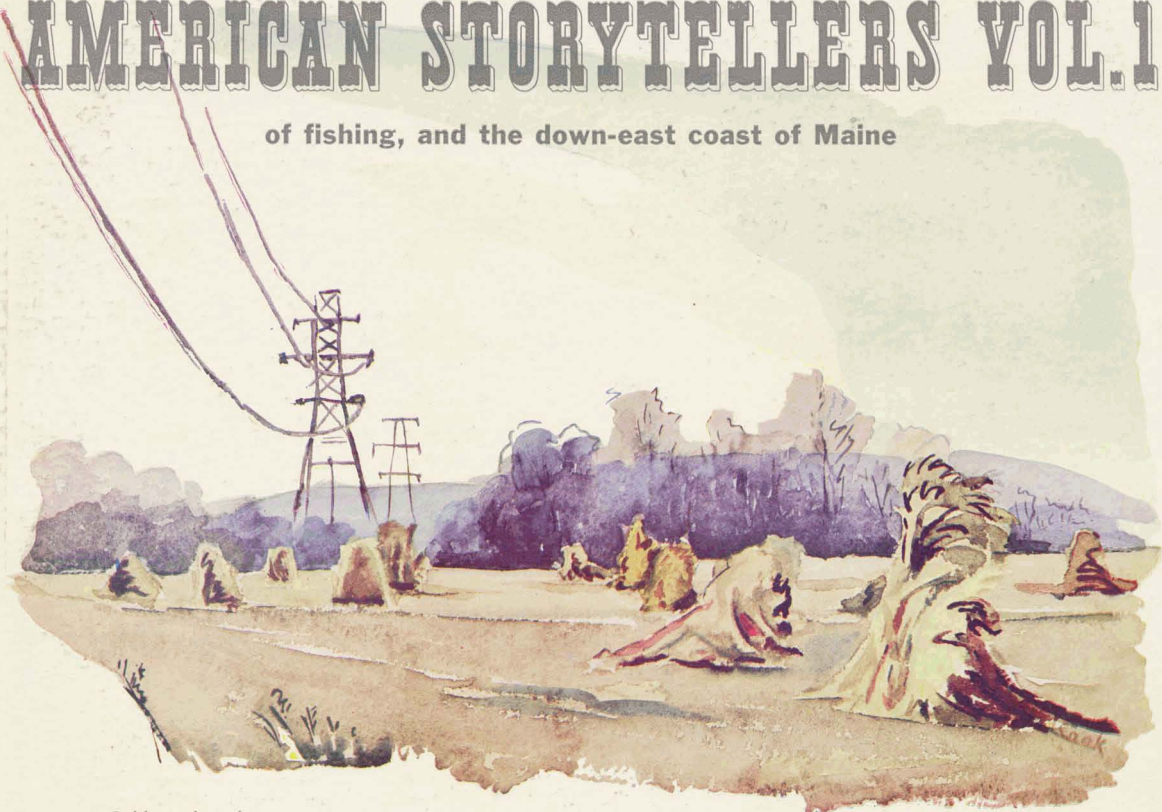




Road Recordings

AMERICAN STORYTELLERS VOL. 1

of fishing, and the down-east coast of Maine



- Cribbage board conversations
with old time sailing skippers
of the Master Mariners' Ass'n.,
Gloucester, Mass.
- Harry Wass from S. Addison; tales of 75 years ago;
the story of Long Barney.

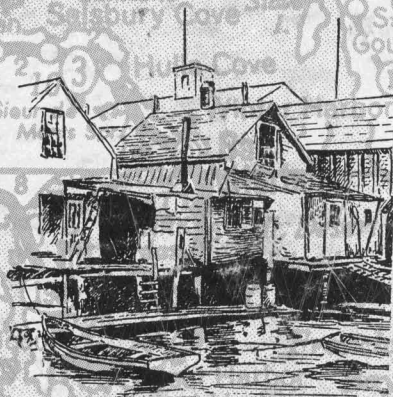
AMERICAN STORYTELLERS VOLUME 1

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HARRY WASS

The communities of the eastern coast of Maine are even today isolated to a great extent. Fifty miles down past Bar Harbor and Mt. Desert Island as the gull flies, the main roads steer their course well clear of the broken coast, and the tourist is not enticed.

It is from S. Addison, near Jonesport that we find Harry Wass, in his 90's, tending a vegetable garden with his wife. Lobsterman, fisherman, "salt-water farmer" of many years ago, his fund of stories and sparkling sense of humor are known for miles around.



The Wass story of Long Barney Beale was strangely echoed years later in our wanderings, when recording a pebbly beachsurf at Rockport, (Mass.) for Voice of the Sea. Here a man approached us and introduced himself as William Kirkwood. It developed that we had ensconced ourselves less than 100 yards from the house that was the terminal of the first practical transatlantic cable. He had worked for the company for part of his career, and finally bought the house. Quite coincidentally it also came out that there were Beales near at hand; some of them had come by earlier that afternoon and parked their station-wagon for a chat with him exactly where our car stood.

A fragment of this chance Kirkwood conversation is reproduced on the inner band of side "B", recorded on the spot—amid the background tumult of heavy seas.

In order of their appearance on this record are: Capts. Barrett, Driscoll, Rudolph, Sec'y Lowe, and Charles Williams (poem).



MASTER MARINERS' ASS'N

of Gloucester, Mass.

On the top floor of an old building on Main St., Gloucester is a suite of rooms containing two pool tables, a huge steel safe and innumerable cribbage boards. Laid end-to-end the holes pegged in cribbage would circle the globe.

From all corners of the earth have come the members of this salty fraternity, a brotherhood born of hardships and courage, baptized in brine. The rear windows overlook the harbor; of Main Street Capt. Barrett says, "If you're lookin' for somebody in Gloucester all you have to do is sit here....sooner or later they'll pass by."

The skippers on this record are eightyish, all except for Williams, a youngster in his 50's, we presume. As they speak, the old days come rolling back, contagiously; even the Gloucester fire-siren in the background has a fishy timbre.

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