



Three Rivers News



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SPONSORED AND PUBLISHED BY THREE RIVERS KIWANIS CLUB AND THREE RIVERS COMMUNITY ALLIANCE
TO PROMOTE AND SERVE THE TOWNS OF BROWNVILLE, MILO, LAGRANGE, MEDFORD, AND ORNEVILLE

LIVE SIMPLY-LOVE GENEROUSLY CARE DEEPLY-SPEAK KINDLY
Monday, June 30, 2008 Volume 7 Number 34

WELCOME HOME MHS ALUMNI!!

As a lifelong citizen of Milo, I understand and appreciate that a town is made by its people. You folks are what made Milo the wonderful place it is and we honor you as you gather to meet up with old friends and celebrate the wonderful history of Milo High School.

We have put a couple of articles in this week's *Three Rivers News* that we think you will enjoy. One is a poem submitted by Gwen Bradeen from the Milo Historical Society titled "The 3G's Club" and the other is a series of pre-published articles on "The Old Swimming Hole" written by Kathy Witham, Larry Stanchfield, Gini Foss, Tony Hamlin and Meta Staples!! The articles start on page 2 ; enjoy, and thank you for helping to mold us into the wonderful community we are!! Valerie Robertson

Sunday July 20th -9:30 a.m. - Guest speaker Rev. David G. Broadbent, Pastor of Canal Point UMC in Canal Point, Florida

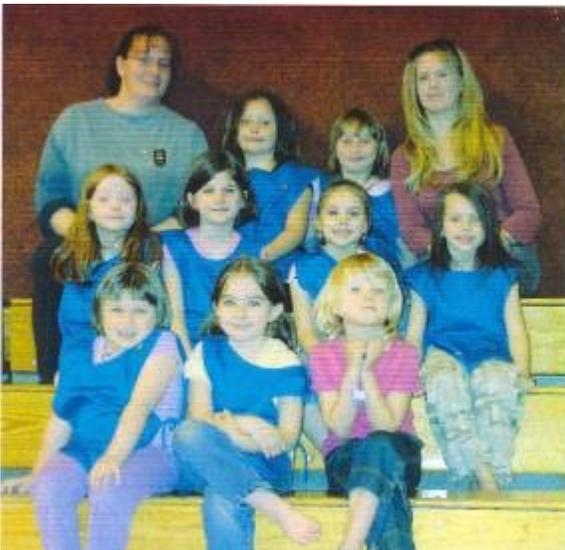
WOW!!!

On Saturday night at the Alumni Building there was a wonderful outpouring of community spirit. The spaghetti



supper to benefit Alexis Coover and her family of Brownville exceeded all expectations. The many donations at the door, 50/50 raffle and Silent Auction raised about **\$5,000**. Unbelievable!

A big thank you to the many people who helped out and to all who came and supported Alexis with their donations. We all love you, Alexis, and can't wait until you're well again!



Girl

Scout Troop 806 in Brownville held their Bridging Ceremony on June 11th, 2008 at the Brownville Elementary School. They spent this past year as Daisy Scouts and will enter the fall as Brownie Scouts. Troop leader is Kristina "Tina" Farley, and Assistant Troop Leader is Elizabeth "Liz" Lemmon, both of Brownville.

There are openings for 1st, 2nd and 3rd graders in our Brownie Troop. For more info, contact Tina at 279-0102.

Park Street UMC of Milo Worship Services Announcements

The Rev. Michele St. Cyr, Pastor, and the church family of the Park Street UMC of Milo announces that beginning Sunday, July 6th through Sunday, September 3rd, Park Street UMC will hold its Sunday morning worship service at 9:30 a.m. While Rev. St. Cyr is away for other New England UMC Conference responsibilities, the following guest speakers will fill in for Sunday morning worship:

Sunday, June 29th - 11:00 a.m. - Guest speaker Glenn Burleigh of Glenburn with a [pottluck luncheon](#) following the service at around 12: 15 p.m.

THE CLASSES OF 1963 AND 1968 OF MILO HIGH INVITE

YOU TO A
PUBLIC DANCE
SATURDAY, JULY 5TH,



FROM 8 PM TO MIDNIGHT.

THIS DANCE, TO BENEFIT THE SCHOLARSHIP FUND, WILL BE HELD AT THE MILO TOWN HALL, AND FEATURES THE FABULOUS MUSIC THAT NEPTUNE ENTERTAINMENT IS KNOWN FOR. JEFF BEAULIEU AND HIS AMAZING COLLECTION OF SONGS WILL HAVE YOUR TOES TAPPING AND YOUR HIPS GYRATING!!

Come one, Come all to the
Annual Strawberry Festival
 at the Park St. UMC of Milo on Wednesday,
July 9 from 5:00 p.m. to 6:30 p.m.

Menu includes ham, potato salad, cole slaw, peas, hot rolls, beverages and, of course, strawberry shortcake.

Price for the supper is \$7 for adults and \$4 for children with the proceeds going toward the United Methodist Women Mission Projects.

Contact: Jean Robinson at 943-2720 or Theresa Mudgett at 943-2502

STATEMENT OF POLICY

Three River News is published weekly by Three Rivers Kiwanis. It is available Mondays at the General Store and More, Milo Farmer's Union, The Station Market, Graves' Service Station, Robinson's Fuel Mart, Reuben's Farmer's Market, The Restaurant, Milo Exxon, Rite Aid, Valerie Jean's, Milo True Value, Elaine's Café and online at WWW.NEWS.TRCMAINE.ORG. Donations can be mailed to Valerie Robertson, PO Box 81, Milo, Maine 04463.

All items for the paper are sent to us; we are not reporters, and we rely on the public for our articles.

Letters to the editor, social news, school news, items of interest, or coming social events may be submitted NO LATER THAN FRIDAY NOON to the following addresses:

Valerie Robertson, PO Box 81, Milo, Maine 04463 or e-mailed to val04463@verizon.net or call 943-2324.

Nancy Willinski, 10 Belmont St. Milo, Maine 04463, e-mailed to nancy2310@roadrunner.com or call 943-5809.

Please drop suggestions and comments into a donation box or contact one of us. We welcome your ideas. Opinions are not necessarily those of the editors unless otherwise stated. The paper is written, printed, and distributed by unpaid volunteers. Donations are used to cover the expense of printing, paper and materials.

Valerie Robertson Nancy Willinski Virgil Valente Kirby Robertson

Milo Is Planning a HUGE 4th of July Celebration!

Complete with fireworks, and a good old-fashioned chicken Bar-B-Que!

Details will be printed in future editions, but if you would like to sign up to participate in any events, there will be a co-ed softball tourney, Try-A-Thalon, Horse Shoe Tourney, or Tennis Tourney. The 4th of July Information and sign up sheets are available at Milo True Value In the Center of Milo.

The Softball Tourney will be \$75 a team with a 15 max on a team, and the Horse Shoe Tourney will be a \$10 a team entrance fee. Contact Mary Lou for the tennis tournament at 943-3267 or 965-9721 for sign up and information on starting time.

19th Annual Cruize-in

It was a great day for a cruize-in on Sunday and more than 90 vehicles drove in to the JSI Store Fixtures parking lot to attend the 19th Annual Penquis Cruizers' Cruize-In. "This was a good year for us," said Penquis Cruizers president Fred Worcester. "We've been here on cool days, hot days, cloudy days, sunny days and we have a very faithful following. I don't know what it is that people like about our show but they keep coming back," he stated. People traveled from as far away as Blaine, Norrigewock, Beddington, and Fredericton Junction, New Brunswick, to attend this year's event.



Tom and Jo Carr arrived in their 1966 Plymouth Belvedere from Wickenburg, Arizona, and Peter Walsh drove in in a 2008 Corvette from Gainesville, Florida. Granted they didn't drive that far just for the show but it is evident that the event is a big attraction in the area. The Longest Distance Award was presented to Phil Nason who drove 185 miles from Fredericton, New Brunswick, in his 1987 Buick Grand National.

There were many street rods in attendance as well as antiques, muscle cars, pickups, and foreign cars. Walsh's 2008 and Worcester's 2008 Ford Mustang were the newest vehicles; Alan Jewett's 1925 Ford and Jeff Storman's 1927 Ford roadster street rod were among the oldest. Those participating in the event selected John Jones' 1964 Dodge 880 Station Wagon, which was driven from Orland, as the Favorite Cruiser of the day. Ben Wallace, Dexter, attended with his family in a 1948 Chevy Suburban and took home the award for a vehicle "In Restoration." Wallace has won the award before at the show but continues to make improvements every year.

**BINGO...BINGO...
 BINGO!!!**

THE MILO AMERICAN LEGION POST 41 HAS BINGO EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT. A MEAL IS SERVED FROM 5:00PM UNTIL 6:15 PM.



BINGO STARTS AT 6:15 AND ENDS AT 9:30.

SEE YOU THERE!

WHAT'S UP DOC?

BY: DR. KEVIN CHASSE



Q: Are vitamins necessary for me to be healthy?

A: As a rule, if you are eating plenty of fruits and vegetables, you will be getting all the vitamins and minerals that your body needs. This is a great time of year for fresh fruits and veggies, so take advantage and get your fill.

Until next week Dr. K



Paul Davis presides over the Cruize-In auction.

National Street Rod Association inspectors offered free 23 point inspections throughout the day. This event was a new addition to the Cruize-In this year. At the end of the day, the inspectors presented an NSRA Safety Award to Ed Herrick of Otis for his 1952 Chevy Pickup. Games held during the day included a Bumper Ball contest where participants try to back their vehicle up as close as possible to a post with a ball on the top using only their mirrors and their good judgment. The person coming closest to the post without knocking the ball off is declared the winner. First place went to Eric Crochere, Charleston, who managed to come within 1 and 1/2 inches from the post; second place to Mike Barriault of Brownville Junction with a distance of 3 inches; third place to Joe Cleaves of Dexter who came within 3 and 1/2 inches of the post.

In the Rap Contest, in which participants rev their engines and a decibel reading is taken behind the vehicle to see whose vehicle is the loudest, is always a popular event. This year Larry Levenseller of Dexter took first place; his souped-up lawn tractor registered 114 decibels. Bub Shorey of East Dover took second place with his 1957 Pontiac Star Chief which registered 112 decibels and Darren Colbry of Dover took third place with a reading of 105 decibels with his truck. A 50-50 raffle was held and Norma Artus, Milo, took home \$163. The club raffled a lighted tire clock; Jan Kekacs of Stratford, Connecticut, won that item.

A number of car clubs were represented at the Cruize-In. The Central Maine Street Rod club took home the "Best Appearing Club" award as they had 10 members participate with their vehicles. Other clubs represented include the Dusters, the Knucklebusters, Highway Legends, and the Coastal Antique Auto Club.

The Cruizers have deemed this 19th show another success. This year the group received a helping hand from members of the Milo Elementary PTO. "This is the beginning of a joint venture in which we hope the PTO will be able to take on more responsibility - and take home a bigger percent of the profits - over the next year or two and eventually they will host the show on their own," Cruize-In organizer Susan Worcester reported. "We've had another very successful day. The Cruize-In brings about the same number of vehicles to Milo every year, weather permitting. This year we registered over 90 vehicles. Our group is ready to teach another organization how to take over the show and raise money to benefit projects for the PTO."

Worcester also thanks the area businesses who continue to provide gift certificates and items for their

auction every year. "Even in these difficult economic times, we continue to garner a great deal of support from businesses in the area. This year generous donations were received from Pat's Pizza of Orono, Tradewinds, Field of Dreams, Bailey Lumber, The Junction, Milo Exxon, Elaine's Basket Cafe, C & J Variety, Three Rivers Feed and Redemption, Richard Grant Used Cars, Cat Trax, Graves Service Station, Ed & Ellen DeWitt, S & L Auto Parts, and J & S Furniture. Those donations add greatly to the profit we realize each year," Worcester said. Worcester also thanks JSI Store Fixtures who generously provide the location for the Cruize-In to take place and Paul Davis who volunteered to serve as auctioneer for the day when the scheduled auctioneer was forced to cancel.

NSRA inspectors hard at work.



The Old Swimming Hole

A compilation of articles.

Traditions of a Milo-ite

Three Rivers News Feb 18, 2003

BY KATHY WITHAM



You can't imagine how much fun

I've had hearing from people about their old neighborhoods and the fun they had as children. Some of the folks I've heard from are older than I am...and some of them are younger. Larry Stanchfield sent me the following story about his childhood living on Maple St. Larry remembered the blood suckers in the river, which I knew existed...but fortunately never got one on me. I would have been traumatized! For some reason my mother didn't want to take us to the "new swimming hole" so she made up a story that the blood suckers were at the new swimming hole, and not at the "old swimming hole." I swallowed that excuse...hook, line, and sinker. You wouldn't have caught me at the "new swimming hole" for any amount of money...it was strictly the "old swimming hole" for me!! She must have held her breath, praying that we didn't ever get one of those things on us. Mom would have felt responsible for every kid that was swimming...and there were always more kids at the "new swimming hole." She'd have been a nervous wreck worrying about having to watch all of them. It was a very sad neighborhood of kids when they closed the "old swimming hole" to us because of pollution. Dad built our camp at Schoodic Lake very soon after the ban. I've gone down to the river in my adult life just to see if there was any remnant of childish squeals or splashing left on the air.....

Here's Larry's story:

Best Little Neighborhood in America

BY LARRY STANCHFIELD

Kathy Witham's stories about the "Best Little Neighborhood in America" have really peaked my interest. Many times recently I have woken up in the middle of the night recollecting my memories of the time I lived in "the neighborhood" from 1933 to 1940. (Actually, I had to check with my mother to get the dates, since I was only 2 when we moved to Maple Street) Even after moving to the other side of the tracks way up on West Main Street in 1940 I still returned to the old neighborhood frequently. While I don't profess to be a storyteller like Kathy, I do have lots of fond memories of the time I spent between the streets - Water, Cove, Clinton, Albert, Maple and Prospect. I recall the paths between Clinton and Albert and Maple and Prospect, as well as the old swimming hole across the railroad tracks from the end of Clinton and Kimball Cove between Maple and Prospect.

I remember the fun we had sliding on the golf course from the 3rd tee down into the sixth and seventh fairways. Kathy mentioned the sleds and toboggan they used, but we mostly used broken down card board boxes. Sometimes we would make it all the way to the bottom with the cardboard boxes, but most times the boxes would still be part way down the hill when we reached the bottom - sliding on our backs and you know what. We also used to build ski jumps on that hill. As a matter of fact, my ski jumping career ended at an early age when I went over that jump, landed on the end of my skis and broke one of them in half. Probably my ego was damaged as much as the ski.

I also remember sliding down the hill in front of the Kittredge house on Water Street. (Kitty Kittredge Ellison now lives there and lived there with her parents back in the 1930's). We could slide down the hill, past the Comeau and Stevens houses on the corner of Cove and Water Streets, and all the way to Main Street. What a ride and it was reasonably safe because there weren't many cars in those days, although Nelson London did remind me of an incident where someone slid into his father's car but no one was seriously hurt.

We had lots of fun at the old swimming hole at the end of Clinton Street. But the thing that both Nelson and I remember most was the "blood suckers". We could always depend on having at least one blood sucker on us when we came out of the water. What fun we had picking them off our bodies, placing them on the railroad tracks and watching the trains run over them. We used bloodsuckers when we ran out of pennies.

Kathy mentioned the "Down Back" area between Albert and Prospect streets which was also one of our favorite haunts. There was no road connection between Albert and Cove Streets when I lived there. Albert Street ended just beyond the Bishop house, which was located diagonally to the left and across the street from the bottom of the path between Clinton and Albert Streets. There was a big natural sand area in back of the Bishop's that we played in and a path from there down to the end of Maple Street where the Cowing family lived - Harry and Myrtle and their four children: Richard, Theda and the twins Glenda and Gloria. My parents - Hi and Betty (Bailey) Stanchfield- and my sisters Betty Jo, Clara and Ginger and I lived next to the Cowings, but up Maple Street, on the other side of the path that led to Prospect Street. The house we lived in was demolished many years ago and a new house now resides there. Harold Russell lived across the street from us

with his son Charlie, and daughters Dottie and Virginia. Ginny still lives in that house with her husband Phil Barden.

The Russells are important to any discussion of the path between Maple and Prospect streets because Harold Russell had milking cows, a barn and a pasture and a big garden on the right hand side of the path as you came up over the hill after crossing the brook at the bottom of the path - just before reaching an open field that led to Prospect Street. There were no houses on the Maple Street side of Prospect Street in those days.

But back to the Russell farm. The pasture was surrounded by an electric fence and the garden always had a big scarecrow, which seemed to attract crows-more than scare them away. One of our favorite pastimes was to work up courage to touch, or grab, the electric fence. Another fun thing was to walk barefooted behind the cows and step in fresh (you know what). Hey, those were the days before television so we had to make our own entertainment.

A little brook ran between Maple Street and the Russell farm, across the path towards the railroad tracks and into Kimball Cove, which was a favorite skating place in the winter. Jimmy Hatt and Jimmy Hamlin lived on the Prospect Street side of the Cove - actually at the end of Prospect Street. Behind them and up the Cove a ways was an old tar paper building where Wilbur Howe lived. He was one of our favorite people because he would invite us into his house and make us toast with butter and cinnamon sprinkled on it. As much as I like Dunkin' Donuts today, it can't compare with my memories of the cinnamon toast. Perhaps there is a little nostalgia mixed in with my memory.

Thank you, Larry, for sharing such wonderful memories of the old neighborhood.

I searched around and found a recipe belonging to Larry's mother Betty in the Skip Cookbook. It follows:

Betty Stanchfield's Oatmeal Bread

1 cup rolled oats

1 1/2 teaspoon salt

2 rounding tablespoons lard (or you can use Crisco)

1/4 cup molasses

1 cup boiling water

1 cup cold water

6 cups flour

1 pkg. dry yeast in 1/2 cup lukewarm water - add 1 tsp. sugar - let set until foamy

Place the first 4 ingredients in a large mixing bowl. Add 1-cup boiling water and stir well. Add cold water. Add yeast mixture after mixing as directed. Add sifted flour and fold in. Let rise 3 hours. Poke down. Place in 3 bread tins and rise again. Bake in 375-degree oven for 3/4 hour.

A Trip To the Swimming Hole

Three Rivers News-May 6, 2003

BY TONY HAMLIN

It's late June, 1960. I roll over in bed and hear George Hale giving the 7:05 sports report on my father's Zenith down stairs. He laments another Red Sox defeat; my ears reach for his words as he informs us Whitey Ford has carried the Yankees to another win behind Moose Skowrin's late inning heroics. To an eight- year old who has been a diehard Yankee fan his "entire " life, it doesn't get much better than this. No school, bright sunshine, the Bronx

Bombers victorious, and a trip to the swimming hole fill my agenda. Perfection.

Willow Street was Yankee territory. How we came to be this small oasis among the legions of Red Sox fans is not totally understood. Most likely it was through the efforts of Lewis Harris and his family of baseball heroes, among them Gippy, who to a freckled face boy of eight, was a real, live legend. He could make a baseball do amazing things; change direction in mid-air or dance the secret waltz of major-league caliber knucklers. His big brother, "Lewie", as we were allowed to call him, had actually visited "Mecca", Yankee Stadium, and stood next to Mickey, Whitey, and Yogi. He often regaled us with vivid descriptions of them in action, his eyes lighting up with memories of seeing these demi-gods perform extraordinary athletic feats. We hung on every word as he described the sights, smells, and sounds of life in the "Bigs". How could the likes of Pumpsey Green, Johnny Pesky, or Billy Doer possibly compare with them? Naturally we were hooked, destined to suffer the catcalls of our classmates who crowed shamelessly in early spring as the dreaded Red Sox surged to first place. However, we learned the importance of patience and a trust in destiny as annually the Sox made their inevitable downward slide during the dog days of August. By the time school rolled around again, the world was righted and the natural order had been re-established.

As I jumped out of bed, it was with thoughts of more daring deeds. We were going to the old swimming hole on the bank of the Sebec River. As 9:00 approached, my brother Peter and I were long in our bathing suits and had managed to find a couple of towels worthy to be wrapped around our necks a la "Frankie Avelon" of Beach Blanket Bingo fame. As we walked down the driveway to our appointed rendezvous, from the bowels of Willow Street came the familiar, lanky run of Duanie Heal. Arms flailing to the side and feet shuffling with coolness that predated cool, as he got within arm length to us we were greeted with the usual punch in the shoulder or friendly slap behind the head. To young boys, like playful animals in the wild, this physical salutation is a sign of acceptance and affection; the sting is quickly replaced with warm assurances of belonging. Jeffrey Hoskins, who lived across the street from us, was busy trying to outrun his mother, Gloria's, warnings of bloodsuckers, cramps, and boys who smoked cigarettes. Two houses up the street we met Murrel Harris. Murrel always had a surprise, this day he had a new set of goggles. Not just any goggles, but foreign looking things; the kind with yellow tinted lens that magnified everything underwater. They had to be from "out of town"; for we knew Tommy Howard didn't stock anything as exotic as this at the Western Auto. As he lifted them out of the box, Murrel told us what we already knew, we could "look at them" but we could not "touch them." We were witnessing an "event" of sorts, as it was certain these marvels were the first of their kind in Milo. We knew even Lloyd Bridges of "Sea Hunt" fame did not have access to such wonders.

In some strange way just being with Murrel and around his "stuff" gave us a sense of importance. After all, we learned early that the world was divided into the haves and the have-nots; we did not resent where we had landed, for being with Murrel allowed us to temporarily visit the other side. Moreover, if we hung around long enough, the half-life of his toys would ensure us eventual possession.

Our adventure made it easy to slide past Ned's Store. As we looked over our shoulders we could see George Richardson's pulp truck gassing up at the pumps. George's right hand man,

Bug-Eye Witham, was running to catch up to George's already rolling truck. He wore his usual T-shirt, white in name only, with work boots unlaced as he gently cradled his pack of Camels. No fancy cranes to help load their pulp; they used cant dogs and birch hooks along with the help of a late afternoon Narraganset or two.

Past the Town Hall with Ed Wrangler in front sweeping last night's dirt from the steps. He looks curiously over his glasses at us as we give him a friendly wave. The keys on his hip must weigh three pounds and offer him access to unimaginable places. The jail as well as the beloved basketball court is his for the taking; the fire station and all its treasures lie at his feet. Any kid in Milo would have given his kingdom for those keys; forty years later, I probably still would.

Treworgy's Five and Ten Cent Store anchors Main Street. We fight the urge to turn right as the aroma of fresh roasted nuts wafts out the door calling us like sirens to spend the quarter mom gave us for an ice cream sandwich.

A young Buddy Daggett is hard at work preparing his soda fountains for a would-be Fonzie or Richie Cunningham. Further down the street we pass "the pool hall," that darkened den of iniquity our parents repeatedly warned us about. Funny, but friendly, old Sid Cook doesn't look that sinister sweeping the cigarette butts in front of his "game room". Virgil LaRouche wearing his white apron, stands chewing gum a mile a minute in the doorway of the T n' K grocery store. Mott's Store and Joe's Barber Shop finish off Main Street. Joe's Barber Shop had a life of its own: Milo's answer to Floyd's of Mayberry fame; Joe Valente did not discriminate, young and old alike were offered a healthy dose of "Tiger Oil" after his talcum brush said your haircut was nearly done. No "Hair Styling" here; a good old fashion "Butch cut" was the only game in town. In between straightening out town affairs, and determining which coach deserved to lead the Milo "Panthers" to victory, Joe and his crew help maintain order on Main Street.

Finally, there it was. Milo's answer to Coney Island, the old swimming hole. The constant was Nora Lee Webb, perched in her chair in her position as Milo's official life-guard. After securing a spot on the grassy knoll, we made our way to the warm water. About forty feet from shore stood the "Float". This rectangular beast held a diving tower, which to an eight-year-old seemed a hundred feet high. The understanding was that anyone who ventured out to the float had to pass the initiation ritual of being thrown off the tower. Of course this was strictly prohibited by local statute, but nevertheless continued. Screaming girls and crying boys could be heard over the protestations of Nora Lee as she admonished the likes of Arthur Ogden and Russell Fowles to "knock it off." They continued unabated; deference to authority would have to wait a few years.

We didn't really mind the mud squishing between our toes or the murky water that we inadvertently swallowed during frantic attempts at the "dog paddle". Heads held desperately out of water, breathing haphazardly through grimacing teeth, many generations of Milo youth passed their rite of passage in the shallow waters of the Sebec.

As the days lengthened, the older boys would congregate at the bridge overlooking the dam. In between trips to Harmon's Texaco to address Mother Nature's call, these young Tarzans would compete for the attention and affections of young ladies sprawled indifferently on the lawn. The likes of Dougie Donald, Glenn McMannus, Dickie Fowles, Mike Mulherin, Jack Foulkes, and Mike Perham would regale us with jack knives, swan dives

and the wondrous "can opener", an aerodynamic version of the cannonball. If hit just right, the can opener would send spray over the bridge to unsuspecting pedestrians. To the adoring crowd this was comparable to the four -minute mile.

To a young eight- year old this was heady stuff. If I remained unobtrusive, I'd hear the boys use the roadhouse profanity reserved for my dad's hunting buddies. I'd stare in amazement as my heroes lit their Luckys with one hand, bending a match over onto itself and striking it in a quick, fluid motion. Horns from passing cars honked in recognition as the easy flow of summer activity continued unabated. On occasion someone who probably smoked his last Lucky in early morning would challenge the others to swim underwater to the float, a good forty yards away. Fear struck the crowd, as the winner would disappear for what seemed like thirty minutes before emerging to hushed admiration.

Those halcyon days are long past, but still linger in the minds of those blessed by their warmth. To this day my friend Mike Mulherin maintains he doesn't feel comfortable going to the bathroom unless he's wearing a wet bathing suit inside a Texaco station.

As the shadows lengthened it was time to leave. We reversed our path home; up Main Street and past the familiar smiles of an adult world that had once shared our secret. Smiles creased the faces of our neighbors and we turned the corner onto our familiar street. George and "Bug - Eye" were returning from their work, and as we looked at them, somehow we realized these days would soon be gone. It could not last forever. But, for the moment, warmed by friendship, adventure, and the security of a town out of Norman Rockwell's America, we took delight in our childhood.

Much has changed in Milo since then and we can't turn back the clock. However, there was a time and it was full of soft laughter and hope. We found it everywhere we ventured from the banks of the Sebec, to the make-shift playing fields, to the neighborhoods proud of their homes and community. It was a great time to be a kid.

The little boy, exhausted, laid his head on his pillow, confident the next day would surely bring another Yankee victory and fresh, unexplored adventures.

Editor's note: Thank you Tony. Your stories always take me back to a wonderful time.

THE OLD AND NEW MILO SWIMMING HOLES

SUBMITTED BY GINNY FOSS

Three Rivers News May 20, 2003

In regard to the "Old Swimming Hole" versus the "New Swimming Hole" in Milo, I remember both of them. The old swimming hole was at the end of Clinton Street, through Sawyer's yard, which was all sand pit back then, and across the tracks. That is where the mothers took their kids when they were small and the mothers would sit on the rocks and watch us swim or more often they swam with us, especially on those hot summer days. I lived quite close to the swimming hole so we went quite often. There was a big rock (THE Big Rock) in the water that we'd walk or swim out to until it was almost over our heads and then we would step up on the rock. We were a big deal then. Shortly past the big rock was "THE Drop Off". Only the good swimmers went past the drop off. Of course the younger ones would always wonder what was lurking in that dark area past the big rock. Probably something that would reach up and grab us. We were always on the look out for the bloodsuckers, although we knew they usually stayed in the

grassy area on each side of the swimming area. We were experts on the life of a bloodsucker, so we thought. If one of us accidentally floated over the grassy area on our floats, we would suddenly panic and quickly paddle back to the "safe" swimming area that wasn't even 10' from the bloodsucker area.

Along the shoreline there was a pile of big rocks. We used these rocks to put our towels and clothes on while we swam and after we would spread out our towels and lie down to tan. The boys always placed their sneakers on the ground beside the rocks. If they got kicked off the rocks, it was hard retrieving them from the deep narrow spaces between the rocks. I recently took my grandsons to the old swimming hole and those big rocks are not so big anymore. My mother remembers when the rocks were not there. It was still the old swimming hole but too often the kids (probably the boys) would interfere with the operation of the train, sometimes making it actually come to a stop. The railroad brought in these big rocks and dumped them on the shoreline to discourage kids from swimming there. Of course it didn't, plus they could always walk the tracks down to the train bridge and swim there, jumping off the bridge into the river. My mother also remembers when there wasn't any connection between Albert and Clinton Streets. There was a dump near the end of Albert Street across from where Kay Long lives now.

There was a woman who lived near there that would throw the clothes she didn't want anymore on the dump and the little girls in the neighborhood would get them and play dress up. They always checked out the dump for new clothes to play in. As we got older the "new" swimming hole opened in town, where the Milo Park is now. Sand had been hauled in and dumped down the riverbank and a float with a diving tower on it was put in the water for the kids. I was big enough to go swimming without my mother then. She remembers when there were changing rooms at the new swimming hole. A lot of kids would jump off the bridge and swim to the float. I was one of those kids and I thought I was so brave to jump off the bridge, since a lot of kids didn't dare to. I was always one to jump off the tower, too, but I only dove off once and never dared to again. One day a younger girl, Shirley Grindle, asked me to take her out to the float since she couldn't swim. Well, of course I said I would. When we got out over our heads she started to panic and grabbed me around the neck and I couldn't swim and I knew I was a goner. Fortunately for me my friend Cheryl Folsom came paddling by on her inner tube and I grabbed it. She actually saved my life. Shirley didn't make it out to the float that day. Another time I recall was when one of the big boys, Gerald Carey, liked dunking the smaller kids and holding them under. He was doing it to me and I was getting sick of it. Of course I didn't like it. So the next time he dunked me and held me under I decided not to come up after he let go. I could hold my breath for quite a while. After he decided to release me and I didn't come up he got scared, pulled me up and kept asking if I was okay. He didn't do it anymore. We always had a good time at both the old and new swimming hole. Too bad they are gone, especially in this Town of Three Rivers.

The Old Swimming Hole

By Meta Staples

Milo is the town of three rivers, and when I was young, we had a "swimming hole" on Sebec River. Kids walked to the end of Clinton or Cove Street and crossed

the railroad tracks. Some walked through my dad's garden, which at one point was where Ed Gilcrest's house now sits. One year, so many kids picked green peas to eat to and from swimming that for years after, Dad planted a row of peas on each side of the path just for the kids. After crossing the R.R. tracks, we walked across a small white sandy beach and into the water, which was shallow for quite a long ways. Several years in a row, the town put three floats in the shape of a hollow square with a diving board on the end of one float. The smaller kids and the poorer swimmers stayed inside the square and the better swimmers swam off the big float with the diving board. For several summers, a swimming teacher was hired to teach swimming and lifesaving. One young lady I remember came from the "Y" in Bangor; her name was Margaret. She changed into her swim suit at our house and after classes she changed back into her street clothes and had a cup of tea with my mother before leaving. I earned my Red Cross Lifesaving certificate at the swimming hole, as did many other kids. We were all proud that every kid in Milo could swim, and our parents were proud that we could handle canoes and boats by ourselves and they did not have to worry about us on the river. I have boated and swum from the rips to the present day boat landing. All of the kids I knew were like otters, as safe in and on the water as on land. Of course, every year somebody dared someone to go off the R.R. Bridge and every summer one or two kids were grounded because they had been seen by a parent or friend. But, by and large, we stuck to the swimming hole.

Years after I had grown and moved away, I came to visit with my children. We had brought our swimsuits, but Mother informed us that the railroad had blasted Mosquito Mountain and hauled the rock up and dumped it into the old swimming hole. Mosquito Mountain was a huge boulder on the southeast end of the railroad bridge. It stretched along the river for several feet and was about four feet high at the center. Curtis Chase's garage was later built on part of the land Mosquito Mountain once covered. Where the name came from, I do not know.

Now, Milo kids from the Town of Three Rivers, have to ride a bus to the "Y" in Dover-Foxcroft, or swim illegally off the railroad bridge, or dangerously in swift current, or in polluted waters, I guess this may be called progress, because there is no place for them to swim in any of our three rivers..

The 3 G's Club

This poem was written by Onata Deane about members of the 3 G's Club. I have tried to discover when the 3 G's Club was in existence and who the three Gertrudes were for whom the Club was named. If anyone

has this information please call Gwen Bradeen at 943-2369 so I can add it to the files at the Historical Society.

The 3 G's Club

Preliminary, Please raise your right hand and repeat after me: I solemnly promise that no matter what is said about me, I will not throw the author out of doors, out of the club or into jail.

I will begin as authors do—

They often start with what is true,
They use the words "once upon a time",
And so I'll start this simple rhyme
By saying there was once a club
Whose members the 3-G's it did dub.
For there were Gertrudes three within the crowd,
And it suited well, they all allowed.

In ancient times it seems like that
Some women gathered for friendly chat.
They weren't the fastest of the town,
But soon their speed would turn one brown.

As some dropped out, soon others came,
And valiantly they played the game.
The times they had, the contests, plays,
Would really cause you much amaze.
For they were young and full of pep,
And high and wide those maids did step.

Of these first members, all but one is here:
That's Edith R., who for many a year Has been a
leader, a regular dilly,
In carrying out whatever is silly.
So here goes nothing, as 'tis sometimes said,
And I'll simply write down what I found in my
head.
By the ABC's I take you in line,
And if you don't rush me, I'll take it a sign
That no rage against me has been aroused,
Though some may whisper, "She must have been
soused."

Now Pearl, who is Canney, for a simple life cares.
Two months of the year she is up with the bears.
And they say at camp cleaning she's simply a whiz,
For she feels far above that sort of a biz. So she
sweeps the dust right under the cots, Slaps the
covers in place and empties the pots. A swish and a

bang - there go the dishes, Then out to the lake
she goes after the fishes. And when she returns in
late spring and fall, She makes us all jealous—
she's had a ball.

Next comes our Alice who cannot stay put,
For Ernest, you know, has an itching foot.
And as for cooking, she has no bent,
Her chocolate cake isn't worth a red cent.
But somehow or other her rolls are well known,
And the number she's made would make one groan.
That's why she is asked her rolls to make,
Tis thought tis all she knows how to bake.

The next in line is Onata Deane.
Of course about her I shall say nothing mean.
She looks like an angel, she sings like a lark,
Though some folks have said they prefer a dog's
bark.
And as for angels, how they look no one knows,
They may be fat with corns on their toes.

Genie, dear Genie, she's gone far away,
But I'll bet her thoughts to us often stray.
We miss her so often, we miss her so much,
But through her nice letters we still keep in touch.
Now Genie, my dear, our pal good and true,
Only nice things here shall be said about you
For you can't fly at me and say what you might.
Take it out on me when next you write.

Inez K., you're aware, thinks she can sew,
But there are some folks who claim to know,
That she can't stitch a really straight seam,
As of course, by mistake, she sticks in a pin,
And then says "Excuse me," with a sly little grin.
Oh, Inez, beware, lest in self-defense
Someone with courage but no common sense,
Will bring a long needle used for darning,
And return the favor without any warning.

Now, Agnes Pearl, remember her, she's a Kenney,
Can put on airs without spending a penny.
She lives in town where the stores are handy,
And yet at a resort, that's simply dandy.
There's a nice little pond where the frogs take a
drink,
And then in the winter it's a fine skating rink.
She has woods and a river, water and land,
And every convenience close at hand.
But never alone does she go far from home,

Though at night she's like to roam.
She's always looking for some man with beer
breath
To jump out of the shadows—scare her half to
death.

Here come the Palmers—Laura and Annie.
They never seem to have time to sit on their
fanny.
Laura's our baby, as you will agree,
And a bouncing baby she turned out to be.
She bounces here and she bounces there
Her poor old car shows wear and tear.
She's gone perfectly mad over Rebekahs and
Grange
So from home to the bank to the halls she does
range,
She's always away to some meeting or other,
And a very merry dance she leads her poor mother.

And Annie, oh, my, she never will work,
Any kind of job you know she will shirk.
Her only real trouble is her terrible fear,
That someone will say, "Come here, Annie, dear,
And say, " Is this quilt all ready to tie?" or,
"Will you wash dishes by and by?"
It's really quite sad to have such a dame,
Within our club, it puts us to shame.

Have you ever been in Agnes' home,
And through the dirt on the floors tried to roam?
And oh, the cobwebs hung on high,
The unmade beds, the litter you'll spy.
And why she's so slack one never knows,
For she always looks as fresh as a rose.
But it must be true, for she herself will say,
"I'll have the club, but make your way
As best as you can through all the dust."
We grit our teeth, for go we must.

Poor Edith Richards, in this little ditty
I can't help but give her our heart-felt pity.
For she hates to go out—a homebody, you know,

But once in a while we can get her to go.
It seems such a shame to live in retreat;
But if one says "Come on", she's first in the
street;
And if you call up, there's Norm who will shout,
"Dunno where she is, she's just gone out."

Now about Alice Salley—what has she in mind?
 Has she a deep, dark secret that we cannot find?
 I've thought about her often, but everything is
 good.
 I can't find that she ever does more than what she
 should.
 But last fall, with a little smile, what do you think
 she told?
 That she had a man drop in for dinner.
 How very, very bold.
 I really think she needs advice living there alone,
 You'd better hurry up and get a nice old
 chaperone.

Take Elsie Stairs with her step so firm.
 You never see her on the floor like a worm.
 For she prefers the stove with its fiery heat.
 She says to fall on it is a regular treat
 And then, she says, too, that it gives her a taste
 Of the fiery hereafter, where she'll get a good
 baste.
 But she won't be alone there—she's sure to meet
 Some of us members whom she'll be ready to
 greet.

Now here's Harriet, whose surname is Tuck.
 She has been having the most miserable luck.
 Out to New Hampshire and back to this town,
 And then to the hospital she's been up and down.
 Now here's my prescription—one day walk a mile;
 The next make it two, all done with a smile.
 If those old joints can't take it, get a good
 crutch,
 Just say to your self, "It doesn't hurt much."
 And then I expect the next time we are meeting,
 The crutch on my shoulders will be her fond
 greeting.

Here's the last to be mentioned—by name Flora
 Wingler,
 And among our odd members she's a little more
 sing(u)lar.
 She loves to braid—saves the carpet from heels.
 Of course she can't cook—they eat out of tins.
 And when Ed comes home, then the fun begins.
 "Now what's for supper? I want to be fed."
 And she will reply, "Open some cans, you old
 fathead."
 Poor Ed, we will say he never complains.
 He knows if he does, she will beat out his brains.

And now I'm sure that you understand
 Why I asked you all to raise your hand,
 And solemnly promise to use no force.
 But take these verses as a matter of course.
 I'm here by the door, where I can run out,
 And once in the street for help I can shout.
 It seems I am safe, you remembered your vow.
 And now I am done—have your own say now.

TIT for TAT

Flora Wingler's answer to Onata Deane
 One night at a recent 3 G's party
 One of the members, both hale and hearty,
 Read a poem, just to tease
 The members of their idiosyncrasies.

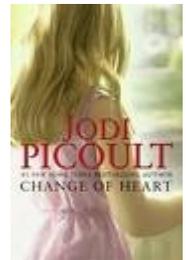
So I thought it over, and decided that
 I'd put on my booties and little blue hat
 And question her husband, Carl that is
 And these were the answers to my quiz.

Where she's going, she always is late.
 Hours just hours she makes him wait.
 In the car or for his meals
 And it seems not to matter how he feels.

The wash is always dangling, his socks are full of
 holes
 The sink is running over with platter, cups and
 bowls.
 And when he reminds her in a voice both meek and
 mild,
 She looks up from her reading, like a naughty child
 And answers him quite testily, "Carl can't you see
 I brought down nine books from the Libreree"

Milo Free Public Library

By Judith D. Macdougall
 The library was certainly busy on
 Wednesday of this week. At 2:00p.m.
 CATCH THE READING BUG summer
 reading program members and soon-to-be-
 members began entering the library for the
 2:30 Story Time. Parents were taking
 advantage of making one trip (the price of
 gas and the construction downtown contributed to this
 decision, I am sure). Parents and children received this week's
 games, papers and a program bag to hold everything. Then it's
 don't forget to sign up for food prizes and mascots! Books
 coming back, more books going out. Elaine Tardiff, Milo
 Elementary School teacher, appeared and was greeted warmly.
 She was the Story Time reader for today, and like the Pied
 Piper the parents, helpers and children followed her
 downstairs. Elaine read to 11 children. She had come prepared



with bug books and read Diary of a Worm, Diary of a Fly and Skippy Jon Jones, along with other books. I have not heard the latter book myself, but have been told that it is great. Wednesday continued on with new children signing up, until by evening we had a total of 34 children signed up to enjoy 8 weeks of summer reading fun.

The ladybugs are crawling up the wall, Tara the Tarantula is deliciously sending goosebumps up little kids' spines, Freddy the Frog hugs a Flower Child and there are bug books galore on the children's table. There is still time to sign your child up, and we would enjoy having you and your family come to our library. Join us in our Buggy Summer Reading Program.

We haven't been able to buy large print books because we have a limited budget and limited space, but wasn't I pleasantly surprised a few weeks ago when Mary Lutterell presented us with a gift and asked us to buy large print books in memory of Alta Noble! We have had generous gifts of large print books from patrons and friends which have increased our large print to over 100 volumes, but we have never bought brand new titles. I called in the order last week and several have arrived. The others will be arriving as they are published. We were able to purchase 10 new large print books with Mary's generous gift. For those who need large print or for those who just find it more comfortable reading, come in to check out our collection. I did try for a variety in these newest books.

Our newest Large Print titles:-

Archer, Jeffrey	A PRISONER OF BIRTH
Gloss, Molly	THE HEARTS OF HORSES
Picoult, Jodi	CHANGE OF HEART

Here is a new non-fiction title of two of the greatest influences of the 20th century. This title in regular print.
Herman, Arthur GANDHI & CHURCHILL

Here are more fiction titles in regular print that have just arrived from Baker & Taylor.

Canin, Ethan	AMERICA, AMERICA
Coulter, Catherine	TAILSPIN
Parker, Robert B.	RESOLUTION

Steel, Danielle ROGUE

**The Library Will Be Closed On
FRIDAY, JULY 4th In Observance Of INDEPENDENCE DAY**
Library Summer Hours
Mon. - Weds. - Fri. ---2:00-8:00
Telephone 943-2612

Macomber selected as SBA's 2008 Home-Based Business Champion of the Year for New England

Dover-Foxcroft - James Macomber, Microenterprise Consultant for MaineStream Finance, has been named the U. S. Small Business Administration's 2008 Home-Based Business Champion of the Year for both Maine and New England. The award is presented annually to an individual who has fulfilled a commitment to advancing small home-based businesses in Maine. The official nomination for the award came from Piscataquis County Economic Development Council (PCEDC) and its Vice President, Roger Merchant. Macomber was honored along with

other small business award winners at an awards luncheon in Lewiston on May 16th.

Macomber expressed that, "I am honored to have been selected as Home-Based Business Champion of the Year. I am fortunate to be in the business of working with so many talented entrepreneurs who are contributing to the economic health of the region and state. I will continue to work hard for rural Maine's micro and small business."

"We at the PCEDC are thrilled that Jim has been duly recognized for the tremendous effort he puts in day after day in helping to maintain and grow our small and micro businesses throughout the region, which represent the foundation of our county's economy," according to PCEDC Executive Director Thomas Kittredge.

As Microenterprise Consultant for MaineStream Finance, Macomber provides microenterprise training and technical assistance in Penobscot, Piscataquis, Knox and Waldo Counties, coordinates an annual Rural Maine Small Business Conference for rural entrepreneurs, and organizes an annual MarketPlace to showcase products and services of area microenterprises. He also owns his own web design business, MainesBest.com, and is heavily involved in regional activities, most recently joining the Piscataquis County Economic Development Council Board of Directors in December 2007.

AMERICAN LEGION NEWS

We are proud of our members who were promoted to higher officer positions: locally Reggie Earley Sr. as Post Commander in the Fourteenth District (Piscataquis County), Lee Leeman, Commander, Richard Graves Sr., Vice Commander, and Donald Banker, Jr. Sgt at Arms. On the State of Maine level, Randy Kluj as 2nd Vice Commander, Jeff Barnes as Historian.

On a sad note, the glass basketball hoops installed last year at a cost of \$550.00 apiece have been vandalized and destroyed. Plus the fence is badly bent and broken. This is the time of year that our young adults and children use the court; unfortunately we cannot afford to immediately replace them.
Submitted by: Richard L Graves Sr. Post Adjutant

The CLASS OF 1953 will join other classes at noon on July 5th for the luncheon at the American Legion Hall followed by a class meeting at the MILO ELEMENTARY SCHOOL.

GRAMMIE McCLEARY'S WEATHER

June/July 1975
30/1-Sunny breezy-56° at 6:15 am.
2-Sunny & hot-82° at 10:30 am.
3-L. shower/Fair/L. shower-60° at 11:20 pm.
4-Sunny-hail thunder showers 11:30 pm-82° at 12 pm.
5-M. sunny-60° at 6:30 am.
6-Sunny /Cloudy after 4-72° at 9:20 pm.

HOUSE FOR RENT

3 bedroom modest home for rent, Riverside Street, Milo. No dogs. \$450.00 per month, pay own utilities References, security and first months rent. Section 8 welcome. Contact: cro3don@msn.com or 207.279.0878

TRC Community Calendar

Visit <http://calendar.trcmaine.org/> for a full listing.

Monday, June 30

8:00a Basketball Camp - Boys
8:00a Basketball Camp - Girls
9:00a Monday Morning Quilters
11:45a Meals for ME
4:00p Penquis Solid Waste Corp.
7:00p Alcoholics Anonymous

Tuesday, July 1

8:00a Basketball Camp - Boys
8:00a Basketball Camp - Girls
9:00a Womancare Outreach
9:00a Tee Ball
10:00a Farm League
11:30a Mt. Katahdin Senior Citizens
5:30p Line Dancing
6:00p Piscataquis Writers
6:30p SAD #68 Board of Directors
6:30p Post #92 Bingo
6:30p Medford Planning Board
7:00p Sebec Village Associates

Wednesday, July 2

6:30a Three Rivers Kiwanis
8:00a Basketball Camp - Boys
8:00a Basketball Camp - Girls
10:00a Church Thrift Shop
5:00p Tennis Camp (4-6)
6:00p Post #41 Dinner
6:00p Wednesday Night Quilters
6:30p Boy Scout Troop #115
7:00p Overeaters Anonymous
7:00p MSAD #41 Board of Directors
7:00p Post #41 Auxiliary
7:00p Post #41 Meeting

Thursday, July 3

8:00a Women's Ecumenical Breakfast
8:00a Basketball Camp - Boys
8:00a Basketball Camp - Girls
9:00a Tee Ball
10:00a Farm League
11:45a Meals for ME
4:30p Tae Kwon Do Class
5:00p Tennis Camp (7-9)
6:00p Boy Scout Troop #112
6:30p Line Dancing
6:30p BJHS Card Party

Friday, July 4

Milo's 4th of July Celebration
6:15p Post #41 Bingo
8:00p The Bayou Boy's (a tribute to CCR) at The Junction
9:00 FIREWORKS IN MILO

Saturday, July 5

8:00p Milo : Dance !
8:00p Rumours (a tribute to Fleetwood Mac)

Sunday, July 6

2:30p Tiny Tigers Tae Kwon Do
2:30p Post #92 Auxiliary
3:30p Square Dancing
6:00p Alcoholics Anonymous
6:00p Scrapbooking
7:30p Alcoholics Anonymous

Three Rivers Kiwanis, Milo - Brownville

Minutes of Meeting June 25, 2008

President Val Robertson welcomed 18 members to today's meeting at Sandee's Restaurant in Milo. Thus began our lively and fun-filled meeting! The following guests joined us: Builders Club Past President, Stephanie Vachon, Vice Pres. Jessica Clement, and Haley Knowles and Penquis Valley Key Club Pres. Josh Clement. An interclub from Dover-Foxcroft Kiwanis Club included Harold "Doc" Sherman, Tim & Grace Hague, Brian Woodworth, and Hoyt Fairbrother. Jim Lord, a new resident in the area and candidate for membership, also visited with us.

Eben DeWitt led the Flag Salute and Ed Treworgy offered the Morning Prayer.

Two anniversaries are being celebrated this week: Joe & Mary Jane Zamboni (36? yrs) on June 25 and Heidi and Leroy Finson 28 years on June 28.

Correspondence included a Thank You from Penquis Cruizers for providing the Food Wagon over the past several years at the Cruize In and for the past weekend.

Friend of Kiwanis Sheri Conley did the behind-the-scenes work compiling the birthdays and anniversaries, etc. that would go onto our Community Calendar order. She emailed us that special thanks needed to go to Honorary Member Laurel Harris who sold 117 of the 155 calendars that were sold. Laurel has truly made this project very successful this year and deserves thanks from all Kiwanians.

We also received a request from Chelsea Clark for a donation to help with expenses so that she can attend the National Homecoming Queen competition in California. Chelsea was a member of the graduating class of Penquis Valley H.S. in 2008 and a member of Key Club, as well as Penquis's Homecoming Queen. The Board of Directors will take action on this request at a short meeting following today's meeting.

Happy and Sad Dollars were given for several reasons today: getting dried out after the auction; 47 pickups of items this year/ 44 last year; fun place on Wed. mornings; swimming program started; auction guys episode with state trooper; heading to Orlando for International Kiwanis Convention; Key Club's okay to have 2 fundraisers this summer - pancake breakfast and a car wash - to be announced.

Election of Officers for the year 2008-2009 was held and the following officers were elected:

George Barton - President
Tom Harrigan - Vice Pres.
Janet Richards - Pres.-Elect
Heidi Finson - Secretary
Jeff Gahagan - Treasurer

These officers will be installed in September and the new Kiwanis year starts Oct. 1.

Our Auction was a big success despite the inclement weather. We grossed around \$10,000. before expenses. Many thanks to all the folks who purchased items, tickets, and food. We can't thank enough all the guys who gathered loads of items for several weeks prior to the auction - Bob Ellison, Joe Zamboni, Don Harris, Dick Graves, Frank Cochrane, Jeff Gahagan, just to name a few - and there may be more than I have listed. Thanks to all the Kiwanians who worked at the Auction. We couldn't have done it without you. Also, this year we had some Friends of Kiwanis who volunteered - Julie Andrews, Sherry Kroemer, Karen Clark, Chris (with the bike) ??, as well as Key Club and Builders Club members, especially Josh Clement and Camille Cramer, plus others.

Special thanks goes to Fred Trask who allows us the use of the lawn and electricity at the Milo Farmers Union. We really appreciate having such a great place to hold this event.

We also truly appreciate all of the donations of items and gift certificates from local and area merchants. And special thanks to Heidi Finson and Lorraine Schinck who headed up the follow-up and did pick-ups from the merchants.

Our speaker today was Everett Worcester from Worcester's Wild Blueberries in Milo who gave us a very interesting and amusing talk along with a slide show about his blueberry business. He gave us great insight into the

harvesting and caring for his crops and the many products he produces. In addition, a drawing was held and several members went home with one of the many products he produces.

We sincerely thank you, Everett, for taking the time to join us today.

Meeting adjourned.

Lois Trask, Sec.



These are 6 of the more than 50 cats and kittens available for adoption at PAWS. These guys are relaxed and laid back as you can see.

If you like your cats with a little more color, we have some of them also!! Please call 943-5116 to set up a time to go and check them out!!

