

# Maine Eyes Red Ships

## Village Fishermen Have New Topic for Winter Days

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CUNDY'S HARBOR, Maine--They're building a 38-foot dragger in a barn up behind Oscar Stuart's this winter.

That's the biggest boat ordered here in some time. Normally this would be hailed at the Ho-

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brook Store as an unmixed economic blessing for what was 50 years ago the busiest fishing port of its size in the state.

Of course, one wry, rabble-rouser among these staunch Republicans (Sen. Margaret Chase Smith makes her home here) has already attributed the project to President Kennedy's having gotten the fishing industry "moving again."

But, though the dragger has provided indoor work for some lobstermen who didn't rig up for shrimping, the presence offshore of Russian fishing vessels has made it hard to get excited about the boat now taking its deep-bellied shape on the ways.

It's a sadly accepted fact here that the dragger will not be able to compete with its counterparts in the 160-ship Soviet fleet which has been fishing from Nova Scotia's Grand Banks to the Carolina Capes since 1960.

The cost of constructing its hull means there cannot be enough money left for the owner to match the power plant, winches, boom controls or crew quarters of a Russian dragger.

When the Cundy's Harbor boat lands a catch,

whether netted within or outside the three-mile limit, the captain, unlike his co-existing colleagues, will be penalized for any undersized fish in accordance with U.S. Fish and Game laws.

According to captains of trawlers from nearby Sebasco, who keep binoculars on the Reds, the Russians are taking everything from minnows on up.

And once the fish are landed, there are no refrigeration and storage facilities here to compare with those provided by the Soviet "mother" or factory ships which rotate crews and return catches while the trawlers and draggers remain on station off our Atlantic coast.

Foul November weather up here drove at least two Russian craft to anchor near the Phippsburg and Georgetown peninsulas well inside territorial waters.

### Gamble

When the winds become too icy to make pulling lobster traps either pleasurable or profitable, many still rig up to go after shrimp, come early spring.

"But nobody wants to invest in any storage or processing equipment for shrimp," says Mrs. Christine Miller, the postmistress here. "They might come in good this year and be gone the next."

Here they are thinking of that modern Russian fishing fleet with its cavernous factory ships ready to take anything with fins. Cundy's Harbor men who have long considered it their privilege to complain about the hardships of fishing for a living are asking with new urgency whether it now has become unnecessarily risky.