

The Brooksville Breeze



The newsletter of Brooksville Friends & Neighbors

Winter 2007

Tis the Season—Last Minute Shopping in Brooksville

When the Bay Froze Over
By Becky Poole

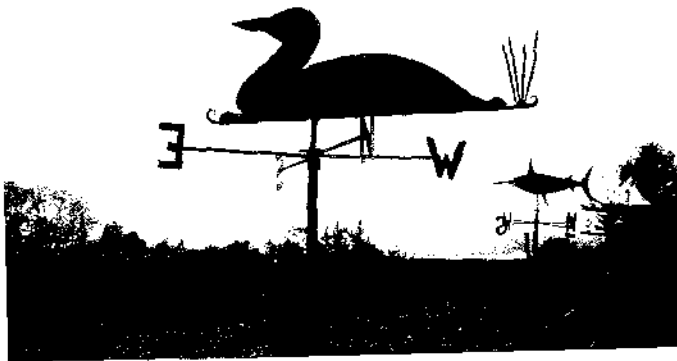
By Joan MacCracken, Judy Tredwell and Becky Poole

As the holidays approach, you might want to consider buying local. Visit your neighbors and find new and different ideas for your family and friends. Here are some suggestions from your Breeze staff.

Take a drive to West Brooksville and head down the Ferry Road. Bear left at the Y and you are right at the driveway of **Joe Meltreder**, our talented Hungarian blacksmith, who owns the **Bagaduce Forge**. He left his native country during the Hungarian Revolution and landed in New York City at age 17 and for forty years shoed horses. But his dream was to have his own blacksmith shop, which he has had in Brooksville for the last 16 years.

Joe loves to make "anything people want or need." He enjoys designing but is very willing to take the customer's design and create it on his forge. His latest project was a wrought iron coffee table frame with swirls and leaves ready for its glass top. He lets his humor and creativity come out with figurines fashioned from iron railroad spikes—fishermen, skiers, canoeists and playful moose and reindeer candleholders.

His huge wind chimes gonged in the stiff breeze outside his shed, as I carefully looked at the fascinating potpourri of wrought iron wares: chandeliers, fire screens and fireplace tools, candleholders, loon window decorations, plant holders,



old fashioned coat and towel racks, and a tree earring holder. Joe will make you hinges, hooks, and brackets to hold just about anything. And outside, his beautifully crafted weathervanes with loons or ships decorate the fence railing, and his colorful yard ornaments of roosters and chickens bring a smile to the beholder.

Joe's winter schedule is from 1-5pm Mon-Sat. Go say hello and you'll probably find a unique treasure for that someone special. 140 Ferry Road (326-9676) JM

The old store at Brooksville Corner, built in 1920, has taken on new life with **Patricia Arvidson**, the owner of **Island Soaps**. She has worked in the soap business for 24 years and has lived in Brooksville for 14 years.

Her special soaps, made

in the small kitchen behind the storefront, contain all natural ingredients, coconut oil, vegetable oils, and soy. The moment you walk through the door, you can smell the wonderful scents of lavender and pine.

For many years my favorite choices for "that special gift" have been these soaps, especially the clam flat clay, (which was an idea that came to Patricia in the middle of the night) and the winter mint soap. The exquisite packaging with Arvidson's playfully drawn landscapes adds a great local touch to these beautiful soaps.

Make a point to visit this splendid store near Brooksville Corner and it will be a Christmas shopping delight with an abundance of jewelry, cards, original artwork, and prints of Patricia's splendid, colorful landscapes. A display

If the Brooksville Historical Society had a motto, it would be: "You don't know who you are unless you knew who you were." Understanding our ancestors and their lives helps us to understand our lives and ourselves. As we direct our contemporary concern toward the current and expected effects of global warming, it may be more important than ever to know how our ancestors handled unusual meteorological events of their day. Rather than warming, they dealt with cooling. Nothing is more compelling than the stories of the years Penobscot Bay froze over.

During the last three hundred years there are several instances recorded of winters that plunged the region into bitter temperatures long enough to freeze the bay. The winter of 1780 was recorded as a very severe winter with people passing across the bay over the ice. During the winter of 1786-87 the ice was so thick that huge boulders along the shore were lifted and moved by the tides.

Perhaps the best recorded was the winter of 1816, the year known throughout Europe and America as the "year without a summer". The worldwide cooling was caused by the eruption of the Indonesian volcano Tambora in April 1815 and the lofting into the stratosphere of a hundred million tons of sulfate aerosols. "July 5th - Ice the thickness of a windowpane - August still is as cheerless,

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In honor and memory of Dana Holbrook (1947-2007) who taught at the Brooksville Elementary School for over 25 years and touched the hearts of many Brooksville residents

Printed with permission of his wife, Carol.

An Early Spring Jaunt

by Dana Holbrook May 2002

As I have always maintained, there is something magical, exciting and mind soothing when I step aboard a boat, whether it be my ole fiberglass dinghy, dented up aluminum boat or Sea Duck III, the lobster boat. Yesterday was no exception as I decided to take a late afternoon jaunt in the aluminum runabout down The Reach to The Bridge.

It was one of the first, real spring days we've had this year and, mind you, it was May 1st (Oh, May Day! I recall all the fun of hanging May baskets in my youth and then with my kids. Guess that is a dead tradition...too bad.) Anyhow, as I fired up "the horses" (15 horsepower outboard, that is), I noticed the bay was, as I say in my descriptive language, "flat ass calm!" I often wonder where these "sayings" originate. In other words, the bay was like a mirror, reflecting the silhouette of those towering pines and spruces that fringe both sides of "The Reach". And oh, the breathtaking hues of orange and pink in the western sky, created by the soon to be setting sun. The color puts me to mind of the flesh of some of those Brown trout I catch each spring soon after the ice out over at Walker Pond. (Need to write about Walker Pond sometime. It has its own personality that deserves respect.)

There was just a wisp of a lone cloud wrinkling the remaining blue canopy of the sky. And, oh, the Camden Hills boasted the deep purple color of those Japanese lilacs. Beautiful! Say, ever notice how those Camden Hills resemble a pregnant woman? Give them a look some clear

day when you are out on the bay. You'll see her lying there, just about 8 months pregnant I'd venture to say!!!!

Look, there is a squadron of my favorite duck, the elder. They are cutting quite a wake into "The Reach" as they see me approaching. They are all paired up with their "new brides", ready-



ing for the annual spring ritual. Got to love it and love them. Oh, that chartreuse green on the drake's head. That color could never be duplicated on an artist's palette. Isn't Mother Nature great and flawless?

Don't I love the incense of the ocean in the spring! 'Tis the aroma of newness, cleanliness, and the promise of tomorrow. I just can't get enough of that smell. The only thing second best to it is the essence of smoke from a wood fire on a frosty, fall morning or evening. 'Course, I am pretty partial to the smell of a wet Labrador Retriever huddled up beside me on a half tide ledge, while gunning sea ducks on a cool, crisp December morning. I gear down "the horses" to

let 'em rest as I stop in Dead Man's Cove, half way down "The Reach". I am a firm believer that serious thinking is perpetuated while sitting in a boat. So here I sit thinking about the past chapters of my life and pondering what the next one has in store.

I was just reminiscing about all the years (decades) I have worked "The Reach" with my traps and various lobster boats I have owned, the present be-

Well, time to fire up "the horses" again and head to "The Bridge". It looks like a huge, steel dinosaur creeping across "The Reach". As the vehicles come and go over "The Bridge", the sounds made by "The Bridge" are almost like "The Bridge" is gossiping to whoever will listen. That green color puts me to the mind of "the Green Monster" in Fenway Park. And you know this bridge is a monster in itself as I gaze up from the water as I putt underneath it.

Well, time to head home, so I'll put "the horses" into a full gallop! I love looking back at my following wake that appears to be chasing me. It looks like a newly, fresh plowed field with all the rows of earth rolled over. Oh, what a pretty evening. I know I must have salt water running in my veins; got to just love it!

I circle the Eggmoggin blinking light buoy. It has just started to "wink" at me. I think back to all the mornings it greeted me as I sped by it on my way to Fiddlehead to gun the early morning flights of eiders in the fall. Oh, the memories.... My wake was large enough to make the bell on the buoy utter its "gong-gong", "gong-gong". Love it!!!

I started a daily ritual 7 years ago. It is to stop and admire at least one or two "Wonders of Mother Nature" a sunrise, a sunset, a new leaf on a tree, "ice chandelier" hanging off a tree in winter, peepers peeping, a drumming partridge, or my favorite thing—watching the tide come or go! Everyone should try this—makes for a better world and less stress on oneself.

Well, the sun is about ready to "drop anchor" be-

ing the perky Sea Duck III. I recall all the beautiful memories I have of the bay, and they are now all pressed between the pages of my mind for safekeeping. Got to unconditionally thank The Lord at this juncture for granting me all of them. Sometimes we take things for granted and that should never be. Mr. Crow is now scolding me from the top of one of those majestic pines above the cove. Guess I invaded his privacy. And the silence of the moment is broken slightly by the tide shoving the shoreline a little farther up the high tide mark.

I spot a loon way up in the cove. Love to hear them "call up the wind", especially at night or just before dawn breaks. Beautiful bird.

hind that pregnant woman I made mention to earlier over there in the Camden Hills, so better head back to where this adventure commenced. Ah, I just caught the trace of a soft summer breeze, a hint of what is to come! That puts me to mind of the wind's song I hear often; love it! (Speaking of Wind Song, knew a gal who wore a perfume called that....hmmmm. that's another story in itself!!!!!!) I always glance up at Archibald Cox's spacious fields whenever I return home via the western entrance to the harbor, and tonight is no exception. And what a way to draw to a close a beautiful afternoon: Seven deer are graciously feeding across the lower field down by the shore. I congratulate them on surviving the past winter and all its perils. Those big ears twitched and tails snapped, and they looked up at me with those big brown eyes as if to say, "who are you, what do you want, leave us be!!" I know they are enjoying those new, tender, fresh green spires of grass, just as much as I enjoy the sweetness and tenderness of the first shedder lobster of the season!!!

The first star has now pierced a hole in the sky's canopy as I glide up to the float in the cove. A tear comes to my eye and I say, as I have said so many times in the past, "how do I deserve to be witness to such beauty?" With mixed emotions, another day draws to a close.

Winter Haikus

Hot cocoa yum-yum!
Sledding quickly through the snow
Winter rules ho-ho!
Callie Lirakis, Grade 5

Wintery wonder
Snowflakes falling all and all
Joy to you and all
Savannah Leaf, Grade 6

Winter is boring
There is too much snow
Winter is boring
Donald Smith, grade 6

Winter yay, yay, yay
My birthday Christmas day yay
Snowball fights hooray!
Willem Hilliard, grade 5

Tis the Season... (Cont. from page 1)...

of her wonderful bars of soap decorates an entire wall. One popular gift is the boxed set with two bars of soap and a balsam sachet, which seems to be packaged with love. **Island Soaps** will be open daily in the mornings, and some afternoons now until Christmas (except Sat. Dec 8th when she attends the Brooklin Inn Craft Fair). So, stop by at 30 Bagaduce Road. Patricia also encourages you to call 326-9479 and she will be happy to mail order or open by appointment. And before you leave her store, check out the collection of antique soaps behind the counter. It will remind you of what Christmas shopping must have been like in Brooksville 100 years ago. BP

With a huge grin on his face, **Scott Goldberg** sits at his Leach Treadle Wheel, made for him by a friend. His seemingly effortless legwork allows him to work his clay by the hour. He mixes his own clay -like following a cake recipe; he creates his own earthen tone glazes and heats and finishes his pots, plates, cups, pitchers and more. The workshop is lined with unfinished plates and cups. Asked about designing his works, he sometimes sketches his ideas, sometimes just "thinks them up." He never does any mass production--so each piece is unique, although if you are looking for a set, the pieces will be very similar, yet different.

Ceramics 101 was the only formal training Scott ever had and that during his senior year in college. After school he traveled to England and spent 6 years in a community in Scotland, which had a Pottery. It was there he got most of his training. The major influence on his pottery is from Bernard Leach's English/ Asian pots, which Scott found in books and in the Scottish community.

Scott first came to Maine in 1978 to visit a friend on Mt. Desert. While there, he used the kiln at College of the Atlantic. Living in Brooklin, he was lured into the maze of Brooksville roads to attend a party. "Brooksville is the most beautiful town. It is a magical place, although it was my first time here, and I wasn't even sure what town I was in." Now a resident, with a home, shop and gallery overlooking the Bagaduce River, Scott joins the local Potter's Tour in October. He is planning an Open House Dec. 15/16 for Rugs and Pots by local artists. His showroom is open from June 15th to October 15th, afterwards by appointment. Coastal Road

(326-9062). JBT

Want to learn a new craft? Ponder a little of life's meaning? Go find Susan Barrett Merrill in West Brooksville where she has lived since 1994. Before that, Susan spent over twenty years in Washington County. She was a teacher and social worker working with special needs adults and kids through the med of art. Currently, with an office in Blue Hill, she is a certified life coach after training in career development.

But her new small business, called **Weaving A Life**, began right here in Brooksville. Since 1971 she has been weaving and experimenting with creative products such as fiber masks, wov bowls, and amulets. Internationally recognized for her use of fiber arts with people with disabilities, Susan authored in 2007, a colorful and inspiring book entitled, *Zati The Art of Weaving a Life*. Now around the country, weaving circles are starting to use her book, which uses weaving as a metaphor for life's journey. In her studio behind her home she offers weaving and spinning lessor and workshops by appointment, and if you can catch her at home, she'll sell you a carefully, handmade Journey Loom, "simple, elegant and portable, you can take it wherever your adventure leads." Her enthusiasm is contagious and her energy seems boundless.

Susan's new non-profit foundation called the Earthloom Foundation is sponsoring the creation of large looms for playgrounds, nursing homes and schools. Recently, at the Common Ground Fair, a blind individual had the

Continued on page

Help still needed!!

Thanks to those of you who have contributed! We could still use additional help to offset the cost of publishing this newsletter. Your help would be greatly appreciated!!!

Send whatever you can to:
Brooksville Friends & Neighbors
P.O. Box 101
Brooksville, ME 04617-0101

Make checks payable to:
Brooksville Friends & Neighbors
Thanks!

Activities

For more information, call the number listed in each entry.

Brooksville Elementary School

December 7 - Holiday Fair & Auction
December 11 - Winter Concert
Discovery Week in March- looking for volunteers!
BES Basketball - December - February
Please check the Web or the School Newsletter for times and dates.
www.brooksvilleschool.org

Brooksville Free Public Library

Open Monday & Wednesday, 9am-5pm.
Thursday, 6-8pm, Saturday 9am-Noon
Pre- school Story Hour every Monday, 10:30am
Peter Behrens, author of "The Law of Dreams", speaks at the Town House, December 7, 7pm.
CPR classes---see upper-right.
326-4560
For Friends of the Library, call 326-8520.

Brooksville Historical Society

Monthly meeting the 2nd Wednesday of the month, 6:30pm at the Town House - All Welcome!
326-0899.

Keepers Baptist Church Preservation Group

326-8864.

Brooksville Friends and Neighbors

Monthly meeting - 1st Wednesday of the month at 6:30 pm at the Town House (Note: the January meeting will be held on **January 9th!**)
Community Breakfast - last week of January - watch for posters for time and date. Come see your neighbors and enjoy breakfast at the West Brooksville Congregational Church. For more information on the breakfast, call 326-8283.
326-0916.

Holbrook Island Sanctuary

Trails for winter snowshoeing and skiing.
326-4012.

Get Strong, Get Healthy

Monday, Wednesday and Friday 7:30am at the Brooksville Community Center.
326-9466

Cape Rosier Ping Pong

Sundays at 2-4 pm. 326-4279

Meals-4-Me

Thursdays - Lunch for all ages. Please be sure to call Dorothy Bakeman for reservations and more information at 326-4912. Reservations need to be made before 8:00am on Wednesday morning.

Knitting & Handcrafting

Reversing Falls Sanctuary - Every 2nd Sunday at 2pm, starting in January.

Good Life Center

For a calendar of winter events call 326-8211.

Neighborcare

Neighbors helping neighbors. Volunteers provide free health related services: respite, transportation, errands, etc. Call Jeanie Gaudette at 326-4735 for assistance or to volunteer.

Yoga

Fridays at the Town House - 8:30am-10:00am. \$13 for one session or \$44 for 4 sessions. 326-3236.

Meditation

Contemplative Prayer - Reversing Falls - Tuesday, 4:30pm.
For more information call 326-8564.
Buddhist Meditation - Reversing Falls Church-Thursdays-5:30-6:30 pm
326-4047.

Brooksville United Methodist Church & Reversing Falls Sanctuary

Reversing Falls Sanctuary:
Cookie Walk, December 15, 9am-2pm
Celebration of the Poet Rumi, December 17, 7pm
Christmas Caroling, December 19 - 6pm
Advent Spiral, December 23, 4pm
Buck's Harbor Sanctuary
Candlelight Service, December 24, 7pm
Sunday Service, 9am with Rev. Gary Vencill, 326-7850.

West Brooksville United Congregational Church

Community Breakfast - last week of January - watch for posters for time and date. Christmas Eve Service - December 24, 7pm.
Sunday Service & Sunday School - 10:30am with Rev. Allen Myers.
326-8283 or call Joyce Leck 326-4239.

To List your event call: 326-0916
or send us a note-
Brooksville Friends & Neighbors
P.O.Box 101
Brooksville, Maine 04617

CPR Classes

The Brooksville Friends and Neighbors will sponsor a CPR class on Tuesday, January 15, from 7pm to 8:30pm, and again on Sunday, January 20, from 1pm to 2:30pm. The cost will be \$20. The location is yet to be determined.

Call Judy Madson at 326-9691 to sign up as soon as possible. The classes will be limited to eight people, so sign up early.

All participants will receive the American Heart Association course completion card, which lasts for two years.

Town Office Hours.....326-4518
Monday9am-2pm
Wednesday9am-2pm
Thursday6pm-8pm

Selectmen John Gray
Richard Bakeman
Clifford (Kip) Leach
Town Clerk Amber Bakeman
Treasurer Frieda Peasley
Tax Collector Joanne Van der Eb

Burn Permits (at Fire Station)
Thursday.....7pm-8pm

Harbormaster Sarah Cox 326-9622

.....Hours.....
Library326-4560
Monday9am-5pm
Wednesday9am-5pm
Thursday6-8pm
Saturday9am-12pm

Post Office (Window)
Monday-Friday
.....8:30am-12:15pm
.....2-4:15pm
Saturday8:30-10:30am

Post Office (Lobby)
Monday-Friday
.....7am-4:45pm
Saturday7-11am

Buck's Harbor Market..326-8683
Monday-Thursday
.....7am-6pm
Friday.....7am-7:30pm
Saturday8am-7:30pm
Sunday8am-1pm

When the Bay... (Cont. from page 1)

frozen corn had to be used for silage. Frost recorded every month of the year." (History of Belfast Vol. 1 Joseph Williamson)

The bay froze again during the winters of 1835 and 1844. Ice boats were seen on the bay that year for the first time. But it was the winter of 1875, which started out very mild and ordinary, that eventually enveloped the Atlantic coast in ice as far south as Virginia. In January the thermometer registered minus 10 degrees for many days. No blue water was seen from Owls Head to Fort Point. The New York Times reported that the ice on the Penobscot Bay in February was 15 inches thick between Belfast and Castine. It was recorded that sleighs and ice boats were on the bay until April 2nd of that year.

For Harborside and Cape Rosier families, commerce was mostly by water. As the deep cold set in, it is not hard to imagine their growing panic for the need to get provisions for their families and farms. Going across the bay was not recreation but a risky necessity.

This becomes clearer from our oldest residents' and neighbors' stories of the last time the bay froze during the coldest year in the US in over a century, the winter of 1917. Recorded in 1996, Evangeline Veague describes the sadness and fear she felt as a child watching her father drive across the bay to Belfast in his Ford. "So many people needed supplies that they (her father J.M. Veague and his cousin Albert Gray) took another trip with my mother a second time. I watched them go and was feeling pretty sad, especially to see my mother go on the ice. I was just frightened... it was kind of scary for a child of five or six years old." It was that trip that marked the anniversary, 42 years earlier when their grandfather had driven across in a sleigh during the winter of 1875.

Can we be as resourceful as our ancestors in finding ways to adapt and survive the changes, both expected and unexpected, that may come our way? Through the lessons of history and our ability to create a sustainable community, let us hope the answer is 'yes'. Meanwhile, if you have any stories of the 1917 freeze, please contact Bec Poole, President, Brooksville Historical Society: 326-0899.

Tis the Season... (Cont. from page 3)

opportunity to weave on the Earthloom and was thrilled. Check out her website www.weavingalife.com and keep your eye out for Brooksville's own unique weaver, 1643 Coastal Road, 326-9503 JM


It's time to take a trip to Harborside on Cape Rosier and visit the **Olde Crows Cottage**, owned and run by **Doreen Laferriere**. She and her family moved from Bellingham, Mass about nine years ago and purchased three buildings that used to be the Sunshine Cottages owned by Alice and Albert Gray. Doreen learned retail sales at Harbor Farm on Little Deer and then at Fairwinds Florist in Blue Hill. Even as a young child, she always wanted to have her own gift shop. So she and her husband Bob and children, Michael, Matt and Sara, Sara's husband Chris, and friends, Butch Schramm and Hal Snow restored the old building. It opened in August, 2006. Her busy times are May-December, and she loves changing the themes, adding new items frequently. Customers have come from Bangor, Rockport, and Bar Harbor for her unique items. The store is a welcoming place with tea and coffee and fresh pastries always available. A free gift awaits the newcomer; Doreen's thank you for making the trip.

With 1100 sq. ft. the shop has more space than I expected. The upstairs, bright and inviting, is a pleasant surprise of more gifts for all ages and taste. Many items are made in Maine

and she promotes local artists. Bill Miller makes fascinating necklaces out of peach pits and wood. Glenny Towne's colorful wooden fish from Brooklin can be found. You'll find stocking gifts ideas, tree ornaments, and vintage greeting cards and signs, lovely linens, napkins, quilted pillows, jewelry and baby gifts. A Celtic music collection caught my eye. Jams, chocolates, teas, and Carrabasset Coffees are tempting. Homemade pies, made by Sara, can be special ordered.

The Olde Crows Cottage closes mid-Jan to April. So venture out now to see this attractive and well-stocked gift shop in our own backyard. (326-0500) JM





Olde Crows Cottage

Happy Holidays to All!
Cottage & Primitive Pleasures
For The Heart & Home

Buy Local Save Gas & \$\$

★ ★ ★

Free gift & Discounts every week!
Don't Miss Our Holiday Events!!!!

- ~December 4th to 9th: An Olde Fashioned Harborside Christmas! Where Woodland and Coastal Meet!
- ~December 11th to 16th: Have a Holly Jolly Christmas in Mrs. Claus' Kitchen!
- ~December 18th to 23rd: Rockin' Around the Retro Christmas Tree
- ~December 22nd from 6 to 8 pm. Men's Last Minute Shopping Night hosted by my husband Bob. Refreshments and good advice are free!
- ~Closed December 24-26 & January 1st
- ~After Christmas Clean Out the Cottage Clearance Sale 25%-75% off! Dec 27th thru Jan 12th!!!!

Thank you for your continued support!

Open 10-5 Tuesday -Saturday Sunday 1-4~Until January 12th Reopen in April 08
23 Harborside Road ~Harborside, Maine 04642 ~207-326-0500
www.oldecrowscottage.com Check out for events& news!

The Brooksville Breeze

The newsletter of Brooksville Friends & Neighbors

Published Quarterly Spring, Summer, Fall and Winter

Brooksville Friends & Neighbors (BFN)

P.O. Box 101

Brooksville, ME 04617-0101

Phone: 207-326-0916

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Joan MacCracken, Becky Poole,

Judy Tredwell, Peter Beaven,

Jean Webster, Katherine Clifford

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ECR WSS



Please accept the enclosed gift of an Emergency Information Card! Be sure to fill it out and make sure that it is kept up to date. Put it somewhere handy—like on your refrigerator. It may save time. It may save you!

Tell Us Who You Are...

Fill out this form and mail it to us at the address given. We want to know what you are interested in. Would you like to help with the newsletter? Do you belong to a group that would like us to help promote its activities? Brooksville Friends and Neighbors is a new and growing organization. We need you! We need ideas and we need to know how we can best serve the community.

The Breeze, P.O. Box 101, Brooksville, ME 04617

Name: _____

Address: _____

City: _____ State: _____ Zip: _____

Phone: _____

Email: _____

Summer Resident? To receive *The Breeze* by email in the off-season, send us your email address (and a donation?).

Comments and Suggestions: _____

Last issues lighthouse? You'll find it in West Brooksville on The Ferry Road, in the side yard of the 2nd house in from Route 176.

Successful McCloskey morning at the Library.

