Flying High : August 1978

Follow this and additional works at: http://digitalcommons.portlandlibrary.com/peaks_local_printed

Recommended Citation
http://digitalcommons.portlandlibrary.com/peaks_local_printed/8

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the Peaks Island Archives at Portland Public Library Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Local Printed Material by an authorized administrator of Portland Public Library Digital Commons. For more information, please contact campbell@portland.lib.me.us.
"WE CAN LIFT OURSELVES OUT OF IGNORANCE,
WE CAN FIND OURSELVES AS CREATURES
OF EXCELLENCE AND INTELLIGENCE & SKILL.
WE CAN BE FREE!
WE CAN LEARN TO FLY!"

from Richard Bach's
JONATHAN LIVINGSTON SEAGULL
"Flying High"—Origin

by Vicky Roberts

As I'm trying to think of a way of explaining my reasons for doing this newspaper, I'm sitting in a sheltered hollow, on the beach, on this beautiful, windy day, thinking—"How Great It Is!" I'm looking out to sea, and feeling as though I'm "Flying High!"

I'd like to share some of myself, my thoughts, my feelings with you, and I'd like to offer you my services to produce this Newspaper, with yourselves, your feelings, your thoughts, too!

We all need to communicate with one another more—we all need to experience more of what others are experiencing.

I feel this Newspaper could serve a means for us all to do this—this will be a resource, available to all, and shared by us all. It can be ours if you'd like it to be!

This first issue has what I feel to be the start of a new venture for us all. Please read it and enjoy it, it's by your neighbors and friends—what better place is there to find ourselves than amongst ourselves!

Please feel free to call me, if you have an article or poem or drawing you'd like us to share.

(P.S.—all things submitted can be acknowledged, or signed—Anonymous.)

Due To My Low Budget, I Must Xerox This First Issue—My Apologies—I Hope To Print The Next Issue!

THE NEXT ISSUE TO BE OUT—FIRST OF SEPTEMBER

A Big Thank You for Helping Me Put Out This Issue Goes To:

Carol Gorham-Child Entertainer
Betty Mcintyre, Art Work;
Stan Butkus, Return of Native;
Louise Hutt, First Impressions;
Sue Barlow, Weekly Voyage;
Anne Paris, Lake View
Denise Daniel, Drawing
Steve Roberts, Paste-Up Person
The first impression I got of Peaks Island was on a Hot August evening, someone had given me a bike and said, 'go for a ride'.

It was my first time on the Island; I didn't know my way around and even now, I can't remember which streets I rode on, but I do remember the sunset. It filled the whole sky with pink and orange, turned the ocean into a mirror of fire!

When I finally found my way back to the house, I swore I'd find a way to come back and live.

Now that I'm here, I find it's all I thought it would be. I usually judge a place by its night sounds.

The sounds one hears around dusk, when the first lamplight shines through the window, dishes being put into the cupboard, children running around the yard one last time before bed, someone practicing the piano, over and over, trying to get that one song perfect.

But mostly I listen for the laughter.

Laughter is what I see and hear a lot of as I walk around during the day. Once you know your way around, there are places and people which will always put a smile on your face. My favorite spot is the Post Office. I love to go in and ask for my mail, especially when I know it has already gone out. Or send a package and ask if I get a discount after so many pounds.

But mostly the daily shuffle brings warm hellos from everyone.

A past-time that can only be carried out on an Island is that of watching the 100 yard Dash. People can usually make that last 100 yards to the boat in 3 seconds, with a matter of Life and Death on their faces, which more times than not it is!

That feeling of "I got to catch that boat" gives people amazing confidence in their ability to run. I've been with people who have been up near the water tower, heard that whistle blow and said
"come on, we'll make it" and proceeded to run all the way and to my utter amazement make the boat! So when you sit and watch those last few come charging down the hill from all directions, never underestimate the distance they've run, and for safety's sake, stay out of their way!

So you see, my impression of Peaks Island is one of pleasure, and beauty. Everywhere you look, you either see beauty or hear it, from early sunrise, when the birds wake and greet the new day, until late at night after your neighborhood has all gone to sleep, you can hear the distant crashing of the waves, a bell tolling into the dark or an occasional fog horn, warning the ships at sea. The sounds you take for granted while you live here, and lie awake nights for hours listening to, when you're gone you wish you could hear them for one last time!

Poetry Section

We ask ourselves,
Where are we going?
Where have we been?
Why has it Stopped?
The searching nature
Of us all---

I don't know
Where we're going-
Where we've been-
But I do know
The searching nature
Of us all

Must go on,
Must Never Stop--

For We Can Find It All,
If we just keep searching...

Vicky Roberts

Please submit some of your poetic works--certainly you can take heart, after reading mine!
Lake View
by Anne Paris

I'm looking out at a lake on which there are three small boats (don't imagine your Casco Bay lobster boat), each with two passengers and an egg-shaped motor weighing down the stern. In each there is a man in the stern clad in a navy wind-breaker. Each boat is of the same design—a square stern, a rising prow. But there are differences, too. One boat is so close to the farther shore that its red color looks almost brown. The heads of the man and red sweatered woman seem to be passing beneath the brown shelf-like shore-line. Another boat is aluminum and angled so that the two figures in it almost merge into one two-pointed monstrosity! The third boat is disappearing behind a bush. The whole creates a picture for me of the nature of boat travel—its comparative smoothness, its open-to-the airedness—the way it arranges two people, facing one another at the distance between the fixed seats apart. I would love painting the scene with the tumbled arrangement of tall trees rising to the sky from behind lower lying shrubs. It all takes on importance and gathers intensity. The clouds, piled up into peaks, or broken off into islands or stirred into menacing quantities of froth and light—here, beaming, their throwing up shadows, it all fills me with a sense of the immense complexity but perfect acceptability of nature...

—How about some of you artists and sketchers out there attempting to draw this scene? I could run it in the next issue. Just remember it can be no bigger than legal size paper...
The Cover and
This Seagull

were done by Betty
McIntyre. She has
lived on the Island
for over 20 years,
and raised a lovely
family of six. Be-
sides raising her
family, she's always
found time to somehow
fit in having worked
at the Seaside Shop,
in years past, and
at present, works
at Harborvue. She
has also found time
to pursue an inter-
est which we're
pleased she found
she had. As you can
see from the cover
and this bird in
flight, she puts
much grace and style
into her drawing.

I think I speak for
us all in saying.
"Thank You", Betty,
for sharing this tal-
et with us, and hope
to see much more of
your work in the
near future...
Sue Barlow - Lady from town—she's turning into a part-time Islander—appeal of the Island is very strong... hopefully her weekly visits will continue—we need nice people like her--

Stan Butkus - As he states, he's returned, with his family, now—his article is an excellent account of the importance of our Island--

Denese Daniell - As you can see from her drawing, she's a person of detail and perfection—she's not been here too long, but since coming, plans to take us on—we're pleased—we need you--

Carol Gorham - She's but 10½, but the responsibility astounds me! I'm lucky, for it's because of her ability to entertain my 4 children I'm able to type this paper—I thank you!

Louise Hutt - Who hasn't met Louise! She's one of our guides to higher learning! She's waiting to help you at Peaks Island Library. We appreciate your writing as well--

Betty McIntyre - Her work says it all, as well as the write-up accompanying it--

Anne Paris - She's a special lady, who's no longer living here, physically, but who has certainly left her mark, spiritually... she's unique, and those who know her, know what I mean... she has much writing ability...I hope to interest her in sharing some of her works with us...
Weekly Voyage

It's a time to escape.
My clockwatching and pacing have no effect whatsoever on the ferry's methodical journey to Peaks Island and back. So I've come to enjoy my dependence and appreciate the time to relax on my weekly visits.

The people are a pleasant part of the trip. The Islanders going to town to work or shop, and hikers going out looking for a refuge from the heat of the city. There seems to be a bond of tolerance among the ferry travelers.

Most exciting, though, is the ocean's moody changes from day to day. At times, it is cheritable, guiding the ferry gently through golden waters, toasting it softly in pale sunshine and draping it with cooling wisps of mist. Ah, delightful it is on those days. At other times the sea is irritable and resents the ferry's cutting through its waters as though in pain by its crossing. It resists, bumping the boat about in frosty gray swells, heaping on mounds of fog as though to dissolve the craft and its passengers. With its changes and sameness the power of the sea is refreshing, uplifting in its clarity.

Then there is the Island itself with its neat homes and gardens. The sweet smells of grasses and flowers drift with the breeze. It's pleasant to walk, to get to where I'm going on foot. There is a sense of intimate community making each person important to the character of the Island.

It's the fantasy of it all, the seeming escape from the schedules and chores that are there just the same—the fantasy of being free and adventuring, of independence! That's part of the joy of the trip. So, I'll continue to take pleasure in my weekly crossings and cherish the afforded glimpse of the Island world and myself...

by Sue Barlow
Except for occasional weekend visits, returning to live full-time on Peaks Island after an absence of ten or more years is somewhat akin to the repatriation of U.S. prisoners of the Viet Nam War. It gives one the opportunity to notice the changes that have taken place all at once rather than as they occur a day at a time. It provides a unique vantage point, too, in being both a newcomer and an old-timer at the same time.

The first encounter with change came when registering our children at Peaks Island school. While it never seemed particularly overcrowded in early times and in comparison to the bursting-at-the-seams school most recently attended by our children, we and they both welcomed the change. It is a very happy and human place. The necessary (?) regimentation of a larger school is absent and children can learn in a non-competitive, nearly individualized environment. It is a comfortable way to learn. We are pleased with it.

Many of the local businesses have changed noticeably as well. John Feeney has reminded me that when he succeeded John Philippi, there were six or seven grocery stores and now there are only three. Chris and Sam Petersen no longer compete head-to-head with Meldeau and Sonny Whitten for our scarce petro dollars, having been replaced by Ralph Jackson and Lionel Plante. Gone into retirement or on to new challenges are several of our skilled tradesmen like Dickie Boyle and Eddie Cochran, but fortunately they have been replaced by young men with local roots, who understand the peculiarities of Island life and who try their hardest to extend that tradition.

One of the most striking aspects of returning here is the amount of building and renovation that has taken place. (My vision may be blurred by its scope because of my own dabbling). Ten years ago there was not a single house or cottage between the North and South Gates and now there are six if the observa-
The year-round population has seemed to increase markedly, but that may be the result of all the new faces on the boats that have replaced those who have left quietly or passed on. The infusion of new blood is a healthy thing; people have moved here by choice and are interested in the Island's future. We seem to be more organized than in the past, perhaps in self-defense against larger and more formidable governments at the federal and local levels. We are more eager to stand up for our rights and demand that our needs be met. In that way we are a reflection of the larger society, which may not have always been the case.

We have a Health Center which provides excellent on the spot health care with expert professional backup on the mainland. Dr. Swensen, Dr. Foggo, one or two practitioners of the healing arts whose names and faces have faded from my memory, are pleased I am sure.

There is a new public safety center on the way, expected to materialize on Portland pier this fall. We have easy access to the burgeoning downtown area and the nearby Civic Center shopping area, although it seems to grow all the time. A new sewer treatment facility is expected to materialize, but hopefully not a new transfer bridge, as those who say they are catching their share are becoming suspicious.

Casco Bay Lines has many new vessels, but things remain much the same, too little winter ferry service, and the perplexing summer surcharge.

Finally, there still do not seem to be any fishermen, no matter which of those who say they are catching their share become immediately suspicious. Yet the boats and traps have been bigger and more numerous. The Long Islanders are once again back on the mainland, one or two practitioners of the healing arts whose names and faces have faded from my memory, pleased I am sure.
threatening to deplete the stocks of lobsters in Trout Pond if they set their gear any closer to our shores. Perhaps we should invoke a two hundred foot limit.

It appears that that old saying, "the more things change, the more they stay the same" has some meaning here. For all of the obvious changes (some good, some bad), there is an amazing continuity when coupled with the new that make it a good place to live and raise a family. When living in different spots on this continent, I was often asked why I left Maine, its coast and something unique as an island. I could never supply them or myself with a satisfactory answer. So I am back, with reinforcements to find out why!

---

Meatless Moussaka

Have ready:
1/2 C raw brown rice, cooked (1 1/2 C)
1/3 C dry soybeans, cooked, seasoned, & pureed (1 C)

Saute & Set Aside:
- oil as needed
- 1 lg. eggplant, peeled & sliced
- salt & pepper

Saute:
- 2 Tbsp. butter
- 1 lg. onion, finely chopped

---

Too Custard

4 Tbsp. butter
3 Tbsp. whole wheat flour
2 C milk
2 eggs

1 C ricotta cheese or cottage cheese
blended smooth
nutmeg

Cont'd on back page
Make a cream sauce by melting 4 tbsp. of butter and blending in the flour, stirring with a wire whisk. Then stir in the milk gradually, and continue stirring over low heat until mixture thickens and is smooth. Remove from heat, cool slightly, and stir in the eggs, ricotta, and nutmeg.

Pour the sauce over all and bake about 45 minutes at 375°F, or until top is golden and knife comes out clean from the custard. Remove from oven and cool 20 to 30 minutes before serving. Cut into squares and serve.

NOTE: The flavor of this dish improves on standing one day. Reheat before serving. -Diet for a Small Planet-Frances M. Lappe