

## Day 4: 10<sup>th</sup> October, Saturday ~ Boothbay Harbor and Freeport.

We wear our Freeport sweat shirts.

This is a most disorganized breakfast buffet. The hot food is served in what yesterday was the lounge. A long walk from the dining room through the lobby. To get toast, we walk out of the dining room in the opposite direction. The bread is too large for the toaster, and jams. We ask for a fork to dig it out. Eventually tongs arrive. “OK where is the butter?” Back with the hot food...

It rained over night, but it is supposed to clear. We are going to sail. Boothbay Harbor is a short ride up the coast past more summer homes and the Bath Iron Works, a ship builder. A sign on Brett’s Fish Fry reads *Free Beer Tomorrow*.



East Wind.

Herb and Doris Smith built the wooden schooner *East Wind*. Several of our party don’t want to sail. We sit comfortably on pads around the open deck. It is sunny but cool, so we are glad of our layers of clothing. Doris keeps up a steady chatter about their adventures, all the while as a deck hand, adjusting ropes and sail. Herb steers. They have sailed around the world twice, written a book and own a farm.

Doris.





Boothbay Harbor.

The wind is gentle, but we stay within the harbor. No white knuckles today. A peninsula juts into the ocean creating an optical illusion. The water appears higher than the land. Colored floats mark each lobsterman's territory. 85 families fish. The price as landed is only \$2.75, they need \$4 to make a living. A large sailing vessel with three masts, the *Friendship of Salem*, sits in dry dock for restoration.





Along this coast are 4,000 islands, most privately owned.

Boothbay is a mix of high end art shops and low end trinkets; every street a hill. There are plenty of eateries and every kind of architectural hut. It is the end of the season, shortly all the stores will close for winter. Everything is on sale, 50% off, but since the ticketed prices are 200% of what we would expect to pay elsewhere, we find no bargains.

### Boothbay.

After lunch we visit the Coastal Maine Botanic Gardens opened in 2007. In 1996 a Board of Directors purchased 128 acres with 3,600 ft of shoreline. In 2005 an additional 120 acres were gifted. With such a short history, we are agreeably surprised by the quality of the plantings. Docents (guides) narrate our tour. The Sensory Garden uses sight, touch and sound.



Coastal Maine Botanic Gardens, sensory garden.



Mobile.



Sculpture by Wendy Klemperer.



Italian lights.

Back in Freeport Paul gives us a brief tour. This is a small town, just six thousand residents, but boasts a large selection of outlet stores. L.L. Bean has its *flagship* store here, around which grew the others. GAP, Coach, Banana Republic, Clark Shoes, Polo, and Ralph Lauren to name just a few. There has been no frost. Petunias and impatiens still bloom. Stores try to grab your attention, we pass the *Mangy Moose* catty corner from the *Cool as a Moose*.

“OK, I will suffer and go to the Bean.”

Jan thought they were a discount store, but after checking a few price tags comments “Cheaper at JC Penney...”

The bar/restaurant is decorated with pretty Italian lights at the top of the walls. “Is it Christmas?” Jan admires the flickering candle and pokes a nose over. It is battery operated and flickering realistically. Our food is cooking in a huge open flaming oven. I order a Merlot. “Jan, will you drive the elevator?”