

# THE GUILFORD REGISTER

ADVENTURES & STORIES FROM THE MAINE HIGHLANDS



FREE

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# THE GUILFORD REGISTER

24 Elm Street, Guilford, Maine 04443

The Guilford Register is a publication of The Guilford Bed & Breakfast. To have your event showcased in this publication, please submit the details to us at [events@guilfordbnb.com](mailto:events@guilfordbnb.com). If you would like to write for or advertise in this publication, please contact us at 207-876-3477.

The Guilford Bed & Breakfast is a 123 year old Victorian mansion nestled high on a hill in Guilford, Maine. Built as a wedding present, the house has served as a bed & breakfast for 41 years, and welcomes guests from around the world, year-round. Learn more about the bed & breakfast, and the adventures available in The Maine Highlands by visiting us at [www.guilfordbnb.com](http://www.guilfordbnb.com)

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## THE KINDNESS OF STRANGERS

*By John McNamara*

Last year, soon after we purchased The Guilford Bed & Breakfast, and long before we made our first friend, I wrote a short piece for our website about the kindness of strangers that we experienced when we returned home to find a lovely vase of fresh cut flowers on our porch. There was no note. There was nothing but a vibrant, aromatic bouquet of summer. Flash forward a year and we have only recently discovered the name of our secret gardener—a friend and neighbor. Someone so close to us. Someone we saw almost every day, or at least every week until the colder weather filled the air. It was refreshing to finally be able to thank them for the wonderful, and thoughtful gift from so long ago. It was a welcoming gesture from a stranger.

We discovered who left the flowers quite casually. He was not looking for confirmation or thanks. He was only doing what we now realize that we noticed all along—something kind for a friend and neighbor. This wonderful soul continues, even today, to spread his warmth and kindness by delivering flowers, quite randomly, to those whose day he wishes to brighten—with no search for thanks or attention. He is a kind man. He is a testament to the kindness all around us here in northern Maine.

This story sits close to my heart, and is a continual reminder of the kindness of strangers, and the kindness of small town America. In the big city we are each an ant in a large colony, all working towards some goal of someone above us, often oblivious to the individualism and wonder of the world around us. But, in small town America—in rural America, we are not ants. We are individuals living a peaceful life, watching out for our neighbors—protecting our neighbors. In rural America, most people are kind-hearted. The people are genuine. The people are kind. The people are friends to all. We experience this warm feeling almost every day.

In the midst of kicking of the Piscataquis River Festival, running around making sure everything was in place and everyone had what they needed for the event to be a success a friend showed up at our door just to give us a hug—to tell us that they were happy that we were part of the community, and to offer their support in any way possible. She was driving by and decided to stop. She did not need to, but she did. Yet another testament to the wonderful, generous world we live in here in northern Maine.

As an Innkeeper we often get thanks from our guests as they hand their key back to us. Some will give us a hug—maybe even a tip. Some will tell us what a wonderful experience they had. Some go so far as to write a lovely review on the Internet. They walk in as strangers, but leave as friends. I love it. What I was not prepared for was a recent gift from a guest. She and her husband arrived to a sold out weekend—River Festival weekend. I had not realized that they had been guests before—long before we took over. They shared a few memories of their previous visits and talked about the obvious changes to the property. These strangers were quickly becoming friends. But It was the gift from them that set me back. She handed me a doily.

Now, I know what you might be thinking. So what? Right? It was just a doily. You can buy those anywhere these days. Well, no. This was not just any doily. This was 24" in diameter, and hand-made by our guest. It is three-dimensional, not just flat, like most doilies. The detail on this doily is beyond incredible, and she made it. She spent more than a month working on it, and she created it specifically for us—for the B&B. She remembered a round table from when she visited last time, and she remembered all the doilies around the house then and she wanted to show her thanks, and her appreciation for the B&B, for the house in the town she once called home.

Here was a complete stranger showing up at our door with a gift for us—a token of appreciation and friendship. I was speechless, and I was reminded, yet again, of the kindness of strangers. I realized that this kindness is not limited to small town America. This guest may have grown up here, but she lived in a different state now—a bigger state. A bigger city. She had gone from rural America to mainstream America, and yet she remained kind-hearted.

This tells me that all hope is not lost. Sure, we are all struggling to deal with the political landscape we live in today, and we are arguing with one another about almost everything. We are a divided nation and yet in millions of little pockets people are showing kindness to one another. We are letting our humanity take center stage, and we are remembering that kindness is the key to happiness.

I am in awe as I witness this every day, but I am also very thankful that I do. As a stranger in a new place (yes, I will always be ‘from away’ up here), I feel the warmth—I see the kindness of strangers, and of friends every day and feel good that the world is a good place. So I will continue to do my part in spreading kindness everywhere I go.

And on those days when I am feeling low, or overwhelmed and feel the urge to snap at someone—anyone, I will remember those flowers and I will remember the doily, and I will be reminded of the good in the world, and I will do my part to slow down and show kindness as much as I receive it everyday. So, if you have not done so today, go do something kind for someone—for a stranger. You will feel better, and so will they.

## ATV RIDING: EXPLORING 6K MILES OF TRAILS

By Vanessa White

Maine boasts the longest ATV trail system in the entire United States, with the Maine Highlands in particular being known for its extensive trail network. Throughout the state, you can find a variety of terrain to tackle, including mountains, coasts, forests, meadows, and lakes. You can even ride into Canada from the Maine ATV trails. Whether you're seeking technical challenges or scenic cruises through pristine wilderness, Maine's ATV trail system delivers unforgettable experiences.

The trail system is made possible by private landowners that allow access onto their property, local ATV clubs that provide maintenance, and the state ATV association all working hand-in-hand.

The crown jewel of Maine's ATV network spans over 150 miles through the western mountains near Rangeley. This interconnected system offers breathtaking views of pristine lakes, dense forests, and rolling hills. The trails range from beginner-friendly paths along lakeshores to challenging mountain climbs that reward riders with panoramic vistas. Popular routes include the loop around Mooselookmeguntic Lake and the challenging ascent up Saddleback Mountain, where riders can enjoy spectacular views of the High Peaks region.



The northern counties of Aroostook, Piscataquis, and Somerset contain some of Maine's most extensive trail networks. The Interconnecting Trail System (ITS) routes 81, 82, and 83 form the backbone of this region, connecting remote logging roads and traditional ATV paths across hundreds of square miles. These trails offer true backcountry experiences, winding through working forests where riders might encounter moose, deer, and other wildlife. The terrain varies from flat, fast-running logging roads to technical single-track through dense woods.

While Maine's coast is famous for lobster and lighthouses, it also offers unique ATV opportunities. The Downeast region features trails that wind through blueberry barrens, coastal forests, and along tidal rivers. The contrast between rugged inland terrain and nearby ocean views creates a distinctive riding experience found nowhere else in New England. These trails are generally less technical but offer their own challenges with sandy soils and seasonal water crossings.

The western foothills and mountains provide some of Maine's most technically demanding ATV terrain. Trail systems near Bethel, Rumford, and the Carrabassett Valley feature steep climbs, rocky sections, and root-filled single-track that test both rider skill and machine capability. These areas are particularly stunning during fall foliage season, when the hardwood forests explode in brilliant colors.



Most trails are open from late spring through fall, with exact dates varying by location and weather conditions. Riders should always check current conditions, as Maine's unpredictable weather can quickly transform trail conditions.

All of Maine's ATV trails offer views of the wild beauty the state has to offer. Along with nature, the trails usually lead to cool sights and towns. There are many opportunities along the way to stop for a bite to eat or a swim. It is suggested that you bring a paper ATV trail map with you, as phone service and internet often cut out along the trails.

If you are coming from out of state with your own ATV, make sure that you check the state's regulations and register your vehicle. All ATVs must be registered with the state, and many trail systems require additional user fees or club memberships. The Maine Bureau of Parks and Lands maintains current trail maps and conditions, which are essential resources since seasonal closures protect wildlife during critical periods like mud season and hunting seasons.

If you don't have your own ATV, there are plenty of places to rent one, such as **Northern Outdoors** in The Forks, **Northwoods Outfitters** in Greenville, and **201 Powersports** in Bingham and Jackman. These places also offer ATV tours with knowledgeable guides that might be preferable for beginners to learn the ropes, or for enthusiasts to find some cool spots they haven't yet been to.

Maine's ATV trail system represents one of the Northeast's premier off-road experiences, combining challenging terrain, stunning scenery, and well-maintained infrastructure. Whether you're planning a day trip or a multi-day adventure, Maine's trails offer the perfect backdrop for creating lasting memories on four wheels.



## THE STORY OF GUILFORD

*By John McNamara*

Nestled in the heart of the Maine Highlands along the banks of the Piscataquis River, Guilford, at one time, was one of Northern New England's premier manufacturing communities, but like so many small, rural towns across our great nation, higher prices and cheaper, overseas manufacturing has all but shuttered this quaint town.

But let's not get ahead of ourselves. Let's go back and start from the beginning. This charming town's story begins with land grants, college endowments, and the determination of early settlers who carved out a new life in the wilderness of central Maine. In 1794 the Commonwealth of Massachusetts made a significant land grant to Bowdoin College. This generous grant consisted of four townships, one of which eventually became the incorporated town of Guilford. The land grant system was common back then, as the Massachusetts government (which then controlled Maine) used land grants to support education and encourage settlement in the frontier regions.

For the first decade after the grant, the land remained largely unsettled wilderness. Bowdoin College held the territory as part of its endowment, but the rugged terrain and remote location made immediate settlement challenging. The area was dense forest, crossed by rivers and streams, and home to the wildlife that characterized Maine's interior regions.

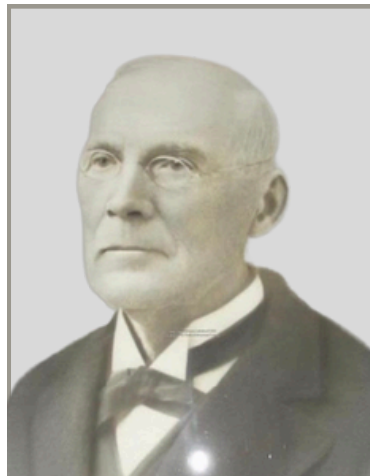
The transformation from wilderness to settlement began around 1804 when the first brave souls to venture into what would become Guilford faced the monumental task of clearing land, building shelter, and establishing the foundations of a community. In 1805, the first crops were grown and houses built, marking the beginning of permanent habitation in the area. These early settlers were hardy pioneers who understood the challenges of frontier life—harsh winters, isolation, and the constant work required to build a life from scratch in the Maine woods. This way of life is still common today as the area remains quite rural—isolation and hard weather changes continue to make it difficult to live year-round, and yet, more and more people are making the trek to northern Maine as they seek a quieter, more peaceful way of living.

As the settlement grew, the need for formal government structure became apparent. On October 8, 1812, a warrant was issued for the tract to be designated a "plantation," which became effective on November 11, 1806. This plantation status provided a basic governmental framework for the growing community.

The final step in Guilford's political evolution came on February 8, 1816, when the town was officially incorporated by the governor of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. The incorporation process was significant—it meant the community had reached sufficient size and stability to warrant full municipal status, something the town struggles with today.

The town's name carries special significance in its history. Guilford was named in honor of Moses Guilford Low, the first white child born in the area. The Low family would become central to the town's early development, with several family members playing important roles in the community's growth. Interestingly, the town's founders initially proposed the name "Fluvanna," but the Massachusetts legislature approved the name Guilford instead, reflecting the community's desire to honor its first native son.

The Low family's prominence in early Guilford is evident in the town's landmarks—Low's Covered Bridge over the Piscataquis River stands as a testament to their lasting impact on the community. This bridge became not just a vital transportation link but also a symbol of the town's growth and connectivity. The bridge that stands today is not the original bridge. Mother Nature stepped in multiple times over the century, and in 1990 a newer, stronger bridge was erected after a flood in 1987 washed the entire bridge down river. The new bridge sits significantly higher over the Piscataquis River today to ensure it can withstand another century, or more.



From its earliest days, Guilford's location along the Piscataquis River provided both opportunities and challenges. The river offered water power for mills and a transportation route, but it also presented obstacles during spring floods and winter freezes. The early settlers quickly recognized the potential for water-powered industry, and mills began to appear along the riverbank.

As Guilford grew, the institutions that define a community began to take shape. Churches, schools, and civic organizations emerged to serve the growing population. The town's residents understood that education was crucial for their children's future, and they worked to establish schools even in the earliest years of settlement.

The social fabric of early Guilford was woven from the common experiences of frontier life—neighbors helping neighbors. These shared experiences created strong bonds that would characterize the town throughout its history. This bond is evident even today. I remain impressed with how the community comes together to help one another.

With The Piscataquis Woolen Company and Guilford Lumber Company setting the stage for the booming growth of the area, The Guilford Woolen Mills Company, Hardwood Products Company, and Puritan Medical continued stepped in and helped solidify the growth of Guilford. Unfortunately, Pride Manufacturing and the Guilford Woolen Company are now gone—empty buildings reminding us all of the prosperity that once blanketed this town.

Businesses come and go, and the people remain steadfast. As one of the newer members to this lovely community, both as a resident and a business owner, I see the drive in everyone. I see the love for this town, and I see the desire to make it great again.

The police department may have been closed, requiring the Sheriff to step in and protect; the fire department may be all volunteer; and jobs may be sparse, but Guilford's story isn't just about the past—it's about the ongoing process of community building that continues today. Every generation adds its own chapter to the town's story, building on the foundation laid by those first brave settlers who saw potential in the Maine wilderness and had the courage to make it reality.



## THE HISTORY OF KATAHDIN: A CENTURY OF SERVICE ON MOOSEHEAD LAKE

*By Vanessa White*

One of the most unique attractions in the Moosehead Lake area is the steamboat Katahdin, fondly nicknamed “Kate.” The steamboat has a long history with the lake. As early as 1836, steamboating was introduced to Moosehead Lake.

Built in 1914 at the prestigious Bath Iron Works, the Katahdin was constructed during an era when steamboats were the primary means of transportation across Maine’s vast waterways. The young shipyard that would later become famous for building naval vessels crafted this elegant passenger steamer to serve the flourishing tourist trade on Moosehead Lake. Originally designed to carry passengers, livestock, mail, supplies and equipment to large resorts, small hunting camps and villages around the lake, the Katahdin quickly became an essential lifeline for the remote communities dotting the shoreline.



The current Katahdin actually represents the second vessel to bear this name. The first Katahdin, a wooden hulled steam vessel, began serving Moosehead Lake in 1896 but met a fiery end on May 13, 1913, when her steam engines caught fire while towing logs near Sand Bar Island. The replacement was built almost immediately, ensuring continuous service to the lake’s communities.

During her early decades, the Katahdin epitomized the romance of steam travel, ferrying tourists to grand lakeside resorts and wilderness destinations. However, as transportation patterns changed and the automobile gained prominence, the vessel found new purpose in Maine’s lumber industry.

At one point, the lake was bustling with over 50 steamboats that made daily voyages. Once roads in the area were developed, steamboating began to subside. Eventually, only the Steamboat Katahdin remained, primarily used for logging purposes. In 1975, the boat participated in the nation’s last log drive and had plans to be scuttled.

The Katahdin was fully restored in the 1990s by the nonprofit Moosehead Maritime Museum, returning her to passenger service with modern safety features while preserving her historic character. Later converted to diesel power, she now operates beyond her centennial year as the final link to a bygone era. The restoration project represented a significant community effort to preserve not just a vessel, but a crucial piece of Maine’s maritime and logging heritage.

With grants and generous donations, Kate has been making her trips ever since. This year the season is running from June 20th to October 11th offering passengers spacious decks with indoor and outdoor seating, full galley service, and handicap accessibility. Special cruises include the Head of the Lake journey, which takes passengers the full length of Moosehead Lake to Seboomook, passing behind Mount Kineo’s dramatic cliffs where peregrine falcons nest.

The boat makes daily trips Tuesday-Saturday. You can purchase tickets online, over the phone or in person. The prices vary depending on your choice of trip, and children 2 years old and under sail free. There are a number of different trips to choose from; something for every person and age. There are 2-hour Moose Island trips, 3-hour Sugar Island trips, 4.5-hour Mt. Kineo trips, and the 8-hour Head of the Lake trips that travel the entire length of Moosehead Lake.



The cruises include a narration of the region’s history and sights. In addition to the knowledgeable and interesting narration, the views from the boat alone are reason enough to take a trip. You have the opportunity to experience Moosehead Lake from a new perspective, one that you’d never be able to see from the road. You can purchase food and drinks in the boat’s galley, and the Head of the Lake trip includes a continental breakfast and a turkey dinner.

The boat also hosts specialty trips such as fireworks cruises, dance cruises, pirate-themed cruises, brews and blues cruises, and many more. Whatever floats your boat, Kate has something to offer you! Don’t miss out on the chance to enjoy the beauty of Moosehead Lake from the view of this historical steamboat.

The Kate serves as both a floating museum and active tour boat, allowing visitors to experience Maine’s largest lake while learning about the region’s rich maritime and logging traditions. Her continued operation ensures that future generations can connect with Maine’s steamboat era, making the Kate not just a historic artifact, but a living piece of New England’s maritime soul.





# BROWNVILLE-BROWNVILLE JCT HISTORICAL SOCIETY

LYNN GERRISH

Introduce yourself to the people of Brownville and you will find their names reflect a rich cultural diversity. Whether descended from French Canadian, Swedish, Welsh or old Yankee stock, their names reflect a comfortable mix of cultural roots.

From the quarry boom of the 1840s through the turn of the 20th century, the town's needs for labor to work the slate quarries, the mills and on the railroads attracted workers recruited from Wales, Sweden, French Canada and elsewhere. Their influence is found in the commerce of Brownville and in the customs, culture and legacy their descendants enjoy today.

The Brownville-Brownville Junction Historical Society celebrates this diversity at our Parish House Museum at 72 Church Street in Brownville Village.

Founded in 1979, the Society is proud of its growing History and Heritage Collection which documents Brownville's unique place in Maine history. Hundreds of original documents - deeds, letters, scrapbooks, genealogies, and books are available for research and reminiscing.

Our Parish House Museum was built in 1839 as the Methodist Episcopal Church. It was located near the Crocker Quarry, but in 1850 it was moved on to logs and rolled to its present location.

For years the Parish House was the Fellowship Hall of the Brownville Community Church, a gathering place for the community. In 1996, the Brownville-Brownville Junction Historical Society purchased the building from the Church and it has been home to the Society ever since.

The museum is open on Tuesdays from June to September, 9:00 to 1:00, and by appointment by emailing [historicalsociety.brownville@gmail.com](mailto:historicalsociety.brownville@gmail.com).

Check out all that the museum offers by following our FaceBook page Brownville-Brownville Jct. Historical Museum.





## ONE IS THE LONELIEST NUMBER

By John McNamara

Deep in the heart of Piscataquis County, spanning the flowing waters of the Piscataquis River, stands one of Maine's most enduring symbols of ingenuity and community spirit: Low's Covered Bridge. This historic structure, once connecting the towns of Guilford and Sangerville, carries within its weathered timbers a story that stretches back nearly two centuries to Maine's pioneering days.

Low's Bridge is the only covered bridge in Guilford, Maine. In fact, it is the only remaining covered bridge in Piscataquis County, the second largest county in the state. Low's Bridge is only one of eight covered bridges that are still operational in the state of Maine. That number does not sound sad or impressive until you realize that there were once 120 covered bridges scattered all over this wonderful state—this vacation land.

A true covered bridge fanatic would need to plan for a long journey if they wanted to see all eight of the remaining covered bridges as they are spread out across the state, standing strong, reminding us all of a bygone era.

Low's Bridge was named in honor of one of the area's first settlers, Robert Low, whose property bordered the crucial river crossing that would be vital to the region's economic development.

The bridge's location was no accident. Like many interior Maine communities, Guilford developed around waterways that could be harnessed for power. The Piscataquis River served multiple mills and provided the natural boundary that required crossing for trade and communication between neighboring settlements. The placement of the bridge near Robert Low's land reflected both the practical needs of the community and the influence of this early settler in the area's development.

From its inception, Low's Bridge faced the perpetual challenge that has defined its history: the power of the Piscataquis River itself. The bridge was destroyed twice by spring flooding, forcing the community to rebuild and adapt. The bridge was originally built in 1830, rebuilt in 1843, then again in 1857 and yet again in 1990, creating a timeline of resilience that spans centuries.

The 1857 reconstruction marked a significant advancement in bridge engineering. The foundation and approach to the bridge were constructed by Isaac Wharff who hauled the granite more than 7 miles by oxen team from Guilford Mountain. The bridge carpenter, Leonard Knowlton, used a patented Long-truss design which used mathematical calculations to develop a truss that would prove remarkably durable. This version of the bridge would stand for 130 years, testament to the skill of its builders and the quality of materials sourced from the local landscape.



PHOTO: (top) Entrance of Low's Bridge, (bottom) Low's Bridge over the Piscataquis River, shot from Highway 15 in Guilford.

The covered design that became Low's Bridge's signature feature served practical purposes beyond aesthetics. The roof and sides protected the wooden structural elements from Maine's harsh weather, significantly extending the bridge's lifespan. This engineering wisdom, combined with the mathematical precision of the Long-truss design, created a structure that could withstand decades of heavy use and seasonal flooding.

Tragedy struck again on April 1, 1987, when what became known as "the flood of the century" pulled the 1857 bridge from off its foundation and down the river.

A modern covered bridge, patterned after the original, was built on the original abutments in 1990. The replacement was built to have a larger load-capacity and was raised in order to prevent future flood damage. Today's Low's Bridge maintains the historic character that has made it beloved while incorporating modern engineering solutions to better withstand future floods.

The bridge stands today as more than just a river crossing. Low's Bridge represents the enduring spirit of Maine communities and their determination to maintain connections across natural barriers. From Robert Low's original settlement through nearly two centuries of rebuilding, this bridge embodies the persistence and ingenuity that have defined rural Maine throughout its history.





## THE SOUTHERN BELLE

LISA MCNAMARA

### ROW, ROW, ROW YOUR BOAT

This month we had a much anticipated visit from one of Jack's very best friends. Henry and Jack have been a big part of one another's lives since they were in kindergarten. Henry spent many hours and nights at our home in Atlanta, so he was very familiar to John and me, as well. He's the friend that is very outgoing and comfortable interacting with the whole family. We often laugh about a time when Henry saw me drinking a powder that is supposed to make me look younger and healthier. He asked me about it and "if it was working?" I replied "well, how old do you think I look?" He replied with a cheeky response "maybe 65." I was about 15 years shy of 65. We all laughed and he told me that he knew I was fishing for a compliment, but he wasn't playing along. Oh, and Henry was about 10 years old at the time.

Henry's visit was as wonderful as expected. He's still the same rascal, with a little twinkle in his eye. He and Jack picked up right where the left off a year ago, but we had some fun and unexpected surprises with this visit. Henry was traveling with his mom and little brother. Both of whom we knew, but not like we knew Henry. I always saw his little brother, Andrew, at carpool or drop offs for play dates. Henry's mom, Carla is a successful OBGYN in metro Atlanta who specializes in high risk pregnancies so she was often on call or at work. Henry's dad is "Mr. Mom" and was the one always in carpool, so he is the one we shared most of our conversations with, and got to know well. The surprise wasn't that we enjoyed Carla and Andrew's company. Instead it was just how much fun we all had together!

Andrew is now old enough that he can "hang" with Jack and Henry. We had some concerns that Jack and Henry would go off and leave Andrew behind with the parents. But that was not the case. He was included in every hike, fire pit nonsense, chit chat time, and of course the much anticipated ATV side by side excursion. This gave John, Carla, and me an opportunity to have "adult time." We had a blast. We laughed and enjoyed gin and tonics on the porch, and caught up on all the Atlanta gossip.

On Sunday, the boys went on their off-road adventure, which left Carla and me to our own devices. We gals decided to go on a canoeing trip around Moosehead Lake. To say we were canoeing novices would be an understatement! As we set off on the open waters, we laughed as we bobbed and weaved through the harbor, spinning in circles at times, finally making our way up the coast line. Our plan was to stay close to the shore to avoid any mishaps. The lake is huge and filled with boats of various sizes and speeds—not to mention a large cruiser steamboat called the Katahdin that offers tours around the lake.

Once we found a rhythm of rowing in-sync we started to make progress on our distance, but we still struggled greatly in

our steering. Carla was in the front of the boat and I was in the back. We continuously found ourselves hitting rocks along the coast. Several home owners laughed as we looked like we were attempting to dock at their piers, but in reality we just didn't have control of the boat. I kept thinking to myself "man, Carla really can't steer a boat." I was thinking she was in the front so she should be guiding us. Finally after an hour of knocking into things and struggling to head in the direction of our intentions, Carla very kindly said, "you know, I think the back of the boat is the guide." It was me! I was the problem. As soon as she said it I realized the back is the rudder that steers the boat. I had flashes of sailing trips in Mobile Bay! FINALLY, we had a handle of the direction of the boat! It was also at that one hour mark when I realized I had not put sunscreen on my legs.

We continued to paddle for another two and half hours, the scenery was stunning, and camps along the coast varied in design and size, and both of us being from 'away' found it



fascinating. We saw the Katahdin take off for an afternoon cruise filled with guests, and we saw a sea plane take off. We saw turtles, various fish, an eagle, and rabbits, too. We were very satisfied with our wildlife spotting despite not seeing a moose.

Eventually we decided to head to the dock for a break and snack when we hit the 3.5 hour mark of our outing. We were certain we were just docking temporarily and that we would take another spin around the lake. As we were making our approach we had an interruption to our conversation celebrating our success of conquering the canoe. It was a very loud, HOOOONNNKKKK! We both turned around to see the Katahdin tour steamboat hot on our heels. It was trying to dock at the same time we were. We both yelled "ROW!" Our arms were tired, and the waves and current were not cooperating. We were zigzagging and moving at a snails pace, and we couldn't stop laughing, which was not helpful. The Katharine let out another HOOOONNNKKK! (A little softer than the first) and by now the tourists had lined the front of the boat watching us

*(Continued on Page 13)*





## THE LIBRARY SHELF

### SHORT STORIES WRITTEN BY MAINE AUTHORS

Each month we will highlight a short story or serial written by a Maine author. If you are a Maine writer, or know of one who would like to be showcased here, reach out to us at [hello@guilfordbnb.com](mailto:hello@guilfordbnb.com)

### POST MODERNISM

*By Amelia Trader*

"Hey." He had sidled up to her as she was engrossed in a de Kooning.

Startled, she turned her head sharply towards him. "Oh, hey."

He grinned. "How're you doing? It's been awhile. You look great, by the way."

"Uh, okay. Thanks." Her mind was still in the painting, but she was pleased to see him. He was the buddy of someone she had slept with, and she found him attractive as well. "You?"

"Real good. Working as Ferrice Aulden's assistant." He said the first name with an Italian pronunciation. "And I've got a couple of my own projects going."

"Wow. Cool."

"So, do you often spend your Friday evenings looking at this old stuff?" He winked. "I mean, it's good and all, but, y' know, it's not exactly happening."

"Yeah. I enjoy looking at it. Something I grew up with. My mother used to bring me here when I was a kid. I always find something new in the work that I never noticed before."

He nodded. "Yep."

"What are you doing here?"

"I was doing some research, for Ferrice."

She invited him to join her, and they continued through the galleries, commenting on the work, making jokes, reminiscing about art school. They stayed until closing, when the museum guards started shooing people out. Passing through the gift shop, they ogled at the overpriced, sleekly designed merchandise, but didn't buy anything. There was too much of the touristy last minute retail frenzy.

"Wanna go for a beer or something?" he asked when they got outside.

"Uh, sure. Where do you want to go? There's nothing in this neighborhood."

He considered a moment. "I know a place. It's downtown. Too bad the Cedar Tavern's gone. Y'know, see some Abstract Expressionist ghosts?"

She laughed. "Okay, sounds good."

It was a lovely evening, so they walked east and took a bus downtown. On the way, they gossiped about old school friends and teachers.

"Have you been in touch with Mikey?" She wondered what became of him after graduation.

"Nah, not too much since he moved to Connecticut. He got married, y'know."

She nodded. "He told me that was his plan."

"Yeah. He's up there, working for his father-in-law, designing stuff."

"Really? What?"

"I dunno, can't remember. Widgets." He smirked. "I think he's got a kid, maybe two. He cut his hair. Living the suburban dream."

"Wow. He really did it."

"Hey! This is our stop!"

They disembarked in what might be called an in-between neighborhood—not the trendiest locale but somewhere on the edges, where the area still retained some of its character prior to its inevitable gentrification. He guided her a couple of blocks until they arrived at what could be described as a hole in the wall. The signage was old, peeling slightly, and a generic, blinking neon light spelling out "Cocktails" and "Beer on Tap" hung in the window.

"Y' know, I live near here, but I've never been in."

"Oh? Do you want to go somewhere else?"

"No, no. I'll try it. Maybe it'll become my hangout."

The exterior belied its nature; it was no dive. Inside, a lively crowd stood by the bar, watching a baseball game, cheering on the home team. A couple of waitresses were serving drinks and food to customers seated at tables and booths along the walls. There was a pool table in the rear, and what appeared to be an open door leading to a garden out back.

"Is this okay? It's a little noisy, but we can sit in the garden."

She nodded. "How did you find this place?"

"Ferrice. He and his buds come here. He hates what he calls those artsy-fartsy joints."

As they headed out, he waved at a waitress and pointed out back. Recognizing him, she smiled in acknowledgement. The garden was festooned with strings of multicolored lights, a small tree grew in the middle, and large potted plants stood along the brick walls that enclosed the space. The tables and chairs were a mismatched collection of different vintages—metal, plastic—which added to the informal charm. They sat down at a small table somewhat apart from the others.

The waitress came by with menus and a drinks list. "What can I getcha, hons?"

Quickly perusing the list, he asked, "Are you into microbrews?"

"Oh, yeah."

You gotta try this one. It's called "Kissena Boulevard". It's brewed in Queens. Utopia Parkway is good, too, but they don't have it."

"Haven't heard of it." She shrugged. "Okay."

The waitress started writing down the order. "So, two Kissenas. Somethin' to eat?"

"A plate of fries?" he asked.

"Definitely."

Their order arrived, and they drank and munched, their conversation becoming more animated. They each had another beer. At one point, he leaned over and kissed her.

Smiling, she said, "Kissena."

*(Continued on Page 10)*

(Continued from Page 9)

They left the bar; he paid the bill, she left the tip. "You said you lived nearby. I'll walk you home, okay?"

"That would be great. Thanks."

When they arrived at her apartment building, there was an awkward moment before it was clear how the rest of the night would unfold. "I'm working on an art piece. Would you like to see it?" she asked. "I can make coffee."

"Sure." He smiled.

Her apartment was a small one bedroom, but she made it work. Everything was neatly organized in boxes on shelves and in cabinets. Everything was labeled. The dining table doubled as a worktable, but instead of the more usual artists' materials, on it sat a packet of tiny zipper topped plastic bags, a small stiff paintbrush, a permanent marker, a pile of labels, a pencil, a notebook, and a plastic shoebox.

"Nice place."

"Thanks. It's cozy, as they say. I wish I had more space, but that's what storage units are for." She shrugged. "Coffee? Beer?"

"Beer, if you have." She opened a bottle and poured two glasses as he sat down on a chair. He took a sip. "So, what are you going to show me?"

She grinned, took a long breath and exhaled. "You'll have to stand up and empty your pockets."

"What?"

"Stand up and empty your pockets." She giggled. "C'mon, I'll show you."

He laughed, a little nervously, but obeyed. Out of his front pockets came his keys, a penknife, a small measuring tape, and a pack of gum.

"Good. Now turn them inside out."

"What?"

"Turn them inside out."

"Okay," he drawled, with a quizzical look. Then, grinning broadly, he said, "Why don't you do it?"

Eyes fastened on his, she accepted his challenge and reached into his pants, attempting to squeeze one hand into each pocket. His pants were a snug fit. She struggled trying to pull both out simultaneously, but in the end was forced to use both hands per pocket, pulling out one at a time.

"Hey, are you trying to grope me or tickle me?"

Blushing slightly from the exertion and embarrassment, she said with false indignation, "No!" She picked up the paintbrush and proceeded to brush what was on the fabric's surface into a bag. Using the permanent marker, she wrote some notes on a label, affixed it to the bag, placed it in the box, and penciled something in the notebook.

"Is that it?" He looked in the box. There was a collection of bags with similar contents within, all neatly labeled with dates and what appeared to be a code. "So, can I, uh..." he gestured towards his pockets and their former contents.

"Oh, yes, of course. Sorry, I'm not going to try to put them back in."

He laughed. "That's okay." Adjusting his attire, he asked, "What's this all about?"

"Everyday detritus. Lint. It's a metaphor for the nature of all matter. It all ends up as dust. Even the stars."

"I see." He paused a moment in thought. "Interesting. And the notebook?" He picked it up and began leafing through its pages.

"I think it's important to record the process. I've been doing it for almost a year. Disintegration is happening all the time, everywhere. This is a way of bringing attention to it." She took the notebook from him and replaced it in the box.

"Very scientific. Kind of grim."

"You think?" She shrugged. "Entropy, y' know?"

He nodded, and picked up his glass. She picked up hers. They clinked. "To lint," he said.

They spent some time talking about art, about life, about relationships, about work. He said that he was at a crossroad, not sure of what direction to take, his sigh revealing some discontent. They finished their beers. It got late. She stood up, took his hand and said, "Come to bed?"

They made love, or had sex, depending how one looks at it. He stayed the night. It was a friendly hookup. They had a few more of them until his girlfriend returned from a trip. She sensed it could be over, as he had stopped texting her as often. She didn't care that much; she wasn't that into him. Besides, she knew that he was in a relationship, and she was busy and had other friends.

A few months later, she received an announcement of a group exhibition at a relatively new gallery. He was one of the artists being shown. "See you at the opening?" was scrawled on the back. She thought that maybe he'd been out of touch because he was preparing for the show.

• • • • •

The Sclafani Gallery was located in a loft building in an up-and-coming, formerly industrial area. A modernized freight elevator opened into a reception area of a large, partially renovated space. Moveable walls allowed for three separate exhibitions that opened into a wide corridor, which led to a private enclosed office and storage area.

When she arrived at the opening, she spied him in the reception area, standing by a thin, fabulously chic, young woman who was wearing sunglasses, holding a wineglass and looking immensely bored. *That must be the girlfriend*, she thought. Nearby, a young man was at a crowded table pouring wine—red or white?—into glasses. The guests' chatter resounded in the cavernous space.

He waved her over, and made introductions, a little nervously, calling her an old school chum. The girlfriend, peering over her sunglasses, said, "Oh, hullo." Her voice was high and nasal. "I'm going out for a smoke." Handing him her glass, she walked towards the elevator.

"So, that's Chloe."

He nodded. "Yep."

"Killer outfit."

He giggled. "Yeah."

Well, I'm going to go look at the show."

"Oh, yeah. I'm in the back space."

"Okay. Well, see you later."

She wended her way through the crowd into an exhibition of seven tables of varying sizes and furniture styles. Some sat sideways on an edge and two legs, others were completely upended. On the underside of each was a painting depicting an upright table in a differing style. This was a popular space. Not only were viewers discussing the merits of the paintings, they

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(Continued from Page 10)

were also considering the esthetics and value of each table. The chromed legged kitchen table with a Formica top elicited the most comments, accompanied by “oohs” and “ahs” of retro appreciation. The artist’s statement, posted on the wall, speculated that even furniture had spirits.

The middle space wasn’t inhabited at all. It had been divided into four areas separated by floor-to-ceiling opaque scrims. Each area was dimly lit by a different colored light—red, blue, green and amber. A soft, constant buzzing filled the room as dark, moving objects were projected onto the floor. This piece was untitled.

Lastly, she arrived at his exhibit, populated mainly by escapees from the buzzing room. Four large, mixed media canvases hung on the wall: pink acrylic paint topped with plastic bags and bits of packaging, some arranged in little rosettes; black paint mixed with hair--human and fur--arranged in a swirling pattern; yellow paint with scraps of colored paper, very festive; grey paint coated with lint laid down randomly.

She was dumbstruck. Lint! Then she saw it, on the wall, the show’s title—“Everyday Detritus”—and she stood there, seething.

“Oh, hi.” Chloe came into her view. “They let me use the bathroom ‘cause I’m a special friend of one of the artists.” She pointed towards the back. “Wasn’t that nice? Do you understand this stuff? I don’t get it.”

“Uh, huh, ah-ha-hah...” She took a deep breath, closed her eyes, exhaled, and swallowed. “You should ask the artist.” She wanted to scream, but instead tried to sound as sane and neutral as possible.

She must’ve succeeded, as Chloe continued. “Hmmm. I did kind of like the tables. One of them reminded me of the furniture in my grandmother’s house. And the paintings on the bottoms were funny. The middle room creeped me out. Well, I’m going to get some more wine. See ya.”

“Yeah.” More calming breaths followed while in her head ran, *What to do, what to do?* She looked at the paintings again. *For now, nothing.*

She made her way back, through the crowd, towards the elevator, hoping to make a quick escape. Chloe was at the wine table, appearing to flirt with the bartender. As she was about to push the down button for the elevator, she felt a tap on her shoulder.

“Leaving?” He was smiling. “Ferrice was here,” he announced proudly. A few heads turned. “But he left and said he’d come back some morning next week.”

“Mmm.”

“So, what did you think?”

“Mmm.” *Hold it in! Hold it in! Bite your tongue!* “You bastard, you stole my idea.”

“What? No,” he whined. “You inspired me. You’re like my muse.” That got a dark look. “Uh, it’s like we’re working in tandem, y’ know, like Monet and Renoir.”

“Where did you get all the lint?”

“Laundromat.” He was pleased with his ingenuity.

So, *he’s a cheat, too.* She shook her head. “I gotta go.” And she left.

About a week later, an article appeared in *The Weekly Chronicler*, a publication focused mainly on the downtown

scene and the arts. The report, by Shel Schaeffer, was on acts of arson and vandalism at the Sclafani Gallery. Someone had tried to set four paintings on fire and had thrown green paint on the wall. The perpetrator was caught on CCTV, but was too heavily disguised to be identified. Ms. Sclafani, the owner, stated that two paintings were irreparably damaged, but fortunately nothing else was harmed. The rest of exhibition would remain open until the set closing date.

• • • • •

Another week had passed when as she was interrupted by a familiar voice as she was contemplating a Pollack.

“Same place, different day, huh?”

She turned and looked at him blankly. “Yep. And you?”

“More research, but this time for me.”

She nodded. “Good.”

“So, you wanna hear the good news?”

“Sure.”

“I’m getting another show. Because my paintings were attacked, it’s created a lot of publicity for the gallery. Y’know, ‘there’s no such thing as bad publicity’. And I’m thinking a lot about burning things and fire.”

Her insides tightened. She swallowed. “Oh, right. Uh, that’s great.”

“Yeah, Deirdre’s real pleased.”

“Deirdre?”

“Deirdre Sclafani.”

“Oh, right.” *Should she ask?* “Uh, how’s Chloe?”

“She’s great. Off on another trip for her dad.”

“Oh, okay. Well, uh, I’m going to go see the rest of this show.”

“Sure. See you around.” He smiled as he gave her a long, penetrating look.

Attempting to appear as unperturbed as possible, she smiled back and said, “Yep, see ya,” as she quickly walked away.

• • • • •

A few days went by, and her head was filled with a cacophony of conflicting thoughts. It was the last week of the exhibition.

“Good morning, *The Weekly Chronicler*. How can I help you?” said the melodious voice coming out of her phone.

“Um, hi, could I please speak to Shel Schaeffer?”

“One moment as I connect you.”

“Shel Schaeffer here.” He spoke quickly and his voice was breathy.

“Um, hi, I’m the one who started the fire.”

*Fin.*

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## HEALTH & WELLNESS

BRITTANY GALLAGHER, EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR, FRIENDS OF COMMUNITY FITNESS

### A HIDDEN GEM FOR HEALTH & WELLNESS IN GUILFORD, MAINE

Nestled in the heart of Guilford, Maine, is a hidden gem that's changing lives every single day — Friends of Community Fitness. As the Executive Director of this nonprofit fitness and community center, I am proud to share what makes this space so special and invite you to experience it for yourself.

At Community Fitness, our mission is simple yet powerful: to promote a healthy lifestyle by offering physical, social, and educational opportunities for people of all ages and financial means. Whether you're new to exercise, returning after time away, or already in motion — there's a place here for you.

We currently serve about 1,000 members, and we're growing! In fact, due to increased demand, we've expanded our footprint within the former Guilford Elementary School — which we own — to provide even more space and services. Inside, you'll find multiple weight rooms, a cardio room, a gymnasium, and a fitness studio that hosts over 40 free classes each week for our members. We also feature an infrared sauna, an outdoor pickleball court, a walking track, and a community room that hosts everything from art classes to weight loss support groups.

One of the things I'm most proud of is that our membership rates haven't changed since 2019 — and yet, we continue to grow and evolve, adding new equipment and offerings regularly. We believe that health and wellness should be accessible to all, which is why we also offer 24/7 access for adult members. We want fitness to fit your life, no matter your schedule.



Our programs are not just about physical health — they also nurture mental and social well-being. From seniors staying active in our SilverSneakers classes to members connecting through group fitness, Community Fitness fosters a sense of belonging and support that extends far beyond the walls of the gym.

If you haven't visited us lately, I encourage you to stop by and see the transformation. Whether you're looking to improve your fitness, meet new friends, or find support on your wellness journey, Friends of Community Fitness is here for you.

Community Fitness, where community and fitness come together. To learn more, visit us at [www.comfitme.com](http://www.comfitme.com) or call us at 207-876-4813. Come discover what this hidden gem can do for you.







## GOOD GOSSIP

LISA MCNAMARA

In a small town, everyone knows everyone. This column is dedicated to sharing their good news and the kind deeds happening in and around Guilford. If you have some good gossip to share, email [lisa@guilfordbnb.com](mailto:lisa@guilfordbnb.com).

Patrick Myers owner of Center Theatre, not only does so many things for our community, but he is also extremely kind. During the excitement of the Dover-Foxcroft lockdown a couple of weeks ago, Patrick personally responded to the text messages with so much grace and assurance to panicked parents whose kids were at the movies. This is priceless compassion that everyone needs. Thank you Patrick!

Speaking of kindness, Tara Noelle Smith, Development Director of Central Hall Commons, also helped make connections and supply information to worried parents of children who were out and about during that same lockdown incident. Thank you Tara!

Have you met the wonderful librarian at the Guilford Memorial Library, Sophie. She was asked to prepare a “story time” for children at the Piscataquis River Festival and she took on the request with full enthusiasm. She picked a fun book, planned activities and even set up a crafts session for the kiddos at the end of the story. And if that is not amazing enough, she

also put together a scavenger hunt for the children. How lucky we are to have someone who has such great initiative, great energy and a great spirit? Thank you Sophie!

And speaking of great spirit, PZ (Paul Zimmerman) single handedly arranged to have the Gold Star Wall visit Guilford. Much like last year when he arranged for the Vietnam Memorial Wall to stop in Guilford—the only town in Maine to celebrate our war heroes with the wall, the Gold Star Wall visit was a huge success for our community. PZ does so many great things for our town and he works hard to make sure that our veterans get the respect, dignity and recognition they deserve. Thank you PZ!

Lastly, the Piscataquis River Festival was a huge success! So many people volunteered, attended, drank, sang and danced, and over 200 children (at heart) received FREE build-a-stuffed animal as take home treat. Thank you to everyone who donated, volunteered, and participated! You are all perfect examples of the kindness that fills this community.

*(Continued from Page 8)*

struggle. It seemed like no matter which way we turned the Katahdin turned the same way, we were literally going to the same spot. Finally, we found a spot where we could allow the Katahdin to pass us.

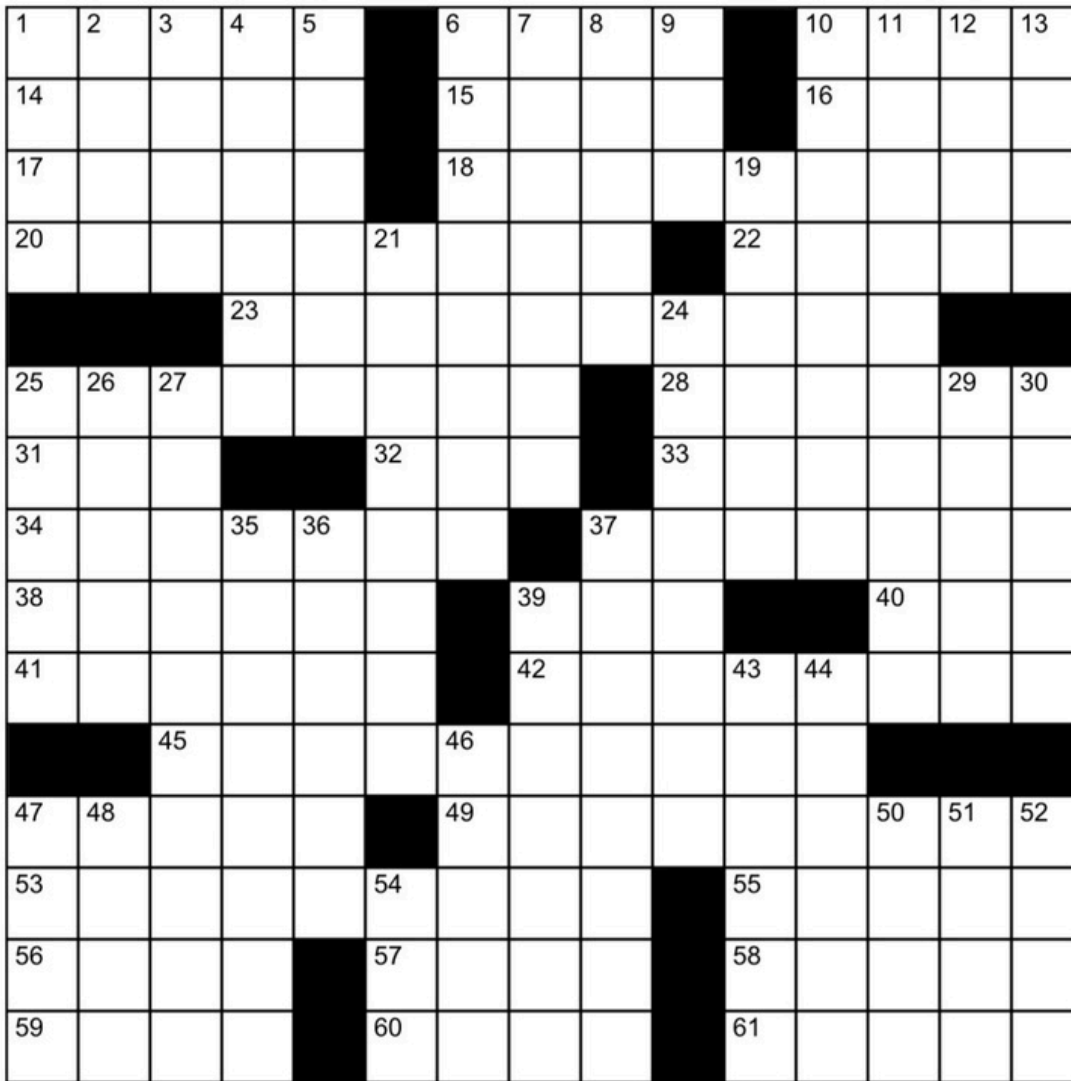
By the time we made it to our dock, we were exhausted, and agreed our adventure would come to an end. But we had one final obstacle, we had to get out of the boat, and we had to get the boat out of the water. I literally had to drag myself out of the boat kind of rolling on to the dock like a dying seal. Carla was a little more graceful, her roll was a little more subtle. Pulling the boat out of the water was even more of a challenge. We did not have a rope, so each time one of us could grab an end it pushed the other’s end out of reach. And when both could make contact with the boat, it would push the canoe edges under the dock, making it impossible to lift. All of this was under the watchful eyes of the Katahdin’s guests. We were putting on quite the comedy show. I’m certain we were recreating a routine Lucy and Ethel did on “I Love Lucy.” Finally, a kind man passing by, offered some assistance relieving me of my end of the boat. PHEW!!!

Overall, Carla and I agreed the excursion was a huge success. We had paddled a total of 8 miles! We had that great summer feeling of being sun soaked, weathered, and physically exhausted. We laughed until our sides were sore, and we had a great memory beyond our boys.

I hope Henry and his family will return next summer. Carla and I have more Maine adventures to take!



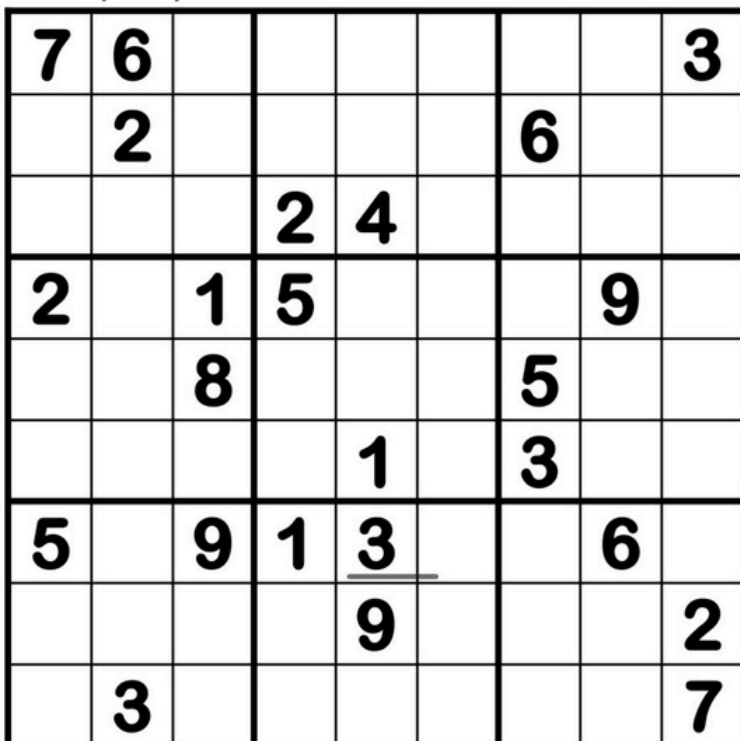




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## ACROSS

- 1 Biblical tower
- 6 Lost traction
- 10 Farmiga of film
- 14 Smart speaker voice
- 15 Sushi staple
- 16 Apt anagram of vile
- 17 Exorbitant
- 18 List
- 20 Bully
- 22 Strike zones?
- 23 Doing a wall job
- 25 Vulnerability
- 28 “\_\_ Game” (classic sci-fi novel)
- 31 Depression-era agcy.
- 32 A quarter of four
- 33 Masked man with a stick
- 34 Skateboarding tricks
- 37 Handwriting style
- 38 Farm cooperative
- 39 Mineo of movies
- 40 Nancy Drew’s guy
- 41 “Quixote pal Panza
- 42 Bounty hunters, e.g.
- 45 Rat Pack member
- 47 Some chessmen
- 49 Drove away
- 53 Pupil of Plato
- 55 Skirt
- 56 Word with arm or dish
- 57 Change direction
- 58 Use the on-ramp
- 59 Tribute poems
- 60 Tosses in
- 61 September bloom

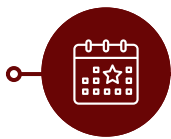


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## DOWN

- 1 Strong fiber
- 2 Choir voice
- 3 Keg contents
- 4 Not subject to, as taxes
- 5 Jacket parts
- 7 Semicircular window
- 8 Accustom
- 9 Flow stopper
- 10 Open-air porches
- 11 Epic Longfellow poem
- 12 Bar mitzvah, for one
- 13 Pub potables
- 19 “Sense and Sensibility” sister
- 21 2023 Joaquin Phoenix title role
- 24 Manage
- 25 Drooping drapes
- 26 Puccini work
- 27 Just about everywhere
- 29 Amazon, e.g.
- 30 Sows a field
- 35 Infuriates
- 36 Shocked
- 37 Airlines, for instance
- 39 At a standstill
- 43 The film industry
- 44 Jacks in a deck
- 46 Paired up
- 47 El \_\_, Tex.
- 48 Parched
- 50 Pucker-producing
- 51 Place for a fringe
- 52 Big game
- 54 Eggs, in biology





## LOCAL EVENTS

### THINGS TO DO IN THE MAINE HIGHLANDS

#### TWO KNIGHTS BREWING SUMMER CONCERT SERIES

July 19 - September 20, 2025

Enjoy the new summer concert series at Two Knights Brewing in Sangerville. The series **SILVER SPINGS** on August 2, **SOUP STOCK** on August 22 & 23, **THIEF OF JOY** on August 15, **SLANE** on August 29 and **BOOKHEAD SWEETTOOTH** on September 20, 2025

#### GIVE A DUCK ABOUT PISCATAQUIS

August 2, 2025

Join us on Saturday, August 2 at 10:00 AM at Brown's Mill Park for the first-ever Give a Duck About Piscataquis Duck Race! This fun and quirky event raises critical funds to support local nonprofits working to fight hunger, domestic violence, homelessness, and more—all right here in our region. Adopt a duck in advance for a chance to win one of three cash prizes! Order a t-shirt or yard sign to show your pride and support for this incredible county and the people who call it home. For more information and to buy tickets, visit their website at: [www.prfoodcenter.org/giveaduck](http://www.prfoodcenter.org/giveaduck)

#### MONSON ART GALLERY

August 8, 2025

Monson Arts Gallery Reception for the outdoor sculptures and Quarries: Muse and Material - an exhibition that celebrates the creative inspiration from the quarries across Maine. Curated by Carl Little, the exhibition features 40 artworks, including paintings, sculptures, photographs, and drawings, related to quarries. Show runs June 27 through November 2, 2025. More info at [www.monsonarts.org](http://www.monsonarts.org)

#### MAINE RED HOT DOG FESTIVAL

August 9, 2025

Dexter Maine hosts an annual tradition that's a must-attend for Maine red hot dog enthusiasts. From a 5K run to food, music and entertainment, this event offers a delightful experience. Join us for crafts, a kids' zone, live music, a magician, and of course an abundance of W.A. Bean's renowned Red Hot Dogs. This year our festival will include a performance and meet & greet by Maine's own American Idol Season 22 Top 7 finalist, Julia Gagnon, sponsored by Maine Highlands Federal Credit Union. For more details visit [www.redhotdog.org](http://www.redhotdog.org)

#### THE LISTENING TRAIL

August 16, 2025

This **FREE COMMUNITY EVENT** invites you to walk the trails and listen as live music drifts through the woods. Musicians will be tucked into quiet corners of the land—no stage, no schedule, just space to relax, wander, and enjoy the serene rhythm of the forest. Join us from 1:00–3:00 PM at Dragonwood, 82 Tozier Road, Parkman, Maine.

#### PISCATAQUIS VALLEY FAIR

August 21-24, 2025

The 138th Piscataquis Valley Fair will open on August 21st at the Piscataquis Valley Fairgrounds. From animals to tractors, amusement rides and music, this annual event has something for everyone.

Learn more at visit [www.piscataquisvalleyfair.com](http://www.piscataquisvalleyfair.com)

#### INTERNATIONAL SEA PLANE FLY-IN

September 3-7, 2025

The fly-in attracts thousands of people to Greenville and the Moosehead Lake region every September to enjoy the spectacular aviation event, poke around the unique shops, enjoy the abundant outdoor adventures and celebrate fall in Maine. Come and watch your favorite pilots compete in the contests and enjoy the sights and sounds of the seaplanes!

Learn more at [www.seaplanefly-in.org](http://www.seaplanefly-in.org)

#### BIKE AND BOAT

September 14, 2025

Northern Light C.A. Dean welcomes all to the 2025 Bike & Boat. Join us for a scenic 19.5 mile bike ride, then cruise back to Greenville on the Katahdin Steamship. Your \$150 registration fee (\$75 for youth) includes a light breakfast, a commemorative gift, lunch, and a cruise and entertainment aboard "The Kate."


Learn more at [www.northernlighthealth.org/bikeandboat](http://www.northernlighthealth.org/bikeandboat)

#### WALK FOR HOPE

September 20, 2025

Join us for the Northern Light Mayo Hospital Walk for Hope to support care in Piscataquis County! Proceeds from the Walk for Hope stay close to home to help us continue to provide the best care at the Tracy Hibbard Kasprzak Cancer Treatment Center and support patients directly through the hospital's Patient Assistance Fund. The 5K Run/Walk for Hope will take place on Saturday, September 20—starting and ending at Northern Light Mayo Hospital. Registration will open at 8 am and the Run/Walk will kick off at 9 am. We'll have food, music, kids' activities, and fun for the whole family!

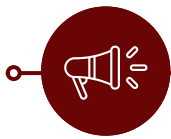
Register at [www.northernlighthealth.org/WalkForHope](http://www.northernlighthealth.org/WalkForHope)



## LIST YOUR EVENT

If you have an upcoming event, submit it to us to get it listed on this page for free. We want everyone to know about the great, local events going on in our area. Submit details to us at:

[events@guilfordbnb.com](mailto:events@guilfordbnb.com)



## HAPPENINGS

AT THE GUILFORD BED & BREAKFAST

### HAPPY HOUR

4p - 7p (Mon-Fri)

Join us every weekday afternoon from 4 PM to 7 PM for our Happy Hour. Enjoy a variety of wines, beers, spirits, and light bites while relaxing on our screened porch (weather permitting), cozying up in our library by the fire, or enjoying a roaring fire pit (weather permitting). Reservations aren't necessary, but a phone call in advance is appreciated.

### BUNCO NIGHT

2nd Thursday (5P - 7P)

Join a growing group for a fun-filled evening of BUNCO every second Thursday of the month from 5 P.M. to 7 P.M. This action-packed game involves player rotation and mingling, making it an ideal opportunity to catch up with old friends and meet new ones. Light bites and alcohol will be served throughout the night. Come and experience a night of entertainment and camaraderie!

### PISCATAQUIS WRITER'S

1st & 3rd Tuesday (1P - 3P)

Join the Piscataquis Writer's Group on the third Tuesday of every month from 1 P.M. to 3 P.M. to share your poetry or prose. Engage in conversations with other published authors and aspiring writers who are eager to share their stories and receive constructive criticism of their works. The group welcomes writers of all levels for a fun afternoon of conversation and learning.

**Are you looking  
for a unique space  
to host your event?**



The Guilford Bed & Breakfast is the perfect place for your book club, girl's night, birthday celebration, anniversary party, wedding or any other kind of gathering of friends. We offer a warm and inviting place to gather together. Contact us for details.

Sudoku Answers - July Edition

5	7	2	4	1	3	8	9	6
9	3	8	2	7	6	4	1	5
4	6	1	5	8	9	3	2	7
6	2	5	7	9	4	1	3	8
1	8	9	6	3	2	7	5	4
7	4	3	1	5	8	2	6	9
8	5	4	9	2	1	6	7	3
2	9	6	3	4	7	5	8	1
3	1	7	8	6	5	9	4	2

Crossword Answers - July Edition

S	H	O	T	E	D	I	C	T	A	R	C	O
L	O	B	E	P	A	S	H	A	N	E	E	D
A	P	E	X	I	L	L	A	D	V	I	S	E
M	U	S	T	A	C	H	E	S	A	M	I	S
S	P	E	R	M	O	S	M	O	S	I	S	
				O	A	H	U	V	E	S	T	A
O	P	E	N	S	E	S	A	M	E	M	A	L
B	O	X	S	A	I	L	O	R	S	N	O	N
E	K	E	S	R	E	P	U	D	I	A	T	E
Y	E	R	K	E	S	S	O	N	G			
				C	E	L	E	S	T	E	A	I
S	P	I	E	S	P	I	T	U	I	T	A	R
P	O	S	T	E	R	I	O	R	S	A	C	R
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T	L	D	R	F	L	A	P	S	E	A	R	S

**WE WANT TO HEAR FROM YOU!**



Complete our short survey and be entered into a drawing at a chance to win a \$100 gift certificate towards your next stay at The Guilford Bed & Breakfast. If you cannot reach the survey through the QR code above, use this link: <https://forms.gle/ufJb1NBE6uhSLhyg6>





## DEPRESSION CAKE

Aptly named because it was a popular dessert during the Depression of 1929 when typical cake ingredients such as milk, butter and eggs were too expensive for most, or in really short supply, the Depression Cake became a delightful treat for many. Again during war time, this type of cake became a popular treat. Today, many bakers take creative liberty in concocting their own variation of the Depression Cake, some even crossing the line to add butter, milk and/or eggs.

A common Depression Cake is also known as *Boiled Raisin Cake* (mostly because of the process of boiling the raisins and sugar together), *Milkless*, *Eggless*, *Butterless Cake* (for obvious reasons), or *Poor Man's Cake* (mostly because it was what the poor could afford to make with the limited supplies they had in the 1930s).

While the original owners of the Genthner House (a.k.a The Guilford Bed & Breakfast) were far from poor, we make this historic treat to remember the past, and because it is so darn tasty.



### INGREDIENTS

- 2 cups brown sugar
- 2 cups hot water
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 2 tablespoons solid vegetable shortening
- 1 package (15 ounces) raisins
- 1 teaspoon ground cinnamon
- 1 teaspoon ground cloves
- 3 cups all-purpose white flour
- 1 teaspoon baking soda

### INSTRUCTIONS

- Preheat the oven to 350 degrees F. Grease a 9-inch by 13-inch baking pan.
- In a large saucepan, combine the brown sugar, water, salt, shortening, raisins, and spices.
- Bring to a boil, then remove from the heat and let cool to room temperature. Sift together the flour and soda, add to the batter, and mix well. Pour into the pan.
- Bake for about 30 minutes or until a tester inserted near the center comes out clean. Cool in the pan.



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# 2025 PISCATAQUIS RIVER FESTIVAL

All photos courtesy of Walter Boomsma, Sue McAvoy and John McNamara







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A huge shoutout to all the sponsors, supporters, volunteers, committee members, and everyone else who made the 2025 Piscataquis River Festival an absolute blast! Without your incredible help and involvement, this day wouldn't have been possible. And, a big thank you to everyone who attended, too. We can't wait to celebrate with you all again next year!



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