

Old Port Memories

(Part I)
By Paul J. Luise
Photography by Paul J. Luise

I was twenty-two years old and filled with the righteous confidence of a romantic young artist when I first encountered the Old Port artist colony in January 1972. My medium was photography and all my energies and resources were devoted to my work. In my search for galleries in which to show my photography, I contacted Joseph Cousins, an artist himself, who ran the now-defunct Longfellow Gallery. It was located ironically next to an X-rated bookstore in Longfellow Square, Portland. I attended an opening at the gallery for artist Denni Boudreau and Howard Clifford. This was followed by a party at Joe and Howard's studio located at the corner of Fore and Exchange Streets.

When my date and I began the walk from Longfellow Square to the Old Port, we became concerned about what we were get-

of debris and totally gutted rooms. It was hard to believe that the building could even stand, let alone that these people were living in such chaos. We emerged from the darkness on the fourth floor into a brilliantly lit room with white walls, eight arched windows, hanging plants, salvaged furniture and wall-to-wall paintings that flooded the one great room with color. The room was the romantic epitome of the artist's loft or garret and very inspirational. Years later as Howard Clifford and I reminisced about his old studio and the stairway leading to it, he said, "Near everytime I could actually talk someone from Falmouth Foreside into going up those stairs, they would buy a painting, once they were in the studio."

The "rite de passage" to that studio was the beginning of a new chapter in my life. My romantic vision told me that I had finally



Artists and friends at the studio of Joe Cousins and Howard Clifford, February 1974.

ting into. We were not city dwellers. Portland, in its depressed state, seemed like a stage setting for the movie "Clockwork Orange." When we entered the Old Port area, what few street lights there had been faded away as we submerged into near total darkness. Only the vague silhouettes, conversation and laughter of those we followed could be identified ahead of us. Joe, sensing our nervousness and attempting to calm us, identified the sounds emitted from distant doorways as "winos" and the close-by sounds of scampering as "wharf rats which are big enough to leash, license and call Rover."

Enthusiasm for this urban adventure did not pulsate through our bodies. Following Joe's verbal directions we scaled three flights of stairs in near total darkness passing piles

traversed the darkness into the light that was the life of the artist. Previously accustomed to only occasional contact with other artists, I was now immersed in a community that seemed centered in the arts. I thought of Le Bateau Leger and the Photo Successionists. Here were artists of every age, involved in a multitude of mediums. I was one of the youngest: idealistic, romantic, and introverted. Although I was in awe of their creative ability, energy and unity, I was made to feel welcome. Then I knew I was now one of them. I knew I was no longer alone in my pursuits as an artist and as a human being. I soon found out, though, that the Old Port area was much more than simply an artist's colony.

The Old Port was a marginal area, a culture in itself, separated from the society's

traditional mores. The old buildings stood as abandoned and decaying anachronisms in a modern time. They symbolized a boundary between society at large and an area where the motley, novel, unique and asocial flourished. In short, it was "outlaw country," where people didn't conform with society's ideas on behavior, appearance, attitude or philosophy; where idiosyncrasy was appreciated, freedom of action exalted; and where the deviate was a culture hero. As John Kimball, a man who abandoned an up-town business fifteen years ago to come to the Old Port area, states: "It was definitely a no man's land. It took until the eighties for the older generation to accept it. People would tell me not to go down to the Old Port because it was full of winos, rats, bad characters and it was all dark down there. ~~Some people still say it today.~~"

In the late sixties and early seventies the Old Port was an anomalous blend of people and interests. There were the legitimate artists, artisans and businessmen who wanted an area with few social restrictions, low overhead and who had the vision to see the area's growth potential. There were also the remnants of the Old Port of World War II when it had a reputation as an area rife with ~~vice and~~ gambling which catered to service men who sought out its many bordellos and sporting houses. It was still an area where the arm of the law was seldom flexed.

A walk through the well manicured streets of today's Old Port hardly reveals the many enterprises of ten or twenty years ago. The after hours club and bordello on Milk Street is an empty lot. Where the Old Port Emporium exists on the corner of Fore and Moulton Streets was the notorious gambler's haven, the Topsail Club (named after Topsail Square where Fore, Exchange and Moulton Streets met.) The Mariner's Church was host to a large number of endeavors over the years. Realtor Frank Akers divided it into inexpensive studio space to accommodate the Mariner's Church Arts & Crafts Association. Over the years it housed the ever so tacky, yet enjoyable, Seamen's Chapel Coffee House, many studios, galleries, workshop, dance companies. North Country and Sweet Potato newspapers and various organizations. One of these organizations was SCAR (State Correctional Alliance for Reform), which today has alumni on the FBI's most wanted list.

Further up Fore Street, at the site of today's Suenka Tan Spa, was Al Martin's Key Shop, followed by the Iron Horsemen's clubhouse and the Hollow Reed vegetarian restaurant. The Iron Horsemen were regulars in the area for years and liked by many. A North Country article titled "Horses Of Iron, Hearts Of Gold" tells the story of a club member named Snake who attempted

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It's early morning and the light from my studio's ten windows seems blinding as I open my eyes from a night's sleep. I can hear the sound of hydraulic arms outside as Joe Vilacci's trash truck lifts the Old Port Tavern's dumpster. I brace myself for the sharp crashing report of a few thousand "no deposit/no return" bottles shattering. It's been a cool night, because, like most of the artists in the area, I have no source of heat in my studio. There have been much colder nights since I began construction on my studio three months ago in January. On those nights I had to seek out one friend or another to ask for sanctuary on a couch or floor in their heated apartments. It isn't uncommon to find that another studio dweller has already requested the desired refuge from the cold.

It's April 1974 and a freak heat wave has hit Maine. I'm pleased because just last week I had to cancel a day of appointments for portraits due to a snow storm that had forced its way through the cracks in the studio's window casings and deposited four foot snow drifts from the floor to the wall. My clients are faculty and administrators from the University of Maine at Portland-Gorham. They walk up the dark stairway to my studio wondering if they are safe from attack. They stop at the studio door, timidly asking if they are in the right place. Briefly surveying the inside of the studio they ask softly: "Is it safe?" The day they came to the studio and saw me shoveling snow out the windows they never came past the threshold.

My studio is located on the third floor of the Mariner's Church on Fore Street where the Seamen's Chapel Coffee House fire had taken place. The space was knee high in burnt debris when I agreed to sublet it from Jon Legere for \$50 a month - without ceiling, inside walls, plumbing, or even a door. It was 600 square feet of devastation.

The smell of burnt timbers is pungent and soot sifts down in abundance on everything. Denni Boudreau, Joe Cousins, Karen

Osborne, Bob Drinon, Nadine Byram, other artists and friends, have helped me in cleaning and building my studio. They are all new friends who give their time and energy in a spirit of comradeship. There is a growing community here. Each new person, each newly renovated space, adds to the community's strength and to the creative energy of its individuals. The flow of creativity is contagious and nurturing. We feed each other with ideas, projects, dreams and sometimes, with whatever food or money we might have to share.

I get up from my bed, dress, and pour icy water from a container into a wash basin. As the freezing water assaults my face I think of Denni whose studio on the other side of the building has cold running water. In the past I have seen him standing in his 2x4 foot sink with a five foot piece of hose attached to the faucet taking a shower with water so frigid that I was amazed his shivering didn't cause him to fall to the floor. It's no wonder that he never drinks coffee to wake up in the morning. I toss the used water out my back window onto an empty lot that only a few months ago was the site of a building that housed an all-night club and brothel until it was razed by fire.

Emerging from the stairway's darkness onto Fore Street, I see a few small groups of people discussing last night's social events or today's tasks. Frank Akers, Phil Willard and Bob Lins are laughing about another late night episode at Harbor Lunch on Commercial Street where Lorraine, a very stout woman who runs the dingy, all-night luncheonette in effect, if not actuality, had ejected a drunken patron by force. A friend had told me: "She's a tough woman but she'll look out for you." There were a lot of "tough" people in the Old Port area, such as the notorious Jake Sawyer or Jeff Maxwell, but if they knew you even slightly and liked you, they could be counted on to help without even being asked. If you were part of the "neighborhood" you always had friends nearby.

to give groceries he had been given as a Thanksgiving Day job bonus to a needy Portland family. Because of his club affiliations, the city agencies and organizations refused his offers. The gist of the article was that sometimes trying to be a nice guy in regular society can often make you feel like a turkey!

Where the Dock Fore Restaurant is today was Zierman's Grocery Store. His name is still painted on the restaurant's facade. Across the street was Parr's Lunch and Dairy where Peter Remy's is now. Squire Morgan's was once the notorious bar known as Sloppy Joe's where brawling and rock music were regular fare. The 34 Exchange Street Restaurant was once Gardner's which predated Horsefeathers in its presentation of fine jazz. It also housed the Gaslight which was the Old Port's first gourmet restaurant. At the intersection of Exchange and Middle Streets there has been a large variety of bars and restaurants. There was the Crow's Nest, which featured Stanley the Stripper, a female impersonator who was a very well liked personality in the area. Where Horsefeathers is today was Joe & Ninos, Boss Tweeds, the Sun Tavern and a wonderful dance bar known as the Oasis. The Oasis, with its marble floor and pillars, attracted a varied clientele that could never be stereotyped. It was a haven for the curious straight, the outrageous, legal and illegal, lawmen and outlaws, the macho and the gay. The hassles were rare, the music and dancing were great. Being with the clientele was worth the occasional price of admission. Across the street was the original Jim's Bar and Grill.

The Old Port was known for its night life, but it was also very much a neighborhood

with many caring and generous people, both young and old. Older people such as Mr. and Mrs. Terroni who operated Mr. T's Sub Shop (Hushang III's location) and the Charity's, who owned Welch Stencil Co., came to the area in the hard times and stuck it out. They were greatly respected and loved by all. During the day, spontaneous neighborhood meetings were always taking place on Exchange Street. People passed the time of day, problems were shared and solutions voiced. At night resident artists, artisans and businessmen met at the Old Port Tavern or the Seaman's Club hatching new plans for shows, neighborhood improvements and business ventures. There were always friends nearby willing to help, not only with words but with actions.

For most people the Old Port was "all dark down there" ten years ago. Where the society's street lights stopped, so did its security and perception. Yet to some people, the Old Port's potpourri of outlaws, culture heroes, tricksters, experimenters and eccentrics was a brilliant vision of life filled with twenty-four hour excitement, intrigue, exploration and creativity. It might have been paralleled to a circus with its clowns, death defiers, talented performers and wild beasts who the public came to see in both fear and fascination. These people were different from the norm, perhaps even freaks when they stood alone but when the call went out in response to a common threat or goal, they stood united. They made no apologies for what they were. There was no guilt, or feelings of having been victimized at the hands of society. These factors, held in common, made this seedy, decaying area a life force that had to flourish.

Part II of Old Port Memories Will Appear Next Week

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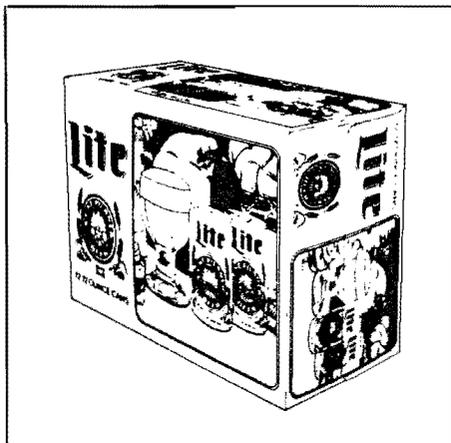
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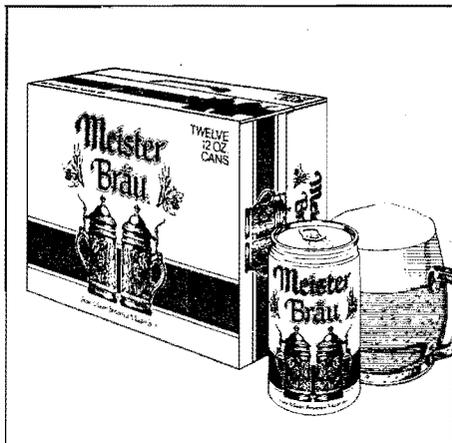
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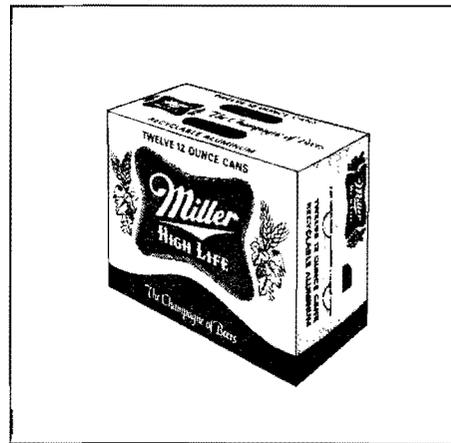
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Old Port Memories

(part II)
by Paul J. Luise
Photography by Denni Boudreau
and By Paul J. Luise

THOSE friends I have made in the Old Port area prove themselves more and more. The sense of comradeship is strong and there are no inhibitions about backing up words with actions. Their friendship has been deeply comforting...
March 21, 1974 Journal/PJL

I acquired my first studio and gallery in the Old Port area in January of 1974. I was twenty-two years old. It was located at 368 Fore Street on the third floor of the Mariner's Church where the Seamen's Chapel Coffee House had existed until it was destroyed by fire. By this time the "no man's land" image of the area had begun to fade and the Old Port was now attracting people of a more creative nature who utilized their imagination and ingenuity to create an aesthetically rich environment from the ruins of a past prosperity.

Scavenging through those ruins we found the materials to build our studios. The ceiling beams in my studio space had been taken by another artist for his studio prior to my arrival. It was up to me to acquire beams from another empty building. This was an accepted practice in the area. A police officer who spied a friend and I carrying a twenty foot beam back to my studio, drove his patrol car alongside of us. As he stared at us and we returned his gaze with sheepish grins, he stated "You people are all crazy down here and you're going to bring these buildings down on your heads if you keep taking out beams." He then drove off! I had often considered his predictions to be a likely probability, but I never heard of it happening.

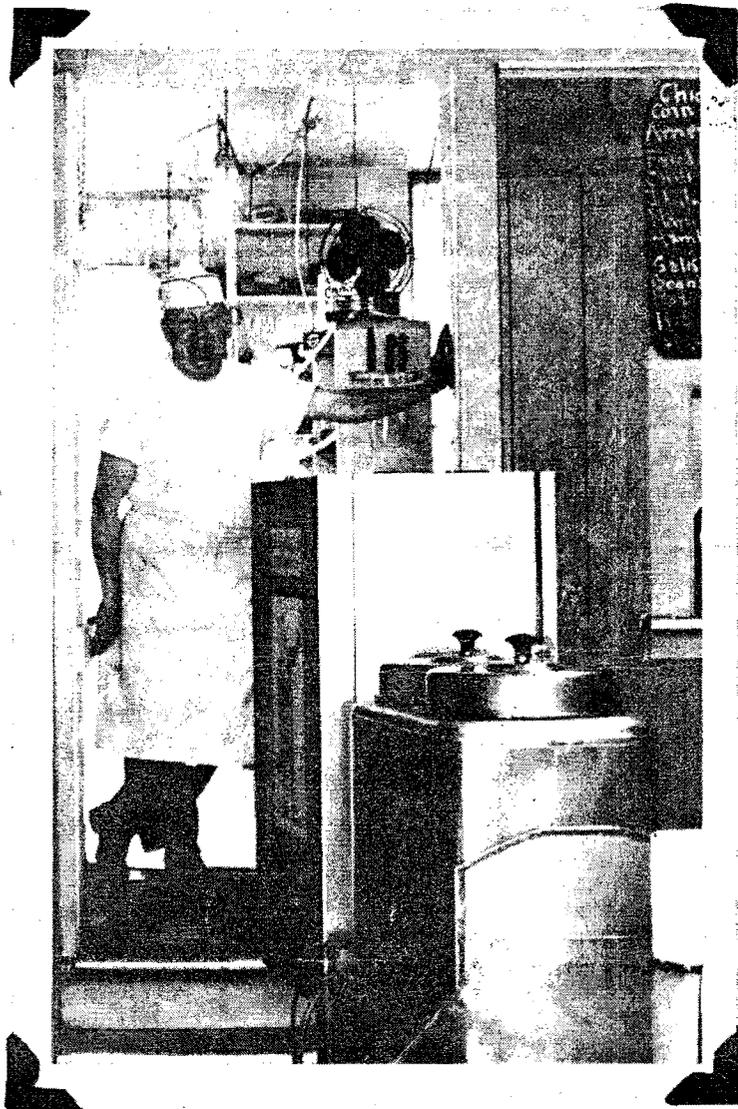
During those winter days and nights

when I was building my heatless studio, I frequented the Old Port Tavern for warmth and company. The OPT was the first quasi-civilized restaurant and bar in the area, and it was dominated in the early days by a clientele of visual and performing artists, artisans and anyone bent towards the creative. Heated studio space was rare in those days and the tavern offered sanctuary from the cold.

Few of the local artists could afford to spend the kind of money that would make the tavern a success, but they helped create its reputation as an "in" place, which attracted a more affluent clientele of curiosity and fun seekers. The artists also helped to establish the Old Port area's image in general. Society's fascination with the unusual was stimulated a great deal more by the Old Port area being known as an artist's colony, rather than by its reputation as a refuge for bordellos, dives and motorcycle clubs. Artists were "strange" but they were not generally considered to be dangerous to one's health.

The truth of the matter is that the artist and the more creative patrons of the OPT did put on quite a show. Any unescorted women entering the tavern could be assured of a visit by one or two of the local connoisseurs of creative living within minutes of the waitress bringing their drinks. Another favorite pastime was the creation of huge plastic straw sculptures which entailed melting the ends of the straws in the flame of the table candle. This resulted in the smell of burning plastic, the destruction of a thousand straws nightly and in

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Jimmy Sterling Parr's Restaurant 1974

MY ROUTINE IS THE SAME

EVERY morning these days. First stop is Parr's Dairy and Lunch for breakfast where the show put on by Jimmy Sterling (the cook) and Jimmy Montecalvo (the counter-man and owner) is of far more interest than the food. Breakfast is cheap and the coffee is always served with a spoon balanced on the edge of the cup. The interior looks as if it had been put together by people who had been working under the influence of alcohol. Construction code enforcement or building permits are not even considered a reality in the area as of yet. "Creative" plumbing or electrical work is widespread. The best part about Parr's is the vaudevilian banter and pranks of the two Jimmys, which often results in a chase scene going several times around the counter while customers laugh at their antics. Jimmy Sterling's falsetto voice climbs to new heights as he flushes red with excitement. It's a great place to wake up.

My next stop is Zietman's store for cigarettes. Cigarettes are one of the few items in Julius Zietman's store that are replenished often enough not to be impregnated with the smell of Mentholatum, which permeates the entire store and its humble inventory. It's

a great place to visit if you have a head cold, but Mentholatum flavored chocolate cookies or donuts can kill. Julius Zietman is old, yet seemingly timeless, as are his cronies that lurk about in the store's corners. It is not difficult to picture him two hundred years earlier in the same store trading mentholated goodies to the Indians. His eyes are sharp and focused in anticipation of your purchase. He shouts when he asks what you want, then anxiously retrieves it, returning quickly to his station behind the counter. If change is required, he reaches into his shirt or pant's pocket and with painstaking efforts picks out the appropriate silver and copper. The exchange is made and a timid smile crosses his face in recognition of his successful salesmanship. The smile quickly vanishes as his name becomes a mantra for his blind, invalid mother whose fingernails across-the-blackboard voice screeches through the pungent air from the second floor. "Julius! Julius!" He responds with a raspy, high pitched; "Shut-up mother!" The timid smile returns to his face in another silent victory. This has been part of his daily routine for years.

Another part of his routine is that three times a day Julius must walk out on to the grassed common in Boothby Square and

deal with Horace; his nemesis, his dog. Everyday, at approximately the same time, the name Horace can be heard as it is repeatedly yelled echoing off the buildings and through the alleys. Everyone smiles, for we know that Horace is giving Julius his daily run by refusing to come back into that dimly lit store with its ten cent used paperbacks and its mentholated assault on the olfactory senses. As I close the door to Zietman's mentholated emporium, the cool, fresh air makes me slightly dizzy. I'm amazed at how well I can breathe. I pass by Bob Milton's Barber Shop and notice that he is cutting Tim Cong's hair as they engage in one of their highly animated exchanges of stories.

My next stop is Sulkovitch's store which is directly across the street from my studio. Everyday I look out my windows and see the seventeen signs of every shape, age and color that herald the family name as well as the generic and brand names of products they have sold over the last eighty years of its existence. Unsold stock pushes against the second and third floor windows awaiting a customer's request for such a vintage item or perhaps a return to being in vogue. The reputation for Sulkovitch's store is that if they don't have it, then it was never made. If

Cush Sulkovitch can't tell you how something can be taken apart, put back together, or improvised upon, then it probably can't be done. The store is a cross between an Army-Navy store, hardware store, clothing store and antique shop. Most everything imaginable is there - somewhere!

After purchasing a few pounds of nails, I return to my studio to continue construction on it, to restore the old where possible and to build anew where necessary. I look at the tilted floor, the crooked and charred beams. There have been a dozen fires in the Mariner's Church since it was built, but it has survived to keep its place in the area's history. Like this building, Zietman's, Sulkovitch's, and Parr's have survived the many years, as well. They are part of the area's history, its culture and tradition, of both good times and bad - always surviving.

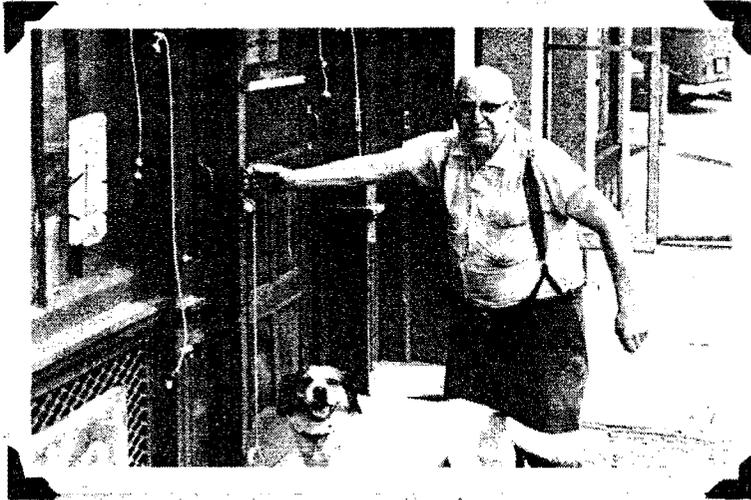
The area grows stronger every day in its economics, culture and social acceptability. These veterans of the Old Port are its roots. They are old and tired now and someday they'll be gone. We'll all remember them with nostalgic affection for their old fashioned and idiosyncratic ways, for their care and advice, for that sense of history and tradition of survival, and for the good times and the bad that they now pass on to us. ♪

management inheriting large plastic monstrosities at the end of the evening. There were also large quantities of napkins utilized for blueprints, spontaneous portraiture and phone number taking.

By far the most impressive regular event was the Friday late afternoon gathering of the tribe. Tables would be put together, drinks would take their effect and debates would rage on for hours about most any subject anyone wanted to discuss. Different

wanted, we were able to rent very cheaply, rebuild and live in. When the space was rebuilt it became desirable and we were forced to move on. Of the initial body of artists in the area only one, Micheal Willis on Exchange Street, has been able to retain his original studio.

When the Portland Historical Society began conducting walking tours of artist studios, many of us knew that the rents were bound to rise to such a point that



Juliana Zeitman / 1974 (and Horace)

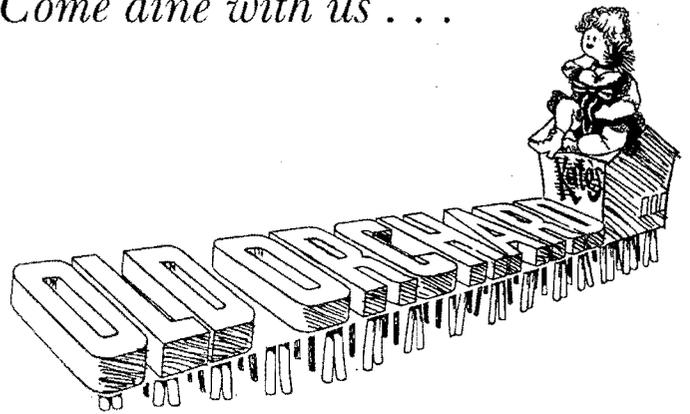
mediums and techniques were argued pro and con, shows were planned, schemes were hatched and individual works criticized. Most gatherings went well past dinner time. Often one person would be given the mission to leave the tavern, purchase bread, cheese and coldcuts for 20, and smuggle the provisions back into the restaurant. Sandwiches were made under the table and passed around. We'd attract all sorts of interest from other patrons. On one occasion we even snared Governor Ken Curtis for a discussion on state support of the arts. He never made it into the dining room area to join his wife and friends. He sat with us, eating one of our smuggled sandwiches and arguing with great political flare and relish.

The Old Port Tavern's growing business and respectability eventually made the space for such gatherings rather hard to come by. The problem of finding a new space was a constant for the artists and studio dwellers of the area. What nobody else

would be unable to remain. The walking tours did afford us the chance to present our work to the public. Local presentations of artwork were generally the efforts of several artists who would find an available space and jointly present their creations. The largest exhibition of this kind was the *Old Port's Artist's Wharf Show*, in February of 1975, which presented the work of nineteen local artists and attracted thousands of viewers.

Multi-media galleries were few and often short lived. The Frost Gully Gallery is the only one with Old Port origins that has survived from those times. It was Icky Webber's gallery above The Bag Restaurant on Free Street (appropriately named the Webber Gallery) that was the most impressive in its efforts to present artwork to the public. Although work was presented by artists from all over the country, the artists of the Old Port area benefited most by showing their work at the Webber.

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Money seemed to be no object for the gallery. National ads were run in such magazines as **Art Forum**, invitations were printed and mailed, and wonderful openings occurred with vast amounts of champagne, food and quality entertainment. The Webber Gallery, in its brief life span from 1973 through 1976, marked the peak of the Old Port artist's popularity and recognition as a group. Icky Webber personally contributed to the efforts of many artists by purchasing their works, some of these decorate the walls of The Bag today.

The Old Port area's recognition by the general public, as a socially accepted area, really took off in 1974 with the first *Old Port Festival*. The early festivals were far from the well organized and basically orderly ones of today. They were more Dionysiac in nature - a celebration of the grape, spring fertility rites, Mardi Gras, Carnival, etc. The residents of the Old Port perceived the festival as their neighborhood block party

to which the public was invited. Locally, the festivities began on the eve of the festival with a party by invitation that often entailed a qualification, such as a costume or contribution of a bottle of champagne and a rose. These were very spirited parties that were seldom contained by space or time. The next day, for those who were not working, was often spent sitting on a third or fourth floor studio windowsill watching the crowds and waiting for a second wind.

For everyday local gatherings, the Seaman's Club reigned supreme from the day it opened in the spring of 1974. The building itself had been many things including a bordello, antique shop, gallery, surf shop and leather shop. It had been sold, bought, resold and rebought for prices ranging from \$1500 to \$30,000 dollars, before its birth as the present day Seaman's Club Restaurant. The Club's downstairs bar was small, intimate, and easily filled with neighborhood personalities. This didn't allow much room

for the general public. The more socially proper dining clientele were directed to the upstairs dining room.

In the bar you could always find a few friends with whom you could share some time. It's clientele included artists, artisans, shop owners, fishermen, businessmen and professionals, as well as some unclassified outlaw types. Lacking live music, it did not draw well from the general public and our sense of community - of neighborhood - remained. Large group photos of local personalities hung on the walls. Painters and sculptors portrayed their experiences at the Seaman's through their respective mediums. Denni Boudreau created a miniature Seaman's Club bar and its clientele in a brass sculpture, that is still displayed at the bar today. Norman Thomas, Jon Legere, Bob Drimon, Phil Willard, Bob Lins, Tom Tiberi, and Joseph Cousins even made a film entitled *Blue Buggy*, which was shot on location at the

Seaman's.

As time passed the Seaman's Club emerged from its early days (when co-owner Lincoln Gilman would just as soon cover the windows over with brown paper at closing time to continue the party rather than close) into a solid neighborhood entity where friends could chase away the blues. One of those friends was Tim Tierney who worked at the bar from 1975 to 1978. He was not only a friend in the sense that neighborhood bartenders often are, but was a centering force who treated us as friends coming in for a visit, rather than as customers. In 1978 as studio rents quadrupled and the neighborhood further succumbed to commercial and public demands, Tim left the Seaman's and the last refuge for the original Old Port "family" was no more.

However, the spirit of the Seaman's Club did not die. Years later the message
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OLD PORT

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376 Fore St. (Corner of Fore and Moulton) Open 7 days a week 774-0238

Exterior House Paint ON SALE NOW

ALKYD Gloss House and Trim
Retail \$25.76/Gal
Save 10.31
NOW ONLY 15.45/Gal

One Coat when applied as directed
Custom or accent color slightly higher

Acrylic Latex Flat House Paint
Retail \$18.50/gal
Save 7.50
NOW ONLY 11.00/gal

Hurry sale ends June 30, 1984

Chilton Paint Co.
"We'll stamp your parking ticket"
Mon-Fri 8 AM-5:30 PM Sat. 9-5 PM
49 Exchange St "In the Old Port" Portland

JVC

Come in and let us demonstrate the versatility, quality and competitive price that makes JVC the leader in audio technology.

SOUND IDEAS Open Mon. - Sat. 10:30-5:30
58 Exchange Street, Portland 773-4434

OLD PORT BOOK FESTIVAL

To celebrate Summer and the Old Port Festival we have Random House and Penquin "Hurt" books at 1/2 price.

B ♦ O ♦ O ♦ K ♦ S ♦ E ♦ T ♦ C ♦

38 EXCHANGE ST. PORTLAND 774-0626

1 HOUR PHOTO SERVICE

\$1.00 OFF Film
Processing on 110, 126, 135 and DISC Film.

Frames Available We Sell Kodak Film

IN A FLASH

150 HIGH ST., PORTLAND
ACROSS FROM SONESTA HOTEL

Bring your Old Port Festival film to us for perfect, clear, colorful prints on genuine Kodak paper.

with this coupon offer good through July 1, 1984

Classified

Painting

COULD BE A MISTAKE TO paint without checking Colonial Painters first. Reasonable, references, free estimates. Michael Robin, 775-3761, 775-3737.

IRNS BROS. PAINTING - specializing in exterior painting & windows. Free estimates. CALL JAY or BOB, 797-2727.

Personal Services

NEW CREDIT CARD! NO ONE RE-USE! ALSO, INFORMATION ON RECEIVING VISA, MASTERCARD WITH NO CREDIT CHECK. FREE BROCHURE. CALL: 602-951-1266. Extension 628"

OTIC MALE DANCE A GRAM Dance For ANY Special Occasion Birthdays, Showers & Even Add A Sparkle To A Special Friend Who Is About To Hire! References & Personal Interviews. Call Scott 5-9 PM 799-7263.

NGLES - Meet new people. Write Companion One, Box 1659-L, Portland, ME 04104 for a free confidential application.

Free, personal introductions in your area. Write Platime, Box 3355, York, PA 17402, 717-848-1408.

Real Estate/Rentals

Executive office for lease. 1450 sq. ft. located in Cumberland, for Professional. Call 829-3148.

KE LAND 2 ACRES w/ spring, trees, view; night of ways. Stones throw away from Little Sebago. Tax appraised at \$500,883-9652.

Real Estate Rentals

BIG SEBAGO - western shore. Sleeps 6, incl. fireplace, tub/bath. \$275 wk. Call 799-3568.

Business Locations Available on Rt. 1 in Saco. Small building with parking, high year 'round traffic. Call 1-282-3002.

Roofing

B&B ROOFING: SPEC. IN FLAT ROOFS. New & repair; tar & gravel, also rubber. Best rates in town. Free est. 35 yrs. exp. CALL Pete 799-8238.

Services

MALE STRIP-O-GRAM Let a Male Stripper Deliver Your Message. Great for Birthdays or Any Event. Call Jim 775-1391.

AVERAGE \$40 per evening. Demonstrate fully guar. toys gifts for Friendly, Home Toy Parties. Easy & enjoyable. No cash invest. No deliveries, no collecting, no service chgs. Also booking parties. Call Gloria Santamore collect @ 284-8290 & leave message.

PARTY TIME BALLOONS.

Special silver mylars & regular balloon bouquets. Balloons are great for B-Day parties & special occasions. Gorgeous lg. bouquets are at SUPER \$\$\$ DELIVERY AVAIL. 773-4613.

MAKE YOUR DOG LOOK BEAUTIFUL GROOMING BY APPT. CALL BILL DYHRBERG: DAYS 797-0566 OR AFTER 4 PM, 854-2445.

Services

TENNIS PRO

is signing up persons of all ages at all levels for private or group lessons for spring & summer on public courts. Very reasonable & easy to learn. Call eves, 761-4696, ask for Lance.

DEEP SEA FISHING on lazy day. Mon-Sat, 9am -4pm. \$20 per person incl. tackle. Call 774-0122.

Stables

324-9414; 929-6790. Horses - yrly. Riding, boarding, stallion svc., lessons, shows BROOKSIDE EQUEST. CNTR.

Tree Care

MAINE TREE SERVICE. A total tree care service: Pruning - Removals - Stump Grinding - Spraying - Cabling - Landscaping. We are licensed & insured. CALL 761-4604 or 655-4998 for info.

Trucking

Trucking - hauling rubbish, small moving jobs, no job too big or small. Very good rates. Call anytime, Portland, 871-0000.

TV/VCR Repairs

DAVID MUNSTER'S TV SALES & Service - inhome repair. Authorized to service almost all brands. Call 892-5311.

Vehicles For Sale

LOBSTER BOAT. 29' Jonesport \$4500. 865-4056 or 846-4156.

J&B TOWING. We buy uninspected junk cars. Reasonable rates - Call us at 772-5289 Days, or 839-6463 Nites.

Gorham Used Auto Parts - Narragansett, Gorham. Call us today, 839-3080, 1-800-322-3018. Come and see us.

Vehicles For Sale

SAILBOAT 25' CAL SLOOP, loaded w many extras. Teak int., winter cover, cradle, etc. \$16,500 or B.O. For details call 846-4293.

'80 YAMAHA 250 good condition, low mileage. Call 883-2384 after five, weekends.

'79 PINTO PONY. 4 cyl., 4 spd.; 37,500 mi., 1 owner. \$1700. 774-9368.

'79 FORD FIESTA. 59K mi., new tires. Great cond. \$2500 or best offer. 773-3499, eves.

'75 BUICK CENTURY, PS, PB, only 80K Mi. Asking \$400, must go. Call 772-4277 or 883-9202.

'76 CHEVETTE, standard, 47K mi. Looks fair, Runs Great \$450. 892-6133.

'77 Monte Carlo. 1 owner: 100,000 mi. 2 DR., good body, clean, AM FM radio, factory air, cr. control. \$1500. 772-8769.

'83 FORD ESCORT WAGON, exc. cond. in & out. Rusty Jones & 2-Gard fabric protection, 5 yr. 60,000 mi. extended svc. plan (all transferrable). \$5000 firm 839-3978.

'82 TOYOTA SR5 PICKUP 4x4, alloy wheels, mud tires, low mileage. Must sell, days or eves 773-0177. \$7500 or B.O.

'75 MONZA 2x2 Hatchback 4 3 liter V-8 auto trans., AM FM cass., clean, runs well, very nice, must see & drive. \$1475. 799-7928.

Video/TV Repair

VIDEO SERVICES SPECIALIZING in Sony & Panasonic.

- television - stereo equip.
 - VHS & Beta Recorders
 - Atari game repair - \$20 + pts.
- All work guar. Home svc. avail. HERB HICKS

121 Ridgeland Ave., S. P. 767-2601
VCR Tune Up - \$19.95

Wanted to Buy

ANTIQUES

ANYTHING ANTIQUE OR OLD WANTED. CLOCKS, FURNITURE, BASKETS, LAMPS, PAINTINGS, RUGS, WICKER, TOYS, FIESTA-WARE. CHECK OUR PRICES BEFORE YOU SELL. T&T ANTIQUES, 797-4355 or 892-5068.

I WILL BUY ANYTHING MILITARY; ie. guns, ammo., reloaders, posters, flags, knives, etc. 865-3388.

HARTLEY'S ANTIQUES 892-5228 Wants attic to cellar discards w glass, rugs, paintings, trunk, cupboards, old kitchenwares. Stained glass windows & quilts.

RECORDS WANTED

We buy, sell and trade
We also sell new records

Call 767-4205 today

Cumberland Electronics

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Window Replacements

MAINLY WINDOWS

A division of L.E., PEACOCK home improvement. Certainite solid vinyl windows are the best replacement windows - custom made to fit any window opening. Compare for yourself! Free est.

774-5473

UP TO 20% OFF FOR JUNE ONLY

Window Washing

Bob's Window Washing Services.

Clean, dependable and thorough. Res. & offices.

FREE EST. 775-3761

Last Week's Crossword Answers

CROSS
CAPE 39 AIT
STY 42 TENANTS
MOBY HARBOR
ODOR 46 WARN
TOO 47 EPA
OBOE 48 ALTO
PEMAQUID 49 ORAD
POINT 50 SSR
SSE 51 HEAD
UNLESS
RIG
LIE LOW
BEGAT
DESPITE
ADAM
DAR
ENOS
SIMILES
CADET
SEASON
LAK
LOOTER

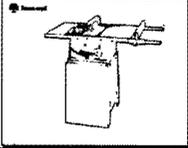
DOWN
COPS 34 CARA
ADES 36 LEHAR
POME 38 TSPS
ERA 39 ABLE
STUNG 40 IOTA
TOIL 41 TROD
YODELER 42 TWO
MOOSE PEAK 43 EAR
OBI 44 NRA
BON 45 RAH
YET
QUIT
PSIS
RAM ISLAND
LIND
OTOE
WEST
BASS
EDIE
GAMA
DAS
DENOTES
LOON

Consumer Tool

Brand Name Tools for less

I will beat anybody's price

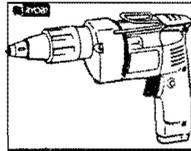
10" Table Saw



Model 10 Homecraft Saw

list price-\$407⁰⁰
SALE PRICE-\$284⁹⁰

Drywall Screwgun V-S Rev



list price-\$132⁰⁰
SALE PRICE-\$79⁹⁹

Mitre Saw



list price-\$226⁰⁰
SALE PRICE-\$169⁹⁹

3/8" Drill



list price-\$88⁰⁰
SALE PRICE-\$61⁶⁰

CORRECTION

Rockwell Rebate offer, advertised June 18, 1984, does not apply to the above items.

698 Forest Ave.
across from Kentucky Fried Chicken
at Woodford's Corner, Portland 773-0789
We Bring Wholesale Prices To You!

was sent out for a reunion, mostly by word of mouth. On December 15, 1983, the club was once again filled with those familiar faces and voices. As ~~Dennis~~ ~~Boudreau~~ walked down the bar (literally on it) pouring from two bottles of champagne, ~~the~~ Tim-Tierney joined his friends on the patron's side of the bar, I thought how our neighborhood had been so much more than a geographical area. It had been a spirit of common struggle, sharing good times and bad, of real caring and friendship, and that spirit has carried on in each

of us.

As the public walks down the well-manicured street of today's Old Port Exchange, and attends the scheduled events of the Old Port Festival, I hope they'll think how it was once just a glorious block party that emerged from the ruins of a "no man's land" filled with winos, rats and bad characters." The present was created by the many people who were able to see light in that notorious area of darkness simply known as the Old Port.

SALES PEOPLE

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