



MAY 2026 • VOL. 2, NO. 5 • FREE

# THE GUILFORD REGISTER

ADVENTURES & STORIES FROM THE MAINE HIGHLANDS

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REMEMBERING THOSE WHO SERVED

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## PERSPECTIVE

By John McNamara

Perspective refers to a particular way of thinking about or understanding something, often influenced by personal experiences and beliefs.

I grew up in a small town—large in comparison to the town I live in now, but a small town nonetheless—and I am not sure how aware I was, or was not, of wanting to leave that town. From my young perspective, it was a dream town. I had lots of friends. I had access to a beach and a pool. I wanted for nothing. From my perspective, I had a good life. It was not until I was older that I realized how hard my family struggled back then. I think, like most people who live or grew up in small towns (maybe more so back then than now), I did not know any other life. I never thought about leaving. This was all long before the Internet.

All my friends were in that small town. My family was there. I had a good life, as good as one can have with young, divorced parents. Eventually, I left that small town, not by my choice, but I did not resist either. Overnight, I moved to a big city, and while it had some good qualities, I did not love it as much as I loved my small town. From my perspective, I was being forced to live a different life, torn away from everything I knew to be safe.

I survived. I crafted a new life, made new friends, and began to define the man I would eventually become. From that big city, I moved to an even bigger city, and then an even bigger one overseas. Each time I moved, I went somewhere bigger—some place with more people, more entertainment, more hustle and bustle. I went where I thought the grass was greener—where life was better. From my young perspective, there was always something more or different just ‘around the corner.’ More of ‘what’ I am not sure I ever knew, or even figured out. What was most interesting about each of these moves was that I did not intentionally move to a bigger city—I just moved, looking for greener grass. Some might call me a nomad.

The theme each time I moved was more adventure, more activity. I was young and from a small town, so with each new city—each new exposure, I found myself wanting more. Eventually, that thirst for more turned into a thirst for less. Ah, the joy of getting older—wiser. The idea of going back to my small town, or moving to any small town, sounded appealing. Getting away from the hustle and bustle, the constant comparing, and the capitalist, competitive nature of everyone sounded appealing.

From my perspective, making such a bold move halfway through my life made sense. From my perspective, I was making the adult decision that was best for my family and me. That is not to say that I made the decision alone, of course, but I painted a nostalgic image of ‘what could be’ with such a bold change. I was not wrong. The decision was a good one. It was the reset I needed—we needed—but remembering how I felt when I was uprooted as a teenager, I realized that I had uprooted my own teenager. History repeating itself. From his perspective, as mine was at his age, life was good—why turn it upside down?

I drank the small-town Kool-Aid. I was seeking the simpler life I had as a child, but the problem with that idea was that I am no

longer a child. The moments I remembered—cherished back then cannot be recreated. Back then, I was in a bubble. I was taken care of by adults. Now that I am an adult, I have to take care of myself and my family. Small-town life is still wonderful. There is a level of charm in knowing that so many people know each other—look out for each other. There is a sense of comfort in knowing you are part of a loving, caring community.

But, much like parents who conceal truths from their children to protect them, small-town life has its own secrets—its own struggles. From my perspective, small-town and big-city living are not that different at their core. In both, people struggle to survive; they struggle to live, to eat, to make enough money to support their families. In both, some people are kind, and some people are mean. In both, the grass always seems greener elsewhere.

Having spent the last 24 months living in a small town, I finally went back to the big city, and my perspective changed. Before moving to small-town America, I had convinced myself that big-city living was not the right fit for my family—that downsizing and focusing on work-life balance, and a simpler life would help us all grow. What I failed to realize was that we were all still growing—my son especially. The reality hit me when we recently took a trip to the big city—the Big Apple. New York City has always been a favorite spot of my wife's. She visits often, and occasionally our son, and I tag along. For Spring Break, we decided to visit the big city to get out of the small town.

The idea was to have fun as a family, and we did. But it was also an eye-opening experience for me. I had a new perspective on New York City—on big city life. I saw the city through new eyes—fresh eyes—rested eyes. I saw what the city had to offer, all of which had been absent from our lives for the last two years. I had a new appreciation for the hustle and bustle. I discovered, or rather accepted, the fact that our perspectives change—often. I accepted—or acknowledged—that there are qualities of a big city that I miss—maybe even long for. I am not saying that my nomadic urges are coming to the surface. Still, rather than admitting that, just as I have always lectured on the importance of work-life balance, I now feel it is important to lecture on the importance of a life-life balance.

I loved being in the big city. I enjoyed shopping. I enjoyed eating quality food—no offense, small-town America, but it is hard to win the food wars against a big city with all its options. I also enjoyed the people, especially the people-watching. When going from a town of less than 2,000 to a city of more than nine million, it is hard not to be entertained by the different types of people—the looks, the languages, the styles.

So, from my perspective, it is not that the grass is always greener somewhere else, but rather, we should learn to enjoy the ‘here’ and the ‘there’ as much as we can. It will help us have a clearer understanding of the world around us and a clearer perspective on what matters most to us. And, you might just discover that the grass is greenest right where you are supposed to be.



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## MEMORIALS AND MEMORIES

By Walter Boomsma

May is the month when it's often necessary to wind our way around cases of beer stacked in the aisles. The stacks will serve as part of society's preparation for yet another Memorial Day. I'm not a member of the Temperance Union, so I do not see this as a bad thing.

There will be some other reminders that Memorial Day is approaching. I'll need to slow down and swerve around the work crews installing flags on utility poles throughout the towns in the area, and hearing the buzzing of lawn mowers and trimmers when driving by cemeteries.

There's a lot to love about Memorial Day, really. A memorial is typically an object designed to focus on the memory of a person or event. Memorial Day is meant to remind us of the people who died while serving in the armed forces. Sources put that number at approximately 1,354,000 for all wars. That is a sobering statistic and a lot of remembering.

But these are not just faceless numbers and names, either. Little effort is required to see them, even if only in our minds and hearts.

An admirable characteristic of our society is our willingness to memorialize these men and women. From granite monuments to parades and ceremonies, we do remember.

One Memorial Day reminder that seems to get a little harder each year is my annual purchase of a poppy. I have past purchases scattered around, attached to jackets, and the lamp beside the bed. I could probably find one in my jewelry box. But it's the act of purchasing that is important, perhaps because I get to see a face and shake hands with someone who served. I fear this is a fading tradition.

In 1915, Moina Michael came up with the idea of wearing a red poppy in honor of those who died in war. She also sold poppies to friends and coworkers, with the proceeds going to benefit servicemen in need.

The program was adopted by the VFW in 1922 and became both a source of income and an important memorial. Most are at least casually familiar with the poem "In Flanders Fields." Few are aware that it was the inspiration for Moina's own poem and her poppy program.

*We cherish too, the poppy red,  
That grows on fields where valor led,  
It seems to signal to the skies,  
That blood of heroes never dies.*

While we are willing to memorialize these men and women, I think Moina understood an important truth. If we were not willing to march or watch... if we were not willing to purchase and hang flags throughout our communities... if we did not visit cemeteries and erect monuments... (all important things we should do)... There are still undeniable signals—some as simple as a red poppy—to remind us that the blood of heroes never dies.

In 2011, I had the honor of facilitating the dedication of the Abbot's Veterans' Memorial. I noted that folks might notice the poppy I was wearing. Many might have learned John McCrae's poem about them growing in Flanders Fields

*In Flanders fields the poppies blow  
Between the crosses, row on row,  
That mark our place; and in the sky  
The larks, still bravely singing, fly  
Scarce heard amid the guns below.  
We are the Dead. Short days ago  
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,  
Loved and were loved, and now we lie  
In Flanders fields.*

*Take up our quarrel with the foe:  
To you from failing hands we throw  
The torch; be yours to hold it high.  
If ye break faith with us who die  
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow  
In Flanders fields.*

When John McCrae penned the last stanza of that famous poem, he was challenging us to fully understand that peace and passion are so closely related that they may be inseparable. The torch we've been thrown is about passion. Without passion, there can be no peace.

Let's truly understand the debt we owe our Veterans—a debt to have the same passion they did for what matters, and a debt to live in the peace their passion made possible.

*Walter Boomsma is an educator, speaker, and author of several books, including Small People—Big Brains. He shares stories and insights that inspire curiosity, kindness, and lifelong learning. His most recent book, Memorials, Monuments, and Memories, is scheduled for release in late May 2026.*





# SANGERVILLE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

DIANA BOWLEY

## The Formation of the Sangerville Historical Society.

The Sangerville Historical Society was founded in 1989 by the organizers of the town's very successful 175th celebration. Embracing the support they received and the interest shown in Sangerville's long, storied history, the society began working to preserve the past for the future.

It was during that celebration that Diana Bowley, co-chairman of the celebration, suggested "Town of Two Knights" as the town's moniker, recognizing Sangerville as the birthplace of both Sir Harry Oakes and Sir Hiram Maxim. Her suggestion was embraced by the committee and town officials. A local artist was hired to design the initial Town of Two Knights logo.

The founding society members were Patricia Harrington, Eldred Harrington, Erland "Choke" Herring, Shirley and Harry Drew, Robert Fields, and Alice Moulton, all deceased, and Bowley, who has served as president since its inception.

Current officers are Diana Bowley president; Dyan McCarthy-Clark, vice president; Jane Boutilier, treasurer, and Michael Smith, corresponding secretary.

Since its inception, the society has pushed to not only promote the history of the town but also to make the community a better place to live. Tagging onto the success of the 175th celebration, the society sponsored Sangerville Days for a few years, with fun events for residents and visitors. These events were very well attended.

The members also organized an effort to construct a new war memorial and years later when that new memorial became decayed, helped fund the present memorial. In addition, the society raised funds to pay for the restoration of three of the town's oldest record books and until a few years ago, planted and tended to the flowers around the town's welcome signs. Public presentations were held on historical matters by the society and members assisted town officials when information was requested of town records.

Recognizing the need for a permanent home, Charles and Anne McArthur of Sangerville graciously donated a building, where the museum is now located, to the society in the early 1990s. Charleston Correctional Facility inmates and later the Mountain View Carpentry Apprenticeship Program, through the state's restitution program, helped the society renovate the downstairs and make exterior repairs, including recent foundation work. They also installed a ramp for the handicapped.

One big task by the society was for its members to take ownership of the former Abbie Fowler School from the town to obtain grants awarded only to 501 (c) (3) non-profit organizations. The society was able to get the grants needed to clean up the hazardous materials on the site for the betterment of the town. The property was then deeded back to the town and was later sold.

After discussing the need for an economic development committee to help entice businesses to the community in an effort to help offset taxes, the SHS, under the direction of Bowley, organized a meeting. From that meeting, a core group of

residents worked diligently for a few months to welcome businesses and newcomers to the community and had planned to focus other efforts on improving the Internet service in the town before the effort ended for lack of support from some town officials.

To help support the society, the members had, up until recent years, served the annual town meeting dinner. They also have and/or continue to conduct drawings, hold plant sales and other fund-raising efforts. The town had funded under \$1,000 to the society for years to help offset the liability insurance the society has to maintain because of the public right-of-way over the museum property to the dam. Selectmen eliminated that funding a few years ago. The first year it was eliminated, Facebook friends of the society more than made up for the difference, which was much appreciated.

When the Sangerville Public Library closed, the library association members donated a significant financial gift to the SHS, and established an endowment through the Maine Community Foundation to help the society's annual fixed expenses.

Museum work in the last two years, under the direction of McCarthy-Clark, has focused on making and organizing displays of town memorabilia and on inputting the artifacts and history into a computer program to better serve visitors. In addition, the society maintains a Facebook page where old photographs and history are shared. Donations of artifacts and memorabilia are gratefully accepted. The society is a 501 (c)(3) organization in good standing.

The society, open to all, meets at 6:30 p.m. the fourth Monday of the month, currently in the kitchen of the Unitarian Universalist Church. During summer months, the meetings are held at 6:30 p.m. Tuesday, at the museum. Membership dues are \$10 for one person or a family.

The photo below is of Pleasant Ave. with Sanders Store at the corner, followed by what in later years was the American Legion Hall, and next up the Masonic Lodge.

If you are interested in reading all about Sangerville, you can purchase the 407-page Sangerville Historical Society History Book which is \$30 and can be purchased at the town office or by messaging the Sangerville Historical Society Facebook Page.





# THE LIBRARY SHELF

SHORT STORIES, POEMS & CHAPTERS WRITTEN BY MAINE AUTHORS

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

## Wild Perseverance

*The History of Perseverance Wild Blueberry Farm*

By Lou Sidell

### Chapter 1 – Kingsbury Plantation

In the heart of central Maine, nestled in the foothills of the beautiful northern range of the Appalachians lies the community of Kingsbury Plantation with a year-round population of around 28 people. Kingsbury Plantation with its rich history and unique blend of natural beauty, can be traced back to 1786 when William Bingham won a lottery that granted him the ownership of two million acres of land. That vast expanse includes what is now known as the present-day towns of Bingham, Kingsbury, Mayfield and even extends up the majestic Mount Katahdin.

In 1825 a devastating forest fire swept through the region, clearing a lot of the land. In 1833 the Honorable Judge Sanford Kingsbury from Gardiner, Maine purchased the land that became Kingsbury from William Bingham's heirs for a modest sum of \$4,000. Another huge landowner, William Hilton and his brother, made a clearing in Kingsbury the following year. In 1835 Judge Kingsbury constructed a sawmill and grist mill at the outlet of Ford Pond, which was later renamed Kingsbury Pond.

By 1836 the population of Kingsbury had grown sufficiently enough to warrant its incorporation as a town. The town's growth continued, with the population reaching 174 by 1870 and surging to 198 just a decade later. By 1882, Kingsbury had transformed into a thriving community. According to a Gazetteer of the State of Maine, the town boasted a variety of businesses, including mechanic shops, a general store, a hotel, and the mills that had been established by Judge Kingsbury. Additionally, there were two public schools, one of which is still standing along Campbell Road in the middle of our farm; it is a testament to the solid building techniques of that century. There was also a church organization called the Buzzellites (named after John Buzzell who split from the Free Baptists in 1835) near the center of the community.

Kingsbury lies just west of the town of Abbot along State Route 16, which was once known as the Trans Maine Highway. Going west on Rt. 16 the next incorporated town is Bingham which lies along the Kennebec River. The highway is a two-lane road that is fairly straight with many hills (vertical curves). It is a scenic drive particularly captivating in the fall when the trees burst into vibrant hues of reds, yellows, and oranges. It is the only paved road in Kingsbury. Kingsbury lacks an electrical grid except for a very small section of the northeast corner; therefore, residents rely on personal generators for power. Many of the estimated 100 camps surrounding Kingsbury Pond have gas lights and gas cooking burners. Some residents have gas refrigerators and most of the residents rely on wood for heat.

Kingsbury is bordered on the north by Blanchard Township (population 91); on the east by the Town of Abbot (population 650) and a small portion of the Town of Parkman (population

747); on the south by the Town of Wellington (population 229); and on the west by Mayfield Township (population 0). Kingsbury had a population of three in 1980.

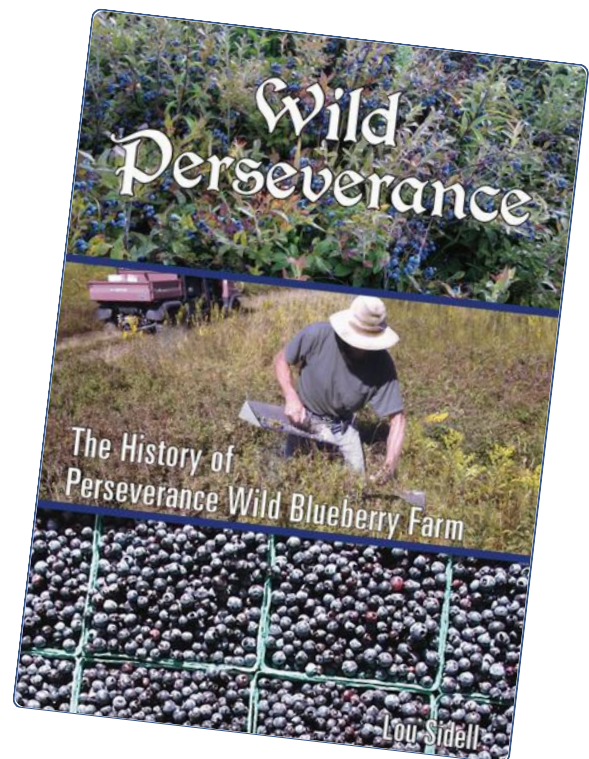
I have heard tales about what kind of a place Kingsbury was during the prohibition. There were two hotels on Route 16, one has long since vanished, but the other was later known as the Worcester house. It is a two-story white structure just off the very short Hotel Drive that crosses Kingsbury Stream. It is said that significant amounts of money from Guilford and Dover-Foxcroft exchanged hands in the backroom gambling endeavors. The woods in Kingsbury were home to numerous illegal stills. Prior to the Worcester's buying the house it served as a hotel, town office, post office and gas station.

### Chapter Two – History of the Farm

Back in the late 1800's traveling east on Campbell Road as you climbed Davis Hill, the last hill before the farm, the locals referred to that area of the farm as the 'other side of Jordan.'

One of the interesting facets of owning the wild blueberry farm is when the "old timers" stop by and share a little of the history of Kingsbury or stories about the farm and the Preble's. Of course, they always seem to stop by during harvest season when we are out in the fields and have no way to immediately write down all the good stuff they tell us. I have listened and tried later to write what they told me, but I know that over the years I have missed many of the intricate details.

*(BLUEBERRIES, continued on page 7)*



## A Season Worth Celebrating: Summer Festivals In and Around Piscataquis County.

By John McNamara

When summer finally arrives in the Maine north woods, Piscataquis County doesn't sit quietly. From the rolling hills of Dover-Foxcroft to the storied shores of Moosehead Lake, this vast and largely wild county comes alive each year with a roster of festivals that reflect its character – rooted in community, shaped by the land, and sweetened by a few local traditions that have become beloved Maine institutions.

### Maine Whoopie Pie Festival – Dover-Foxcroft, June

The summer festival season in Piscataquis County kicks off on a sugary note. Held at the Piscataquis Valley Fairgrounds, the Maine Whoopie Pie Festival has become the largest annual event in the county. Running since 2009, families from across the state have made it an annual pilgrimage, drawn by the chance to sample Maine's signature dessert in a dizzying variety of creative flavors and cast a vote for their favorites. Beyond the whoopie pies themselves, the day features arts, crafts, and food vendors, rides and games for kids of all ages, and live music. There's also the ever-popular "Earn Your Whoopie Pie" 3K run/walk – a rare event where the reward for exercise is unabashedly a dessert. A whoopie pie-eating contest rounds out the festivities for the truly committed. With admission at just \$6 and free entry for kids twelve and under, it remains one of the most accessible and genuinely joyful days on the Maine summer calendar.

### Black Fly Festival – Milo, June

Only in Maine would a town choose to celebrate one of the season's most notorious nuisances. Held annually on the first Saturday in June in Milo, the Black Fly Festival brings together crafters, vendors, businesses, and food for a day that manages to be both self-deprecating and deeply festive. Visitors descend on Main Street, Milo for a parade, the Milo mile run, shopping from over 50 Maine-based vendors, live music performances, and a fireworks show at the end of the night. The town's event coordinator has put it: every community needs something to call its own, and Milo has claimed the black fly with good humor and genuine hometown pride. The namesake insect, mercifully, tends not to cooperate with its own celebration.



### Piscataquis River Festival – Guilford, July

Held on the last Saturday in July, the Piscataquis River Festival is an annual day of celebration for the Guilford community – and increasingly, for visitors from well beyond it. The day unfolds at the Guilford Athletic Fields, beginning with a 5K Fitness and Fun Run, followed by a parade through town. A vendor fair, food court, and beer garden run throughout the day with live entertainment and demonstrations filling the hours in between. The festival has grown steadily over more than two decades into one of the county's most anticipated community gatherings, drawing people to the banks of the Piscataquis River for a day that feels both festive and grounded in the rhythms of small-town Maine.

### Two Knights Festival – Sangerville, July

Just a few miles from Dover-Foxcroft, the town of Sangerville hosts its own summer celebration in the form of the Two Knights Festival. This community-centered day has quickly become a fixture on the county's warm-weather calendar. The day kicks off with a morning parade down Main Street, proceeding from the Village Cemetery to Sangerville Veterans Memorial Park. From there, the festivities expand to include a car show on the ball field with afternoon awards, bounce houses and yard games on the soccer field, a touch-a-truck area, food provided by the Friends of the Sangerville Fire Department, and live music in the park gazebo throughout the afternoon. It's a festival that captures something essential about small-town Maine summers – a parade, a car show, ice cream, and neighbors gathering in the park.

*(FESTIVALS, continued on page 9)*

As best we can determine, an earlier owner other than Judge Kingsbury was True Ames who purchased 50 acres prior to the Civil War for a reported \$25 on what is now the north end of Perseverance Wild Blueberry Farm. In 1820 Rufus Campbell bought land in Kingsbury and according to the 1860 US Census of Agriculture he had seven improved acres and 93 unimproved acres. In 1870 Mr. Campbell had 18 acres cleared and 132 other acreage. In a discussion I had with his great-great grandson, Reverend Campbell of Sangerville, told me that around 1835 Rufus built a Cape Cod style home that still stands on the farm today. The fields surrounding what later became the Campbell School were owned by Nathaniel Curtis. His son, George Curtis, married Mary Campbell, and they lived in a house on the far south end of the current farm. Their daughter, Ada Curtis Gourley had a son, Garnet, who managed the pick-your-own blueberry fields surrounding the schoolhouse in the 1920's. In the early 1900's part of the southwestern corner of the farm was owned by the Snowflake Canning Company, which was owned by the Baxter Family. The family included Perciful Baxter, who became a governor of Maine and later established Baxter State Park that encompasses Mount Katahdin, Maine's highest peak. I have had older customers say they worked for Mr. Baxter during the blueberry harvest.

The farm includes four lots from the original Blanchard & Kingsbury Subdivision Plan filed in the 1830s by Judge Kingsbury. It is Part of lots 1 and 2 and all of lots 3 and 4. There were five homesteads comprising the current farm.

The previous owner before our purchase, Earl Hinkley Preble, purchased his first parcel of the blueberry farm in May 1950 from Lester and Flo Ward and bought the second parcel that same year from Ada Curtis Gourley. In April 1951, he acquired the third parcel from the Snowflake Company and he bought the fourth parcel in May 1952 from Henry Cowett.

Over the next few decades, the Preble's farm became well known in southern Piscataquis County. While Mr. Preble was known for his stern way with the raking crew, he was also revered by his peers. Born in 1892, Mr. Preble was a tall man from Addison, Maine, and his early career was designing sailing ships. After his first wife died, he drove to Boston to visit his brother. In 1945 he asked his brother's neighbor, Florence Owen, out to dinner. She was a short fireplug of a woman with a great sense of humor, and she taught opera voice music. They married and he brought his bride to Addison. It was a second marriage for both. Mrs. Preble later told us her wedding day was the only time she ever saw Earl in a suit. The Prebles had a large wood frame structure on an estuary in Addison. As soon as mud season would allow, they got in Earl's Jeep and drove to Kingsbury where they usually stayed until mid-November. Mrs. Preble soon learned that Mr. Preble was a very frugal person. They never stopped for meals on their trips to and from the farm; they dined on kippers and crackers as the Jeep made its way to their destination. Mrs. Preble took great delight in meeting people who came to pick their own berries. She loved her wine and cooking blueberry pies in the oven of the old Home Clarion wood stove, in the kitchen of the old house.

The "dump" or garbage pile not far from the house at the edge of the woods is evidence of many tins of kipper containers and lots of wine bottles along with all kinds of tin cans, oil cans, and metal from household waste. I have retrieved quite a collection of old bottles that now line the walls of the barn and the mobile home. These include old ketchup and mustard bottles and jars, as well as canning jars. It is fun to explore the multiple "dump" sites on the farm.

We don't know if the Preble's had names for all the fields, but we do know that they had names for at least two of them. The field that cuts into the woods to the west of the house is known as "the bear's corner." We were told they took seven bears out of the bear's corner the year before we bought the farm. The field that lies east of the house and in front of the old Cowett homestead is known as "the sheep's pasture," according to Mrs. Preble.

Perseverance Wild Blueberry Farm, it is an independent farm not directly affiliated with a freezer plant and has more acreage than most independent blueberry farms in Maine. While blueberry farms owned by freezer plants typically span several thousand acres, the majority of independent growers are relatively small, ranging from a few acres to several hundred acres. At one point, Perseverance Wild Blueberry Farm was in the upper ten percentile, by acreage, among independent blueberry growers.

Another distinguishing feature of Perseverance Wild Blueberry Farm is its location. Unlike most blueberry growers concentrated along the Maine Coast, particularly in Washington and Hancock Counties, Perseverance Wild Blueberry Farm is situated in a relatively remote region. In 1992, it was among only seven commercial blueberry growers in Piscataquis County, including four in Kingsbury Plantation. We define a commercial blueberry farm as one that sells to wholesalers or freezer plants. Today, the only commercial blueberry grower in Kingsbury Plantation is the ninety acre, former Worcester farm on the north side of Route 16. Perseverance Wild Blueberry Farm ceased sending blueberries to freezer plants in 2015 due to a significant drop in the price per pound that the plants were willing to pay. The price was lower than the cost of producing the harvest, let alone the cost of transporting the blueberries to the freezer plant. Although, we got two cents per pound from the freezer plant for transporting the berries to them. That meant that a nine hundred pound load would only yield \$18 for gas money. My one-ton truck only got 10 miles per gallon, and it was 91 miles one way to the freezer plant. Sure, the two cents helped to offset the cost of gas, but the cost of operating a truck goes way beyond the cost of gas alone.

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(SIDELL, continued on page 8)

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*Wild Perseverance is now available for purchase. To learn more about Lou Sidell and to purchase your copy of this exciting story about a blueberry farmer in Maine, be sure to visit the Genthner House Publishing Co. website :*

[www.genthnerhousepublishing.com/lou-sidell](http://www.genthnerhousepublishing.com/lou-sidell)



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## PISCATAQUIS COUNTY ICE ARENA



**More than ice. It's Community.**

The Piscataquis County Ice Arena is set to have ice all summer. We're putting together a variety of ice skating programs, from beginner lessons to learning to play, figure skating, youth hockey leagues, and adult hockey leagues, and more.

Find out more at:

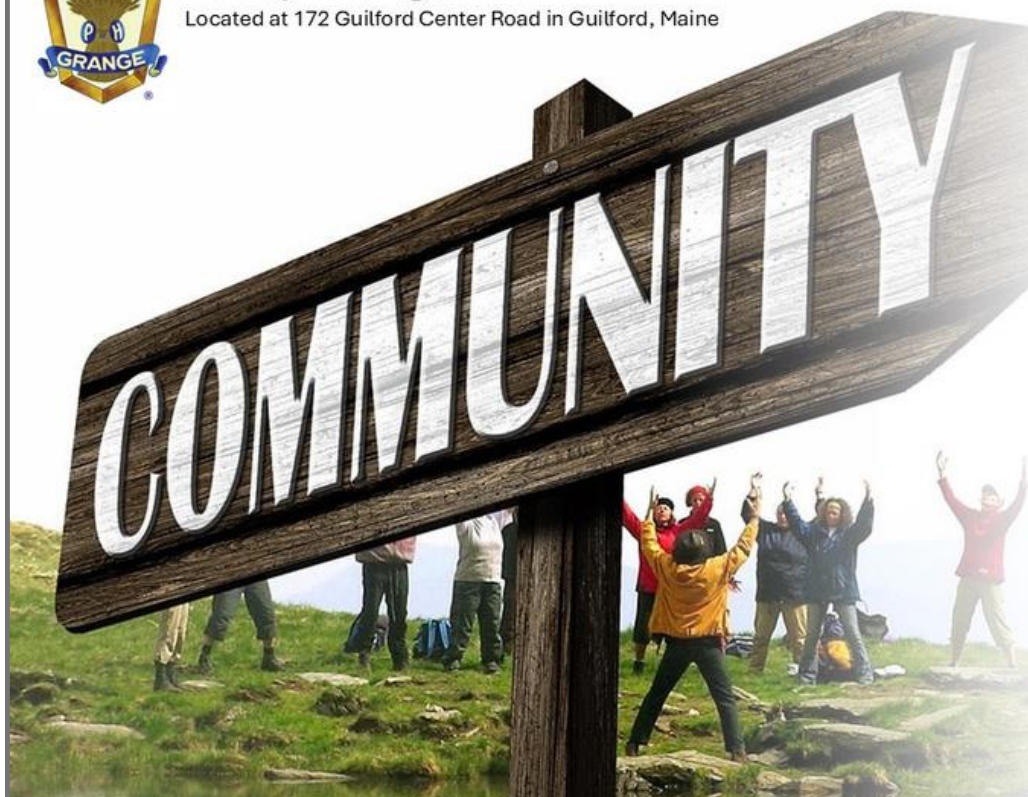
[www.piscataquisforward.org/ice-arena](http://www.piscataquisforward.org/ice-arena)

1049 West Main Street, Dover-Foxcroft, ME  
[thepecia.com](http://thepecia.com) | 207-564-0918



**Valley Grange #144**

Located at 172 Guilford Center Road in Guilford, Maine



Help us celebrate  
our communities  
and the people  
who make them  
strong!

Friday, May 15, 2026

5:30 Potluck Supper  
7:00 Celebration

includes recognition of our  
Community Citizen of the Year

Recovery Wellness Center of  
Sangerville, Maine

Family Friendly Event!

Visit our website ([ValleyGrange.com](http://ValleyGrange.com))  
or Facebook Page for more info!

### Forest Heritage Days – Greenville, August

For a window into the history that shaped this region more than any other force, Forest Heritage Days in Greenville is the place to be. A Greenville tradition since 1991, the festival celebrates the working forests and the communities that grew up around them. Hosted by the Moosehead Historical Society in collaboration with partners including the Appalachian Mountain Club and Weyerhaeuser, the event honors Maine’s forestry heritage and the people who shaped it. Programming includes woods tours, educational exhibits, a craft fair, and logging competitions, alongside the beloved Lumbermen’s Breakfast at the American Legion Hall and the Masonic Bean Hole Supper. This traditional pit-cooked feast connects the present to a deep north woods past. The Colby College Woodsmen team brings old-fashioned logging demonstrations to life, drawing crowds who may never have held a broadaxe but leave with a new appreciation for the generations who built Maine’s timber economy.

### Piscataquis Valley Fair – Dover-Foxcroft, August

The county’s summer season reaches its traditional crescendo with the Piscataquis Valley Fair. A four-day event held in late August at the Piscataquis Valley Fairgrounds in Dover-Foxcroft, it features educational and agricultural events, competitions and contests, and family-friendly programming. Now well into its second century – the 2025 edition marked the 138th year – the fair is a reminder that some traditions endure not because they’re flashy, but because they’re true. Livestock exhibitions, harness racing, homemade pies judged with great seriousness, and the particular pleasure of watching a county show itself off – it’s the kind of fair that Maine has been doing right for generations.



### Maine Red Hot Dog Festival – Dexter, August

Just over the Piscataquis County line in neighboring Penobscot County, the town of Dexter hosts one of the most delightfully specific food festivals in the state. The Maine Red Hot Dog Festival celebrates the beloved W.A. Bean “Red Snappers” – the bright red, natural-casing frankfurters that have been a Maine cookout staple for generations – alongside crafts, races, beer, wine, and contests. Red Snappers are something of a cultural touchstone in Maine, and Dexter’s annual August tribute to them draws visitors who might otherwise never find their way to this quiet corner of the state. It’s a low-key, genuinely fun afternoon that pairs well with a swing through Piscataquis County on either end – close enough to Dover-Foxcroft to make a full summer day of it. For anyone building an itinerary around the county’s festival season, the Red Hot Dog Festival is an easy and thoroughly satisfying detour.

Taken together, these festivals tell the story of Piscataquis County itself: a place defined by its forests, rivers, agricultural roots, and people. Whether you’re chasing whoopie pie varieties in June or watching log rolling demonstrations in August, summer in Piscataquis County offers a kind of authentic, unhurried celebration that’s increasingly hard to find – and well worth the drive north.

MAINE COFFEE  
& MERCANTILE

Wednesday - Saturday  
7:30AM - 2PM

4 North Main Street, Guilford, Maine 04443  
207-717-9031



# THE SOUTHERN BELLE

LISA MCNAMARA

## Spring Glorious Spring.

Living in northern central Maine, I have an appreciation of changing seasons like never before. Spring is nothing less than majestic, for so many reasons. I grew up in Mobile, Alabama, a lovely city on the Gulf Coast. Summers were hot, and Winters were very mild. In fact, so mild, plants may lose their blooms, but for the most part, things remained green and lush. So my first Maine Winters have been quite harsh. Literally every plant (and person) goes into a deep hibernation. There is nothing green, and plants all but disappear along with the people. It's startling...

But then Spring, SLOWLY begins... temperatures rise above the freezing mark, you start to see neighbors emerge from their homes, the birds begin to return, and for me, a telltale sign is Charlie, the cat across the street, once again exploring his yard. One by one, plants seem to resuscitate, and little green pods begin to appear. It's something so gradual you can't help but notice the day-to-day changes. It's truly magical to watch Mother Nature in action. A literal transformation from barren trees and brown landscapes to a sea of green and bright floral colors everywhere.

For Mainers, Spring is more than just another mark on the calendar; it is a true rebirth. We begin to thaw, and things come back to life, and I am not just referring to plant life. People come back to life. Mainers love the outdoors! There seems to be an embrace and an appreciation of all things nature. People flock to remote lakes and ponds; it seems like every weekend is planned around a hike or an exploration of a hidden trail. Spring isn't something to be taken for granted. Mainers seem to savor every hour of sunlight and warmth.

I am admittedly not the outdoorsy or wilderness sort, but I have found a new appreciation for the wonders of our beautiful Earth. The changes in our landscapes each season, the impacts that weather has on our existence, are magnificent. I also feel a greater responsibility to preserve and protect this space we share with all of God's creatures, great and small. Maine is home to so many four-legged, flying, scaly, swimming, and buggy beings; many people may not populate it, but it is definitely home to millions. I am also recognizing an obligation and duty to pass on this wonderful world to future generations. My last article was all about the need to feel closer to God. And with the return of Spring, I am reminded that God is always close and that the light will return even after a long winter.



### More People to Feed. Fewer Resources to Do It.

Piscataquis Regional Food Center is serving more people than ever before, but keeping our shelves stocked is becoming increasingly difficult.

Most of the food we provide is purchased, and over the past year, our food budget has doubled. Even basic items like soup, canned vegetables, and tuna cost significantly more.

Through Good Shepherd Food Bank, we're finding fewer options available, and at much higher prices than a year ago. Federal TEFAP food support is also expected to decrease this April.

We're facing higher demand, higher costs, and fewer resources—all at once. You can help.

Donate at [prfoodcenter.org](http://prfoodcenter.org)

Or drop off food anytime (24/7) in the Donation Monster located in the lower-level entrance, 76 North St., Dover-Foxcroft

**Together, we can keep our shelves, and our community, full.**





# LOCAL EVENTS

## THINGS TO DO IN THE MAINE HIGHLANDS

Each month we will highlight a Maine artist or art gallery. If you are a Maine artist or art gallery, or know of one who would like to be showcased here, reach out to us at [john@theguilfordregister.com](mailto:john@theguilfordregister.com)

### BLACK FLY FESTIVAL

June 6, 2026

The Black Fly Festival is an annual event held on the FIRST Saturday in June every year in Milo, Maine with crafters, vendors, businesses and food vendors. Learn more at: [www.facebook.com/BlackFlyFestivalMiloMaine](http://www.facebook.com/BlackFlyFestivalMiloMaine)

### MAINE WHOOPIE PIE FESTIVAL

June 13, 2026

Experience all that Piscataquis has to offer. The Maine Whoopie Pie Festival is the largest annual event in Piscataquis County. Piscataquis Valley Fairgrounds, June 13, 2026 from 10am to 4pm - Rain or Shine! Learn more at: [www.mainewhoopiepiefestival.com](http://www.mainewhoopiepiefestival.com)

### PISCATAQUIS FARMERS MARKET

Sundays in June - August, 2026

Whether you live in Piscataquis County or are traveling through, you will want to stop at the Piscataquis Farmers Market in Guilford. With upwards of 40 farmers and artisan vendors offering fresh fruit and veggies, meats, cheeses and so much more. Enjoy this outdoor market along the Piscataquis River. Learn more at: [www.piscataquisforward.org/farmers-market](http://www.piscataquisforward.org/farmers-market)

### SANGERVILLE DAYS

July 11, 2026

Come out and celebrate Sangerville for a full day of fun in the sun. The festivities include a parade, car show, fire trucks, food and craft vendors and live music. To learn more, volunteer or register as a vendor, go to: [www.piscataquisforward.org/sangerville-days](http://www.piscataquisforward.org/sangerville-days)

### RIVERFEST

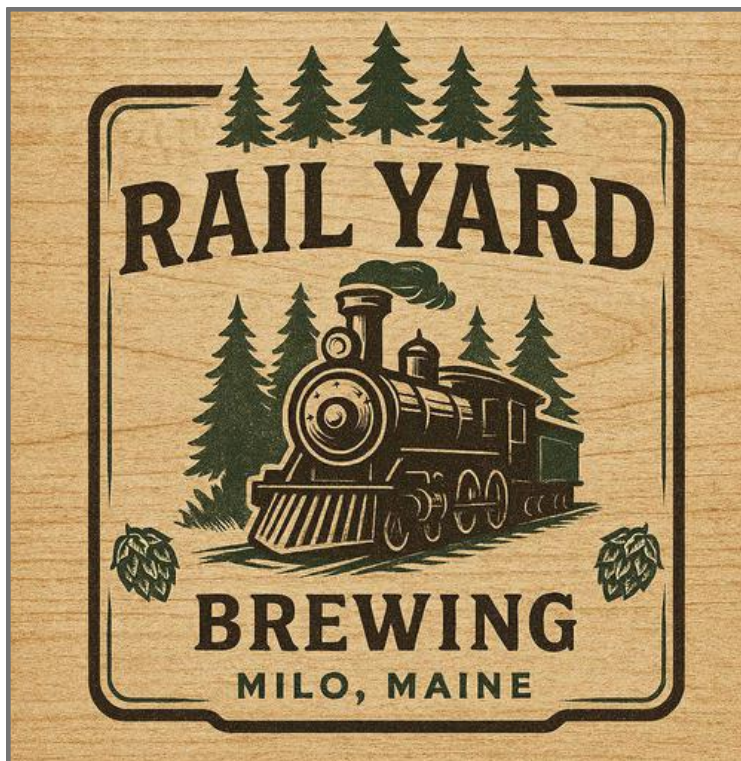
July 25, 2026

Join us for a day filled with live music, craft vendors, fun activities for the kids, an expanded beer garden, a community run, fireworks, and so much more. It all kicks off with the annual town parade. Come for the fun, stay for the friendships. Learn more and sign up at: [www.piscataquisforward.org/riverfest](http://www.piscataquisforward.org/riverfest)

### RED HOT DOG FESTIVAL

August 8, 2026

The Maine Red Hot Dog Festival is a DDA fundraiser designed to attract a large number of people to the town where they will see all that Dexter has to offer, and to simply have fun! Learn more and sign up at: [www.redhotdog.org](http://www.redhotdog.org)





**PISCATAQUIS  
FORWARD**  
INNOVATION • GROWTH • COMMUNITY

**Putting Community First!  
Donate Today and Help Ensure  
A Lasting Future for the Ice Arena.**

**DONATE TODAY!**



Piscataquis Forward, a 501(c)(3) non-profit organization, has the opportunity to take over the Piscataquis County Ice Arena and run it with year-round programs. For more information about our organization and our initiatives, visit [www.piscataquisforward.org](http://www.piscataquisforward.org).