

# *The* MAGAZINE of MAINE Down East

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For

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**BEST  
PLACES  
FOR  
APPLE  
PICKING**



A look into two of  
Maine's small  
island schools



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# The Rink That Could Have Been

It was a cold, wet, and snowy night in late January. The love of hockey and ice took control of Sarah and I. We just couldn't help ourselves. Into the dark snowy night we ventured.

By Caroline Contento

Have you ever built a ice rink in your own backyard? No? Well my older sister Sarah and I, sure have. Well sorta....about six winters ago Sarah and I decided to make our own skating rink in the back yard. This was a wonderful idea in our minds. In our parents minds not so much. The backyard is not flat what so ever. The backyard starts off with a small little hill. It continues on going down to another flat little slope then towards the bottom it starts to even out but it is still slanted. All of this stretches over a half an acre.

7:00 at night we decided to make a rink. Both parents warned us that they weren't going to help us. We were on our own. Sarah and I were still very young so there was not much actual building we could do. We made a list of all the things we needed and then set off on a mission to success. We got prepared. Bundling up in our hats, mittens, and coats we set out to get the materials. Sarah pulled out the tarp and I got the buckets. We set off into the treacherous night.

See now, to make an ice rink it has to be flat surface. Our yard was far from it. This did not matter to us. First we tried to find the flattest part in our backyard which was all the way down the hill at the bottom. We then spread the tarp out and got rocks to hold the sides down so it wouldn't blow away. Sarah and

I we lugged water up and down the hill. Our hands and our backs were killing us. We walked up and down the hill for about an hour or so. Spilling some water on the way my sister and I were determined to make this work. When the water spilt over it washed over the part of my small wrists making me shiver even more. The process was that once we got the water from the sink we would carefully walk down the slippery slope and try to spread it evenly throughout the tarp. The reason why we had got the water from inside the house was because it was late January and it had snowed and the hose was turned off so pipes wouldn't burst. Sarah and I bickering at first for a little because me being the eight year old I was, I was spilling water all over the place. Of course this wasn't my fault so to say, because my dad was filling these buckets up to the brim. After arguing back and forth (like sisters do) about who was spilling more, we made it into a game. A game of who could go up and down the fastest without spilling water. She won. The snow fell lightly down on us as we made numerous trips. Even at this very young age I knew I lived in a beautiful town. The trees were dusted with a new layer of snow. It was our very

**“For a brief moment it was a winter wonderland in our own backyard.”**

own piece of bliss. All that just aligned for a split second. Then everything being shattered by our names being called in the faint distances. We quickly ran up the hill and into the house. It was past both of bedtimes and it was time for us to get in bed. But mom tempted us with hot cocoa.





The cocoa was piping hot sitting on the counter waiting for us. As we sipped the cocoa, mom and dad reminded us

of how it's not going to work but we didn't listen. After finishing the hot cocoa we went straight to bed and dreamt of the ice rink we had just made. The crisp ice under my skate being cut. Waking up was such a good feeling. I woke up first so I waited about an hour to wake Sarah up. Once I heard her stirring I ran upstairs and woke her up. Once she got up, we both quickly threw on boots and hat and ran down the hill. We were expecting to see a full sheet of ice. Ice that you could skate on, and this was not that. It's the feeling you get when you are in class and the teacher hasn't said anything about homework then someone asks that dreaded question. The frozen ice was in the crevices of the tarp. There was a thin layer in some spots. We both carefully inspected hoping that a sheet of ice would magically appear. It didn't.

Walking back defeated Sarah and I were a little bit sad but also happy. It was a bittersweet moment. Thinking back on that night/morning makes me happy. Before this my sister and I never really set our minds to build something together. Even though it didn't work out the way we wanted it to we still laugh about it today. Nowadays we figure out how to skate either if it's at the MRC or in a backyard we always think of that time we "built" a rink. It was a great time. A moment that will go down in great sister memories.

It was  
our very  
own  
piece of  
bliss. All  
that just  
aligned  
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# Life returns to Lincolnville

By Abigail Hammond

After a decade of closed doors, the Lincolnville General Store finally welcomes customers in.

My earliest memories of the general store were its old, dark wood walls, buying cheese puffs, and the owner's large dog, Meiko, who's tail always

seemed to be wagging. As the years came to an end, a "closed for winter" sign would go up on a chalk board on the front porch. And every spring, the heavy black doors would open up again and people would once again walk over her creaky floor. This continued for years until one spring in 2008, when the chalk board never came down. The next spring, I waited with baited breath for the sign to disappear and the

lights to turn on. I was met with disappointment.

"The closed store felt like a ghost in the Center. Sometimes I thought of it as the Charlie Brown Christmas Tree, it just needed someone to love it." - Pat Shannon



The cozy inside waits for costumers to fill the space.

This pattern continued until 2011, when news spread that Briar Fishman had bought the store (along with some other buildings across the street), and planned on rebuilding it. Soon, Brier was able to start the renovations, taking down the sagging porch roof, and adding onto the back. This continued until February when Brier's husband Jon had to go back to rehearse in Vermont with his band that he plays drums for, Phish. When this happened, the Fishmans asked a family friend to takeover. Jeremy Howard had been working behind the scenes with the Fishmans, helping with inspections, brainstorming, and



watching the vision evolve since the Fishmans purchased the property the previous fall.

But the Fishmans soon moved back to Maine where the store, their blueberry farm, and kids, friends were. They were able to buy back the general store and really begin the renovations with Phi Home Design and later with Cold Mountain Builders. Fast forward to spring 2017. With the store said to open that April, the community was disappointed to see that work still had to be done.

“All past, future uncertain,” says Pat Shannon, a local woman whose grandson “From age two until the store closed, every Sunday after church... would roll on the floor with Meiko,



A rainbow of produce entices the eyes.



and then have an ice cream sandwich.”

Every member of the Lincolnville community is so happy to know that the General Store is finally open. Elizabeth Cummons says, “Already looking forward to coming home from college to check out this wonderful store!” Their menu includes soups, sandwiches, bread, and a hot bar, all of these are homemade and infused with pure, unadulterated love.





IN THE HEIGHTS tells the universal story of a vibrant community in New York's Washington Heights neighborhood – a place where the coffee from the corner bodega is light and sweet, the windows are always open and the breeze carries the



rhythm of three generations of music. It's a community on the brink of change, full of hopes, dreams and pressures, where the biggest struggles can be deciding which traditions you take with you, and which ones you leave behind.

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Everything



A close-up photograph of an apple tree branch. The leaves are mostly green but show signs of autumn, with some yellowing and brown spots. A single, ripe red apple is visible on the right side of the frame, slightly out of focus. The background is a bright blue sky, also out of focus.

# Apples





Mid-October colors flow over the orchard. Apples, ranging in colors from bright red to pale green.







Freshly picked apples ready to be put in the press for delicious apple cider. The juices squeezed out of the press and then into the tap. The final product all packaged and ready to sell.







A day of happy apple picking at Hope Orchards. (Top) Nolan Delehey tosses a freshly picked apple in the air. (Bottom left) The stand displays cute mini pumpkins, and delicious syrup. (Bottom right) a landscape shot capturing the expanse of the







Sewall's Orchards located in Lincolnville grows apples and presses them into sweet apple cider. (Left) Transformation. Gallons of apple cider sit next to crates of their original form.



(Right) apples travel up the conveyer belt to be pressed.



(Above) apples sit on top of the press awaiting their fait. (Right) Mini jugs of cider stored readily in the freezer.







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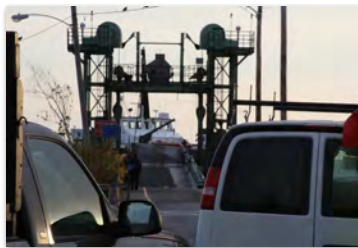


## A look into two of Maine's small island schools

By: Emerson Brott

Small island schools aren't just schools. They play an enormous role in the island community. To learn what these schools mean to many of Maine's islands I spoke to Grayson Demmons of North Haven, and Lake Lindelof of Islesboro. Grayson is a senior on North Haven and plans to be a mechanic. He speaks in a thick Maine accent of how he loves the island and spends as much time on it as possible. "I moved to the island in 2010 and I haven't left since." Lake

is a freshman at the Islesboro Central School and is a good friend of mine. He lives on Islesboro during the summer and Frenchville for the school year but still commutes to the island each morning. He likes being a magnet student but also says



**Waiting to load.  
Morning commuters  
wait for the ferry to  
dock.**

that he doesn't always feel like one because he's been attending the school since fifth grade and is part of the Community. It's apparent that having enough kids to keep a school open never used to be a problem, Grayson tells of how "back in the day there used to be like seven schools on the whole island". But now for the first time the North Haven Community School has had to offer a magnet program to keep its doors open. Similar to that of Islesboro, the program has so far

attracted six new students with four more expected to join. Two of these students are girls all the way from Portland who stay in a house on the island for the week and make the trek back home on the weekends only to repeat the process on Monday.

According to Grayson as a year round islander his relationships which with his teachers can be very different for one of the magnet students. He says, "I think it's different with the magnet students. They don't really have that luxury that most of us island kids do." Just as he showed when talking about the importance of the school to the community there is a clear advantage to knowing every teacher and every kid on the island rather than just having them be your teacher. The only sport offered on the island is basketball and as Grayson tells me just



**Grindel Point Light stands next to the terminal welcoming visitors to Islesboro.**

about every kid in high school has to play in order for them to be able to field a team. In his words, "sometimes it's a struggle but most of the time we can talk everybody into it". Some kids also travel over to Vinalhaven to play either soccer or baseball. And apart from one year which was classified as a long time ago every year the boys have been able to put together a team. However last year the girls didn't have quite enough players and were forced to play in a JV league. He says that although it is the most popular sport there aren't too many fans because almost everyone in the school is on the court.

Especially with only sixty-five students from K-12, the North Haven Community School stands true to its name. The school is at the heart of the islands community. When I asked how the community would feel if it closed Grayson responded by saying, "I think it really would impact the community if it did shut down, and people and families would have to move off, and people would lose jobs, and it would just not be an all around good deal if that did happen. It is clear that everyone in and around the school is very close-knit, but also very dependent on the school to keep their way of life on the island. "The Island is so small that everyone knows what's going on which helps." The school carries a very large piece of the North Haven community on its shoulders.

Islesboro has a very similar feel, yet some clear differences as



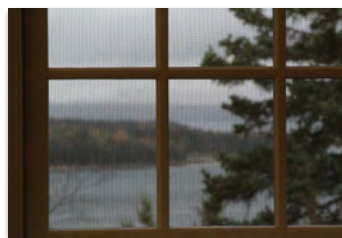


**Eagle Pride. Even when in class D, school spirit is everywhere.**

well. Although still a very small school with ninety-two kids in k-12 it doesn't feel nearly as small as its neighbor North Haven. Islesboro's magnet program has been around much longer than that of North Haven. There's a ratio of 60% year-round and 40% commuters. Also opposed to North Haven, Islesboro offers an array of sports including soccer, frisbee, golf, sailing, basketball, and track, the most popular being soccer. Although still in class D Lake says that on a good day home soccer matches can draw a good crowd. Especially against their biggest rival, Vinalhaven. With fifteen kids on the team he tells me that games against Vinalhaven are

very good and well contested. Although he can't remember the last time they won a title sports definitely seem to play a much larger yet less family like role in the Islesboro school.

To get a closer look at the Islesboro Central school I decided to take a visit. I met Lake at the Lincolnville ferry terminal at 7:45. We arrived on Islesboro fifteen minutes later where we transferred to the bus. We arrived at the school and proceeded to Lake's home room where the teacher took attendance then let us loose to first period. Second period was French which



**Window of beauty. Most kids don't get this kind of view when looking out a class window.**

consisted of teasing Lake about his test grade, Ms.

Claude wearing My Little Pony goggles, and me being very confused about a class inside joke. This was followed by English. As my time to leave neared I tried to sneak in lunch as I forgot to eat breakfast. I scarfed down my pasta salad but was only able to take one bite of my "tomato pie" before Dick a clear islander in a pickup truck, came to take me back to the terminal. I heard nothing more of Dick such as who he was, what he did at the school, or why he was so feared among students. Once on the ferry I laughed at the whole interaction or the lack of one.

Although I'm clearly not an islander, after just half a day I felt like I had a pretty good idea of what it was like. Just as I expected the students and teachers all had a very close bond. Right when we walked in the door to home room nearly every kid asked a multitude of questions about their teacher's new



baby. Even the English sub knew every kid by name, and asked them about their family. Everyone at the school was extremely kind and welcoming.

Small island schools are special. They hold more meaning and importance to both students and other islanders than a much larger school. As much as I love the school I have, and know how I like having more than three people in my grade, I do think our school lacks a sense of community. In a place like North Haven nobody judges one another because as Grayson told me, “If there’s something going on, or you have a family matter, people won’t give you such a hard time because they know what’s happening” For me, this is what attending a larger school takes away. Although I did find it to be more so on North Haven it was made clear that their school stood as the connector for the community and the

islands wouldn’t be able to thrive without them. In both interviews the one word that kept appearing was community. I tried to limit how much I used it but I realized that small island schools such as these truly are communities not schools. I tried many times but realized that there’s no better way of describing small island schools. They are communities, and they hold up their island communities as well. I couldn’t agree more with Grayson when he says “I hope it never does close down.”

**“Teachers  
are more  
like  
neighbors”**

**-Lake  
Lindelof**



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# Where in Maine?

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>>Ant like silhouettes engulfed in the fire-orange of the rising sun. Just the prospect of waking up at 5:30 makes me want to fall asleep, and leaving the comfort of my bed even more so, but after a long and winding drive up the mountain it is all made clear why it's worth it. Sunrises are beautiful. That is a given. But from this mountaintop they are breathtaking. The acclaimed sunrise is sure to always draw quite the crowd. This natural haven sits in a major tourist area and after traveling from all over nobody minds a brisk morning breeze whipping at them atop the mountain. Even without a camera, a trip to this destination is a must for anyone who has never experienced it before.

>>Photographed by Emerson Brott









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