Photo Scavenger Hunt Adventure Cruise Record

Participant(s) \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

| # | Clue Riddle | Location (and Object, if applicable) | Date/Time Visited |
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| 1. | A lady from Peru, makes sweet things just for you. But if you want to feast, you’ll have to travel way downeast. |  |  |
| 2. | A bridge you’ll find there still, but likely not a mill. Its shape is somewhat square-ish, and its colors are quite garish. |  |  |
| 3. | This one is a real brain twister, in a town named for melody’s sister. A factory that’s named like the pear; they make stuff for some things that you wear. |  |  |
| 4. | Near Schoodic’s National Park, seen by day and by the dark, stands a man both tall and yellow, he’s a truly fishy fellow. |  |  |
| 5. | In a town named a season, something challenges reason. A large cleat made of stone, there’s no boat, it’s alone. |  |  |
| 6. | Go through Acadia’s Park; find a light for fog and dark. It’s a house that was a home, and it’s made of brick and stone. |  |  |
| 7. | Nearby Acadia’s Park in a village sits this arc. It crosses over a creek; you should stop and take a peek. |  |  |
| 8. | This airline has no plane, but it’s named that all the same. On a street by name of Mill, get a brew that’s not to swill. |  |  |
| 9. | Food is fermented or pickled, your taste buds it will tickle. No longer simply a store, they serve lunches you’ll adore. |  |  |
| 10. | Along on Route 1 is a place just for of fun. It’s a nutty old spot, dinosaur in the lot. |  |  |
| 11. | It’s a place where people stay, where they cannot get away. To buy things made inside, you must take a little ride. |  |  |
| 12. | “Where’s Waldo?” you say. You’ll find him today. Just stop for good food, no matter your mood. |  |  |
| 13. | At a farm stand down in Warren where not much sold is foreign; there are veggies, fruits, and pies that are delights for the eyes. (And tummies!) |  |  |
| 14. | If berries gone wild fit in with your style, Route 1’s dome is blue and just waiting for you. |  |  |
| 15. | Abe’s the town’s namesake; it sits by a large lake. A bird with large red eyes is enormous in size. |  |  |
| 16. | At one of Trenton’s T’s stands a house once known for cheese. But if you cycle back, you will find yourself on track. |  |  |
| 17. | On the stagecoach road to Bangor, sits a quite unusual store. A strange building once featured cars, now old things there shine as stars. |  |  |
| 18. | Not far from old Helen’s, is a place where they’re sellin. ‘Twixt river and bay is the place that you pay. |  |  |
| 19. | At a lake with no dragon, George sat with a flagon, sipping fine wines among birches and pines. |  |  |
| 20. | The name suggests more than found in the store. Close by Jasper Beach, within easy reach. |  |  |
| 21. | An adventure here in Maine, so goes the song’s refrain. A town that’s found in Europe, but stay local that’s your sure hope. |  |  |
| 22. | Drive toward the big bridge; stop upon the hill ridge. No bugs you’ll find here, sista—for you a stunning vista. |  |  |
| 23. | This pencil’s large in size; it helps to advertise. From Bangor you go west, for a thing in which you rest. |  |  |
| 24. | Here paddling’s no fuss, the shop’s eponymous. In a town that’s quite old, things for water are sold. |  |  |
| 25. | Near Belfast, I’m told, water’s hard and quite cold. They have brooms that sweep clean and are used by each team. |  |  |
| 26. | Is it 179 or 175? It all depends on which way you drive. Stop and stretch for a while, then drive on in style. |  |  |
| 27. | From quite far away you see the roadway. From this spot on the ridge, you can see it’s a bridge. |  |  |
| 28. | Not “bumps” with a “u” provides you with a clue. This place on a lake where letters you take. |  |  |
| 29. | On the stage route to Calais, sits this place, it’s no palace. But it could bring big smiles, the only gas within miles. |  |  |
| 30. | On an island known for deer is a place that’s sort’a queer. There’s many a sweet item; you’ll really want to bite’em. |  |  |
| 31. | Some may call you “fool” if you only buy old tools. But it’s freedom, you will see, to shop with fearsome glee. |  |  |
| 32. | Near the water you can bet, they will sell you a Corvette. Near where nurses can be found is a fine children’s playground. |  |  |
| 33. | No foxes fly over and no cliffs in Dover. Just delicious cold sweets to sample as treats. |  |  |
| 34. | Here fossil fuel is burning, to make steam for higher learning. Harold’s rink is very near and for parking you’ll steer here. |  |  |
| 35. | These siblings are a shade of blue, and dancing on the roof for you. Their harbor’s neither north nor east; this sculpture’s great to say the least. |  |  |
| 36. | If you prospect by car, seeking bells near and far, drive near Gouldsboro’s shore to find bells and lots more. |  |  |
| 37. | Big falls are not good; avoid them you should. Past Machias’ school, it’s no vernal pool. |  |  |
| 38. | You won’t be jammed by this preserve, it’s just a wilderness reserve. First name’s Asian from afar, and in its name, a candy bar. |  |  |
| 39. | When visiting veterans at their rest, know that you’re among the best. It’s quiet near the balsam trees, show deep respect if you would, please. |  |  |
| 40. | On the road past old Rt 1, sits a place for summer fun. It’s an odd place you will feel, a stage is there plus Ferris wheel. |  |  |
| 41. | Migrant workers camp nearby. It’s a place where you can fly. Twixt airline and the seaside shore, on this road there is not much more. |  |  |
| 42. | You’d think this store would sell you glue, but more than that is what they do. Just past Millbridge? You’re not lost. It’s on Rt 1 where roads are crossed. |  |  |
| 43. | Erected in 2001, this statue’s first to greet the sun. Made for TV, it is true, with fish in hand he greets you too. |  |  |
| 44. | One-hundred-dollar Ben was not a veteran. But he might still stop here, if just to have a beer. |  |  |
| 45. | Take liberties with your mail, use electrons not the snail. A museum’s on this spot, eight sides is what it’s got. |  |  |
| 46. | If you spy like an eagle near a boro most regal, on Rt 3 is a seat for a giant’s retreat. |  |  |
| 47. | It’s not in Roebuck’s port, it’s an odd place of a sort. There’s a building of made stone where books can find a home. |  |  |
| 48. | Ten and one third miles away, from Franklin center stop today. A pretty spot upon a lake, a perfect place to take a break. |  |  |
| 49. | Ice cream here is such a treat, but not for crazy dogs to eat. Head down toward the Reach’s bridge; take some home for your cold fridge. |  |  |
| 50. | In Ellsworth’s green there is a clock, and a sporting place right down the block. No luxury car will you find there, just athletic things for you to wear. |  |  |
| 51. | When couples say, “It’s marry time,” and think “museum” would be fine, then each must try to be a sport when checking out this seaside port. |  |  |
| 52. | This harbor’s got some bars and often many cars. Here you’ll find some native treasures that to view will bring you pleasures. |  |  |
| 53. | There’s a lady with an ax, who will demonstrate some whacks. Lizzie Borden’s not her name. She’s in local downeast Maine. |  |  |
| 54. | If they’d listen I’d have told’em, “Gotta know just when to hold’em. Route One-A’s Norseman is nearby. Ice cream for you if you don’t cry. |  |  |
| 55. | One color of the rainbow, for fall fun let the kids go. Close by is George’s playground, play fair and simply look round. |  |  |
| 56. | There must be a waterfall very close by. But a medical building is all I can spy. A city’s utility’s is only next door. Still an enjoyable stroll is what is in store. |  |  |
| 57. | No gelatin has this place. Of gold there is no trace. A tourist stop is what it be, with lots of hist’ry by the sea. |  |  |
| 58. | A welk gave it its name, ones pickled not plain. Harbor’s named for a tree, stop for lunch and you’ll see. |  |  |
| 59. | Neither moose calls nor house calls but calls all the same. But not anymore and that is quite plain. From Ellsworth to Bangor it’s just off the road, and to find it you won’t need an area code. |  |  |
| 60. | In Brewer there is a strange plane. It’s Russian by shape and by name. It’s nowhere near an airport. There’s target practice for sport. |  |  |
| 61. | On a way to Jasper Beach, right within your easy reach. Not one dollar has this school. You can find it, you’re no fool. |  |  |
| 62. | There’s a museum in L-A. Not the one that’s far away! It holds cultural treasures to give Mainers many pleasures. |  |  |
| 63. | On the green you watch them hatch, tiny fish for you to catch. From the road you’ll wonder “Where?” There’s a sign to say it’s there. |  |  |
| 64. | This pileated looks so big, but nonetheless it’s on this twig. Go towards old Indian Harbor, locals use this as a marker. |  |  |
| 65. | A dam’s near a store that has footwear galore. The shoes are all new to provide balance for you. |  |  |
| 66. | In a town named like Ed’s show, where some very big trees go. They are de-limbed and shaved. Into houses they’re made. |  |  |
| 67. | No merry old soul was this old king. Outside his house a flying thing. You can see it from the highway; inside more things are tucked away. |  |  |
| 68. | Monopoly’s Milton shares this name, a town where jacks would rule the game. Not cards you see; an axe they wield. Old time men with backs of steel. |  |  |

Bonus Targets — Each one counts for two

These are “bonus” targets because either the riddles are more obtuse, the target may be hard to spot from the road, or they are a bit far away. But as with the primary targets, all the information in the riddle is accurate; there is nothing misleading.

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| 69. | There’s a lady with a tail that sometimes seems quite mail, she’s dressed up all galore, head to Sherman’s bookstore. |  |  | |
| 70. | The town’s fame is its berry but it’s named for the cherry. Small trains it now lacks, but you’ll see tiny tracks. |  |  | |
| 71. | We are TWO Jacks each holding an axe. We are each near a city, but one’s site is more pretty. (One point for one, four points for both.) |  |  | |
| 72. | A place where cars just go fast, and the races just don’t long last. A river’s near this port town; in winter races shut down. |  |  | |
| 73. | Near St. George’s River, is a green where few will dither. Where six roads try to meet, one’s just a Common street. |  |  | |
| 74. | 13 miles out of Bethel, is a sign with names you know well. These places are quite far, still you get there in your car. |  |  | |
| 75 | Past a town by name of Beals, a place to tourists might appeal. There’s a sign that honors fish, you can visit if you wish. |  |  | |