THE GUILFORD REGISTER

ADVENTURES & STORIES FROM THE MAINE HIGHLANDS

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IT'S ALL DOWNHILL
THE SKI SLOPES OF THE MAINE HIGHLANDS

QUINTESSENTIAL NEW ENGLAND
THE STORY OF PARKMAN

SCANDINAVIAN SPORTS IN MAINE
THE JOYS OF SKIJORING

"LIGHT PAINTING" PHOTOGRAPHY
THE TALENTED DARREN DAY

FINDING YOUR ROOTS
A HERRING FAMILY HISTORY

Our disability of not doing enough good.

By John McNamara

I have relatives with mental or physical disabilities, and I've had good friends equally as challenged. I am sure we all have—we all know someone who has some disability. I never thought much about the disabilities when I was young. I mean, I knew there were limitations when we did things together, but we never stopped doing things, never stopped to think that they were any different.

Naively, I never thought that people with disabilities were not loved, not cared for equally. That is a testament to the level of attention and care the people around me with disabilities received. It was not until I got older that I started to see the world through different eyes—their eyes. It was then that I started to notice that as they got older and moved out into the world, the rest of the world was not as kind and considerate.

My best friend from boarding school was born with Friedreich's Ataxia. As teenagers, we did everything together. I knew he had a disability, but he refused to let that stop him from living. He always told me he would die young because of his disability, but I watched him go on to college, and eventually require a wheelchair. Still, he dedicated his work to helping others with disabilities—ensuring the businesses and towns were equipped to welcome someone with a disability. He lived a long life, eventually retired, but as was expected much earlier in his life, his body deteriorated. I saw him less than two years ago, and he could no longer speak. He was alert and struggled to form words, but we did not need words. Just seeing him still going strong—still embracing his disability so he could go on living was exciting. Unfortunately, he passed away five weeks ago, but he had a long life—one much longer than I think any of us expected, but we were grateful to have had him in our lives for as long as we did.

I say all this not for pity or sympathy, but to say that, although Dan had a disability, he was fortunate enough to live at home and always be surrounded by family. That is not always the case. Many people are forced to live in hospitals or institutions. Again, aside from what I saw in the movies, as a child, I did not know about institutions since everyone I knew with a disability lived at home and was loved and cared for every day by family members.

I share the story of Dan, and my past interactions with people with disabilities, to say that I think a lot of people were like me—are like me, in that they did not know how important it was for those with disabilities to be surrounded by loved ones. Now, as an adult, I understand how that is not always possible. Some people have physical or mental disabilities that are severe enough that their loved ones do not have the capacity to care for them properly.

I recently added another job title to my resume. Sometimes I feel like Elon Musk in that I am at the helm of more than one business. I wish I had his money so I could help all the people in the world who are without food, housing, clothing, or healthcare. I actually wish he would do that, too, but I know he won't, just as Bezos, Zuckerberg, and the other billionaires of the world do not—they have more money than they could ever spend, yet they refuse to distribute it in a way that elevates everyone. I digress.

In my new role, I am leading a Bangor-based nonprofit that provides people with disabilities with the resources they need to make life choices and set their own goals. This nonprofit is doing what families cannot—care for their loved ones in a setting conducive to the disability, and giving these people a quality of life that they would not get if they were in an institution. As I said earlier, I had only ever seen institutions portrayed on television and in the movies, and they were never portrayed as happy, fun places to be. In this new role, I am learning more and more about how accurate those movies were, and how horrible it is that we, as humans, allow other human beings to live like that.

Every human on this planet has a right to live, a right to grow, and a right to be themselves. Regardless of whether they have a mental or physical disability, are gay, straight, transgender, or if they are legally or illegally residing in a country, there is no reason to treat these people, any people, as we have historically done. Yet so many people still treat them poorly today.

It is easy for me to complain about the billionaires not distributing their wealth more equally. No person needs multiple homes, yachts, jets, etc. And I am not sure these billionaires will ever change—at least not until the government changes how wealth can be amassed. But what I forget to complain about, or have just chosen not to complain about enough, is the everyday problem: people not getting along and not helping each other be better.

As I go from house to house in my new role and meet the people we support as well as the people we employ, I am reminded of the good in the world. I am reminded that there are people in the world who want to do good—who are doing good. I wish there were more of them—billions more of them who followed in their footsteps.

I avoid the news each day because it is depressing. Everyone is fighting. Everyone is arguing. Everyone is wasting time and energy on issues that should not be our focus, but that is the divide in this country, and around the world. Until we can all stop arguing, fighting, and spewing lies, we will never be able to move forward or do good for everyone.

For now, though, I am thankful to be leading two organizations that are so focused on good—seeing the good, being the good, and doing good for our community. Maybe, just maybe, all of the good work these people are doing for those with any kind of disability (mental, physical, housing, food, etc) will begin to spread farther and wider. Maybe, just maybe, at some point in my lifetime, I will be able to see that the world has decided to be good. One can hope.

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Discovering Maine's Hidden Gem: The Ski Slopes of the Maine Highlands

By John McNamara

When skiers and snowboarders think of New England's premier winter destinations, Vermont's Green Mountains or New Hampshire's White Mountains typically come to mind first. Yet tucked away in the rugged interior of the Pine Tree State lies a winter wonderland that's increasingly capturing the attention of those seeking authentic, uncrowded skiing experiences: the Maine Highlands.

The Maine Highlands region, stretching across the state's north-central interior, offers a distinctive blend of challenging terrain, reliable snowfall, and the kind of unspoiled natural beauty that has become increasingly rare at major ski resorts. While the region may not boast the vertical drops of the Rockies or the glitzy amenities of destination resorts, it compensates with character, affordability, and a genuine connection to New England's skiing heritage.

The ski areas dotting the Maine Highlands take advantage of the region's rolling mountains and harsh winter climate. Big Squaw Mountain, now known as Big Moose Mountain, rises dramatically above Moosehead Lake in Greenville, offering some of the most spectacular views in New England skiing. With a vertical drop of approximately 1,750 feet, the mountain provides runs that challenge advanced skiers while still accommodating intermediates and beginners on gentler trails.

What sets Highland skiing apart is the terrain's natural character. Many runs wind through dense boreal forests of spruce and fir, creating narrow, technical trails that reward precision and finesse over pure speed. The tree skiing here is exceptional when conditions permit, offering adventurous skiers the chance to navigate powder-filled glades between tight-growing conifers.

The Maine Highlands benefit from lake-effect snow generated by Moosehead Lake and the region's numerous other water bodies, supplementing the natural precipitation that falls generously across interior Maine. Average seasonal snowfall often exceeds 100 inches, with the season typically running from late December through early April.

The region's northern latitude and inland location create cold, dry conditions that help preserve snow quality throughout the season. While coastal Maine's maritime climate can bring rain even in winter, the Highlands' elevation and distance from the moderating ocean influence mean snow tends to stay powdery and skiable longer. Mid-winter temperatures regularly dip below zero Fahrenheit, creating the kind of champagne powder that eastern skiers dream about.

Skiing in the Maine Highlands connects visitors to New England's skiing past. Many of the region's ski areas have roots stretching back to the rope-tow era of the 1940s and 1950s, when local communities built modest ski hills that became gathering places for winter recreation. Though some areas have closed over the decades, those that remain carry forward this tradition of community-centered skiing.

The region also played a role in the development of backcountry skiing in the East. The vast, remote forests surrounding the ski areas offer opportunities for ski touring and backcountry exploration that few other eastern locations can match, attracting hardy adventurers willing to earn their turns in pristine wilderness.

What truly distinguishes skiing in the Maine Highlands is the experience itself. Lift lines are rare, even on weekends. The pace is relaxed, the crowds are absent, and the atmosphere emphasizes the pure joy of sliding on snow rather than the resort amenities and social scene that dominate destination skiing.

Local ski areas often feature warming lodges with wood stoves, basic cafeterias serving hearty comfort food, and a friendly, welcoming vibe where regulars greet each other by name. Lift tickets remain remarkably affordable compared to major resorts, making Highland skiing accessible to families and budget-conscious recreationalists.

The surrounding communities enhance the experience. Greenville, the gateway to Moosehead Lake and nearby skiing, offers cozy inns, local restaurants, and authentic Maine hospitality. Visitors can combine skiing with other winter activities, such as snowmobiling on the region's extensive trail network, ice fishing, or simply enjoying the profound quiet of a northern Maine winter.

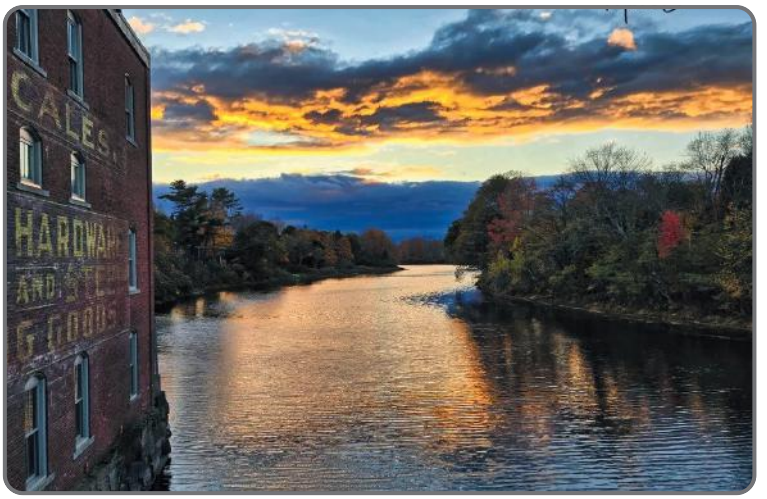
The Maine Highlands ski scene faces challenges common to smaller, regional ski areas: aging infrastructure, competition from larger resorts, and the uncertainties of climate change. Yet there's renewed interest in these mountains from skiers seeking alternatives to overcrowded destination resorts and from investors recognizing the region's potential.

Recent years have seen modest improvements at existing facilities and growing recognition of the Maine Highlands as a legitimate ski destination rather than a mere curiosity. As skiing culture evolves to value authenticity and sustainability alongside amenities and vertical feet, the Highlands' low-key, genuine character becomes an asset rather than a liability.

For those willing to venture beyond the beaten path, the ski slopes of the Maine Highlands offer something increasingly precious: a chance to experience winter sports as they once were, in places where mountains, snow, and community matter more than marketing and luxury. In an era of homogenized resort experiences, that's worth the journey north.

Connecting With Family History in Guilford, Maine.

By Marie Zhuikov



The Piscataquis River in Guilford at sunset.

As you may recall, for our epic New England Road Trip, in October Russ and I flew from our home in Duluth, Minnesota, to New York to visit Russ's family members there and in Connecticut, and then drove north, exploring sites connected with my mother's ancestors. Guilford, in the Maine Highlands, was the culmination of our trip and was the spot I'd been wanting to visit for over 15 years, ever since I did an internet search on my Herring ancestors and discovered that Robert Herring (my great-grandfather to the fifth power on my mother's side) was one of the founders of Guilford.

As if that weren't enough, Guilford was the original home of the Burt's Bees brand of personal care products infused with honey and beeswax. That company has since moved away and changed owners. Now, Guilford is home to a company that makes many of those cotton-tipped nose swabs that we all became too familiar with during the COVID epidemic.

Back when I made my discovery fifteen years ago, I was so excited that I wrote a history about Gilford's founding and sent it to their historical society. I see that it has since ended up in the University of Maine's Digital Commons! ("Early Town History: A Tale of Three Roberts.")

Privateers and a Deacon

My mother and her sisters compiled an extensive genealogy for our family before the era of computers. In it, they documented Robert Herring, his father Benjamin Herring, who was born in Gloucester, Massachusetts, in 1727, and his father Robert Herring, who immigrated from England in the early 1700s. But my mother and her sisters didn't know about the family's role in founding Guilford.

I found these ancestors interesting because Benjamin Herring was a Revolutionary War privateer who was buried at sea off Cape Sable Island, Nova Scotia. According to info I found on Wiki-Tree, Benjamin was the captain, and his ship's name was the Princeton. His son Robert was also a privateer, but according to research by one of my California cousins, he gave up that life, became a deacon in the Baptist Church, and headed inland with friend Robert Low to found Guilford. (There's some question about whether there was an "e" on the end of Robert Low's name. I'm leaving it off to minimize confusion with Robert Lowe Herring. But I'm pretty sure that RLH is named after Robert Low.) Robert Herring's son, Robert Lowe Herring, and his family followed soon after..

I let the Guilford Historical Society know about our trip, and their president and treasurer, Brian and Cindy Woodworth, were good enough to notify other Herring relatives and to open the museum for us during our two-day stay.

Before our museum visit, we had a delightful chat with some cousins, who are related to the original Bennett settlers of Guilford and to the Herrings. We met at the Guilford Bed and Breakfast, where we were staying. They gave me copies of helpful information about the Herrings and privateers.

By the way, if you ever stay in Guilford, the Bed and Breakfast is the place to go! The colonial Victorian is run by John and Lisa McNamara, new transplants from Georgia. They're also active members of the historical society and the community. They spoiled us with homemade gourmet breakfasts made to order. In the evenings, we enjoyed a cocktail in the inn's Hummingbird Lounge when we weren't curled up with a book in front of the library fireplace.

(Left) A photo of Robert Herring. On the back, it says "Robert Herring the 1st," so I assume this is Benjamin Herring's son, Robert, who was the privateer-turned deacon. The photo was taken in nearby Dover, Maine (now know as Dover-Foxcroft. (Right) Brian and Cindy Woodworth.

We ate other meals at the Red Maple Inn. If you want a taste of "real backwoods Maine" and superb service, that's the place!

Guilford Historical Society Museum

During our museum visit with Brian and Cindy, we were excited to meet a Herring cousin. She and I compared genealogical charts and figured out how we might be related. We were also happy to see the "mother's chair" at the museum. When Robert Lowe Herring brought his family from New Gloucester, Maine, to Guilford via ox cart, this was the chair his wife, Mary (Polly) Wagg

(GUILFORD, continued on page 12)

Skijoring in the Maine Highlands: Winter's Most Thrilling Partnership

By John McNamara

In the remote stretches of Maine's northern interior, where snow blankets the landscape for months and temperatures regularly plunge below zero, a unique winter sport has carved out a devoted following. Skijoring, the exhilarating activity of being pulled on skis by dogs or horses, has found an ideal home in the Maine Highlands, where vast expanses of pristine terrain and a hardy outdoor culture create the perfect conditions for this adrenaline-fueled pursuit.

The word "skijoring" comes from the Norwegian "skikjøring," meaning "ski driving," and the sport's Scandinavian roots run deep. Yet in the Maine Highlands, encompassing Piscataquis and Aroostook counties, skijoring has evolved into something distinctly regional, shaped by the area's geography, climate, and independent spirit. Here, where towns like Greenville, Millinocket, and Fort Kent serve as gateways to wilderness, skijoring represents more than recreation. It embodies the relationship between people, animals, and the unforgiving beauty of a northern winter.

The mechanics of skijoring are deceptively simple. A skier, equipped with cross-country or specialized skijoring skis, connects to one or more dogs or a horse via a towline. The animal provides the power while the skier steers, balances, and assists with momentum, particularly on uphills. What emerges is a dynamic partnership requiring trust, communication, and split-second coordination. When dog and skier move in perfect synchronicity across a snow-covered meadow or through a tunnel of frost-laden spruces, the experience transcends sport and becomes something closer to flight.

The Maine Highlands offer terrain ideally suited to the demands of skijoring. Abandoned logging roads wind through dense forests, providing miles of natural trails. Frozen lakes and ponds create vast skating rinks where teams can build serious speed. The region's reliable snowpack, which often arrives in November and lasts through March, ensures a long season. Unlike the groomed trails found at southern ski resorts, Highland terrain presents authentic backcountry challenges: sudden descents, tight corners through hardwood stands, and the occasional stream crossing that tests both nerve and skill.

Dog skijoring dominates the Maine Highlands scene, with enthusiasts typically using breeds bred for cold-weather work. Siberian Huskies, Alaskan Malamutes, and various northern breeds excel at the sport, their thick coats and powerful builds perfectly adapted to pulling through snow. Many participants use dogs that might otherwise compete in sled dog racing, finding skijoring an excellent way to maintain conditioning during off-season months. The sport requires fewer dogs than traditional mushing, making it more accessible to those without the space or resources for a full kennel.

Training begins with basic obedience and gradually introduces pulling commands. A good skijoring dog must respond reliably to "hike" (go), "gee" (right), "haw" (left), and "whoa" (stop), even when excitement runs high, and distractions abound. The best partnerships develop over seasons, as dog and skier learn each other's rhythms and capabilities. Experienced teams navigate trails with remarkable intuition, the skier reading the dog's body language to anticipate moves before they happen.

Safety considerations loom large in this demanding sport, particularly in the remote settings of the Maine Highlands. Temperatures that dip to minus twenty Fahrenheit require proper layering and awareness of frostbite risks. The isolation of many trails means self-sufficiency is essential. Skijorers carry basic repair kits for equipment, first aid supplies, and communication devices. They learn to read snow conditions, distinguishing between the secure base that allows confident speed and the treacherous crust that can catch ski edges or injure paws.

The social dimension of skijoring in the Maine Highlands adds depth to the individual experience. Informal groups meet regularly at popular trailheads, sharing route information and watching each other's runs. Annual races, like those occasionally held in conjunction with sled dog events, draw competitors from across the region. These gatherings celebrate not just competitive achievement but also the lifestyle itself—the commitment to outdoor activity when most sensible people stay indoors, the dedication to animal partnership, and the embrace of winter as a season to be lived fully rather than merely endured.

Environmental awareness threads through the Highland skijoring community. Participants recognize their dependence on intact winter ecosystems and often become advocates for trail preservation and wildlife habitat protection. The sport's low-impact nature appeals to those seeking outdoor recreation that doesn't require fossil fuels or resort infrastructure. A skijoring expedition leaves little trace beyond temporary ski and paw tracks, soon erased by the next snowfall.

As climate change increases winter weather variability, Highland skijorers watch conditions with particular concern. Warmer temperatures and ice storms can create hazardous trail surfaces. Shortened seasons compress the available window for training and recreation. Yet the sport's adaptability offers some resilience. Unlike downhill skiing's dependence on specific mountain geography, skijoring can migrate to wherever snow exists, following the cold north or to higher elevations as needed.

For those drawn to the Maine Highlands seeking an authentic winter experience, skijoring offers unmatched rewards. The sport demands physical fitness, cultivates patience through animal training, and provides access to landscapes rarely seen in their winter glory. It connects participants to heritage traditions while creating a thoroughly modern adventure. In a world increasingly mediated by screens and climate control, the raw immediacy of skijoring—the bite of wind, the rhythm of paws on snow, the blur of trees flashing past—offers something increasingly rare: unfiltered engagement with the natural world at its most elemental and beautiful.

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

The Talented Darren Day

By John McNamara

Maine offers some of the most beautiful scenery across four distinct seasons, which is no wonder that so many people visit from around the world. But when an artist packs their bags and decides to move to this wonderfully picturesque part of the world, you need to stop and take notice of them and their work.

One such artist is Darren Day of Guilford, Maine. Darren is part of the Guilford community in much the way I am: a transplant from a big city. Darren moved to Guilford from Chicago a few years ago with his partner, artist Tracey Padron. But Guilford is not where the story begins. Darren is a Chicago native who spent most of his career in commercial photography. When you see those delicious photos of food in magazines and billboards, you are looking at a prime example of commercial photography.

At the young age of nine, thanks to a twin-lens reflex camera his grandfather gave him, Darren knew that photography was his passion: seeing the world through a lens before letting others see it through his eyes. He would save up and use his allowance to buy photography books and film, teaching himself everything he could about the art. Initially, Darren photographed his friends: everyday people doing everyday things.

"My first roll of film was just the foreheads of my friends," says Darren when he recalls leaning to use a different kind of camera. It was more difficult than the standard point-and-shoot, but Darren learned, and with each next roll, his skills improved. Unfortunately, Darren did not save any of that first roll of film. At that young age, he never thought he would become a professional photographer or an artist. But that first roll of film would make for a pretty cool exhibit today, especially when paired with the stunningly beautiful work Darren creates these days.

In his commercial photography days, his focus was on food, and unlike many in the industry who photograph food that has been prepped, plumped, and puffed up to look delicious, Darren photographed food the moment it came out of the kitchen. He preferred to capture the true essence of the subject. He wanted his work to reflect real food—the food we would see on our table.

I had already assumed that much of the food and drink I saw in television commercials and magazines was fake, and it was nice to hear Darren confirm my suspicions. It is easier to photograph that kind of subject, Darren tells me. But he always preferred the challenge of photographing real food as it was prepared. He kept it honest.

Today, retired from commercial photography, Darren has turned his focus to painting with light. Light painting, which is also known as light drawing or light art performance photography, is a photographic technique that involves moving a light source while taking long-exposure photographs.

(*DAY, continued on page 10*)

Happy What?

By Walter Boomsma

My favorite quote from Anne of Green Gables expresses one of Anne's important discoveries.

"Every day is a new day with no mistakes in it." - Anne Shirley

If we are kindred spirits, dare we say the same of every year?

"Every year is a new year with no mistakes in it!" - Walter Boomsma

I suspect that some have already added "yet" to my version of the quote. Rationalizing that I'm a realist, I was tempted myself. Anne didn't. She was committed to an imaginative view of life. She saw each day as an opportunity to leave past errors behind and embrace possibilities. Each day is about resilience and renewal. For Anne, each day is about embracing the present and living in the moment.

When we move from the clock to the calendar, it's easy to lose that view.

When December 31 rolls around, we look ahead; we also tend to look backward. As one year ends and another begins, media outlets will write "the year in review," and some will sing "Auld Lange Syne," perhaps without wondering what it means. (It's Scottish in origin, suggesting "let's drink to days gone by...," indeed an appropriate toast for the beginning of a new year, although there's really nothing about the song suggesting it was written for that purpose.)

Now, I don't mean to mix drinking and driving, but since we're talking about looking, I'd like to point out that rearview mirrors are much smaller than windshields. That says something about perspective. Where should we focus as we approach the new year? What's ahead or what's behind?

Joel Weldon is a highly respected motivational speaker best known for his "Success Comes in Cans" presentations. He suggests, "Jet pilots don't use rearview mirrors."

The truth lies somewhere between looking in the mirror and looking out the windshield, between the past and the future. The world doesn't magically change when the clock strikes twelve on New Year's Eve. I've long ago given up waiting for that magical moment with party hats, noisemakers, champagne, off-key singing, hugging, and kissing. Any excuse for a party, right?

The challenge with using a rearview mirror is that it's easy to fall into a "subtractive" mindset, romanticizing what was and what we miss. Without realizing it, we forget about the windshield. If you can stand another quote–this one not so famous–I'll share the background first. It's from an old television program. A distraught man was sharing his feelings with his therapist as he paced around the room. He happened to stop before the window.

"I just realized what my problem is... I've been looking in the mirror when I should have been looking out the window."- Anonymous Mental Health Patient

So, I'm not going to ask you about your resolutions–that's looking out the windshield. I'm not going to ask you what the best thing that happened to you last year was–that's looking in the rearview mirror. I won't even wish you a happy New Year.

I will ask you to do this. Remember that life is full of uncertainties and unknowns. But it's not just about where you've been or where you're going. It's not just about what's happened to you or what's going to happen to you.

Life is about being.

Grab a cup of kindness and celebrate that!

Should old acquaintance be forgot
And never brought to mind?
Should old acquaintance be forgot
In the days of auld lang syne?

For auld lang syne, my dear
For auld lang syne
We'll drink a cup of kindness yet
For the sake of auld lang syne

And surely, you will buy your cup
And surely, I'll buy mine!
We'll take a cup of kindness yet
For the sake of auld lang syne

We two who've paddled in the stream
From morning sun 'til night
The seas between us roared and swelled
Since the days of auld lang syne

For old acquaintance be forgot
And never brought to mind
Should old acquaintance be forgot
For the sake of auld lang syne?

For old acquaintance be forgot
And never brought to mind
Should old acquaintance be forgot
In the days of auld lang syne?

For auld lang syne, my dear
For auld lang syne
We'll drink a cup of kindness yet
For the sake of auld lang syne

Source: Musixmatch
Songwriters: Traditional
Auld Lang Syne lyrics

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*Walter Boomsma is an educator, writer, and the author of **Small People—Big Brains**. With a background in teaching and public speaking, he blends practical wisdom with a deep appreciation for lifelong learning. His work often explores themes of personal growth, communication, and community engagement, encouraging readers to think differently and discover meaning in everyday experiences. Through his writing and outreach, Walter strives to spark conversations that lead to understanding, empathy, and positive change.*

Beware of Turtle Crossing

This new year is getting off to an interesting start for the McNamara family. Jack (our 16-year-old son) has his driver's license and a very busy schedule. He's in a new phase of his life, he is growing and spreading his wings, and starting to build the foundation of his own life story—the story where his parents (John and I) are not the stars but simply extras. It is a natural process we knew would happen, but it's also every parent's dread, because he is still very much the star of our story.

We are trying to facilitate his new independence by letting him take our second car to school and drive himself to his afterschool activities. This leaves me with a very short walk to work. I joke that I listen to half a song on the way to work, and the other half on my way home. The team I work with asked me last summer if I was going to continue walking to work during the winter months, and I answered with a firm "YES! It's only across the street."

So here we are in the middle of winter! It's been very cold and snowy, and up until now, I have continued to insist that I wasn't bothered by any of it. That all came to a full stop last week. The temperature was actually nice for this time of year; it had warmed to the upper thirties, and things were melting a little. It was raining, but that didn't bother me; in fact, it gave me a false sense of security because I could see the puddles and believed the roads were finally ice and snow-free. I was so confident that I even wore my AirPods, thinking I was safe to tune into music and not have to focus on my footing. I happily made it to the end of our driveway, dodging a few icy spots but nothing too alarming, and I thought for sure the street would be no issue since they are regularly plowed, salted, and sanded.

As I stepped onto the road, I spotted our friendly neighbor, who often walks the area and is very familiar with Maine's elements. We waived, and both mocked the conditions as slippery. That's when I noticed he wasn't mocking but signaling that the roads were indeed slick. VERY SLICK! The situation turned scary very quickly. Our house sits on a hill, and I didn't realize how steep it was until I was standing on it, covered in thick ice, as the rain created a small river running down it. So here I am, standing on nature's slip and slide, with my bags for the day, my umbrella, and music blasting in my ear. It was incredible how quickly I went from carefully walking on ice to an out-of-control run on the ice to a dive into the snow bank on the side of the road. (I can celebrate a minor victory, that nothing was broken on me, or what I was carrying.) So with the umbrella still overhead and bags clinging to my elbows, I managed to kind of skoot back, away from the snow embankment. The best way I can describe it is that I looked like a turtle stuck in the road. I could not get my footing to stand up. I was going to have to figure out a way to get to the bottom of the hill and make it to the main road. So I begin to use my hands to paddle down the hill, an inch at a time, occasionally picking up speed on the ice. Then I thought, what would happen if I got too much momentum and shot out into the busy road ahead? Then I had a memory of an ad I saw in the local newspaper when we first moved to Guilford. It was a warning about slowing down for turtle crossings. I laughed at the ad at the time, thinking how sweet a community that was concerned for turtles, never realizing I would become that turtle! I was really starting to wonder how I was going to escape this predicament?!?!

That's when my miracle rescue happened. Out of nowhere, a small red SUV appeared. The driver and his daughter rolled the window down and asked if I needed help. I had absolutely no hesitation. YES! I needed help. The young girl, I am guessing, was about 12 years old, kindly got out of the car, like a trained EMT, gently lifted me off the ground, and held onto me as I made my way into the car. I have never been so glad to have assistance from a stranger. They asked if they could give me a ride to my destination. I proudly pointed to the building in front of us. My hero asked, "You're going across the street?" All I could do was smile.

I tried telling my story to John and Jack. They were less than impressed and had only one question: "Why didn't I put down the umbrella and use it for a walking stick?" It was a good question, and I didn't answer it because I think the answer "I spent a lot of time drying my hair, and I didn't want to get frizzy" would garnish the sympathy I was looking for. Somehow I thought squatting in the road with an umbrella over head, looking like a trapped turtle, was more dignified than having frizzy hair?

By the way, the only thing harmed was my ego. And there was a lesson on nature's slip and slide. Jack is becoming a young adult and is gaining and seeking more independence. I, on the other hand, am getting to a point in life where accepting help is not only a necessity but makes life a lot easier.

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 john@theguilfordregister.com

Cold Girlfriend

A murder-mystery-adolescent, humor (in two parts)
By Dana Green

Chapter 1: She Looked Amazing

In 1970, I was a sophomore in high school. I suffered my first episode of heartbreak. During an unexpected Thanksgiving snowstorm, I found out my first girlfriend, Kandy, spelled with a "K," preferred Jerry, the Main Street Sunoco "Grease Monkey." He had a cool car.

I figured she would move on after football season. The Halloween frosty chill of riding on the back of my '67 Bridgestone motorcycle sealed the deal. She was not the type to wear black, ankle-high biker boots while trick-or-treating. Not her. She preferred to wear frilly dresses with matching fancy shoes and expensive handbags.

The last time I saw her she had a "million-dollar smile" on her Maybelline mascara smeared face. She had arrived in Jerry's heated car wearing a London Fog thigh-high coat. He escorted her arm-in-arm up the front granite steps of our high school. She had dainty shoes covering her bare feet. She looked amazing.

Maine winters have ruined more teenage relationships than a forehead covered in acne. I didn't blame her. She would never be caught dead in a pair of LL Bean winter boots. Not her. No sirree, Bob. Absolutely not!

Chapter 2: Frozen Stiff

During Christmas break, I kept myself busy meeting my cadre of friends on the Kennebec River inlet for holiday "Frog Pond" ice hockey. Our gang played slap-shot hockey 10 a.m.— "on the nose"—me and my best friend, Timmy, did the snow shoveling duties.

That winter we seemed to get four to six inches of fresh snow every couple of days. My dad was famous for saying after a Maine blizzard of snow, "We got ourselves some snow, my boys, grab a couple of shovels. That driveway won't clear itself. No rest for the wicked." I had a problem with dad's "my boys" reference. My younger brother was only five years old. Glenn's snow shoveling skills were extremely limited to say the least. He tended to shovel one square yard that took him fifteen minutes. He would then stick his shovel in the snowbank and announce, "I quit." He would go inside the house and make faces at me through the living room window while drinking hot chocolate. He had the gall of a "cold banker's heart."

Timmy, my closest friend ever, would come over to my place at 8 o'clock sharp after a snowfall. My mother fed us pancakes or French toast with a bowl of bananas smothered with Steel Cut Quaker oatmeal. Yummy oats in my tummy — oh, such a delicious, wintery breakfast.

When Timmy said his belly was "full and happy," we armed my toboggan with shovels, hockey sticks, thermoses with hot chocolate and skates. We walked the two blocks to the frog pond. I should say we waddled in our LL Bean boots and snowsuits. Timmy and I always got the shoveling done before the two four-man teams had their Gordie Howe ice skates laced up.

A couple of the older guys on our opposing team were always ready to play "bust-them-in-the-chops" hockey. Yeah, I know what you're 'thinkin.' You have seen my toothy smile. I lost my front teeth the previous winter. I duck, bob, and weave better now. My two capped, pearly white front teeth do look nice. Don't you agree? My mom had to get a second job to pay for 'em.

That winter, on the first Saturday of our school vacation, Timmy and I were shoveling and singing "off color" limericks like a couple of fools. As we crossed the spray-painted center line of our hockey rink, it was 9:36. I cleared a shovelful of white-crispy powder and scraped the ice clear for smooth skating. Looking down to admire my work, I saw her face staring back at me. Her mouth was wide open and full of murky brown pond water. Her eyes were pleading with frozen tears. Her "Maybelline" mascara had crevices that had turned a chestnut brown like the frog pond scummy ice water. No hockey today. Kandy Lee Kingman was "frozen stiff."

Timmy looked down at her, crossed his heart, and looked skyward. He said, "Dana, my altar boy buddy, she is dead." Timmy is what we native Mainers call, "a fast learner."

Chapter 3: My Best Friend, Timmy

Timmy and I have been best friends since the fourth grade. He is a year younger than me, but that never mattered to either of us. Timmy and I had jobs. We were professional Catholic altar boys. Our parish priest had us work all the religious holy days. Fr. Rancourt saw to it that we got the best paying gigs. You know, weddings and funerals. Funerals paid the best. Timmy's clean up role after the funerals included wiping clean the priest's drinking chalice. Ten-year-old Timmy, my understudy at the time, on one occasion swallowed the wine lurking in the bottom of the goblet. When the wine reached his belly, he raised his hands above his head and declared he could bless the congregation. Hallelujah! You guessed it. He got sick all over his robe and shoes. Not cool.

When not saving the local sinners from going to hell, we liked whiffle ball, baseball, flag football, fishing, and riding our stingray bikes. On summer days, Timmy and I would carry my Old Town canoe across the street down the path to the frog pond waterway. Mark Twain would be proud of how "we local river rat boys" skirted our way out into the shoreline of the Kennebec River dropping dad's 25 lb. anchor down 12 feet (one twain) into the soft river soil. We would fish for trout and salmon. There was this one afternoon when I caught an eighteen-inch eel. Took it home for my mother to cook. I placed it in the bottom of her kitchen sink. She screamed bloody murder and demanded I get that fish out of her kitchen. She followed that up with ... I will give you the good Christian version ... "Dana, take that damn thing back to where you found him." No sushi for me.

(GIRLFRIEND, continued on page 11)

(DAY, continued from page 6)

This method allows artists to create images by "painting" with light in a dark environment. This technique, which dates back to 1899, when Étienne-Jules Marey and Georges Demeny used early versions, produces some stunning works of art. Even Pablo Picasso was known to use the light painting technique, using a flashlight to create some of his drawings.

For the last year or two, Darren has been working on a series of still lifes of antique tools, photographed using the light-painting technique. These images look like paintings and are even more beautiful in person. Part of this collection can be viewed at the Gallery Store in Monson, Maine, and his work is also on permanent display at The Quarry restaurant in Monson.

Today, Darren works exclusively with digital photography, but does minimal editing because he believes in preserving the original quality and authenticity of film photography. Instead of shooting and doing extensive digital editing, Darren painstakingly creates the stage for his image, including building and painting backdrops, so that every part of his work is original and unique, and then he takes the photo.

Looking ahead, Darren wants to step outside of the studio and capture the beauty of Maine's natural surroundings. It will be very different from spending hours setting up the perfect shot; instead, it will rely on the imperfections of the real world to create new art. To be successful, Darren will use High Dynamic Range (HDR) photography, which involves capturing multiple images of the same scene at different exposure levels and combining them to create a single image that retains detail in both the shadows and highlights.

When not looking through a lens, Darren is experimenting with a lathe and creating beautiful wooden wine glasses. Of course, he has been combining his two favorite retirement hobbies by photographing his lathe creations. He enjoys taking a log and transforming it into art, slowly shaving off layers to produce something unique.

If you would like to see any of Darren's work, visit the Gallery Shop in Monson or check out his photography work online at **www.facebook.com/darrendayphotography** and you can see his woodworking online at **www.facebook.com/dayswoodturnin**.

(GIRLFRIEND, continued from page 9)

followed that up with … I will give you the good Christian version … "Dana, take that damn thing back to where you found him." No sushi for me.

When the blustery weather moved in and the snowy season began in its mighty earnest, I would make my way to Timmy's house for mischievous fun and games. He lived five blocks away. In his living room we would assemble and paint 1950s plastic model cars or play card games like crazy eights, hearts, and spades. We both experienced our first brush with drugs making model cars. The modeling glue would get us sky high, and we would drift off to sleep. I woke up once with my face glued to the tailgate of a 1954 Chevy pickup. Not cool. Timmy's mom, Ethel, had to pry it off my cheek. Ouch!

When Timmy came over to my place we would go to my dad's cellar of fun-and-games. I had a 7 ½ foot felt covered semi-pro pool table, dart board layout, foosball table, dad's custom-made Michigan Rummy table, and a colored television to watch college football games.

I played a mean game of eight ball. My dad taught me cue ball spinning tactics, combination ball shot making and multi-cushion angle techniques. Timmy and I partnered up against the neighborhood locals for winter afternoon pool tournaments. Mom made the popcorn; Timmy held his own and I finished 'em off. We were a troublesome twosome.

The Frozen Four Ice Hockey Season began on December 20 and would last until the end of March. Timmy and I and four to six other "rink-rats" played on the Kennebec River tributary. It was situated across the street from my house. I painted a sign and nailed it to a big one-hundred-foot-tall pine tree. It declared for all to see, "Welcome to The Green Point Frog Pond Ice Hockey Rink." Dad made me two PVC-plastic pipe goalie setups. The "lobster trap netting" snagged slap shots from the heavy hitters. The goalie setups were lightweight and easy to drag back and forth on my toboggan. Nuff said.

Chapter 4: Timmy "The Wizard" Thompson

"The Wizard" and I did have prior real-world experience as downeast detectives. Our school yard training would come in handy in solving my dead ex-girlfriend's cold case murder. We read all the Encyclopedia Brown detective books. Our three favorites were "Tracks Them Down, Takes the Case and The Midnight Visitor."

My dog eared paperback of Encyclopedia Brown's The Case of the Midnight Visitor aided me and Timmy in devising a plan on how to solve Kandy Lee Kingman's murder. Step one began on the morning I walked over to Timmy's house for us to go serve at the funeral of our corner convenience store owner, Mr. Big Al Veneziano. Timmy pulled up a chair for breakfast at 7:30 a.m. and announced to his mother, "I woke up at midnight and had an epiphany." His mom, our third-grade teacher, was so proud of her Timmy. Big word, huh. Go look it up. Oh, hell, I'll tell ya. It means — a sudden moment of revelation. We altar boys speak in forked tongues. I meant to say — it is "when you get a sudden insight or a moment of understanding." I know what you're thinkin,' Chummy. Yup, that is much clearer. Clear as frog pond water? Well, less murky. That is a bit of Maine humor.

Anyhow, Timmy knew where and how to find the next clue in our Encyclopedia Brown: The KLK Case. (That is Kandy Lee Kingman for those of you taking notes.)

To be continued next month…

(GUILFORD, continued from page 4)

sat on for the week-long trip. The chair was then passed down through the family and later donated to the historical society. I got to actually touch this piece of history!

My newfound cousin showed us Herring photos that I had not seen before. Afterward, she drove with us to the cemetery was in town and showed us where some Herring graves were located. Then we parted. Russ and I drove to Guilford Center and toured the cemetery and Baptist church there. This is where the family first settled. We also drove across Lowe's Bridge, a covered bridge named after Robert Low), and past Herring Brothers Meats store, which the family owns. We even took a walk along the Piscataquis River where Robert Lowe Herring built a sawmill. (I learned the hard way from locals that the river's name is pronounced pis-CAT-a-qwis not PIS-cat-a-qwis.)

(Above) The Guilford Bed & Breakfast, Guilford, Maine. (Below) Lowe's Bridge in Guilford. It's been rebuilt a time or two due to flooding.

Lowe's Bridge in Guilford. It's been rebuilt a time or two due to flooding. Both Robert Lowe Herring and his father had eleven children each. Robert Lowe Herring died in 1847, about a year after the heartbreak of seeing his youngest son,Alvin, die in a tree-felling accident.

Historical accounts (Sprague's Journal of Maine History) say that Robert Lowe Herring was "well-fitted for pioneer work. Robust in mind and body, no combination of obstacles and hard labor changed his course once he determined upon the accomplishment of a certain purpose. He enjoyed overcoming difficulties-the greater they were, the greater his satisfaction when they were surmounted. The sight of suffering, in man or beast, moved him to tears. No one was ever turned from his door unwarmed or unfed. No neighbor in difficulty or distress ever appealed to him in vain for aid."

I found another good story about Robert Lowe Herring in the History of Piscataquis County. It involves his neighbor, Ephriam Andrews. This poor neighbor was "afflicted with a morbid and partially insane state of mind . . . Although surrounded with good neighbors, he would drive his plow team all day with an axe on his shoulder, fearing that some of them would take his life." Ephriam was a Revolutionary War veteran, so it could be that his mental health issues stemmed from that experience.

Herring Brothers Meat shop in Guilford, Maine.

Ephriam's sons regarded him as dangerous. They "prepared a small cage and shut him in. But he was marvelously ingenious in contriving and making escapes. They would capture him and force him back, and this would aggravate his insanity and rage."

The breaking point came one spring in 1814 when Ephriam escaped. His sons surrounded him, trying to recage him. "He had armed himself with a small axe, and brandishing it, bade them stand off at their peril. But his youngest son, Samuel, then about fourteen years old, not believing that he would strike, daringly pressed up. The enraged father struck him a full blow in the face with the edge of the axe – nearly a fatal stroke."

Ephriam was then jailed. His son recovered but carried an ugly scar the rest of his life. After being released from jail, Ephriam's wife left him. The one person he seemed to trust was Robert Lowe Herring. Ephriam gave him all his property, and Robert let him live with him and his family. The arrangement seemed to work.

"There he had a good home, lived in listless ease, and sought his own entertainments. . . He died suddenly on his ninetieth birthday in Mr. Herring's house."

(MARIE, continued on page 14)

The History of Parkman, Maine: From Wilderness to Small-Town Charm

By John McNamara

Nestled in the hills of Piscataquis County in central Maine, the town of Parkman represents a quintessential New England story—one of pioneering spirit, agricultural determination, and the enduring character of rural Maine life. Though small in population, Parkman's history spans over two centuries and reflects the broader narrative of Maine's development from frontier wilderness to established community.

The land that would become Parkman was originally part of a vast wilderness inhabited by indigenous peoples, primarily the Penobscot and other Wabanaki tribes, who had traversed these forests and waterways for thousands of years. European settlement in this interior region of Maine came relatively late, as early colonists focused primarily on coastal areas.

The town was incorporated on February 27, 1822, carved from portions of neighboring towns during a period of rapid municipal organization in Maine, which had just gained statehood in 1820. Parkman was named after Samuel Parkman, a Boston merchant and one of the original proprietors who held land grants in the area. Like many Maine towns of this era, Parkman's establishment was driven by land speculation and the promise of agricultural opportunity in the newly accessible interior regions.

The earliest settlers who arrived in Parkman in the early 1800s faced formidable challenges. Dense forests covered the landscape, and these pioneers had to clear land laboriously by hand to create farmable fields. The work was backbreaking—felling massive trees, removing stumps, and breaking ground that had never seen a plow. Early homes were typically log cabins, and families survived through subsistence farming, hunting, and remarkable self-sufficiency.

By the mid-nineteenth century, Parkman had developed into a primarily agricultural community. Farms produced hay, grain, and vegetables, while dairy farming became increasingly important. The rocky New England soil required persistent effort, but generations of farmers coaxed productivity from the land. Sheep farming also flourished during certain periods, particularly when wool prices were favorable.

The town's population peaked in the latter half of the nineteenth century, when rural communities throughout Maine were at their most populous. At its height, Parkman supported several small businesses, including mills, general stores, and blacksmith shops that served the farming population.

As Parkman matured, community institutions developed to serve residents' social, educational, and spiritual needs. One-room schoolhouses dotted the landscape, providing basic education to children who often had to walk considerable distances in all weather. The town also established churches that became central gathering places, serving not just religious functions but also operating as social hubs where community bonds were strengthened.

Town meetings embodied New England's tradition of direct democracy, where citizens gathered to debate and decide on local matters—a tradition that continues today. These meetings addressed everything from road maintenance to school budgets to regulations governing livestock.

The late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries brought significant changes to Parkman, as they did to rural Maine generally. The westward expansion of American agriculture, combined with the industrial revolution's pull toward cities, led to a steady decline in population. Young people are increasingly leaving for opportunities in urban centers or more prosperous agricultural regions. Between 1880 and 1920, many Maine hill towns saw their populations drop by half or more.

Parkman was not immune to these trends. Farms were abandoned, and some land reverted to forest. The town's economy contracted, though those who remained maintained a resilient agricultural tradition, adapting to changing markets and modern farming techniques as the twentieth century progressed.

Today, Parkman remains a small, rural town with a population hovering around 800 residents. While agriculture continues, particularly dairy and beef cattle operations, the town's economy has diversified. Many residents commute to work in larger nearby communities, and Parkman has attracted people seeking the peace and beauty of rural Maine life.

The town maintains its traditional New England character, with modest homes, white-steepled churches, and winding country roads. Community events and volunteer efforts remain central to life in Parkman, reflecting the neighborly spirit that has always characterized small Maine towns.

Parkman's history mirrors that of countless rural Maine communities—a story of ambitious settlement, agricultural perseverance, adaptation to economic change, and the quiet dignity of people committed to their hometown. While it never became a bustling center, Parkman's two centuries of history demonstrate that significance isn't measured in size but in the generations of families who have called this corner of Piscataquis County home. The town stands as a testament to rural Maine's enduring appeal and the continuing value Americans place on small-town community life.

(MARIE, continued from page 12)

Can you imagine having a would-be axe murderer living in your house?! It says a lot about Robert's character that Ephriam trusted him and that no more physical harm ensued, even though Ephriam's "evil spirit would at times return."

Ancient Family History

One of my Guilford cousins directed me to a book in the museum (Connor Genealogy) that contained information about Herring ancient history. This info was compiled byMenzies Herring, a family genealogist who lived in Massachusetts years ago, andJerome Campbell Herring. Menzies used to mail questionnaires to Herring relatives across the country and perhaps that's where he learned the history.

The family supposedly originated in Denmark. (My note: possibly in a town with a name that sounds like "herring," which could either be Herning or Hjørring). They became Viking raiders and eventually settled in Normandy. A Herring ancestor was a "commander" in the Norman Navy under Rollo, the Norman chief who became the first Duke of Normandy. As such, this Herring was given the Norman title of Viscount. Generations later, another Viscount Herring supported William the Conqueror, who sailed from Normandy and overthrew the English King Harold II during the Battle of Hastings in 1066. Viscount Herring then remained in England to help William hold onto his new kingdom. He was then given the English title of Baronet.

That's where the ancient history stops. It agrees with my genetic testing, which indicates Nordic ancestry in the distant past and then more recent ancestry from France and the British Isles. In recent research, I have found a number of Herrings on the British Peerage website; however, it appears that the records only go back to the early 1600s. These Herrings are associated with Lambeth Palace in London, and one Herring (Thomas Edward) was even the Archbishop of Canterbury (head of the church in England). Looks like I'll need to do some sleuthing!

The Herrings in Minnesota

Getting back to the Maine Herrings, my branch of them ended up in Minnesota after Robert Lowe Herring's daughter, Charlotte, married William Weymouth. They migrated with their daughter,

Our bedroom at The Guilford Bed & Breakfast.

Olive, to Ripon, Wisconsin, perhaps for the opportunity of timber or their own farmland. Olive married a Mainer named John Andrew Potter, and they were one of the pioneer founding families of Springfield, Minnesota, where my mother was born a few generations later. The family was known for their Hereford cattle breeding operation, and they owned the Potter Stockyards in Springfield.

I don't know if we'll ever have the chance to return to Guilford, but I was so thankful for this opportunity to connect more with my family's history and to meet "new" relatives. After two days in Guilford, we drove to Bangor and then flew home. This eleven-day trip was epic on so many levels, and I'm a different person because of it.

The Herring "Mother's Chair."

William the Conqueror (Image courtesy of History on the Net.)

Conclusion

I felt the most "at home" in Maine. That's probably because the landscape is similar to Minnesota's. It's wilder and has more "natural" nature than states like Connecticut or Vermont. The land just "is" and doesn't seem like it's been specially preserved as natural. However, Maine and its kind people have a hardscrabble existence. Social challenges like drugs and poverty show in the houses and the people. There's an underlying feel that the state is more like one portrayed in a Stephen King novel than a cozy seaside mystery novel.

I enjoyed reconnecting with Russ's relatives and seeing sites related to his family. He feels a bit bad that his family didn't found a bunch of towns like mine did, but I remind him that my ancestors made it here about a hundred years earlier than his. There were more opportunities to found towns then.

Seeing the sites involved in the beginning of our country has driven home the values that went into the conflicts. I've vowed to do what I can to uphold those values and continue the legacies my ancestors began.

This trip also brought a whole new meaning to my traditional holiday dish of pickled herring. (For some strange reason, Russ doesn't share my delight in this culinary delicacy.) I have an enhanced appreciation for it now that I know more about my Herring ancestors.

That's it. The trip's done, finally! But the effects will reverberate for years to come, I'm sure.

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

WILDERNESS SLED DOG RACE
February 7, 2026

Join us for an Iconic 60-mile and 35-mile races, a 4-mile four-dog sprint, plus our 1-dog skijor races in the scenic Moosehead Lake region. Take the challenge and run on some of the most beautiful trails in the Northeast, or come out to cheer on the mushers!
Learn more at ***www.100milewildernessrace.org***

PISCATAQUIS RADAR RUN
February 28, 2026

Get ready for the thrill of the speed trap! We are back for our 5th Annual Radar Run on February 28th, and it's going to be our biggest year yet. Whether you're looking to set a new personal best or just want to see what your machine can do, this is the place to be. Join us at the Charles A. Chase Jr. Memorial Field in Dover-Foxcroft, starting at 7AM.
Learn more at ***www.centralmaineracingfoundation.com***

MAINE MAPLE SUNDAY
March 21-22, 2026

Maine maple producers will be hosting the 43rd annual Maine Maple Sunday weekend. Spring is a great time to get out and enjoy the great State of Maine and everything that it has to offer, including Maine Maple Syrup. Most sugarhouses offer maple syrup samples and demonstrations on how pure Maine maple syrup is made.
Learn more at ***www.mainemapleproducers.com***

MOOSEHEAD MARATHON
April 26, 2026

Run through the heart of Maine's wilderness and discover what you're truly made of. Moosehead Marathon and Half awaits you on April 26, 2026. Join us for a race through one of Maine's most picturesque regions—the heart of Greenville, along the stunning shores of Moosehead Lake. Whether you're racing the full marathon or the half, this event will take you on a memorable journey through scenic landscapes and charming local landmarks.
Learn more at ***www.mooseheadmarathon.com***

PISCATAQUIS FARMERS MARKET
Saturdays 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

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


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