

TIDE

When our men come home from the sea, you can hear their women laugh again.

As the sun becomes a raspberry smear in the sky, they sail home to their weathered shingle cottages to sit by a fire, have a little grog and maybe a steaming bowl of clam chowder. It's funny, considering the search for clams was what took them away in the first place.

These men fish our company fleet miles out in the ocean where the best clam beds lie fathoms below. We'd never let them start out in a nor'easter, but there are tranquil mornings that suddenly explode into violent storms. Sometimes the men come back without a ship.

Why do they do it? Because it's the best way to get chowder clams. And we won't settle for less than the best. This streak of Yankee cussedness was inherited from our founder, Captain Fred Snow. A long time ago, he started making chowder with clams brought up dripping and alive and tasting of the deep, the best Kennebec Maine potatoes and lots of creamy milk and butter. He sold the chowder from a storm-chewed shack down in the dunes of Pine Point, Maine.

The past clings like barnacles. The Captain's chowder was simple and honest and so good he couldn't make enough. One day he stumbled across a deserted canning plant and decided to can the now-famous chowder. (Of course, he knew that canned milk and butter could never taste as fresh as the real thing, so he canned a chowder concentrate; and you add the milk and butter.) The business got bigger and bigger, but even today, not much has changed. The family's still in the business. And the business is still in Pine Point.

As Maine goes, so goes the nation. Here in New England, people buy more Snow's Clam Chowder than any other kind. And like their ancestral clipper captains, they eat it as a main course. Probably because we put so many clams in it. Which makes it very hearty.

So one of these days when the trees begin to wither and a chill hangs heavy in the sky, pick up a can of our clam chowder. It's a delicious way to welcome your man home from work.



Snow's Clam Chowder.
There's a streak
of Yankee cussedness
in every can.



BORDEN