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Front cover—This view of Mark Island Light at the entrance to Winter Harbor, Maine, was painted from the Schoodic Point Road by Edward Turner. In the background is Cadillac Mountain. For the story of Winter Harbor, see page 2.

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Winter Harbor, Maine

by Margaret Ashe Blaisdell . . . Paintings by Edward Turner



THE MAINE SEAPORT TOWN of Winter Harbor, with its sea-washed shores and craggy headlands, is named for its harbor which has never been closed by winter ice. The village, with a population of less than six hundred, nestles between the summer colony of Grindstone Neck and the Schoodic Peninsula, an extension of Acadia National Park. To reach Winter Harbor and its scenic seacoast enchantment, leave U.S. Route 1 at West Gouldsboro and turn south on Route 186, called the Shore Stage line. Seven miles brings you to Winter Harbor.

The beauty of the harbor and vicinity is unsurpassed. To the west lies Frenchman Bay. The harbor itself is sheltered by stepping stone islands, and the road winds right to the Ocean—and the main street of the town.

From here, you may take two beautiful drives. Both are brief in terms of miles, but bountiful in sea and island views. You can make both drives on the same afternoon—but they will linger forever in your memory.

At the head of the harbor, by the filling station, you turn right for the Grindstone Neck drive. Grindstone Neck, a part of Winter Harbor, was named because of a ship which ran aground nearby with a cargo of grindstones. It is now a summer colony. Its grounds and golf course are beautifully kept, and guests are accommodated at Frenchman Bay Lodge.



Above left: *The Public Landing, Schoodic Mountain beyond.*

Above right: *Out in the harbor, Morton Torrey's "lobster car."*

Beyond the sharp right turn by the Episcopal Church, there is a plaque commemorating George Dallas Dixon, one of the founders of Grindstone Neck. From the Dixon plaque you can look off to the islands—Ironbound, Jordan and Stave. It was on Stave Island that Captain Jerry Steavens built the brig, *Pilgrim*. In this brig, Richard Henry Dana rounded Cape Horn, and derived the experience which led to his classic, *"Two Years before the Mast."*

From a point at the end of the neck, you can see the Winter Harbor Lighthouse on Mark Island. Descendants of the first keeper (1856), who was Frederick Gerrish, are among Winter Harbor's prominent citizens today.

All along the bay, chain after chain of hills rises right out of the ocean. The highest of these

is Cadillac Mountain on Mount Desert Island. The road winds on by the golf course to the Town Hall, and a right turn takes you to Mort Torrey's wharf, the local center of the lobster industry, where you can see lobster traps waiting for repair and the bright-hued boats moored in the blue water under the bright summer sky.

Back on Route 186, to the Moore Road, you come to the famed Schoodic Peninsula. The name comes from the Passamaquoddy Indian word, "Skut-Auke," meaning fire place, or land that has been burned. The beautiful highway is built from red granite. The original builder was John Godfrey Moore, a Maine man, who thus opened the Schoodic Peninsula and Schoodic Summit to the thousands who visit it each year. From the parking area at sundown, you can see the winking lights of Egg Rock, Baker's Island and Petit Manan. After a southeast storm, the surf here is spectacular, with spray and spume flying high and the gigantic waves thundering on the ledges. The sunsets from Schoodic Summit are breathtaking, a panorama of the sea spreading below you with big and little islands, bell buoys clanging and the ocean everywhere.

Now, as you return, you take the left at Birch Harbor, having completed the double tour, your mind replete with folklore, your memory charged with the magnitude of the sea.



Above Left: *Turn right at the filling station for the Grindstone Neck Road*

Above Right: *"One Squeak" Harbor on the right side of the Schoodic Peninsula.*