

PEMAQUID POINT

ITS LOCATION - UNUSUAL FEATURES - ENVIRONS
HISTORIC BACKGROUND — AND SCENIC BEAUTY

THE PENINSULA "Ancient Pemaquid" is a name most commonly used in indentifying that part of the State of Maine where all the Pemaquids are located — Pemaquid, Pemaquid Falls, Pemaquid Harbor, Pemaquid Beach, Pemaquid Point. They lie within the township of Bristol which forms a part of the County of Lincoln, one of the sixteen counties of Maine, and are found at various points on a 15-mile peninsula that stretches down from the towns of Newcastle and Damariscotta to the shores of the Atlantic Ocean. Route 1, the main highway from Boston and Portland, and the branch line of the Maine Central railroad pass through these two towns and continue on to the seacoast town of Rockland.

The peninsula has on its westward side the wide navigable Damariscotta River, John's River, and John's Bay, and on its easterly side Medomak River, Muscongus Sound, and Muscongus Bay. Its width at its inland origin is approximately six miles and it maintains much of this width for about twelve miles where the harbor on the east side, which gives New Harbor its name, and the Pemaquid River on the west side, narrow the peninsula considerably. From this point on it tapers in width until the ocean is pierced by its two prongs, Rocky Point and Lighthouse Point.



*Pemaquid Lighthouse — Built in 1824
visited by 60,000 people annually*

ROADS TO THE POINT Three excellent roads extend down twelve miles of this peninsula: One follows the east shore along Muscongus Sound and Bay through the picturesque towns of Muscongus, Bremen, Round Pond and Chamberlain to New Harbor; another follows the west side along the Daramiscotta River through the ancient towns of Walpole and Pemaquid Falls to New Harbor; and the third road tours the central part passing through the towns of Bristol Mills and Pemaquid to New Harbor, at which point all three roads converge into Route 130 which leads down the tip of the peninsula to Pemaquid Point. No matter which road is taken, there are recurring views of rivers, lakes, bay, and ocean, and all three roads are bordered with spruce, hemlock, pine, oak, beach, and maple trees. When within two miles of the journey's end and on higher land the first panoramic view of John's Bay and the Atlantic Ocean, extending over almost half the circle, is seen. If the day is clear and sunlight is upon the waters then in clear view are many of the islands that lie just off the rugged coastline — Rutherford, Inner Heron, Liniken Neck, Thread-of-Life, White, Outer Heron, Thrumbeap, Fisherman, and Damariscove.

THE POINT The extreme end of the peninsula known as Pemaquid Point is a wooded area except where clearing has been made for cottages and needed roads. Visiting tourists in untold numbers have expressed the natural delight over the extensive view of the Bay and ocean from many vantage spots, but more especially from the location of the lighthouse which tops the highest cliffs along the entire shore. Here in a several acre reservation which is a gift from the Federal Government to the Town of Bristol, the car is parked, and then for some memorable hours the visitor may wander at will along the cliffs high above the reach of the tides. There is nothing more fascinating than the ebb and flow of the foaming waters and the calculations on why one incoming surge of the water is so much greater than the others or how soon a certain rock on the down-sloping shelf will be engulfed. One may walk the narrow dirt road toward the east and in a quarter of a mile come out upon a platform of granite masonry, a hundred feet above low water,

and look down upon the never-ceasing surge of the water as it rushes in over a thousand-foot basin locally called "The Amphitheatre". Or one may walk along the road to the west and stand on Rocky Point which roughly marks the dividing line between the Bay and ocean. Looking across the Bay toward distant Newagen, and Squirrel Island and Boothbay Harbor one sees in grand review a dozen of the historic islands, most of them uninhabited, but watched over by three lighthouses — Burnt Island, Ram Island, and Seguin.

UNUSUAL FEATURES OF THE POINT Visitors to The Point never fail to express surprise over the unusual impressions which this area makes upon them. These impressions have been reflected again and again in the vast amount of publicity that has been given the region in numerous photographic and historic publications. First of all, The Point seems to them a uniquely unspoiled bit of Mother Earth. No one has sought to make it over, and the "resort" appearance is totally lacking. Although the visitor has been up and down the coast of Maine, at no spot has he found nature so much at her best. Again, there is no marked evidence of commercialism — no streets of business stores, or antique shops, or a motley collection of the usual resort attractions, only two small hotels, two tea-rooms and gift shops, and one modest cottage with a display of paintings of shores and waters. The lovely old white house once occupied by the lighthouse keeper — some day to be filled with historic material about Maine and with rest-rooms for the visitors — has no sign of the commercial about it. And then there is the unmistakable impression that those who have come to see and admire may share freely for the hour what the native population and the summer colonist enjoy over the months. There are no barbed-wire fences extending from roadside to water's edge — sharp reminders that trespass is forbidden; no "keep out" signs, no "No Parking" signs. The visitor can walk every shore and no one will gainsay him freedom. The Pemaquid Land Company which owns over two miles of the coastline has reserved a right-of-way along its entire length and extends the courtesy to the visitor to walk about at will. And finally, one will



Map of territory surrounding Pemaquid Point — at extreme end of peninsula



Float and runway (destroyed) — to be relocated and rebuilt by the Pemaquid Point Association

look in vain to see a cottage wrecked by wind and storm. While the recent hurricanes uprooted numberless trees, the denuded areas are being rapidly reforested with white and Norway pine, ten thousand of them planted in 1955. The rugged coastline gets the heavy onslaught of the tides which are lifted to great heights under the impact of the wind and ocean disturbances, but let it be recorded here that for a hundred years they have not passed the danger-mark to injure or destroy a single habitation. It is only when the Point Association, in its laudable desire to furnish wharf facilities, has ventured to extend a runway far out into the water that it has learned in the hard way that the ocean, too, has a danger-mark beyond which it is not always safe to go.

SWIMMING POOLS AND TRAILS

If the visitor is looking for the popular sandy beach which the public so frequently despoils, he will not find it here. But on the John's Bay side, off natural rock formations, bathers find their delight in pools and ocean waters on warm days when south winds blow and the tide has run out. On Rocky Point there are natural small swimming pools for children. Some two miles distant is Pemaquid Beach and its white sandy shore is much frequented by native and summer residents. Trails extend along shore for long distances, one on the west extending to the Beach, and one on the east extending as far as New Harbor. There are many shorter inland trails which one will delight to follow.

BOATING AND BOAT TRIPS On account of the rocky shores and heavy surf, The Point offers little in the way of

boating except on many days and evenings when the ocean is like a mill pond. At other places nearby, row-boats can be had, and fishing parties enjoyed. Regular boat trips to Boothbay Harbor and the islands offer the enjoyment that delights the summer visitor. Landing is much easier on the low shoreline at Pemaquid Beach where every courtesy is shown the summer tourists by men who captain the substantially built boats. In the region of the inland area of the peninsula are several large fresh water lakes — Darariscotta, Biscay, Pemaquid, and Jefferson — the favorite sites for fishing and boating.

STRATEGIC LOCATION FOR DAY-TRIPS

To those who summer at The Point there is opportunity to visit in day-trips either by automobile or boat numerous places of interest. The route that runs to Damariscotta branches east and west at several points along the way, each branch leading to some "colony by the sea". One such side-trip leads to Hog Island where one of the large Audobon Camps is located.

Directly opposite the west shore of



A Point Pool — Safe from Ocean Waves



Safe anchorage at New Harbor — Two Miles from The Point

The Point, less than three miles by water, is Christmas Cove with its rocky shores, ideal harbor, fine roadway, and popular casino. Among the attractions of the Cove are motoring, sailing, rowing, canoeing, fishing, and bathing, while distant but seven miles is Wavenock Country Club and Golf Course.

Distant but a short way from the Cove is South Bristol, an ideal summer place occupying a narrow strip of land between a well protected harbor and John's Bay. Many of the people of South Bristol live there the year through and carry on small but profitable businesses.

The historical sketch in this booklet mentions the historic attractions of Pemaquid Beach and Harbor, the mecca for thousands of tourists each year.

To the north and east of New Harbor are the picturesque settlements of Chamberlain and Round Pond. Many of the cottages of Chamberlain occupy a high promontory and look off toward the Georges Islands and Monhegan. There is no more sightly spot along the whole of the coast of Maine. The village of Round Pond with its substantial houses and churches and fine cottages largely face toward the beautiful sheet of water, which gives the town its name, and the great ocean just beyond.

The little town of New Harbor serves the Point as its first real base of supplies. It has well-supplied cash markets, well-manned garages, well conducted summer and year-round hotels, and harbors that have been reproduced on the canvas of many artists. Protected as this beautiful harbor is from the strong swell of the ocean, it offers safe anchorage to fishing boats and sailing craft,

and countless users of the great Ocean Highway take full advantage of it. This little harbor town has produced some excellent artists, and the annual Art Exhibition attracts visitors from many quarters.

Within a few hours of travel are the four Maine colleges with their beautiful campuses, two or more summer theatres, the popular Reid Park at Georgetown, the Arcadia National Park at Bar Harbor, and the famous regions of Belgrade and Rangeley Lakes.

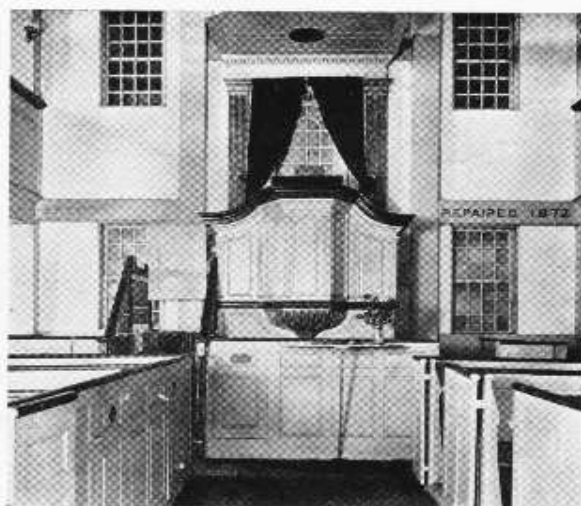
THE POINT COLONY ITSELF The colony is not large — perhaps 350 people in mid season — and scattered over many acres are 75 or more cottages and cabins, many of them completely hidden away. The owners of some of them have



Boathouse of the Company on John's Bay

been residents of The Point for 40 years or longer and as they come as early as June and remain well into September, the Point seems to them more like home than do their urban residences. They are far from being unsocial people although they do not seek to form organized groups for strictly social purposes. Most of them claim membership in the Point Association and unite in the annual meeting for discussion of matters of mutual interest. There are informal afternoon teas, and calling upon one another has become a revival of a happy custom that in urban centers has largely disappeared. The arrival of the mail twice daily is made an event of real significance for it is then that the little white post office becomes the gathering place of the colony. When the heavy mail arrives and is distributed then the people stand in a long line and announce their names. Prior to the mailman's arrival there is opportunity to gather and discuss the local news and news of the world, and the colony is thus brought together in the spirit of fellowship which is one of the joys of living.

CULTURAL SURROUNDINGS There are numerous churches in the smaller towns — Methodist, Catholic, Baptist, Episcopal, Christian Science, Congregational, and Adventists. Few are the weeks that pass in the summer season when some of these churches are not advertising social events to which the summer people are especially invited. On Saturday afternoon are held the public



Interior view — Old Walpole Meetinghouse — built in 1772

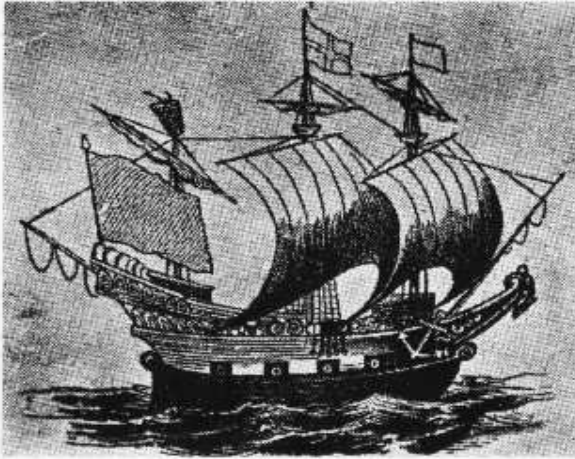
suppers and few indeed are the summer folk who do not patronize them. Sunday services are frequently conducted by well known preachers of city churches who are spending their vacations in Maine. Only a few miles from The Point is the Old Walpole Meetinghouse, oldest church building in Maine, erected in 1772, and still preserved interiorly as it was when first built. Its pulpit has been occupied by many famous men and women. The cultural manifests itself in many ways, and is reflected in well kept houses and grounds and in fine public school buildings. All through the region in and about The Point are to be found the "new-comers"



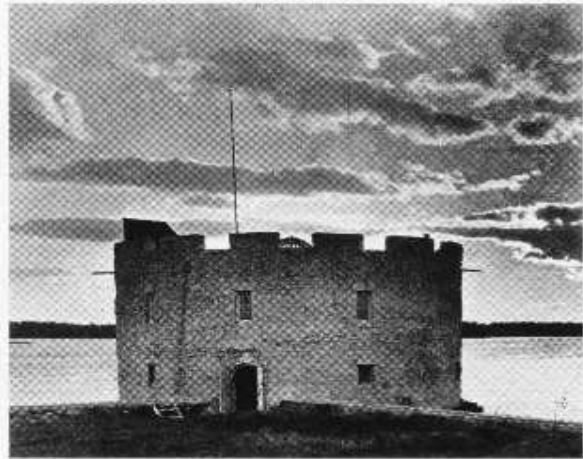
Ancient Schoolhouse being converted into Cottage



A Boy's Log Cabin — first new building on Thread-of-Life View



*The Archangel first to visit this area
354 years ago*



*Historic Fort William Henry
as reconstructed*

— former urban residents who for countless reasons have moved to rural areas for permanent settlement.

RICH IN ANCIENT HISTORY "The Pemaquids", and especially Pemaquid Point, have a most colorful historical background; it is saturated with ancient lore. In far distant days, Spain and Portugal made separate claims to the New World, and it was not until the Spanish Armada was defeated by the combined forces of England and France that the immediate territory became once again spoils of war. The pages of history are full of the stories of exploits along the Maine coast in which France and England participated and of their disagreements or alliances with the native Indians who frequented this vast region. The first voyage by ship to this Pemaquid area was made by Capt. George Weymouth in 1605 but other venturesome mariners from the Old World had already preceded him to New England. Many years later, in 1677, Fort Charles was built at what is now Pemaquid Beach, only to be destroyed by the French and Indians in 1689. Three years later, the English constructed another Fort, Fort William Henry, but four years later the French forces attacked this and destroyed it. In 1729, on the ruins of the old, Fort Frederick came into being and this was kept well garrisoned for many years. But now the Revolutionary War was in the making, and the American colonists were looking to their own safety from British

attacks. They saw in the Fort at Pemaquid Beach a possible stronghold for their new enemy, and so it is reported that at a town-meeting called on May 24, 1775, a vote was unanimously passed: "That we go down to Pemaquid and tear down the old Fort", and it was done. For the next century and more the old "bastion of defense" gradually came to be nothing but a memory, and then through popular effort and assistance from the State, the old Fort was reconstructed and has since borne the proud name of "Fort William Henry". History makes clear that in the sixteenth century people in considerable number lived at The Point and conducted an extensive fishing industry. On the east shore of John's Bay, about two miles above Rocky Point, a dozen fish houses once stood, and from this point the fishing boats went out for their daily catch. At several places along the shore, including Fisherman's Cove, there is clear evidence of channeling out the ledge and rocks for the landing of boats. Two old cemeteries, one inherited by the Pemaquid Land Company when it purchased the Burnside land, and the other, privately owned, now completely concealed by bushes and trees, contain headstones, some half buried in the soil with dates in the 1700's carved upon them. Out of several man-made depressions and rounded ridges on the hillsides overlooking the Bay, one in particular has been definitely pointed out by a member of the Curtis family as the identical spot, with proof to support the



*Thread-of-Life View — over 100 lots overlooking
John's Bay and Atlantic Ocean*

claim, that here a Curtis once lived in a log cabin and was later killed by the Indians. Perhaps the historic event that has brought greatest fame to The Point is the naval engagement between the American "Enterprise" and the British "Boxer" which took place but a few miles off the shore between The Point and Monhegan Island. One account states: "On Salt Pond Hill, which is on the east side of Pemaquid Point, many of the people of the town stood to watch the battle, and hailed with joy the victory of the American brig". It is doubtful if any other region of the State is richer in Indian legend or in authentic reports of the long and bitter struggles for possession of the territory between the French and the English, with the Indians largely in league with the French. It is an interesting speculation as to what might be found of Indian relics just beneath the surface of the ground on much of the land that has lain untilled and neglected over the centuries. Perhaps such relics will never be revealed, but one has the strange feeling as he walks over the uncultivated region that he is but walking where the early settlers walked, and, long before them, the Indian tribes who unquestionably made their homes on this rugged terrain.

THE POINT'S SCENIC BEAUTY

Much could be written and said of the scenic beauty of The Point. In summary

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it can be written that the beauty of the Point when silhouetted against its historic past is largely of water and of woods — of gorgeous sunsets across John's Bay and of equally gorgeous sunrise over Friendship and the George's Islands; of blinking lighthouses beyond the Herons and old Thrumbeap and Damariscove; of friendly lights across the waters from Christmas Cove and from Monhegan, of walks along the Amphitheatre Trail on the eastern shore or along the Beach Trail on the western shore, or the Osprey Trail and the New Harbor Trail which carry one through dense woods; of mornings spent with the swimmers near Fisherman's Cove; of afternoons spent in sun-bathing upon the great rocks and ledges — of memorable hours spent in the great out-of-doors with the wild life of the woods as companions. If ever Nature selected one spot of her Paradise it was on this narrow strip of wooded land that juts far out into the ocean.

Few are the days at The Point from May well into October that are dreary. The fog may sweep in from the east and the lighthouse may send out its warning to passing craft, and the rain may fall for a time, but the days that follow are so markedly in contrast that the fog and the light and the rain become prophetic of clear skies and warm sun and fresh winds and white sail upon the water.

OUT OF PERSONAL EXPERIENCE

By Herbert C. Libby



GETTING THE MOST OUT OF LIFE - OUR FIRST AND SECOND
SUMMER HOMES - THE INFINITE JOY OF ACCOMPLISHMENT -
WHY THE POINT WAS CHOSEN - YET ROOM FOR OTHERS -
PURPOSE OF THE COMPANY - SOME HELPFUL SUGGES-
TIONS ON BUYING AND BUILDING - A BIT OF LAND
TO BE CALLED ONE'S OWN

GETTING THE MOST OUT OF LIFE Life at most is short and we spend much of it in a more or less vain search for that time to come when we shall have the gracious privilege and delight of coming close to Nature, when much of the hum-drum and littlenesses of life cease to tread upon our heels, when we have time to live leisurely among congenial folk, when we can so apportion the hours of the day that we can find it possible in our heart to say: "I live at last as I would always like to live, freely and happily because purposefully and unhurriedly and fully".

But far too few of us seem able to so adjust life to circumstances without the expenditure of much time and thought in most careful planning. It's amazing what time and thought can do, however. Many people cannot hope to have a life, thus ideally fashioned, extend over the full course of the year. There must be hours and days set apart that we may earn that we may live and to this rule there are few exceptions. But the trouble usually is that once we disregard the fact that it is only in our free hours that we grow in mental and spiritual stature, then we become slaves to our own ill-planning and die slaves with the sense of personal achievement unfulfilled. Newell Dwight Hillis has a markedly important chapter in one of his books



Ocean View — the first of our Summer homes — built in 1926

on the science of living. Few there are who can not so organize his work and life that he cannot find some weeks for "getting acquainted with the family". The shorter work-day points toward this important end. If, then, a week or two, or even a month can bring to you the infinite joy of living as you have dreamed it to be, then indeed you and I may well feel content.

OUR FIRST SUMMER HOME For 30 years and more our family have been greatly blessed in spending sometimes three months out of each year — sometimes more — on an ideal spot on the coast of Maine. Suffice it to say that



The view from sloping hill on Thread-of-Life View — Fisherman's Cove in foreground — many fish houses once occupied its shores



*Looking shoreward from John's Bay at Thread-of-Life View
(Taken from Powerboat owned by C. L. Libby, Officer of Pemaquid Land Co.)*

these months have not been free of interruptions; there has ever been a great amount of commuting. But how I have been able to find these summers of great content over so long a time I want to reveal in this personal experience so that others may also find it. On the extreme tip of land of the 15-mile peninsula that reaches down from Damariscotta is the town of Pemaquid Point, and it is on this tip of land that I purchased out of my college salary four cottage lots and later built on these lots an unpretentious but convenient summer home. It faced south of west, with the Herons and Thrumb-cap and White Island and Fishermen's and Damariscove in perfect view. From the second-floor windows and from the spacious porch one looks upon ocean and Bay for at least half the circle. The purchase of the lots was not made on impulse but on advice. The late Chief Justice Leslie C. Cornish, a very personal and dear friend, had found the secret of finding rest from his heavy labors by spending at least one month of the year in the quiet of Pemaquid Point, and he had warned me many times that he would find for me an ideal location if I would follow in his footsteps. At this time, very little of the land at The Point had been cleared, and I recall the difficulty we experienced in pushing our way through a tangled mass of bushes and blackberry vines to reach an open space where the location and view would justify the good judgment of the eminent jurist. We found it, just where it had been for untold hundreds of years.

If a cottage were to be built on this spot, then I faced the task of providing access to it and of clearing it of the tangle of bushes and vines. I cleared the land and built a dirt road. I helped to place the half-hundred flagstones along the road and walks that led to the front porch that was some day to be. Much of the old-fashioned stone-wall built largely of rocks of many shapes and sizes taken from the stonewalls of nearby pastures which a century or more had nearly buried, was built by me on long summer afternoons when the sun was hidden behind trees and cool breezes blew in from the ocean. I had never built a stonewall before, but after patient trying I succeeded in so placing one rock upon another that they would somehow remain where I placed them. To those who passed by and stood to watch me, I could

never fully explain my scientific skill. "They just simply stay where I put them" — that was the answer, and if not satisfactory to the passer-by, it proved eminently satisfying to me. The modest rock-garden was the joint product of my wife and myself. The tiers of soft and hard wood under the trees was of my cutting and piling. My three sons climbed the tall trees that encircled the cottage and made a rope-swing a reality. They placed home-made bird-houses, suited to the needs of the various kinds of birds, in the crotches of the trees or hung them on the branches; and turned the garage-loft into a workshop for boat-building and kite-making. Into this summer home we built the infinite joy of personal effort, and its threshold was worn by warmest hospitality. As the three sons were of an age to dote on entertainment, I recall with special delight three summer residents who frequently dropped in of an afternoon to entertain them. One was Mabel Bragg, a highly intelligent, keen, and jovial soul, who later became a distinguished pioneer in the field of public health. Whatever subject she touched upon came alive through the impact of her personality; and the spirit of aliveness she created held spellbound the three lively youngsters. The other caller was Basil Davenport, then a cultured young boy from Kentucky, who had such an amazing ability in telling yarns that the three boys hung upon his every syllable and every grimace and begged him for more. Today, those weird tales have



Coastline East of Pemaquid Light

been published in book form, and he has become an author and literary critic of great ability. And a third frequent caller was Dorothy Goodwin, called familiarly even today "Miss Goody" — a delightful lady from New York who knew the unusual ways of entertaining youth on the long summer afternoons. These three welcome guests and others helped make a summer home of rarest atmosphere. Whenever we closed it in September or October there was locked within it a veritable host of happy memories, glorious purposes, and delightful promises. It was never quite complete materially. Next season there would need to be a screened in porch, or a new annex, or enlargement of the fireplace, or more antique furnishings for the guest room. In that planning and slow acquiring was found the inexpressible joy of living, for that indeed is life because life is growth.

OUR SECOND SUMMER HOME

It was not easy to move out of our first home after spending so many delightful years in it, and accept a new spot and a larger cottage further up the shore. But we began over again, this time in an old house of a hundred summers which had to be added to, enlarged here and torn down there, to make it livable for the family. It occupies a part of a three-acre tract of land with a fringe of tall spruce trees marking much of its circumference. It stands back from the shore about two-hundred feet, and on days when the tide runs high, and some far distant ocean disturbance has swollen the waves to great heights, the pounding of the waves as they break and roll shoreward was at first almost deafening. Now we seldom notice them unless some guest naively asks: "However can you sleep?". The cottage faces the west, and all the islands near and far seem almost within reach. The view is here, too, fully half the circle taking in John's Bay and a wide view of the ocean. It is reached by a half-mile circuitous road through a heavy growth of trees except where the winds have taken their toll. Walking the road is an experience, especially in winter months when the branches overhead are laden with snow and form a



Bayfield our second summer home — original building 100 years old

white canopy under which you travel the quiet woodland. Not infrequently on these walks a fox crosses the road in desperate haste, or a deer, totally unaware of our existence, suddenly leaps from the bushes, pauses for a moment, and then as quickly leaps away.

THE INFINITE JOY OF ACCOMPLISHMENT It is the same in this home as in the first — endless things yet to be done. We have waited five years for the placing of wall bookcases because there were so many other firsts and seconds. More and more the cottage has become a business center with a total of six-

Opposite page: Gesse-Lloyd Cabin, bears name of Margaret C. Lloyd and Mildred R. Gesse, occupants of the cabin for many years.

Hall Bungalow, named for the late Vose Hall, once its owner, well-known poet of Maine.

Roberts Cottage, named for late Arthur J. Roberts, frequent visitor to the Point, and for 19 years President of Colby College.

Bassett Cottage, named for the late Norman L. Bassett, a former occupant of the cottage, Associate Justice of Maine Supreme Court.

Stevenson-Pullin Cottage, named for late Helen S. Stevenson and Charlotte I. Pullin, occupants of the cottage for many years.

Cornish Cottage, named for the late Leslie Colby Cornish, for 20 years occupant of the cottage, Chief Justice of the Maine Supreme Court.



Lloyd-Gesse Cabin



Bassett Cottage



The Hall Bungalow



Stevenson-Pullin Cottage



Roberts' Cottage



Cornish Cottage

COTTAGES AND CABIN COMPLETELY FURNISHED AND
ELECTRICALLY EQUIPPED AVAILABLE FOR RENT OR FOR SALE



Ledges that slope to the sea



How the gigantic waves are checked



Pumpkin-Cove — East shore of the peninsula

hundred callers in one summer. These people come from every State in the Union and are interested in the colony and in the availability of lots. Each such caller means a short quick trip by car to various parts of the land, and it also means long walks over many acres to find where the best locations can be shown.

Having equipped the cottage for year-round usage, we decided one fall to remain through much of the winter. It was an experience not soon to be forgotten. We found much less snow at The Point than sixty-five miles inland, and the temperature was ten degrees higher than farther north. For the most part, the days were clear, and at night the sky was a-light with stars. Under the full moon the paths across the water were wide and luminous. The cottage is so situated that the sun shines upon it throughout the entire day, and when it drops behind the horizon, then for a half hour and more the after-glow in its changing colors is quite beyond description.

Lonely? This was the one most frequent inquiry, and we always could answer negatively. The pulp-cutting crew arrived promptly at seven o'clock and there were instructions to give them. The big truck of the milkman made the rounds three times each week. Once each day the mailman brought the mail to the red box at the head of the lane and then there were many letters to answer and many papers and magazines to read. There were frequent trips to the nearest stores for food. Every other Saturday there was the trip by car up the main road to the Poland home where Miss Addie, who during the summer ran a roadside food stand, was willing to extend the season for us in providing a batch of home-made doughnuts. As one son and wife, and their two young boys, lived only a short distance farther up the shore, and a second son, wife, and two little girls lived in near-by Damariscotta, there was much going and coming, and holiday observances and birthdays when we all assembled for a family dinner. It came to be a habit to have our dinner by 5 o'clock, and then to sit before a large open fire far into the evening, making sizeable inroads upon a stack of magazines and books which peremptorily asked for reading. The telephone was there at our command, and



The much painted Lighthouse Rocks —visited each year by thousands of tourists

the radio, free from all interference, brought us the important newscasters and best musical programs. We resisted television lest it usurp the time we needed for reading. Lonely? There was no opportunity to think about it. It would be quite impossible to estimate the number of friends who have said with utter frankness that they would give all they possessed if they could live for just one year as we are privileged to live for so many.

WHY THE POINT WAS CHOSEN

It may be asked why, considering the vast coastline of Maine (some 2500 miles counting the inlets and projections) we selected The Point for a summer home. Many years ago in an old-fashioned "car", and in congenial company, we paid The Point our first visit. Taking the wrong roads delayed our arrival until well into the evening and rain was falling. After much inquiry, we found our way to an Inn and were most kindly welcomed by its keeper. When he found we had had no evening meal, he at once invited us to the small dining-room and brought forth the best the larder offered. I can see him now slicing the newly cooked ham, and loading down a tray with newly made biscuits, and pouring coffee steaming hot, all the while apologizing profusely for not offering us more. As the days went by we came to know the kindly old man, who wore the small woolen cap and moved noiselessly about in "sneakers". Years later when death had called him and the public funeral was held, I was asked to pay tribute to the man we had come to know so well. As I spoke, I could see him in

that old Inn dining-room setting forth food for those who truly were "an hungred", and what I said of him came from a grateful heart for all men such as he. For a week we walked the rugged, ragged, and extensive coast, found our way along the many trails through primeval woods and on high bluffs, met the gentle folk of the little community; and then we came away only to be drawn back to the beautiful spot again and again. There seemed no place just like it along the entire Maine coast. The several hundred summer residents, many of them professional and business men and women, some retired and many still in active service, all of them seeking rest and quiet and congenial surroundings, made up an ideal community. They came from all parts of the nation, and at the time we were the only family among the summer residents from the State of Maine. Such a colony would very naturally draw folk of similar tastes and desires. Then, too, the natural endowments of the place had their appeal. A dense growth of spruce and fir and scattered pine covered The Point. As for the picturesque coast — was Nature anywhere else so lavish? The rocks are massive, tipped by volcanic force so that one can walk their surface with perfect ease. No sewerage or litter despoil them. Add to this the quiet of the place, its complete isolation from the noise and confusion of urban centers, its coolness, its accessibility by land and water, its unusual social life, its friendly "native" population, its nearness to sources of supplies, its historic associations — and you have The Point as the colonists know it and love it.

AND YET ROOM FOR OTHERS

Happily, there is yet room and to spare for a population twice its size. A visit to The Point on any summer day, unless it perchance is timed with the arrival of the mail, and only a handful of the summer people will be seen. From no one vantage-point can one see at one sweep of the eye more than a half dozen of the three-score and more of the cottages. It is rural in every sense of the term, and yet nothing is lacking to make cottage life easy. To keep The Point rural in character and its life untouched by the social forces that have made so many other social centers mere popular "resorts", is the solemn purpose of every resident. But not to welcome others who are like-minded — who love nature at her best, and would seek rest and quiet and delightful fellowship — is not in their purpose and forms no part of their thinking.

THE PURPOSE OF THE COMPANY

In 1931 it became necessary for some one to purchase the controlling interest of the Pemaquid Land Company which owned extensive land east and west of the lighthouse. The Company had been organized in 1885 under the Laws of Maine, had been operated successfully for nearly 50 years, and now a majority of the outstanding stock owned by a Massachusetts man was on the market. Ownership of it offered extensive speculation in real estate. The obligation to buy it tipped in my direction for I alone represented the State. The stock was bought and later all the other outstanding shares. I was then a member of the teaching faculty of Colby College and had had no intention of entering the real estate business. There was, however, something of a thrill in finding myself the owner of much of this historic property that had already made so strong appeal upon me. A heavily wooded area of seventy acres with a shore frontage of sixteen-hundred feet on John's Bay was added to the original purchase. A number of years later several other tracts of land were added, one of 35 acres, one of 18 acres, one of eight acres, and one of four acres. This has meant the ownership of over two miles of the coastline and several hundred valuable lots of varying sizes which are now available for purchase. Since 1931, the Company has built a number of log

cabins and cottages, many of them having now been sold, and the remaining ones yet available for rental.

SOME HELPFUL SUGGESTIONS ON BUYING AND BUILDING To the person who has the very natural and laudable desire to have one spot of land to call one's own — whether it be a quadrangle of spruce and hemlock or an open lot with uninterrupted view of the water or a lot close to the water's edge — I offer out of considerable experience the following suggestions:

First: Select the lot only after most careful thought. It is to be your place of retreat on week-ends and holidays and vacations, and therefore to be ideally located. If you find it possible to occupy a cottage on this lot well into September and October, as many now do, you will want to avoid the early shadows of the shortening day and will want the sunset and its after-glow. If you come in early May or June, you will give due thought to the eastern view and the glorious sunrise. There are lots which offer the two views. Once you make your selection, ask the Company to bond for you the adjoining lot and pay for it little by little. You will not want too near neighbors, and the more land you have the more valuable the property will be to you. It is worth noting that lots at The Point have doubled in value in the last 15 years, and the fewer there are available the more valuable they will become. Much other



A platform of granite masonry above



Spouting Rock is on display in the Amphitheatre when the tide turns shoreward

desirable land along the coast of Maine has already been bought by people from out the State.

Second: Build a substantial but not too large a cottage or cabin. Keep in mind that this cottage must meet up to a New England winter and some pretty stiff winds along the New England coast. Instead of building to house many, build a small adjacent bungalow for the over-night or over-weekend guests. Have land enough to permit placing the bungalow some distance off just in case you may want to rent it for purposes of income.

Third: If you want to get real pleasure out of building a summer home, take a hand at drawing your own plans. There are capable and trustworthy builders who will gladly follow your rough drawings, and perhaps improve upon them, even if you are not present during construction. It is better not to build during the two months when the colony is at its peak unless the work is done at some distance. Building can be begun early in the spring or by the first days of September and completed within a two-months' period. If you can spend a little time overseeing the building, all the better. Changes of plans can then best be made. Living accommodations are nearby.

Fourth: So much is dinned into us about the high cost of building that thought needs to be given to the difference in cost between a year-round home and a cottage. Here are some things

you eliminate: The cellar and all the digging and blasting and masonry work; brick walls, and in their place cement posts with rock bases; double walls and plastering and interior painting and papering; a furnace, piping, fittings, and all the attendant expenses; and house blinds or shutters. Let the chimney and fireplace be a unit in your planning, and likewise the bathroom. Small or large rocks from the shores make a most attractive and suitable fireplace and chimney. Shop about when you are ready to fit up the bath-room. The Point has never suffered from vandalism; no cottage has ever been broken into. To protect the cottage by the use of shutters accomplishes little except to keep out the sunshine which is highly needed for dryness. Many are the savings that can be made if careful thought is given to the subject.

Fifth: When it comes to the artesian well, let the Company advise you. Understand clearly that all talk about hundred-foot wells is nonsense. Of 14 wells drilled for the Company, only two went to a hundred feet. Several of them are but 45 to 60 feet, and the supply of water is adequate. A reliable well-driller will tell you each day the depth reached and the amount of gallons per minute. Dowsers make safe predictions at The Point because water can be found almost anywhere.

It is planned to enclose in this booklet a list of builders, masons, plumbers, supply houses, painters, cabinet-makers,

well-drillers, Insurance Agents, Furniture Stores, Antique Shops whose reliability is vouched for by the Company and whose workmanship will be frankly discussed.

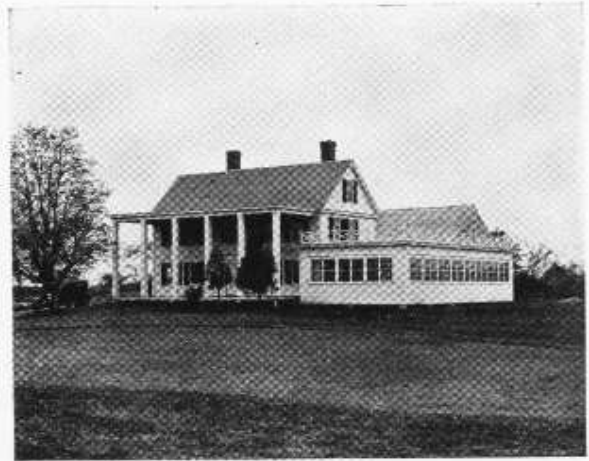
Finally: Having satisfied the Company that your ideas about preserving the integrity of The Point are similar to those of the colony, and having found the lot or lots you wish to purchase, then the payment of the price agreed upon is largely suited to your convenience. A simple form of Agreement is usually signed, indicating the down-payment, and dates and amounts of subsequent payments, with interest payable annually at 4% on any unpaid balance. When payments are completed, a good and sufficient deed to the property will be given. As the title to each tract of land from which lots are sold has been searched by the Company, you will not need to go to this expense.

The deed contains one covenant, namely, that all deed holders are privileged to use all streets, passages, and ocean fronts in common; it contains several important conditions: That lots cannot be used except for cottage purposes without the consent of the Company; that no building shall be built at a cost less than \$650; that all drainage shall be subject to the approval of the Company; that no intoxicating liquors can be kept or sold on any lot. Violations of these conditions shall work a forfeiture to the title and reversion to the Company.

The articles of incorporation of the Company contain very wide powers which are quite unlike the restrictive powers granted to-day. The charter is therefore of unusual value. The Company has engaged in the construction of log cabins and cottages; it has bought, repaired, and sold others it owns and



Down a gravel road to the Ocean
Page eighteen



Wawenock Club House and Golf Course
open to summer visitors

rents nearly a dozen in all; it sells property placed in its hands, and it is adding almost yearly to its holdings in real estate; but its chief emphasis is now to be placed on the sale of lots, of which it owns several hundred, and this number will be added to as fast as new tracts of land are cleared and blue-printed.

A BIT OF LAND TO BE CALLED ONE'S OWN Speaking still out of personal experience, I shall never forget the sense of pride and the sense of security and satisfaction I experienced when I had made the last payment on my original purchase of the four lots. They were at last *mine* — a little bit of land on the coast of Maine I could actually call my own. I did not know then whether I would ever build upon them, but I did know that if I wanted to no one could gainsay it. *They were mine.* I have never been able to so analyze my feelings that I could rightfully explain them to others. I doubt if anyone of similar experience can do so. I know of two ladies who bought two lots from the Company several years ago, but they have never yet built upon them. Each day of the several weeks when they are residing at The Point they visit their two lots for an hour or more. I do not think they are fearful lest the soil and trees have been washed away, but I think I know full well why they have worn a beaten path across the land they *own.*

The Company has held strongly to the hope that by creating a great number of

relatively small plots of land, many people, without too great expenditure of money, may duplicate the experience that has been mine: first, by possessing a little bit of land they can call their own, and then by building some day upon it a summer home in the building and furnishing of which they can express their own best selves, and to which

they can come again and again as they answer the demand for rest and contemplation and peace of mind. Far better to make it possible for the many to get life's enjoyment out of a small share of land than to make it easy for the few to deny enjoyment to the many by fencing off whole segments of the magnificent coastline.

The Pemaquid Land Company, Inc.

Organized under the Laws of Maine in 1885

OFFICES

73 PLEASANT STREET, WATERVILLE, MAINE

AND

PEMAQUID POINT, MAINE



The articles of incorporation allow the exercise of wide powers in the field of Real Estate. It is engaged in the sale of shore lots, in renting numerous cottages and cabins by the month or the season, in the purchase of cottages for re-sale, and in building cottages.

Important Notice

The Company is fully mindful of the strong trend of population away from urban centers to the rural areas, and offers its services in replying to inquiries received from people who wish to locate permanently in Maine.

Address all communications to the Pemaquid Land Company, Pemaquid Point, Maine. The following representatives of the Company can be reached for information at their addresses:

HERBERT C. LIBBY, Manager and Treasurer, and Director

Pemaquid Point, or

Box 51, Waterville, Maine (Residence: 73 Pleasant Street)

CARLYLE L. LIBBY, Asst. Manager and Asst. Treasurer, and Director

Pemaquid Point, or

Damariscotta, Maine (Residence: Bristol Road)