

THE ROCKS IN OUR HEADS

# Intimations V *In Honor of Phel & Bob*

The Berkshires (with Hilary and Mark);  
Bar Harbor, ME; Summer, 1998

Pine

Flagstaff, AZ •

• Farmington, NM

Stockbridge •

Bar Harbor •

## Map Legend

- Lodging for a previous trip
- Lodging for this trip
- ★ Ancient site visited this trip

## A Word on the Trip Diaries and Their Odd Titles

Loie has always taken notes on our trips; I used to struggle with a lot of gear and took pictures. At some point she got a small camera and took over the photography. Before digital photography and personal computers, Loie and I used to make picture albums for our trips. Now we've gone digital!

As you may have read in the Introduction document and the diary for *Driving Yo*, we've been taking trips we call Driving the Stone Age. That's a long story, but we've both been interested in old stuff for a long time, so we took one trip in 1999, to the Scottish Highlands and out islands, looking for what we thought would be a good introduction to the beginnings of Western Civilization in the Neolithic monuments so prevalent there. We decided we weren't seeing the *beginning*, but that it was fun nonetheless. (See *The Rocks in our Heads, Driving the Stone Age I: Highlands and Islands*.) And we got the Europe bug, so went to Italy and France, sometimes on trips that were mainly Driving the Stone Age, sometimes not.

So as the trip diaries and albums accumulated, and when we created a Life List of prehistoric sites, I started to name the trips. We had *DtSAs*, and *Interludes*: trips with few or no prehistoric sites.

Then, I started to write an essay based on our thoughts garnered driving the Stone Age, and a whole lot of reading. Loie didn't like the working title, so I changed it to *The Rocks in Our Heads*. When the Trip Diaries went digital, I decided to munge the two projects by including a serial version of the essay at the ends of the diaries.

So now we have *The Rocks in Our Heads: DtSAs* and *The Rocks in Our Heads: Interludes*, both of which may end with an essay installment.

## Documentation Notes

In the beginning, Loie wrote out her Trip Diaries in longhand in notebooks. For our trip "Driving the Stone Age X, *The Oldest Stones*" she bought a netbook computer and began to write her diaries with it. That made formatting the diaries a lot easier!

But there were a few trips since that one where lugging the netbook was less than congenial, and she went back to hand-written notes.

Her handwriting is beautiful, and I wanted to preserve some aspects of it. In the Trip Diaries it has a few short-hand style shortcuts. So, when you see  $\&$  meaning "and," or @ meaning "at," or "w/" meaning "with" you will know that I have transcribed a hand-written diary.

## Navigation Tips

These interactive PDFs include...

- a Bookmarks List for Days and their individual events, use the Bookmarks; we hope your device will make that easy;
- a clickable/tappable Table of Contents, and;
- various hyperlinks.

You may also just page through by...

- scrolling, clicking Page Down buttons, or;
- right side tapping/right left swiping;
- depending on your viewing device.

▶ Zoom the pictures to examine details.

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## *Afterword*

Lost

## *Preparation*

This Trip was a result of what Loie called “enthusiastic collaboration.” Our Newsletter for 1999 said, “In July, the Lovebunnies and their friends Mark and Hilary combined some vacation time to take a trip to New England.” Now, *exactly* how the idea had come up, we don’t remember. But there are a few clues.

This Trip’s title is a bit obscure. Many of our friends have heard us tell of visiting Phel (or Phil, the spelling of her nickname varied) and Bob at their beautiful B&B in Luray, Virginia. My sister Sarah discovered that, spoke of it in such glowing terms, and urged us so strongly that eventually we went, had a wonderful time, and went back several more times. We became good enough friends with Phel and Bob that they asked us to house-and-pet-sit for two weeks while they took a much needed vacation to Maine.

Bob had worked for the National Park Service for many years, starting in Acadia Park in Maine. They loved to tell stories of their younger selves freezing in Maine. He retired from the service after being an assistant superintendent at Shenendoah park. Hence their being in Luray, looking up the mountainside at his former demesne.

Hiking and birdwatching in Acadia Park was at least in the backs of our minds.

Somehow, we had heard of an odd place in New Hampshire: America’s Stonehenge. Intriguing to us who were thinking of Biking the Stone Age. Loie’s diary says this was “...the place which precipitated the whole trip.” Precipitation, though, could only have been only part of the story.

Hilary had told us more than once we needed to visit her family in Massachusetts and Maine; there was so much to see and do. We assume that somehow a mention of America’s Stonehenge led to her proposing an actual trip: Enthusiastic collaboration led us all to “take a trip to New England.” Isn’t that great?

*Day 1: Sunday, July 19, 1998—Departure and Arrival*

10<sup>15</sup><sub>A</sub> Leaving for MA! Glenville Rd to 216 to Fissels Church Rd (just before Glen Rock) to Pleasant Valley Rd/616 to Railroad 851 to 83 w/ stop for gas

10<sup>57</sup><sub>A</sub> 23m 83N at Shrewsbury

11<sup>40</sup><sub>A</sub> 62m Harrisburg

11<sup>44</sup><sub>A</sub> 70m 81 N 11<sup>58</sup><sub>A</sub> 80m Bathroom break

12<sup>05</sup><sub>P</sub> 90m 78 E 12<sup>53</sup><sub>P</sub> Allentown to Rt 22E (x15) 141m

1<sup>10</sup><sub>P</sub> 160m 33N

1<sup>32</sup><sub>P</sub> 180m 209N Note: on Sundays—30 acre flea market—traffic at a crawl. 2<sup>08</sup> 194 mi @ Marshall's Creek—traffic thinned out

3<sup>15</sup> 212m Finishing lunch at Tom's Creek picnic area.

3<sup>41</sup> 228m Changed drivers in Milford

4<sup>00</sup> 240m Delaware Riv/Port Jervus/NY state

4<sup>37</sup> 282m Hudson River on I84

4<sup>48</sup> 294m Taconic Parkway no campers no trailers no trucks!

5<sup>50</sup> Turkey by road, tried to see again but gone

6<sup>07</sup> 370 Rt 90

6<sup>52</sup> 384 Arrived! 8hrs 40min Average approx 40mph  
17.5 hrs to get home @ yesterday's pace!  
= 7AM → 12<sup>30</sup><sub>A</sub>

## *Day 2: Monday, July 20, 1998—Morning at Lee's House*

Based on our drive here, it's going to take a long time to get home! However, we lost some time yesterday diddling around on our "scenic" drive, and going through toll booths. So, my conclusion is that we avoid toll roads like the plague. I think we take 95 unless collective wisdom of experienced travelers informs us otherwise.

We've had a pleasant evening w/ Lee, Hilary, Mark, Donna, and ?Jules? Lee is obviously a cat lover—she has 2 female Siamese, and a house adapted for the care + comfort + protection of the girls. Lee is a gracious + fun-loving hostess. It is very generous of her to open her home to us.

Bucky and I are enjoying the ground level "garden" room—really, the play room adapted as a guest bedroom. One wall is essentially window, looking out to a small, secluded backyard w/ small flower gardens. A Buddha rises from the ground in one circle of flowers, and 3 deep red blooms behind his head look like adornments.

It's raining a little this morning, making the air humid and the house occupants sleepy. It's a great morning for sleeping in, and so unlike our usual "get up + charge about" vacation style. It feels more like Sunday morning than Monday morning. Bucky will get some good sleeping in + then by midweek he'll be longing for a late night topless bar, something to entertain him when he's got no computer at hand.

Hilary has given us some guidebooks to look at, but at our present rate of speed + level of ambition, getting out of bed + onto the deck will probably be a major achievement for the morning!

We've seen one dead porcupine + possibly one live one. Bucky saw a wild turkey. We tried to circle back so I could

see it, but it's took too long and the turkey had disappeared. Bunsters in Lee's backyard.

## *Day 2: Monday, July 20, 1998—Stockbridge tour, Rockwell Museum, Great Barrington, Sedgewick graves*

We spent the day sightseeing with Hilary + Mark, looking around Stockbridge + the surrounding area. Hilary drove us around town first. There are many fine old houses here—the landscape looks very settled, not wild at all. We passed a church graveyard in town, and Bucky said he wanted to go back later.

Our first stop was the [Norman Rockwell Museum](#)—a show of Rockwell, Homer Winslow and Al Hirschfeld.

Norman Rockwell's entire studio was moved there after his death. He lived and worked in Stockbridge. It was interesting to see the long range of his career, and the change of style, if not subject. He almost exclusively painted, sketched + drew people. This painting to the left is a very famous one. He did several stories like this, with very expressive faces.

I didn't care so much for Winslow Homer's work, but Al Hirschfeld's was interesting. There were a number of "Nina" drawings on exhibit.

From there we went to lunch in Great Barrington, to the Helsinki Café. I had a cup of chilled borscht, Cossack salad (greens, feta, olives, dates, sunflower seeds, orange vinaigrette) and ?Sablak? tea—spices + soy milk + sweet—lovely. There were little girls helping to clear away dishes, very little girls, but doing a fine job.

We walked around a little, checking out a used book store and other shops. I bought an old postcard for my morning pages. Mark showed me a book of photographs of Ernie the Cat.

Our next stop was the old 1st Congregational Church of Stockbridge—Hilary couldn't remember the name. Some of the graves dated back to late 1770s—I think we saw one as old

as 1770. The wealthiest, most influential family in town, the Sedgewicks, have all of their stones arranged in circles, facing inward. The plan is that on Judgment Day, they will see their family members, not strangers. They also buried a pet dog there and put up a carved stone dog to mark the grave.

Hilary found a stone she had been telling us about. It is elaborately carved w/ buds and fruit, but when a friend of hers traced it, there was a face of a woman plainly visible that doesn't show up in the carving!

We got chased out by mosquitoes + a thunderstorm. The storm cooled things down considerably, so we decided to skip our original plan to go for a cooling off swim. Instead, we did our most favorite thing—shopping for food for supper! We went to Guido's, much like Draeger's, or that place in Wilkes-Barre that Veronica + I found.

Lee has a hummingbird feeder which is attracting ruby throats!







THOMAS

son of

Robert & Barbary

Hart

Dec 15 1814

18 1814



SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF

MABEL CABOT  
BELOVED WIFE OF  
ELLERY SEDGWICK

DAUGHTER OF  
WALTER CHANNING AND  
ELIZABETH MASON CABOT

BORN IN BROOKLINE  
JULY 3<sup>RD</sup> 1873  
DIED IN BOSTON  
MARCH 5<sup>TH</sup> 1937

THE FRUIT OF THE SPIRIT  
IS LOVE JOY PEACE







FRANCIS  
JAMES CHILD  
Born in Boston  
1st. February 1825  
Died 11th. Sept. 1896

Editor of the  
English and Scottish  
Ballads

"What doth the Lord require  
of thee but to do justly and  
to love mercy and to walk  
humbly with thy GOD"





In Memory of  
 Lieut. Joseph  
 Willard Who  
 Died March 19<sup>th</sup>  
 1777 Aet. 37

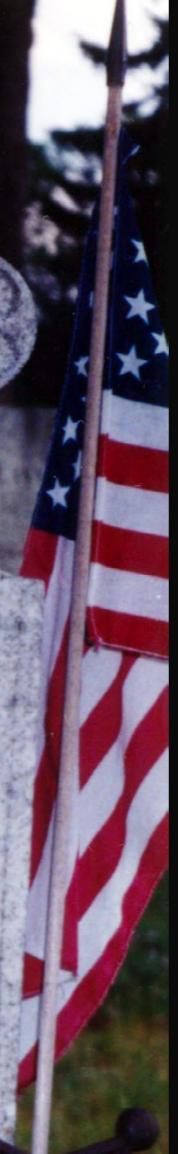
When you my Friends  
 (passing by)  
 And this informs you  
 Where I lie  
 Remember you ere long  
 I shall have  
 My name on the





In Memory of  
Lieut. Joseph  
Willard Who  
Died March 19<sup>th</sup>  
1777 Aet. 37

When you my Friends  
(passing by)  
And this informs you  
(where I lie)  
Remember you ere long  
will have  
Mention the





In Memory of

M<sup>RS</sup>. MARY CODNER,

widow of the late

M<sup>R</sup>. WILLIAM CODNER

*of Boston.*

She died Decem<sup>r</sup> 19<sup>th</sup> 1800.

Aged 77 Years





Sacred to the  
memory of  
Charles Chauncy  
Dwight,  
Born Richmond Mass.  
Sept. 15, 1830,  
Died, Auburn, N.Y.  
April 8, 1902.

FOUR YEARS A SOLDIER  
IN THE WAR OF THE  
REBELLION.  
THIRTY-THREE YEARS A  
JUSTICE OF THE SUPREME  
COURT OF THE STATE OF  
NEW YORK.





## Day 3: Tuesday, July 21, 1998—Old Sturbridge Village

9<sup>45</sup><sub>A</sub> 384m On the way to Old Sturbridge Village  
 10<sup>15</sup><sub>A</sub> 393m leaving Lee for Rt90 (stopped in Stockbridge  
 at Bakery & general store, gassed up in Lee, stopped @  
 Blandford Plaza for bathroom break) arrived approx 11<sup>30</sup>??

We spent the day in [Old Sturbridge Village](#), visiting homes & tradesmen. I think this place is much cleaner than it really would be in real life—hardly any smells, dirt, worn-out stuff. Everybody's clothe were in new condition, except for the lady dyeing cloths.

The schoolmaster told us kids went to school in winter & summer—the rest of the year they worked on their parents' farms. Male teachers were paid \$18 a month, females \$6, but they did the same work. They had classes of about 36 or 37 students of all ages. The subjects they were taught depended on the books their parents could afford to buy for them.

The potter told us about the credit system—if I needed a bucket, I'd get one and the bucket maker noted it in his account book. When the bucket maker needed something he got it & his “purchase” was noted down. At the end of the year everyone figured out what they owed & were owed and settled up. If there were any deadbeats, the lawyer went after them.

The lawyer told us that in MA, the number of lawyers was strictly controlled. Lawyers in training were apprenticed to a practicing lawyer. The lawyers would get together once a year and decide whether or not they had enough lawyers or if they needed more. If they didn't need more, the apprentices wouldn't take the bar & become lawyers, however the lawyer training them might hire them as a clerk and have a trained lawyer, so to speak, at clerk's wages. The lawyer had nothing

good to say about the minister, which praises his worth to the community.

The minister told us lawyers were useless, little better than cheats & liars. It was the ministers who were the best respected members of the community, and a means for women to improve their social status. The minister said he was the community “shrink,” handling all manner of spiritual problems. He had a big house because he had to entertain so many society groups.

The tinsmith told us, as did the shoemaker, that their tin sheets and hides were imported. Tin plated iron sheets began in tin mines in Cornwall, England. The tin was shipped to Wales, where it was made into sheets and shipped to America.

The shoemaker was one of the few tradesmen paid in currency.

The economic basis of the society was the Spanish dollar. As mechanization came, the work of these tradesmen changed dramatically, making their skills obsolete. The sawyer's work took <sup>1</sup>/<sub>10</sub> the time, as did everyone else's work.

After Sturbridge, we came back to Lee's house & met the guys for supper, going back to Great Barrington for sushi at Bizen's. It was a dirty, hot, crowded place & expensive, though my supper was delicious. One waitress admired Bucky's long hair and someone else asked if he was an actor. We pushed thru the throng of Bizen's admirers to go across the street to get some cheesecake for dessert.



















## *Day 4: Wednesday, July 22, 1998—Transfer to Bar Harbor, America's Stonehenge on the Way*

8<sup>30</sup><sub>A</sub> 580m Leaving Lee's house, heading for America's Stonehenge; bathroom break outside of Worcester.

In Worcester (Rt 290) 10<sup>10</sup> 675m Arrived Myst. Hill 11<sup>20</sup><sub>A</sub>

1<sup>30</sup> 743m Leaving Mystery Hill

2<sup>55</sup><sub>P</sub> 810m Ogunquit, ME 4PM 879mi Brunswick & Coastal 1

5<sup>24</sup><sub>P</sub> Rockland 896m

A few miles outside Ellsworth; individual, tiny motel cottages each in a different color—lilac, yellow, robin's egg blue, etc. Arrived Trenton Bridge Lobster Pound approx 6<sup>30</sup> or 6<sup>45</sup> or 7 PM—Bucky thinks 6<sup>30</sup>

Total drive—10.5 hours-3 stops (Mystery Hill Visit & getting there & pit stops) = 7.5 from W Stockbridge to B. H.

This morning we got up early and took off before Hilary, Mark, or Lee awoke. We thought we'd be delayed for too long otherwise, and we knew we had a long drive ahead of us.

The drive wasn't terrible, though—Bucky did most of it, and he didn't seem to mind it. We made a little detour to go to “America's Stonehenge,” the place which precipitated the whole trip. It's an interesting & eccentric place, hard to say what's real and what's not, because stones have been removed, things reconstructed & so on. There are walls running higgledy-piggledy, w/ “monoliths” scattered throughout. A sacrificial stone, alignments to the Sun & the moon, mysterious chambers, all abound here. We thought Laura should have been along.

The drive along the coast wasn't littered w/ quaint little fishing villages & CA-coast-like views. It was much more like

driving on the Cape—going through little towns filled w/ antique shops, restaurants & gift shops.

And we finished the day on another high note, by eating boiled lobsters (over a wood fire) outside on picnic benches at the Trenton Bridge Lobster Pound. We were very full when we finished. Wonder View Inn is very nice—clean, neat, airy, not fancy, with the promised view of the pool & partial view of Frenchman's Creek.











*Day 5: Thursday, July 23, 1998—Mt. Desert Island, Eastport*

9<sup>30</sup> 580m Leaving Wonder View Inn? 1201m, for driving tour of Mt. Desert Island & possibly beyond!

Schooner Head Overlook—Big, new house looking out to ocean!

3<sup>12</sup><sub>P</sub> 1169m just past E. Machias on Rt 1, heading for Eastport

2<sup>50</sup><sub>P</sub> 1205m Eastport “the easternmost U.S. city”

4<sup>21</sup><sub>P</sub> 1207m leaving Eastport (Lubec = Loo-beck’)

(We didn’t go to Meddybemps!!)

Whewph! All we did was sit + drive, but I’m ready for sleep. We made a driving day, touring Mount Desert (“desert”) island + driving out to the east, to Eastport—not the most eastern point of the US, but the easternmost city. We were only 20 miles from Canada, by land + far less than that by sea. We were also near Camp Campobella, Roosevelt’s summer retreat. There are many retreats of the wealthy in Maine—big houses and spectacular views for summer living

Our route today: Bar Harbor around the island, beginning south then out to Ellsworth, following RT 1, 1A, 1 through Machias, up to Dennysville, down 190 to Eastport. Back to Dennysville, then 86 to 191, back to 1, down 187 to Jonesport + Beals (a side trip over the bridge to Beal’s Island + maybe Great Wass Island) back to 1, then to Cherryfield, 182 on the “scenic” route, back to 1 + Ellsworth + home.

We were ISO Maine’s rock bound coast, but we didn’t have much luck. We found plenty of interesting sites, but no coastal driving of the sort one finds on the California coast. We saw much beautiful scenery—Maine still looks rugged, if civilized.

We got back home at about 7<sup>30</sup> + had supper at the Lampoc

Brewpub—pretty corny, good beer, food trying too hard. But a local’s place, for the college age crowd.













## **BASS HARBOR HEAD LIGHT**

AMONG THE BEST KNOWN AND MOST PHOTOGRAPHED SPOTS IN MAINE, THE BASS HARBOR HEAD LIGHT WAS BUILT IN 1858 TO MARK THE BAR ACROSS THE EASTERN ENTRANCE TO BLUE HILL BAY. THE GROUNDS AND RESIDENCE OF THIS FACILITY NOW COMPRISE THE PRIVATE RESIDENCE OF THE COMMANDER, UNITED STATES COAST GUARD GROUP SOUTHWEST HARBOR AND ARE NOT OPEN TO THE PUBLIC. TRAILS ON BOTH SIDES OF THE PARKING LOT ALLOW VISITORS ACCESS TO EXCELLENT VIEWS OF THE LIGHTHOUSE AND THE SURROUNDING COASTLINE.



## Day 6: Friday, July 24, 1998—Sargent Mountain Hike

(Written Saturday, July 25)

6<sup>45</sup><sub>A</sub> Clear as a bell—unlike any morning I've ever seen anywhere.

Truly, I have never seen a morning like this—the air is incredibly clear. I wanted Bucky to get up last night at 2 AM to go out and look at the night sky, but his shoulder was hurting him. There are few lights here, and so I think the night sky must be spectacular.

Whewph! What a day we had yesterday! Bucky chose a wonderful hike from our new book (a Pocket Guide/*Hiking on Mt Desert Island* by Earl D. Brechlin)—Sargent Mt, described as “strenuous.” This gave us a chance to walk on some of Mr. Roosevelt’s carriage roads, breaking in for a relatively short, but very strenuous slog up the side of the root and rock covered trail.

*Source of info: Acadia Carriage Road Users Map USGPO*

John D Roosevelt, Jr built to the carriage roads from 1913-1940 to provide horse + carriage travel into Mount Desert Island. Roosevelt’s father had built carriage roads on his Ohio and New York Estates. Carriage roads are “broken stone roads,” a type commonly used at the turn of the century. Sixteen feet wide, they consist of three layers of rock, stone culverts, wide ditches, and a substantial six to eight inch crown for good drainage.

Rather than flattening hillsides to accommodate the roads, breast walls + retaining walls were built to preserve the line of hillsides and to save trees. Rockefeller designed the roads to follow the contours of the land and he graded the roads so they were not too steep or sharply curved.

Road crews quarried island granite for road material + bridge facing. Roadsides were landscaped w/ native vegetation such as blueberries and sweet fern.

Rockefeller involved himself intimately in the construction process, hiring experts + knowing the workers by name, and knowing the cost of a running foot of the road. “Coping stones,” called “Rockefeller’s teeth,” + made of granite, served as guard rails. Cedar signposts, stained w/ Cabots shingle stain #248, mark intersections. Rockefeller employed a staff to keep the roads + hillside clear of debris. Nationally known architect [Beatrix Farrand](#) consulted on planting design to frame vistas and bridges. The fire of '47 destroyed much of her work.

Two gate lodges, which we didn’t see, were built at Jordan Pond + near Northeast Harbor. Rockefeller financed 16 stone-faced bridges, each unique in design, to span streams, waterfalls, roads + cliff sides. The bridges are steel-reinforced concrete, but use native stone for facing. Over time, the stone-cutters grew very skilled, and Rockefeller often requested them not to cut the facing to well lest the rustic look be lost!

Between 1992 + 1995 the roads were extensively rehabilitated. The crown + subgrade layers were restored + new surface materials applied to replace thousands of cubic yards washed away over the years, among other work.

But the best part of the hike certainly was getting to the top of Sgt. mountain for the views along the way and the panoramic view. On its rocky top, we felt like visitors on an alien planet. We could see islands sweeping around us and the ocean stretching out, all from a height of only about 1,300 feet. We saw pines so beaten down by winter wind that they

grew flat over the rock. We saw a new flower, Wood Lily and met a dog, Jenks.

Jenks was a pound dog, and he managed to sniff out from all the other smells, the tuna juice I'd poured out onto the rock. He nearly licked his tongue raw to get it up! His human had to drag him away.

Another new flower was Bunchberry. We saw Orange Hawkweed on July 23 at Thunder Hole.

It's too nice a morning to sit inside and write—too bad for the travel diary!\*

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\* Too bad for our Google Earth Map: the hike guide has disappeared and there's no way to re-map any of the hikes or drives.

I'm also pretty sure that as we charged up Sargent Mountain, I got distracted by an unofficial side trail and we had to backtrack quite a bit to find the correct trail. But all was well.

As we neared the top of the mountain, we walked through stands of wild blueberries, growing low and windswept. This find led to an experience you can read about in the Afterword.











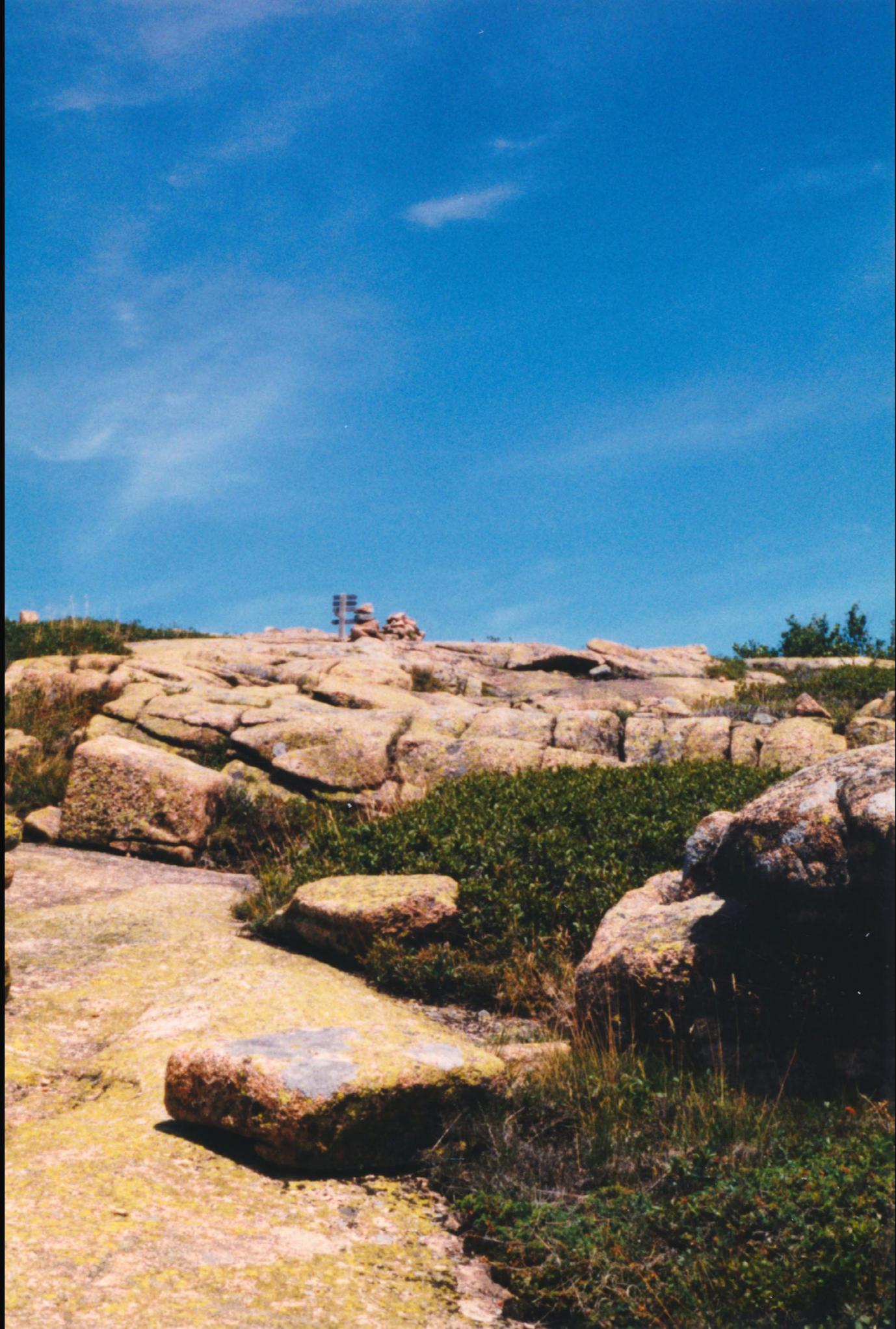














































## Day 7: Saturday, July 25, 1998—Craft Show; Ocean Trail walk; Gorham Mountain; Sand Beach swim

It's about 9<sup>10</sup><sub>AM</sub>. We've been into Bar Harbor (on foot) for cash money, searching for a waterfront breakfast spot (settled for outdoors on Cottage Street) and Green Mt coffee to take home. Now we're back, will prepare shortly to go to the crafts show and then our hike.

Today's hike is a moderate 2.5 circuit to Gorham Mt, ending with a swim at Sand Beach.

6<sup>30</sup><sub>P</sub> What a glorious day! We started at the Sand Beach near Bar Harbour and walked along the Ocean Trail to Otter Point. We could not have had a more perfect day if we had ordered one up—clear as a bell, upper 70s-low 80s, not at all humid, hardly any bugs at all. Other than tourist traffic, there were only sailboats in the bay, a ferry, and occasional (rare) power boat—no hang gliders, wind surfers, etc. Very civilized.

Started approx 11ish. We walked to Otter Point,\* and on the way, identified a new bird, Black Guillemot. It breeds in coastal cliffs, so they were flying right into the cliffs under us to feed their babies. They dove under the water and swam underneath, their short red legs + feet pumping. With their compact bodies and bold white patch on black, they are unmistakable. We also identified a new flower, Harebell. We saw a flock of female eiders, but couldn't be sure whether they were King Eiders or Common Eiders.

From Otter Point we backtracked to pick up the Gorham Mt trail—described as moderate, but I call it strenuous if not as long as yesterday's hike. It was another pretty much

\* On the way, a tiny bay beach at the bottom of the low cliff was shingle—big water rounded pebbles that clicked and rattled as the waves rolled them.

“straight up” hike, w/ a fair amount of rough trail and rock scrambles.

The top was worth the climb—absolutely spectacular. B + I agreed we've never seen a more beautiful place, largely because it still looks relatively unspoiled. The views were incredible in every direction. We want to come back.

We finished our walk with a visit to the Sand Beach, a very popular spot, and quite lovely. I wanted to get into the water—the beach is at Newport Cove. The water was freezing! That didn't keep everyone out, nonetheless. Mostly kids and teenagers went in. At first it felt painfully cold, but each time I got in, it became more bearable. I was able to get in up to my hips—if I had been there in the heat of the day + had more time to acclimate, I think I could have taken the plunge eventually! The water is perfectly clear + brilliant blue. Left Sand Beach @ 4<sup>30</sup>.

Now we have to tell Phil + Bob about our visit to Acadia.

*(Written Sunday, July 26)*

We came back from our hike + swim, showered, rested a bit, then drove west on 3 to 230 (not as far as Ellsworth) to the Oak Point Lobster Pound + Restaurant. It has excellent water views + sweet lobster—our server claimed the lobsters were local, not trucked in from New Brunswick as they were at the Trenton Bridge Lobster Pound.\*\* That 1st place we ate was the cheapest, but you basically got lobster—side orders (limited selection) were clearly superfluous. A cooked lobster there

\*\* While there, we saw a big tractor trailer truck pull in blazoned with some sign about lobsters from New Brunswick. That was a little disconcerting.

was \$8. At Oak Point, we had a cold smoked seafood sampler (shrimp, salmon, mussels), steamers, and lobster dinner (1¼ pound + corn, potato + salad/coleslaw) + 2 drafts apiece + 1 coffee, for \$60. The lobster dinners were 15.50—not as cheap as the Lobster Cottage, but 4 years later prices may have gone up.

On the way home, we decided we'd had the right finish to our week, no need to mess things up w/ another visit to Bar Harbor. About 2 minutes after we got back to our room, we looked at each other + instantly decided to walk into Bar Harbor to the Lompoc Café for one more beer. I had blueberry ale (very good) + B had Brother Adams "tastes like sherry" beer—excellent. By the time we walked back, we were very relaxed + really ready to say we were done.







































































*Day 8: Sunday, July 26, 1998—Return*

7 AM on our driving home day. Fair weather clouds + blue sky, 70°

We're mostly packed—had a very full day yesterday.

Now, soon, getting ready to drive home.

approx 1475m

8<sup>30ish</sup><sub>A</sub> Left for Don's Shop 'n' Save, gas in Ellsworth to Bangor, searching for Alcott's Antiques—closed!

10<sup>24</sup> 1596mi leaving rest stop outside Bangor

10<sup>40</sup><sub>A</sub> 1555mi Newport

11<sup>20</sup><sub>A</sub> 1600mi Augusta

11<sup>47</sup><sub>A</sub> 1633mi Brunswick

12<sup>45</sup><sub>P</sub> 1685mi leaving rest stop/Kennebunk

12<sup>50</sup><sub>P</sub> 1693mi area of Ogunquit (70m→Boston)

1<sup>08</sup><sub>P</sub> 1711mi Leaving Maine, entering NH, crossing Piscataqua River.

1<sup>34</sup><sub>P</sub> 1731mi Newburyport, MA (long wait at toll booth in NH)

2<sup>26</sup><sub>P</sub> 1791mi Rounding bottom of 95 around Boston, heading S on 95 to Prov.

2<sup>51</sup><sub>P</sub> 1819mi Pawtucket, <sup>(Providence)</sup> RI ×29 Slater Mill

~~3<sup>25</sup><sub>P</sub> 1853mi Stop for rest near Hope Valley, RI~~

3<sup>33</sup><sub>P</sub> 1863 RI → CT on 95

4<sup>26</sup><sub>P</sub> 1867 Leaving rest/lunch stop

4<sup>52</sup><sub>P</sub> 1876 Mystic CT (big traffic tieup on 95) & gas 1.23 for regular!

6<sup>48</sup><sub>P</sub> 1929 New Haven CT

8<sup>06</sup><sub>P</sub> 1997 Crossing Tappan Zee Bridge, NY → NJ (Hudson R)

9<sup>05</sup><sub>P</sub> 2060 Rt 78 from 287, heading for Easton, PA

Home! on  
12<sup>43</sup><sub>A</sub> Monday 7/27/98 1249 miles!

## Lost

America's Stonehenge was...enigmatic. In our eighth Lovebunny Letter, I wrote,

*Then Bucky and Loie struck out on their own, in search of Mystery Hill, also known as America's Stonehenge, a strange and mysterious complex of stonework. After they had spent the day exploring the site, Bucky said, "Well, I don't know. I'm no expert, but I've seen plenty of old New England stone walls, and none of 'em looked like this."*

*"But of course we don't really know when all this was built," said Loie.*

*"Nope," said Bucky. "Guess that's why it's called Mystery Hill."*

There's no doubt it's a big stretch to think the place could really be prehistoric. On the other hand, no one has come up with truly similar structures that are historic. The "stone walls" that run all over the place are alignments of flattish stones all stood upright. None are more than a couple/few feet tall. No New England farmer constructed those. Or at least, no farmer who wasn't also a kook with too much time on his hands. Those are standing stones, none gigantic, but none having the look of being anything colonially useful, or even vaguely familiar.



From the same Letter,

*As they sat at the summit of a mountain looking out over the bays and pine-topped cliffs and brilliant blue sky, Loie said, "This is the most beautiful place we've ever been." Bucky laughed and agreed, but said, "We say that everywhere we go." Loie laughed too. The Lovebunnies were disappointed, though, that they had not found a Local Craft to take home as a memento of their trip to Acadia.*

*"I knew it wouldn't work to make a craft my Want," said Bucky as they were driving home. Loie shook her head in rueful agreement.*

*But later that month she was surprised to receive a phone call at work from a disgruntled Bucky, who said, "Well, it was a good try. Almost worked." He went on to explain that he had searched on the Web, and found a place to mail-order wild Maine blueberries, but that when the twelve pints of blueberries arrived, two pints had spilled out of their boxes during shipping. When Loie got home that evening, Bucky was in a better mood. He had managed to salvage almost all of the berries, losing only about a pint or so. And the very next day, Loie received another call from Bucky. This time, his mood was one of hilarity, as he told her that due to his calling the blueberry people, and complaining about the poor packaging, they had sent him another dozen pints of berries! "Lordy," said Bucky, "We'll never eat all these things!"*

*His plan had been to ask friends to come over for a Blueberry Festival, to enjoy the Lovebunnies' Local Craft from Maine. But unfortunately, everyone was busy that weekend. So Yo agreed to host the First Annual Wild Maine Blueberry Festival, attended by Loie and Bucky, at her house. They all agreed that the muffins and waffles were delicious, and that perhaps a new tradition had been inaugurated.*

There's no way we could have eaten two dozen pints of blueberries that day. I can't remember what we did with the rest of them, and I can't ask my dear departed mother if she remembers.

Ah me. So much history lost: Mystery Hill, blueberries. How can we think we'll ever understand our past well enough to understand how it has actually led to the present?

It's a quixotic venture, at best.