

THE GUILFORD REGISTER

ADVENTURES & STORIES FROM THE MAINE HIGHLANDS



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HIKING THE HIGHLANDS

FIVE SPOTS WORTH THE TREK

CLOSE TO THE COAST

BAR HARBOR & ACADIA ARE
JUST AROUND THE CORNER

ARTIST SPOTLIGHT

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IT'S GOT TO GO!

HOW TO SELL YOUR TREASURES

THE PERFECT MARRIAGE

THE BEGINNINGS OF DOVER-FOXCROFT

THE GUILFORD REGISTER

24 Elm Street, Guilford, ME 04443

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

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THE IMPORTANCE OF FRIENDSHIPS

By John McNamara

We have a running joke in our family. With an only child who was raised by parents old enough to be his grandparents, Jack was often included in adult conversations. When we wanted him to just be a kid we would always tell him to go out and make a friend, as if making friends is as easy as running to the market to pick up a gallon of milk. One year we were vacationing at the beach and Jack wanted Lisa and I to play with him—to build a sand castle or swim—to be a kid with him. We wanted to sit and enjoy the beach like adults. I saw some kids playing not far from where we were set up on the beach so I told Jack to ask them. ‘Go make a friend,’ I said to him. Both Jack and Lisa looked at me like I had two heads and Lisa pointed to a man sitting alone and told me to go make a friend with him. Neither Jack, nor I made new friends that day, but we had a good laugh about it.

Making friends is not hard. Two strangers can start talking to each other almost anywhere and end up being the best of friends. Sometimes making a friend happens instantly and other times it takes longer—the parties could be shy, or reserved. If one of the two is not an extravert then the process takes more time.

Historically I have claimed to be an introvert—letting others start the conversation and even control the conversation. Lisa lets me use that line less and less. Buying the B&B has forced me to think differently about people—about connections. In hospitality—good hospitality, you have to be ‘on.’ You need to be active, vocal, and attentive. You need to be the extrovert in the room who can help the others feel more confident as they step into a strange home for the first time.

Maybe it is my age. Maybe it is the calm, peaceful life of rural America. Whatever it is, I am certainly more vocal now. I find

myself walking up to complete strangers and starting a conversation with them. I think that owning the B&B, still being fairly ‘new’ to the area, being ‘from way,’ and wanting to see Guilford grow are all drivers—my adrenaline to get out and speak—to meet new people.

We meet lots of people over the course of our lives. Some are friends while we are near each other, but become distant acquaintances as we move away. I have lived in five states and two countries in my life so far, and along that journey I have made quiet a few acquaintances, and some have survived the constant moving around—survived the true test of a real friendship.

I have two dear friends who I have known since I was 19 years old. We have survived very long distant relationships. We have been there for each other in marriage, divorce, and parenting. We know each others parents and siblings, and we can pick up a conversation weeks or months later as if it were minutes a part. Lisa has a few friendships that are equally as long, and strong.

As a teenager in a strange new world up here Jack has done exceptionally well at finding his close friends—best friends. Unlike Lisa and I who have to find our friends through other means, Jack has school. He is surrounded by hundreds of teens every day—a buffet of people to select from, and he has done just that quite successfully. Time will tell if these new friends are life-long friends, or friends for this chapter of his life.

Fortunately for Jack, he already had a pocket full of life-long friends from Atlanta. The summer before he was going to start kindergarten at a new school we sent him to a week-long day camp hosted by the school. After the first day, Jack told us he made a friend and that friend was going to the same school. We could not believe it. In one day Jack met a friend, all on his own.

Flash forward a decade and Jack and this friend, Eli, are still best buddies. In Atlanta, the two of them were almost inseparable. Then we moved away. We thought we were destroying an amazing friendship by separating the two boys, but we could not have been more wrong. While they have more than 1300 miles between them now, the two boys have remained close. They talk often and text all the time. It is almost like they are still in the same town.

This past month Eli came to visit for a week. His visit was on the heels of another long-time Atlanta buddy, Henry. Two best friends from a past life celebrating Jack’s new life in Maine. Watching Jack and his old friends—true friends have fun, talk and explore like they always did in Atlanta was so wonderful. It gave me hope for this next generation.

Time and distance puts stress on all sorts of relationships, and it is the ones that remain strong—remain friends that are so amazing. This knowledge, and experience helps me, as a parent, know that my son will survive in the real world—that he will be able to make friendships, and not only the “here and now” kind of friendships, but the ones that last a lifetime—the ones that matter most.

As we get older we tend to get lonelier—our friends and relatives pass on, so it is important that we take the time out of our day—every day—to make a friend. You’ll never know if the person you meet today will be the friend for the rest of your life if you do not take the chance to stop and say hello.

You can be sure that as I am out and about I will be that politician shaking hands and kissing babies—making as many new friends as I can in this new chapter of my life.

FIVE MUST-HIKE TRAILS NESTLED IN THE MAINE HIGHLANDS

By John McNamara

The Maine Highland region offers some of the most spectacular and underrated hiking in the entire state. While tourists flock to Acadia and casual hikers stick to the coastal trails, those who crave solitude and raw wilderness know that the real treasures lie inland, where the mountains rise dramatically from pristine lakes and endless forests stretch toward the horizon.

Let's start with the crown jewel – and yes, I know what you're thinking. "Everyone knows Katahdin!" But hear me out. **The Hunt Trail** approach from Katahdin Stream Falls offers an experience that never gets old, no matter how many times you've conquered Maine's highest peak. This 10.4-mile round trip beast will test every muscle in your legs as you ascend 4,188 feet through diverse ecosystems that change with every thousand feet of elevation gain.

The trail begins deceptively easy through hardwood forests, but don't be fooled – you'll earn every step of those final scrambles across the knife-edge ridges. What makes this trail special isn't just reaching Baxter Peak; it's the journey through cathedral pines, across babbling brooks, and up granite slabs that have humbled hikers for generations. Pro tip: start before dawn to avoid crowds and witness sunrise from above the clouds.

If you want to feel like you've discovered something special, **Traveler Mountain** in the northern reaches of Baxter State Park is your answer. This 11-mile loop is a local favorite that combines technical rock scrambles with panoramic views that'll make you forget all about those Instagram-famous peaks down south.

The trail demands respect – loose scree, exposed ledges, and weather that can change in minutes. But the payoff is immense. From the 3,541-foot summit, you'll gaze across an unbroken wilderness that looks exactly as it did when Thoreau first wrote about this region. The sense of isolation is profound, and on a clear day, you can see Katahdin rising majestically to the south while endless forest rolls toward Canada in the north.

Doubletop Mountain's 7-mile round trip might seem modest compared to Katahdin, but this 3,488-foot peak packs serious punch with steep grades and technical sections that'll have your quads screaming.

What many love about Doubletop is its dual personality – hence the name. The trail takes you across two distinct peaks connected by a narrow ridge, offering constantly changing perspectives of the surrounding wilderness. The views from both summits are spectacular, but it's that ridge walk between them that really gets your heart pumping. You'll feel like you're walking along the spine of the earth itself.

Sometimes the best hikes are the ones that surprise you, and **South Turner Mountain** delivers in spades. This 4-mile round trip might not sound intimidating, but the 1,800-foot elevation gain comes at you fast and fierce through old-growth forest that feels primordial.

The real magic happens at the summit, where a relatively easy scramble opens up to one of the most photographed views in the region – Katahdin reflected in Sandy Stream Pond. It's the kind of vista that makes you understand why people become



obsessed with hiking. The trail itself is well-maintained but challenging enough to keep you honest, and the forest canopy creates a natural cathedral that makes every step feel sacred.

Last but certainly not least, **Mount Coe** offers a 6.6-mile round trip adventure that combines pristine wilderness, challenging terrain, and views that stretch for miles in every direction. At 3,795 feet, it's a serious climb that rewards committed hikers with 360-degree views from its open summit.

The approach through dense forest gradually gives way to alpine conditions, and the final push to the summit involves some fun rock scrambling that'll remind you why you fell in love with hiking in the first place. From the top, the Highland region spreads out below like a vast green carpet, punctuated by countless lakes and ponds that glitter like scattered jewels.

These trails represent the very best of what Maine's Highland region offers – challenging terrain, stunning views, and that sense of wild solitude that's becoming increasingly rare in our crowded world. So with a checklist like this, there is no better time than now to get out and get hiking.

HOW TO OFFLOAD YOUR TREASURES

By Johanna Billings

As an antique shop owner, I am often asked for advice on the best way to sell stuff. Some people are downsizing, others are trying to settle an estate. Some just want it gone and others want top dollar. Whatever their circumstances, they all have one thing in common—they don't know how to find the right buyer(s).

There are essentially four different ways to sell a large inventory of items, such as personal property from an estate. You can sell to antique dealers, sell at auction, have an estate sale, or sell items yourself. Each avenue has its pros and cons, and I imagine that most of the time, a combination of these outlets works best.

Before I get into the pros and cons of selling, I want to mention what I call the Law of Inverse Proportions. The amount of money you get selling is inversely proportional to the speed of the sale. If you want a quick sale, you won't get top dollar. If you want top dollar, be prepared to invest a lot of time and effort.

Antique dealers will buy in bulk, and some will even buy an entire estate. The advantage is a quick sale, but you'll get wholesale prices. The antique dealer will take on all the work of sorting, cleaning, and pricing, while paying shop overhead or online selling platform fees, and buying supplies such as price tags and shipping materials. The antique dealer is also taking the risk that items won't sell. What they will offer you varies. There's no formula. The main advantage of selling this way is to save yourself a lot of time and effort.

You and the dealer negotiate the price. Most will ask what you want for it. Most people I've dealt with want me to make the first offer because they think it will be higher than what they would ask. That's really not true! The reason we ask is so we know if the number you have in mind is reasonable. It's frustrating to spend a lot of time with someone only to find out they want much more than we can pay. I try to be fair, and I think most dealers do, too. But we're in business to make money, so it stands to reason we won't open with the highest offer. If you don't like the initial offer, you can counter. But don't be surprised if you reach a point where the dealer says, "No, I can't go that high."

If you decide to go this route, don't wait until you've tried everything else. Dealers generally aren't going to be interested in the leftovers. If they're willing to take all the mediocre stuff off your hands, it's because they are hoping there will be a payoff from whatever good stuff remains.

Auctions are another way to get a quick sale. Usually, when you consign items, they're sold all at once, and you get your check quickly. The potential pitfall is that you don't get a say in what it sells for. You can use a reserve, which is the minimum bid you're willing to accept, but no auctioneer will let you put a reserve on everything. You're also not allowed to bid on your items at the sale.

You and the auctioneer will make an appointment either for you to drop off your items or for them to look at the estate if they will be selling it all. The auctioneer will write a description of everything you bring and give you a copy. This form will likely also include the auctioneer's commission—a percentage of the selling price. There are no standard rates, but generally, the more your items sell for, the lower the percentage the auction house takes.



When selling at auction, it's important to look at the total you get for everything rather than the individual selling prices. At every sale, some things go for more than expected, and others go for less. I've seen items bring prices high enough to defy reason. And I've seen good stuff go for \$1, especially at the end of the sale.

Estate sales are popular with buyers and easy for you since the estate sale company does all the work from clean out to set up to selling. They sell items for more than you're likely to see at a yard sale, but still quite a bit below what you'd see in an antique shop.

Lastly, you can sell items yourself. This method is the best way to get the highest price. However, it requires a lot of work and is not a quick or easy way to dispose of things. You must include photos, measurements, and accurate descriptions in your ads to find the right buyer. You will also have to decide if you will ship your items. Some people will agree to buy it but never show up. And, especially with social media selling platforms, you will have scammers responding to your ads as well as genuine potential buyers. Selling through reputable online platforms such as eBay or Etsy will mean paying their fees. If you're willing to deal with all of that, you will likely get higher prices for your items than you would selling through other avenues.

Ultimately, the best way to downsize or sell personal property from an estate will vary according to your lifestyle and goals. If you live in the Monson area and have items to sell or want recommendations for reputable auctioneers or estate sale companies, you should come visit us at Lily Cat Antiques.

THE POWER OF WOMEN VOTING

By John McNamara

In the heart of Piscataquis County, Maine, lies a town with a unique distinction: Dover-Foxcroft is the Pine Tree State's only hyphenated municipality. But behind that hyphen lies a fascinating story of persistence, politics, and the power of women's suffrage that ultimately brought two rival communities together after more than a century of separation.

The story begins in the early 1800s along the banks of the Piscataquis River. Dover was first settled in 1799 and was incorporated in 1821. Foxcroft developed after Joseph E. Foxcroft purchased land from the trustees of Bowdoin College in 1801. Dover was purchased from Massachusetts by Boston merchants Charles Vaughan and John Merrick, both of whom had emigrated from England. It was first permanently settled in 1803 by Eli Towne from Temple, New Hampshire, then incorporated on January 19, 1822.

The Piscataquis River served as both the lifeblood and the dividing line between these emerging communities. The waterpower of the Piscataquis River led residents to erect a number of mills during the 19th century, including lumber mills, grist mills, flour mills, and woolen mills. This industrial development fostered growth on both sides of the river, creating "friendly rivals" that would coexist for over a century before finally joining forces.

Throughout the 19th and early 20th centuries, Dover and Foxcroft maintained their separate identities while gradually becoming more functionally integrated. The two communities shared many services and facilities, yet remained stubbornly independent politically. At one point, there were five firehouses between the two towns. By 1920, they dwindled to two, and by 1927, Dover-Foxcroft had just one, and the building is the town's fire department today.

This practical consolidation highlighted an obvious truth that many residents recognized: the towns were already operating as one community in many respects. The duplication of services was becoming increasingly inefficient and expensive for both municipalities. Yet despite the logical benefits of merger, the path to unification would prove remarkably difficult.

The first serious merger attempts began around 1916, but the proposal faced consistent resistance. Between 1916 and 1920, five previous failed attempts were made to unite the communities. Each time, the measure fell short of the necessary votes, particularly in Dover, which seemed more reluctant to give up its independence.

In 1915 the Legislature passed an act authorizing the union of the towns of Dover and Foxcroft, which the town of Foxcroft immediately voted to approve. However, Dover proved more hesitant, and it would take several more years and a significant social change to finally achieve the necessary support.

The repeated failures created frustration among merger proponents, who could see the obvious benefits of consolidation. The towns were already sharing resources, residents moved freely between the communities, and the artificial division created by municipal boundaries seemed increasingly obsolete. Yet tradition, local pride, and perhaps concerns about losing community identity kept the merger efforts from succeeding.



The breakthrough came with a major shift in American democracy. The successful vote in 1922 to merge came after five previous failed attempts and only happened because of a major societal shift two years earlier — the 19th amendment that gave women the right to vote.

The impact of women's suffrage on the Dover-Foxcroft merger cannot be overstated. "A total of 665 voted (311 more than ever before, many must have been women) with the 'yes' votes being 292 more — surely women," wrote local historian Mary Annis in the Shiretown Conserver, the historical society's newsletter.

This dramatic increase in voter participation tells a compelling story about the role women played in finally achieving the merger. The additional 311 voters represented an unprecedented surge in civic engagement, and the overwhelming support for the merger suggests that women voters saw the practical benefits of consolidation more clearly than their male counterparts had in previous attempts.

It took until March 1, 1922 for Dover to gather the necessary votes, and the two officially became Dover-Foxcroft. The community marked this historic moment with appropriate ceremony. A mock wedding was held on the eve of the actual union — a playful celebration that captured the spirit of two communities finally coming together after years of courtship.

The merger created Maine's only hyphenated township, a unique designation that preserved the identity of both original communities while acknowledging their new unified status. This compromise solution honored the history and pride of both Dover and Foxcroft while creating a single, more efficient municipal government.

The success of the Dover-Foxcroft merger stands as a remarkable example of democratic process and community cooperation. Today, Dover-Foxcroft serves as the largest town in, and the seat of, Piscataquis County, fulfilling the vision of those early 20th-century advocates who saw the potential for a stronger, unified community.

The story of Dover and Foxcroft becoming Dover-Foxcroft remains a unique chapter in Maine history — a testament to the power of persistence, the importance of women's suffrage, and the ultimate triumph of practical cooperation over traditional rivalry. In an era when municipal consolidation is often discussed but rarely achieved, the century-old success of Dover-Foxcroft stands as proof that two truly can become one when the time and circumstances are right.



MONSON HISTORICAL SOCIETY

GLENN S. POOLE, PRESIDENT & TREASURER

The Monson Historical Society (MHS) was formed back in 1972, 150 years after the founding of Monson in 1822. We have nearly 350 members from all over the US and abroad. Our objective is to preserve the history of the Town of Monson and the surrounding area (Elliottsville, Onawa, Willimantic, & Blanchard).

Monson's history is unique. Soon after the town was founded, its citizens built the first church north of Bangor, saw the value of education and founded Monson Academy in 1847. In those early years, it was uncommon for people to be educated beyond the 8th grade. This was before the University of Maine existed.

This drew many people into town to further their education, and some would then leave and contribute to significant changes and hold important positions in the US and world.

Many of their descendants often contact us to see what information we might have on their ancestors. As an example, we were contacted by the Watts School of Nursing looking to see if we had any information on Bessie Helen Jones who was the Superintendent of Nurses at Watts Hospital from 1935 to 1938. She graduated from Monson Academy as valedictorian in 1902, went on to attend Colby College class of 1907 before she graduated from Massachusetts General Hospital School of Nursing in 1921.

When the Civil War began, Monson (like most of Maine) sent an inordinate number of citizens to the battle. Many (over 20) died in the conflict and others never returned for other reasons. Many families had several family members leave the farms to join the service as the Steward family did, sending 6 men.

Soon after the war ended, Slate was discovered in Monson and the rush was on. People came from Wales, Sweden, Norway, Finland and many other European Countries and Canadian Provinces to work in the slate quarries and slate operations. At one point, there were 10 different slate companies operating. Monson built its own narrow-gauge railroad to transport slate to Abbot to connect with the full-size train. Monson shipped slate shingles, electrical panels and many other slate products to the eastern US. Many famous churches and buildings sport Monson slate shingles. However, the most famous piece of Monson slate is at Arlington Cemetery on the grave of President John F. Kennedy (as well as on his wife and children buried there).

By 1910, the population had climbed from about 500 to 1300 and likely half the town's population spoke no English or spoke with an accent.

As WWI came along and WWII, Monson again sent many men and women to the cause, many had just become citizens from the countries mentioned above.

At the end of WWII, slate usage had greatly reduced and the town sought out another business to employ returning military veterans. They found the Durham brothers, John and Tolford, who started Moosehead Manufacturing, making fine furniture for the next 60 years.

(continued on page 8)





THE SOUTHERN BELLE

LISA MCNAMARA

THERE IS A MOOSE ON THE LOOSE

A bragging right of Piscataquis County is that moose outnumber humans. You would think that would mean abundant moose roaming around and frequent sightings. But despite the many moose crossing signs, that isn't true. In fact, Moose are very good at hiding amongst the trees.

Maine is full of tour companies "specializing in moose spotting". Like a New England safari, you can go by van, car, ATV, canoe, or kayak. We have had many guests of the B&B who come to Maine with the sole goal of seeing a moose. And it's almost always the first question guests ask us: "Have you seen a moose?" Or "Where is the best place to spot a moose?" I try to give the rehearsed answer that locals gave me when we first moved up, "your best chance is to head north...". But the truth was, I didn't have a clue; I'd never seen one! But that changed last April.

We were returning home from Rockwood, and out of nowhere, there was a solo moose on the side of the road. He was standing and looking around. He looked rough and unhealthy. He had bald spots in his fur, and it was very messy. His horns were just little stumps on his forehead. I was a little disappointed. I wanted to see something more majestic—big antlers and a stoic stance, not this balding, half-awake creature we saw. On reporting our moose sighting, we learned that the moose was not in bad shape after all... he was shedding his winter coat and sprouting his new spring antlers. Who knew that moose shed their antlers? Don't they need them in the winter months?

That was my first and only moose sighting until last Friday night. We had a house full of guests enjoying the amenities of our happy hour offerings, so we were up a little later than usual. John was cleaning up our library when he saw something out of the corner of his eye moving quickly up our driveway. He didn't think much of it; maybe some kids ran to the woods behind our garden. While taking the trash out, he heard crunching leaves in the wooded area behind the dumpster, still thinking it was just some kiddos. But when we took Peanut out, he started barking and running towards the woods— not normal Peanut behavior. And that's when we saw a MOOSE standing in the ravine in the middle of the wooded part of our property. The neighbors on the next street saw him too, shining car lights into the woods to get a better look.

We had a flashlight, and we could see how massive he was between the spotlights on the moose. It was so exciting, I couldn't believe my eyes! There was a moose on the loose!! But then the people on the other side of the trees yelled something startling, "Do you see the moose too? Do you think it has a brain worm?!" WHAT?!?!?! What the heck is brain worm? And how are we supposed to know?!?! I am from Atlanta! The more frightening thing was that John continued to shine the flashlight on the moose. We could see his little eyes staring back at us. John was studying the moose and declared to the neighbors, "He looks okay to me!". (John is not a moose expert.) Then the neighbors shouted to us, "Are you sure? Is his head crooked?"

Does he look confused?" John continued to examine the moose, trying to make a brain worm diagnosis while consulting with the neighbors by shouting through the woods.

Then it hit me... we are standing in the dark, yelling to unseen people, trying to diagnose a moose's mental state... maybe this wasn't a good idea? The moose was less than 20 feet away; it was HUGE, and I can't imagine he was enjoying all the attention and bright lights directed at him. That, and the possibility he may not be in the best frame of mind, made me think it was time to walk away. I finally pulled John away from his veterinarian trials, and we ran back to the house. We found Peanut safely nestled back on the couch when we got inside. Maybe Peanut is smarter than we are—he knew to retreat immediately.

Our moose was gone in the morning, and we don't know if he had a brain worm (although his head was not turned or bent, I am optimistic he is fine). BUT now I can tell guests I have seen a moose, and the best place to spot one may be right here at the Guilford Bed and Breakfast!



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A LAWN WEED WITH VIRTUES

By Stacy Shaffer

I am not from the beautiful state of Maine, although I call it home now, and I am always in awe when I see all of the beautiful wildflowers and plants that grow freely along the roadsides and in the fields. One of the most useful and beneficial of those plants is not a plant anyone would be in awe of for its beauty. Nevertheless, Broadleaf Plantain (*Plantago Major*) is a plant worth getting to know.

The mythic explanation for plantains' ability to grow and prosper in disturbed soil is a romantic one. Plantain is said to have been a maiden who gave her heart to a seafaring man. Anxious for his return, she waited faithfully by the side of the road, weeping.

The plant gets its name from the Latin word *planta*, meaning sole of the foot or bottom of the foot, alluding to the shape of the leaves. Plantain is thought to have been introduced to the New World through New England by the Puritans. The Indigenous People called it "white man's footprint" since it seemed to follow the footsteps of the Europeans. Once you are familiar with the plant, it is easy to find as it literally grows under your feet in disturbed and compacted soil. Known for growing everywhere from parking lots to hiking trails, plantain is often dismissed as a weed. However, it's an edible plant that has been used for centuries in traditional medicine.

Plantain contains compounds that offer antimicrobial, antioxidant, anti-inflammatory, and anti-tumor properties. The plant has been used to treat ulcers, diarrhea, and fatigue, among other things, and one of the greatest uses of plantain is in the treatment of itchy bug bites, which is an all-too-common problem in summer in central Maine. The easiest way to utilize



Plantain is used in the treatment of bug bites and itchy rashes. To use it, take a fresh leaf, chew it until it is soft and juicy, and then apply the poultice to the bite. You can cover the bite with a Band-Aid to keep the poultice in place. If you plan ahead for the inevitable skin irritations that summer brings, a salve can be made with plantain leaves. Plantain salve is easy to

make and can be used for bug bites as well as dry, chapped skin, scratches, and cuts. You can do a search for "plantain salve recipe" to find any number of helpful steps for making your own personalized skin salve.

When foraging for any plant material, it is important to harvest from clean areas away from busy roads so as to avoid contamination. You should follow the rule of three by not harvesting more than one-third of the plant. If making a salve seems like too much work, just throw some young plantain leaves into your salad for added fiber, vitamins A, C, and B-6, as well as magnesium and potassium. In certain spiritual beliefs and magical practices, broadleaf plantain is associated with attracting good fortune, abundance, and success, and who can't use some of that? So go find and enjoy this amazing plant.

(continued from page 6)

In 2018, the Libra Foundation of Maine made an enormous investment in Monson, purchasing and renovating many properties and cleaning up others. The Monson General Store has been completely renovated and there is an Art Gallery and Art Store on Main Street in the Alner Gilbert building built in 1912. Libra formed Monson Arts which hosts artist residencies throughout the year.

Monson Academy officially became the local high school about 1900 but by the late 1960's, school consolidation and dwindling population resulted in its closure with students going to Foxcroft Academy.

The Monson Historical Society operates out of the leased, town owned building in the center of town that was originally built as the GAR building and is on the National Register of Historic Places. GAR is the Civil War Veterans Association – Grand Army of the Republic.

We have a small gift shop with quite a stock of local books, and historical items. Of course we have T-shirts, hats, and quite a few Scandinavian items. We also have some large format photographic prints from our over 3000 glass plate negative collection. These photos are from the 1880's through the 1920's and are remarkable in clarity.

We also have a research room where we have a huge collection of historic information including census, cemetery, military, church, school, genealogy, business, town and vital records. We have newsclips going back to the late 1800's. We have prints of all of our glass plate negatives and several thousand other photographs that have been donated or collected. Much of this collection has been digitized and indexed and we have hosted many people from far and wide doing research.

We are especially proud of the work we did with authors Andrew Witmer and Jeff Ryan whose books, *HERE AND EVERYWHERE ELSE: Small-Town Maine and the World*, and *HERMIT, THE MYSTERIOUS LIFE OF JIM WHYTE*, were huge successes. Andrew's book won prestigious National and New England awards.

The top floor of our building houses our museum in its 30' x 60' space. We have extensive displays that cover local artists, the Monson Railroad, Monson Academy, Military from Revolutionary War up through present day, Slate operations, Boy Scouts, Appalachian Trail, Businesses, Churches, Scandinavian history, photography, and much more.

We publish three newsletters each year and have led efforts to raise funds for a new Veterans Memorial (\$40,000), Cemetery stone for slate workers (\$3000), and now the effort to install a new Gym Roof (\$57,000 so far).

Our museum is open to the public from June through October (Wednesday 10 am to 2 pm) and (Saturday 9 am to 3 pm) or by appointment by emailing me at glen spoole@gmail.com.

Membership for the Monson Historical Society is \$10/year or \$125 Lifetime membership. If you would like to join, mail the Monson Historical Society, PO Box 308 Monson, ME 04464.

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DISCOVERING THE MAGIC OF BAR HARBOR AND ACADIA NATIONAL PARK

By John McNamara

Nestled along Maine's rugged coastline, Bar Harbor and Acadia National Park form one of New England's most captivating destinations. This enchanting corner of Mount Desert Island offers visitors a perfect blend of natural wonder, charming small-town hospitality, and outdoor adventure that keeps travelers returning year after year.

Acadia National Park stands as the crown jewel of the region, encompassing over 47,000 acres of pristine wilderness. The park's most iconic feature, Cadillac Mountain, holds the distinction of being the first place to see sunrise in the United States from October through March. The 3.5-mile summit road winds through dense forests before opening to breathtaking panoramic views of the Atlantic Ocean, surrounding islands, and the patchwork landscape below.

The park's extensive network of carriage roads, originally built by John D. Rockefeller Jr. in the early 1900s, provides nearly 45 miles of car-free paths perfect for hiking, biking, and horseback riding. These meticulously crafted stone roads wind through forests of spruce, fir, and birch, crossing elegant stone bridges that have become photographic landmarks in their own right.

For those seeking dramatic coastal scenery, the Ocean Path offers an easy 4.4-mile round trip along the rocky shoreline. This relatively flat trail connects several of the park's most spectacular features, including Thunder Hole, where incoming waves create thunderous booms as they crash into a narrow inlet. Sand Beach, one of only two sandy beaches in the park, provides a stunning crescent of pale sand framed by granite cliffs, though the water remains bracingly cold even in summer.

The town of Bar Harbor serves as the perfect gateway to Acadia, offering visitors a delightful mix of maritime history and modern amenities. The compact downtown area invites leisurely strolling, with its tree-lined streets hosting an impressive collection of local shops, art galleries, and restaurants housed in beautifully preserved 19th-century buildings.

Main Street buzzes with activity throughout the summer months, offering everything from handcrafted Maine souvenirs to sophisticated dining experiences. The town's culinary scene has evolved significantly, now featuring acclaimed restaurants that showcase Maine's famous lobster, fresh seafood, and locally sourced ingredients. From casual lobster shacks serving steaming lobster rolls to upscale establishments offering innovative New England cuisine, Bar Harbor satisfies every palate and budget.

The town's waterfront area provides constant entertainment, with fishing boats, pleasure craft, and tour vessels creating a lively harbor scene. The scenic Shore Path, a granite-paved walkway that winds along the harbor's edge, offers spectacular views of Frenchman Bay and the surrounding islands while providing glimpses into the area's Gilded Age past through its collection of historic mansions.

Beyond the park's hiking trails, the region offers numerous outdoor activities. Sea kayaking around the protected waters of Frenchman Bay provides an intimate perspective of the coastline's hidden coves and marine wildlife. Harbor seals,



porpoises, and occasionally whales can be spotted from the water, while bald eagles soar overhead.

Rock climbing enthusiasts flock to the park's granite cliffs, particularly around Otter Cliffs and Great Head. The park offers climbing opportunities for all skill levels, from beginner-friendly routes to challenging technical climbs that test experienced climbers.

Cycling enthusiasts can explore the park's carriage roads or venture onto the challenging Park Loop Road, which provides access to many of the park's major attractions while offering spectacular coastal views.

While summer remains the most popular season, each time of year offers unique attractions. Fall transforms the landscape into a brilliant tapestry of red, orange, and gold foliage, creating some of New England's most spectacular autumn scenery. Winter brings a peaceful solitude to the area, with opportunities for cross-country skiing and snowshoeing on the carriage roads.

Spring awakens the area with wildflowers and migrating birds, while offering comfortable temperatures for hiking without the summer crowds.

Bar Harbor and Acadia National Park represent the very best of coastal Maine, combining natural beauty, outdoor recreation, and cultural charm in a way that creates lasting memories for visitors of all ages and interests.

STICKER! STICKER!

By Walter Boomsma

It's corn season! Corn is another good reason to visit Maine in August and September, and this means a trip to Maddie's (Amish) Farmstand in Corinth to pick some up. For the uninitiated, I am usually greeted by at least some of the six young boys when they spot my truck. Since the youngest haven't yet learned English—they speak Pennsylvania Dutch until they start school—our communication often involves lots of smiles and giggles. We occasionally resort to pointing and some sign language. If Mom is present, she translates.

As I exited my truck and started walking towards the stand, one of the younger boys began yelling, "Sticker! Sticker!" He pointed at my thumb when I stopped and bent down to his level. I said "Band-Aid!" I'm not sure he got the difference. More importantly, I'm not sure it mattered if he didn't!

I think that's one of the things I enjoy about visiting my Amish (Swartzentruber) friends. The things that don't matter. The boys call me "the buggy man" despite my arrival in a truck. It stems from a buggy postcard I sent the family while visiting Holmes County, Ohio. When Maddie shared it, the boys were convinced I'd been riding in it. It doesn't matter that they're wrong or that I had trouble explaining what I did while in Ohio.

Ours is a simple relationship. We're just uncomplicated friends. I have trouble remembering and keeping their names straight, but that doesn't matter to them. We've compared suspenders. They love peering inside the truck and helping me load my purchases. They are all usually dressed alike. Our lifestyles are different, but so what? There's often some exploration involved and always plenty of smiles and giggles.

I do occasionally bring the boys "treats." They love books, crayons, Play-Doh, and, yes, stickers. I am now wondering if some fancy Band-Aids would be in order. We (mostly Mom) usually talk with them about where they can place stickers and where they shouldn't. I'm sometimes challenged with what to bring and offer. When in doubt, I ask Mom first. She knows how much I respect their lifestyle. We sometimes compare notes, and I often ask her advice—most recently about how she stores her sister's homemade bread.

So, I'm not sure about fancy Band-Aids. While they're brilliant kids, I wonder if they'd be confused by the vocabulary and the purpose. They do know how to say, "Thank you!" and offer it freely. The words are great, but the sparkle in their eyes says even more. We keep things simple.

I might be learning more than they are.

As for the corn, it was perfect. We strongly prefer "green corn." Calling it that is more of a family tradition than a Maine one. It's not about color. Sweet corn is popular in New England, the kernels are commonly bicolor—a mix of yellow and white. Of course, the husks and plants are green, but that's not what we mean by "green corn." The phrase is intended to describe barely ripe corn. It's most recognizable because the ears are comparatively small and the end kernels are not always fully formed.

Traditional advice for selecting the best ears emphasizes "heavy, firm cobs with bright green, tight husks and golden brown tassels." No! Skip the heavy and firm. You won't get as much, but selecting the smallest ears will make you a believer.

It's about nibbling versus chomping. Those tiny kernels will be super sweet!

The corn should be as fresh as possible, so I enjoy an excuse to visit the stand and boys often while the corn is coming. During my next visit, one of the boys noticed I had a new and different sticker. It was late in the day, and they were out of corn. Mom assured me that if I didn't mind waiting, she'd hop down to the garden and pick a few for me.

That's a bit different than waiting in the parking lot for someone to bring out the groceries you ordered online. Well, I did wait, but the boys hung out with me by the truck. Actually, they hung ON to the truck. They love peering inside and often compete to see who will open the door when I'm ready. One shared that they now have another horse—a mare had foaled that morning. The littlest guy was carrying a milk pail that was bigger than he was. Chore time!

Maine certainly doesn't have a lock on the Amish population and way of life. We have Amish friends in Pennsylvania. When we visit the area, we try hard not to be tourists. It could be about experiencing the culture. I'll never forget a few years ago when an Amish woman said, "We're people, just like you. The only difference is we wear funny clothes."

Well, it's not quite that simple, but it's a great perspective. One thing that might be unique to Maine is the comparative simplicity. We're supposedly vacationland. It's on our license plates. We do have some fantastic scenery and places to go. But the slogan that won't die is "The Way Life Should Be." Funny clothes aren't required, but you must experience that way of life.

This farm stand is on Route 15 (911 Main Road) in Corinth. I once asked Maddie if it would be okay for me to mention the stand on social media. She smiled and said, "I've heard of it, but don't know much about it." I told her she was lucky. The stand is mostly self-serve and offers home-grown produce, baked goods, jams, jellies, eggs, and butter. It's open daily, but there are no sales on Sunday. If the boys are there, tell them the buggy man sent you.





THE GALLERY

ARTIST STORIES, ARTWORK AND INTERVIEWS

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 hello@guilfordbnb.com

A CONVERSATION WITH TRACEY PADRON

By John McNamara

When people move from place to place, there is always a reason: a new job, a new love, school—whatever it might be, there is always a reason. Most people do not move for the sake of moving. The packing, selling off, organizing—it's too much to do for moving. I have moved around a lot, and my most recent move to Maine was because I wanted to run a bed & breakfast. For Guilford artist Tracey Padron, her reason to move to Maine was that she wanted a barn. Of course, that was not the only reason, but when you think about all the reasons to move somewhere, wanting a big barn is a pretty cool reason.

I had the pleasure of sitting down with Tracey recently, and it turns out we are neighbors. Two people 'from away' have chosen to be in Guilford—to move to Guilford rather than away from this quaint, New England town. I set out to find a B&B in New England. I was not any more specific than that in my search. For Tracey, growing up in Elgin, an hour outside of Chicago, and reaching that 'empty nester' phase of her life, the artist in her spoke up and said that it was time to move east. Tracey had been selling some of her art in a few galleries, and she wanted to focus more on her art. She explored New York, Massachusetts, Vermont, and New Hampshire. If she were going to move east, it would be a place with a barn. Tracey could not find anything that spoke to her through all those states, so a friend recommended that she look in Maine.

"I fell in love with Barns early on, because where I was lucky enough to grow up, it was a farming community. So there are lots of old barns. I got to go climbing around them and did several paintings, and I was like, Oh, I love this. So for three years, I took two separate visits here to look at properties around Maine," Tracey recalled.

She fell in love with a house—well, the barn in Mount Vernon. It was, as Tracey puts it, a beautiful blue barn with a crap house on a lake. She made it sound majestic and peaceful. But the stars did not align, so the hunt continued until she landed in Guilford in a home with a big, beautiful barn. More importantly, she landed in a community of artists.

"I have found a community of artists, which I had no idea existed," said Tracey. "Every time you turn around, you're walking into an artist around here, but there really is no artist community."

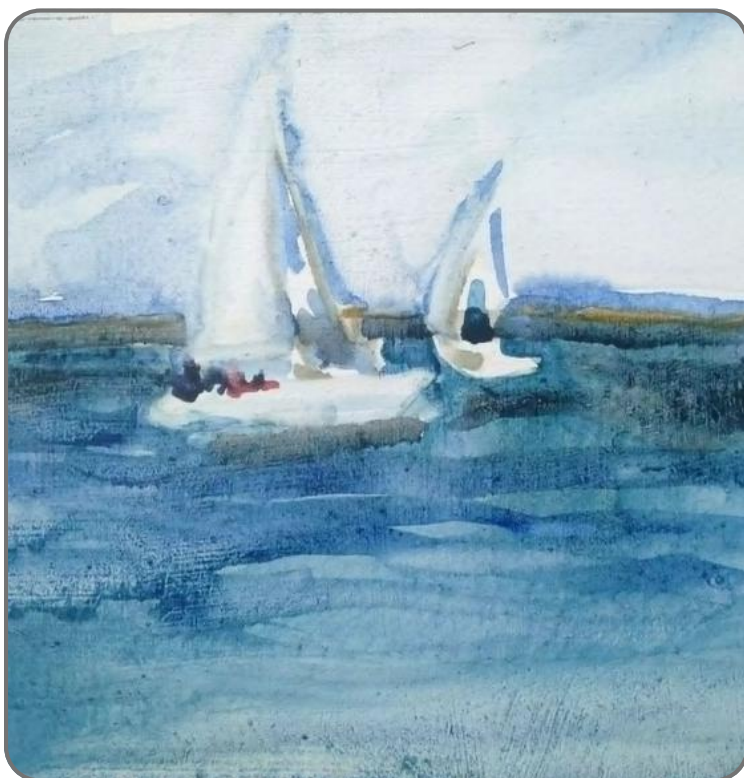
When you live in a county about the size of Connecticut (in acres), but with less than 20,000 people, it can be challenging to form a community—a space where artists can thrive, collaborate, and sell their work. Thanks to the Libra Foundation, Monson has a few art galleries and artist programs, pulling artists from around the state and the country. Still, outside of Monson, in all the smaller surrounding towns, while there are many artists living and creating, they are not all getting the local exposure they deserve.

When she was younger, Tracey wanted to be a doctor but also loved drawing. Her parents told her she could never support herself as an artist. So, at the University of Illinois, she discovered medical illustration, and ultimately, she fine-tuned her skill in drawing the human body, specifically the male nude. From medical illustrating, she tried her hand at sculpture, but found it was not exactly what she wanted, even though she enjoys working with her hands. After reading about Malvina Hoffman, an American sculptor and author, well known for her life-size bronze sculptures of people, Tracey became a carpenter. Malvina's book spoke to Tracey. It told her to be good with tools—that makes a great sculptor. She is now great with tools, but still not good at sculpting. So she stuck with what she knew and taught anatomy and life drawing. Her works of the human body are quite impressive, but Tracey's talent goes beyond drawing.

"When you're working with the figure, if you're doing it properly, you're thinking about anatomy and proportion and how the light is hitting the body," Tracey says. "You are more focused on getting everything drawn right than you are about the fact that part of that body is a penis."

There is a difference between a nude drawing and a naked picture, and many people struggle with the distinction. Still, thankfully, many incredible artists like Tracey can help people see the difference—see the beauty of the art in how she draws the human body.

(continued on page 12)



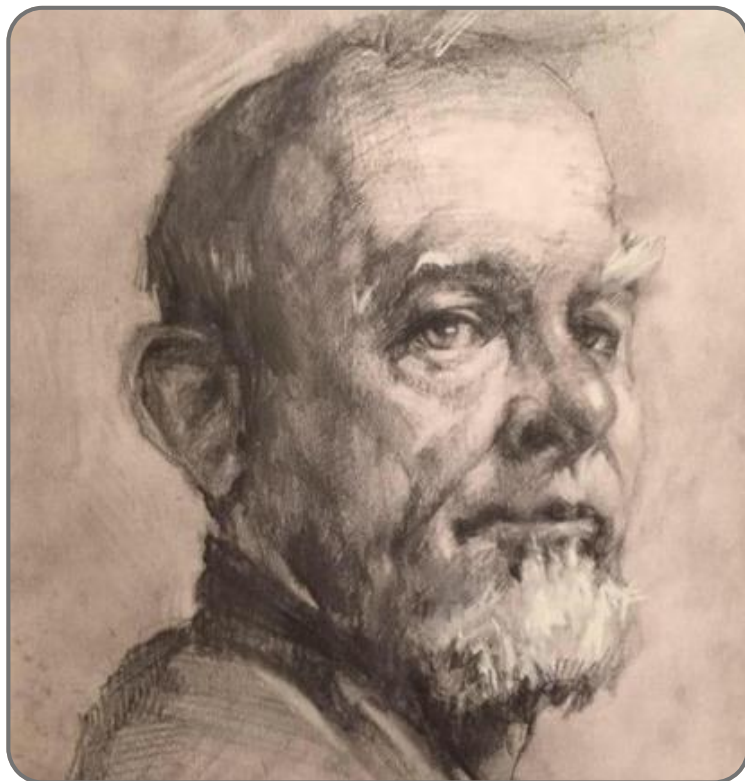
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Tracey's favorite medium is the pencil. As an artist who loves to draw, she loves the feel and flexibility of the pencil.

"I like the basics of a pencil because you can pretty much go anywhere and pick up a pencil, and if you have a scrap of paper or something, you can draw. I love the feel of the pencil on paper. I don't know what it is, but the way it drags is something about compressing the fibers of the paper and leaving a mark that wasn't there before.

Beyond the human body, Tracey loves to draw nature—the world around us. She can take a pencil or her new favorite quill, a Kakimori. She loves to draw with it out in nature, building the foundation for what will become a vibrant watercolor of nature. Whether pencil or quill, Tracey takes the piece of paper seriously. Being raised by Depression-era parents, she learned to waste nothing, including paper. Each piece of paper, whether large or small, torn or a scrap, is a canvas for her vision. She likes the smaller sizes because they make her think differently about what she is trying to draw and how the composition changes with a smaller piece of paper. The larger sizes are not her favorite. The bigger the canvas, the more she gets carried away—determined to cover every inch of space. For Tracey and her intimate works, the smaller size works well. It really highlights her talent.

When Tracey was younger she wanted to be as good of a painter as Michaelangelo, or rather, she wanted to draw good enough, paint good enough—to create art good sufficient that if Michaelangelo were to see her work in her studio or in a gallery he would give her 'the nod' of approval to let her know that she had achieved greatness—that she was an artist. I am no Michelangelo, but I have been in the art world for more than two decades, and I certainly believe Tracey deserves 'the nod.' Her work is alive, detailed, and fluid: both figurative and landscape. You can see some of Tracey's work on her website, www.eftstudios.com, or you can visit the Monson Gallery Store.



THE BIG SWITCHEROO: HOW AN ANTIQUE SHOP ENDED UP REPLACING A GAS STATION

By Sean & Johanna S. Billings

Trade actually led to the locations of Lily Cat Antiques and A.E. Robinson's in Monson.

But, first, some background: Originally, the Lily Cat property was part of a larger tract that included the house and barn next door. The owner, Henry Knight, sold the property in 1918 to Amos Knight, who sold it to Daniel Champion in 1924. According to the July 31, 1924, issue of the Piscataquis Observer, "The Knight Brothers have sold their two houses which are below the Greenleaf Garage, Daniel Champion buying the one which Amos Knight lived."

Champion, born on Prince Edward Island, Canada, in 1879, came to the U.S. in 1900. He married Ethel J. Heaney of Monson on June 16, 1904. They had one child, Alice Edna, born June 7, 1907, in Monson. Champion became a U.S. citizen in 1918, and his naturalization papers show he was living in Monson, working as a foreman at a slate mill. His World War I draft registration card indicates he worked at the Portland-Monson Slate Company.

In 1935, Champion hired Percy Smith to build a service station on the property next to his house. The single-story building, which would eventually become Lily Cat Antiques, had a garage bay on the left side and a roof over the front under which gas pumps were located. Named the Champion Filling Station, the business sold Socony gasoline, which later became Mobil.

Champion died in 1949, less than a year after his wife's death. At that time, their daughter, Alice Edna — who went by just Edna — became the station owner.

In 1926, she married Monson native Arthur E. Haggstrom. The 1940 census shows that Arthur, 41, and Edna, 32, had two daughters, Alice H., 12, and Joyce E., 8. At that time, Arthur was working on the rubbing bed at a slate mill. The 1950 census shows Edna was operating the station and Arthur worked tending gas pumps and doing oil changes. A 1950 ad from the Piscataquis Observer indicates that the Haggstroms expanded into the septic pumping business by then.

The Haggstroms operated the station until March 1, 1971, when they sold it to Alanson S. Robbins, who sold it less than two years later. The buyer, Ralph Titcomb, had become the owner of his family's store in Abbot just two years earlier. An ad from the June 20, 1974, edition of the Piscataquis Observer refers to the Titcombs' Monson location as the Yankee Trader.

Ralph died in 1978 at the age of 31 in a plane crash near the airport in Dexter. He had been piloting a 1970 two-place Cessna 150 when the engine failed shortly after takeoff. Upon his death, store ownership passed to his parents, who continued to operate it until 1982, when they sold it to Roger Page, who renamed it Page's General Store. Soon after the purchase, the permits for the gas tanks were about to expire, and Page could not renew them.

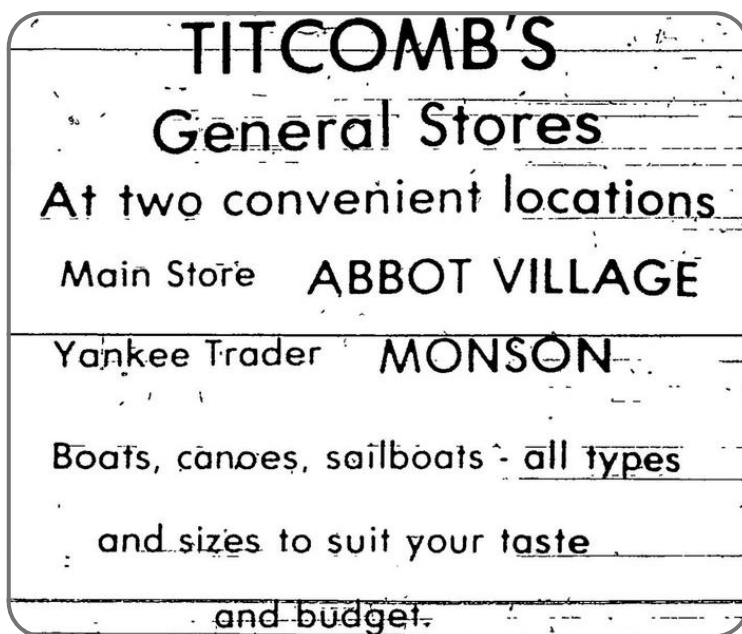
Enter Bernard Crabtree.

He and his wife, Alice M., owned the property in Monson that now houses an Irving gas station. Though the details are unknown, the Crabtrees agreed to trade locations with Page.

(continued on page 15)



The building that currently houses Lily Cat Antiques in Monson used to be a gas station. Photo by Sean Billings.



An old ad showing that the Titcombs' Monson location was known as The Yankee Trader.



Bernard Crabtree behind the counter at Moosehead Trail Antiques. Photo by Duane Crabtree from Find-A-Grave.com.



THE LIBRARY SHELF

SHORT STORIES WRITTEN BY MAINE AUTHORS

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

RECLAIMED

By Madison Ellingsworth

My family is trail stewards who monitor a marshy inlet of our city's bay. We spend time in nature plowing through crimson fallen leaves, sidestepping baby brown snakes basking in the autumnal sun, and marching through undulating rainbows of wetland grasses.

However, a chunk of our woodland time is set aside for trash cleanup.

I stopped while running with my sister when she and I noticed the backpack. It had been tucked into the brush on the side of the trail. We had never seen it, but it was as worn as an old boot. The once-black fabric was fraying and discolored from water damage, and holes were ripped in the sides.

I dragged the bag through a gap in the shrubs.

"We should throw it in the dumpster," I said decisively. My sister nodded, but reached for the zipper. One never knows what they will find in an abandoned bag. More often than not, it is just clothes, but sometimes there are photographs, journals, and pills.

The flap unfurled to reveal today's treasure: three cans of Dr. Pepper, a roll of mildewed toilet paper on which a millipede had curled up to sleep, and a green sack stuffed with a blanket. I rolled the cans around.

"Be careful," my sister said. "Don't crush the mouse."

I frowned.

"The mouse?" I asked, retracting my hand from the bag. She pointed towards the stuff sack, and I noticed the fabric wiggling around. A watery black eye peeked out through the drawcord opening. After locking its gaze on us, the eye disappeared.

But when the mouse squeezed itself out of the bag and escaped into the fallen leaves lining the trail, the movement inside the stuff sack did not stop. The fabric continued roiling, like a handful of worms lived under the green.

The action transfixed my sister and me. Through the drawcord opening, another small face revealed itself. We oo'd and aa'd.

As fast as its partner, the face leapt from a hole in the bag and made a break for the brush. Yet the worms kept wriggling.

"There must be a whole family in there!" my sister cried, quickly zipping the flap shut. She set the bag on the ground, not sure what to do.

"What if those are their babies?" I asked. "We can't toss this in the dumpster."

We agreed with a silent nod that the bag would not be going anywhere. My sister took the handle and dragged it carefully towards the safety of the bushes. It felt wrong to run on knowing that we had left trash on the trail, but this trash had been reclaimed by nature. Who were we to take it back now?

The next day, our parents joined us on a walk. It was a trash-specific walk, for which we carried garbage bags and pickers. I told our parents about the mouse family when we rounded the bend that led to the backpack.

"We can't leave it," our father informed us.

Our mother voiced her ascent: "That just won't fly."

They made for the brush. My sister and I yelled and shook our pickers, but our parents dragged the bag onto the trail without real resistance.

Our father unzipped the top, and the four of us peered in. A small spider had made a web between two Dr. Peppers, but everything else was the same.

Almost.

The stuff sack lay still—emptied. The fluff remained, but there was no movement. No sign of life.

"Guess they moved on," our father said, zipping up the bag. He checked the other pockets for goodies.

"Look at that," our mother pointed. Two blown glass pipes stuck out of the water bottle pouch. My sister and I cared little about the paraphernalia; we worried about the mouse family. We whispered about them as we continued on the trail.

Where had the mouse couple and their babies gone? Were they shivering in the changing winds, clutching their paws together, desperately seeking shelter? I tried not to think about the brown snakes that slithered beneath the brush around us.

We worried over the mice, yet we knew this was the more natural way. Even snakes need to eat, and mice are meant to live in a nest derived from nature. They should not have to live inside a stuff sack beneath Dr. Peppers and crack pipes.

My family quickly traded the trail's beauty for the paved rigidity of an office parking lot. There was no shuffling through crimson leaves here and no signs of life.

We threw our burgeoning garbage bags in the dumpster, and my father hefted the backpack.

"Sayonara," he said, tossing it through the opening. It landed on top of the trash with a crinkling thud. He slammed the dumpster lid shut. We gripped our pickers as we headed towards home. The trail was cleaned. Nature was restored.



*Madison Ellingsworth likes walking in Portland, Maine. Her work is forthcoming in an array of publications, including *West Trade Review*, *Flash Fiction Online*, and a short story anthology titled "Positivity Bias: Maine Author's, Defiantly Happy Endings," available with Littoral Books in Fall 2025. She has been nominated by Apple Valley Review for Best of the Net 2026. More of Madison can be found at madisonellingsworth.com, and on Instagram [@madisonellingsworth](https://www.instagram.com/madisonellingsworth).*

(continued from page 13)

According to page 149 of Piscataquis County Deed Book 766, Page sold the store property to the Crabtrees on April 20, 1990, and bought the Crabtrees' property.

The Crabtrees converted the old filling station into Moosehead Trail Antiques. They expanded the building back from the road with an addition that more than doubled the footprint. They also added a second floor with a barn profile roof line.

The July 5, 2000, edition of the Piscataquis Observer ran a story on antiques in Monson, mentioning that the Crabtrees had opened Moosehead Trail Antiques on June 21. According to the article, Bernard's daughters, Pat Harrington and Sonia Dillard, were running the antique shop.

Alice died in 2005, and Bernard continued to operate the antique shop until 2013, when he retired and moved to Arizona. On August 2, 2013, he sold Moosehead Trail Antiques to his niece, Carol Hilton, and her husband, Jeffrey.

The Hiltons kept the name, but health and family issues kept them from opening regularly. On December 11, 2020, Carol Hilton sold the property to Sean and Johanna Billings of Greenville.

The Billingses renamed the store The Lily Cat: Northwoods Antiques and Buttons. Johanna Billings spent the winter of 2020-21 learning the secret to weight loss—spend a Maine winter in an unheated building doing manual labor. While Sean continued to work full-time, Johanna cleaned out the building, wholesaling off much of the old stock. During that winter, the roof leaked so badly that ice ran down the stairs. The Billingses had a new roof put on and replaced the garage door, which was rotten to the point of nearly falling apart. Sean also replaced all the lighting and added a stair railing. The Lily Cat opened for business in June 2021.

In the summer of 2023, the Billingses added a first-floor heat pump, funded partially by a grant from the Monson Collaborative. During the winter of 2024, they insulated the upstairs and built walls and ceilings using 12-inch shiplap pine. They had a second heat pump installed upstairs as well. The building is now for sale, and the Billingses are moving Lily Cat Antiques to their property in Greenville. You can find and follow them on Facebook at www.facebook.com/TheLilyCatAntiques



An old postcard view shows the building when it was the Champion Filling Station.

FRENCH TOAST CUPS

RECIPES FROM OUR KITCHEN

French toast is always a go to favorite at the B&B, and we are constantly looking for new ways to serve this traditional, yummy breakfast treat. We have played with different ingredients and flavors, but until this recipe we had not experimented with the presentation of our French toast. This easy to make and bake recipe produces lovely little cups that you can eat like a cupcake or cover with powdered sugar, syrup or strawberry compote and eat like traditional French toast. However you choose to nibble, you will not be able to eat just one or even just three.



INGREDIENTS

- 5 eggs
- 1 cup of whole milk
- 3 Tbsp brown sugar
- 4 Tbsp of cinnamon
- 2 Tsp vanilla
- 1 loaf sourdough bread

INSTRUCTIONS

- Preheat the oven to 350 degrees
- Beat the eggs and milk in a bowl
- Mix in the brown sugar
- Mix in the cinnamon
- Blend in the vanilla
- Mix all the ingredients really well
- Cut the bread into small squares
- Add the bread into the mixture and stir until all the bread cubes are soaked in the mixture
- Spray a muffin tin with butter
- Spoon the soaked bread cubes into the muffin tin
- Bake for 25-30 minutes
- Let cool and serve with powdered sugar and syrup

THE CEMETERIES OF PISCATAQUIS COUNTY: SILENT GUARDIANS OF HISTORY

By John McNamara

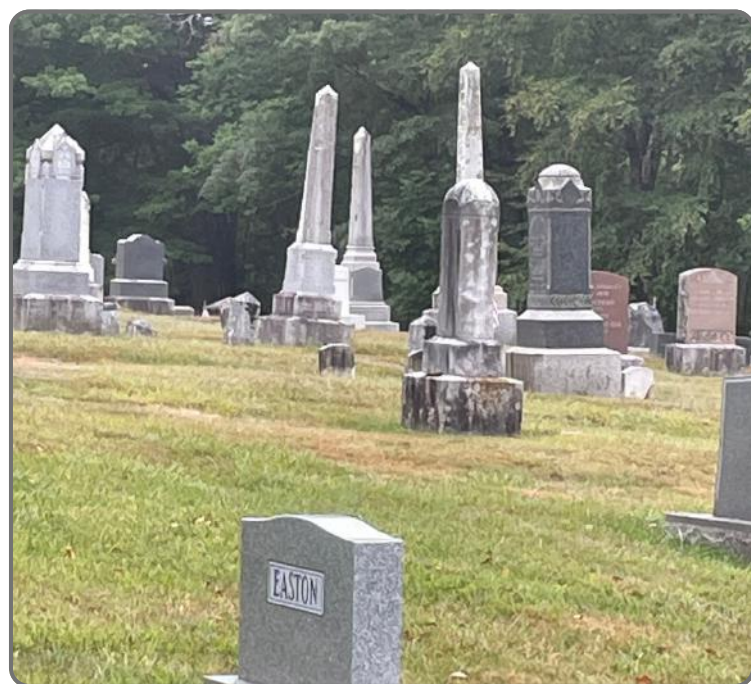
Deep in the heart of central Maine, where rolling hills meet dense forests and pristine lakes reflect the changing seasons, lies Piscataquis County—a region where history whispers through towering pines and granite headstones. The county's cemeteries serve as more than mere burial grounds; they are outdoor museums that chronicle the lives, struggles, and triumphs of generations who carved their existence from the rugged Maine wilderness.

Cemeteries are ignored, forgotten places—someplace to bury a loved one—but otherwise, they are just land splattered with stones, ignored by most people. But in reality, cemeteries are works of art. They are museums of our past, and each holds dozens, if not hundreds, of stories of our heritage.

Piscataquis County, Maine's second largest county by land area, encompasses over 3,691 square miles of predominantly rural landscape. With 103 documented cemetery record sources, these sacred grounds tell the story of a region shaped by logging, farming, and the enduring spirit of New England independence.

The earliest cemeteries in Piscataquis County date back to the late 18th and early 19th centuries, coinciding with the initial waves of European settlement following the Revolutionary War. As pioneers pushed northward from the more established coastal communities, they brought New England burial traditions that would define the county's cemetery landscape for centuries.

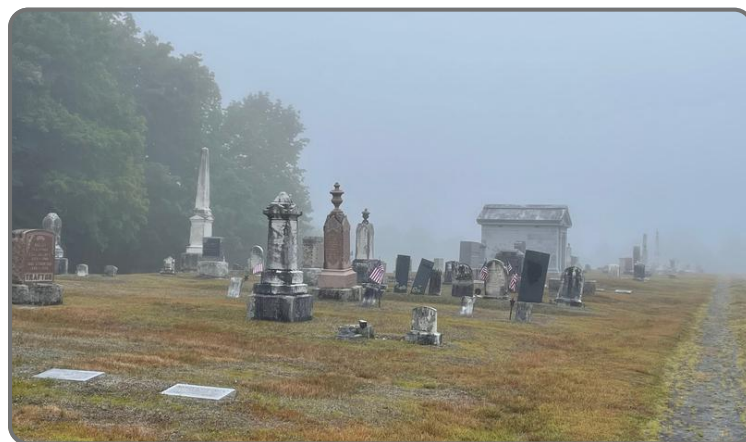
The county's burial grounds reflect the organic growth of its communities. Unlike urban areas with planned cemetery districts, Piscataquis County's cemeteries emerged naturally alongside settlements, often positioned on hillsides that offered practical drainage and symbolic elevation toward heaven. Many began as family burial plots on homestead properties, gradually expanding as communities grew around mills, churches, and crossroads.



The pattern of cemetery establishment closely followed the county's economic development. Logging camps created temporary burial grounds that sometimes evolved into permanent community cemeteries. Mill towns like Guilford and Dover-Foxcroft established formal burial grounds to serve their growing populations. At the same time, more remote areas relied on small family plots and church graveyards that served scattered rural communities.

The headstones and monuments throughout Piscataquis County's cemeteries represent a remarkable collection of American folk art and craftsmanship. Local stone carvers, many of them itinerant artisans who traveled from community to community, created markers ranging from simple slate tablets to elaborate granite monuments.

The evolution of carving techniques visible in these cemeteries mirrors broader technological and cultural changes. Early markers often featured death's heads, willow trees, and other symbols reflecting Puritan attitudes toward mortality. As religious perspectives softened and the Victorian era emphasized comfort and remembrance, angels, flowers, and clasped hands became common motifs.



The county's granite deposits provided excellent material for monuments, and local quarries supplied stone for markers throughout New England. Some of the finest examples of Maine granite carving are in Piscataquis County cemeteries, where skilled artisans created monuments that have weathered more than a century of harsh Maine winters while maintaining their crisp detail and legible inscriptions.

The tombstones of our ancestors were always meant to be lasting memorials to the lives of those gone before, and Piscataquis County's cemeteries serve as invaluable resources for genealogical research. The isolation of many rural communities means that local cemeteries often contain concentrated collections of related families, making them particularly valuable for tracing family histories.

These burial grounds document history's migration patterns, family relationships, and community connections. Infant mortality markers tell poignant stories of hardship and loss, while family plots reveal the complex relationships that bound rural communities together. Military markers honor veterans of conflicts from the Civil War through modern conflicts, documenting the county's contribution to national service.

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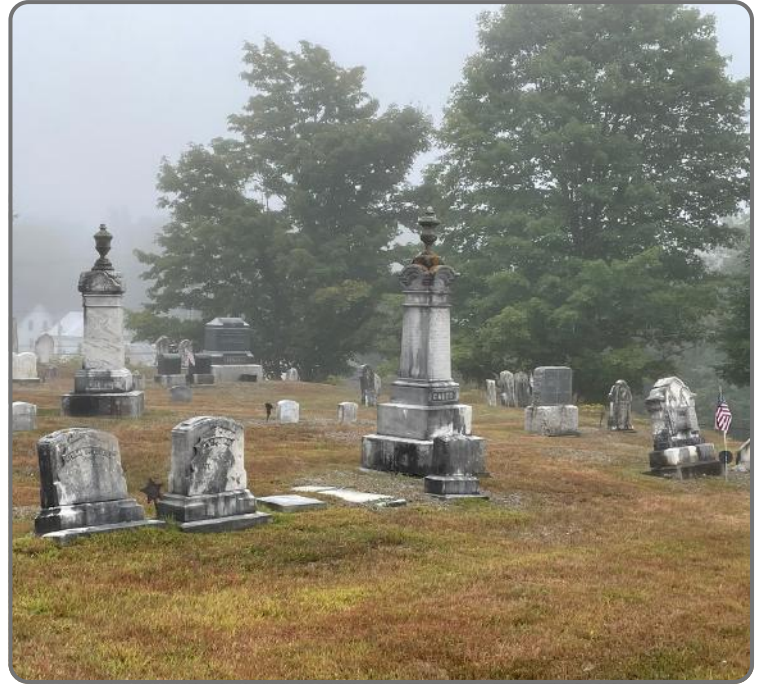
Piscataquis County's cemeteries offer unique touring opportunities that combine historical education with scenic beauty for visitors interested in exploring these historic sites. The county's rural character means that many cemeteries are in picturesque settings, offering views of mountains, forests, and lakes that exemplify Maine's natural beauty.

Most county cemeteries are accessible by car, though some rural locations may require travel on unpaved roads. Spring through fall offer the best touring conditions, as winter snow can make access complex and obscure headstones. Early morning and late afternoon provide the best lighting for photography and headstone reading.

Visitors should remember that these are active burial grounds deserving of respectful behavior. Many families continue to maintain plots and visit graves regularly. Staying on designated paths, avoiding walking on graves, and leaving no trace are essential practices for cemetery tourists.

Like historic cemeteries throughout rural America, Piscataquis County's burial grounds face significant preservation challenges. Harsh Maine weather, particularly freeze-thaw cycles, gradually damages headstones and monuments. Acid rain and air pollution accelerate the deterioration of marble and limestone markers, while invasive vegetation can overwhelm cemetery grounds.

Many smaller cemeteries depend entirely on volunteer maintenance, as original cemetery associations have dissolved and municipal resources are limited. Community groups and historical societies are crucial in organizing cleanup efforts, documenting threatened headstones, and maintaining access roads and pathways.



Professional conservation efforts focus on the most historically significant monuments, but limited resources mean that many markers receive only basic maintenance. Photography projects document threatened headstones before damage makes inscriptions illegible, creating permanent records for future researchers.

Piscataquis County's cemeteries connect to the region's cultural heritage, preserving individual graves and entire landscapes that reflect community values and traditions. These spaces maintain their role as gathering places for Memorial Day observances, genealogical research, and quiet contemplation.

The burial grounds are also outdoor classrooms where local history comes alive through personal stories preserved in stone. School groups, historical societies, and tourism organizations increasingly recognize cemeteries as valuable educational resources that make abstract historical concepts tangible and personal.

As Piscataquis County continues to evolve in the 21st century, its historic cemeteries remain constant reminders of the generations who shaped this remarkable landscape. They are silent witnesses to the enduring human desire to create lasting memorials that honor the dead while providing comfort and continuity for the living.

These sacred grounds invite visitors to pause amid the rush of modern life and contemplate the lives of those who came before—the farmers who cleared the forests, the mill workers who powered early industry, the families who built communities in the Maine wilderness. In their quiet dignity and enduring presence, the cemeteries of Piscataquis County continue to serve their original purpose: preserving memory and honoring the human spirit that defines this remarkable corner of Maine.

If you are interested in learning more about the cemeteries in your town, or the town you grew up in, reach out to the local historical society. They will, more than likely, be able to give you the best information. Some might even offer tours, especially for Halloween.

LOCAL EVENTS

THINGS TO DO IN THE MAINE HIGHLANDS

INTERNATIONAL SEA PLANE FLY-IN

September 3-7, 2025

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

TRAILS END FESTIVAL

September 12-14, 2025

Join us for three days of free live concerts. There will be live music, food, fun and more in Millinocket, celebrating the end of the Appalachian Trail, Katahdin region, and the outdoor recreation community. Learn more at www.trailsendfestival.org

BIKE AND BOAT

September 14, 2025

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

WALK FOR HOPE

September 20, 2025

Join us for the Northern Light Mayo Hospital Walk for Hope to support care in Piscataquis County! The 5K Run/Walk for Hope will take place on Saturday, September 20—starting and ending at Northern Light Mayo Hospital. Registration will open at 8 am and the Run/Walk will kick off at 9 am. We'll have food, music, kids' activities, and fun for the whole family! Register at www.northernlighthealth.org/WalkForHope

5TH ANNUAL CYCL-A-THON

October 18, 2025

Walk, Bike or Run at this fun, annual event that fills the streets of Guilford. Register by September 20, 2025 to get a FREE t-shirt. \$20 registration fee for everyone over 14. Kids under 14 are FREE. Join us on the exciting 2-mile loop and win prizes. The event kicks off at 9:30AM and runs until 1PM. Learn more at www.comfitme.com

RADAR RUN

February & March, 2026

Get ready for a full day of radar run fun, including a beer tent, vendors & food trucks. We will also have apparel for sale to support the Central Maine Racing Foundation. A percentage of proceeds from our events go to the Piscataquis Valley Snowmobile Club & to a scholarship in place to help a high school graduate attend a trade school. Learn more at www.centralmaineracingfoundation.com

HAPPENINGS

AT THE GUILFORD BED & BREAKFAST

HAPPY HOUR

4p - 7p (Mon-Fri)

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

BUNCO NIGHT

2nd Thursday (5P - 7P)

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

PISCATAQUIS WRITER'S GROUP

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

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

LIST YOUR EVENT

If you have an upcoming event, submit it to us to get it listed on this page for free.

We want everyone to know about the great, local events going on in our area.

Submit details to us at:

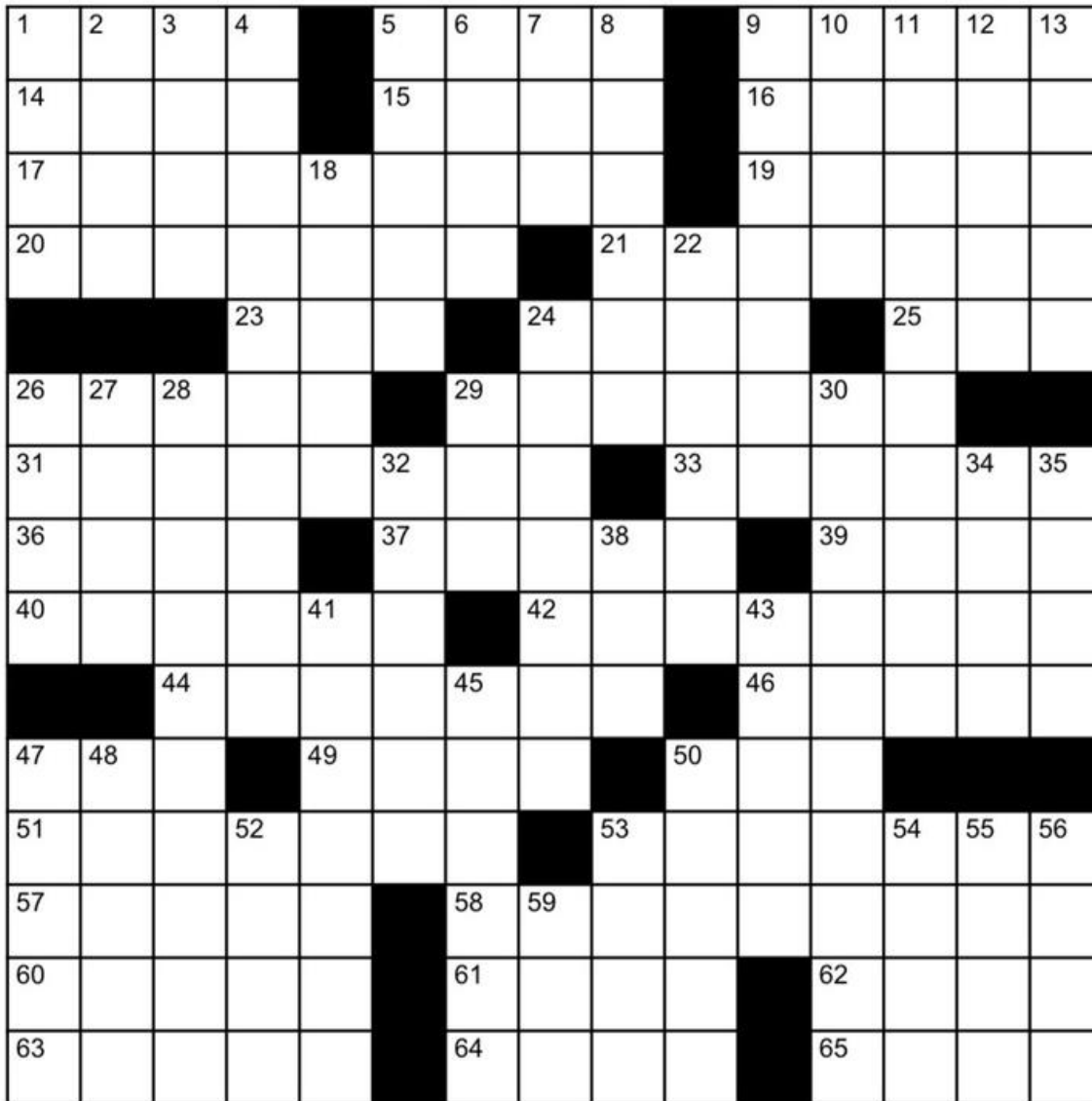
events@guilfordbnb.com

Sudoku Answers - August Edition

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

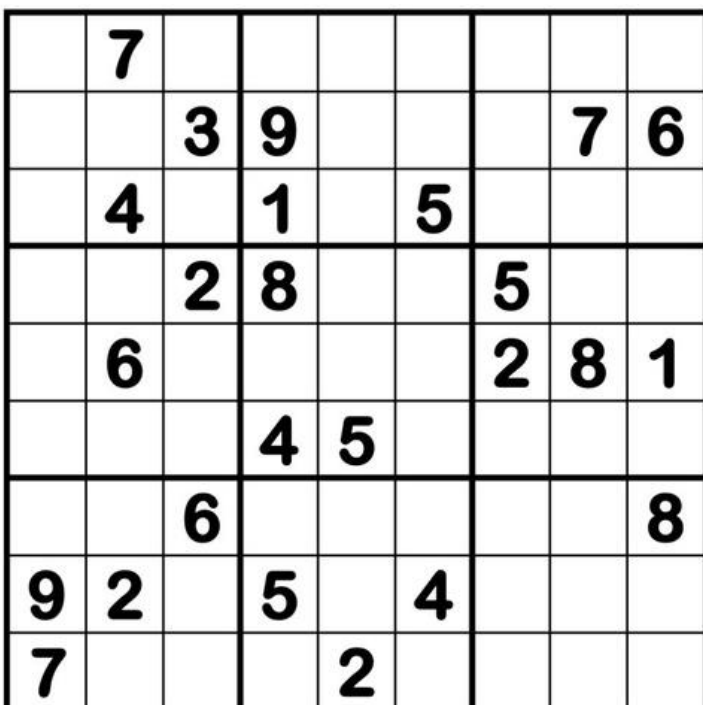
Crossword Answers - August Edition

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



ACROSS

- 1 Cleopatra's love __ Antony
- 5 Zebra feature
- 9 Rose essence
- 14 Mixed dish
- 15 Lena of Hollywood
- 16 Like Erik the Red
- 17 Shaker contents
- 19 Wide open
- 20 Guarantees
- 21 Musical intervals
- 23 Request starter
- 24 "Hahaha," in a text
- 25 NY to RI direction
- 26 File menu option
- 29 Male turkey
- 33 Landlord, eg.
- 36 Prophetic sign
- 37 Hotel upgrade
- 39 Pal tree type
- 40 Reacts to pain
- 42 Rocker Elvis
- 44 High-speed road
- 46 Earliest stage
- 47 Ground grain
- 50 Maze runner
- 51 Political liberal
- 53 In addition
- 57 Electrolysis particle
- 58 Card game for one
- 60 Singer Cara
- 61 Wilson of "Marley & Me"
- 62 Nail anagram
- 63 They roll in
- 64 Notable events
- 65 Musher's transport



DOWN

- 1 Tiny bit
- 2 Alda or Hale
- 3 Barbecue fare
- 4 Newspaper ad unit
- 5 Saunter along
- 6 Woe is me!
- 7 Not a thing
- 8 Place in a crypt
- 9 Fictional mouse
- 10 Roman robe
- 11 Crossings
- 12 White-barked tree
- 13 "The Morning Show" actress
- 18 Muse of poetry
- 22 Bridge supports
- 24 Like Vulcans, notably
- 26 Front of a ship
- 27 Oscar-winning Malek
- 28 Picked from a lineup
- 29 African antelope
- 30 Food, shelter, etc.
- 32 Magazine editions
- 34 Lascivious look
- 38 Diminutive dog
- 41 Fine furs
- 43 Cereal go-with
- 45 Holmes' companion
- 47 Fold
- 48 Painter Matisse
- 50 Bridle parts
- 52 __ of voice
- 53 Squandered
- 54 Clock face
- 55 Lake near Niagara Falls
- 56 Mail or ship
- 59 "I __ you one"



Cats roam.

And so does Lily Cat Antiques.

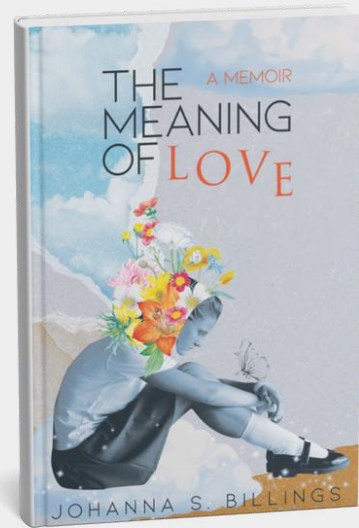
The building is for sale.

The business is not.

We are moving the business to Lily Bay Road in Greenville.

We will announce further developments on our Facebook page.

Feel free to call for more information. 207-248-2660



The past does define you, but it doesn't have to hold you back.

The Meaning of Love: A Memoir

by Greenville resident Johanna S. Billings

A story of love and healing that you just can't miss.

Available at all major bookstores and from the author.

207-248-2660

Fall in love with Maine all over again!

It is leaf peeping season. Book your stay at The Guilford Bed & Breakfast and enjoy the vibrant colors of Autumn... and fall in love with Maine, again.

