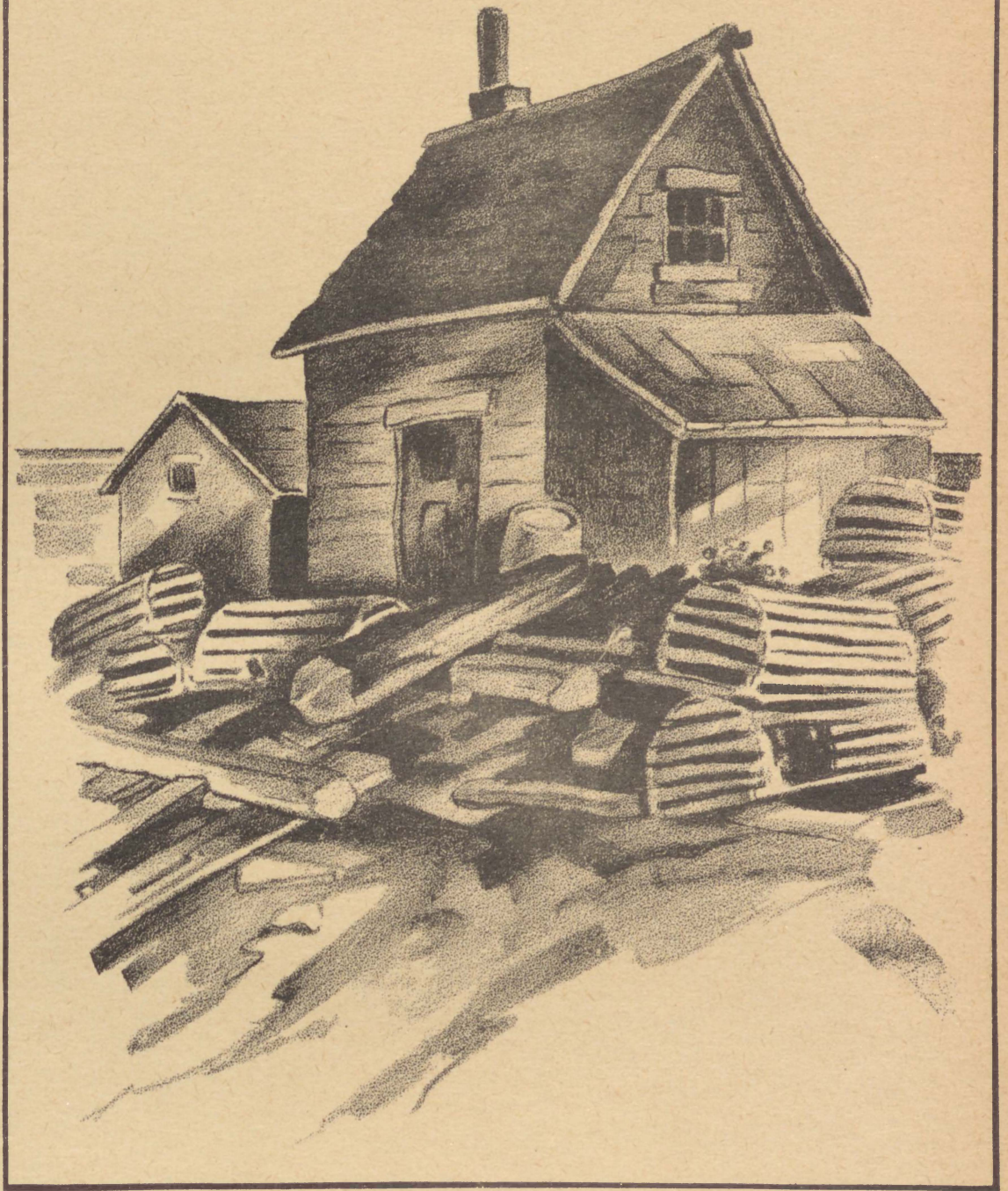
Surf

*R*ESTLESS rollers—long ribbons of silvery blue crashing against age-old, splintered rock, and exploding in a billion pinpoints of glittering tinsel—Maine surf! The roar of breakers is heard along a 2,500-mile front—enough seacoast to stretch almost from New York to San Francisco! Numberless painters try yearly to record its wild beauty; yet how inadequate is mere canvas! For Surf—whether viewed from York, Cape Elizabeth, Boothbay, Rockland, Bar Harbor, or a million other vantage points—is Nature herself—now quiet, now capricious, now furious, always beautiful. And the visitor, whether vacationist, poet, artist, trailer-er, makes for the Rockbound Coast first—and forgets it last.



Lobsters

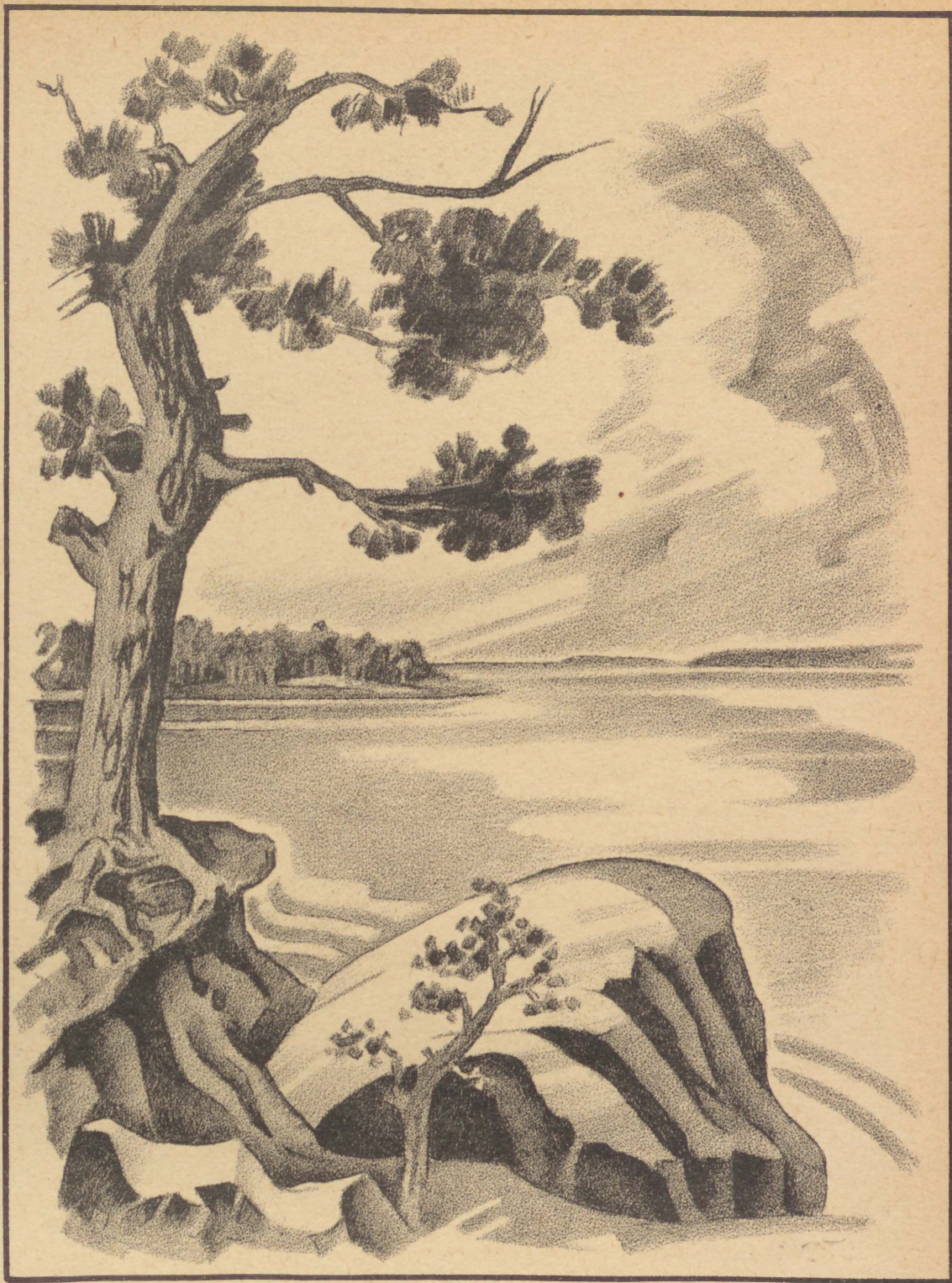
*W*HETHER one comes upon it in Ogunquit or in Eastport, few things are more intriguing than a lobsterman's hut. No beautiful architecture here. Merely a trap-laden clearing and a ramshackle hut or two, with a cluster of others beyond. Most are spotlessly clean within, sometimes spotlessly white without; but more often weather-beaten and dirty. Maine's coast is literally dotted with these strangely picturesque abodes which house, in all, some 3,000 lobstermen who catch more than 3,000,000 lobsters yearly. Congenial Mr. Lobsterman is a rugged, open fellow, who works hard, spins a good yarn, and smiles broadly at the artist or cameraman who prowls about his home.



(with real dog)

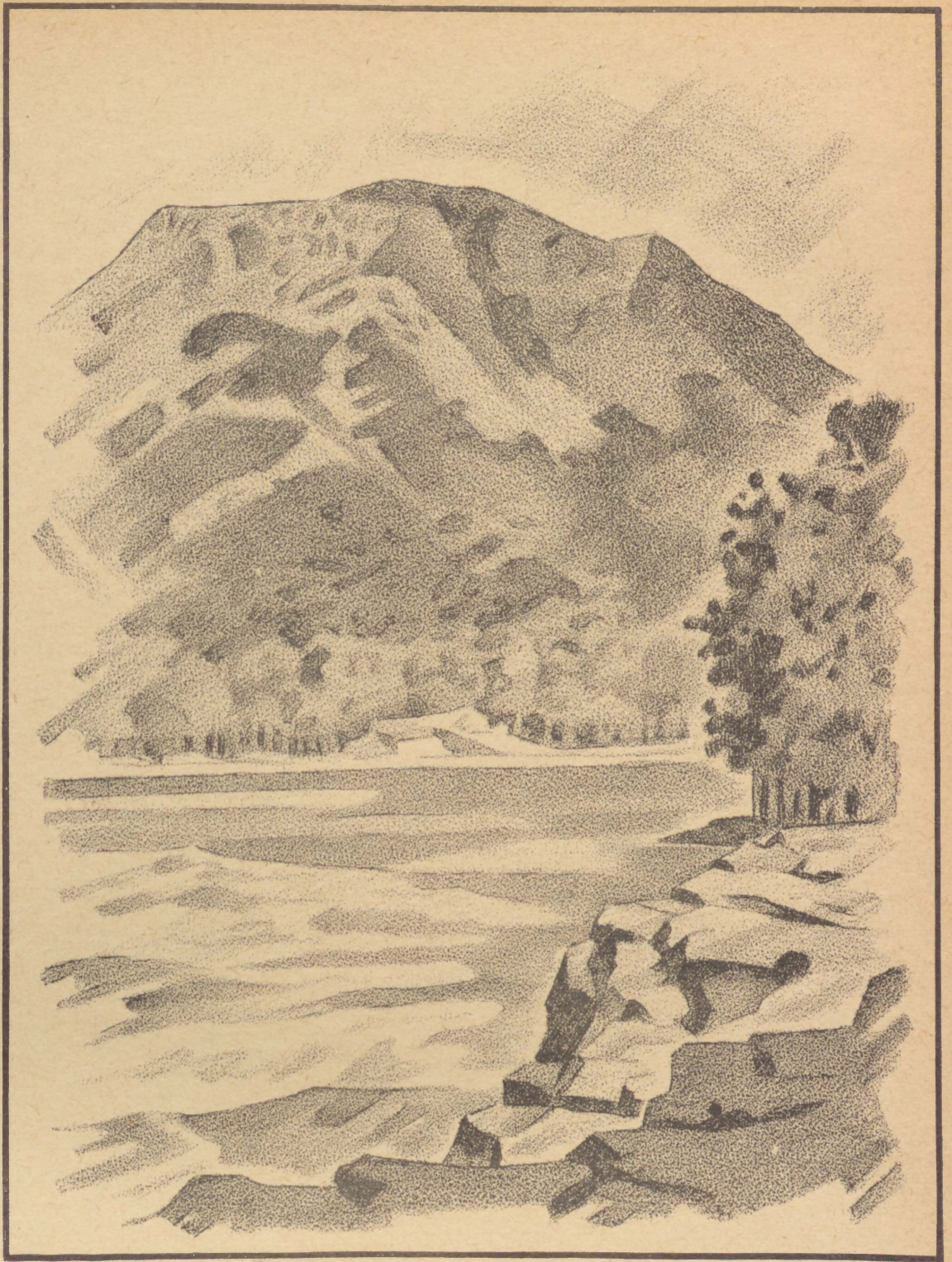
Lake

SEBAGO—mecca of sportsman, vacationist, artist, author! A famous region of universal appeal. Sebago itself consists of eighty square miles of gleaming surface, and, with the many adjoining waterways, forms one of Vacationland's most picturesque areas. Nearby Long Lake region is almost as popular with Spring fisherman, Summer camper, Fall huntsman. Sebago salmon is superb; and Sebago itself is surprising, with its countless, all but hidden, coves and inlets. Raymond, South Casco, Windham, North and East Sebago, Naples, Bridgton, Harrison, are typically picturesque Maine villages and towns nestling on the shoreline of famous Sebago Region.



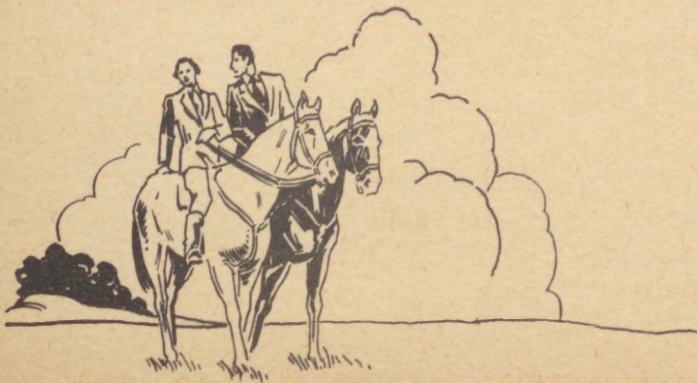
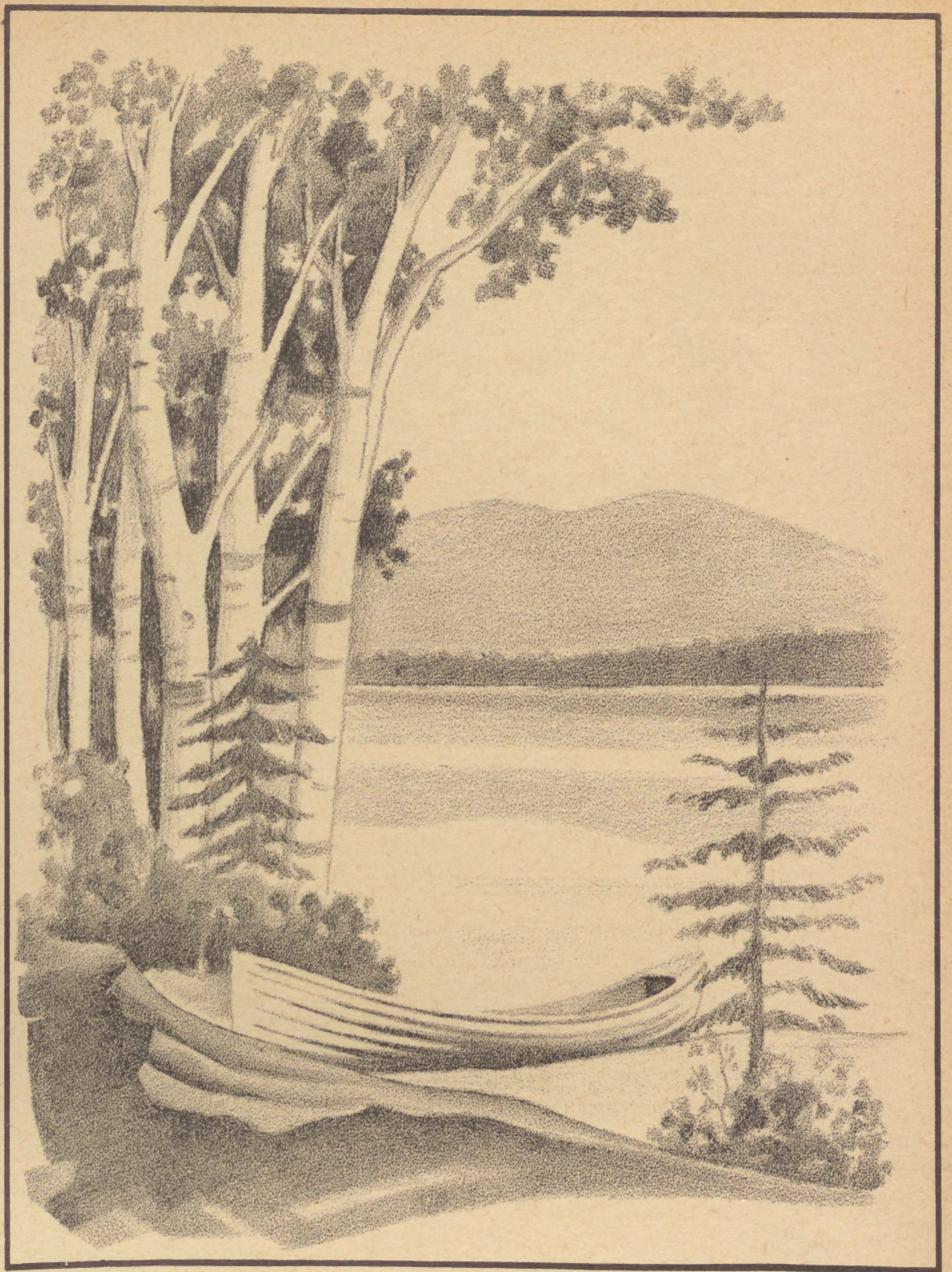
Mountain

MAJESTIC, mile-high Mt. Katahdin is the first point in the United States to catch the morning sunbeams. Highest peak in Maine, Katahdin affords the hardy mountain-climber a magnificent view. Wildly beautiful country, gorgeously green and dotted with mirror-like lakes and streams, stretches as far as the eye can see—and it sees far indeed from Katahdin's summit. The towering old guardian of Maine stands in the midst of one of the finest fish and game preserves known to man. Baxter State Park, from the heart of which Katahdin rears upward, was donated by a former governor of Maine, and is unsurpassed in scenic splendor.



Elevation

*R*ANGELEY—one of Maine's most popular regions. Famed for its healthful, invigorating air, its scenic beauty; fishing, hunting. The Rangeley Lakes are five in number, all connected by narrow waterways. These cover about 80 square miles and are over 1,500 feet above sea level. Their names: Mooselookmeguntic, Parmachenee, Cupsuptic, Loon, Kennebago. Fishermen come in Spring, Vacationists in Summer, Hunters in Fall. All are happy; but hay-fever sufferers are happiest. Bald Mountain, 1,000 feet high, stares sleepily down upon golfer, boatman, hiker, etc. Rangeley is easily accessible through Rumford, Wilson's Mills, Turner, Farmington, and other gateways.



Desert

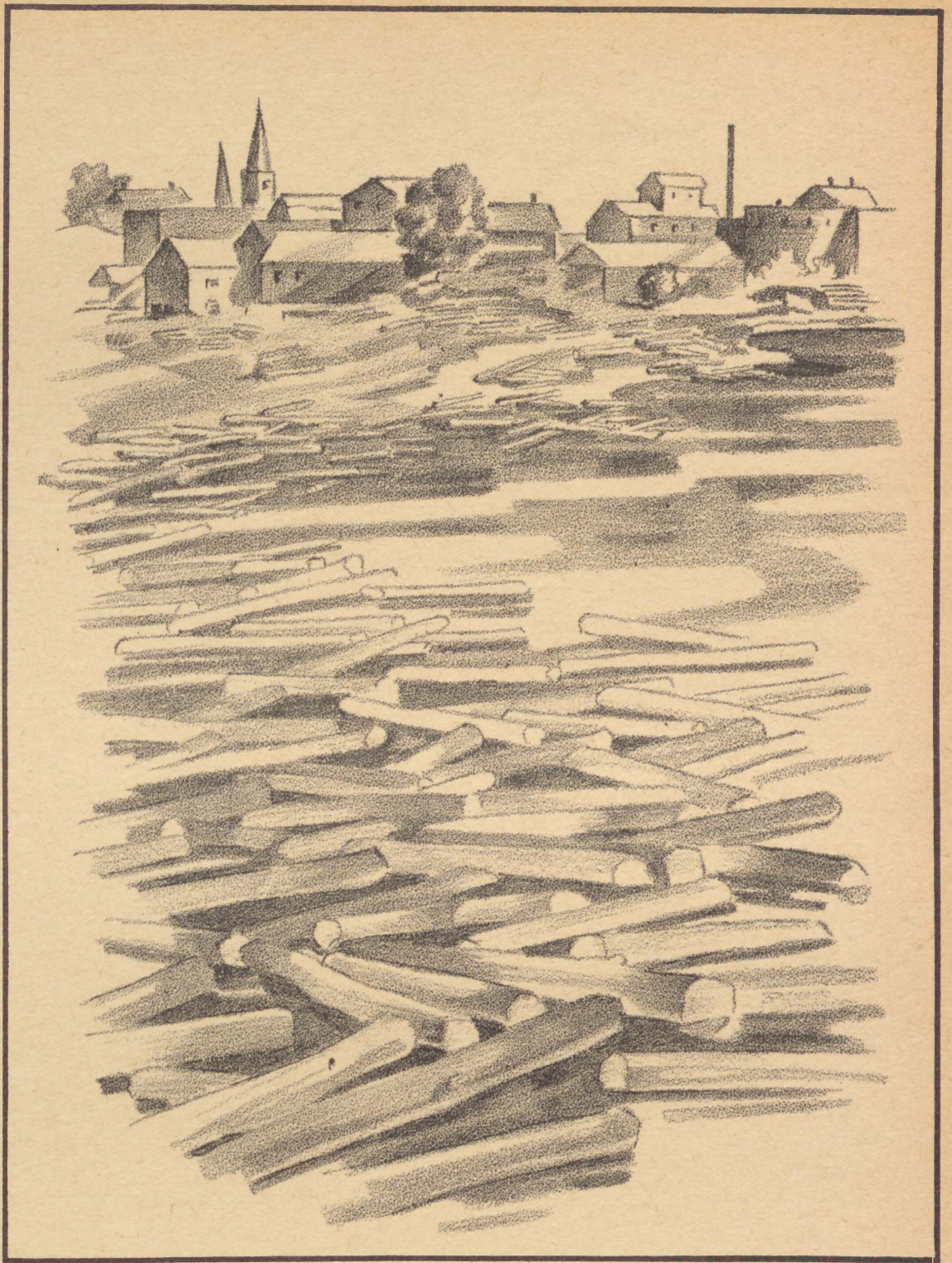
DEMURE little Freeport, called "the birth-place of Maine" (because papers separating Maine from Massachusetts were signed there), boasts a real desert. Not like vast Sahara; but a desert nevertheless, occupying some 300 acres of what once was fertile farmland. Its sands are higher than lofty trees and, wafted by constant winds, threaten to some day engulf the entire surrounding countryside. Students wonder, and say it's the bed of a prehistoric lake, suddenly come to light. Possibly, but not probably. Other theories have been forwarded. All fantastic. It's *all* very unreasonable, but there it is—a real desert, whose strangely vari-colored sands are constantly spreading, threatening. The sketch, (top to bottom): Panorama to the north, Close-up of dunes, The new Spring House.



Logs

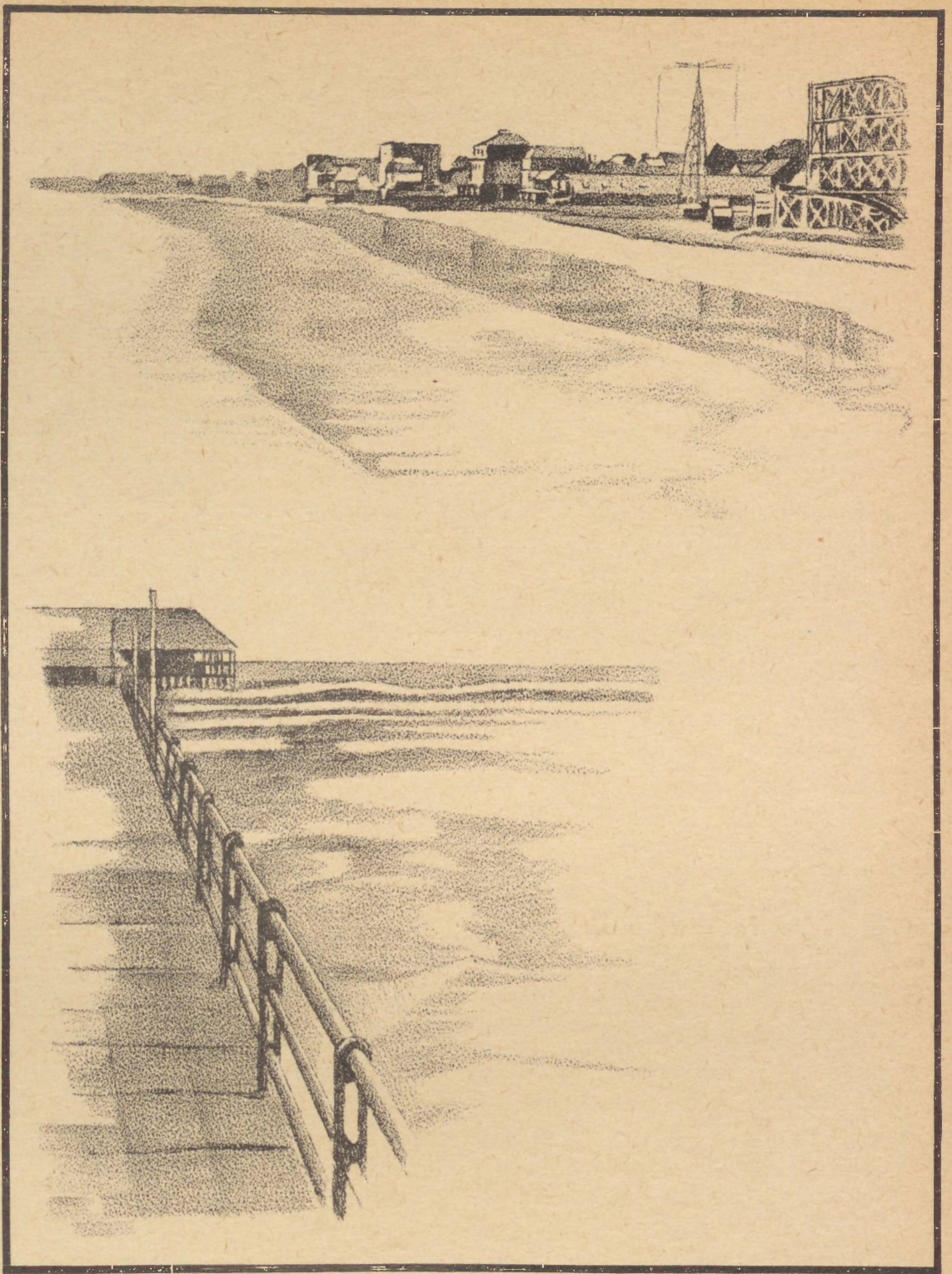
WHAT more interesting to both Maine native and visitor than log-bound stream?

More absorbing than lumber camp or saw-mill, seen here and there throughout the state, are these seemingly slow-moving streams, literally choked with thousands upon thousands of logs en route to this mill or that; here to be made into pulpwood, into newsprint; there to be made into clothespins, planks, spools, toothpicks. Among the most thriving of mills are those at Bucksport, Millinocket, Rumford. Maine's 15,000,000 acres of forestland make for unlimited production, contribute materially to Civilization's needs. In Strong, alone, 50,000,000 toothpicks are daily produced. And in the cause of child happiness, 4,000,000 "Christmas trees" are cut yearly in Washington County alone.



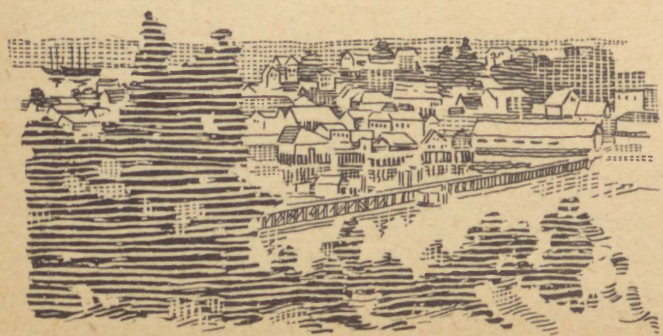
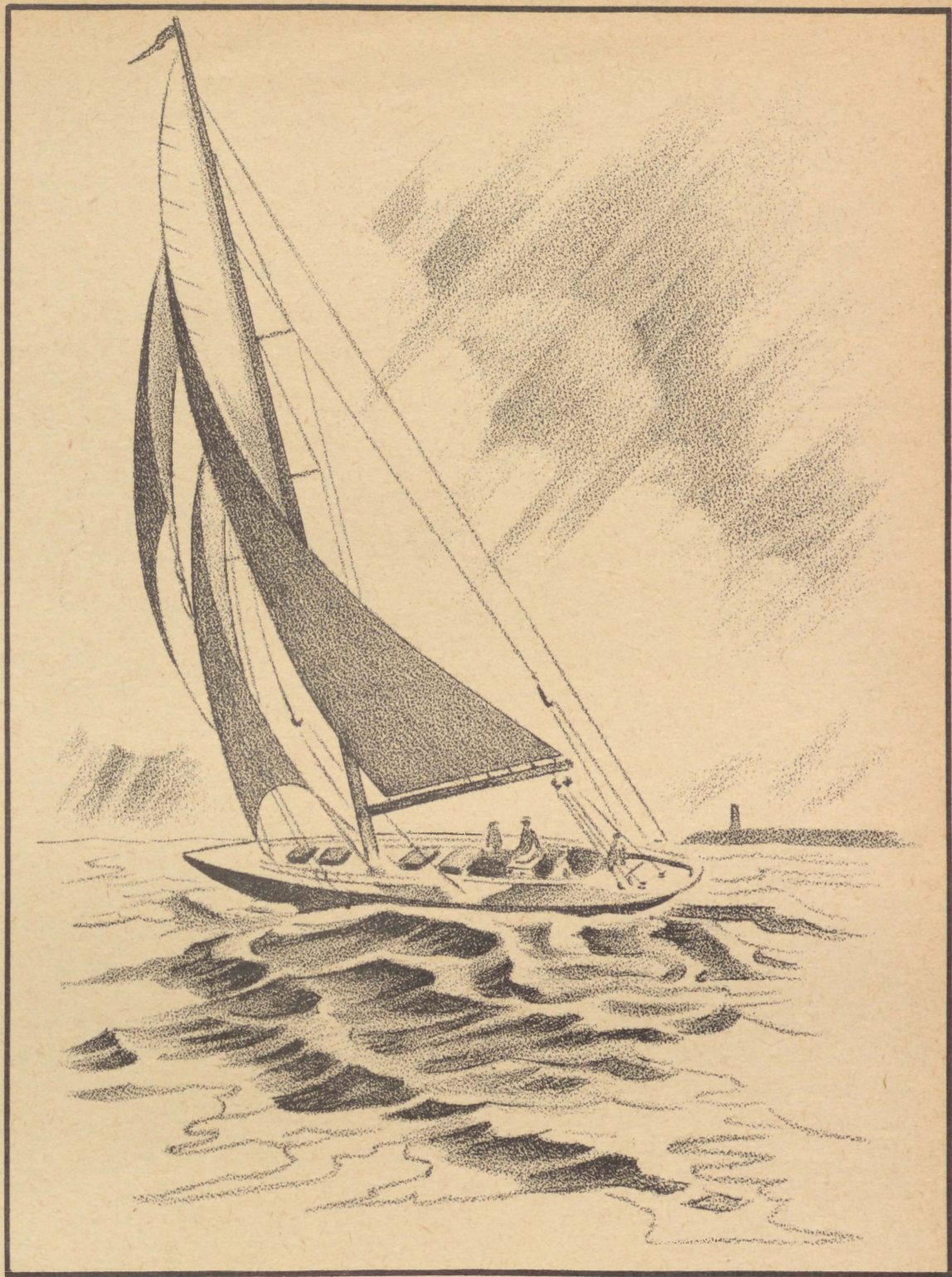
Beach

OLD ORCHARD—a magnificent scimitar of spotless sand and white-capped breakers. Famed the world over as one of America's finest beaches. Here the invigorating sea-tang offers escape from care, from heat. A million miles of ocean may well lie beyond its deep-blue horizon, and its skies are the skies of Maine. Thousands tan under its sun, and walk its silver promenades. It stretches from Pine Point to Bay View. Its hotels are many, its recreations diversified. Europe-bound planes have risen from its sands to soar eastward. The sketch: (Top) Section of Beach. (Bottom) The sea from "The Pier."



Mecca

BOOOTHBAY HARBOR—a “must” stop for every pleasure craft cruising Maine waters. Quaint old Boothbay is rich in Colonial history. Paul Revere—none other—trained Revolutionary soldiers on the old muster field near the harbor. Artists galore cover canvases galore with Boothbay this and that; for the region, which includes, among other points, Boothbay Harbor, East Boothbay, Bayville, West Boothbay Harbor, Southport, Linekin, Ocean Point, and Newagen, is richly endowed with scenic beauty. Quaint remnants of its historic past make Boothbay especially interesting to the romantic mind. And—leaping from the sublime to the not-so-ridiculous — Boothbay lobsters are especially appealing to the discerning taste.



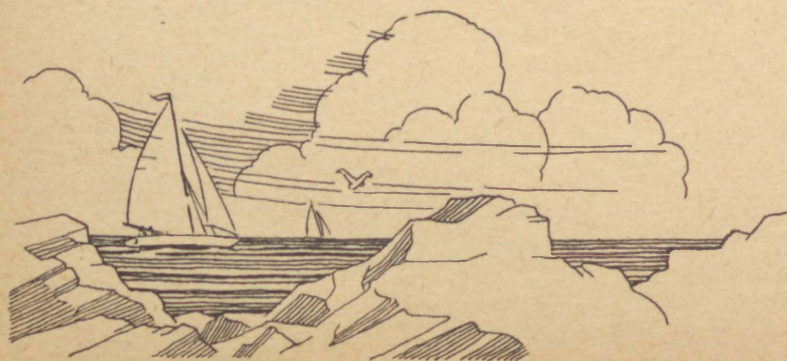
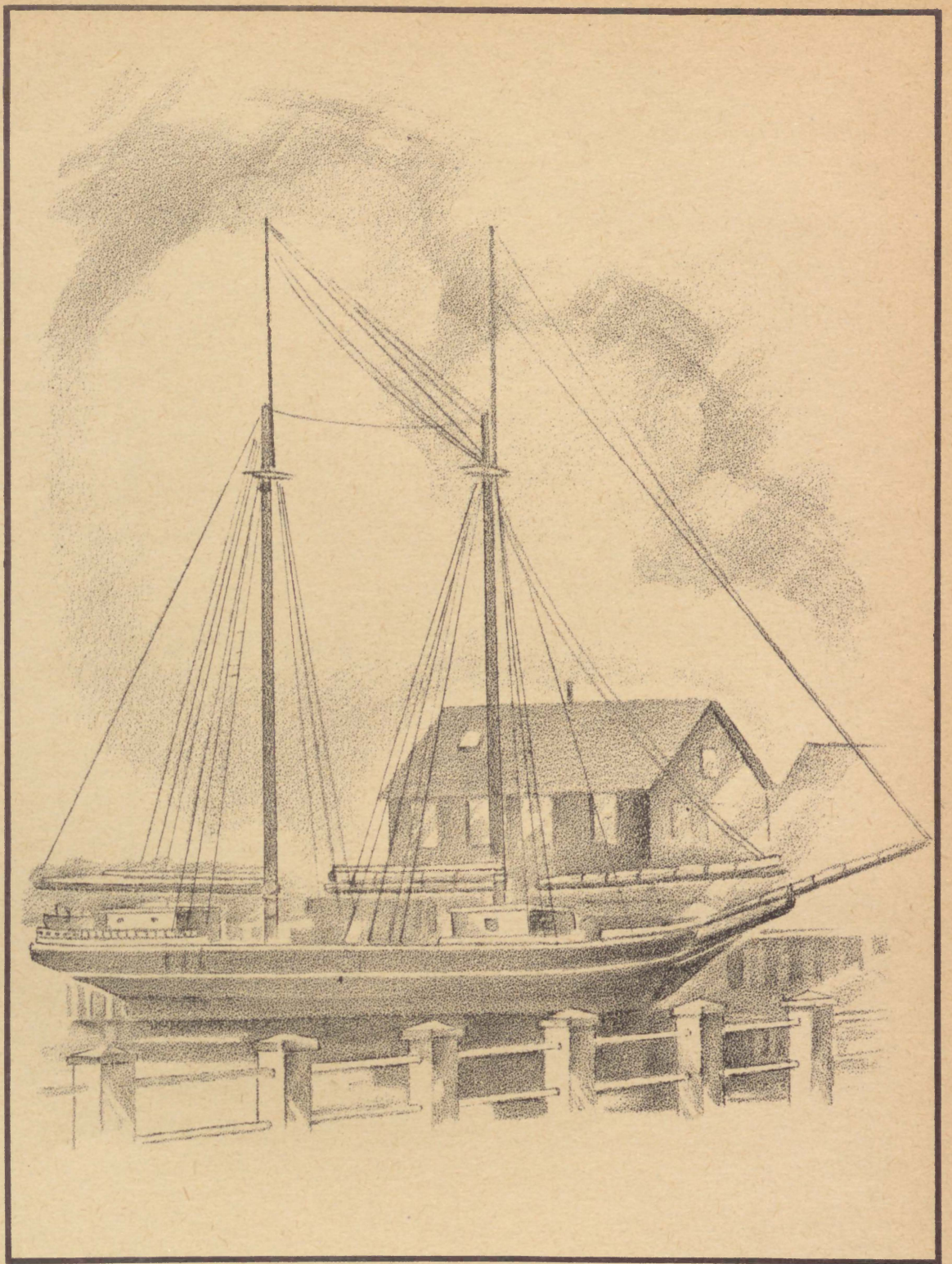
Theater

A BROADWAY stage success—in a theater in the Maine woods! Fantastic, but true. . . . Lakewood Theater, the hub of a colony of famous theatrical people, has for years attracted summer visitors from all parts of the country. Lakewood is one of Maine's most unique colonies, and is possessed of a charmingly unusual community spirit. Its scenic surroundings, its numerous recreations, its main buildings and tourist bungalows prove magnetically irresistible to the visitor. The Theater has been so developed by the Lakewood Players—a group of one hundred actors, authors, playwrights—as to rank among Maine's major attractions.



Haven

KENNEBUNKPORT, an ancient town nestling on the Kennebunk River. Its waters, once harboring fleet little vessels that warred in Freedom's cause, now swarm with pleasure craft of all descriptions. Kennebunkport was once called Arundel—a fact recently and romantically brought to mind by author Kenneth Roberts—and still retains a number of its ancient landmarks. Writers and artists dote on its quaint aura of antiquity, and find this picturesque little town a perfect haven of rest—and inspiration. Cape Arundel, standing guard at the harbor entrance, daily sees yachts from all waters glide by toward Kennebunkport's rendezvous of yachtsmen, the Kennebunk River Club. The sketch: Booth Tarkington's workshop, the schooner "Regina."



Folks

A S stalwart, open, rugged—and often as picturesque—as its pines, lakes, coast are Maine’s “folks.” Sons and daughters of the Outdoors, they reflect the natural characteristics of their native state. The famous political adage “As Maine goes so goes the Nation” has ever been a hearty tribute to their incomparable common sense and judgment. The visitor finds Woodsman, Fisherman, Farmer (the sketch, top to bottom) “hail fellow well met,” and never quite forgets his honesty, homespun wit—and above all, his hospitality. Nor does the Maine city-bred, who neither farms, fishes, nor treads the ever-green trail, differ in character from his more picturesque brother. Maine is home to the stranger, and Maine folks are incomparable hosts.



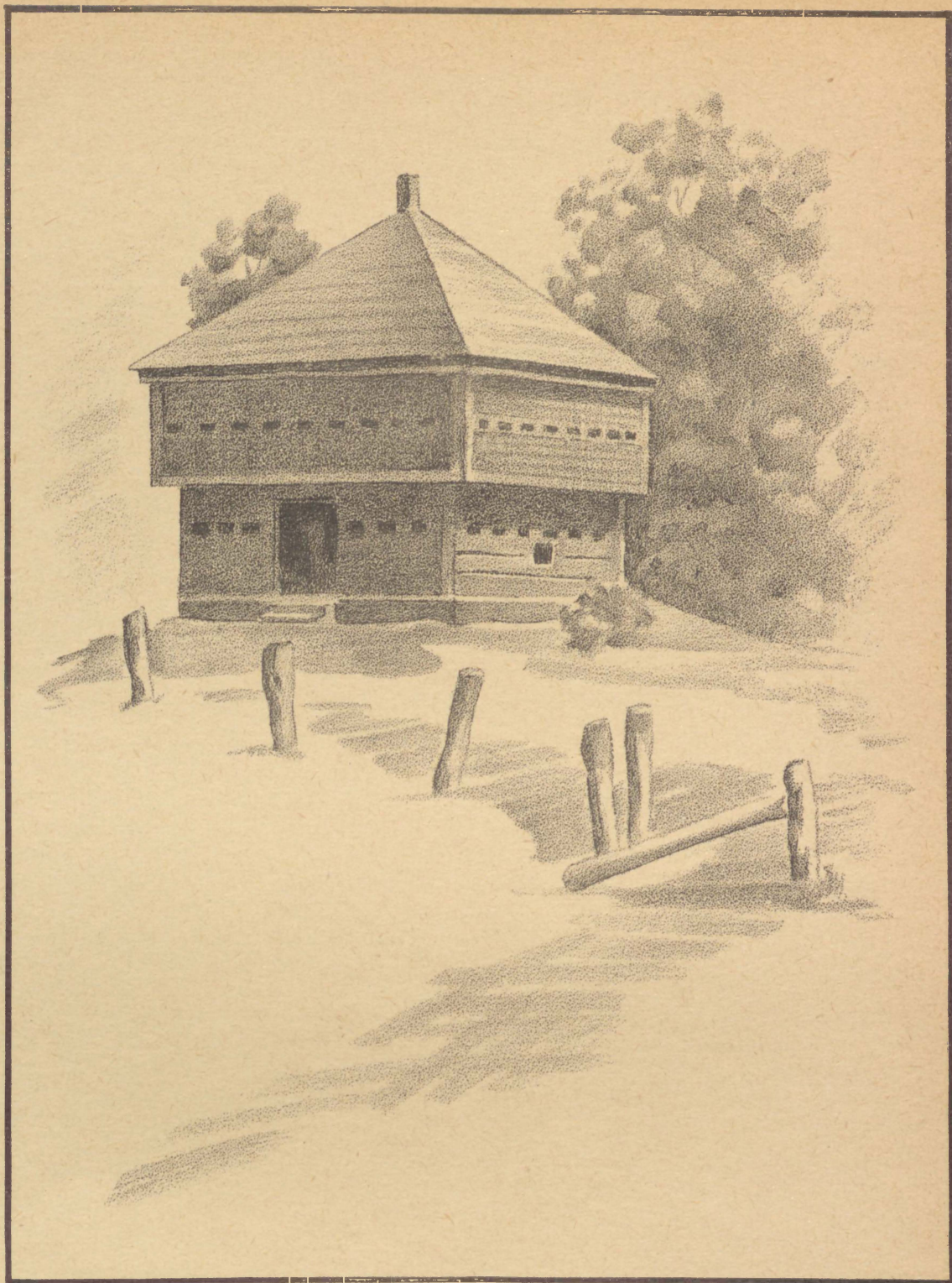
Island

M T. DESERT ISLAND, Acadia National Park, Bar Harbor! Historic Interest, Superb Scenic Beauty, Celebrities! . . . Mt. Desert Island, so says tradition, was first visited by Norsemen in the eleventh century, and later “discovered” by Champlain in 1604. It occupies 60,000 acres, and is unsurpassed for sheer beauty. On the island is Acadia National Park, an area of 11,000 acres over which majestic Mt. Cadillac keeps eternal vigil. Most famous locality on the Island is Bar Harbor, famous as a gathering place for celebrities and socially prominent people. Bar Harbor’s waters, in Summertime, abound with every type of pleasure-craft, from tiny sailboat to luxurious, liner-like yacht. The sketch, top to bottom: Thunder Hole, Mount Cadillac Road, Jordan Pond.



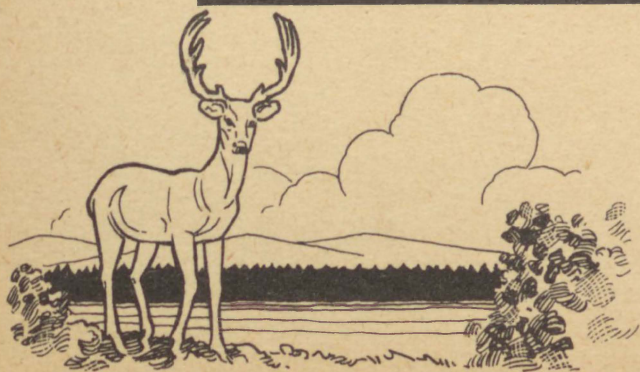
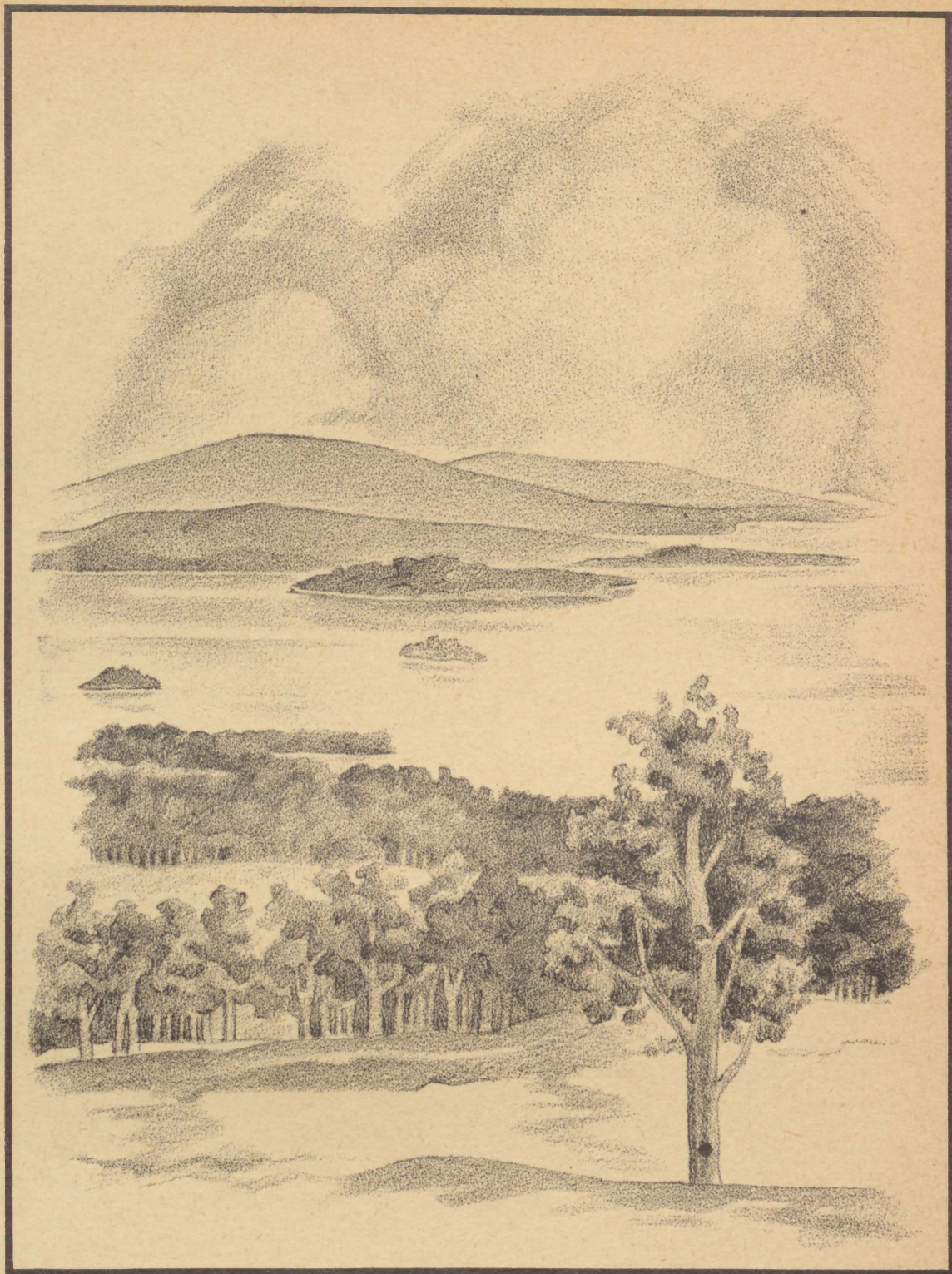
Refuge

TO those who love the Past, Maine's crumbling old blockhouses and forts are among the major fascinations of a fascinating state. Here in the shadow of one time-worn hulk, a tawny savage may have stalked and tomahawked an unwary settler. Here in the clearing before another crumbling place of refuge, a group of sturdy villagers may have drilled tediously against the day when every musket might be the salvation of a soul. Warmly romantic, these forts—*today!* Yesterday they were cold, dread necessities. And the visitor may enter leisurely, with never a backward glance, never a fear of ambush, to explore the interiors of Forts Kent, Knox, Halifax, Western, Edgecomb, William Henry. The sketch: Fort Kent.



Region

A VAST body of shining water in the heart of wildly beautiful spruce and fir balsam forests—Moosehead Lake! 1,023 feet above sea-level. Famed the nation over as a health resort and a rendezvous of sportsmen. Unexcelled trout and salmon fishing. Likewise renowned for its hunting, and its marvelous canoe 'trails,' many of which extend the skill and nerve of the most daring. Nearby Ripogenus Dam excites the admiration of engineer and layman, and Blair Hill, en route to the wilderness dam, affords a breathtaking panorama of the lake, its islands, its bays. Famed from coast to coast, Moosehead region is unquestionably one of Maine's most exquisite jewels.



Glimpse

*Y*OU are driving over almost any Maine highway. You reach the crest of a hill. You descend. A flash of white, green, gray, brown—and you ask, “What village was that?” And you reach another hill, and another village, seldom pausing to observe and question. Yet these countless villages, coming abruptly into view at almost every turn of the road, fleeting by you as you travel, make up a moving panorama as typical of Maine as pine forest, broad lake, and pounding surf. And each is a little world of its own, interesting, absorbing; though each, apparently, is identical to the other, whether you come upon it in the southern or northern extremities of Maine.

