

USA - The Maine Coast

This book is a photo record of a very enjoyable 9 day journey up the length of the Maine coast in autumn of 2013.

The weather was good, scenery memorable, the people friendly and the food very American. A great trip.













After collecting our hire car at Boston Airport we stopped at Kennebunkport on the way up to Portland. Why Kennebunkport?. Well we had listened to the name on the BBC news as it was one of the holiday homes of the Bush presidents.

It is a very small place full of tourists. We spent a pleasant half hour on a hotel veranda drinking coffee. If you are going to loaf this was as good a place as anywhere else.



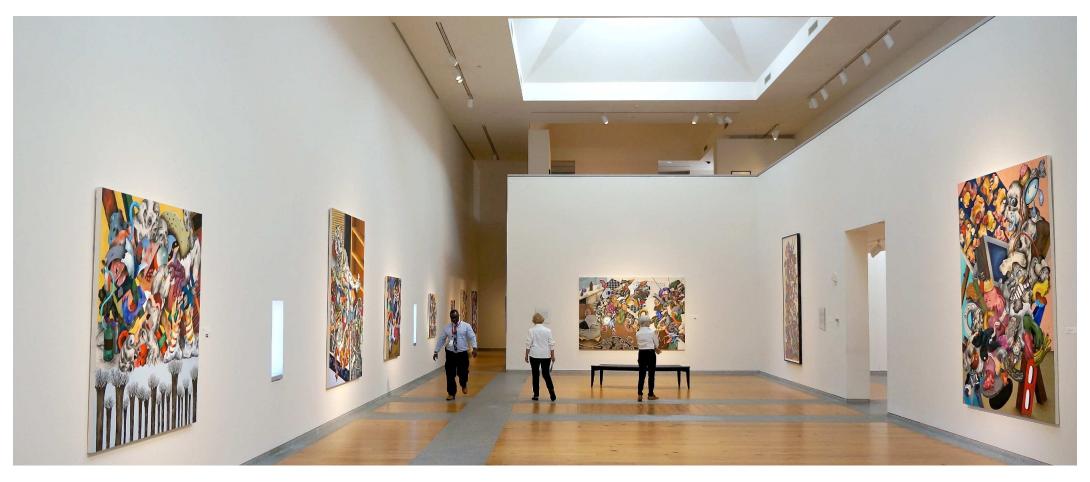


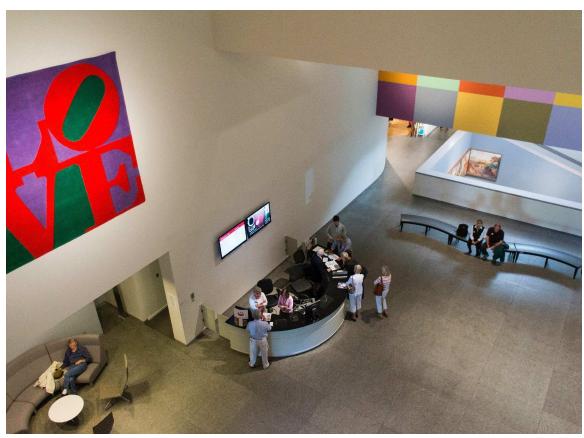
At Portland we stayed at the Inn on Carleton, great accommodation and Lobster Benedict for breakfast. The evening we arrived we had a meal of three starters in the city. The mussels were the plumpest juiciest ever seen or tasted.

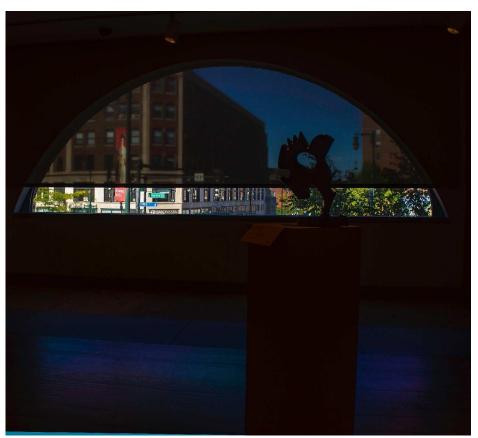
The next day we did the tour of Portland on foot. Starting off with the Art Gallery which was one of the best we had ever visited. Followed by a visit to a coffee shop where you could actually sit down! Then on to the fish market followed by a beer at the fish docks. In the afternoon we took a walk by the estuary and finished up at the Ship Observatory watching a big cruise liner going out.

A very full and enjoyable day of sight seeing





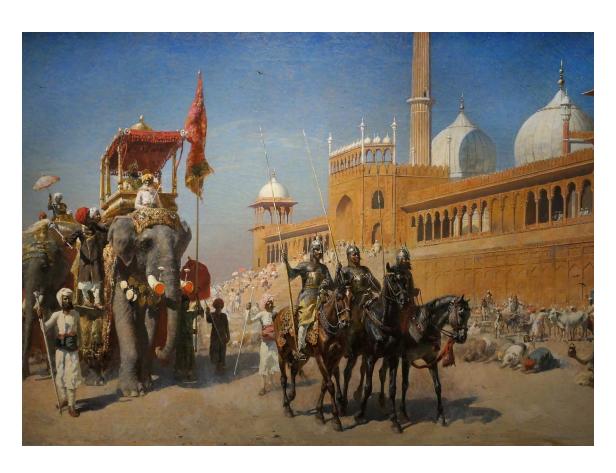
















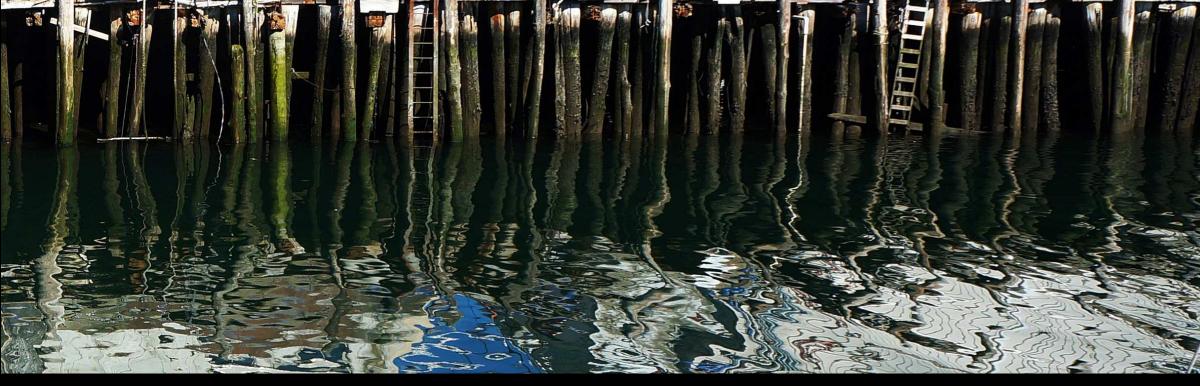














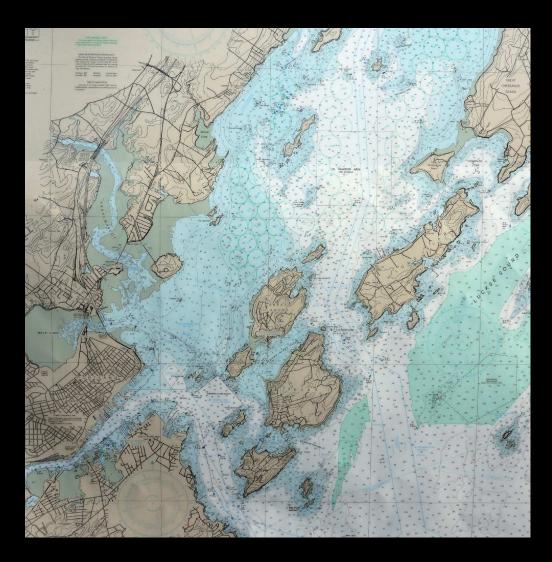














A page of data old and new seen arround the estuary and observertory in Portland

SHIPS CALLING IN PORTLAND HARBOR October, 1894

Cargo	Number of Ships	
Lumber	177	
General Merchandise	150	
Coal	58	
Lime	34	
Stone	25	
Land Plaster	8	
Dry Fish	8	
Ice	8	
Piling	3	
Hay	3	
Clay	6	
Bark	1	
Salt and Sand	1	
Gravel	1	
Canned Blueberries	1	
Silica and railroad ties	1	
Bricks	5	
Empty	<u>47</u>	
Total	545	

This does not include fishing vessels.

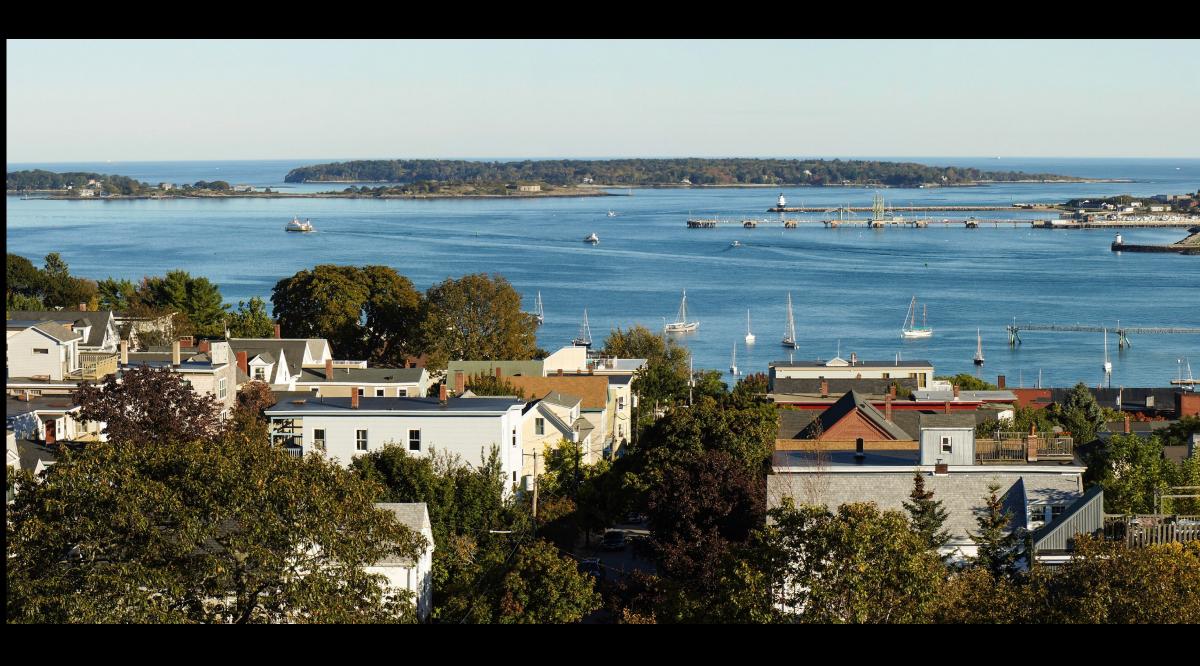
Only four of these were square rigged

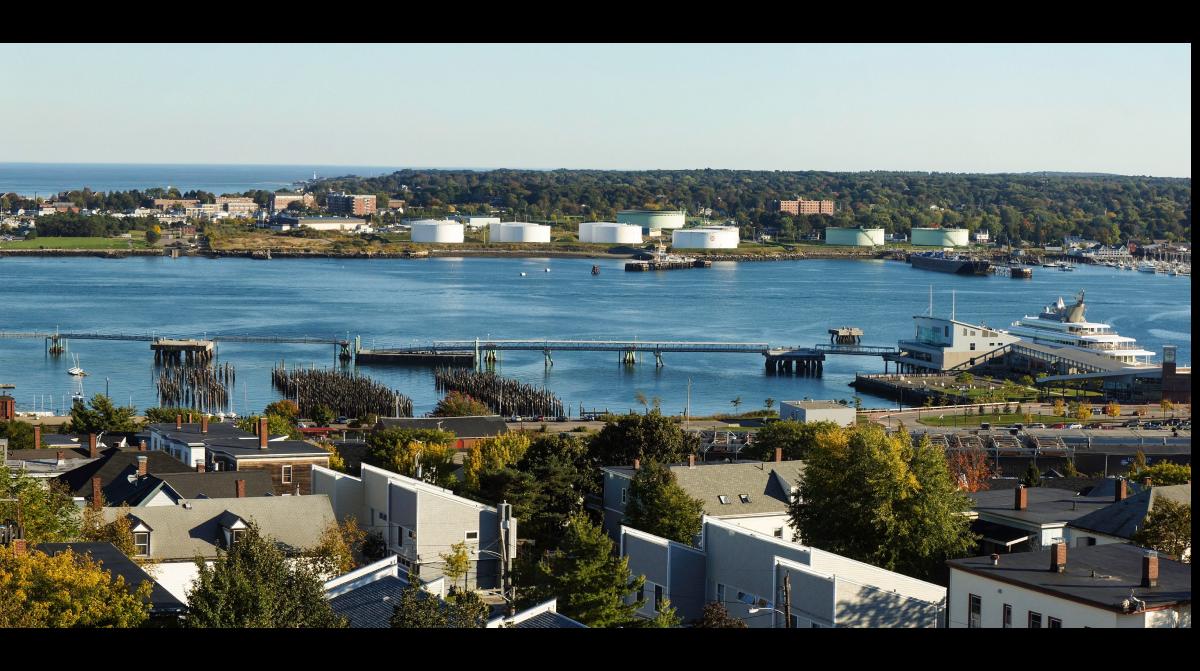
























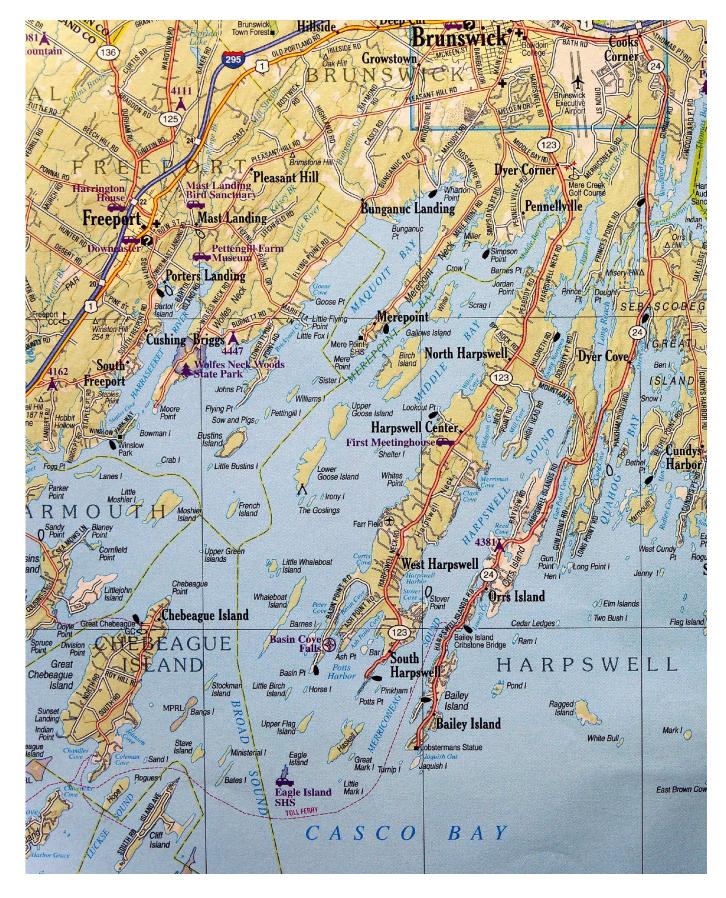
We now started our tour up the Maine coast with no more big towns until we arrived back at Boston.

So we turned into the first peninsular leading to West Harpswell and Orrs Island.

For lunch we grabbed a coffee and muffin in a book store come coffee shop in Bath, before moving on to the Maritime Museum where they built the biggest wooden clipper in the world.

A sobering visit around a wooden, sailing, fishing 'factory' boat was very interesting... but frightening when it dawned on us it was built and used in 'our time'

That evening we went to Boothbay Harbour for our B&B. The young man running it had attended the English rather than the US customer care course, but then it was the least expensive place we stayed in.

















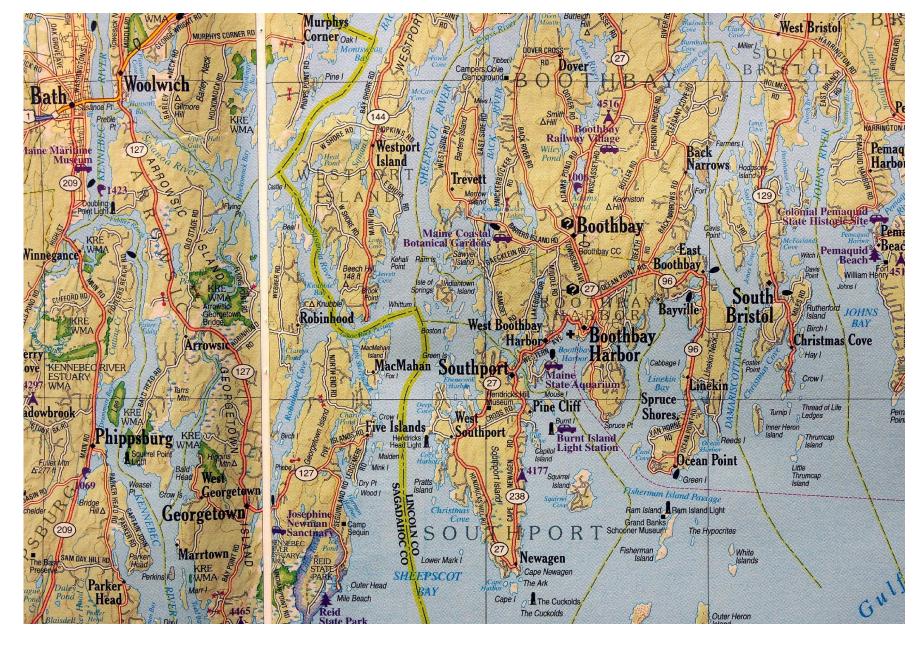
























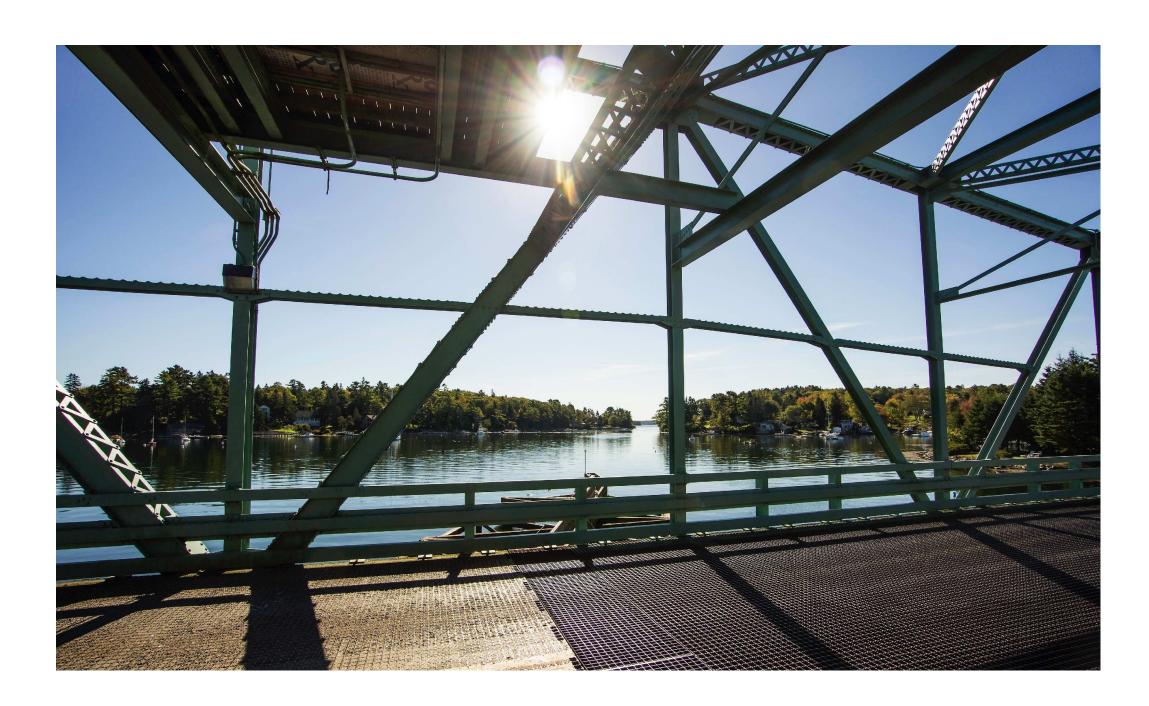




The next morning we went for a wander around Boothbay Harbour in the daylight then drove down the Southport peninsular.... After that we disappeared down a few roads to the sea looking at distant views and close ups of lighthouses.

A very pleasant journey, eventually leading to Camden town. A great B&B with a pleasant veranda outside. If we had known, we might have arrived earlier to enjoy the rocking chairs.



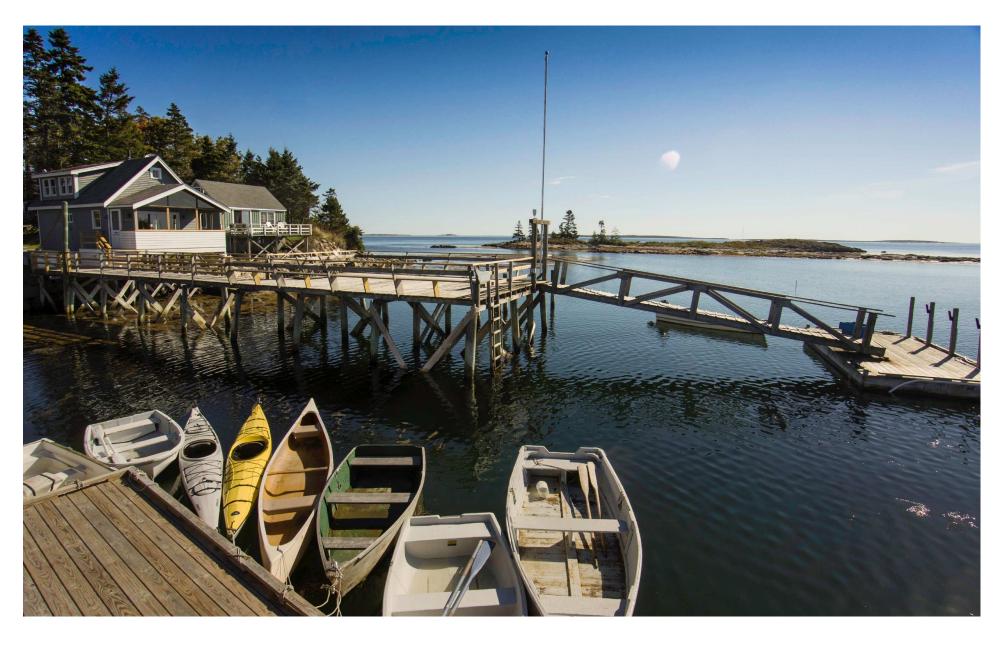


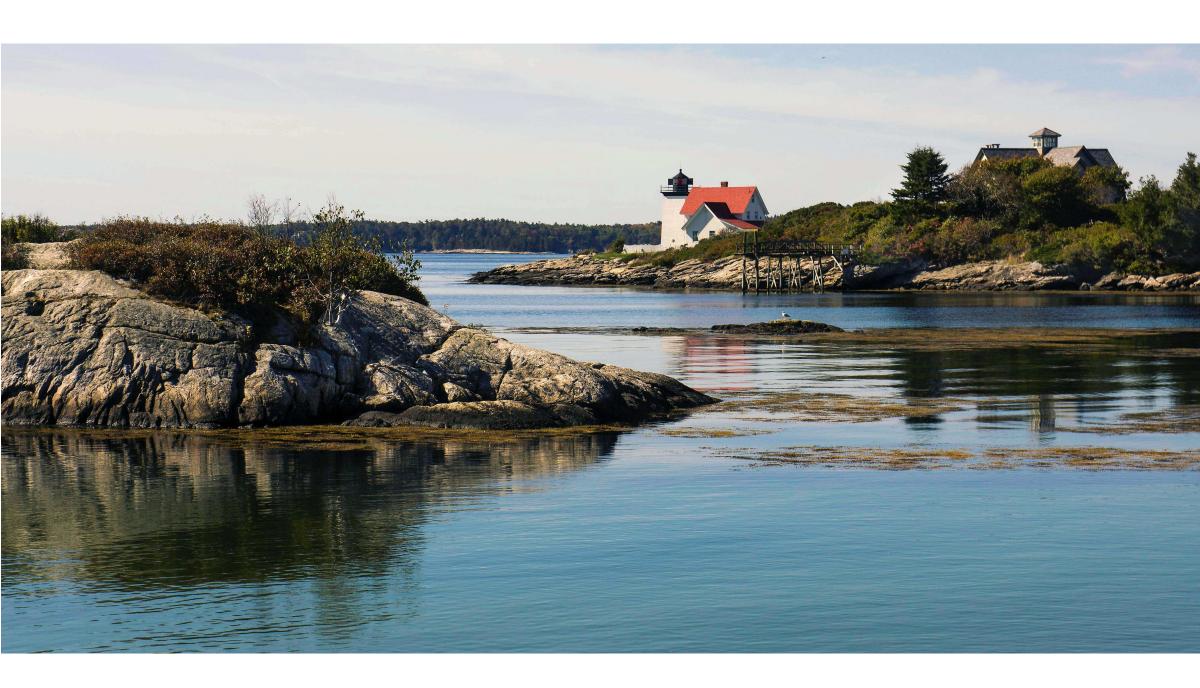








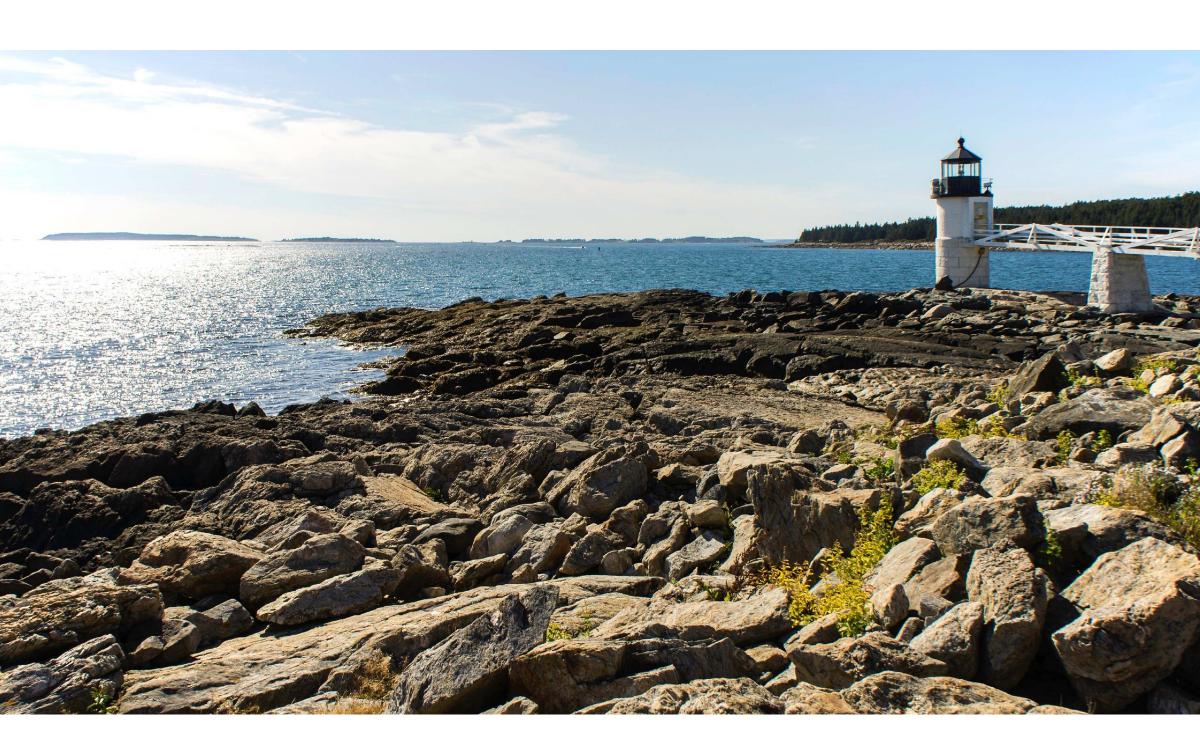








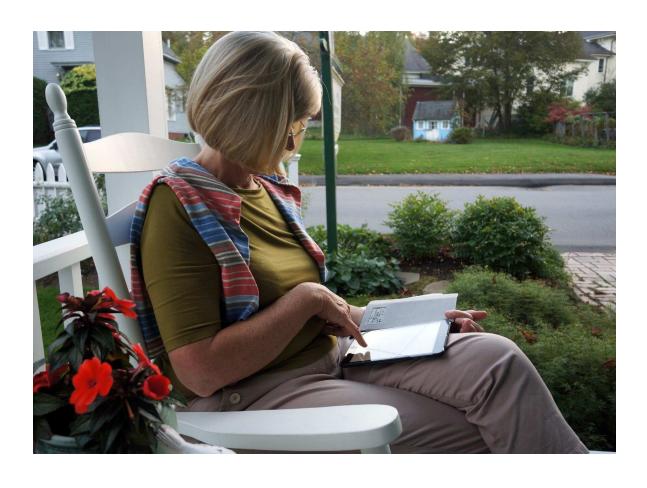






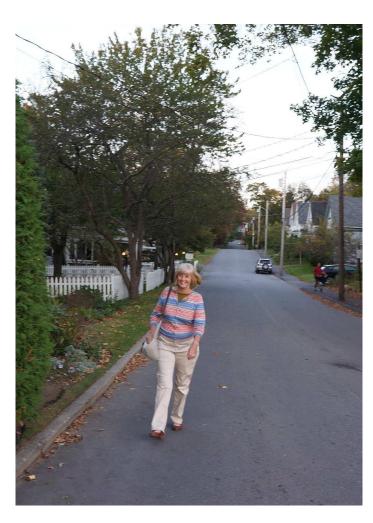












The next morning we took a leisurely trip around Camden, the highlight was the rebuilt library which was sunk into the hill.

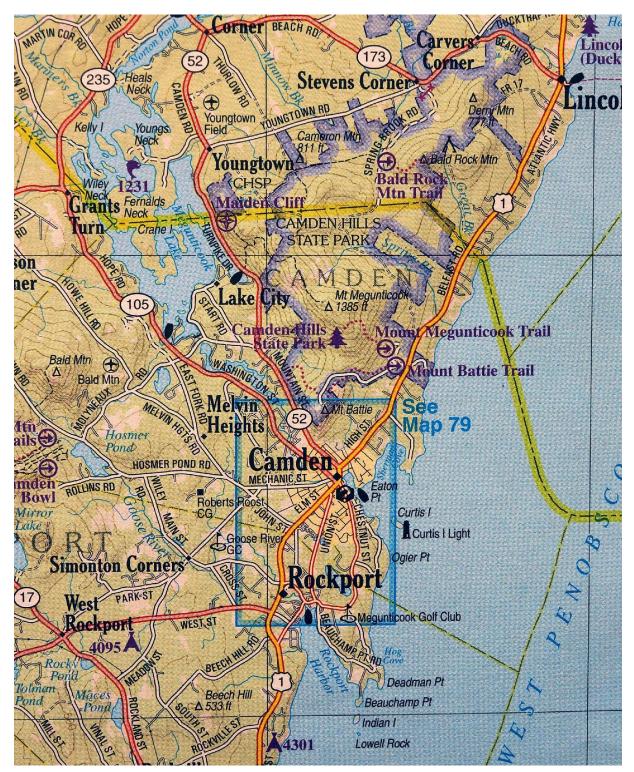
Before journeying north and east we took a trip to Rockport. Having gone all of 2 hours without 2,000 calories being stuck down our necks we found a cafe overlooking the port selling coffee (indifferent) and buckles (fantastic) Buckles are Muffins but made a different way... who cares they were great.

We then drove to the top of Camden Hills State Park, great views of trees one way and the sea the other. Mr Ranger was working today because he was a state Mr Ranger and not a Federal Mr Ranger. Yogi Bear and Bobo therefore remained hidden away.

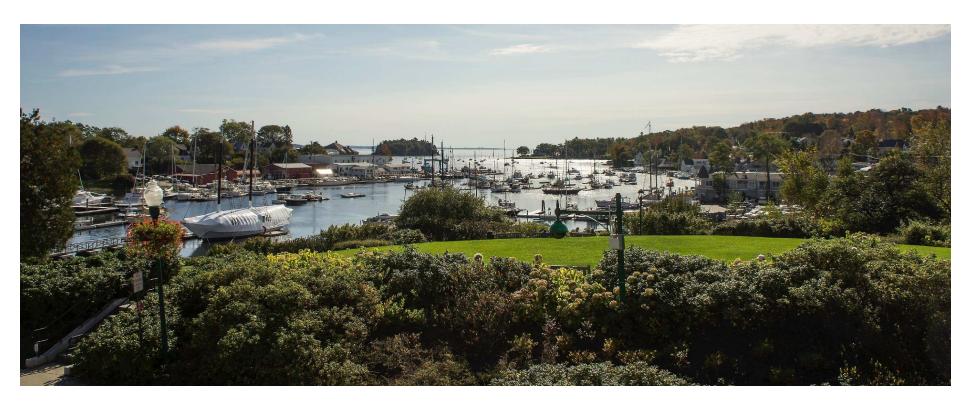
Driving on to Bucksport, we went to the top of a new bridge in a lift, followed by a trip around Fort Knox (not the one with the money, another one) This was huge and built to repel the English if they ever returned, we didn't so it was never used.

Having a little time on our hands we disappeared down another peninsular to a place called Castaline, who's claim to fame was a merchant navy training college and some pleasant looking houses. Worth seeing but not worth the 40 mile detour we took to find it.





















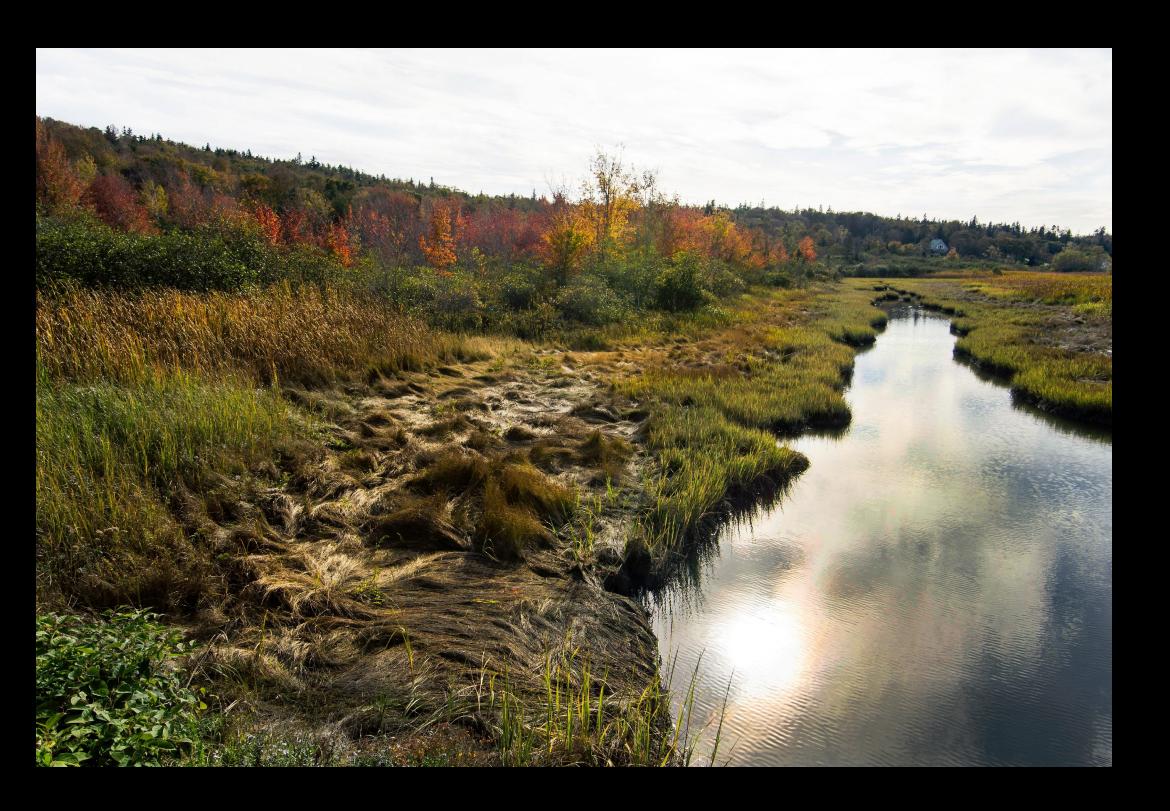












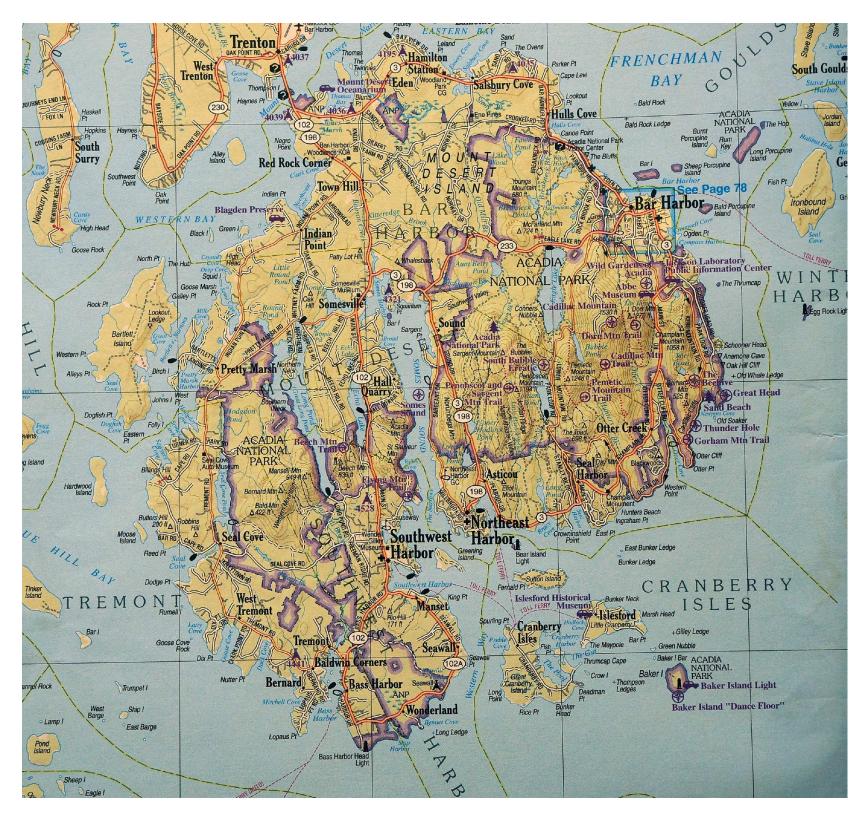


On our way to Castaline, we found this lovely spot, originally a canal built by the English during the war of independence.



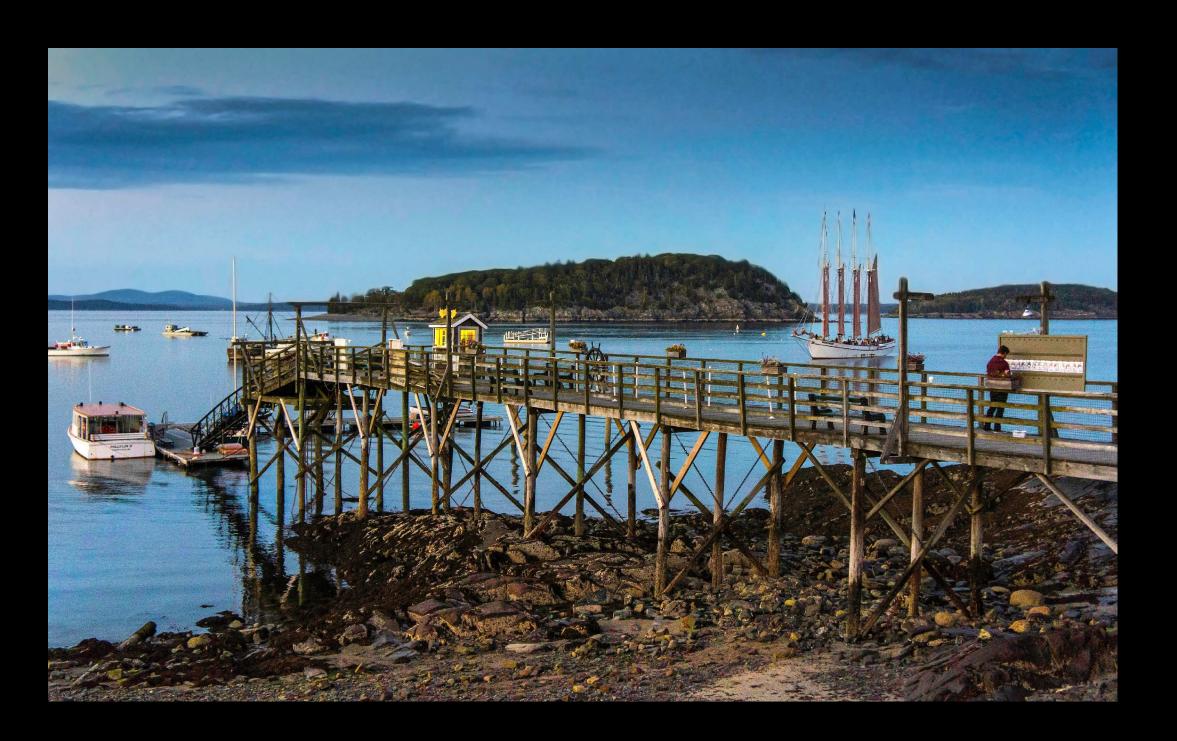






We arrived in Bar Harbour on Cranberry Island just as it was getting dark. Bar Harbour is like Torquay with a cruise ship disgorging a thousand people on a daily basis. That said are hotel was fine, in spite of one amongst us not telling Joy that there was a swimming pool so she had not bought her cossy. It was also a good base for us to explore the Island over the following three days.

We were not sure what we were going to achieve as most of the Island is national park and was technically closed for the Government Shut down





















The first day we decided to go south of Bar Harbour, and almost by accident discovered this lovely walk that was technically outside the National Park. A great day out, good weather, views and autumn colour.

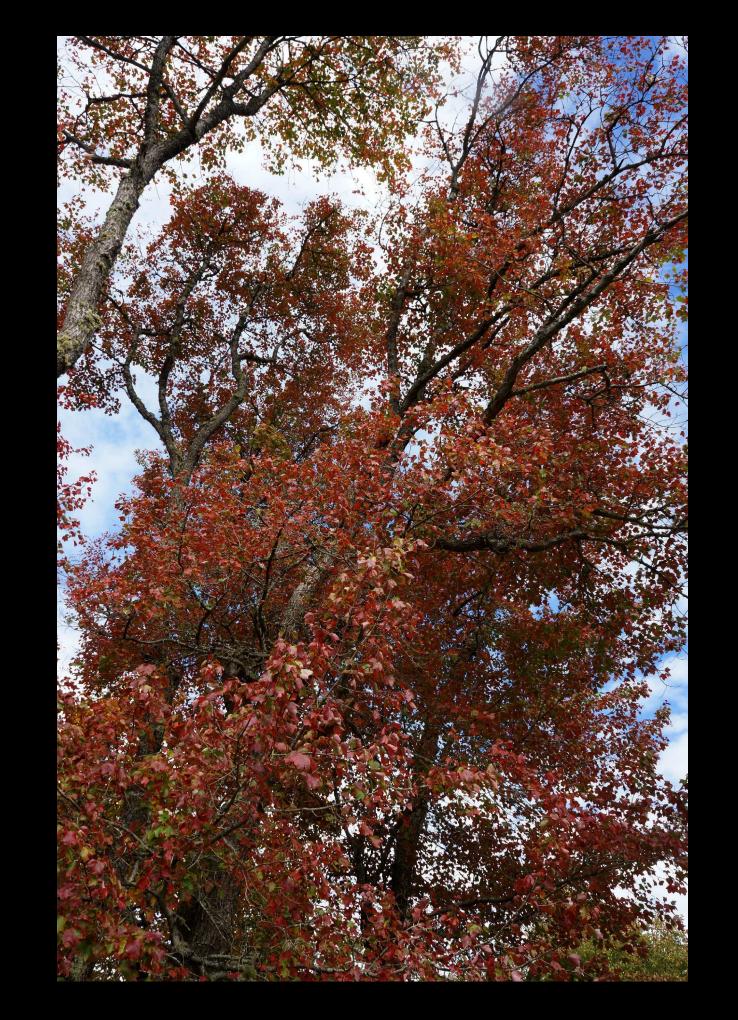




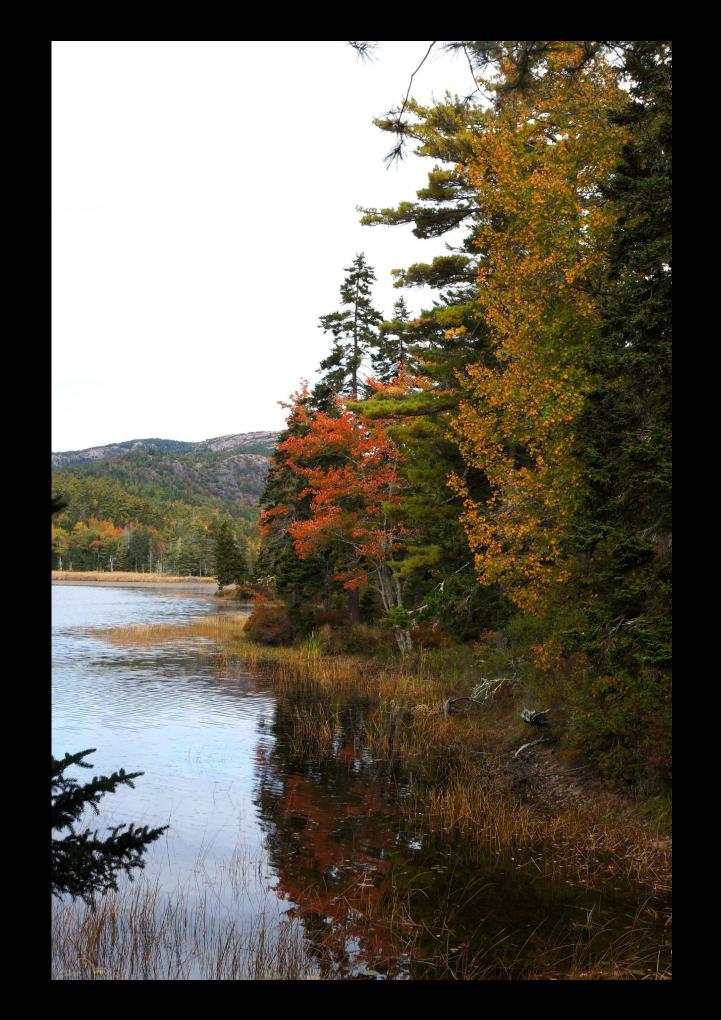










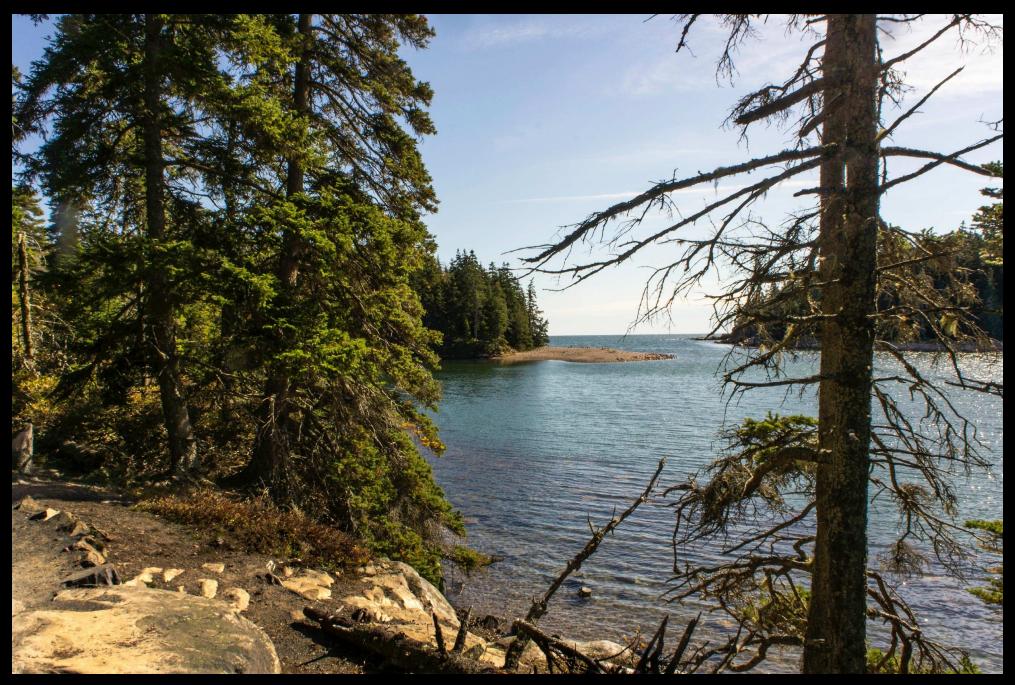










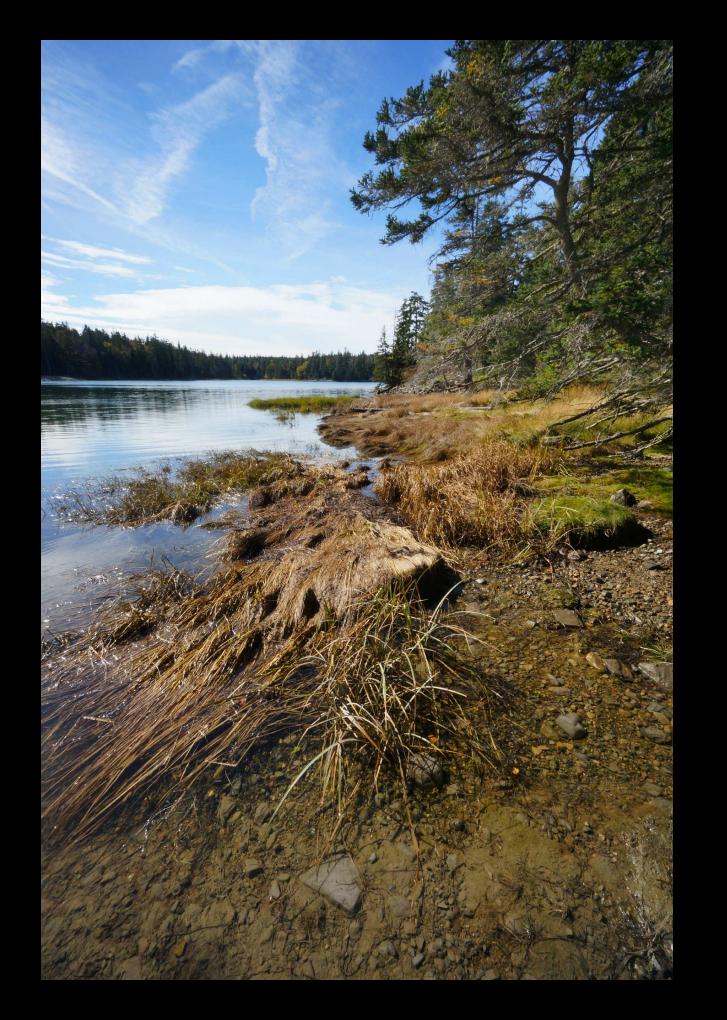




On one trip, the main road went through the national park. The place was called Wonderland and people had ignored the warnings to go for a walk. It lived up to it's name, it was a lovely place.

We met a lady who said 'What a lovely day to misbehave' I am sure Yogi Bear, Bobo, Joy and myself would agree. No Mr Ranger to be seen!











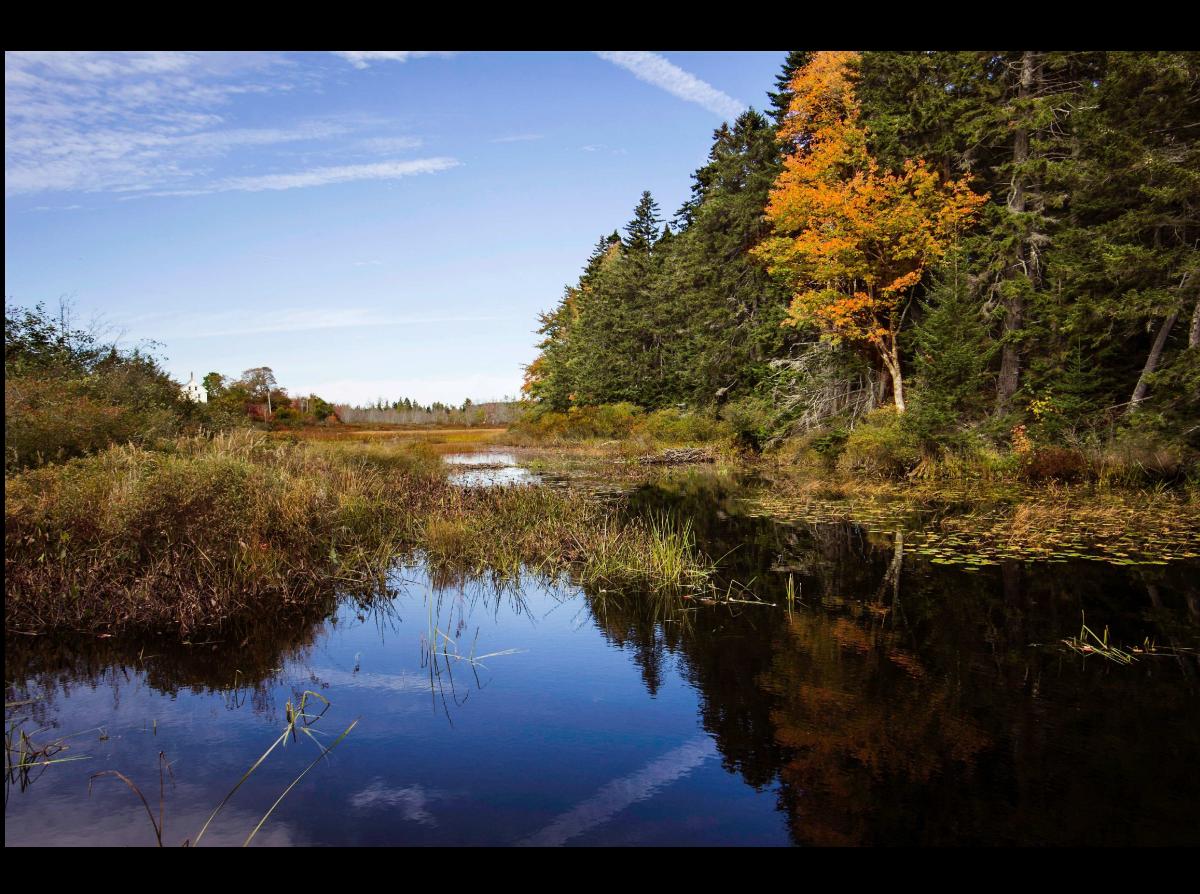






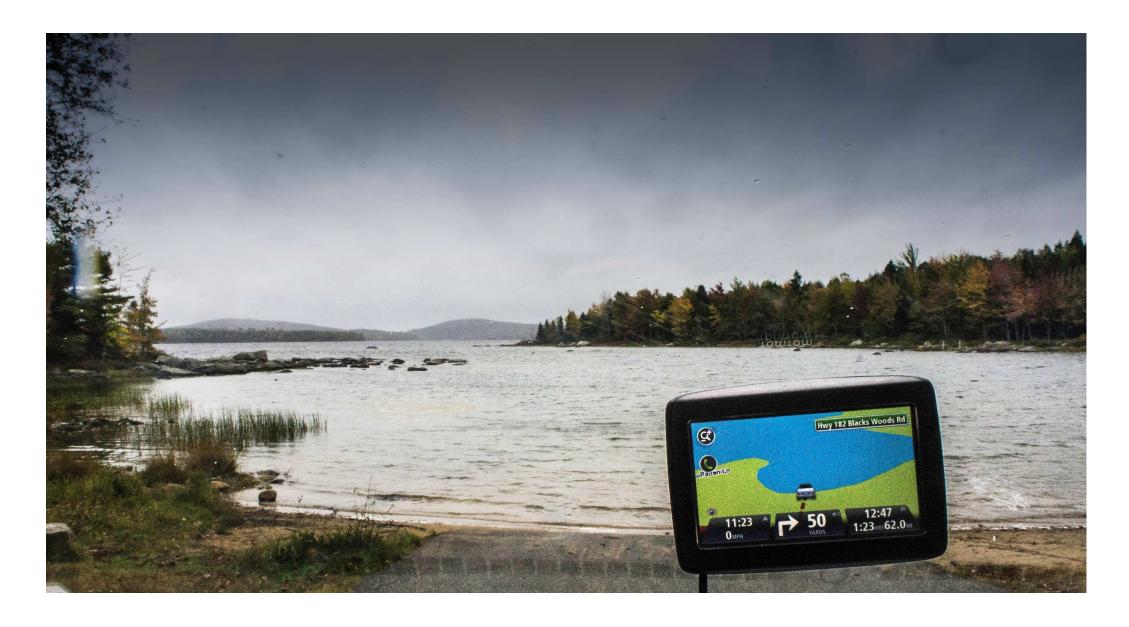






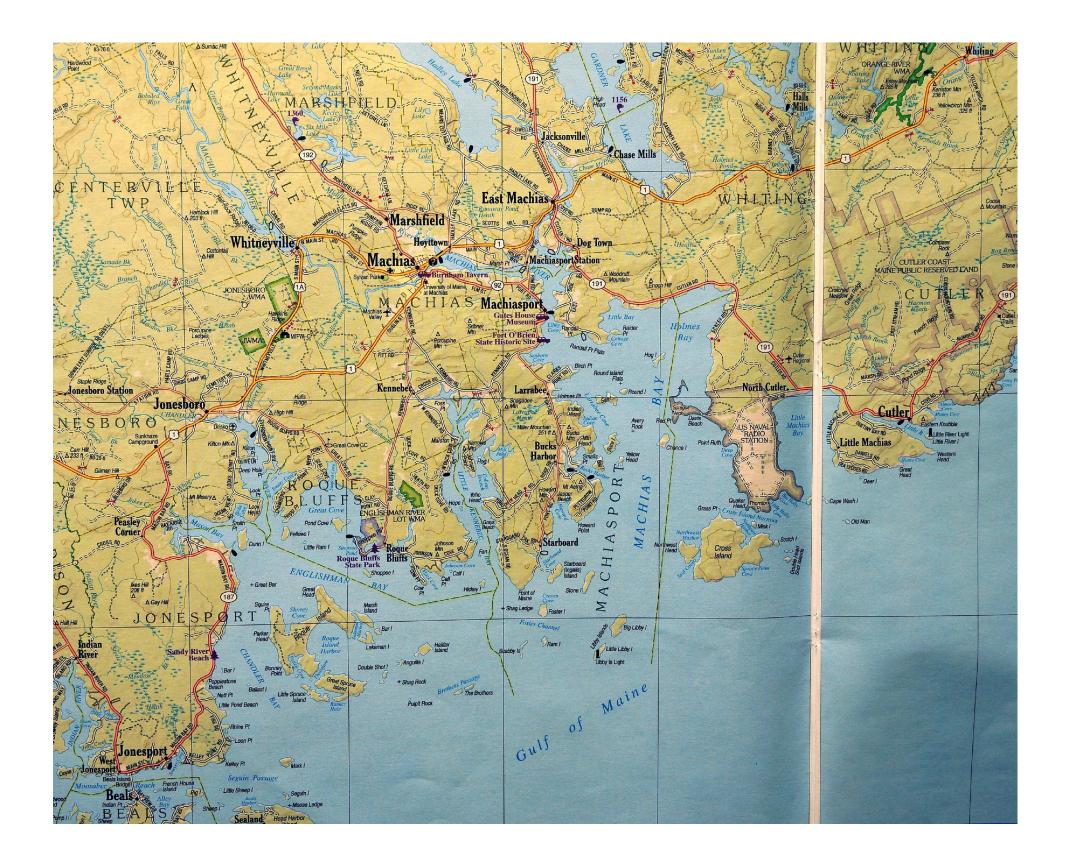


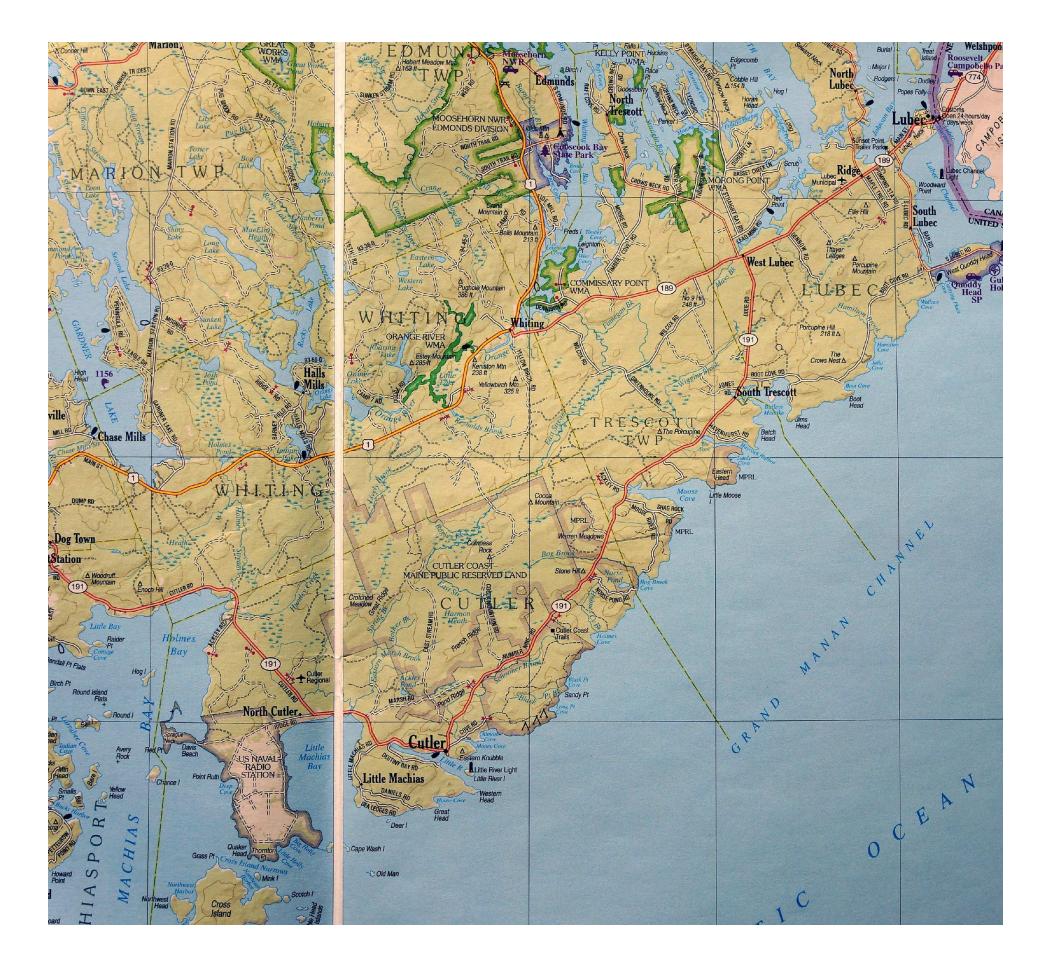




After the tourist spot of Cranburry Island we were warned that it was very empty after that. It was and a very pleasant change. For the first and only day (Ok half a day) it rained a little bit and was cloudy. On our last journey north to the Canadian border, we diverted off the road to see what was there, the answer is not a lot, but it was a very pleasant 'not a lot'.

We found a coffee shop in the deserted town of Machias, followed by a bit more wandering about, via a light house at the most easterly point in the USA to get to the best B&B of our whole stay in the US, Peacock House in Lubeck. We walked to the pub that night for grub.... it rained again on our walk home.







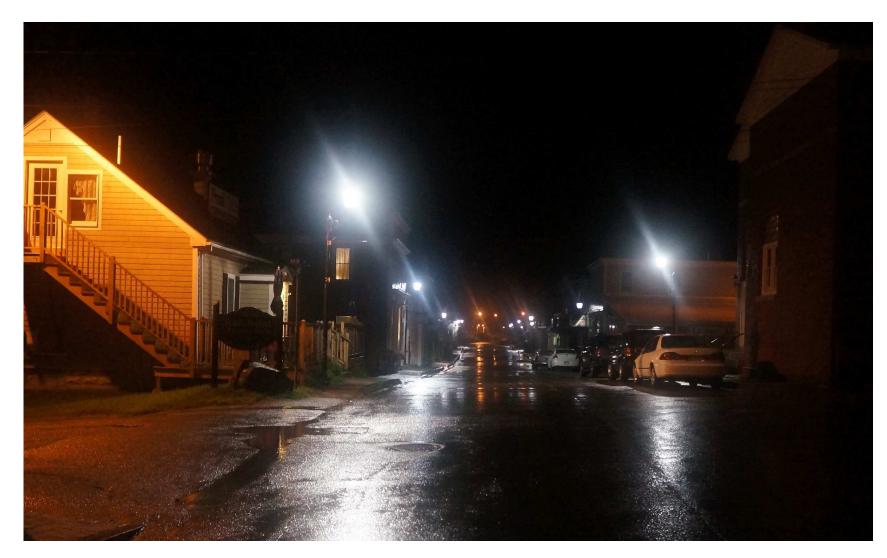






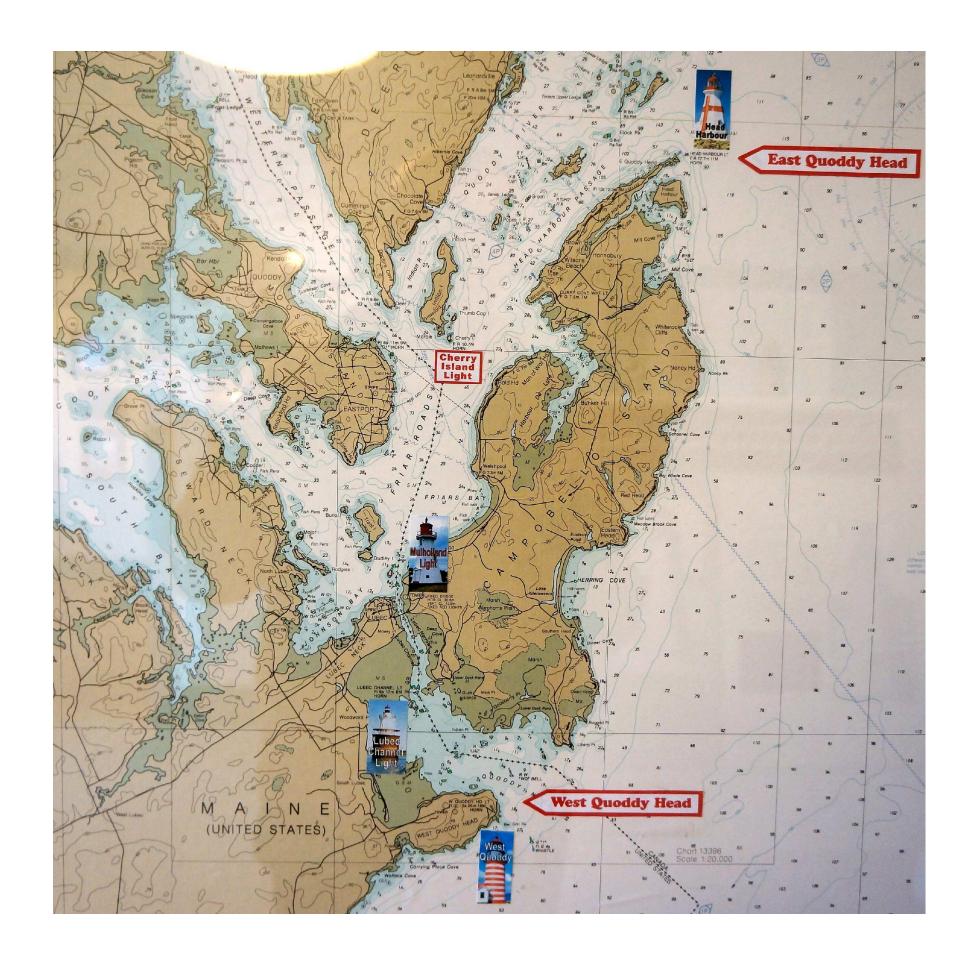
















On our last day before returning south, we went to Campobello Island in New Brunswick, Canada. The sun is out, albeit a tad drafty to start with. We have a great day touring the Island and the joint Canadian, US Roosevelt Park.

Disappearing down tracks and visiting lighthouses: it's famous for whale watching.... but for us no whales.

On our way home in Lubeck we watched a Bald Eagle perched on the top of some sheds along with many seals waiting for fish as the tide went out.

























































The next day we took the 6 hour return drive to Ogunquit, near Boston. It is a beach holiday resort, which was still crowded..... which was a bit of a shock after the empty north.

We made the best of what was in fact a 'safety' day. Its high point was the most fantastic fruity blueberry muffin we have ever seen. Unfortunately I chose badly and had a 'duffin' which is a cross between a doughnut and a muffin.... as they say only in America.

At the airport the next day Joy had one of the best Lobster Rolls of the trip and I had a great burger. A fitting way to end a great journey.















