



Fall  
2012

*RICHARD MINGO and Robert Costa inspect Mingo's Presby Enviro-Septic pipe installation on property that has been acquired by the Redclyffe Restaurant in Robbinston specifically for the leach field installation.*

## New waste system leads to open clam flats

by Lora Whelan

Over 50 acres of clam flats are closer to being opened in Robbinston with the replacement of an old overboard discharge license and sand-filtration septic system in place for years at the Redclyffe Shore Motor Inn.

Compounding the old system's problem was the recent discovery that the filtration system was never hooked up properly. "When we dug it up to see what the problem was, the sand was as clean as the day it was installed," says surveyor and septic system designer Robert Costa of Perry. With the help of a Department of Marine Resources (DMR) Small Community Grant award, the Redclyffe owners have been working with Costa to replace the old system.

"We wanted them to apply to resolve the discharge problem and open clam flat resources," says DMR grant coordinator Tim MacMillan. The grant is a pro-rated reimbursement award for up to \$120,000 in costs, with partial reimbursement for land purchased and used exclusively for the new system. Costa explains that the Redclyffe property was not large enough to hold the new system, so one acre on the other side of Route 1 was purchased by the owners.

The old system design was a fix "designed to partially remedy straight-pipe discharge," says Costa. Straight-pipe discharge dumps raw sewage directly into water bodies. The old system utilized a septic tank, sand filter bed and a chlorination chamber. Effluent was then discharged into the St. Croix River. Costa explains that the system could not completely rid the effluent of e-coli, resulting in the need to close the clam flats. "The

state has programs to remediate these kinds of discharge systems," he says.

About 12 years ago Costa worked on designing a new system for The New Friendly Restaurant in Perry, using technological advancements that reduced the size of the restaurant's system by 50%, a critical need given the size of the parcel and proximity to nearby water bodies.

In the Redclyffe's system, those same technologies are being used to reduce the size needed for a traditional system by 30% and will accommodate the discharge created by a 60-seat dining room, 18 motel units and a private residence. Pumps will "lift" the effluent through an underground pipe under Route 1 and into water-flow monitored chambers and a leach field. The greatest cost by far to the project, Costa explains, is drilling under the highway. The Department of Transportation had just rebuilt the highway and required that the pipe be drilled 10' under the road in order to keep the new highway bed system from being damaged.

The work has started, with two out of three tanks installed. Pipes are going in and erosion control silt-barriers are up. The leach field pipes utilize a special mesh that harbors beneficial bacteria for the purpose of helping to break down effluent. "That technology made this system possible. Without it we couldn't have found sufficient room for a traditional stone-bed system," says Costa.

Costa notes the specialized pipe is "extremely useful in this kind of area. The technology has solved some unbelievable problems."

The clam flats will be re-classified when DMR testing, done at least six times a year, comes up clear.



## Obituaries

CALAIS ADVERTISER, FEBRUARY 21, 2013

### EDWARD SEELEY

Edward Seeley, 47, passed away unexpectedly February 11, 2013 at a Florida hospital. He was born March 7, 1965 to Grant and Barbara (Allen) Seeley in Calais, Maine. Ed was known for his sense of humor and always finding ways to make those around him laugh. He graduated from Calais High School in 1983 and served in the U.S. Air Force from 1985-1989. For the next 23 years Ed worked at Washington County Community College. In the summer months he worked for the Town of Robbinston maintaining the cemeteries and grounds at Robbinston Grade School and the Robbinston Fire Station. Ed spent several winters for Mingo's Evergreen. Some also know Ed as coach, for the many years he spent coaching youth basketball and softball. Most importantly, he dedicated his life to raising his two children. He enjoyed sharing their accomplishments with anyone who had a willing ear. Edward spent his final days on vacation with his wife Diane in Orlando, Florida enjoying the local attractions and visiting family.



Edward is survived by his beloved wife Diane of Perry; children Stephanie Seeley and companion Taylor Bishop of Newburgh; Andrew Seeley of Robbinston; father Grant Seeley and wife Anna of Robbinston; father-in-law Clinton Hayward of Waterville; mother-in-law Jean Hayward of Calais; sisters Cheryl Mahar and husband Jerry of Robbinston; Laurel Perkins and husband Dean of Baring; Elizabeth Merrill and husband Robert of Robbinston; Christine Seeley and companion Denise Hopkins of Fort Myers, Florida; brother-in-laws Tom Hayward and wife Nokomis of Calais; Clinton Hayward and wife Shelley of Sidney; several aunts, uncles, nieces, nephews, cousins, and one great-nephew. Ed will be especially missed by his canine companion, his little buddy Finnigan. Edward was predeceased by mother, Barbara (Allen) Seeley. A celebration of his life will take place on March 2, 2013 at 2:00 p.m. at Washington County Community College. Ed will be truly missed by all who knew him.



# 2011 Summer Vacation Planning Guide

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THE MAGAZINE OF MAINE

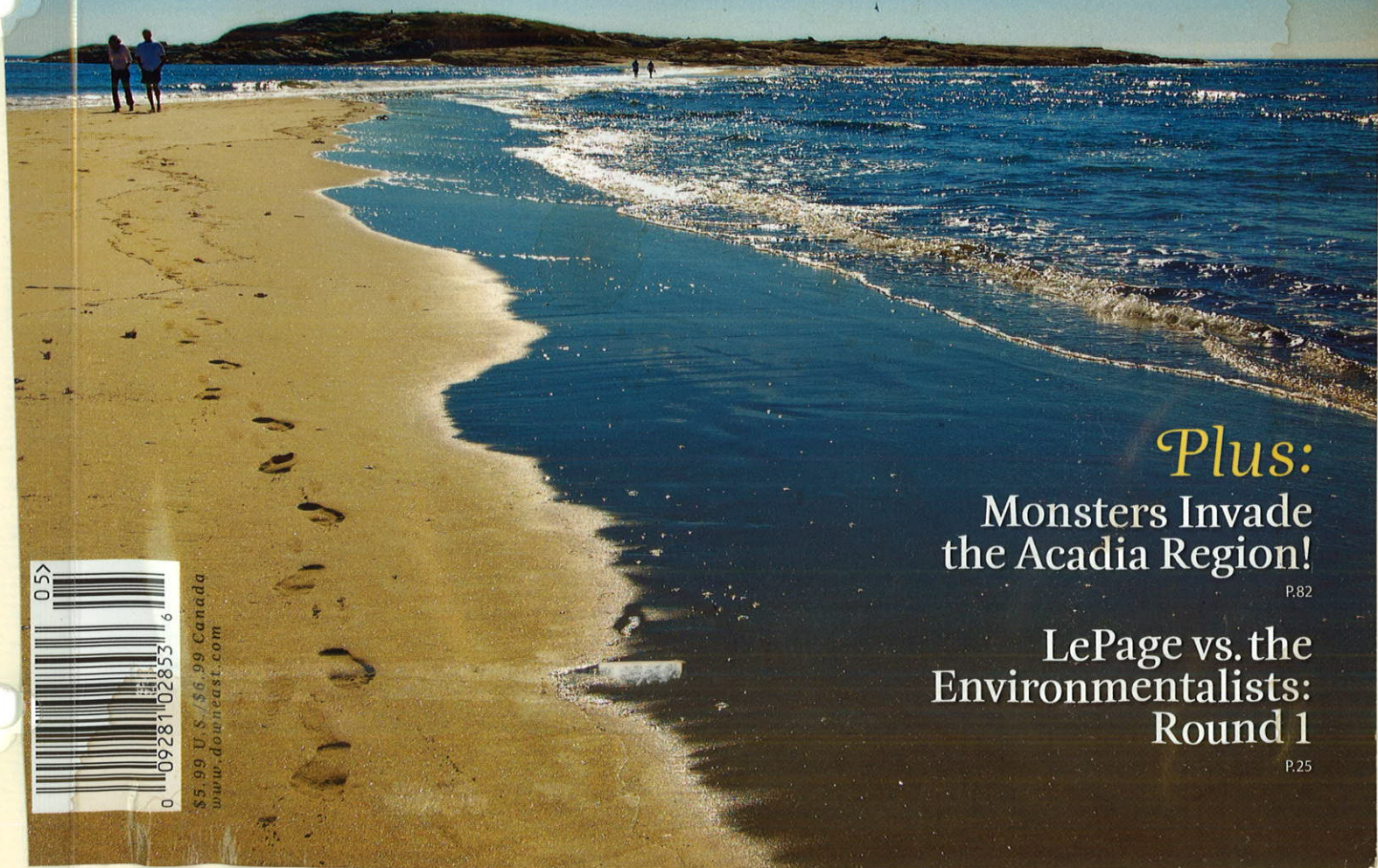
# Down East

MAY 2011

Why We Love Maine's

# BEACHES

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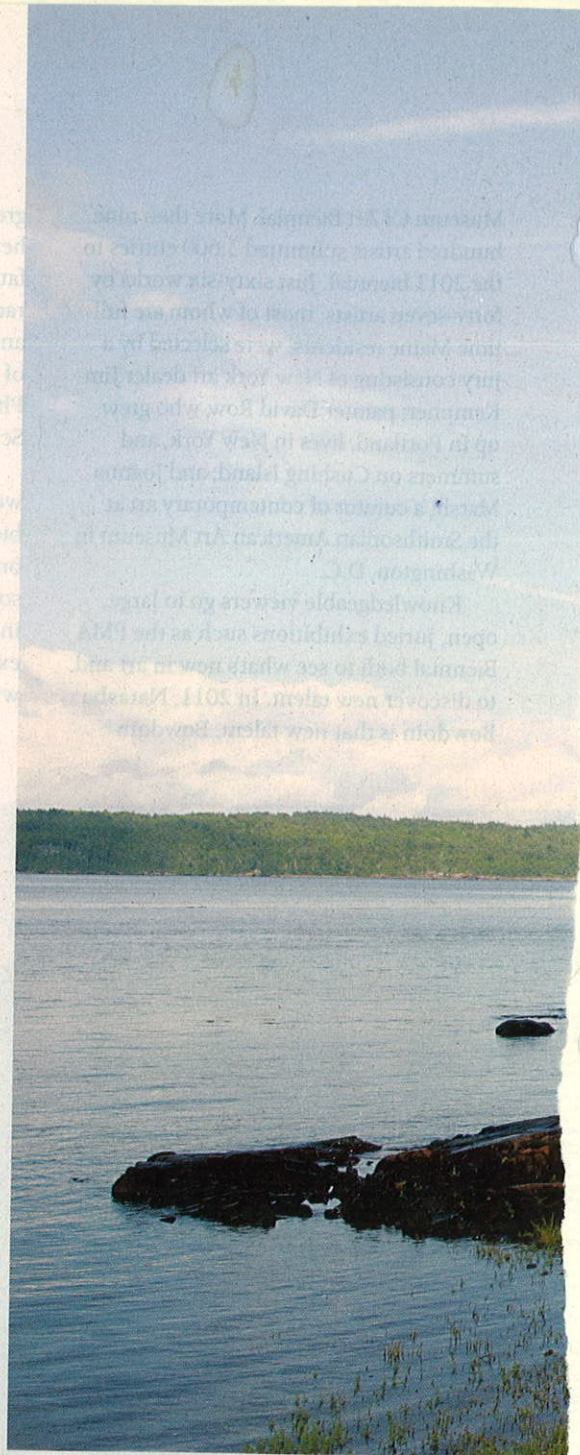
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# A Town *in* Repose

The last village on the U.S. Atlantic coast does everything quietly, including celebrating its bicentennial.

by VIRGINIA M. WRIGHT | photography by HERB SWANSON



## PLACE OF CONTRADICTIONS

Like its Passamaquoddy Bay neighbors, the tiny town of Robbinston is both blessed with tranquil beauty and stricken by stubborn poverty. Years ago, shipyards and canneries hummed along its waterfront, but today a hush envelopes the entire town. Even Elton R. Brooks waterfront park, above, is quiet on a summer afternoon. A few architectural jewels, like the Brewer House, at left, are the only testaments to the community's past as a center for trade.





**ALDEN MINGO IS** a contented man. "Everyone wants to go to heaven," the blueberry and cranberry grower tells his wife every day, "but when I get up in the morning and put my two feet on the floor, I'm already there."

He wakes up in Robbinston, the last town on the Down East shoreline — the last town, for that matter, on the Atlantic coast in the United States. If it were possible to make a running leap off Robbinston's wild red sandstone cliffs and soar over Passamaquoddy Bay, you'd land in the resort town of St. Andrews, New Brunswick, whose fine mansions, two hundred dollars-a-night historic hotel, and botanical garden inhabited by peacocks represent not just another country, but another world.

Lean and rosy from working the land, Mingo is in his early

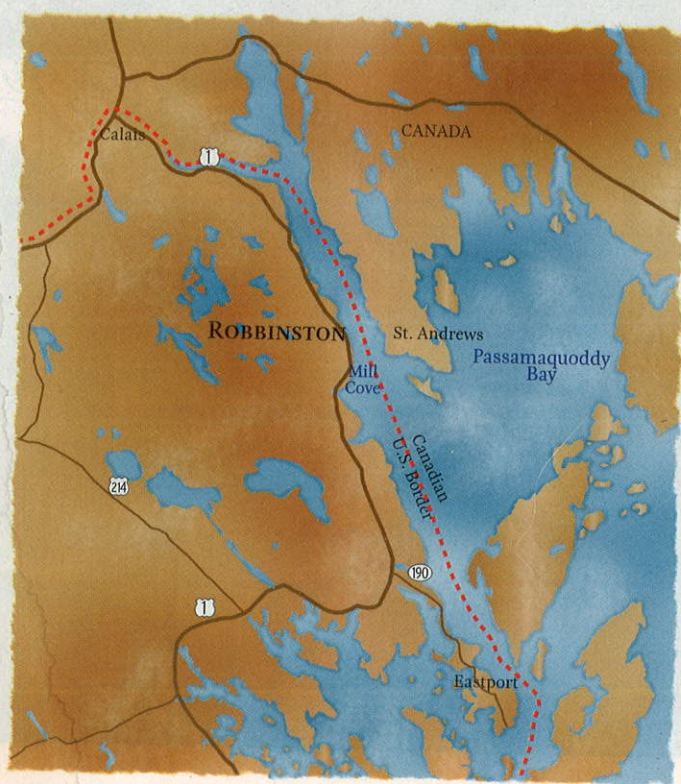
seventies and has lived in Robbinston, a lake-dotted hamlet of five hundred people, all his life. "I've traveled quite a bit," he says, "so I know what a beautiful community it is. The people here are real people. When there's a disaster, like someone loses a home to fire, the whole community is right there. The grade school is the best — the teachers, the principal, everything. The kids who go to that school go very far in life — you'd be surprised to hear what some of them have done. And the basketball games, well, you can't get in because the seats are full for every game." He grins and folds his arms across his chest. "I'm not moving."

Heaven could be more heavenly, Mingo admits. His daughters — one in upstate New York, the other in Delaware — would love to move back home, but there are no jobs for them in the



Passamaquoddy Bay area, whose roughly 17 percent poverty rate mirrors that of Washington County as a whole. "We're losing all our younger people," Mingo laments. "They're all gone. The (Woodland Pulp LLC) paper mill in Baileyville has just about the only good-paying jobs there are, and it's always on shaky ground." (In 2009, then-owner Domtar closed the mill for six weeks, idling three hundred workers. Domtar sold the mill to International Grand Investment Corporation last fall.)

Mingo's sons, meanwhile, "are slugging it out here," one in construction, the other as his business partner. In October, both men, their wives, and children will pitch in to harvest fifty thousand to a hundred thousand pounds of cranberries growing in bogs that Mingo has carved into nine acres straddling the Robbinston-Calais border. Soon after, their sisters will arrive to



## IF YOU GO

Robbinston is two hundred years old, and it's celebrating. On June 18, the Robbinston Historical Society is sponsoring a bicentennial picnic with hot dogs, ice cream, and lemonade at the Robbinston Boat Landing and Park. The windjammer *Sylvina W. Beal* will be on hand for cruises of Passamaquoddy Bay. Grace Episcopal Church and Robbinston Visitors Center on Route 1 will be open Saturdays, 10 A.M. to 2 P.M., from mid-June to Labor Day and other hours by chance

or appointment (207-454-3455; 207-454-8121; 207-454-3620). Except for the woodstove, the rustic carpenter Gothic-style church is just as it was when it was built in 1882 by the Reverend Peter Henry Steenstra, a summer resident. The simple wooden chairs, organ, gas lanterns, and woven palm floor mats are original. The Episcopal Diocese of Maine's plan to raze the chapel in 1999 led to the founding of the Robbinston Historical Society, which now owns and maintains the church.

help decorate and ship 14,000 locally made evergreen wreaths. "You have to be versatile in this part of Maine," Mingo says. "You have to have more than one frying pan in the fire."

I hear that assertion many times during my stay in Robbinston, a relatively unknown community despite being the site of one of three hotly debated liquefied natural gas (LNG) terminals proposed on Passamaquoddy Bay since 2005 — and the only one still being actively pursued. "I've always kind of thought of our area as a developing country within a developed country," says Georgiana Kendall, a fifth-generation resident of neighboring Perry. "We have more poor people here than most places in the United States." Dispirited by the contentiousness that surrounded the LNG proposals, which she opposed, Kendall shifted gears two years ago, giving up a full-time job at an economic development organization to open the Red Sleigh, which markets the vegetables, meats, and handcrafts of more than forty local people. The store is, she says, her way of making an investment in her community. She has yet to take a salary from the enterprise and makes ends meet by waiting tables in Eastport and managing a pair of rental cabins on Boyden Lake that she inherited from her grandmother. "We're all trying to figure out how to make a living," Kendall explains. "Many of us are working three jobs in order to put everything together."

Still, Kendall stays. She talks of clean air and clean water, of growing up "knowing what the tops of carrots look like," and of twenty-five-foot tides that recede from Robbinston's Mill Cove to expose sea anemones and starfish "this big around." She forms a circle with her hands. "When I was little, I couldn't wait to get away," she reflects. "After college I got the travel bug. I went into the Peace Corps, and I was away for twenty-seven months." Her voice breaks, and she wipes tears from her eyes. "This elastic band went *snap*, just like that. I had to come home. I missed it so much."

Hardscrabble heaven.

**ROUTE 1 NORTHEAST** of Machias is a patchy two-lane road with few streetlights and fewer businesses. For forty-five miles it flirts with but rarely meets the shore until it reaches North Perry and Robbinston, where the firs and scrubby brush give way to a string of lonely coves on Passamaquoddy Bay and the St. Croix River. Robbinston village unfolds as a straggling trail of architectural surprises. First, there's Katie's on the Cove, a brilliant yellow cabin splashed with sixties-style hippie flowers, where Lea and Joseph Sullivan sell handmade chocolates. A little farther along is the former town hall, a stalwart granite box that houses artist Peter Johannes' the Edge Gallery. Finally, there is a trio of elegant old homes, each one a distinctive architectural style. Built by the Brewers, a prominent shipbuilding family, they are testaments to Robbinston's past as a regional center for trade and industry and as a retreat for some of America's political and intellectual elite.

"Quite a few boats, some up to one thousand tons, were built right here," says retired business journalist Robert Henkel, who, with wife, Bobbi, lives in the rambling Mansion House, built by John Brewer, the brigadier general of

CONTINUED ON PAGE 90





**BORDER TOWN** Hard work and creativity are required to make ends meet in Quoddy region communities like Robbinston. Lea and Joseph Sullivan sell their handcrafted chocolates from a cheery bright yellow cabin overlooking Mill Cove, top left, and Peter Johannes shows his paintings and photographs in the renovated former town hall, above. The international border runs through Passamaquoddy Bay, below, the site in recent years of three proposed liquefied natural gas terminals, including one in Robbinston.







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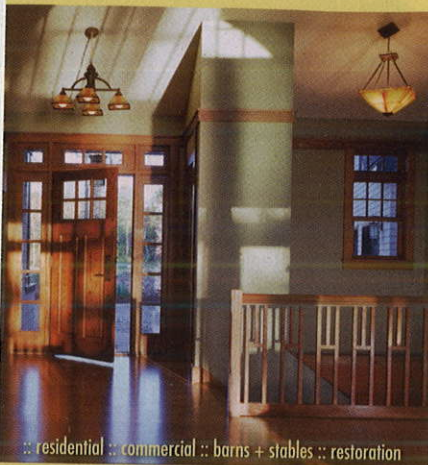
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## Robbinston

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 80 the Washington County Militia during the War 1812. When the militia surrendered, Henkel says, it was Brewer who persuaded the British not to burn Robbinston's houses. The granite stones that mark each of the twelve miles between the Mansion House and Calais are the legacy of the house's second owner, James Shepherd Pike, Abraham Lincoln's ambassador to the Hague. A racehorse enthusiast, Pike used the markers to clock his horses on his way to his law office. Presumably the Calais native was a little more relaxed when he hosted summer guests like the legendary New York newspapermen Horace Greeley and Charles A. Dana and Supreme Court Justice Salmon P. Chase, who shared his interest in the abolitionist movement.

The setting was apt for their gatherings: Local legend holds that Robbinston was the last stop on the Underground Railroad, and fugitive slaves bound for Canada hid in what is arguably the town's most beautiful building, the Brewer House, built by General Brewer's son, Captain John Nehemiah Marks Brewer. Northeastern Maine's only amphiprostyle Greek Revival building (that means it has a colonnade on each of its gable ends), the house is now a bed-and-breakfast and gallery owned by Passamaquoddy Bay Orchestra conductor Trond Saeverud and his wife, painter Joan Siem.

It was Captain Brewer's widow who built the third Brewer landmark, an ultra-lacy Gothic Revival house. One of the few female shipyard owners in Maine history, Henrietta Brewer would have been able to watch vessels being built from her house's cliff-edge perch. Today diners in the Redclyffe restaurant, as the house is now known, gaze upon a deserted cove. The only industry within sight is the large quarry and ship-loading facility on the New Brunswick shoreline nearly two miles across the bay.

Robbinston's shipyards, along with the lumber mills that once flourished here, eventually yielded to vegetable farms and sardine canneries. Then they, too, disappeared (the last cannery closed in 1978). No industry has grown up to replace them, and the town's population has dwindled to half of what it once was.



## Obituaries

### DONALD S. WEBSTER

Donald S. Webster of Palm Coast, Florida bravely fought his final battle, and passed peacefully on to his next adventure on January 6, 2011 after 91 years of a full and happy life. He was born August 5, 1919 on a farm in Massachusetts, the eldest of 3 children. The family moved to Auburn, Maine where Don graduated from Edward Little High School in 1937. Don was drafted into the Army in February 1941 and began his WWII adventure. He volunteered for the Army Air Corps as a Technical Sergeant assigned to B-17G "Hell Below" as a radio operator and gunner with the 94th Bombardment Group of the 8th Air Force



operating out of Molesworth, England. Don was flying back from his 6th bombing mission on May 29, 1943 when "Hell Below" was shot down in heavy air war over the coast of France. The last man off the flaming plane, Don put a tourniquet on a crewman's bleeding leg and helped him out of the plane. Don bailed out but broke his back when the parachute opened, an injury that plagued him all of his life. Falling into the English Channel, he was captured by the Germans and eventually detained in the infamous Stalag 17-B for the last two years of the war. For Don, and many other airmen, it was B-17 to 17-B.

After the war Don married and settled in Swamscott, Massachusetts and worked for GE in Lynn teaching jet engine operation and repair. Don kept a lobster boat in the bay and enjoyed taking his three children on weekend lobstering adventures. The family moved to Robbinston, Maine in 1960 and opened "Webster's General Store" and Animal Farm on Passamaquoddy Bay—raising bears, white-tailed deer, raccoons, crows, ravens, and other "pets". In 1961 their fourth child was born.

Don became a "snowbird", spending several months each year in Florida and eventually migrated in 1980 and married Janet, his wife of 32 years. During his years in Florida Don enjoyed golfing, sky diving, traveling to Europe and Alaska, corresponding, reading and receiving family and friends as guests.

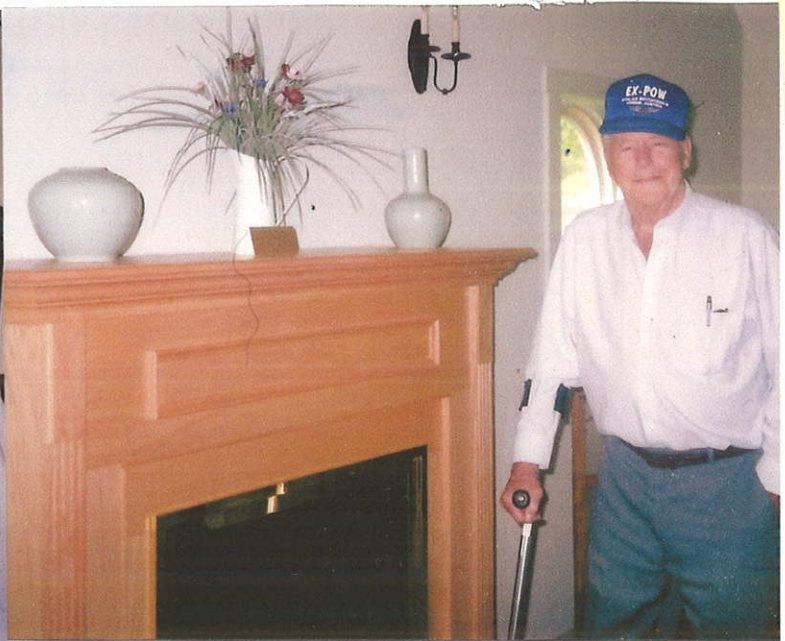
Don met life's challenges as a series of adventures from which to extract knowledge, learn new languages, and meet new people. His wonderful sense of humor and storytelling ability endeared him to many.

Don is survived by his loving wife Janet, his brother Alvin Webster of Auburn Maine, and four children; Jane Brooks and her husband Ken of Athens, ME, Karl Webster, and Kimmel Webster of Auburn, ME and Dan Webster and his wife Tracy of Sonora, California, a step-son Sean Manniel and his wife Veronica, seven grandchildren, and four great-grandchildren.

A memorial has been held Port Orange, Florida. A spring internment at Arlington National Cemetery in Washington, DC is planned, date TBA.

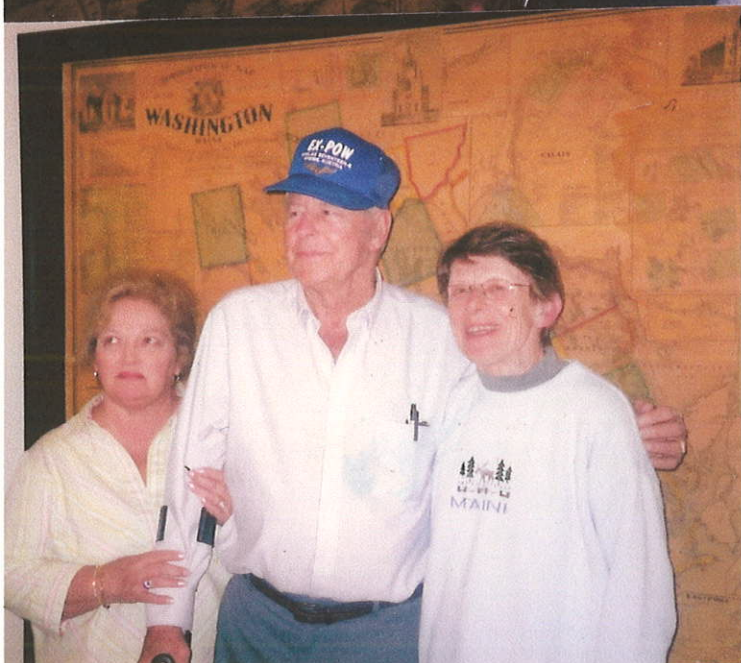


March 2007 Society Newsletter



**Dan and Jan get first look  
at their gifts to the Society**

Dan Webster [top left] checks out the 150-year-old Washington County map that he and his wife donated to the Society last year. They also contributed the fire-place-mantel that also is located in the Visitors Center's Great Room. At left, Bobbi Henkel shows off the two show pieces to the Floridians during their visit in August.







Nelson Brooks and his mother Helen display the plaque they won for being one of the finest family businesses in Maine. (Photo by Carol-Ann Nicholson).

## Brooks Family Awarded Prestigious Plaque

*Garage In Business 77 Years*

By: Carol-Ann Nicholson

ROBBINSTON – They probably won't get a mention at the Harvard Business School, but the Brooks family garage business in Robbinston, Maine, is one of the very key and successful corporations in New England.

The Brooks Garage and auto repair business started in 1934, founded by Eddie Brooks, and has now operated for 77 years in a community with a population of 494. In the process, the Brooks have endeared themselves to a regional populace and gained national media attention. Their clients come from all over the State and even from Canada.

On May 16, at the Meriden Hotel in South Portland, with

over 300 people present, the Brooks Garage and its family were awarded a plaque as one of the 15 finest business-owning families in Maine by the Institute for Family-Owned Business.

"Ninety percent of all businesses in Maine are family owned," says Helen Brooks, "and there are 4,500 family business operations in the State.

"One-hundred-and-five were chosen in an award competition and then 15 were selected as finalists. The Brooks Garage was fortunate to be one of the finalists."

Eddie Brooks, who died in 2010 at the age of 95, passed on the business to his son, Nelson, one of the eight chil-



dren he had with wife, Helen Brooks. She is well known in her own right as an active social club member, historian and adept keeper of community records.

"Eddie and I had quite a love story," she says with a smile. "He was 22 years older than me and he watched me grow up. We did not marry until I was 26 but I guess you could say we were destined to be together."

Eddie's parents died when he was quite young and he went to live with relatives in New Jersey. While there he learned the auto repair trade from his Uncle Charles but there was no doubt where he wanted to live, in Robbinston.

At the age of 19, in 1934, he opened an auto shop in Robbinston, building the garage from logs in nearby forests. At the time, Robbinston had only one automobile.

Eddie never advertised, but the business grew steadily as word spread about the mechanic who could fix any automobile, always had access to parts and would get his customers back on the road.

"He went to work on cars but first it was slow," says Helen. "There were few cars. Dr. Russell had the first car

and then Ernest Brown, the mail carrier, had the second car in town.

"Eddie helped people learn the trade but for the most part he worked alone. He had the mechanical ability and stayed here his whole life."

When Eddie died last year, he passed on the business to his son, Nelson. He also had many tributes but chief among them was the placing of an eagle feather on his casket, the highest honor bestowed to a white man, by the Indians of Pleasant Point.

"We got along pretty well with him," says son Nelson with a grin.

"And the thing we probably most miss is arguing with him," says son-in-law, Father David Sivret.

"He was prim and proper," says Helen, "about six feet, seven inches tall. Our eight children were Sherry Sivret; Mary Crossman and her twin, Martha Cox; Linda Nightman; Tammy Ramsdell; Helen Louise Clark; Norman Clark and the youngest is Nelson."

Today, in addition to working on vehicles, Nelson has kept the business going by crushing cars.

"When we started that, my

(continued on page 18)

## Brooks

(continued from page 6)

father hated it but he grew to appreciate what we were doing," Nelson says.

It is interesting to note that at one point, back in the seventies, The Christian Science Monitor heard about the Brooks Garage and wrote about the world's "last honest mechanic."

In 1974, a CBS television crew filmed around Brooks Garage for three days before the document was featured on a Dan Rather report.

"And we are still going," says Nelson Brooks, with a smile.



MAY 26, 2011

## Robbinston Grade School To Close?

By: Joyce Scott

When the Robbinston School Committee meets on June 1, it will decide whether or not to close the town's school.

The school serves the town's children, grades Pre-K through eight.

The Robbinston School Committee will meet a 7 p.m. on Wednesday, June 1. The meeting is open to the public.

"We won't have the final say," said Committee Chairman Tom Critchley. "The townspeople will decide the fate. If the committee votes to close the school, it will have to go out to referendum."

Critchley said the school faces financial problems. "Last year we were a couple hundred thousand dollars short," he said. "We basically cut everything that we could. We're down to the bare bones."

And the financial picture has not improved this year. "We got the budget this year and the state cut us another \$110,000," the chairman said. "Add to that the approximate \$75,000 they underfunded us from last year. We have a \$180,000 shortfall and we thought this year was going to be our good year."

The school committee member said it was time to look at other options.

(continued on page 18)

## Robbinston (continued from page 1)

The committee met a couple of weeks ago with the school board chairmen from the town of Perry and the cities of Eastport and Calais. "I asked them to go back to their towns and come up with tuition proposals for taking our kids," he said.

At the upcoming June 1 meeting Critchley said, the board will consider the various proposals offered by the surrounding communities. "As far as I know right now, all three schools are willing to take them [the students]," he said.

For Critchley, who has two children that attend the Robbinston School, it has been a difficult time. "It's not just about the money," he said. "It's about the level of education that we are offering. The last five years, we have cut, cut and cut. It's to the point where there is just nothing left. At a certain point you stop running an educational facility. You're just running a daycare."

The town needs to look at all of the options. "My personal belief is that if we start combining the schools, then we can get back to offering the kids something again," he said. "That to me at the end of the day is what it is all about."

Superintendent James Underwood will have cost figures for the board to consider when it meets on June 1, Critchley said. At press time, Underwood had not returned any of the calls made to him by a reporter from the Calais Advertiser.





WEARING costumes to observe the Town of Robbinston's bicentennial were participants in the bicentennial pageant on May 7, sponsored by the Robbinston Grange. Shown are: (front row, left to right, Garrett Clark, Antonio Vizcarrondo, Olivia Gary, Myka Clark and Skyla Libby, (back row, left to right), Helen Brooks, Ameena Vizcarrondo, Cassandra Day, Amanda Pasciuti, Anakavee Termsinsuk and Katy Tickle. (Edward French photo)

## Pageant celebrates Robbinston's history

The Robbinston Bicentennial Pageant, celebrating the 200th birthday of the founding of the town of Robbinston in 1811, was held on Saturday, May 7, at the Robbinston Grade School. It was a fun and exciting atmosphere as the youths and adults competed for titles and awards.

The title of Little Miss Robbinston Talent was won by Eliza Jack of Baileyville, who wowed the judges and audience with her Latin salsa dance. Helen Brooks of Robbinston was crowned Ms. Historic Robbinston by Hannah Sivret, Miss Teen Eastern Maine. Brooks is a Robbinston historian and began collecting information about the town at age 8. She was in a costume to represent Caroline Hall, who was the eighth founder of the grange.

Others title winners or awards were earned by: honorable mention for talent, Antonio Vizcarrondo; Teen Miss Historic Robbinston, Katy Tickle; honorable mention for costume, Garrett Clark; Director's Choice, Amanda Pasciuti, Brian-

na Jack and Myka Clark; Tiny Miss Robbinston Bicentennial, Olivia Gary; and First Princess, Brianna Crossman; Little Mr. Robbinston Bicentennial, Garrett Clark; and First Prince Antonio Vizcarrondo; Little Miss Robbinston Bicentennial, Cara Brooks; Miss Pre-Teen Robbinston Bicentennial, Ameena Vizcarrondo; Miss Teen Robbinston Bicentennial, Cassie Day; and First Princess, Anakavee "Vee" Termsinsuk.

The winners will be representing Robbinston at the Founders' Day celebration on Saturday, June 18, at 11 a.m. at the Robbinston Boat Landing.

A few of the highlights of Robbinston history were shared at the pageant, and each contestant was required to provide their own facts about Robbinston, which were shared as they modeled their historic costumes.

Stage East of Eastport loaned some of their costumes to the contestants.

Proceeds of this pageant are going to repair the roof on the Robbinston Grange Hall.





Helen Brooks, Ms. Historic Robbinston with Hannah Sivret, Miss Eastern Maine. (Photo by Martha Cox).

## Robbinston Bicentennial Pageant

Only once will this pageant be held. It was the Robbinston Bicentennial Pageant celebrating the 200th birthday of Robbinston, Maine. Robbinston was settled in 1811. It was a fun and exciting atmosphere as the youth and adults competed for many titles and awards. The title of Little Miss Robbinston Talent was won by Eliza Jack of Baileyville who wowed the judges and audience with her latin salsa dance.

Helen Brooks of Robbinston was crowned as Ms. Historic Robbinston at the Robbinston Bicentennial Pageant by Hannah Sivret, Miss Teen Eastern Maine. Helen is a Robbinston historian and began collecting information about the town at age 8. She has many scrapbooks to show the events of people and places through the years. Her costume was Caroline Hall who was the 8th founder of the grange. Caroline led the way for women and held an office equal to the level of men. On November 21, 1904, 17 members gathered at the Foresters Hall to form the Robbinston Grange. Proceeds of this pageant is going to repair the roof on the Robbinston Grange Hall. A few of the highlights of Robbinston history was shared at the pageant and each contestant was required to provide their own facts about Robbinston which was shared as the modeled their historic costumes. Stage East of Robbinston loaned about some of their costumes to the contestants.

Others award and title winners were Little Miss Robbinston Talent, Eliza Jack; Honorable Mention for Talent: Antonio Vizcarrondo; Teen Miss Historic Robbinston, Katy Tickle, Ms. Historic Robbinston, Helen Brooks. Honorable Mention for

Costume: Garrett Clark; Director's Choice: Amanda Pas-

cuitti, Brianna Jack and Myka Clark. Tiny Miss Robbinston Bicentennial Olivia Gary and First Princess, Brianna Crossman; Little Mir. Robbinston Bicentennial, Garrett Clark and First Prince Antonia Vizcarrondo; Little Miss Robbinston Bicentennial, Cara Brooks; Miss Pre-Teen Robbinston Bicentennial Ameena Vizcarrondo; Miss Teen Robbinston Bicentennial, Cassie Day and First Princess Anakee 'Vee' Termsinsuk.

The winners will be representing Robbinston at their Founder's Day celebration on June 18th at 11 am at the Robbinston Boat Landing.





Above, all the winners. (Photo by Martha Cox).



Above, all the contestants in their costumes. (Photo by Martha Cox).



## Robbinston Bicentennial Pageant

The town of Robbinston is 200 years old and is celebrating its birthday this year! Robbinston was granted by Massachusetts, October 21, 1786, to Edward H. and Nathaniel J. Robbins, in honor of whom the town was named. In 1810, the inhabitants petitioned for incorporation as a town; the petition was granted, and the required act passed on February 18, 1811.

One of the activities to celebrate is the Robbinston Bicentennial Pageant. This is a once in a life-time pageant to celebrate the 200th Birthday of Robbinston Maine. It will be held on May 7th at 2 pm. The categories are Miss Robbinston ages 4- 17; Little Mr. Robbinston, ages 4-7. There will be two special competitions. Miss and/or Mr. Robbinston Talent for ages 4-17, time limit is 2 minutes. The second competition is Miss and/or Mr. History. This competition is open to individuals ages 4 to 104 for individuals

to wear and model a costume from the 1800's. The number of awards in the special competitions will depend on the number of participants who enter. For an application, please call Sherry Sivret at 214-5754 or email her at [ssivret@episcopalmaine.net](mailto:ssivret@episcopalmaine.net). All applications need to be received by April 23rd. The bicentennial committee is asking each winner and runner-up of these competitions to attend the Robbinston Opening Celebration Picnic on June 18th or to ride the Bicentennial Float for either the 4th of July or at the International Festival parade.

## Quoddy Tides

### Robbinston sets fun-filled events

by Susan Esposito

The Town of Robbinston is celebrating its 200th anniversary this year with some summertime lectures, pageant and a community picnic.

Mary Ann Duvall, president of the Robbinston Historical Society, says a Founders Day Pageant is scheduled for Saturday, May 14, and it will feature several age categories for both sexes. "Whoever wins will represent Robbinston on floats in the Fourth of July Parade in Eastport and the International Festival Parade in Calais."

The bicentennial will be celebrated on Saturday, June 18, with a town picnic at the Robbinston Boat Landing. "It will

run from about 11 a.m. until 3 p.m., and we'll have music and games. We're planning to have the *Sylvina Beal* sail up from Eastport," says Duvall.

"And if it rains, we'll hold it the next day."

Heritage talks will be given on different subjects on June 12, July 10 and August 14, all at 2 p.m., and the Sewall Memorial Congregational Church will celebrating its 200th year of existence in August.

"We tried to keep expenses down when we planned the events," points out Duvall. "We're still welcoming ideas and manpower."





**THANK YOU**





**GLENNA MAE CHURCHILL**  
**1915 - 2011**



To the women of the Robbinston  
Historical Society

Thank You for kindly and  
thoughtfully providing the place  
and catering the funeral  
reception for  
Glenna Mae Churchill, our  
Mother and Wife.

Please accept this donation in  
appreciation of you efforts.

*Thank you  
for the beautiful  
reception for  
my Grammie!  
Heather*

*Thank you  
for making our  
family gathering  
after the funeral so warm  
and loving.  
Nancy Churchill Bob Row*

*Thank you  
for helping  
us feel so comfortable  
as we gathered in  
memory of Mom  
Gue*

*Thank you,  
for the warm and  
comfort and lovely  
surroundings,  
Jim*



## Obituaries



### GLENNA M. CHURCHILL

Robbinston & Winterport – Glenna Mae Churchill, 96, passed away Saturday, April 30, 2011 at Calais Regional Hospital. Glenna was born in Sangerville on April 19, 1915, one of eight children to Elwood and Mae (Priest) Bragdon. She graduated from Sangerville High School, Class of 1932, and Maine School of Commerce, Class of 1933. She worked as a secretary for Bangor Hyrdo until she got married to Edward Churchill in Bangor on October 23, 1939. They lived in the Brewer/ Bangor area until moving to Winterport, where they resided for 54 years. While in Winterport, Glenna was a substitute teacher and was instrumental in starting the school lunch program. She was active in St. Gabriel's R.C. Church in Winterport where she served as treasurer, taught Sunday school, and was a member of the Daughter's of Isabella. Glenna enjoyed reading, sewing, knitting, quilting, crossword puzzles, spending time with her family, and traveling. In addition to her parents, she was predeceased by her seven siblings, and a son, Edward Barry Churchill. Surviving are her loving husband of 71 years, Edward Churchill of Robbinston; four children, Janice Sadeghian and her husband Kian of McLean, VA, Anne Perry of Calais, Nancy Bobrow and her husband Uwe of Carbondale, CO, and James Churchill and his wife Allison of West Falmouth, MA; eight grandchildren, Heather Perry Clossey and her husband Harold of Robbinston, Ian Perry and his wife Wendy of Eldersburg, MD, Kristin Pollock and her husband Aaron of Oaklyn, NJ, Shayda Sadeghian of McLean, VA, Kayvon Sadeghian of McLean, VA, Elizabeth Churchill and her husband Francois Massonnat of Philadelphia, PA, Matthew Churchill of Falmouth, MA, and Karen Bobrow of Los Angeles, CA; five great-grandchildren, Perry Amos, Nadia Hoppenheim, Sydney Perry, Rylie Perry, and Elliot Pollock; and many nieces and nephews. Visiting hours will be held 2-4 & 6-8 p.m. Friday, May 6, 2011 at Mays Funeral Home, 26 Church St., Calais. A Mass of Christian Burial will be celebrated by Father James Plourde 1 p.m. Saturday at the Immaculate Conception R.C. Church in Calais. Burial will take place 1 p.m. Tuesday, May 10, at Mt. Pleasant Cemetery in Bangor. Condolences and memories may be shared at [www.maysfuneralhome.com](http://www.maysfuneralhome.com).



# THE QUODDY TIDES

*Most Easterly Newspaper Published in the United States*



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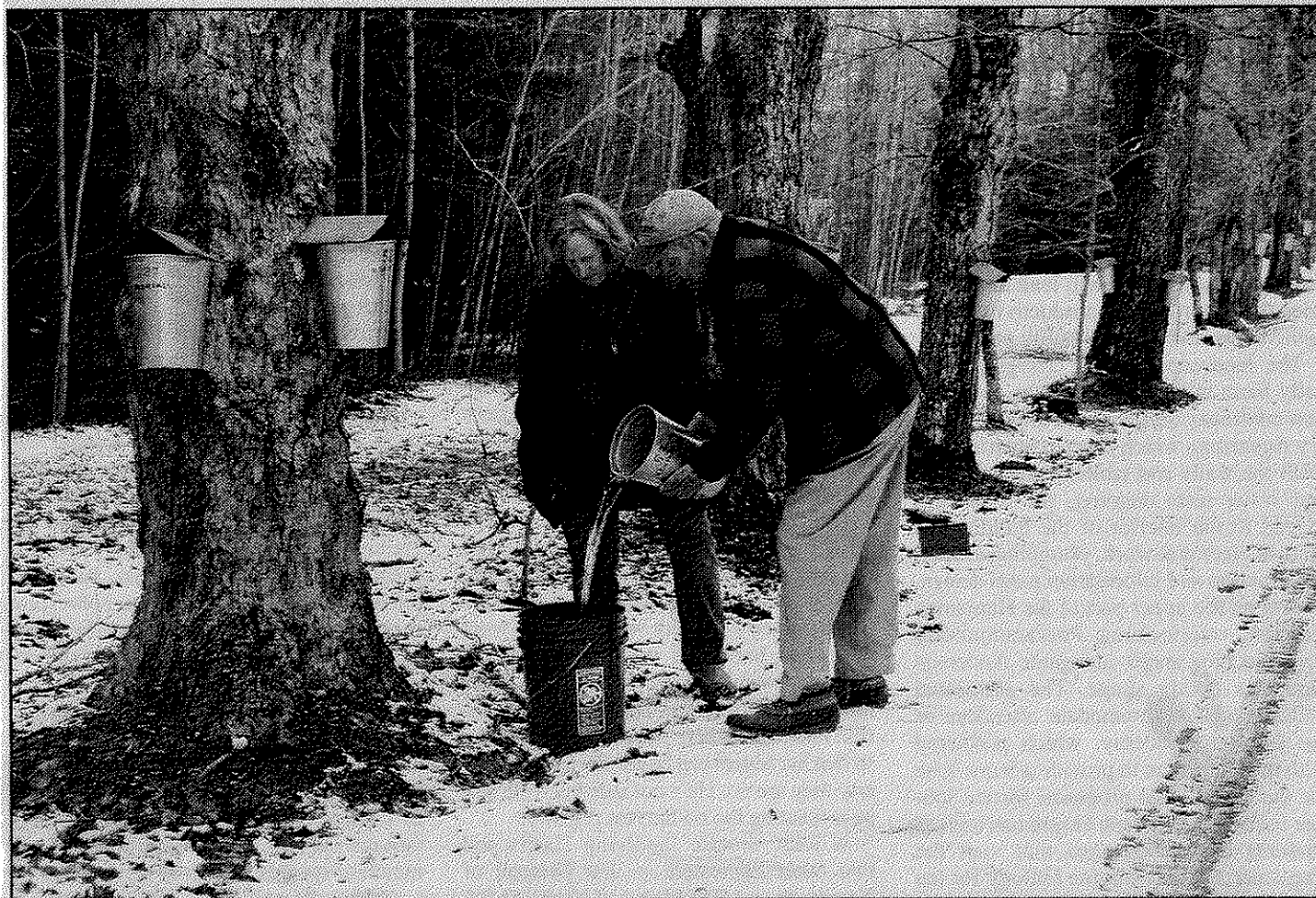
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**SUGARING-OFF TIME.** Pouring sap along the bucket-lined path at Maple Lane Sugary in Robbinston are Mary Ann Duvall and her father, Roy Comstock. Learn more about the maple-syrup-making process on page 25. (Edward French photo)





*SKIMMING OFF FOAM in his sugar shack in Robbinston is Howard Duvall. (Edward French photo)*

## Sugaring off tradition alive Downeast

by Edward French

The New England tradition of sugaring off during March and early April is a sign that the snows of winter are finally retreating, before the buds are on the bough or the robins dare return. Those who explore the woods and byways notice the telltale signs — the buckets hanging on the maples, the steam billowing out of the sugarhouses.

That tradition is still alive in Robbinston, where Howard and Mary Ann Duvall, along with her father, Roy Comstock, undertake the laborious work of gathering the sap and boiling it down. The time-honored ratio of 40 gallons of sap for one gallon of syrup means a lot of hauling to make a small amount of the amber, sweet nectar.

The Duvalls still sugar off the old-fashioned way, for the most part, with metal buckets hung on the trees and a sugar shack with a wood fire to boil down the sap. There are no oil-fired evaporators or plastic tubing to collect the sap from the trees. The one concession to ease the work is a four-wheeler for gathering the buckets of sap. Howard relates that their neighbor, Barbara Barnes, remembers collecting sap with her father in a horse-drawn sleigh, which carried a large wooden container into which the sap was poured.

Howard began tapping 12 trees as a

hobby when he retired four years ago. Now he taps close to 90 trees in the sugarbush, including those along the lane that leads down to their house near the St. Croix River. Many of those trees were planted over 100 years ago by the land's former owner, Rev. Peter Steenstra, the Episcopal minister from the Netherlands who had the nearby Grace Chapel Church built in 1882.

"I just always was fascinated with maple syrup making," Howard relates. Then he kids, "It's a way to get through mud season."

Last year the Duvalls made 18 gallons of syrup from 525 gallons of sap, as it takes less sap to make the syrup earlier in the season.

They use a syrup hydrometer to tell when the right percentage of water is boiled off and then filter the syrup. They don't sell any, instead just giving it away to family and friends in bottles labeled "Maple Lane Sugary."

The flow of the sap has been good this year, and the Duvalls started boiling this year on March 8 and expect to finish in another week. During that time they've given tours to Robbinston school students and local Girl Scouts, demonstrating the process from start to finish. They're helping ensure that the tradition, older than the sugar maples lining the lane, will not die out.



# HANNIBAL HAMLIN AND THE ROBBINSTON RIDGE SCHOOL

By Al Churchill



Robbinston Ridge School

It is generally agreed by the good citizens of Robbinston and I count myself one of them that Hannibal Hamlin taught its scholars during the winter of 1832-33 in the Robbinston Ridge School. The claim has such currency here in Robbinston that I feel many are jealous because my wife managed to obtain the granite step from the front door of the Ridge school after it was demolished and it now graces the "people" entrance to our barn. I believe folks think we plan to open a "Hannibal Hamlin" theme park. I thought some research into the truth of this story might be appropriate in case the market analysis of the theme park proved positive.

For those of you who may have forgotten, Hannibal Hamlin was Lincoln's Vice President for nearly all of the Civil War and the only Mainer to attain so high a national office. This alone would have assured Hamlin's place in history if only Hamlin had been allowed to do something useful during his term but Hamlin, who first met President Lincoln only after the election, was relegated to presiding over the Senate, a job he found boring. He attended no cabinet meetings and was rarely invited to the White House as Mary Todd Lincoln disliked him. While the fate of the nation was being decided on the shores of the Potomac and the battlefields of Gettysburg, Fredericksburg and Appomattox, Hamlin was often at home in Hampden working on his farm. He was not nominated to run with Lincoln during Lincoln's second term, being replaced by Andrew Johnson who gained fame as the only President to be impeached. However he never blamed Lincoln for the slight and was such a good sport he actually helped support the intoxicated Johnson while Johnson delivered a rambling and incoherent acceptance speech at the 1865 inaugural. Nonetheless, had John Wilkes Booth crossed paths with Lincoln only a few months earlier, Hamlin would have become President at a crucial time in our history.

Robbinston's claim to Hamlin is not without foundation as he had many connections to this area. Hannibal was born in South Paris in 1809. His older brother Elijah moved to Columbia in



the 1820's and became a prominent citizen. In 1829 Hannibal taught school in Columbia for several months and studied law. In 1830 his brother Cyrus moved to Calais to practice medicine with Job Holmes and Holmes married Hannibal's favorite sister, Vesta. Vesta, Cyrus and Job Holmes are buried in the Calais cemetery. The real proof, however, of Hannibal's employment as a teacher in Robbinston is contained in the diaries of Richard Hayden, a prominent citizen of Robbinston who in 1832 was in charge of its schools. The diaries, which cover many years, are handwritten, unquestionably authentic and can be read at the Calais Library. Three entries are relevant:

November 24, 1832: Hannibal Hamlin called this evening to be examined as an instructor-gave him a certificate-he passed a tolerably good examination- is to teach on the Ridge.

February 9, 1833: Mr. Hamlin's school on the Ridge closed about the middle of last week in consequence of schoolhouse chimney falling down, his time lacked about a fortnight of being out...

March 29, 1833: Paid Mr. Isaac Hamlin \$25, \$15 of which I rec'd of Byrne and \$10 of Captain Nash. Took Hamlin's receipt. The money was due his son Hannibal for teaching school on the Ridge the past winter.

The above certainly seemed conclusive, especially given the Hamlin family ties to the area and Hannibal's former stint as a teacher in Columbia. The one problem was Isaac, to whom the money was paid. I knew he was not Hannibal's father as Hannibal's father, Cyrus, had died in 1829. I reviewed the three published biographies of Hamlin, hoping they might provide some support for Robbinston but all three agreed Hannibal Hamlin spent 1832 not in Robbinston but studying law with a law firm in Portland. According to the biographies he did not return to South Paris from Portland until the spring of 1833. I reasoned, however, that Hayden may not have known the Hamlin family well and simply mistook Isaac for Hannibal's father. I thought Isaac could have been an uncle and indeed I found an Uncle Isaac in the family tree. The biographical information concerning Hannibal's activities in 1832 were also suspect as the latter biographers relied completely on the original biography of Hamlin done by his grandson and there is nothing more suspect than family historical information. Still I was uneasy and decided I needed to verify my theory about Uncle Isaac.

My initial research on Uncle Isaac indicated he was born in 1778 and was unmarried and childless which seems to support my theory. Hannibal could well have been living with his uncle in Calais but I soon found an Isaac Hamlin in the 1830 Calais census which listed him in the 50-60 year old category, which fits. However the household also included a female 40-50, likely a wife and 8 kids and young adults. Further I found an Isaac G. Hamlin of Calais marrying Elizabeth Ward of Calais in September of 1832. There are also deeds in the registry between Isaac Hamlin and Cyrus Hamlin which indicate the two were related and an 1833 Act of Incorporation naming Isaac Hamlin as an Incorporator of the Baring Bridge Corporation. At least one census record indicates Isaac Hamlin resided in Baring in 1830. To confuse matters more Knowlton says Isaac Hamlin, who he identifies as the Vice President's brother, was an incorporator of the 1<sup>st</sup> Baptist Church in Calais even though Hannibal Hamlin did not have a brother Isaac. I now had too many Isaacs, in two towns, one with a large family including a wife and another just getting married. I decided as a last resort to search Ancestry.Com, a site I dislike because it's not free, but as proof of the old adage "You get what you pay for", it was there I found what appears a plausible answer.

According to Ancestry, Hannibal's uncle Isaac was not childless. He had a number of children, including a son Hannibal born in 1814 and a son Isaac born in 1803, both cousins of Hannibal, the Vice President. Therefore, it is likely, though not certain, that the Hannibal who taught school in Robbinston in 1832 was indeed, as stated in the Hayden diaries, Isaac



Hamlin's son, as was Isaac G. Hamlin, Jr. who married Elizabeth Ward in Calais in 1832. I also discovered the Vice President had other cousins named Hannibal so there are other possibilities as well but Uncle Isaac's Hannibal best fits the historical record. There are still some inconsistencies in the records and more genealogical research would be required to absolutely verify the above but it does seem Robbinston's claim is unlikely. Sorry Robbinston, no theme park.





**PERCY A. BURKE**

**ROBBINSTON** - After nearly a century of life among family members, friends and neighbors, Percy A. Burke, 99, passed away Aug. 6, 2010, at Eastport Memorial Nursing Home, only 37 days after his brother Leroy Burke's death. Percy and Leroy lived their lives looking after each other. Hardly ever one was seen without the other. They are together again. Percy was born April 8, 1911, in Robbinston, son of Fred and Flora (Ashby) Burke.

He received his early education at the one-room Robbinston Ridge School. For many years he was the janitor at the school, carrying water to fill the water crock and start the wood fire. Percy and his father, Fred, did carpenter work on the original housing at Quoddy Village, Eastport, in the late 1930s. Signs of their masonry skills can be seen around the Robbinston area in chimneys, fireplaces and stone walls. He was a master at sharpening saws and tools. He kept the carpenters happy while working at Cutler Navy Station in the 1950s. Percy loved the outdoors, caring for the sheep and cattle, tilling the fields in the summer and cutting wood in the winter. Woodworking was a favorite pastime. Percy loved music. If walls at the old homestead could talk, you would hear Percy playing jigs and reels on the button box accordion, his father on a homemade fiddle and one of his sisters on piano. His music was enjoyed at local dances.

He will be sadly missed by a nephew, Alan Burke and his wife, Harriet, of Skowhegan; a niece, Mary Golding Baetz and her husband, Don, of Ohio; cousins and friends. In addition to his parents; and brother, Leroy Burke, he was predeceased by his sisters, Emma Golding, Laura Kendall and Marion Burke. The family thanks the staff at Eastport Memorial Nursing Home and Calais Regional Hospital for the tender loving care they provided during the past year.

Graveside services will take place 11 a.m. Aug. 14 in the family lot at Robbinston Ridge Cemetery. Arrangements under the care and direction of Dan & Scott's Cremation & Funeral Service, 445 Waterville Road, Skowhegan.



*A Celebration of Love*



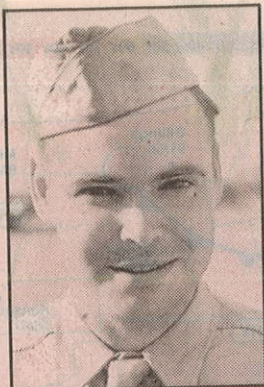
**Open House**

*for Helen & Edward Brooks*

**November 29, 2008 from 1-3 PM**


**St. Anne's Parish Hall, Calais**





**LEROY B. BURKE**

**ROBBINSTON** - Leroy B. Burke, 93, passed away Wednesday, June 30, 2010, at Calais Regional Hospital after a long illness. He was born Nov. 8, 1916, in Robbinston, son of the late Fred and Flora (Ashby) Burke.

 He received his early education at the one-room Robbinston Ridge School. Leroy was a World War II veteran. After being inducted into the U.S. Army in November 1940, he was assigned to Company B 103rd Infantry Regiment 43rd Division. After training on several Army bases in the states, he was assigned to the Asiatic Pacific Theater campaign in New Guinea, Solomon, Guadalcanal, Luzon and the Philippine Islands. He was discharged in August 1945 in poor health. Leroy was awarded the Good Conduct Medal, Marksman Rifle Badge, American Defense Service Medal and Philippine Liberation Ribbon with one Bronze Star. Leroy was a substitute rural mail carrier. He was proud of the vegetables and berries he grew and the carpenter work he did with his brother, Percy.


He will be sadly missed by his brother, Percy Burke; a nephew, Alan Burke and his wife, Harriet, of Skowhegan; a niece, Mary Golding Baetz and her husband, Don, of Ohio; cousins and friends. In addition to his parents, he was predeceased by his sisters, Emma Golding, Laura Kendall and Marion Burke. The family thanks the staff at Maine Veterans Home, Bangor; Calais Remeliah House and Calais Regional Hospital for the tender loving care they provided during the past year.

At Leroy's request there will be no funeral or visitation hours. Burial will take place 11 a.m. July 17 in the family lot at Robbinston Ridge Cemetery, Robbinston. Arrangements under the care and direction of Dan & Scott's Cremation & Funeral Service, 445 Waterville Road, Skowhegan.



#### ERNEST E. BARNES

ROBBINSON - Ernest E. Barnes, 82, died Sunday, May 23, 2010, at a Bangor hospital.

 He was born Dec. 25, 1927, in Calais, the son of Luther and Esther (Hill) Barnes.

Ernest grew up in Calais and was a graduate of Calais Academy, Class of 1945, and Pittsburgh School of Watch Making. After high school he enlisted in the U.S. Navy. Ernest was a World War II veteran and a plank owner of the USS Saipan CVL-48. He retired as building maintenance supervisor of Washington County Community College, Calais, and operated Brooks Bluff Cottages with his wife, Barbara.

Ernest is survived by his loving wife of 62 years, Barbara (Brown) Barnes; son, E. Jeffrey Barnes of Bangor; and grandson, Aaron J. Barnes and his wife, Jessica, of Bangor. In addition to his parents, he was predeceased by a sister, Norma Ryan.

A graveside service will be held 1 p.m. Saturday, May 29, at Brewer Cemetery, Sherman Hill Road, Robbinston. Those wishing to remember Ernest in a special way may make gifts in his name to PAWS Humane Society, P.O. Box 182, Calais, ME 04619. Arrangements by Brookings-Smith, 133 Center St., Bangor. Condolences to the family may be expressed at [www.BrookingsSmith.com](http://www.BrookingsSmith.com).





**BESSIE G. MINGO**

**ROBBINSTON** - Bessie Gertrude Mingo, 100, passed away peacefully Monday, April 5, 2010, at Atlantic Rehab & Living Center, Calais. Bessie was born Oct. 16, 1909, in Robbinston, daughter of the late Michael and Ellen (Bohanon) Greenlaw.

After graduating high school in Red Beach, she went on to become a registered nurse at Calais Hospital, Class of 1936. Bessie continued to work at Calais Hospital for many years until she left to raise her children. During this time she lived on the John Miner Farm, Robbinston, where she and her husband operated a dairy farm, as well as beef cattle and sheep. Once the children became older, Bessie worked in local sardine factories in Robbinston until her retirement. During retirement, she helped raise four of her grandchildren. Bessie enjoyed cooking, knitting and she took great pride in growing her flower gardens. She was an avid Red Sox fan, and her greatest thrill later in her life was watching them win two World Series championships. Her most memorable moments were of those spent at Nash's Lake with family and friends. She was fondly known as nana to her grandchildren and great-grandchildren and took pride in boasting of their many accomplishments. She never cussed, unless she told you to "go fry ice" if she disagreed with you, and would never have a bad word to say about anyone.

In addition to her parents, Bessie was predeceased by her loving husband, Richard J. Mingo; four sisters, Kay Gayton and her husband, John, Phyllis Cook and her husband, Theo, Libby Greenlaw and Charlotte Greenlaw; a great-granddaughter, Jodi Gerow; and her dear friend, Marion Chisholm. She will be greatly missed by her surviving children, Alden Mingo and his wife, Donna, of Robbinston and Barbara Lincoln and her husband, Stephen, of Accord, N.Y.; seven grandchildren, JoAnn Mingo of Albany, N.Y., Karen Gorman and her husband, Gary, of Rehoboth, Mass., Richard Mingo and his wife, Susan, of Robbinston, Arthur Mingo and his wife, Sonja, of Calais, Lisa Gerow and her husband, Kenneth, of Moncup Valley, N.Y., David Lincoln of Albany, N.Y., and Stephanie Lincoln of Accord, N.Y.; nine great-grandchildren, Lindsey, Jacqui, Mitchel and Evan Mingo, Kaylee Lincoln, Natasha Lincoln and David Lincoln Jr., Jason and Josh Gerow; one great-great-granddaughter, Jaiden Lincoln; many nieces and nephews; special friends, Irene Diffin and Bea Pulk; and many friends.

A graveside service will be held 11 a.m. Saturday, May 29, at Red Beach Cemetery. In lieu of flowers, the family kindly request donations be made in Bessie's name to Calais Recreation Department, P.O. Box 413, Calais, ME 04619. Arrangements by Mays Funeral Home, Calais and Eastport. Condolences and memories may be shared at

[www.maysfuneralhome.com](http://www.maysfuneralhome.com).



**ANNOUNCEMENT****MAPPING THE WILDERNESS**

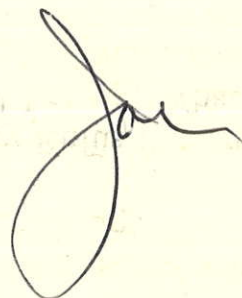
Maine became a state in 1820 and it was that year that Moses Greenleaf of Williamsburg published his famous map of Maine. That map is on the title panel of the latest IMAGE OUTREACH project of the Alexander-Crawford Historical Society. The show is entitled Mapping the Wilderness and will be at the Calais Free Library for the month of October. It will be exhibited at the Alexander Grange Hall in November.

Maine, Washington County and many towns such as Machias and Orangetown all had different boundaries in 1820 than today. Many town names do not appear on Greenleaf's map. It is quite different than Osgood Carleton's 1802 Map of the District of Maine. The Washington County part of this map has some interesting and informative artwork. Maps are a great way to learn about our history.

The oldest map/plan in the exhibit was created in 1786 by Rufus Putnam. It is of the fifty townships that were part of the Massachusetts Land Lottery. What towns today were part of that money making scheme? Other maps in the exhibit are manuscript maps including Baring, Crawford, Dennysville, Meddybemps and Trescott drawn between 1828 and 1842 and drawn by Benjamin Jones and Richard Hayden. Jones's 1828 manuscript map shows townships one through six, Perry, Dennysville, Charlotte, Robbinston, Calais and Baring.

Be sure to visit this show at the Calais Free Library.

*Thought you might be interested in this show*

A handwritten signature, likely of the sender, is written in dark ink. The signature is stylized and appears to be a first name followed by a last name, though the specific letters are not clearly legible due to the cursive style.





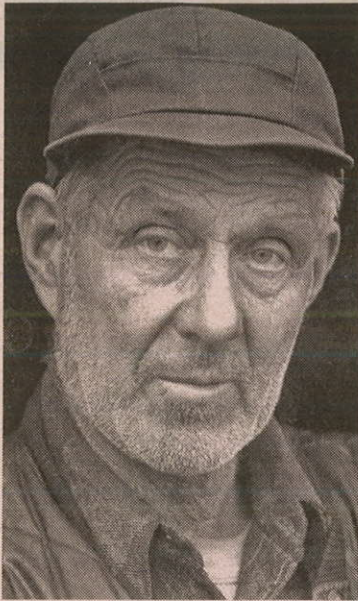
**JOHN W. MINER D.M.D.**

Calais – Dr. John Walter Miner, D.M.D., 102, passed away Saturday, December 5, 2009 at the Calais Regional Hospital. Dr. Miner was born in Calais on May 6, 1907, son of the late Walter Miner M.D. and Estella (Delahay) Miner. He graduated from Calais Academy Class of 1924, Colby College in Waterville in 1929 with a Bachelor's Degree in Chemistry, and from Harvard University School of Dental Medicine, Class of 1934. Dr. Miner returned to Calais where he practiced Dentistry for over 45 years, retiring in 1979. During the early years, he had the honor of working alongside his father at the Calais Hospital. After retiring, he continued to run the family farm in Robbinston until the late 1980's.

Dr. Miner's family owned the first General Motors dealership in Calais. He has been a loyal GM customer ever since, owning an astounding 65 Cadillac cars. Dr. Miner was active in many local organizations and enjoyed farming and reading. In addition to his parents, he was predeceased by his first wife, Virginia (Eaton) Miner; and his two sisters, Elizabeth and Ruth. Surviving are his wife June (MacDonald) Miner of Calais; his daughter, Lynn Murphy of Hingham, MA; two grandchildren, Kenneth Murphy and his wife Julie of Andover, MA, and Kim Wilson and her husband Henry of Rye, NY; four great-grandchildren; three nieces, Muriel Robbinette of NH, Nancy Christie of NH, and Catherine Steenstra of CA; and his two faithful canine companions, Fluff and Lacy. A celebration of Dr. Miner's life will be held 11 a.m. Friday, December 11, 2009 at the Second Baptist Church, Church St., Calais. Burial will be held at a later date in the Rockland Cemetery, McAdam, N.B. Arrangements by Mays Funeral Home, Calais & Eastport. Condolences and memories may be shared at [www.maysfuneralhome.com](http://www.maysfuneralhome.com).



## Obituaries



### G. EDWARD "EDDIE" BROOKS

Robbinston – Gordon Edward Brooks, 95, passed away Friday, February 12, 2010 at his home with his loving family by his side. Eddie was born in Robbinston on January 10, 1915, son of the late Gordon and Anna (Nelson) Brooks. He became an orphan at an early age and was raised by his uncle Charles in South Orange, NJ, who taught Eddie the mechanic trade. At the age of 19, Eddie returned home to Robbinston and built his own garage from logs when there was only one car in town. His business grew steadily throughout, not by advertising but word of mouth. He never advertised his business in papers, on the radio or television but was never without clients. If a motorist stopped at Brooks' Garage, it would be very surprising if Eddie didn't have the part needed to get the vehicle back on the road; since he kept every part he came across and tried to use every one of them. If he didn't have the part there was no need to worry, he'd get it. Eddie would even give them money for a bus or train ticket to get them home until the part came in. In 1974 he was featured on the C.B.S. Saturday Nightly News with Dan Rather. The C.B.S. film crew spent three days filming Eddie

working in and around his garage. In the same year he was also featured in the Christian Science Monitor Article and Photograph about being known for miles around as the "world's last honest mechanic." Eddie also was interviewed by several newspapers and radios including WABI, St. Croix Courier, Maine Public Broadcasting and others both locally, nationally and even Captain Kangaroo. The garage is still open today, being operated by his son Nelson. On his farm, Eddie raised a healthy crop of rusty machine parts and repaired anything from bulldozers to tricycles. He enjoyed spending his life doing what he enjoyed. The tales of his abilities are legendary and there are scores of Eddie Brooks' stories floating around. He was guest of honor to an open house where relatives, friends and customers stopped by to congratulate, thank and praise him for his many years of dedicated and honest service. He also was guest of honor to a celebration given to him by the Ageless Wonders in Rustburg, VA for the work he did on their tour bus. With all the stress that comes in being self employed, Eddie never swore or took the Lord's name in vain. He was a member of the Sewall Memorial Congregational Church, Owl Head Transportation, Robbinston Grange #443 as well as the State and National Grange, and enjoyed volunteering with the 4-H Club. Surviving are his loving wife Helen (Murphy) Brooks; children, Sherry Sivret and her husband Rev. David of Calais; Mary Crossman and her husband Elton of Robbinston; Martha Cox of East Machias; Linda Nighman and her husband Marc of Mount Desert Island; Tammy Ramsdell and her husband James of Pembroke; Helen Louise Clark and her husband John of Baileyville; Norman Brooks and his wife Lisa of Robbinston; Nelson Brooks and his fiancé Sheila Denbow of Perry; and his "4-H Daughter", Yorlenny Mendez of Costa Rica. Grandchildren, Sarah Walters and her husband Todd of Gray; Elizabeth Rollins and her husband Kevin of Hallowell; Katherine Sivret of Portland; David Sivret II of Calais; Hannah Sivret of Calais; Jonathan Brooks and his wife Rachelle of Brewer; Jessica Gower and her husband Jamey of Charlotte; Rosena Crossman of Robbinston; David Crossman of Robbinston; Elton Crossman II and his companion Ida of Calais; Rebekah Cox of Beals Island; Andrew Cox of East Machias; Amanda Brooks of Orono; Joshua Brooks-Ramsdell and his wife Leah of Boston, MA; Jason Brooks-Ramsdell and his wife Megan of Culpepper, VA; James Ramsdell of Boston, MA; Jeffrey Ramsdell of Pembroke; Amber Gutierrez of Baileyville; Myka Clark of Baileyville; Garrett Clark of Baileyville; Kyle Sansoucie of Robbinston; Samuel Brooks of Robbinston; Wesley Brooks of Robbinston; Chris Newman of Perry; Brian Denbow of Perry; Courtney Brooks of Perry; and Abner Mendez of Costa Rica. Great-grandchildren, Jacob Gower, Zachary Gower, Anneleise Rollins, Mia Rollins, Quinn Rollins, Chloe Brooks, Cara Brooks, Brianna Crossman, David Ramsdell, Lucas Ramsdell, Joshua Sivret, Kira Walters, and Colin Walters; and his faithful canine companion of twelve years, Rascal. Visiting hours were held on Tuesday, Feb. 16, 2010 at Brooks' Garage, Route 1, Robbinston. A celebration of Eddie's life will be celebrated 1:30 p.m. Wednesday, Feb. 17, 2010 in his garage. A private burial followed in the Brewer Cemetery. Donations in Eddie's memory may be made to the Robbinston Grange #443, c/o 440 US Route 1, Robbinston, ME 04671. Arrangements by Mays Funeral Homes, Calais & Eastport. Condolences and memories may be shared at [www.maysfuneralhome.com](http://www.maysfuneralhome.com)



# Couple Rescue Horses

By Carol-Ann Nicholson

ROBBINSTON - High on a hill overlooking Passamaquoddy Bay, two mares, Maggie and Liberty, contentedly munch grass with their newborn foals, Coffee and Shadow.

Lifting their heads, the two get incredible views of the sea and the town of St. Andrews in New Brunswick in the distance with the majestic Algonquin Hotel pictured in the background.

This pastoral setting was not the future faced by these horses last year. The two colts frisking about the pasture would have been slaughtered by now and the mares would be either slaughtered or chained inside cages, producing urine for a hormone called Premarin.

Instead, the two pregnant mares were rescued by Susan and Edmund Ferreira of Robbinston, who went to Liverpool, Nova Scotia, to get them. The horses now live happily with two dogs, a cow, a bunch of chickens, several cats and two humans with huge, compassionate hearts.

The Ferreras, who come from Rhode Island, live on a 97 acre farm which they bought five years ago.

"We were looking for a place

to retire and kept driving around all over Maine," Susan says. "We found this farm and fell in love with the area. Ed took early retirement and we are very, very happy here."

The story of their relationship with two pregnant mares began last year when Edmund decided he needed a horse.

"There are 75 acres here," he says. "I wanted to get around them but didn't like the noise of an ATV so I started thinking about a horse. Susan mentioned this to a childhood friend who lives in Nova Scotia, because she is knowledgeable about horses. She told us she knew of a farmer who is rescuing horses from a drug farm in Manitoba. He saves up money and goes to Manitoba and brings back a couple of truckloads of horses, of pregnant mares, that he sells to people who can give them good homes. We learned about the horses in March, could not resist the story and went to Nova Scotia to see what it was all about. We really liked the idea of rescuing them and once we saw them, well...."

The horses were part of a program by Wyeth-Ayerst Laboratories that produces Premarin, the widely prescribed estrogen replacement drug. The



Ed and Susan Ferreira, Robbinston, rescued pregnant mares this winter who presented them with two foals. From left are the couple, Maggie, colt Coffee and Liberty. (Photo by Carol-Ann Nicholson)

drug is made from the urine of pregnant mares (PREgnant MaRe's urINE).

Under the program, mares are kept pregnant to foster the harvesting of their urine and the discarded offspring of Premarin mares are sent to auction blocks by the thousands each year, according to the Society of Prevention of Cruelty

to Animals. The majority of the foals are sold to slaughterhouses that provide meat to markets in Japan and Europe.

"A few lucky ones are rescued by groups like the United Pegasus Foundation of Mylestone Equine Rescue, both equine humane organizations that purchase as many horses from the auctions as donated dollars will buy and then find

safe homes for them," says Susan.

"Then we heard about the farm in Nova Scotia and decided this was something we could do. It just seems natural. This is the perfect home for these horses and we've fallen in love with them, and the foals they've produced."

Ironically, the area the  
(Continued on page 25)



# Horses

(Continued from page 7)

Ferreiras chose as their retirement home is the area from which her ancestors came.

"My grandmother, Dorothy Robbins Tatro, lived in Princeton," she says, but her father, Frank Robbins, came from Robbinston. "His father was Cyrus Robbins, from Robbinston and he married Georgie Ripley from Waite. My grandmother always talked about Meddybemps and Red Beach. You can't get more Washington County than that."

Susan says at one point in her research on the horses she saw a photograph put out by the Pegasus Foundation of a scene showing many, many horses. "They were all lined up, not even in stalls, just chained to something in front with oversized milk jugs under them. It was a production line for harvesting and it was awful.

"The whole thing was money driven. You keep mares pregnant constantly for eight or nine years and then when they are run down, as they would get, you send them to slaughter houses, as you do the foals.

"There are more than 50,000 horses slaughtered each year."

They learned about the Pegasus Foundation shortly after arriving in Maine.

"When the opportunity came our way to get a horse, we thought, why not?" says Ed.

"Our dog, Buddy, once led an inner city life, and now seems quite happy here. In the same way, we thought we could do something for these horses.

"Going to that farm and seeing those horses in Nova Scotia was overwhelming, however. There are so many of them and that man has rescued them all. It was really something."

Susan agrees. "It was excit-

ing to go, but also scary," she says. "We didn't know anything about horses or how to pick one out. However, my friend knew what to do and Maggie is a sweetheart. Liberty is gorgeous, a long-legged thoroughbred, just a little more fidgety. She's becoming more open and her personality is coming out as time goes on, however.

"Both are eight years old and had three or four foals apiece. However, those foals were taken from them immediately after birth so this time they get to keep their babies and it is really something special to watch."

"It takes time. The only thing these horses knew when we got them is getting their feet clean and being halter led. We're training them but it will be sometime before I get to ride around," he says with a laugh. "We bought them, made the arrangements for them to travel here. They came in the middle of that snowstorm we had in April but they've adjusted well."

"It's funny," says Susan. "Maggie is a beautiful brown color and she gave birth to Shadow who is black. Liberty is a black horse who gave birth to Coffee, who looks just like her name, a beautiful coffee brown color."

Last summer, the couple adopted turkeys, but that didn't work out and they gave them to another farm.

They also acquired a calf which became a cow.

"We boarded her out at another farm last winter," Susan says. "People all around laughed at that but we weren't ready to keep her here. She's having a calf now and then she's coming home.

"One of the things I love best about that cow is that she talks

to me. I go out on the back step and feed her potatoes. Since cows can't chew food, the potatoes have to be cut in little pieces and she loves them and apples, too. She talks to me all the time she's eating and you should hear her!"

Although Susan disagrees, Ed says the couple will rescue anything now that they have the space. "Except elephants," he says. "We don't have the space for elephants."

Anyone interested in learning more about the Ferreiras' experience, the farm in Nova Scotia run by Earl Westhaver of Liverpool and Lunenburg, or the Pegasus Foundation can call the Ferreiras at home at 454-0057. You can also learn about making donations to the rescue of these horses through [www.petfinder.org](http://www.petfinder.org) or the United Pegasus Foundation at [www.unitedpegasus.com](http://www.unitedpegasus.com)

You can also write to the Nova Scotia organization at The Hoof Beat, P.O. Box 428, Lunenburg, N.S. or e-mail [bclaussen@claussenwalters.com](mailto:bclaussen@claussenwalters.com)

Any adoption fees for the horses are turned back into the coffers to help buy other horses from the auction block.

"Getting involved can only do good," say Susan and Ed. "And it's a wonderful thing to watch."



## BURIED TREASURE STORY RECALLED.

When Boy Tells of Strangers  
Digging for Bait, the Pioneer  
Comes to the Front.

ROBBINSTON, Me., July 25.—The stories that a fortune lies buried in the dense forest somewhere along the shores of Moneymaker Lake, between Robbins-ton and Red Beach, had been well-nigh forgotten until recently, when a tragedy of almost a century ago was recalled.

A Robbinston farmer lad, in search of a trout brook which might furnish better sport than those nearer the settlement, came upon two strangers who were digging under some old spruce trees near the shore of Moneymaker Lake. The men did not observe him at first, and he watched them while they toiled in two or three spots. Later, when he accosted them, they told him they were digging for bait, but as they had no fishing tackle with them, and as Moneymaker Lake has no fish worth the catching, the boy thought the explanation was not a good one.

When he returned home he told of his adventure, and one of the pioneer residents of the town declared his belief that the unidentified men were seeking for the buried treasure which is said to have laid in secret for almost a century.



MoneyMaker Lake derived its name from a band of counterfeiters who early in the century dwelt in a cabin on the shore of the lake and there pursued their unlawful employment. Later their names were known to be Ball, Smith and Blaisdell.

The counterfeiters lived in secrecy until one day, almost a century ago, a Robinson farmer looking for his strayed cattle came upon the cabin unawares and discovered the nature of their employment. He was seized by the lawbreakers and carried into their cabin. Ball, the leader of the gang, was in favor of killing the interloper to make sure that there could be no evidence against them. If Smith had not strongly objected Ball would probably have killed the prisoner, but Smith was determined that the crime of murder should not be his and a compromise was effected. The farmer was obliged to swear that he would never reveal his discovery and he was then permitted to go.

The farmer, after his return home, hesitated between his fear of the counterfeiters and his sense of duty for a day or two, and then told the town authorities what had befallen him. Deputy Sheriff Downes started for the forest at once along the route described by the farmer. Before reaching the counterfeiters' cabin the officer came upon Ball, who was doing sentry duty. Deputy Downes advanced upon Ball, whereupon the latter fired, bringing down the officer at the first shot. Other officers later captured Ball, but Smith and Blaisdell escaped and were never afterward heard from. Ball was tried, convicted of murder, and was executed.

Before his death by hanging, the counterfeiter said that a large sum of money had been hidden at the foot of a tree near his cabin, but he refused to tell its exact whereabouts. He said that most of the money was in gold, silver and the spurious money which he had obtained elsewhere.

For many years after the story became known hundreds of persons tried to find the hidden hoard, but without success, and the search was given up and was not taken up again until 1880.

Found in the attic of Addison Knowles house  
on the Arm Road in Alexander by his g-g grandson  
Pat Cormier. Copied by A-C-H-S - Too bad the  
boy was not named and the year is unknown.  
'just a bit of your history' *Pat Cormier*



## Across Your Editor's Desk

### AN OLD BUSINESS GETS CANNED

The first sardines canned in the United States were canned in Eastport in 1876, and the canning of the last sardines in the U.S. is scheduled to take place in April when Bumble Bee Foods will close its Prospect Harbor sardine processing plant. In 1875 a group of New York businessmen chose Eastport as the site for the first U.S. sardine factory. An industry that started in the U.S. in Maine will also end in Maine.

At one time the sardine industry was the biggest employer in the state of Maine, with at least 418 factories operating. At its peak around World War II, thousands of people were employed by these plants. In 1950, the industry hit its production peak with 46 canneries producing 3.8 million cases. By 1970, there were just 21 canneries and the decline continued. A change in American taste and a federal catch limit have played a large part in the demise of the old Maine industry. Bumble Bee Foods decided it was not financially viable to continue operations with a dwindling supply of fish. The federal catch limit was reduced from 180,000 metric tons a year in 2004 to 91,200 metric tons for this year.

In 1900 canneries were operating in Eastport, North Perry, Robbinston, Lubec, North Lubec, Pembroke, Machiasport, Jonesport and Milbridge. Lubec had 11 plants operating and North Lubec 10 plants. According to the book *Canned* compiled by John Gilman of Deer Island, The Holmes Packing Corp. factory in Eastport was perhaps the oldest, continuous-packing sardine factory in the business. The factory had started out as the McCullough factory in 1881. It then became the E.A. Holmes Packing Company, then The Seacoast Packing No. 10 and after that Seacoast Canning No. 3. It had then been sold to The Holmes Packing Corp. and finally sold to Zapata Foods Corp. It had operated continually until the last whistle sounded and the doors were closed for good in 1983.



## A Brief History of Robbinston

Township #4, as listed in the Massachusetts maps, was granted to Lt. Gov. Edward Robbins October 21, 1786. The deed read in part, "One dollar and other valuable considerations for services rendered during the Revolutionary period." This 17,860 acre tract naturally became the town of Robbinston, and Edward Robbins soon began to sell sections of it to friends and acquaintances in Massachusetts.

The town soon began to prosper, for among the residents were many craftsmen. A tide mill was built in Mill Cove, and a steam mill on the outlet of Western Lake. A lumber mill was also built at the outlet of Goulding Lake. Two homes that were built of bricks manufactured in the town are still standing and are occupied. A grist mill was built in 1800, and the first ship was built the same year by Thomas Vose. John Brewer and John Balkam were also shipbuilders. In the middle 1800's, Robbinston was the largest shipbuilding port on the East Coast.

Prominent names among those present at the meeting of incorporation in February, 1811, were: Joseph Porter, Thomas Vose, John Brewer, Obediah Allen, Samuel Jones, Widow Fausett, John Johnson, Mr. Sibley, Mr. Balkam, Obediah Brooks, Mr. Sewall and Job Johnson.

During the shipbuilding boom, Robbinston's population reached 1400, and then began a steady decline. The 1970 Census showed a figure of 396. Shipbuilding practically ceased around 1870 and the fishing industry began about 1890, reaching its peak about thirty years later.

From the very first years of settlement, the abundant forests have produced and reproduced a steady and reliable income from lathes, shingles. Long lumber and pulp are still produced. Around the time of incorporation, Governor Robbins ordered some of the huge white pines near the shores of West Magurrewock Lake to be cut, and twenty-six of them were hauled by ox team to Cox's Point, loaded on schooners and shipped to Boston. These timbers were from five to six feet in diameter at the butt, and were made into columns to support the large balcony of the Massachusetts House. They stood for about 150 years, only recently to be replaced by granite.

In those days there was another important -- but less talked of -- industry that certainly affected the economy of the region. That industry was the smuggling of livestock, wool, liquor, sugar, fish, etc. Historians have passed over it lightly, and perhaps we should too!

Our lakes contain various species of fish including trout, smallmouth bass, pickerel, perch, and landlocked salmon, and the forests surrounding the lakes beckon the hunters in the fall. Legal game are the whitetail deer, black bear, bobcat, raccoon, and fox.

In 1973 a new State Park with picnic area, parking facilities, and concrete boat ramp to low water was built at Armstrong's Point on the St. Croix River. Landscaping and hot-topping will be completed in the summer of 1974.

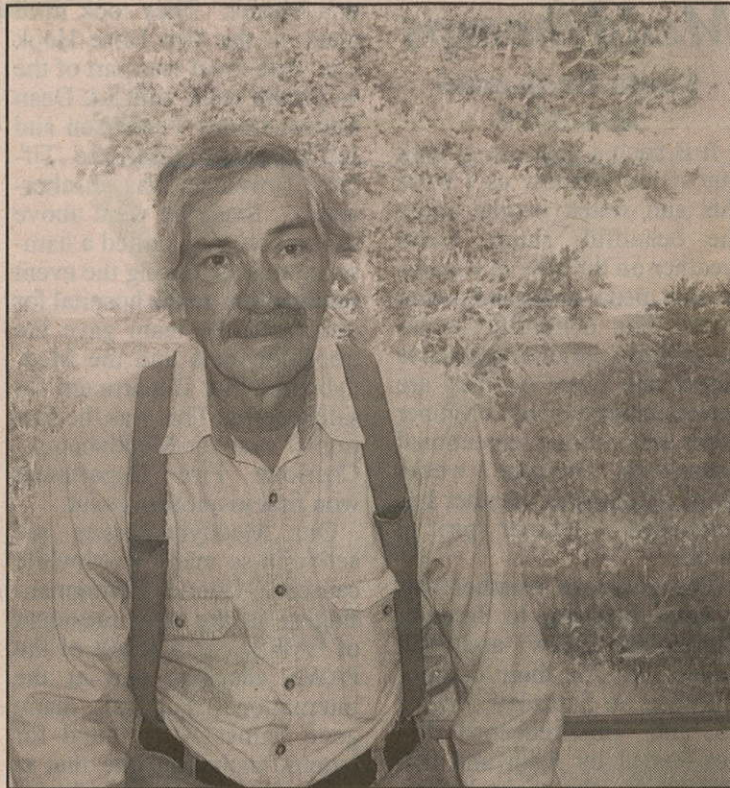
At present, the dominant stabilizing feature is still forest products, marketed at the Georgia Pacific Mill at Woodland, and lumbering mills throughout the county.

As to the future of the area . . . who can predict?

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FOR MAGGI to acquaint you to  
Robbinston Me





Lee Suta is an interesting artist who lives in Robbinston. He has just had a show at the Calais Free Library. In addition to his art, Suta creates things like frames, is working on computers, bakes bread and plays clarinet for Keltic Schmeltic. (Carol-Ann Nicholson photo)



# Lee Suta Featured At Calais Library

**By: Carol-Ann Nicholson**  
CALAIS — Lee Suta has been a recent guest artist at the Calais Free Library.

This renowned artist and interesting individual was in the city this past week and took time for an interview with The Calais Advertiser.

When asked about his background he notes that he spent most of his early years painting theatre scenery.

"It seems I did this since I was a kid," he says. "It's been at least since I was 18 years old that I have made my living as an artist."

"I was a paint boy at the old Metropolitan Opera. That's where I washed buckets and things like that," he says with a smile. "I began washing things, fetching bottles of brandy, painted frames. It was interesting."

Suta, originally from New Jersey, worked in New York City for 40 years. One of the paintings which hung at the Calais Free Library is scenery done from the roof of his apartment in Brooklyn. It was painted in the summer of 1978 and, ironically, features the Twin Towers. The painting is dark, much of it black.

Suta became an art student at the age of 17 years. He studied at the Art Student's League of New York which is an artist run school which opened in 1875. It is open to the general public and offers low fee classes in drawing, painting, sculpting, and print-making taught by international professional artists.

The League has historically been known for its broad appeal to both amateurs and professional artists and has maintained, for over 130 years, a tradition of reasonable prices, flexible schedules. Although artists can study there full time, there are no degree programs or grades. From the 19th Century to the present, the League has counted many famous and historically important artists

among its attendees and instructors. It has contributed to many influential schools and movements in the art world.

"It was a reaction against the National Academy of Art," Suta says. "It was a very democratic school. You chose who you wanted to study with and there were instructors with fairly radical ideas."

"It was a wonderful place. I came from a working class family living in the suburbs of New Jersey and this was such a change."

"I don't know how I had the courage to do this. All of a sudden I was 17 and living in an exciting city and it was scary."

"It was wonderful and I was poor. Back then you could take a subway for 15 cents and the rent in 1960 was something like \$48."

"The second year my teacher started his own school and I was the youngest student. I was there for three years and then started doing scenic painting and design. At different times I worked as a political cartoonist. I did things that enhanced my skills and paid the bills."

His first job was at the New Opera House at Lincoln Center but he has fond memories of working at the old Opera House. He did scenery, design, costumes, worked on Broadway shows and for ballet, like the New York City Ballet.

"The late 1960's was a busy time," he says. There were 67 - 120 Broadway shows.

I worked a lot and did a lot of traveling and that included other things like television commercials. There was so much work and opportunity in New York City.

"A good example is that I worked on a film, Love Story, with Ali McGraw and Ryan O'Neil."

"People liked what I did. It was crazy work but I did a lot of it and enjoyed it."

"In the process I learned

skills like wood graining, marbleizing, textiles."

This past month, in July, Suta had an exhibit at the Calais Library. Some paintings were older, some newer. He created some of the frames, which are lovely. Others he purchased from Wal-Mart.

Many of the scenery paintings capture this part of Maine and include things like blueberry barrens, the rivers and the sea.

"I love snow, as well," he says.

Other paintings are more whimsical, thought provoking. One, Temple at Kitsch, is a study in thought.

Suta, who now lives in Robbinston, says he arrived as a summer person in 1968. "I thought it was summer here all the time," he says. "I finally moved from Brooklyn."

In addition to painting, working on his house, and baking bread, Suta plays the clarinet and is part of the group, Keltic Schmeltic, composed of people from Robbinston, Pembroke and Eastport.

He also did drawings for a book by Rob Hunter of Pembroke which is entitled

Magnetic Betty.

"It was a nice project for the winter," he says.

Turning to one of his works, he notes that it is of Little Falls and he did it some four to five years, "when the sun used to shine".

Suta says he likes to take a bunch of elements and put them together in his paintings.

"I think you could say that I am a man of all seasons, but a master of none," he says with a smile. "I'm interested in different things and that makes life good."

Suta's next show is in Machias at Power Hall in the fall of 2010. It will be a retrospective show.

Calais Librarian Marilyn Sotirelis says Suta's works are among the most popular shown at the Library. "People love his exhibits," she says.



## Engagement



Mr. & Mrs. Tom Brennan are very pleased to announce the engagement of their daughter Emily to Rick Bailey son of Mr. & Mrs. Michael Carr and Mr. & Mrs. Roderick Bailey. Emily is a student at Southern Maine Community College pursuing a degree in lodging and restaurant management. Rick is employed as a paint technician at Broadway Collision Center in South Portland. A June 21st, 2008 wedding is planned at Grace Chapel, Robbinston, Maine.

PAGE 10, CALAIS ADVERTISER, JULY 24, 2008




At a storybook wedding in Grace Chapel, Robbinston, Emily Brennan and Rick Bailey vowed their lives to one another forever on Saturday, June 21, 2008. Notary, Sherry Sivret and the Reverend David Sivret joined in asking God's blessing upon this union. The double ring ceremony was accompanied by John Cashore, soloist on guitar. Noel Brennan, brother of the bride, read the Irish Blessing during the service. For her wedding the bride chose a satin A-line gown with a side draped bodice. She carried an attractive bouquet of white roses and baby's breath. Maid of honor Rachel Brennan, sister of the bride, wore a sage green satin dress with a beaded empire waist. A delightful addition to the wedding party was Olivia Whitney, daughter of the groom, who served as flower girl. The groom and best man Larry Bailey, cousin of the groom, wore traditional classic tuxes with formal vests and ties with white rose boutonnieres. The riverside home of the bride's parents, Alison and Tom Brennan, provided the setting for their reception. The couple honeymooned in the White Mountains, New Hampshire.



# Longtime Calais dentist to mark 100 years Sunday

BY DIANA GRAETTINGER  
OF THE NEWS STAFF

CALAIS — The whirring of the drill, the yank of the forceps is how he spent 45 years of his **DOWN EAST** life.

Dr. John Miner biked with the former king of Siam, now Thailand, talked to legendary cowboy star Roy Rogers on the telephone and has owned only General Motor vehicles — 64 to be exact.

On Sunday, the delightful former dentist will celebrate his 100th birthday, and he is as sharp as the instruments he once used.

There is no secret to life for Miner — he neither dieted nor exercised.

"I haven't done anything to warrant that I live to be 100," he said. "Nowadays, the fashion is all this exercise, all this rigmarole of making you live longer if you take care of yourself. I never ever went on a diet in my life. I eat anything. I joke about it that it has to stand still long enough for me to take a bite, and as far as exercise, the only kind of exercise was when I had to attend gym classes at Colby College."

Born on Calais Avenue on May 6, 1907, his father, Walter, was a physician in the city. His mother came from San Francisco. Her parents died when she was 11 years old.

"So some friends and neighbors got together and put enough money together to send her to Baltimore to live with her aunt. They pinned a ticket on her dress and put her on the train. That was quite an experience for an 11-year-old kid being sent that far away from home," Miner said.

His father attended the University of Maryland and later John Hopkins University. His parents met in Baltimore and eventually married and moved

to Calais, where his father set up practice.

Miner remembers his father with great affection. "My father did everything," he said. "I saw him do nine operations in one morning."

His father started the first hospital in Calais. He asked the city's fellow physicians to join him, but they declined, so he did it on his own. It had 53 beds and was called Calais Hospital. "He even bought an ambulance and gave it to them," Miner said.

John Miner attended school in Calais and after that Colby College. He got his degree in dentistry from Harvard University.

"It was a combination of Harvard medical and dentistry then," he said.

Growing up, he loved horses. One day his father took him to the circus where there was a pony act. His father asked him which pony he liked best, but never said another word.

That night, Miner was in bed. It was 8 p.m. The front doorbell rang and he heard his mother say, "Oh, no."

Then there was the clip clop of hooves on the stairs.

"He walked him up the stairs into my bedroom," Miner said. "He brought him over to my bed and he said 'sit down' and the pony sat down and he said 'shake hands' and [the pony] put his paw up and I shook his hand."

Miner and Spangles, the pony, were inseparable companions for 12 years.

He also recalled meeting another youngster who was living in the city and being tutored by a professor from Columbia University.

"One morning, I was just a young fella, [the professor] called up and asked my mother if I would play or entertain the boy he had at the time," Miner said. That man — who was a

real-life prince — later became the King of Siam.

"How many people in Maine have been pals with the King of Siam?" he asked with a twinkle in his eye.

Calais was a humming place when he was growing up. Then there were 9,000 people in the city; today there are a little more than 3,000.

Miner remembers when as many as 24 ships were tied up at the city wharf on the St. Croix River. They were there to pick up lumber and deliver it around the world. The river separates Calais from neighboring St. Stephen, New Brunswick.

"They used to be tied so close together that the young boys used to get on and jump from one boat to the other to St. Stephen, so they wouldn't have to go through customs," he said.

Miner recalled the first time he saw a General Motors car. A young man, who had been working for his father, announced he wanted to own his own business and sell cars. His father's response, "You're crazy, nobody's buying cars," Miner related.

But his father put up the money so the young man could start his own business, and it became the city's first General Motors dealership.

Miner is a walking commercial for the automotive giant because he has owned GM vehicles ever since. Right now he has a 2004 Cadillac and 2005 all-wheel drive Pontiac parked in his garage.

His only disappointment is that the company never manufactured an all-wheel drive Cadillac sedan.

"All those years they disappointed me. I want to buy a Cadillac with four-wheel drive and have one car because I thought when I kick the bucket, [June, his wife] will have a four-wheel drive car and not have to keep two," he said.

over →





BANGOR DAILY NEWS PHOTO BY DIANA GRAETTINGER

**Dr. John Miner of Calais holds a photograph that was taken of him and his father as his wife, June, looks on. The popular dentist turns 100 on Sunday.**

He's not interested in Cadillac's SUV. "I have a good mind to call them up," he said with a grin.

He graduated from dental school in 1934. There were seven dentists in the city when he started. They warned him he wouldn't make any money. "Why, you're going to starve to death," he said he was told.

The city's only dentist today, Dr. William Gould, said Thursday that when he set up his own practice in Calais in 1970, he spoke with Miner about the fee structure he used for his practice. Miner told him he charged \$4 for a filling.

Miner married the former Virginia Eaton and they had one daughter, Lynn. For years, the family lived in Robinston on a 200-acre farm where he grew potatoes and

raised cows and sheep. He also bought horses from a man who raised them on his farm in Pennsylvania.

"He produced all the horses that Roy Rogers had," he said. "To make a long story short, I had seven altogether of Roy Rogers horses. They were Tennessee Walking Palomino horses," he said.

Virginia Eaton Miner later passed away and in 1991, he married his wife, the former June MacDonald, who had been a patient of his.

"I probably didn't hurt her too much," he said with a chuckle. The couple lives in a comfortable home on the River Road overlooking the St. Croix River.

Sunday, Miner is looking forward to a quiet day. He and his wife are expected to have lunch at a favorite restaurant.



# Slush belt wonders: Where's winter?

Jet stream to blame for Maine's drizzly season

By Andrew Kekacs  
Of the NEWS Staff

It's enough to make a groundhog snicker.

On Feb. 2, Punxsutawney Phil poked a furry little face out of his hole in western Pennsylvania and failed to see his shadow. His prediction: Spring was near.

Throughout the country, a small herd of weatherhog wannabes agreed. "Spring," snorted Gen. Beauregard Lee in Lilburn, Ga. "Warmth," harrumphed Buckeye Chuck in Marion, Ohio. "Get out the suntan lotion," snuffled Wanda at the Milwaukee County Zoo.

Meanwhile, the National Weather Service continued to issue dire warnings about Alberta shivers and jet screams and all sorts of other nasty stuff headed our way.

Well, it's March 3 and the final score is in: Groundhogs 6, Highly Paid Meteorologists 0.

You don't need a weatherhog, or even a meteorologist, to tell you something was missing these past few months: winter. From Rockland to Ripogenus Gorge, it was a season to remember.

"I call this the year of freezing mist, drizzle and rain," said Paul Knaut of Dover-Foxcroft, who has kept his own weather records since 1950.

According to Knaut, the Dover area had seven snowstorms this winter. Six ended in drizzle or freezing rain — twice as

See Slush Belt, A8, Col. 1



From Page One

# Slush belt waiting for 'winter'

Lack of snow  
chilling to  
some businesses

*Slush Belt, from A1*  
many as usual. Even at Baxter State Park, five of seven storms ended on a wet note, he said.

The question is: Why? Blame the jet stream, strong winds in the upper atmosphere that usually sweep storms from the western United States and Canada toward the East Coast. This winter, however, was different.

"The jet stream has been pushing storms farther to our west," said Tom Berman, a meteorologist at the National Weather Service office in Gray. "When that happens, we get a southwesterly flow of warm air, and any snow changes back to rain."

Statistically, it has been astonishingly warm. With an average daily temperature more than eight degrees above normal, last December was the warmest on record in Portland, according to Berman.

In northern Maine, the first major storm of the season didn't arrive until Jan. 10. Arctic air poured into the region during the next week, and the mercury bottomed out at 32 below in Caribou on Jan. 18. Five days later, however, Caribou reported a record high temperature of 42 degrees.

**"The jet stream has been pushing storms farther to our west. When that happens, we get a southwesterly flow of warm air, and any snow changes back to rain."**

—Meteorologist Tom Berman

The pattern was repeated across the state — a short spell of brisk weather, followed by unseasonably high temperatures. Bangor had just 5,108 heating degree days through the end of February, about 10 percent below normal.

Sales of heating oil are so sluggish that local oil dealers don't even want to talk about it. "It ain't been good, that's all I can tell you," said a deliveryman from the Old Town area who asked to remain unidentified.

Added a competitor in Bangor: "It's been slow. Everybody's been slow."

The same is true throughout the Northeast and Midwest, which are the nation's two largest heating markets. Inventories of natural gas and heating oil are rising faster than the thermometer, and

The track at Pendleton Street School in Brewer (above) has been available for walkers to use for exercise because of the nearly snowless winter. A sign (right) marks a snowless snowmobile trail in Brewer. (NEWS Photos by Bob DeLong)

fuel prices on the New York Mercantile Exchange have gone down in flames.

In more bad news for the oil tycoons, the National Weather Service predicts the slush belt will see more warm weather this week. Temperatures are expected to be as much as 12 degrees above normal.

Expect crocuses soon in southern Maine, which is bare of snow. Cardinals and robins already have been spotted in Bangor. Even in Dover-Foxcroft, Knaut reports just 17 inches of snow on the ground, compared with 36 inches in a normal year.

But Knaut doesn't think 1997 will be remembered as Maine's least-snowy winter. He has recorded only 62.9 inches of snow so far, but Knaut expects a bit more before it's time to till the garden. In 1964, just 64 inches fell the whole winter.

"The record snowfall [for Dover] was in 1969, when we had 163 inches," said Knaut. "Since 1975, we've never had over 112 inches."

Perversely, the lack of snow has kept area plow crews busy. The problem: freezing rain and black ice. "For us, it's been busy," said Lenny Williams of Williams Plowing and Sanding in Eddington.

Williams has spread 3,500 cubic yards of sand on town roads in Clifton and Eddington this winter — enough to cover a football field with a pile more than 2 feet deep. "We've just used a tremendous amount of sand," he said. "We've been out three or four times a week because of the ice."

If nothing else, Old Man Winter is a Patriots fan. On Jan. 11, just in time for the AFC championship



game, 7 inches of snow fell on the football stadium in Foxboro, Mass. The next day, with the wind-chill factor around zero degrees, the Patriots iced the Jacksonville Jaguars.

Unfortunately, winter was less friendly to Maine ski areas. Lack of snow in southern New England is very bad for business.

"It's a backyard syndrome," said Mark Latti, communications manager at Sugarloaf/USA. "When people don't see snow in their back yards, they don't go skiing."

But rain on the flatlands has little to do with conditions on the slopes. "We're at 145 inches [of natural snow] for the season, and our snowiest months are usually March and April," said Latti.

January was the cruelest month at Squaw Mountain near Greenville, according to Rich Donaher, ski shop manager. It was either too cold to ski, he said, or too warm and rainy.

"But the month of February was great for us," said Donaher. "On a scale of 1 to 10, I'd say we were at an 8.5."

Not surprisingly, it hasn't been a good year for snowmobile sales. Most dealers still have large

inventories of unsold sleds. End-of-season specials are common.

"We dumped ours at cost," said Jud Gerrish, whose sons own Country Club Polaris in Milo. "We've only got one left."

Gerrish said other dealers waited too long to cut prices. He predicted that some would not survive. "There's going to be a big shakeout this year," said Gerrish.

Anticipating an early spring, traffic is up at stores that sell boats, motorcycles and ATVs. Gerrish sold his first four-wheeler of the season last week.

The National Weather Service, however, isn't ready to close the books on The Winter That Wasn't. "We've had some pretty nasty storms in March," Berman said.



# *Robbinston Ridge United Methodist Church*

*Ridge Road - Robbinston Maine*

Rev. Jim Shook, pastor 207/427-6672

The 3<sup>rd</sup> Sunday after the Epiphany

January 24<sup>th</sup>, 1999

Prelude

\* Call to Worship [respond in bold]

*For it is the God who said, "Let light shine out of darkness,"  
who has shone in our hearts*

**to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God  
in the face of Jesus Christ**

\* Hymn #126

*Jesus, Lover of My Soul*

Opening Prayer [together]

**Almighty and everlasting God,  
in whom we live and move and have our being,  
you created us for yourself,  
so that our hearts are restless until they find rest in you.  
Grant to us such piety of heart and strength of purpose  
that no selfish passion may hinder us from knowing your will,  
and no weakness from doing it.  
In your light may we see life clearly  
and in your service find perfect freedom;  
through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.**

First Lesson

Isaiah 9.1-4

\* Responsive Reading #563

from Psalm 27

\* Affirmation of Faith #740

*A Modern Affirmation*

\* Gloria Patri #794

Second Lesson

1 Corinthians 1.10-18

Pastoral Prayer

The Lord's Prayer [page "x" in front of Hymnal]

Offertory

\* Doxology #809

\* Hymn #107

*Jesus Calls Us*

Gospel Lesson

Matthew 4.12-23

Sermon

\* Hymn #306

*Blest Be the Tie that Binds*

\* Benediction

\* please stand



Calais Advertiser 9/27/12

Below: South Robbinston looking from the Cove at low tide up the Ridge Road. The road going off the left is the Eastport Road, Route 1 and at the corner is Arnold Cleland's general store. The house on the far left is still there and belongs to the Sullivan's of Katie's chocolate fame.





# Brooks Inducted Into Maine Country Music Hall Of Fame

*Calais Advertiser p.10 6/21/12*

By Joyce Scott

Ken Brooks, formerly of Robbinston, was recently inducted into the Maine Country Music Hall of Fame.

"It only took me 46 years to become an overnight success," he jokingly told a Calais Advertiser reporter recently.

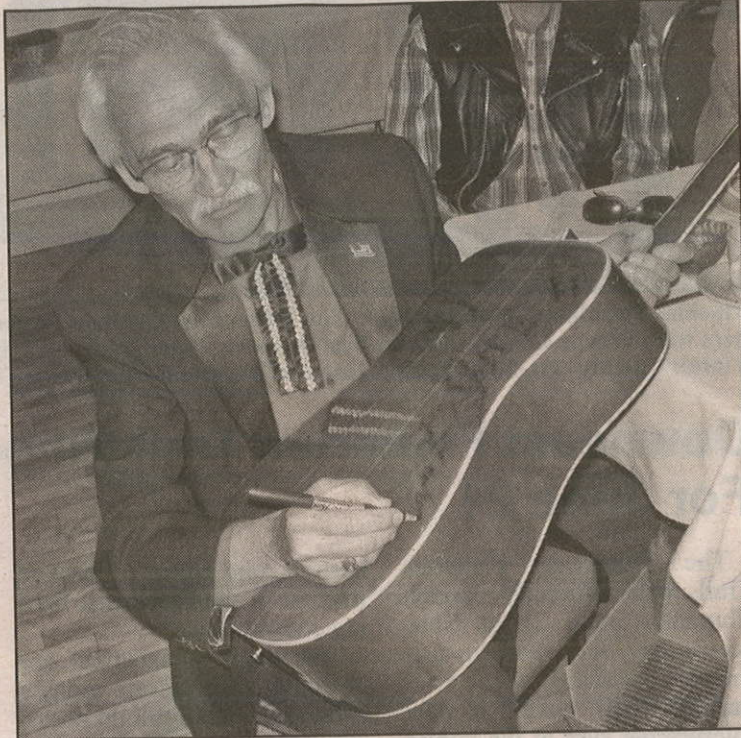
Brooks said he was surprised to find out he was to be honored this way.

"I was nominated late last summer," he said. "It started out with nine nominees and then got narrowed down. I was sort of prepared, but I knew who my fellow nominees were and they are all very well qualified."

Brooks said all of the other nominees had been nominated before, but this was the first time for him. That made him question what his chances were. "I thought, I'm not going to make it in the first time I'm nominated," he said. "But, by golly I did."

Many were pleased to see Brooks receive this honor.

"There were over a hundred people there just for me, I guess," he said. "I guess it was the biggest crowd they've had since the very first induction back in the 1970s. I set a record I guess. They have never had that many people



Ken Brooks added his signature to a guitar that has been signed by each new inductee to the Maine Country Music Hall of Fame. This guitar is displayed at the Maine Country Music Hall of Fame in Mechanic Falls. (Submitted photo)

show up for just one inductee."

Part of the ceremony was the signing of a special guitar. "There's a guitar that is passed to different inductees every year," he said. "We all sign it."

Brooks said he knew he

wanted to play the guitar from the early age of 8. He got his first guitar, a four-string plastic one, when he was 11. A couple of years later he was given an inexpensive six string guitar.

He is self taught.

He started playing in bands after he was discharged from the Air Force in the early 70s.

Over the years he has performed with many different groups.

He began performing with his wife Jane (nee Webster), also from Robbinston in 2004. The couple make their home in Athens, Maine.

This year's induction took place last month in Augusta.



# Domestic Natural Gas Production Soars

*Could Spell Doom To LNG Imports*

**By: Carol-Ann Nicholson**

EASTPORT – Natural gas production is soaring in the United States which many say eliminates the need of importing liquid natural gas (LNG).

The Calais Advertiser has looked at the trend in terms of the increase in production, and this story is based on that. However, feeling that this analysis of the national situation could appear one-sided, and that there are two sides to every story, the newspaper has reached out to Downeast LNG to see if it would like to reply or respond to the situation.

What has happened is that the United States Energy Information Administration announced on November 8 that US natural gas production is expected to reach record highs in 2012.

Conversely, it also expects liquid natural gas imports to drop from a high in 2007 of 770.8 billion cubic feet to an amazing low in 2012 of only 0.7 billion cubic feet.

A good example of the impact this is having is that LNG imports from Trinidad, the US's closest and greatest LNG supplier, have dropped 66 per cent due to the flourishing US natural gas production.

"In fact, a recent news report, dated just several days ago, says that LNG imports from Trinidad stand at zero," says Robert Godfrey, Passamaquoddy Bay researcher and webmaster.

What does this mean for local LNG developers?

"The proposed Downeast LNG Project principals have been saying for over six years that they plan to build an LNG import

facility with a daily capacity of 0.5 billion cubic feet per day," Godfrey says.

"The federal government indicates that the entire country is destined to import only slightly more LNG than is being proposed by still unpermitted Downeast LNG."

He says this means the Downeast LNG project is unrealistic from a business or logical perspective.

"The United States already has 13 other nearly idle LNG import terminals," he notes.

Godfrey points out Downeast LNG has no permit applications with the State of Maine, having withdrawn them in 2007. He notes the company is over two years late in responding to questions from FERC (Federal Energy Regulatory Commission) and has just notified FERC (November 8) that it will be late in answering a third set of questions.

"The US already has many times more LNG import infrastructure than it can possibly use due to the industry's previous rush to build unneeded terminals," Godfrey says. "Now, due to the well-documented, decades long domestic natural gas glut the country is facing, the industry is actually start-

ing a mad rush to export LNG overseas.

"Downeast LNG's assertion that their ill-conceived, wrongly sited proposal is still needed staggers the mind. There is plentiful natural gas in the United States, in the Northeast, New England, and Downeast Maine without yet another defunct-before-it-is-even-permitted idle LNG terminal."

Last week, on November 8, the US Senate Committee on Energy and Natural Resources held a hearing on exporting LNG. Experts testified that such great quantities of domestic natural gas exist that exports are in the national public interest. Some of the experts were even saying that the United States is in the enviable position of establishing energy independence and no longer needs to import natural gas.

"That testimony indicates that domestic natural gas is available in massive, decades-long supply, eliminating the need to import LNG," Godfrey says.

"What is more, Downeast LNG cannot meet the US Coast Guard's requirements regarding LNG ship safety and security. The Coast Guard

has stipulated that Downeast LNG must obtain Government of Canada cooperation and coordination for safe and secure LNG ship transits through both Canadian and US waters."

LNG import development has been a major topic of discussion in Washington County for several years and there are two sides to that discussion. Hopefully, that story will also appear in a future edition of the newspaper.



## Small Animal Farm in Robbinston



Shown above is Don Webster with his fawn Aaron.

Don Webster and his wife, Theda who run a general store in Robbinston have a small animal farm started there as well. The many visitors who stop at the store, spend more time playing with the animals than they do shopping.

These animals have developed definite personalities of their own to the Websters' and Don spends hours discussing them with the people who stop to examine wild animals at close range.

At present there are two crows called 'Jim' and 'Joe'. It would seem unlikely that two crows, both the same size and coal black could be told apart but Don explains that 'Jim' is more aggressive and flies further away and is more noisy than 'Joe' who prefers to stay close to the family.

On the front lawn is a small doe called Aaron who likes nothing better than being fed from a baby's bottle. She has become quite used to people and stands still to be patted and fed tidbits from fascinated children and adults.

There are seven other deer in the paddocks behind the store. Two bucks called Lucky and Bucky. Lucky was so named because he was lucky to

be alive after being shot at and almost run over several times. There are three does: Queenie, the oldest doe and Lady who is the mother of the twin fawns born on the farm, and a yearling doe named Bambi who was named by the Game Wardens who were given the doe by some Indian boys who had been chased into a river by a pack of dogs.

While he is hardly a wild animal Fritz the Collie pup receives his share of attention and affection from the Websters and visitors.

Mr. Webster explained that he will not have a bear this year due to the fact that bear cages must have septic system and the bears need shower baths daily to prevent any odor. He plans on installing a new system and cage next year and again having a bear on the farm.

Next year definite plans have been made to supply the farm with an Elk and a Buffalo. These are readily attainable for \$300 to \$500 for a Buffalo and \$250 for an Elk. Don would like to have a moose or a caribou but these are very difficult to obtain.

## Fire Destroys Robbinston Market



Fire of undetermined origin destroyed the Mill Cove Market in Robbinston owned by Don Webster Monday afternoon at about 5:15 p.m. Lost in the fire were just about all of the store's merchandise and fixtures, a small lunchroom and a garage. Mr. Webster stated that he had some insurance on the structure and equipment and that he plans to re-locate his store on his property as soon as possible. In the meantime he plans to set up temporary headquarters to serve his regular customers. The fire was discovered in its early stages but by the time the only fire truck in Robbinston appeared on the scene the blaze had gotten a good start. Further delay was encountered when the tank truck's pumping equipment failed to work and the fire then quickly spread. By the time the fire trucks from Red Beach, Perry and Calais had arrived the structure was engulfed in flames. The Webster's nearby home was saved, however.

(Photo by Hinson)

*above*  
Far left and left: Advertiser stories on the 1964 fire in which the store buildings were burned and Don's animal farm.



## GRACE CHURCH, ROBBINSON

A very interesting service in commemoration of the fortieth anniversary of the founding of Grace Church, Robinson, was held at that place on Saturday afternoon, August 12. It was thoroughly enjoyed by their congregation and the many friends from the different parishes on the St. Croix.

The sermon was preached by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Brewster of Maine, and services conducted by the Rev. Henry P. Ross of Chamcook, the Rev. Walter C. Roberts of New York and Rev. Frank Walker of Eastport. The Rev. F. N. Steenstra read the following history of Grace Church, which was written by his sister, Miss Isabel Steenstra. At the conclusion of the ceremony a reception was held by Professor and Mrs. Simbovitch on their beautiful grounds at the Mansion House to which all present was most cordially invited.

It was in the year 1786, a few years after the close of the Revolutionary War, that the Hon. Edward H. Robbins of Milton, Mass., afterwards lieutenant-governor of Massachusetts, purchased the land on the St. Croix River known as township No. 4, and founded the settlement later incorporated as a town and named Robinson in honor of its founder.

The early records tell of activity in trading and ship-building. It is said that at one time fourteen ships were on the docks. At first, before the land was cleared, the shore formed the highway of communication. People travelled either by boat or on horseback along the beach. There are picturesque details of those pioneer days, of Indians hospitably sheltered over night in front of the big kitchen fireplaces, of people sailing to meeting held in the log school house near Liberty Point, of militia drilling during the War of 1812 in the field opposite the Mansion House.

There is an entry to the effect that on the proclamation of a fast day by President Washington they went over to St. Andrews and invited the Episcopal minister to hold service in the house of Gen. John Brewer, who later built the Mansion House,—presumably the first service conducted in Robinson by a minister of our own church.

The Congregational Church was early established. It has filled a place in the life of the town representative of the strength that denomination has always had in this State. We all remember the earlier building, visible far down the bay, and its spire hailed with delight by every home-comer, its mahogany pulpit and its clock bearing the date of the settlement, a gift of Governor Robbins. The older ones among us can easily close our eyes and people the pews again. Mr. Thos. Vose, the kindly postmaster, to whom on week days we children would listen with eager interest while he called the mail and we stood round ready to claim the fam-

ily letters. There was Deacon Balam, Mr. Albert Buck, Mr. John Brooks and many others, men of strong character, descendants of the pioneer inhabitants.

In one of the side pews sat a lady whom I would especially mention, since under God's guidance it is largely the result of her Christian character and loyal devotion to the church of her Virginia girlhood that we are gathered here today. Gentle, refined, amid the stern surroundings of a New England town, Mrs. Hunt was still the gracious Southern lady, loving above every other the Episcopal Church, yet joining in the worship of the community in which she lived.

It is now over fifty years since by father first came to Robinson. Like everybody else, after the first visit he continued to come. He early made an attempt to hold a regular Sunday service, giving as his motive that he was not willing to spend the whole season in Robinson without doing something for the town. In particular he wished to bring to Mrs. Hunt, so long deprived of them, the services of her own church. This first attempt took the form of a Sunday afternoon service held at Red Beach, there being, I think, no public worship in that town. Selections were made from the Prayer Book which Mrs. Hunt had printed in pamphlet form at her own expense. This attempt, however, did not meet with success, and was soon abandoned.

Then came a summer when the Congregational Church was without a minister, and for one season my father preached in that church, using the familiar form from the Prayer Book as a continuous prayer.

Just how the next effort came about I am not sure. It was about this time that the cottage opposite the Congregational Church, now occupied by Mr. Holmes, was bought by Mr. John Lambert, a Philadelphia Churchman, who with his family came to Robinson summer after summer for a number of years. There was probably a spontaneous desire on the part of the few Episcopalians to have their own service. Arrangements were made to hold it in the school house, which was done during four summers morning and evening.

In appearance these services must have borne some slight resemblance to Quaker meeting. For, as I remember it, the men and women, doubtless acting under the impulse of early school day habits, would enter and seat themselves, the former by the "boys' door" on the South, the latter by the North or "girls' door." The school boasted no mus-

(Continued on Page 3)

Bob,  
Thought this would  
interest you if you  
don't already have  
it  
ac Churchill



ical instrument, but this need was met by the loan of a small organ from the hotel of Mr. O'Brien, a Roman Catholic resident. And a regular Sunday evening sight, after the lights had been fanned out at the end of service was this instrument borne homeward on the shoulders of Mrs. Hunt's two sons.

The department of music, was entirely in the hands of Mrs. Hunt's family. Her daughter was organist and chorister in one, and with such spirit and enthusiasm did she do her part that it might truly be said of her—as I have heard it said of a certain wonderful singer in Trinity Church—that "while the minister preached at one end of the church, she preached at the other." Besides playing and singing herself Miss Hunt pressed into the service all the available talent of the neighborhood. The strains of "The Gracious Firmament on High" sung in that little school house still ring in my ears.

These services were well attended, not alone by our few Church people; but in the evening especially, others formed the majority of the congregation. My father wore no surplice; everything was plain and simple. One lady recalls the passage through the Red Sea illustrated on the blackboard. On several occasions his place was filled by theological students. The Rev. Paul Stirling and the Rev. Charles Maurice Addison stand out in my memory of those services.

It was there in Sept. 1881 that we held a memorial service for President Garfield after we had shared with the rest of the country the daily newspaper reports of that long anxious summer.

I think it was that same summer, the summer of 1881, that an attempt was made in the direction of forming a parish. I remember two enthusiastic meetings held in the living-room of our house, when perhaps a dozen men were gathered together. Mr. Lambert and Mr. Hunt were appointed wardens of the new parish. Our neighbors, Joshua and Abel Brooks, were both present and to the end of their lives were faithful attendants upon the services of this church. This parish formation, however, apparently lacking the canonical connection with the diocese, naturally became ineffective, especially as the church was open only during the summer.

The need was felt of a more suitable building. The Lambert family had guests from Philadelphia. Mrs. Hunt had friends visiting her from Norfolk, Va. All were interested. Money was raised amounting to over \$500.00. Of this \$15.00 was the gift of Dr. George C. Shattuck of Boston, contributed through Miss Elizabeth Shattuck of Red Beach.

Beginning work, however, was not dependent upon the funds in hand,

for money was generously loaned by Mr. J. D. Sergeant of Philadelphia, brother-in-law of Mr. Lambert. He advanced whatever was needed, taking a mortgage on the church for the amount beyond what the subscription covered. Before his death Mr. Sergeant liquidated this mortgage, so that the building is entirely free of debt. The deeds are held in trust by Mr. George H. Hunt and Rev. Mr. Steenstra.

The church was built during the summer of 1882. Land was purchased at a cost of \$75.00. The building plan was, I think, procured through Mr. Nehemiah Marks, a member of Trinity Church, St. Stephen. I do not know whether he drew it himself or employed an architect. Mr. Gordon of St. Stephen and Mr. Joshua Brooks of Robbinston were the carpenters. The furnishing was mostly in the hands of Mr. Lambert. This was of the simplest, a plain communion table and lectern of oak, the table rendered more churchly in appearance by the green altar cloth—it being always the Trinity season when services were in progress. This summer Mrs. Simchovitch has presented the church with an altar cross in memory of her father, Col. Kingsbury, and of Dr. Nash. The lamps were the gift of Mrs. Hunt and of her brother, Mr. Stephen Bonsal of Baltimore. Mrs. Lambert gave the Communion service. There was great enthusiasm. Everyone took hold and helped. The beautiful embroidery upon the altar cloth was the work of Miss Hunt. Mr. John Lambert, Jr., an artist by profession, stencilled an ecclesiastical design upon the windows in soft brown, effective and charming. I am sorry to say that his work did not withstand indefinitely the severe Maine winter.

One interesting gift were the two lamps used on the organ, presented by an old gentleman, Mr. Hinton, who as a youth had fought against Napoleon in the battle of Waterloo. The surplice was made by hand in the Lambert home. I remember being summoned to sew on the buttons in order as father explained, that I might have a share in the work.

Mr. Lambert's Philadelphia rector, the Rev. Thos. F. Davies, afterwards Bishop of Michigan, with his family, spent part of that summer in Robbinston, and was present for the opening service on the first Sunday in October, 1882. For the first time in our services the Lord's Supper was celebrated and the new building was further consecrated by the Sacrament of Baptism—Dr. Davies baptizing the rector's two younger children, one of whom has since accepted the ministry of Grace Church as an inheritance.

A few years after this Dr. Nash came to the shores of the Passamaquoddy, making his summer home in the adjoining town of North Perry. For years the services of Grace Church were carried on regularly morning and evening, Dr. Nash always present in the chancel with my father at the morning service, speaking to us on alternate Sundays, words of cheer and inspiration. The evening service was attended by many besides our own church people, and the church was often filled to capacity, interest reaching a climax toward the end of the season.

Until her marriage a few years later Miss Hunt continued to be responsible for the music, after which Miss Mary Steenstra took up that duty, followed in the course of time by our present organist. For a good many years a small Sunday School was held in connection with the services.

As long as he came to Robbinston Mr. Lambert performed the duties of sexton, going to the church every Saturday accompanied by his big deer-hound, trimming and filling lamps, putting up numbers on the hymn boards, finding and marking the lessons for the following day. At times he served as lay-reader. On Sunday mornings he rang the bell, passed the offertory plate—occasionally receiving the offering on an open Prayer Book when by oversight the plates had been forgotten. Never once did he forget to time the length of the sermon. Of late years the duties of opening the church and ringing the bell have devolved upon Mr. Hitchcock, who has performed them with fidelity.

During the summer of 1884 and again in 1885, Bishop Neely visited this church and administered the rite of Confirmation, in all nine persons being confirmed. After one of these visits a reception took place at Mrs. Hunt's house, giving us all an opportunity to meet the bishop. It is cause for rejoicing to us that today after these many years we are again enjoying the privilege of a visit from the Bishop of the Diocese.

From time to time we have had the refreshment of a sermon from some visiting clergyman. Probably the most frequent contributions in this direction have been made by two ministers who are present today, the Rev. Walter C. Roberts, and the Rev. Henry P. Ross. To Mr. Roberts the congregation is deeply indebted for what he has given us this summer of his own faith and spiritual insight.



Calais Advertiser - 8/19/22 Wednesday

## Grace Church, Robbinston

On one occasion we had a sermon from Dean Hodges of the Cambridge Theological School. Also Professor Drown preached here a sermon that on the following day called forth from one listener a note to the effect that "he lived in the hopes of hearing him preach again."

One summer after the church had been closed for the season, the Rev. Mr. Hand, at that time rector of St. Anne's Church, Calais, anxious to minister to all within reach of his automobile, opened the church for a Sunday afternoon service. Last summer a special afternoon service was held and sermon preached at the request of the United Order of Red Men, who attended in a body.


In the memory of most of us who are gathered here today, this little church is still filled with the forms of those who have worshipped here in the past. Who knows how short the time may be before the revealing light of science shows that in very truth they are nearer to us than we know?





**EDWARD W. CHURCHILL**

**ROBBINSTON and WINTERPORT** – Edward Wilson Churchill, 99, passed away Tuesday, April 3, 2012, at Robbinston Bridge Home.

 Edward was born June 15, 1912, in Skowhegan, son of the late Harry and Mary (Barry) Churchill.

He graduated from Brewer High School, class of 1929. Edward owned and operated C&D Market, a small grocery store in Brewer, until he entered the U.S. Army, at which time he sold the store. He served as a cook during World War II with Company A 15th Infantry Battalion. After four years of courtship, he married his love, Glenna Mae Bragdon, Oct. 23, 1939. After his military service, Edward returned to the Bangor area and started working for Sears, where he was employed for more than 30 years, retiring in 1975. After retirement, Edward and his wife, Glenna took three months and traveled the country coast to coast. He was an active member of St. Gabriel's R.C. Church, Winterport; Father John Bapst Council Knights of


Columbus, where he received the Founders Day Award in 1992; Agronne Post No. 138 American Legion, Winterport, where he received an award for 27 years of dedicated service in 2000; Lions Club, and most recently was a communicant at Immaculate Conception R.C. Church, Calais. Edward enjoyed reading, woodworking, traveling, spending time with his family and wintering in Virginia with his daughter, Janice. While in Virginia, Edward won a John F. Kennedy rocking chair, which he was very proud of. Edward was looking forward to celebrating his 100th birthday in June with his family.

In addition to his parents, he was predeceased by his loving wife of 71 years, Glenna Churchill; a son, Edward Barry Churchill; sister, Winnie Driscoll; and two brothers, Lawrence and Ernest Churchill. Surviving are four children, Janice Sadeghian and her husband, Kian, of McLean, Va., Anne Perry of Calais, Nancy Bobrow and her husband, Uwe, of Carbondale, Colo., and James Churchill and his wife, Allison White, of West Falmouth, Mass.; eight grandchildren, Heather Perry and her husband, Harold Clossey, of Robbinston, Ian Perry and his wife, Wendy, of Eldersburg, Md., Kristin Pollock and her husband, Aaron, of Oaklyn, N.J., Shayda Sadeghian of McLean, Va., Kayvon Sadeghian of McLean, Va., Elizabeth Churchill and her husband, Francois Massonnat, of Philadelphia, Matthew Churchill of Falmouth, Mass., and Karen Bobrow of Los Angeles; five great-grandchildren, Perry Amos, Nadia Hoppenheim, Sydney Perry, Rylie Perry and Elliot Pollock; many nieces and nephews.

Visiting hours will be held 6-8 p.m. Sunday, April 8, at Mays Funeral Home, 26 Church St., Calais. A Mass of Christian burial will be celebrated 11 a.m. Monday at Immaculate Conception R.C. Church with the Rev. James Plourde, celebrant. Burial with military honors will be held 11 a.m. Tuesday at Mount Pleasant Catholic Cemetery, Bangor.



**ROY E. COMSTOCK JR.**

**CALAIS and ROBBINSTON –**  
Roy Elton Comstock Jr., 89,  
 longtime resident of Manning Street, Calais, passed away Wednesday, March 21, 2012, at Calais Regional Hospital. Roy was born Jan. 10, 1923, in Newton, Mass., son of the late Roy and Bernice (Shedd) Comstock.

After graduating from Athol (Mass.) High School, Roy joined the Army Air Corps. He served his country during World War II as a radio mechanic with the 506th Fighter Squadron. After his service, he returned home and worked as a machinist for Union Twist, Athol, Mass. Roy met the love of his life, Sallie Maxwell and they were married Aug. 2, 1947, in Troy, N.Y. In 1953, Roy and Sallie moved to Calais where he operated Comstock & Russell Garage on the corner of Union and Main streets, Calais, for many years until beginning his career with St. Croix Paper Co. He was a proud member of Sherman Bros. Post No. 3 American Legion, Calais, and also served on Calais City Council as well as the planning board. Roy was an avid outdoorsman and enjoyed hunting, fishing, gardening, woodworking, live trapping, grafting apple trees, raising Labrador retrievers, puttering in his workshop, and being a registered Maine guide. The most precious times in his life were those spent with his loving wife, Sallie and his children and grandchildren, to whom he was known as "Bumpy."

In addition to his parents, he was predeceased by his siblings, Dorothy, and twins Charles and Camille. Surviving are his wife of 64 years, Sallie; two children, Peter Comstock and his wife, Edna Mae, of Sidney, and Mary Ann Duvall and her husband, Howard, of Robbinston; four grandchildren, Tony Comstock and his wife, Laura, of Colorado, Melissa Miller and her husband, Brandon, of Utah, Jeremy Duvall and his wife, Annie, of Massachusetts, and Jodi Rahko and her husband, Dan, of North Carolina; nine great-grandchildren, Matthew, Joshua, Maria, Hannah, Issac, Dominic, Maxwell, Jack and Christopher Roy; many nieces and nephews; and his canine companion, Poco. Roy was looking forward to three more great-grandchildren due this year.

A graveside service will be held in the spring at Calais Cemetery. In lieu of flowers, donations in Roy's memory may be made to WCCC Outdoor Adventure Center, attention: WCCC Business Office, 1 College Ave., Calais, ME 04619. Arrangements by Mays Funeral Home, Calais and Eastport. Condolences and memories may be shared at [www.maysfuneralhome.com](http://www.maysfuneralhome.com).



93 years  
**PATRICIA HARVELL THURSTON**

**BASS HARBOR** – Pat was born Patricia Harvell Aug. 24, 1918, in Calais. She was delivered by Dr. Marion at Dr. Myra's Hospital, Main Street, Calais. Her father was Ernest C. Brown. Her mother was Leonora Balkam Harvell. She passed away April 26, 2012.

When Pat was ready to start school the children were ill with whooping cough. So when the family went to Boston to teach, grandmother Harvell stayed home with Patricia. She taught Pat to read the story, "The Hand That Carried the Bag of Flour" from the book *The Progressive Road to Reading*. Pat really started school when she was 6 years old. When Pat graduated from the fourth grade she moved to the "Big Room" of the school which had just added the ninth grade. The new young teacher couldn't manage the class so the fifth grade was moved back to the room Pat had been in. Pat's mother was the teacher there. Pat had her mother as a teacher all of her schooling through the fifth grade. Pat attended sixth and seventh grade with Carolyn Dwelley, who she dearly loved. While in the seventh grade Pat's family decided she should move to Boston for school. This was because Pat's mother didn't drive, due to a deformity to her right hand, and there were no buses to the high school. Pat lived with her grandmother, aunts and cousins in Allston, Mass. She attended the William Howard Taft Junior High School, Brighton, Mass. In the eighth grade Pat took conversational French. However, because she had transferred from a school in Maine she was behind. Pat felt lost in this class. She never did become very good at French even though she took it again in high school. Pat graduated Taft Junior High in 1933. She chose not to go to Brighton High School. She went to Girls High School in Boston instead. She graduated in 1936. Pat's aunt died that summer in 1936. Pat rushed back to the family home in Robbinston. She wrote "soft"

letters to Gorham Normal School, where she was accepted for teacher's training. Seven of her aunts had attended Gorham. She graduated from Gorham in June 1939. Pat then furiously wrote letters looking for a job. She didn't get one so she attended Castine Convention. There she was interviewed by a dozen superintendents mostly from Aroostook County, where they were paying teachers with "script" and potatoes. She declined several positions because of the method of payment. She persuaded the principal and a teacher at McKinley School to hire her. McKinley is now Bass Harbor. Pat taught for 32 years – 24 of those years in Ellsworth. She retired in 1979. Pat was an avid historian. Pat married a Bass Harbor storekeeper in 1940. They were married 60 years until his death in 2001.

She had one son, four grandchildren and four great-grandchildren. Pat is also survived by one half sister, Barbara Barnes of Robbinston; and a half brother, Phillip Brown of Hermon. Pat had 24 first cousins – only one survives today. She is Ellen Harvell of California. All her cousins had children who Pat called first cousins once removed. James Russell's children were Jimmy and Martha. Martha is a teacher. Jimmy is in insurance. Martin's children are Charles, who designed bridges in Massachusetts, Jimmy, who is retired, and Mary Ellen. Charles Howe has two girls, they are both retired. Betty Howe had two children, and John Harvell. There are six generations of Johns in the Harvell family. Pat is also survived by many friends, former students and colleagues. She lived her last years at Courtland Rehabilitation & Living Center, where she became the favorite of many staff and volunteers. She will be greatly missed.

Memorial services will be held 11 a.m. Wednesday, May 2, at Jordan-Fernald, 1139 Main St., Mount Desert. Interment will be at Head of Harbor Cemetery, Bass Harbor. Condolences may be expressed at



Honor  
Barbara Barnes  
8/12

## W. EVERETT VOSE

The community has been saddened this week by the death on Friday, January 9th, of one of its best known and loved citizens, W. Everett Vose, who though still a young man, had a wide circle of friends who keenly mourn their loss. His passing was due to a severe attack of measles, complicated by weakening of the heart. Mr. Vose was the last man of a family noted in the history of Robbinston. In former years, there were numerous people of that name in town, all closely related, and all of them highly regarded as friends and neighbors. They have always been staunch supporters of the church and devoted to all good works and every effort for the improvement of the community. The list has been gradually shrinking, as the older people passed away and the younger ones sought work elsewhere, when the piping times of the lumber and shipbuilding industries gave way to the comparative inactivity of the business situation today.

Mr. Vose had remained here with his parents, had married and has been identified with the principal interests of the village. He had been assistant post master, member of the school board, treasurer of the Congregational Church, and otherwise has taken part in many community affairs. A modest, conservative man, he was yet keen and observing, and well acquainted with many people not only in his home town, but in all the surrounding villages; and in Calais, Eastport, St. Stephen, and other places in this section.

As a member of the American Legion his acquaintance was greatly widened and he was always ready to lend his advice or influence to the promotion of the welfare of the organization. At the funeral services on Sunday, January 11th, in the Congregational Church at Robbinston, the house was filled to capacity with friends and neighbors, members of the Legion Post, and the immediate relatives. Floral tributes were abundant and beautifully expressive of the deep esteem in which Mr. Vose was held by everyone. The service at the church was conducted by the pastor, Rev. B. V. Matthews, and Rev. T. J. W. Cornish, Chaplain of the American Legion Post, Calais; and at the cemetery, taps were sounded by the Legionnaires and a salute fired in farewell to their departed comrade. Mr. Vose was 34 years old. He is survived by his wife, Mrs. Rosena (Greenlaw) Vose, to whom he was married in 1922; and one daughter, Marjorie, three years of age.