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Jenny Ruth Yasi

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Back-to-school, Peaks Island

our theme this month:
On being educated

also with coverage of BIW Strike, Portland Harbor news, fiction, creative nonfiction, poetry, and photos!
Editorial

Watching the World Going By

by Jenny Ruth Yasi

The public schools are profoundly political organizations. You wouldn’t go into a dictator ship, for example, and expect to find school where children have any input at all into their own cur riculum. You’d expect rules to be stringent and strictly enforced, desks lined up in little rows, a photo of the dictator on the wall, and a curriculum which perpetuates the dogma set forth by the ruling forces.

Likewise, you can’t go into a classroom in the U.S. without seeing some sign of our ruling forces.

It is reassuring to find more American classrooms where learners are free(er) to make choices - real choices - whether in the books they read, the technologies they employ, the issues they study. Rather than having lists to memorize, more of public education focuses on learning how to learn, and all the ways a student could apply small understandings to ever broader or more complex subjects. Maine’s learning results encourages students to “learn how to learn” so that they can become ever more independent learners, less reliant on an external leader, more able to find and create their own internal leadership, with lifelong strategies for learning whatever they want to learn.

Maine’s “Learning Results” isn’t simply a strategic device for curriculum development - it is a rather hopeful sign of an enlightening change in social/political attitudes. Where once differences were denied and minimized, in our society there are at least small movements being made to embrace our diversity. Where once teachers were the all powerful sage on the stage, they are beginning to see themselves as the guide on the side. What greater freedom can we offer a child than the ability to shape her/his own learning strategies in order to take advantage of all the unique ways that s/he learns best?

But we are all still learning how to learn, moving two steps forward, one step back. We fill our classrooms with expensive technology (we are a consumer society) but we are practically immobilized when it comes to passing out art and music supplies and books. My daughter rents her violin, I buy her magic markers. The creative and expressive arts are not supplemental to education - they are the foundations of self-knowledge. Although our society is currently computer and technology obsessed (addicted?), we cannot truly show awareness of each child’s special needs and interests without giving them the fullest access to the finest tools of human expression - access to the fine arts.

You can just stare in the doorway of any classroom, and get a snapshot of what is going on in our world. These are the peculiarities of the things I check out: How many new computers are in the classroom, versus how many really wonderful new books? Is more than one language being taught and supported visually? How often are students allowed literally and metaphorically speaking of curriculum, to make up their own songs? Is the energy of the school able to balance developing a child’s free inner resources for creating happiness, with the perhaps overly emphasized (inability to follow rules? So, how often do kids get to make up the rules of the classroom (really? So if they even wanted to take the class outside, they could)? What is the ratio of high-need children to teachers (shouldn’t it be one on one, at least in the sixth grade?)? How many advertisements for various products hang on the wall or otherwise infiltrate the classroom?

I grew up in the sixties and well remember the early seventies when many public school walkouts accompanied the Vietnam era protests. We seventh graders weren’t protesting Vietnam as I recall. We were just protesting a nameless feeling of oppression that had appeared in our consciousness, it was as though we were all humming the same protest tune. When students are unhappy in a classroom, their discontent is usually linked to broader social needs and frustrations. The new Youth Advisory Council being brought together thanks to Councilor Peter O'Donnell is a brilliant means of answering questions of ethics in economics? The appropriate response in the classroom to nationwide protests against corporate blood profits — shouldn’t the weapons of war be built by nonprofit organizations? — the ripples of these protests cannot simply be fulfilled by providing more computers. Students will be making new demands, just like our striking workers. Educators and government most successfully riding this wild horse of cultural excitation, will be those most actively soliciting and supporting student initiatives and directives in learning. This is already beginning to happen. You can stand in the doorway to any classroom and feel something fresh blowing in the wind.

September 2000
Opinion

Tom O'Connor

We met Tom O'Connor on the picket line the same day that Portland Press Herald workers joined the picket line in solidarity with the BIW Labor Union. Our call to BIW spokepeople were not returned (what? They've never heard of Harbor Voices?). We invite anyone who has anything to say about labor / management issues or anything else to please write to voices@maine.rr.com or send mail to Harbor Voices, Box 10, Peaks Island, Maine 04108. Tom O'Connor used to live on Peaks Island—from about 1940 till 1956.

Hi Jenny:

I'm a welder. The problem I have with cross training has been in the area of paint removal. By OSHA rules epoxy paint must be removed 4 inches away, in all directions, from an area to be heated. The paint gives off deadly fumes when it is heated. But the yard has been telling pipe fitters, ship fitters, and tin knockers to do their own paint removal when they want to do something that involves welding, something like adding a pipe hanger, vent hanger, or a foundation to an area that has already been painted.

Because these people are not professional paint removers they don't take pride in their work and they usually only remove an inch or two of paint from the front side of a bulkhead and nothing from the backside.

Then a welder comes along to weld and is sometimes unaware that paint has not been removed from the backside and just assumes it has because they see paint removed from the front side. As soon as he starts welding the heat causes the epoxy paint to give off deadly fumes that quickly fill the next room or even the room he is welding in. These fumes cause several types of diseases and sometimes death.

This doesn't happen when the work is done by a professional paint remover from dept. 27. The professionals are more thorough and professional than the short cut takers. When I get there to start welding I find a professional job that is done right and have fewer problems with fumes.

Once you start letting people do someone else's job the amateurs never do as good or as thorough a job as the professionals and when you're working in a dangerous, chemical filled job like ship building that leads to fatal results. We don't like dying for our company. Our jobs are not supposed to kill us. They call it making a living, not killing yourself for a fistful of dollars.

We want to keep the safety, pride, and quality that goes with having professionals doing the work instead of every amateur who wants to take a quick short cut. The company keeps promising to make the part timers do a professional job but it just doesn't happen. You just can't get professional results from amateurs and that affects safety. There are many other types of safety issues that come up from having people do work outside there own area and this work is too dangerous to cut corners with safety.

Hope I helped some.

Tom O'Connor
Falmouth

Hi again:

We voted down the contract offer. The company has only given us 25 cents per hour raise since 1994. They wanted us to take a freeze in pay in 94 and take on additional tasks so they could save the company. They promised cuts in management staff size to be more competitive. They said the shipyard they went to visit in Japan has 1 management person for every 100 workers. They visited a shipyard in Finland and they had 1 management person for every 55 workers and BIW had 1 management person for every 10 or 12 (that was as specific as they would be.). They promised to cut the management people to 1 in every 55 so we could be competitive with Finland and go after some commercial work.

So, like loyal workers, we did what was asked of us. Then in 1997 we accepted a contract with only 25 cents an hour raise to again help the company to be competitive. Now the company's negotiator made it clear that we were duped. He made it clear that he thought we would take this contract because we were dumb enough to sign for 25 cents per hour last time. We not only feel cheated, we feel insulted.

Several people have told me that Allan Cameron is supposed to get a bonus of $1,000,000 if we sign this contract. The outrage in the union continues to build. Some of our people have already gotten other jobs paying more money than they were making at BIW. BIW used to be the job to get. The pay and benefits used to be among the best in the state. They have fallen way behind. A lot of people on the picket line seem to feel that BIW can close the gates today and send everyone home and they would not miss the place.

We have had to put up with some very hateful treatment since General Dynamics took over and the money isn't worth it anymore. A leadman told me recently that he thought the company's current plan is to get to a point where they have 1 management person for every 8 workers. The company wastes millions on a top heavy management staff and seems to want to squeeze that waste out of the workers' pay. We're tired of the lies and film flams.

The wages have fallen behind and management's attitude toward the workers has become just plain hateful. For 2 years I have been telling people there would be a 6 month strike this year. I don't see any reason to alter that prediction. I have also been saying I think 30% of our people will not go back to BIW after the strike. With the kinds of jobs I have heard our members are getting I think that might be a little low.

Looking forward to the paper,

Tom O'Connor
Falmouth

More on the BIW Strike next page, and page 6
Island Recreation Facilities

by Marge Erico

A Letter of Interest to PINA

In the interest of public safety and the lack of recreation for our youth, I had a meeting last fall with a group of skateboarders to guide them in a formal petition request for a skateboard park. A petition was prepared and a drive conducted by the core group of seven young men (boys) who obtained over 200 signatures within 72 hours. Tom Fortier was impressed by the sincerity of their request and saw to it that the petitions were eventually presented to the Department of Parks and Recreation. After 5 months, a letter of rejection was received.

The next step in our campaign was to write the then Mayor Nick Mavadones, newly elected Peter O'Donnell and very recently Mayor Cheryl Leeman in regards to the petition rejection.

Now we approach our neighborhood association PINA to ask for your interest and help—a park where these young people can safely enjoy a healthy, fresh air activity without disturbing motorists, pedestrians, bicyclists and homeowners.

These young people are our future—so please, can you help??? They are our most precious and priceless gift from God.

Thank you for any help you can give us—we will be patient as we realize how slow the city of Portland moves where any amount of money is required.

Marjorie Erico for the core group of skateboarders of Peaks Island

NEWSFLASH! The Peaks Island Neighborhood Association Steering Committee's Health Education and Human Services Committee will be taking on the issue of Peaks Island Recreation facilities, which will include surveying the island for specific health and educational interests and needs.

Bill Hall, last year's Environmental Committee co-chair, and Jenny Yasi will co-facilitate the committee which will use soft-consensus process. Surveys will explore the community interest in greater use of the Peaks Island School (reclassification of the school as a community center): surveying could also measure the general interests in other facilities that have already been discussed in the community such as a community swimming pool, teen center, skateboard park, managed ice for skating, adult education classes, a bigger space for community meeting, etc...

The committee would also survey community opinion on how to best manage available recreational parkland, including the ballfield and City trails, but also the former gravel pit, which we heard Larry Mead refer to as "Portland Park," at the end of Upper A Street. The City has said that it is open to considering input from the island as they prepare to close the pit and rehabilitate the area, and so the committee's tasks would include developing a method for generating a community supported closure plan proposal.

General meetings for this committee will be on the first Saturday evening of each month, at 9 am. Cookies and tea will be served. For meeting location call 766-2390, or 766-2514.

by Jenny Ruth Yasi
The BIW deal: economic blackmail or outright extortion?

By Jean Hay

Editor's Note: This article was originally published in May 1997, [Arnoutic Democrat, Roger Roy editor, Caribou Maine] when GD/BIW were lobbying for state tax breaks.

For more than a week now, the Legislature has been trying to decide whether or not to play ball with General Dynamics, the corporate owner of Bath Iron Works, which is demanding $194 million in state and local taxes during the next 20 years to help modernize BIW.

Governor Angus King is calling it an investment. Others say it's corporate welfare. Some of us use stronger words.

At issue is $3 million per year for 20 years, for a total of $60 million, to cover BIW payroll taxes. If approved, that state tax money will be added to $81 million in tax relief from the city of Bath, and $53 million in absorbed Maine equipment taxes. In return, General Dynamics has promised not to reduce BIW's 7,500-person work force to fewer than 3,500 jobs for 19 of those 20 years.

The $194 million would help pay for a $307 million modernization. Under this plan, the giant defense contractor pays for one-third, taxpayers pay for two-thirds.

The first question is not whether this is a good investment, but whether it is an investment at all. Investments imply something real in return, like company stock. But that option was never part of this equation.

General Dynamics touts this as a jobs program, yet none of this money will end up in the pockets of BIW's workers. In fact, five or six out of every 10 of the current workers will find their pockets emptied entirely. Attempts by lawmakers to reduce the layoff figure to three out of every 10 have so far fallen on deaf ears.

By the way, General Dynamics also doesn't foresee hiring any of the displaced workers to do the modernization work at BIW, despite the fact that many of the same skills are involved. Might cost too much. You understand.

Are we talking corporate welfare? Of course. Problem is, welfare implies need. With good public trade-offs and great corporate need, corporate welfare can sometimes be justified.

So, does General Dynamics really need this money to keep BIW afloat? Let's look at some figures.

James Mellor, General Dynamics' CEO, is paid $11.3 million per year. If he were paid a mere $1.6 million, a reduction of $9.7 million in his annual pay, that reduction alone, spread over the 20 years of this plan, would fund the entire $194 million General Dynamics is asking from Maine taxpayers.

Most people in Maine, if they won a single $1.6 million lottery, would consider themselves fixed for life. A $1.6 million annual salary, even for working hard, is beyond most people's dreams.

Now I know General Dynamics might well claim that an $11.3 million annual salary for its CEO is standard for corporations that size. After all, Michael Jordan was paid about that much to promote expensive Nike shoes, incidentally made by workers overseas at a rate of about $2.50 per day (see: Doonesbury). And Jordan's not even a CEO.

If you want a comparison closer to home, we have the recent example of Hathaway Shirt, where the CEO of its former parent company was making $10 million dollars per year, about what all 500 Hathaway workers in Maine were making, added together.

Based on that, it would seem those high-flying figures are pretty standard. Just one teeny, tiny difference here. At least Nike and Hathaway sell their products to real people. Except for a few minor foreign sales, General Dynamics and BIW only have one customer -- the U.S. government.

That means that Mellor's salary is paid in federal tax dollars. That makes him a very well-paid federal employee, wouldn't you say? On to profits. General Dynamics earned $270 million in profits last year. At $9.7 million per year, General Dynamics could replace Maine's entire subsidy with 3.6 percent of that figure.

But profits can vary year to year. How healthy is this company overall? Very healthy.

The Washington Post reported on April 28 that General Dynamics began 1997 with $700 million in cash and no debt. It also reported that in about two years General Dynamics will cash in on a $750 million federal judgment based on the Pentagon's cancellation of the A-12 jet in 1991.

Todd Blecher of Bloomberg Business News, reporting on the favorable judgment in U.S. Court of Federal Claims in Washington last year, wrote: "The A-12 lawsuit was filed by McDonnell Douglas and General Dynamics in June 1991, after the Navy canceled the project that January. The Navy said St. Louis-based McDonnell Douglas and Falls Church, Virginia-based General Dynamics lacked the skills and technology needed to build the plane, and had withheld details of problems they were encountering. By January 1991, the A-12 was well behind schedule and over budget. After canceling the project, the Navy tried to recover money it said the companies received for work that was never done. The companies sued, seeking payment for work they said they performed but weren't paid for."

So, General Dynamics has cash on hand of $700 million, plus $750 million in federal tax money coming in the very near future. That amounts to $1.45 billion, in unencumbered cash.

For comparison purposes, the state of Maine's entire budget for this fiscal year is $1.8 billion.

Making such threats based not on real need but on pure greed puts their demands somewhere between economic blackmail and outright extortion.

And just what would be the repercussions of General Dynamics taking its ball and going home? Would it simply turn its back on BIW, lock the gate and leave the facility to rust into the sunset? Would the city of Bath have taken over the property for unpaid taxes? I think not.

If we turn down this proposal, and General Dynamics decides not to upgrade BIW on its own nickel, chances are BIW would simply be put back on the market where General Dynamics picked it up a mere two years ago.

Now that would be an investment worth looking into.

Jean Hay is a freelance political commentator who lives in Diamont, Maine, and is currently running for State Senate.

More on the strike, next page, and on page 3
Opinion

BIW, Work and War
Jenny Ruth Yasi

BIW is part of General Dynamics, a $10 billion dollar company with 44,000 employees worldwide and reportedly the largest defense industry supplier to the United States of America. BIW itself employs about 4,400. The company produces $450 million dollar Aegis destroyers and other warships, and thus good news for BIW is that U.S. defense industry spending is “up.” Even if warships can’t defend us from our own worst enemy—ourselves—the company is not as organized in the way that a multinational organization is organized. A corporation is fully armed to defend its own best interests.

In any case, because shipyards have dwindled in the United States from 20 down to 6 (Maybe because shipbuilding is more profitable when conducted in Europe and Third World countries?), in 1995 GD’s Bath Iron Works company found that their hopeful enterprise—earning truly excellent profits off the construction of warfare machinery—was greeted with enthusiasm everywhere they went. In addition to the federal billions of dollars in defense contracts collected, The State of Maine contributed (a mere) $60 million to keep BIW in Bath and the City of Bath will contribute about $81 million over 25 years to tax increment financing (which in the zeitgeist of Tax Increment Financing is offered under the assumption that but for BIW, there would be no tenant on the property). Ben Snow from the City of Portland Department of transportation said that Portland is not a big contributor to the financial success of BIW. The City borrowed $15 million to renovate the facility. BIW paid a similar amount in renovations (plus ongoing upkeep), and the City charged the $1.3 million annual interest payments (covering the loan) to BIW as rent. Snow says BIW was a good deal for Portland because next year when BIW pulls out, it all belongs to the City of Portland again, and “in excellent condition.” Whether or not the City can use much of the infrastructure left behind is another question, but certainly the City of Portland’s renovations of the BIW facility to a transportation and tourism center here demonstrates that there are economically viable alternatives to building warships for infusing an economy with work and wealth.

When you look at the money we invest—all of it is our public money, since the BIW and GD contracts are funded by the federal government— you can’t help but feel Organized Labor is right to walk off. They are getting a bad deal. Their employers are greedy. Even if we assume that these warships must be built—who should be making money on it? The federal government should limit the amount of profit a company is allowed to make on the manufacture of weapons of human and environmental destruction. The economic and ethical question of “how shall we defend ourselves?” is confused when paired to any notion for making profits for some at the expense of the whole. Organized Labor is really the only force we presently have to help inject some small ethical awareness into the dense gray matter of corporate profit interests. But for now, while the world gets a questionable deal out of our national investment in killing ships—General Dynamics gets a good deal. Good enough to make $880,000,000 profit off approximately $9 billion in net sales last year.

For workers like Greg Fenney, at Bath Iron Works striker with fifteen years of work history at the company, the strike is “not just about money, it’s about jobs.” Fenney says, “They’re [General Dynamics/BIW] having a dry dock built in China, and then they’re going to ship it to Bath [Maine] for the land level facility there. As far as I can see, those workers in China will be doing my job.”

“Some of the workers are pretty deceptive,” striking worker Brian Kelley said. “They spend money on advertising, they say we make $41 K a year. I make $31 K, been there going on 13 years. I get 160 hours compensated time every year, no sick time.” Workers say you must use up compensated time if you want to stay home for a holiday. “But,” says Kelley, “they can always freeze it, and not allow you to use it.”

The Bath Iron works often seem to have rough hands, teeth that need work, and muscles that bulge. It’s immediately evident that they work hard, and that they personally aren’t getting wealthy off making warships. They feel they have little job security.

“My wife died two years ago,” Brian Kelley says. “BIW in their wisdom decided I was having problems with the pressure.” Brian says he wasn’t allowed to take the amount of compensated leave he felt he needed, nor could he get compensated for counseling services he desired, because “BIW doesn’t recognize depression as an illness. They wouldn’t consider my situation under the Family Medical Leave Act (FMLA).” Another striking worker, Dwayne Collins, points out that the FMLA is available to government workers, and “really, we are working for the government.” Dwayne says, “We’re making ships for the government, but we don’t get the benefits that even the lowest government worker is entitled to.”

“They say they care,” Tom O’Connor says. “They don’t.” Workers said they won’t accept a contract which would result in BIW being able to reduce the higher paying American workforce with cross-training, exchanging it for cheaper overseas work force. Union and Management leaders may also have contributed to the strike by not involving more workers in the negotiating discussions.

“Tell me where we’re going to find those jobs,” Greg Fenney says, “We want people working in the state—not out of state, or overseas.”

“It’s not the money,” says Dwayne, “It’s respect.”
You won’t hear anyone from General Dynamics saying that.

Striker Greg Fenney says he is no relation to Peaks Island Fenneys, but that everybody asks him that.
Community Reports

Deer Management Committee Makes Report to Peaks Island

The City of Portland sponsored Inter-Island Deer management committee gave a report to Peaks Island in late August. The committee, led by Portland Neighborhood Island Liaison Tom Fortier and committee President Marianne Jaffe, along with other Portland Harbor Island residents, and wildlife specialists Phil Bozenhard, Sam Tucker, and Dave Peder sen, recommends Peter Dean (Peaks Island resident) to undertake a “depredation hunt,” to take place beginning in January 2001. The group’s goal is to sustain the wildlife management standard of 15-18 deer per square mile.

The idea for this year, committee members explained, is carefully tested this identified option, the depredation hunt, in a very limited way - limited in terms of time, location, and thus also in numbers of deer taken. For some committee members, this hunt will simply be a bid for time while other methods become more feasible. Even Peter Dean, Peaks Island’s designated trusted hunter, says he was opposed to the hunt. “But as the committee saw, there is just no other option and I figure if someone is going to do it, it ought to be me.” Mr. Dean is a gun safety instructor with impressive credentials. He explained how he would always position himself so that if in the unlikely event a bullet missed, the only other thing it could hit would be the ground. How deer would be distributed is still undecided. The deer management committee would like to keep the resource on the Island and are still working on the specifics of proper disposal and distribution.

Tom Fortier furthermore announced that there have been some recent developments in deer birth control. This applies in the future, the deer birth control option may become significantly more feasible than it has been in the past. Especially with all the islands working in coordination, and the herd significantly reduced from its maximum of apparently over 300 on Peaks Island last year, if the herd can be prevented from going out of control even just a little this year, then next year we’ll all have more experience and more options. The committee is reconvening with the plan of evaluating the depredation hunt as it is carried out this year, and researching alternative control options and planning ahead for the following years.

Maine Department of Inland Fisheries and Wildlife biologist Phil Bozenhard guesses there are about fifty deer on Peaks Island now, but Bozenhard and Fortier have said they are examining options for how the herd can be most formally counted. They intend to count the herd once the leaves are off the trees and there is snow on the ground. One option, said Fortier, would be to plot the island into grids and have many different residents out counting the number of deer that are on their grid all at the exact same time. That sounds fun! (More on that in October Harbor Voices)

The committee explained their research and methods in coming up with this recommendation. What was interesting was that the committee, comprised of people with very different points of view, were able to work cooperatively and effectively together, and then reach a consensus for actions.

Many options were considered, including capture and transport, birth control, introducing predators, and various depredation/hunt scenarios including archery as well as firearms. After gathering research and discussing each of the options, the committee devised a list of essential criteria that each option would be assessed against: Feasibility, Availability of Funding, Acceptable to State, City, Island, Human, Safe, Community Controlled, Well Managed Herd, Environmentally Healthy. Committee members then rated each of the options using a score of 0-3 (ranging from 0: “Option does not meet this criteria;” to 3 “Meets Criteria Very Well.”). After careful consideration and interesting, painstaking conversations, the option of the depredation hunt with firearm was the one option that adequately met the criteria for committee members for the year 2001.

There presently seems to be great enthusiasm on the committee for the use of birth control in future years. There is also interest in educating the community not to feed the deer. “No one ever wants to have to do again what we had to do last year (take nearly three hundred deer with a sharpshooter), that’s for sure,” says Tom Fortier.

For more info, see City Contacts in the Harbor Voices directory.

Jenny Yasl, who wrote this report, was a member of the Deer Management Committee.

Editors Note: It doesn’t take a social scientist to realize that any of these discussions are likely to run into opposing points of view. If you feel strongly please write! Harbor Voices welcomes you— in fact, we need you—to use this forum to share your experiences, thoughts and ideas. We request only that writers try to stay focused on issues rather than personalities. We’d like to maintain a space where people can feel they dare stick their necks out. Thanks! Send comments to Box 10 Peaks Island, Maine 04108; or to voices@maine.rr.com

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Marine Mammal Rescue

by Elizabeth Irwin

The release of Baxter, Dolby, Goose, Hope and Quimby (all adorable baby seals who were rescued and restored to health), went well on August 1st. Most of them hung around the shoreline for a while after the release with exception of Hope. She swam out immediately. Quimby decided to stay around the area a few days and was swimming up and down the beach. After a few days, Quimby decided to go around the area a few miles away from the beach. He was there for a day or so and since then we haven’t seen him.

Now for the most interesting one….. Goos kept us busy for weeks! We chose him to wear the satellite transmitter and he was easy to identify by the general public because of it. Three days after his release he chose Old Orchard Beach to rest on during the day. He was immediately surrounded by hundreds of interested people and the beach was packed with what had to be more than a few thousand beach-goers. Because he displayed no sign of leaving any time soon, we moved him to a quiet cove at Granite Point in Biddeford. This time we moved him to a seal ledge offshore on Stanton Island. You’d think that wouldn’t work, but…..

the next morning he was back resting on a public beach in Pine Point with people trying to feed him. Well, after we examined him yet again, and found that he was healthy, just looking for a resting spot, we decided to move him much further north where tourists are not as abundant. When he was released at Mosquito Head he was seen chasing fish. We didn’t see him or hear of him until a few days later when he arrived at a camp-ground boat launch in South Thomaston. He was moved once again to Mosquito Head, and was seen catching and tearing apart fish. I received locations yesterday from the satellite and it looks like he has finally moved offshore. Hopefully he will continue to adapt to the wild. There is a direct link to his satellite page on our web site.

Ossipee and Porter are doing great! We’re just going to give them a little more time since both had rough medical histories. We admitted a weaned pup a little over a week ago but she didn’t survive more than 48 hours. She was suffering from pneumonia above a bacterial/viral infection. Unfortunately, we lost her a few days ago as her illness proved to be too far advanced. The necropsy showed what we already knew, congested lungs, but we also found a physical deformation in both lungs. Tissue samples were collected for histopathology and hopefully that will shed more light.

Elizabeth Irwin is an herbalist and EMT who used to live in the teepee which was set up on Battery Steele in 1984-85.
Sixth annual “Sacred and Profane” to be held at Battery Steele

Battery Steele is a large, errie W.W.I relic that once housed two of the largest cannons ever made. A long tunnel and cavernous rooms made of thick, reinforced concrete connect the two cannon turrets which, as it turned out, were never used in battle. After 1948 the fort sat forebodingly silent and empty, offering no practical use until 1995 when Landscape Michael Libby and Tom Faux conceived of “The Sacred and Profane,” a collaborative event to be held on the harvest moon featuring visual artists, musicians, poets, story tellers and dancers. The title is in part an analogy to the mix of art and war.

The fort’s acoustical qualities, candle-lit interior, and cave-like walls have since beckoned a wide range of performance and visual artists from the Portland area for its highly covered interior rooms at the annual event. The artists make the most of this primal space by enlivening its subtleties with their unique sounds, words and visual images.

I had the opportunity to walk through Battery Steele a couple times before my first experience of the Sacred and Profane last year. As I entered the structure the first time (without a flashlight) I felt a strange sense of visceral energy in my body. It was as if because I couldn’t see as normally, a more primal navigation center consisting of less used senses took over. I was aware of space, sound, and time in a whole new way. Even the next time (with a flashlight) I was still aware of this new sensory awareness which, as it turned out, is an essential part of the Sacred and Profane experience.

At the event we are each given a candle and enter one end of the tunnel; then slowly make our way through, stopping in each of the about 12 separate rooms to experience the performances. Many of the sounds and images are quite disorienting, as are the dark passageways between the rooms. Yet from this disoriented state the art emerges in its own unique splendor, unmediated by the formalities of art and culture. We all walk up the path to the grass-covered top of the fort to get in line for The Feast. Fish chowder is served in carved out boullie bread with clam chowder and many delighed people. Artists and patrons dance together experienced something unique and transforming for all.

The Sacred and Profane will take place on Saturday October 14th. People coming from the mainland are encouraged to take the 2:15 ferry from Portland in order to meet Islanders for a procession down Brackett Street to Battery Steele. $12.50 includes the event and dinner. In the event of rain, as was the case last year, it could be postponed until the next weekend. By Matthew Day

Harbor Voices Celebrates First Half-Birthday with The Piners’ at Jones’ Landing

At the Harbor Voices party at Jones’ Landing with the Piners, we indulged in wine, in shrimp, in great company and perfect music. Wow, what a night.

Writers present included our crossword maestro, Cevisa and George Rosol; also, Anderson, Matthew Day, Susan Hissler Webster and Roger Dutton, Swen Scredin our graphics consultant who set us up and got us rolling; Art Astaria ( Dirt & Water Wizard) was there. Ray Foote, our printer as well as our “guide at the side,” and editor/publisher of the American Journal was there. He was the man you could hear saying, “You should get ads in there. That paper ought to be full of ads. All kinds of people want that space.”

Some other writers, artists and even writing professors in attendance included Bob Barancik, Keith and Carla Holts, Norm (wowza dancer) Rasulis, Ted Haykal (dance, dance, dance). Arthur Fink, a photographer who I would love to publish here. We called John up. He said Hey Joel! Where were you? Barry S and Keith C., Anne S. and Deb K. joined in our revelry. Quite a nice group of kids came accompanied by their parents. Kids Only page editors Sophie and Riley, contributor Amy S. and other kids page writers were there. It was a very nice peaceful night, perfect temperature, gorgeous sunset. Thank you to Nancy and the whole Jones’ Landing staff for making such great food and fun.

We had a raffle drawing and all writers got a free raffle ticket for each article they’ve written. Other people had to pay one dollar for a ticket. We don’t know how many tickets that Albert filled out, but somehow the Yasid/Pregraves won the lobster (it was leg). Rick Ivers won the gorgeous table book, “Steamship Yesterdays on Casco Bay - The Steamboat Era in Maine’s Calendar Island Region.” The book is full of old images of Peaks Island and all over the Portland Harbor, which Rick Ivers probably appreciates because he has quite a collection of old island photos himself. The book was signed by the author, Captain William J. Frappier, Jr. His son, William Frappier III, has been a part time employee about Casco Bay Lines. The Frappier family owns the cruiseboat, Steamship Yesterdays which is the Portland Harbor. Many thanks to Mr. Frappier for the support of Harbor Voices!

Bob Barancik, Harbor Voices member and an amazing visual artist, donated 4 prints which were drooled over, though somehow the Yasid/Pregraves won the lobster. We do n’t know how many tickets that Albert filled out, but somehow the Vasi/Presgraves won the lobster (it was leg). Rick Ivers won the gorgeous table book, “Steamship Yesterdays on Casco Bay - The Steamboat Era in Maine’s Calendar Island Region.” The book is full of old images of Peaks Island and all over the Portland Harbor, which Rick Ivers probably appreciates because he has quite a collection of old island photos himself. The book was signed by the author, Captain William J. Frappier, Jr. His son, William Frappier III, has been a part time employee about Casco Bay Lines. The Frappier family owns the cruiseboat, Steamship Yesterdays which is the Portland Harbor. Many thanks to Mr. Frappier for the support of Harbor Voices!

The Piners were a surprise last minute substitution for The Showed Mencher combo, and though we felt sad when we heard the one band couldn’t show up, we were ecstatic that the Piners could help out! The Piners have been touring nationally over the previous year, and it really shows in a sound so polished and warm and lively, everyone was remarking, “wow, what a great band. What a great band.” Soulful-country, without any fake Southern accent, just real Maine Boy Cowie and songs that were punchy and made us all want to dance! The Piners are working on a new album, and we’re going to make sure it gets reviewed here in our next issue of Harbor Voices. All we can say for right now is wow. We love the Piners.

Thanks to all the new members, readers, future board members and advisors who have gotten us through 8 months and to the end of our first summer season. Our coming fall and holiday season promises to be very interesting. The deepest bow to all the people who help deliver the papers, who write and offer advice and buy us cups of coffee, thank you to the people who give us money! especially thanks to the friends who just listen, guide us, and are friends. This paper only exists because of your love and support, and though you think you don’t do much, oddly how our members seem to be our teachers, you guide us in so many ways, and we are grateful to you. Thank you for helping Harbor Voices come alive.

One goal for the coming months is to formalize our developing Board of Directors and incorporate as a public non-profit. We need to have twice as many members as we have now by December. This means we need to add fifteen members every month. This is not going to be easy, so please, if you like the paper, send in your membership! Thirty dollars per year gives you free use of our “bulletin board” page, and it keeps you in touch with the Portland Harbor waterfront community. Your membership demonstrates the important community support that allows this paper to keep getting better.

Our next social event won’t be till February, when we’ll have a Harbor Voices out-of- hibernation Pajama Party.

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Harbor Voices business member and writer Keith, (of Unison,) celebrates Harbor voices half-birthday with his wife, Carla. Next time, she says she might just donate a cake for our raffle!

September 2000

Jenny and Swen trade ideas on an upcoming issue...Rick Ivers photo

Kid’s Page writers goof for the camera

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By Matthew Day
The Student Directed Higher Education
by David Bigelow

I began in a Ph.D. program in October of 1997. I am at the Union Institute, which is a distance learning program. What that means is that I don’t have to go there to participate in the program. The faculty at Union is spread all over the country. My core advisor lives in Florida. Other people on my committee live in Massachusetts, California, and New York. To enter the program one is required to submit a number of essays which express the perception one has of themselves, the journey one desires to take, and the destination—the place where you would like to end up. Although there is a curriculum I have to fulfill in order to get my doctorate in psychology, How I go about completing the work is up to me to determine. However, any direction I take needs to be OK’ed by my core advisor at Union.

Aside from learning the material of psychology, which was the reason for pursuing my degree, I have learned what it is to explore the underpinnings of my desire. Getting my degree in this way is not like going to a traditional school where I would find out what classes to sign up for, go to class and find out what I needed to read in order to become familiar with a particular area, read the material assigned, write on it, get tested on it, and get graded on it, and then just move on to the next class I was supposed to take in order to fulfill the degree program. The way this distance learning program works is that I have to tell myself what to read, what trainings to go to. I have to determine what kind of activities will provide what kind of learning, examine each building block of my learning to know it is going to give shape to the vision that I was to become material. I cannot take a step without simultaneously understanding how it pertains to the goal of getting this degree. My every action regarding this pursuit is outlined under the intense light of my longing. Clarity of vision becomes especially important. The goal gives meaning to everything that shows up along the path towards it. If I were no on this path O would not have come across this obstacle, or bridge or finding or relationship or experience, etc. Or even if I had the thing itself would have an entirely different meaning to me. So the goal, which has not yet been reached, is already making its mark on me as I move towards it. I am wrapped around a desire which makes its impression on me through the things I find along the path I take towards it. That which is not yet real in the sense of having mass, being material, is making an impact on me that is of a different order than the “real” objects around me.

This experience or sequence of experiences makes it even more important to understand the fabric of my vision. I am forced to question my life in a way I had not planned when I decided to go to school to get my doctorate in psychology. I have to question the meaning and worth of the initial vision. I continue to redefine and rework the vision. My hands need to be working in the soil out of which my vision grows. I need to weed the groundout of which my vision springs. I put my heart and soul in this work. The way I spend my time becomes of vital importance. My vision is a reflection of my life energy. What do I want to look like? Can I feel unashamed of the projection of myself through this vision? Or am I a waste of time? Of course this is kind of harsh, yet this is the kind of questioning that comes up as I extend myself out on the limb of my own vision. And the vision continues to change shape as the process progresses onward. I end up finding things which I wasn’t looking for at the beginning. I end up valuing those things in a way I could never have guessed I would have at the beginning of the journey.

The other thing that I have learned on this journey is that my education is all around me. It takes knowing what I am looking for and then figuring out how to access my environment in order to get it. It reminds me of a seed that is planted in fecund soil which must use the ground it is planted in to feed itself, transform and grow. In order to do that it must be open and receptive to that which it must absorb through its surfaces, and guarded and resitant towards that which would destroy it. It must know its vision ahead of time. So here we have the whole project rolled together. As an individual pursuing and being driven by a vision, I must know the source of my vision, which is myself. I must be discriminate in terms of what I include and what I exclude, and I must come to know the community in which I find myself. Here I have my life. Everything is important.

Learning is an awesome phenomenon. It seems to me, as human being the roots of our lives are organically tied to the essence of the projection which is human culture. And learning is how we navigate the trails historically laid down by our predecessors. Yet it is the essence of our desires which lead us towards our goals. It is the essence of our desires out of which we fashion our vision. It is the essence of our desires that make us the individuals we are. The vision then plants itself in the roots of our culture, and there it thrives or is reabsorbed.

David A. Bigelow is also in the middle of an amazing home renovation.

Harbor Voices friends Ted and Svea relaxing at our party.

Some Harbor Voices writers/contributors at our half birthday party. From left — Cevia and George Rosol, Susan Webster, Roger Dutton, and Matthew Day

Harbor Voices members from left Barbara Hoppin, Ed and Charlene Berry meet printer/American Journal editor Ray Foote, and Jones’ Landing’s Lisa Lynch. Lisa and Ray know each other from years ago.
EDUCATING MILITARY LEADERS
Chris Hoppin

Recent press reports that America’s service academies were receiving fewer applicants prompt this commentary. Applicants to the United States Military Academy, Naval Academy, Coast Guard Academy and Air Force Academy face extremely tough competition each year. All of the college preparation guides list the four service academies in “most competitive” or “highly competitive” categories. They deserve those reputations.

All four schools educate leaders for service to our country. They provide challenging curricula in an environment that breeds success. Their Honor Codes set important standards of conduct for a democratic nation that trusts its civilian-controlled military.

And, they list a veritable Who’s Who in America among their graduates. Service academy alumni include generals and admirals of course, but they also include presidents and leaders like Dwight Eisenhower, Jimmy Carter, John McCain and Ross Perot.

Educating military leaders involves much more than military doctrine and strategies. Each academy now offers a wide range of academic majors, from English and Philosophy to Computer Science and Environmental Engineering. Core curricula include rigorous courses in technology as well as the humanities. Graduate schools, including medical school, are an option for those who qualify. Post-graduate education, both in military programs and at civilian institutions, continues for all members of the military.

The current admissions problem seems to be that many of today’s youths find the rigorous discipline daunting. However, each academy carefully balances its academic, athletic, extra curricular and military programs to produce well-rounded graduates.

Applicants and their parents must know that they are not going to college if they chose an academy. In fact, they’re joining the service and their full-time job is to attend that academy. It is not a “free” education since cadets incur a five-year military service obligation after graduation.

Traditional college students may join Reserve Officers’ Training Corps while they attend school. ROTC scholarships of varying amounts are available at many colleges and universities. A third alternative commissions officers through an Officers Candidate School for qualified college graduates. These three methods of producing our country’s military officers have worked successfully for many years. However, the discipline and challenges of the service academies make them a choice that’s not for everyone.

All four academies have attractive web sites that provide information about each institution. They also explain the admissions process, including how to write requests for nominations from various categories.


Each of the service academies provides free tuition, books, dormitory rooms, and meals, as well as medical and dental care. In addition, cadets receive a monthly allowance that covers many living expenses. Cadets pay for their books, computers, uniforms, laundry, haircuts, travel, and other incidentals.

Each Academy presents a singular academic and leadership experience. They also offer unique military, sea and airmanship programs such as sailing, glider flying, parachuting, land, sea and air navigation and powered flight training. Graduates are commissioned as Second Lieutenants or Ensigns and then begin their active duty jobs in their service branches.

By Chris Hoppin, Peaks Island resident and volunteer Admissions Counselor for the US Air Force Academy and Air Force ROTC Scholarships

SUGGESTION BOX

Questions Worthy of Consideration

In reading through the current application for a professional educator position in the Portland Schools I was struck most favorably by the thoughtful and provocative questions that each candidate must respond to when submitting his or her application. I reflected on how important it is for each of us as educators, whether so we’re called professionals, parents, members of the school board, concerned citizens or students to give thoughtful consideration to these same questions:

1. Why do schools exist? What business are we in?
2. Do you believe that all students can learn? Please explain your response.
3. How and when do you expand learning opportunities for students?
4. To what degree do socio-economic conditions limit student success?
5. How would you deal with a student who had not mastered learner outcomes when the rest of the class had?

These are truly important issues and I hope someone up in the Portland School Department is giving the time and consideration to read the responses of applicants. It would certainly tell them a great deal about the people they will ultimately hire to work with our kids.

Steve Schuit lives and jogs on Peaks Island.

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Portland ESL Preschool Closes

Margie MacDonald

For the past four years, Baxter Elementary School has offered an "English as a Second Language Preschool" called Sparkle. It was federally funded for two years; last year the City of Portland paid the tab. This year, with forty students signed up for the program and another twenty-five on the waiting list, the English language program for 3-5 year olds was closed.

Funding was directed instead to all-day kindergarten programs in the city, three of which offer ESL.

The SPARKLE Preschool was a federal Title VII funded enhancement program designed to prepare language minority students for kindergarten. It served 40 three- and four-year olds per year, developing English vocabulary and socializing students to American schooling. It was the latest in a series of preschool grants that Portland has received over the last fifteen years. These grants are competitive and, although our grant proposal was well-written and highly scored, we did not receive funding for the 2000-01 school year. Federal dollars are tight and only a few projects are funded. Portland submitted four proposals, only one of which was funded this year.

Competing with large cities like Chicago, New York, and Los Angeles, it is amazing that Portland has had the high success rate we have had over the last twenty years, bringing in millions of dollars of federal funds to accelerate English language learning and ensure that all of Portland’s students can reach standards. Currently, we have Title VII Projects at Portland High School, King Middle School, Reiche Elementary, and Riverton Elementary and we plan to submit another preschool proposal in the next round of grants.

You might wonder why preschool is such a successful strategy for limited or non-English speakers. Research tells us that the highest rate of school success for second language learners is in the 8-12 year-old group. This is because if these children have sufficiently acquired their first language, they can easily transfer these skills to acquiring the English language. In a K-12 system, 8-12 year-olds have many years of schooling before them to develop their English skills and study content areas such as science and math. Students who arrive later than age twelve have fewer years of schooling ahead of them to perfect their language skills. If they have had little or no schooling prior to arrival in the United States, there are great knowledge gaps, as well. The job before older students is difficult at best, but can be accomplished with motivation and a supportive environment, such as that provided by Portland’s ESOL (English to Speakers of Other Languages) Program.

Children learn language from the time they are born. Research suggests that even in utero, the fetus responds to language patterns. In the preschool years, the brain is developing very quickly and language patterns which are similar across languages can easily be imprinted, making it easier to acquire new languages. This becomes more difficult the older one grows.

Learning English as a second or other language in preschool years is done very easily when the language patterns and terminology are much more simplified and less academic. ESL youngsters who consistently attended the SPARKLE Preschool Program were often able to develop an English vocabulary quite comparable to English-speaking peers. Although much work remains for teachers and parents to broaden the understanding of the concepts behind the newly acquired English vocabulary through experience and discussion, the language base is developed in a time frame not too far different from monolingual English-speaking peers. One of the benefits of early intervention in the form of preschool is that it has resulted in the shortening of time for many language-minority youngsters in K-5 ESL programs.

It is the goal of the Office of Multilingual and Multicultural Programs to develop programs that teach English and mainstream youngsters to regular classes as quickly as possible. Even so, we strongly recommend the preservation of native language and encourage parents and family members to read and talk to their children in their native tongue and expose them to their rich historical and cultural background. As the world is increasingly becoming a global village, we need truly bi-literate and bi-cultural citizens to keep America strong and connected.

Last minute notes: Thus far 53 youngsters have registered for ESL kindergartens across the city at Reiche, Hall, and Riverton Schools. These numbers will continue to grow. New students continue to register each day. All ESL K’s will be all day. We received funding for Project SUCCESS (Strategies Utilizing coaching and Counseling Enhance Student Success) which is a three year grant for PHS and PATHS designed to help students with career and college choices. ($175,000 per year x 3 years). We also have Project Prism @ King and Project Bravo @ Riverton and Project BLASTOFF provides $50,000 per year for homework centers at 4 housing developments throughout the city. Title VII funding is dedicated to access for language minority students. These funds cannot supplant but only support or enhance local programs.

Marguerite MacDonald is the Multilingual Program Coordinator for the Portland Public Schools where she directed the SPARKLE Preschool Program for three years. Former Principal at Reiche and Assistant Principal at Longfellow, she has worked in Portland for 11 years.
“You will not be a barmaid,” said my father in a voice that drove his point home. “That job at Sugarloaf must go.”

“But Daddy,” I insisted long distance. “I graduate in January. The snow will be melting soon.

I said here I would do painting of snow, as if this were so. “Besides, I will be here forever.”

Old good Dad. I knew his anger well, knew it masked his fears that, at twenty one, I could still find a way back to the nest, still avoid his most cherished method of accounting, zero balance. To date, money paid IN to me was always less than money paid OUT. I knew my dad’s “not be here forever” referred not to his own mortality but to the fact he might lose his job. He was calling me from Iran where he worked as an accountant for The Shah’s Iran Air. There, a person could easily be IN today and OUT tomorrow.

“Call this Connecticut numbers,” he said, reading from a sheet the Placement Office at the University of Maine sent to whomsoever paid the tuition. “I understand they have a pregnant art teacher there.”

“But Dad,” I reminded him, “My degree’s in art, not teaching.”

Fate intervened. The principal of Woodrow Wilson Middle School in Middletown, Connecticut called me. In the same winter that Crayola Crayons renamed their ‘Flesh’ crayon ‘Peach,’ I was hired to teach whatever I knew about art. My Temporary Emergency Certificate stated that I must complete a course in American History at the local State Teachers’ College. I enrolled in a course, “Pivotal Figures in the Afro-American Experience,” which required me to attend a performance in either dance, music or theatre. Handily, Wesleyan University, whose Little Theatre was in an old church a few icy blocks from my apartment, would present a weekend of the work of rising black choreographers.

As I entered the space, exotic lighting and rhythms embraced me, made me feel as if I’d traveled a great distance to get home. The dances embodied a radical new concept - inclusiveness. Here, the color and size of each dancer was incorporated into the meaning of the work. I was swept into the moment and myself over to ever louder sighs and applause. Near the end, as a parody of classical ballet’s condescending male who offers up an anorexic Prima Ballerina to a spotlight, a muscular woman performed a duet with the doll, G.J. Joe.

My first ethnic theatrical experience filled me with hope, not that I could become a dancer but that I could have a long-term dream. For sixteen years I clung to my vision of attending Wesleyan as I pursued my art career, even as I moved back to Maine with my husband, worked in the theatre, cleaned galleries, and taught art classes to students of every size and age.

By 1985, neither my lifestyle nor my B.A. seemed to fit me. It was time to pull out the rug, apply to Wesleyan, become a graduate student in a program which would broaden my existing depth of knowledge. The Arts and Literature degree required courses in visual art, theatre and literature. Ultimately, I would integrate the diverse information into short performance art pieces.

In my second semester, having done well in a “Directing Comedy” course, I signed up for a bigger challenge, “The Rogue,” a popular course which examined the development of this increasingly complicated character whom students would encounter in drama, opera, and movies. The importance of access to a VCR and M.T.V. was obvious.

“M.T.V.!” shrieked my father from Florida where he had retired with no T.V. “Don’t ask me to pay for that.” It was no secret he believed private education was a waste of resources.

“Your father will be useful, Dad,” I pleaded. “I need to learn to tell the good guys from the bad. Like the Shah of Iran, we can discuss how he maybe pulled some of your strings.”

At Wesleyan, (unlike U.M.O. where students found devious ways to avoid courses), I had to fight my way into Professor Hubert’s office to convince him I deserved his lecture time. “I just came back from Hollywood,” I said handing him proof, a recording studio. “I worked on a huge puppet of King Lear for a Robert Wilson Opera. He put three Lear puppets on the stage, one naked man, one plastic miniature, and the larger-than-life puppet.”

Much taller, much younger than me, and famous, Professor Hubert arranged his class around his trips to Washington to consult with the President on Mid-Eastern affairs. His academic background included advanced degrees in History, Drama, and Psychology. By mid-term it was obvious he was not impressed with me. On the top of my paper, “Werther, Massenet’s Modern Manipulator,” Professor Hubert wrote that the premise I defended was itself indefensible because I applied contemporary popular psychology to a nineteenth century French Opera and thus all supporting arguments were pointless. He strongly urged me to audit Professor Gray’s writing seminar wherein I could address my lack of formal writing skills before I left Wesleyan.

Professor Gray was a “good guy.” In a previous meeting with her, she had been impressed with examples of my creativity and we had discussed what I would do for an semester the following semester. In a second meeting, I explained to her my academic writing dilemma. She encouraged me to audit the seminar, saying something like this: “Write what you will. In my opinion it is more helpful these days to be able to imagine a fact as fiction than to believe a fact is indisputably true.”

In Professor Gray’s seminar, we used her first name. Sitting with her among students, chairs were placed asymetrically around the room, I began to feel adventurous. I worked on and asked others to read from my script, which evolved from Chekov’s “The Cherry Orchard.” In my ’80s absurdist version, Ms. Peachy visibly comes to terms with a side of herself she has never admitted to, a weakness for rogues that has left her destitute. Stacking up huge piles of bills from the sale of the family orchard to Wal-Mart’s, she delivers a monologue clad in skinny peach Victoria Secret underwear inside a 15 foot high chicken wire dress shaped like an old peach tree. From its long sleeve hangs a miniature swing. Whenever Ms. Peachy clutches the sleeve (limb), a bell rings from a different place in the shadows above her. Professor Gray gave me an A and reported to Professor Hubert that I demonstrated I could irrefutably prove a point. Never asking for written proof, he changed my incomplete to a B — which for grad school was a bad thing and for me was a good thing.

“Harsh words, “The Shah was morally bankrupt,”” my father said, questioning my judgment. “I assumed he was a decent man, doing good things for a poor country. Hey!” he moved on to another subject, “I met an environmentalist who works to save the beaches for endangered turtles. Remember them? You rode on their backs as they galloped into the Arabian Sea. Those same turtles travel back here to lay their eggs where they were born.”

Even after the Loggerhead turtles were proven to be slothful creatures, hanging out in the canals near the Space Center and possibly enjoying the vibrations created by the toxic launches, my father stuck with his decision to bequest a small piece of beachfront property to the Turtle Preservation Society.

“It’s your inheritance,” he said proudly, during a visit. “Your sister approves.”

This was not a manipulative ploy, I understood why he supported this cause instead of some of my own. He was an accountant who had beat the odds, survived the Shah and three heart attacks and a triple bypass. He often expressed doubts that he would live the good doctors’ time. In a meeting with St. Peter, my father would have had to state the obvious. “Zero balance is more complex than I imagined. It’s about sin and atonement. Sin is a minus atonement, like saving a turtle, is a plus.”

Unfortunately for the turtles, Lewis D. Hiester died before he signed any paperwork. Ill-fated eggs, 0, 0,0,0. An ensemble of zero’s struts onto the page begetting questions about his final balance sheet: Is the intention to do good, good enough? What happened to never sinning? And consider this, the dual nature of zero: Zero sin plus zero atonement equals zero, as does one sin canceled by one atonement. But neither approach is possible. One cannot calculate equal amounts of sinning and atoning. And one can no longer live a life of not sinning. We are all one, are we not?“Chirp!” A Blue Jay appears in a bush by my door. I recall that in Florida, my dad nurtured a Blue Jay back to health. He placed sunflower seeds on his balding head to coax her to introduce herself to the growing babies. They came back year after year. Here on a Maine island, the odd Blue Jay’s chirps become more frantic as I continue typing: Zero balance is not an exact science. Aiming for zero is the best we can do.

“Chirp, Chirp, Chirp.”

“Three,” I write. “We all are made from varying proportions of the same three colors.”

I remember Ms. Peachy when she was five, fearful she couldn’t endure the pain of the closing door, her first loose baby tooth tied to a string that led to its doorknob. She kept her mouth shut, risked the fairy not finding out. Finally the tooth came out on its own and she tucked it under her pillow. The next

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(Continued on page 14)
Harbor Voices recently spoke with educator Tom Snyder who, as you will see, brings yet another twist to the world of teaching and learning.

Harbor Voices - I understand that you have considerable experience as a teacher.

Tom Snyder: Well yes, that's right, although I prefer, rather than "teacher," to call myself one who creates constructive environments for learning.

Voices - You actually always say all of that instead of "teacher"?

TS- Yes.

Voices - There's no short version?

TS - No.

Voices - Ok then. So, where did you develop the craft of teaching?

TS - Excuse me?

Voices - Where did you first create constructive environments for learning?

TS- Right here on Peaks Island. I eschew the large formal stultifying bureaucracy called formal education.

Voices- Does that mean you still haven't been finger printed?

TS - There are no differences but differences of degree and different degrees of difference.

Voices - What are you talking about?

TS - Well, what I'm talking about is that I enjoy working to help others. But I no longer work in the classroom.

Voices - You don't teach any longer? Oops --Sorry I said teach.

TS - No offense taken, but no. I do teach, just not in the classroom. I consider the world my classroom. I train my lazy eye.

Voices - Your lazy eye?

TS - Yes. I'm training my lazy eye.

Voices - And this is what you meant when you told me yesterday that you have considerable experience in the field of education?

TS - Yes. But you make it sound diminished somehow.

Voices - It sounds less like the field and more like the potato.

TS - Without rigorous training this eye (he points to his left eye) would be undependable.

Voices - It looks normal to me.

TS - Exactly. I don't like to boast. I'm not going to sit here and announce that I am the best trainer in the greater Portland area, but, yes, I'm good.

Voices -Ok. Fine. So what techniques would you suggest to motivate a lazy eye?

TS - A lazy eye can be very resistant to learning with traditional methods. But they still use poking in Britain.

Voices - You mean poking the eye? You poke your own eye?

TS - Oh, so suddenly training a lazy eye doesn't seem so humdrum.

Voices - I would think that poking yourself in the eye would be unpleasant, but I guess it doesn't bother you.

(after a long pause)

TS - The best trainers are usually Presbyterians. Nobody knows why...

Voices- Probably just from trying to spell it.

TS- Look who's a comedian.

Voices- Are you staring at me?

TS - Lazy eye.

Voices - Come on, have I got something between my teeth or something?

TS - No. It's just my lazy eye.

Voices - Wait — you're not the kind of guy who uses one lazy eye as an excuse to give women the eye?

TS - I probably shouldn't admit this, but they're both lazy.

Voices - OK, look. Why don't you just offer some suggestions to our readers as to what they can do to train their eyes, and prevent lazy eye syndrome.

TS - I try to be strong.

Voices - That's your suggestion? Try to be strong?

TS - Say something nice.

Voices - Alright. I will admit, your eye looks quite muscular.

TS - Thank you. The lazy eye has actually become even stronger than the strong one, a side effect of this form of educational strengthening.

Voices - It's quite impressive.

TS - I enjoy it but please don't imagine that is all I do. I actually have considerable other experience in the field of education, as well.

Voices-Oh? Like what else?

TS-I train my ears...

Here, students try out some of Tom's simple training methods.
Whatever Happened to the Licorice Stick?

by Roger Dutton

"All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players. They have their exits and entrances and one man in his time plays many parts, his acts being seven ages. At first the infant, mewling and puking in the nurses arms. Then the whining schoolboy, with his satchel and shining morning face creeping like snail unwillingly to school..." (William Shakespeare, As You Like It)

Grade school, cum elementary school, junior high school, cum middle school, high school, college, and graduate school. Institutions of Learning. And after having been brow-beaten with names, dates, and equations can you still, after twelve, or more, years of obligation to these most respected prisons in the land, recall the names and reigning dates of the emperors of the HRE? Probably not, likely not. No matter. The process of rote memorization is a fundamental building block in the development of logical (ala Miller's Analogies) and rational thinking. Programmed memorization is an exercise through which the mind learns how to analyze, integrate, and synthesize what is perceived by the senses in every scintilla of life regardless of magnitude. They form the molecular structure of how we act and react in the world.

Knowledge gained through memorization is not intelligence. Intelligence is another matter altogether. One could attain great knowledge by memorizing the Krebs Cycle or by learning the origins and insertions of every muscle in the human body (or similar phenomenal feet) and attain mountains of information. But, there's nothing intellectual about that. Like the Internet: information superhighway of intellectual dearth.

Intelligence is the scion of curiosity, observation, deduction, interpretation, intuition, and creativity. A mind can be educated through memorization until the day is done and have no concept of perceptiveness.

"If the doors of perception were cleansed everything would appear to man as it truly is: infinite. For man sees things through a narrow chink in his cavern." William Blake

And back to William Shakespeare. Knickers clad little William was led, hand in hand, by his mother to his first day of school just like the rest of us. But what was to become? Where would education lead him? He would become a keen observer of human behavior. He would become a student of epic history. Most of all, he would become enamored with vocabulary and the power of its utility. Meter, rhyme, metaphor, onomatopoeia, double-entendre, and quip would be some of the knives with which he would carve the most revered, indelible, and timeless compilation of writing in the history of mankind. Ever the young rogue, he had a penchant for evoking constabulary reprimand. Revelry, womanizing, and debauchery sharpened his wit, honed his acuity, and cleansed his rhetoric. The cry of players, jugglers, singers, acrobats, and dancers, lured him from the intellectualism of Stratford-On-Avon to the intellectuality of London. The test of history.

William Shakespeare exemplifies to the nth degree the marvel of being educated. But, we are all marvelous. We all attain a degree of education that befits our unique personality and our unique personality determines the degree of education we attain. Our education is in constant flux and continual refinement. We are progenitors and progeny in the school of hard knocks. Our diploma is inscribed with the sanguine blood of our education mien and there is no graduation date. We construct our houses of knowledge clapboard by clapboard, one level at a time, with a variety of ells to accommodate our meandering. Some construct replicas of glass houses. Some with wine cellars of vinegar. Some with sky lights of gnosis. If they are constructed with mortar of truth, one is no less virtuous than another. When the granite cornerstone is finally engraved and set in place we can say, "I have found my hero and he is me." "I have gone into the darkness alone and spilt blood in order to bring back treasures."

The American poet, James Douglas Morrison, responded, when asked if he read a lot, "I used to, but then life became too interesting." It's life after the school that is the great educator, where we attain advanced degrees in erudition and create scholarships for ensuing generations.

We learn what we learn. We accomplish what we accomplish. We are what we are. We will be what we will be. It's very individualistic. Our comparison is not to others, but to our own criticism. With the exception of criminals and litterers we are all worthy under the sun and weep under the same moon.

Acceptance of the levels of education and accomplishments in ourselves and in our friends leads to individual tranquility and social harmony. For example, if we are existentialist, in the end, we will count our blessings not by what we attained, but by how well we loved and were loved. Shakespeare's final scene in his monologue from As You Like It tells of the great equalizing common denominator. "Last scene of all, that ends this strange evenfult history, is second childishness and mere oblivion, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything."

From the life of William Shakespeare, we can extract three qualities germane to the creation of the educated person. Schooling, reverence for the arts, and debauchery.

Roger Dutton lives on his bicycle (not really).
Phil Stubbs

I'm still not 100% sure as to how I was roped into this, but I was somehow asked to write reviews of things and somehow I agreed. What I want to do, though, is not so much review as inform people of what it is they are probably missing. Too much of American culture seems to steer us all in one direction, be it in the world of film, music, literature, or whatever else. Although some of what the entertainment factories of America produce is worthwhile -- American Beauty for instance -- too many things that are not part of "The System" are left to the wayside. I've been jaded by this system. I see everyone around me falling into the attitude that what is pushed in our faces with big-budget advertising is all there is, and frankly, it's making everyone the same, and that is, to put it mildly, dull. I will admit, I also am dull, but I'm trying. With all that said, let's begin.

About a year ago I was introduced to the wonder that is DVD. For movie buffs, there should be no other format for home viewing because of all the extras that can be found on DVDs, which frequently include director commentary tracks, deleted scenes, etc. Most important of all, though, is the fact that if a wide-screen version of a film exists, it is available, and in fact preferred, in the realm of the DVD. One particularly worthwhile project in the DVD community is the Criterion Collection. Criterion puts out copies of films that were terribly influential and important in the world of film since the medium's inception. (There is one exception to this rule: Armageddon. Yes, the Bruce Willis vehicle of a couple of years ago has been released on Criterion based simply on the fact that it grossed a lot of money. After all, we should all know that this movie was not in any way influential to anyone or anything. This is Criterion's only real failure.)

Among Criterion's latest releases is Yasujirō Ozu's Good Morning (1959), a remake of his 1932 silent film I Was Born But... Ozu is not well known in America for the simple reason that he, and every other Japanese director, has been overshadowed by one man, Akira Kurosawa, director of such classics, and Criterion Collection editions, as Seven Samurai, Yojimbo, and Sanjuro. Kurosawa was dissatisfied with directors such as Ozu for making films that although beautiful, were fairly bland in content. Specifically, Kurosawa cited Ozu's films that dealt primarily with patriarchal figures late in life attempting to resolve family issues like marrying off daughters before dying. For the most part, Ozu's films have very sparse dialogue spoken by characters who move little in painstakingly framed shots that end up appearing very much like a lengthy series of still photos instead of a film. The films are brilliant, but unsuitable for most American viewers as we as an audience are more used to things moving in movies.

Good Morning, on the other hand, is quite lively for an Ozu film. It is a film about the nature of communication. Told from the perspective of two young boys, Good Morning examines the everyday inanities of adult conversation, such as comments on the weather and the like. In an attempt to rebel against these trivial banalities, (as well get a TV), the boys stop talking altogether. The adults of the film are consequently forced to take a long look at their own conversational habits, realizing along the way that simple and standardized greetings and topics merely help to lubricate social interactions and are usually used to mask deeper, underlying emotions. The lessons of the film are not as harsh as those of I Was Born But..., in which we are shown that accomplishments are not always held above brown-nosing for advancement in society, but Good Morning does point out the faults in everyday communication in both Japan and America.

This film is admittedly not for everyone, with its fairly slow pacing and simple, yet colorful characters, but it is very worthwhile. In fact, I would recommend it to anyone that they actively search out other films by Ozu (although finding them might be difficult) for the little touches that he so masterfully included in his films. For example, in Good Morning, Ozu frequently places all the action of a scene deep in the background behind a great deal of unmoving space. This deep-focus style calls attention to what someone has in their home and thus reveals something of a character's personality by what items are given priority in the home instead of through unnecessary action or dialogue. It is a simple technique, but one rarely seen in mainstream film and almost never seen done this well.

For a complete listing of Ozu's films, visit the Internet Movie Database at www.imdb.com.

Written by Phil Stubbs, Peaks Island and the world

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For more information, e-mail voices@main.rr.com, or call 766-2390.
Back issues available for $3 each.

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"Dead Man Seven"
Kat Farrin

every other day
we haul
the seven traps of the dead man
years passed
now resurrected
slow ripping from a tangled
grassy land-bound home
tossed back to sea
she knew him
early heart attack
I've taken to walking
the beaches at the edge of darkness
I didn't know this is when
the crabs come out
scuttling shadows across
my bared feet
yesterday after selling the lobsters
we head home
it makes me nervous when
she hugs the shoreline
in the bigger boat
I'm singing
some mindless rendition
my father sang when drunk
it's Saturday, the end of the week
and as it
to wake me up
the steering lets go
the boat takes a hard turn to the right
toward the ledges
"put it in reverse," I say
something squeals
and all systems stop
silence
lucky for us it's calm
the anchor holds just yards from shore
here on the bluffs
exposed to the east, open ocean
sometimes the seas, they roll and pitch
I have a date
personal ad
but even before I board the ferry
a man with a black sketch book
catches my eye
we are all so lonely,
when not in love
at night I have wild fantasies
the man I go to meet
he's not my type
yet we want
we want
this morning at five
I wake to the first birds
a pain
lies waiting
deep in my chest

Peaks Moments
by Judith Richardson

transplanted blueberries
ripen on the bank
where the outhouse stood
turn off the water, gas and lights
lock the cottage
to winter
between arms of the massive oak
gray sea, orange-streaked sky
yellow sun sinking
grazing on the cut lawn
the doe walks closer
kitty watches, transfixed

Inanna Sisters in Rhythm

hand drummer Tori Morrill of Inanna will be offering a girl's handdrumming ensemble class for girls in grades 5-8; 8 classes total, Tuesdays and Thursdays 4:15-5:45 (3:15 boat to Peaks, 6 o'clock boat leaves Peaks Island for home) September 26 — Oct.19 $75 per child for more information call 766-5708 (drums available to borrow)

http://home.maine.rr.com/inanna

Kat Farrin lives year-round on Cliff Island. She is a visual artist, a lobsterman, and a writer with an M.A in creative writing, from Goddard College.
Thank you to Rebecca Stephens, for her inspiring summer yoga sessions!

See these cool community member websites
www.bobcreates.com
http://home.maine.rr.com/inanna
http://home.maine.rr.com/singingrocks

YOGA!
Group or individual lessons. Come home to yourself and discover your natural strength, wisdom, flexibility, integrity and kindness.
Call Rebecca Stephens for schedule 766-3384

Upcoming Voices themes:
November — History
December — Good and Evil

Peaks Island Neighborhood General Membership Meeting
October 10th 7:30 p.m.
The Community Room

Help Wanted
Harbor Voices is looking for a person with experience in sales management to help us blaze a golden trail in alternative community journalism. For more information contact us at 766-2390; e-mail at voices@maine.rr.com, or write to Box 10.

Members can use bulletin board space for free.
voices@maine.rr.com

1/2 size Violin for sale, comes with excellent case, rosin, extra strings. Made in Korea. Used but in very good condition. $100 or best offer. 766-2390

Harbor Voices needs YOU and we can barter for...

Occasional Research Assistants!

Wanted:
Carpentry Design
(we’d love someone to help us design and make a few Harbor Voices distribution/display racks)

Neighborhood Correspondents

Distribution Team

Cartoonists

Money Gatherers and Grant Getters

Volunteers reap good karma and more!
call 766-2390

Note: Our goal is to reach 150 members by January 1. Please consider becoming a member.

September 2000 page 17
Join the Conversation, and
Don't Miss an Issue!

See membership form on
page 15...

News:

Blessed Union of Souls
by Riley Critchlow

On Sunday August 26 the pop band Blessed Union of Souls (hit: "She likes me for me") came to Jones' Landing, a small club on Peaks Island. Much to the dismay of the kids on Peaks, the rumor was that only people 21 and older could enter the club. None of the less about 20 of us came to hang out on the lawn outside Jones' Landing. We knew the band would play out on the deck and intended to peek through the railings that surround it.

Before the band started to play a few friends of mine and I noticed a group of kids standing around the police car. We grabbed my friends' little white puppy (recently featured on the cover of Harbor Voices, Dandelion also was in the Lion's club talent show this year) and rushed over. No one was in trouble, but the band's lead singer, Eliot, was talking to the cops and a group of kids. We said hi, I told him I liked his jacket and we hung around for a few more minutes. After the band started, and hour and a half late, I went around back to peek through the railings. I couldn't see much because everyone inside was packed around the stage. Now and then I would get a glimpse of Eliot's red shiny jacket but after a while it got kinda boring.

When I came back around to the front I saw some of my friends give the guy at the door $5 and go inside. They were letting people in for just $5! I tried to convince my Mom to give me the money but she wouldn't. I wasn't too disappointed because it was getting late and I had already met Eliot up close.

About a week later Q97.9 called Eliot up and he told them about how he talked to Ella (Shaw) and some of her friends Wyatt, Jack, and the girls with the little white puppy!

One last dive for the summer...

Next month, the theme is "History."
If you would like to submit something to Kids Only, write to:
Harbor Voices
PO Box 10
Peaks Island ME, 04108
YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE ON THE THEME TO WRITE TO US!!

The editor of Kids Only is Sophi Presgraves
you can send us stuff by e-mail to voices@maine.rr.com

Jokes
Where do the cows go in Portland on a Saturday night?
The M000000ovies, on Exchange street in the Old Port!!
-Pedro Moura

What happens when a red boat and a blue boat crash into each other?
They get marooned!!
-Albert Presgraves

Missing Chicken
by Sophi Presgraves

A family on Peaks Island (the Whitman's) asked me to take care of their two chickens while they were on vacation. Everything went well until the last day that we had to watch them. When we went to put the chickens in their house, their was only one hen! We felt so bad because even after we had looked everywhere, we couldn't find the missing chicken.

So when we told the family that one of their chicken's was missing, they went to borrow another hen from John Carroll to keep the survivor company. After they got the replacement chicken, the Whitman's heard someone running up from the beach saying, "Your chicken is on the beach, but it's only got one leg!" So again, a call was made to John, the supplier of the replacement chicken asking about what could be done for a one legged chicken?

In the meantime, the chicken was brought up from the beach. It turns out that both legs were intact and firmly attached to the young bird, it had only been standing on one leg! The chicken that was borrowed was returned home to its own coop.

Midnight Phenomenon
by Sophi Presgraves

On September 4th, at a little before midnight, Riley, Sophi, Echo and Casie were enjoying a dip in the hottub when they noticed a strange thing. There was a large ball in the sky and it appeared to be a star, but then it be-came very bring and "Flash!," it turned into a thin strip of dust and sparks which slowly faded. Riley says, "I thought someone had turned on a light, because of how bright the flash was." Casie said, "It was so cool, like a ball of fire exploding." They all wonder if they saw history be made.

Go to Clay by the Bay! It's a lot of fun!
On Tuesdays they have a storytelling morning, where you hear a story, then use that to inspire you as you create your own glaze designs. It's a lot of fun to glaze your own pottery!! See the business directory on the back page for more info...
How Echo Cured Her Earache

Echo had a "Q-tip" tm in her ear when she accidently bumped her arm. This made the "Q-tip" (cotton swab) jam into her ear and it bled.

Her mother didn't know what to do, and it didn't hurt too much so they decided just to watch it. But Echo forgot all about it and she went swimming in the ocean.

The next day, she was in agony! She had to go to the emergency room where they gave her antibiotics that cost almost $200 for ten days! They said her ear drum wasn’t punctured, just swollen and it looked infected. Her mother found out later that if she had called lots of different pharmacies, she would have discovered that the same pills were $50 cheaper somewhere else. She also could have bought just half the medicine at a time to make sure that it was going to work, because guess what—it didn’t work!

The second trip to the emergency room, her mother insisted that the hospital culture the bacteria that was growing in Echo’s ear. The hospital gave her some ear drops, but Echo’s ear canal was getting more swollen with yucky stuff, and it seemed like the antibiotic ear drops weren’t getting in there!

Overnight, Echo’s ear hurt very bad. Her mother was worried. Fortunately her friend Svea said she could fill a sock with salt and heat it up in the microwave, and that the heat would feel good on her ear. Echo’s Mom melted one sock, but otherwise it worked great! It lasts longer than a hot water bottle. At two o’clock in the morning, Echo’s Mom finally figured out that she needed to do something to get the medicine into Echo’s ear! (See her mom take her medicine.) She made a tea with Echinacea, added a little less than 1/8 teaspoon boric acid powder to 1/4 cup of the tea, then added 1/4 cup hydrogen peroxide. They used that (warm) to rinse out Echo’s ear. They just squeezed a cotton ball over her ear, and Echo said the hydrogen peroxide didn’t roar very loud, but she could hear it buzzing out the gunk. The doctor told them later that wasn’t the right thing to do if the ear drum was punctured, but since it wasn’t, it was okay. The bubbles helped get a lot of pass out of Echo’s ear. Then when her mom put the antibiotic drops in there, finally they worked!

When Echo woke up, her ear was feeling much better, but now she was throwing up! She felt terrible! They went to the hospital again, and the doctors told Echo to throw away the $200 medicine, because it was making her sick. They said just to use the ear drops. So now her mother washed out Echo’s ear with the hydrogen peroxide and tea first, then put the antibiotic drops in Echo’s ear. In another day, Echo seemed all the way better! But when the ear bacteria culture came back, the hospital called and said Echo had better keep on using the ear drops for another week, just to make sure the ear ache couldn’t come back.

The whole week was no fun at all. So that’s why you’re not supposed to stick anything in your ear!

Do you have a story to tell about how you got better from a sickness? Have you had some experience or advice that might help some other kid? Send your story to Box 10 Peaks Island, and we’ll print your it so that someone else can learn from it!

Around Peaks Island Race

by Wesely Norton

On Sunday, September 3, approximately 31 boats participated in the 22nd annual around the island race. There were two races, one for the Optimist and turnabout fleets from T.E.L.A. (Peaks' private seasonal recreational/social organization). They sailed around House Island.

The other course, for all other boats, sailed around Peaks Island.
In the House Island race, Torin Hults placed first and Taylor Norton placed second. In the Peaks Island race, John Whitman finished first in his Alden rowing shell, followed by Mark Woodbury in his J29 sailboat, Big Chicken. A barbecue and award ceremony followed the races. I think everyone who participated in the race had a great time. I sure did!

From left, Kim, Spencer, Wesely, Kathy, Hannah and David after the Around Peaks Island Race

Youth Advisory

The City of Portland is setting up a youth advisory council which will give young people from 14-19 more say in what happens. It will be a very interesting experience for anyone, and the good things that kids do as teens will still be making the world a better place when the kids are out of school! So if you are interested in what happens in the City of Portland, and you would like to have a say, call the City Hall at 874-8300 and leave a message for Councilor Peter O’Donnell.

Ship Worms Happen

Although they have been in other parts of the country, this is the first year that the shipworm, Teredo Navalis, has been found in Maine.

The shipworm is actually a kind of a clam, with a tube that is up to about 18 inches long, and a shell that is just a 1/2 inch around. The molluscs drill into wooden piers with it’s shell, and basically destroys them way too fast.

The trick is to use steel, or else pressure treated or creosote wood, that slows them down. But they are a problem. There will be more news on the shipworm in the coming years. Someday, you’ll be able to hire someone to use sonar to detect the shipworm in wood. For now, watch out for holes drilled in wood that seem to be lined with chalky stuff.

Life is not peaceful right now on many of the islands, because the roads are dug up to improve water lines and on Peaks, to make new City sewer connections. All the trucks are loud, the dirt is awful. Echo got to step right over the explosives, she says, and that was weird. There are wires from the explosives all over the place.

Cliff Island School
Letting Grumble Go

By Jenny Ruth Yasi

"Hey you, gypsy kids!" A man was shouting and waving a pitchfork. "Get out of my tree! Get out of here, and don't come back!"

Ishan tossed a handful of apricots to Salila, who let them fall into her skirt pocket as they ran, laughing, her braid thumping against her back, across the orchard to a gravel trail that wound along the river. Ishan got to the willow first, where they stopped, panting.

Salila took out a soft fruit, and took a bite. It was warm from the sun, and so ripe that it tingled on her tongue. She widened her eyes at Ishan, who smiled, and took an apricot for himself. He leaned against the tree, coughing from his exertion and slid to sitting. Salila smiled at her brother. He had his own way of doing things. He beckoned to her to give him the rest of the apricots, and she did. Roma girls showed respect to their brothers. Beside, Ishan was smarter than anyone she knew. And Salila had proven herself to Ishan just one year earlier, by using a torch to scare a bear away from biting him, and now Ishan had taken a bigger interest in the education of Salila.

In the Roma tradition, the children were taught to avoid the gadje, the non-Roma people whose ways were likely to contaminate Roma who were not careful. But Ishan had gone to school with the gadje children for most of four winters, and he had learned to read. "I will teach you to read, too," he had told her. Salila was afraid, but she didn't disagree...

They were resting, but they were also listening, in case they had to run again. The river water was washing against the sand. A squirrel kicked above them, leaping between branches. Then Ishan heard a new sound.

"What is that little squeak?" he asked. The sound came again, from a pile of rotten leaves and branches that was lying near the edge of the river in a clump.

Salila bent down. "What a pitiful little thing," she said, and picked up a limp ball of bristly fur, which was crying in hunger.

"A baby hedgehog!" said Ishan, and his black eyes flashed with curiosity, straight hair bouncing as he threw his narrow face toward the sky, laughing with excitement.

Salila asked, "Maybe it lost its mother?" He had slid his hand under its belly, where the animal's fur was soft. The hedgehog's back was rougher, and could poke sometimes like a pinprick. Ishan dropped it on her apron where it curled itself into a wiry ball, and they could see a puncture on its back. "A dog bit it!" Salila announced, and then, bracelets clinking, she made a more thorough inspection, turning the hedgehog by shifting the tattered corners of her carefully embroidered apron. The animal was weak, but it snuffled as Salila tried to roll it over, and it clamped down on her with its teeth when she brought a finger too close.

"Ouch!" she shrieked. Ishan pucked his lips and blew hard toward the hedgehog's nose. The animal looked up with surprise, opening its mouth as though it had only just this moment discovered the pretty day. Then it went "click, lick, click!" warning them with its tongue and the two children jumped and nearly fell over with laughter.

"We can call him Grumble," said Ishan.

"How do you write that, Ishan?" Salila asked.

He picked up a stick and scratched the letters into the dirt. "G-R-U-M-B-L-E."

Salila stroked the baby animal bristles, carefully avoiding the reach of its teeth, and shook her head.

"But it still needs another, secret name," she said, "so secret, even the bad spirits could never find it." "O.K., Salila." Her brother understood right away. When a Rom child is born they are given several names: One, is a common, everyday name, a nickname. One is a name that they use only with the gadje, a name the gadje could understand and pronounce. And the most important name, the true name, is a secret name, a name that is almost never uttered aloud. "O.K. You can name it. I won't tell anyone."

"Not even Dai and Dadro?" Their mother and father might not appreciate the idea of giving a hedgehog a Roma name, but they also wouldn't want to know that Ishan was teaching Salila to read like a gadje.

"No one, Salila. Even until we know what day we will die, the spirits will not know Grumble's true name."

"Well then, its name shall be Pashal."

"Pashal," Ishan said, and the hedgehog stretched out. "You're a nice little hedgehog."

Salila alternated stroking the unwilling hedgehog, with patting her brother's dark head, smoothing out his dusty hair. She laid the hedgehog carefully across his palm, showing off a glimpse of her brilliant smile.

"You can have it if you want," she said. He laughed, and Salila had to remind him not to be so loud, because it might scare the hedgehog. Then she heard another sound, and glanced up.

"What's that?" Salila yelped, and they both saw the farmer, coming down the path with his pitchfork, and so they fled, Salila shrieking till he was far, far behind.

Ishan brought Salila and Grumble to their grandfather, Papoo. Papoo said they should feed it by dipping a little paint brush into a bowl of goat's milk, and brushing the milk into the hedgehog's mouth. "And it will eat beetles, slugs, and berries, all sorts of things when it is bigger," he said. Grumble was drinking the milk in tiny licks.

"Thank you, Salila," said Ishan, "For the second most wonderful present I have ever had." Ishan smiled.
broadly at her, and he looked like a sultan, holding a hedgehog across scarves in his lap. “The first wonderful present was when you scared away that bear! But even though Grumble is not as dangerous as a bear, I’m afraid I need your help in taking care of it.” Ishan showed Salila the metal cage with a little hollow log that Uncle Biase had given for the hedgehog to sleep in.

“But you don’t need to use that yet,” Salila whispered to him. “I can just carry Grumble in my pocket, and keep him warm that way.”

“That would be a great favor for me,” he said, and he departed, going toward their caravan where Salila knew he had hidden a book, and Salila didn’t see him again until dinner-time.

By noon, she had washed Grumble’s wounds with warm salt water, fed it, and let it fall asleep. Then Salila gave their mother her two handfuls of apricots, wrapped in a scarf, and so ripe, that they had to be made into a pastry. Dai had rolled her eyes at the soggy state of the apricots, but she smiled. Then Salila was allowed outside where she ran, her tattered shirttail and skirts flying behind, to tell the cousins Jozef and Theodora about finding a baby hedgehog.

Grumble liked only to sleep during the day, and play at night. But even at night, he was quieter than most animals. Day by day he grew, and he no longer squeaked, but sometimes made a funny, snuffling little sound -- especially when he was scared. After dinner, Salila called Ishan, Jozef, and Theodora over.

“Look at how cute it is,” Ishan said, and folded his thin brown legs to sit down. Ishan had two pairs of pants, and he was wearing the nicer ones now. He had washed and brushed his hair back. Ishan, at 16, was a fine age to be getting married, but his parents didn’t press the issue. Ishan seemed always to be planning something else first, something mysterious. Everyone imagined that Ishan would someday bring their family great wealth, but for now, he only watched Grumble with his serious expression.

“That’s a nice hedgehog,” he said again, his dark eyelashes and eyebrows stood out as though someone had drawn outlines around his eyes. He tried to wink one eye at Salila, but both eyes winked together over his wrinkled nose instead. Salila laughed. It was funny to see Ishan acting so proud.

Grumble tucked his nose under his belly, unfolding the bristled hair into a puff. The animal began staggering back and forth, snuffling and warning anyone to stay away. Ishan and the cousins laughed out of control.

“You sound like the wild dogs, barking like that,” Salila scolded. “Grumble doesn’t like to be woken up during the day.”

“But it’s after dinner,” Ishan said as he stood and dusted off his pants, shrugging his narrow shoulders, gesturing with the up-turned palm of his delicate hand. Salila thought her tall brother might be noble enough to be a prince, if only he weren’t so skinny.

“Maybe once the sun is all the way down,” Ishan carried the hedgehog to rest in its cage, “tonight, when you dance and sing, we can let Grumble enjoy the music.”

More than almost anything, Salila’s kumpania, her tribe, loved to play music and to see her dance. This was the teaching that her mother and grandmother and aunts had given to her, and it was something that made Salila very happy. At night, when Uncle Biase, Dadro, Papoo, Ishan and all the men got out their guitars and hand-drums and violins, and began playing lively music, and the kumpania began singing -- songs of injustice, and mistreatment, songs that told how they’d been forced to wander the earth -- Salila took all that music into her small body, and spun like a storm. She wore the most beautiful clothes when she danced, clothes she saved only for dancing. She imagined she embroidered every sad story into the dance with her sparkling costume, the bright gold of her jewelry, the freedom and grace of her movements. “Dance like that, my little cheya,” her father had once told her. “And you give the Roma history all its happiness.”

Salila twirled and danced to the clapping, moved her arms and hands as her mother and grandmother had taught her, and she was careful that her skirts touched no one. The coins she wore jingled, tied around her ankles, neck, waist, wrists and woven into her hair. The men’s faces crinkled like accordions, wrinkled smiles, thrumming out a sweet, bright dancing music. Dancing -- this is what it meant to Salila to be a Roma. This was the magic and power of her spinning skirts, bending low and twirling fast, proud to be Roma. The gadge might know reading, but they would never know this. With her dance she imagined she could chase away the gadge man who had yelled in the orchard, and she stomped, twirled, and threw her head. She could scare people with her power. She remembered Ishan digging letters into the dirt, and she nearly stumbled. She glimpsed Ishan holding a nervous looking Grumble, singing loud, sitting on the edge of the fire, and she tried to forget those gadge words that tripped her up, and scared her. And aren’t their words of music, the language of a dance, more powerful, more expressive, after all?

When the music stopped, Salila came over and sat, watching Ishan who put a scarf on the ground. He let grumble go and the little beast pushed its nose under the cloth. The children laughed at its hind legs sticking out, and the stumpy little tail which wedged itself into the dirt seemed to give Grumble a boost from behind. They were all having fun watching Grumble, and even began passing the animal carefully from child to child. Suddenly Grumble staggered and began to foam at the mouth.

“What’s it doing?” cousin Bitta asked, and Ishan wrinkled his handsome forehead, dark eyebrows curving up like a bow, and backed away. “Salila,” he said. “I’m beginning to wonder if we’ve made a mistake.”

Papoo came over, and looked at the hedgehog with a laugh. He told them, “It’s coating its spines with spit; that makes a kind of poison. If you children got pricked on a spine right now, it would hurt! It might even swell up and get red! You must have annoyed it.”

They watched Grumble contort in a ridiculous way, and everyone but Uncle Biase, who had a violin that sounded very sweet when he played it all by himself, had stopped playing music for a few moments to watch.

“Are you sure it’s okay?” Salila asked. “Oh, my poor hedgehog!”

“I thought it was my hedgehog,” Ishan winked and nudged Salila, but Papoo didn’t think this was so funny.

“Ishan, you sound greedy like the gadge.” While Papoo spoke, he wrapped his head in his arms absentmindedly, reaching up behind his ears with one hand, pulling chin whiskers sadly with the other. “We just get to borrow things, for a little while, and that’s all.” The hedgehog started to look normal again, and Salila sighed. But then their grandmother Jetta came up behind Papoo, and said, “Just like we get to borrow you?” and she was laughing at him, pulling him up to dance. They all started singing and the music thumped out for the old couple having fun. Salila took Grumble to his cage, so he wouldn’t get lost in all the dancing. It looked at her with round, dark, eyes when she
said goodnight, then scrambled every which way, looking for a way to get out.

It was the next day when the gadje who had the wooden houses in the village came to tell them that they must move.

“We don’t want your caravans here anymore.” A white man with a smelly leather hat stood wide legged outside a caravan door. “We caught your people stealing the fruit out of our orchards!”

“But it was only a handful of apricots!” Ishan said. “They were too ripe to sell, they would have gone bad!” But the gadje men argued, and held up guns, saying things that no one could really understand, except Ishan.

“We have to move,” Ishan said. “I don’t trust those men.”

“It’s just as well,” said Dadro, and he patted his son on the shoulder. “This would be a cold spot for the winter. We can find a better spot for the winter further up-river.” Dai wrapped a shawl around her shoulders, went back inside their caravan, and said nothing.

“It’s my fault,” Salila whispered. “I never should have brought you to the orchard so late in the day. I never should have carried the fruit in my skirt pocket. I should never have asked you to show me how to spell!”

“No,” Ishan said. “Those were my ideas, too. This is the way we are supposed to live. We’re supposed to be free. Don’t doubt yourself, Salila.”

But that night was the night Ishan got sick. Mami, the children’s grandmother, noticed he was tossing and turning in his sleep, and reached to the pile of blankets. She put her hand on his forehead. “Oh dear,” she said to her daughter “Ishan has caught a fever.”

They were sleeping outside the caravan, on the cool ground under the stars, to keep the caravans clean. But Ishan was very hot, and instead of waking up, he just thashed and mumbled words that made no sense. Salila’s mother said, “Go get some clothes wet in the river, wring them out.” Salila brought the cloths, and water in a cup to drink.

Ishan was a funny color, almost gray colored, where his skin used to be the gold color of the wooden polished caravans. Mother whispered to Mami, stooped as they worked around the campfire. They must be tired, Salila thought. Mami’s long braid was thin and completely white. Her galbe—the gold coin necklace she wore—jigled softly as she moved around Ishan, who was coughing a deep, wracking cough. Mother pushed Salila on the shoulder, moving her away from Ishan, back toward her own bedding. “I’ll make him some tea, Salila,” Mother said. “You go back to sleep.”

But Salila couldn’t sleep. Grumble, who always woke up at night, was scurrying around in his cage. Its bristy fur had grown thick. Its eyes twinkled, as deep and far away seeming as the future. Salila wondered if it was true, what Ishan had told her— that he would teach her to read. Salila had already learned an alphabet. She could read many of the signs in the village. Salila, like all the Rome, was deeply supersticious, especially about sickness, and she wondered if learning how to read like the gadje had somehow contaminated her brother. She thought, “If I had to choose between learning how to read, or keeping my brother, I would keep my brother.”

“Oh, dear God,” Salila could hear Mami, their grandmother, praying about Ishan. Mother was singing a song, and though the melody was beautiful and sweet, she seemed sad. Herbs simmered in a pot sitting by the coals of the fire. Mami and Dai spooned the boy soup so softly, the spoon might have been of a paint-brush.

Salila watch Grumble, stuck in his trap. The morning sun wasn’t up yet; the hedgehog was happy to be awake. “Papoo told me the hedgehog spirit watches out for we Roma. Maybe if I let you go,” Salila whispered, “you won’t let the pollution of the gadje take my brother away from me.” A hoot owl flew over, tossing the air, sending shivers down her back.

The hedgehog looked at her with a nervous expression. Salila cried, quiet tears puddling around her nose. “Ishan is Roma, and the Roma are free.” Salila watched the animal scratching the floor of its cage dirt, walking in quick, nervous circles. The night was quiet. Uncle Biase’s wife, Rita, who had lost three children of her own over the years, was telling Dai to go take a rest now, putting her on the shoulders. The smell of strong medicines rose into the air. It was an unusually quiet morning.

Salila sat watching the hedgehog. Now its long narrow nose and bright twinkling eyes reminded her of the day she had found it. Grumble was pacing, looking for a way out. Ishan seemed hardly to be struggling. Salila opened the cage. Grumble talked back to her in a funny, whispeiry voice. It shuffled up in a spiny ball and staggered toward her. She walked a few steps away, sat on her heels, rubbing the water off her face. She pictured the word, Grumble, scratched into the dirt, and she imagined erasing it, erasing every trace of contamination that had made her poor brother sick.

Just then, Salila’s mother came over and put an arm around Salilia’s shoulder. “Salila,” she said. “I’m sorry you have had to worry all night by yourself.” Dai said. “And you, so close to your brother.” Then she noticed what Salila was doing.

Salila tickled a stick in the dirt behind Grumble, and the hedgehog bounded off toward the woods. The moon had just set on one side of the sky, and the sun had come up on the other. “Mother, if Ishan has died, it is my fault,” she said, and she trembled, a big tear falling down one cheek. “I have been learning how to read.”

Dai was quiet for a long time. “Don’t tell your father,” Dai said finally. “Don’t tell anyone. Do you want to forget you are Roma?”

“No, no!” Salila cried, and her mother held her head.

“But Ishan is not going to die. Not this time anyway!” Dai laughed and shook her head. “Our Ishan just likes to scare us, I think!” She smiled at her daughter. Just then a shooting star streaked green across the gray-pink sky. Dai and Salila saw it together. “Well, there you go,” said Dai. “That’s a good sign. Why don’t you go now, and look on your favorite brother.”

When Ishan woke up, he was feeling much better. He told Salila that he had visited the world of hedgehog as he slept, curled in a warm, cramped log. He had eaten nothing but milk on a paintbrush. Ishan would need to sleep for several more days, but he no longer seemed very sick.

“I let Grumble go, Ishan,” Salila told him. Ishan laid back against the embroidered pillows and blankets, his pale face reflecting some of the pink and orange of the embroidery.

“Salila,” he said, “when I dreamed I was in the hedgehog world, it was very uncomfortable. I missed my the Roma world, I missed.
our camp and family. I wanted to travel, and live the way we do. It was better to let Grumble go. It must have been like a bad dream for him to be trapped here with us. Just as it would be a terrible thing for us, to be trapped in the world of the "gadget."

Pashal came around to the camp once and twice more that morning, grumbling more merrily, begging for food and eating the bread out of Salila's pocket. But when the kumpania was ready, they packed the cage empty, and left the hedgehog behind.

"Ishan," Salila said, as they rode through the village, the "gadget" peering at them nervously from behind the curtains of their windows. "Can you tell me what the signs say?"

Ishan seemed less interested in reading. "How about if I just tell you a story, instead?" he asked, and he bounced the little girl on his knee. He told about Grumble, and how the hedgehog found a wife and had a family, and built its "gadget" house, "right there, like the hedgehog do, living in a little house, on one small spot on the river." Salila imagined the hedgehog, peering at them from behind tiny cotton curtains as they passed in their caravans.

"And that may be good for the hedgehog," Salila told him, "But as for me, I would never want to live that way."

POP QUIZ
by Cevia & George Rosol

Across
1. Rap Doctor
4. Seth's pop
8. Poetic forms
12. Father and son acts?
13. Trust
14. Moon Unit's pop
16. ET conveyances
17. Fatherly caresses
18. Notch
19. Not before
21. Roll
24. Little lily
25. Grub
27. Prolific vaudeville father
29. Per
30. Dad too
31. AIDS aid
34. Ma and Pa of film
37. Pop ___

Down
1. Times Square Father
2. Cheers
3. Being (Lat.)
4. Dadaist
5. Paucity
6. Low women
7. Computer game
8. Sm. measures
9. Make Room for Daddy daddy
10. Larger-than-life
12. ___ personality
15. Alias (abbrev.)
20. Small change to El Cid
22. Where Magi came from
26. Jim Carrey role
28. Pick
29. JFK term
30. Fabled pipet
31. Follows head or heart
32. Father of the gods
33. Pop quiz
34. Pop's shavers
35. Temporary home of 4 across
36. Swiss archer pop
37. Pop's prop?
40. Sumac
41. Trinitrotoluene, commonly
43. It's in the bag
44. La Douce
45. Self propeller
46. Goodbye, Columbus creator
49. Daddy longlegs
50. Father Christmas
51. Known for 8 across
52. "Sat ___ tuffet"
53. Favas
54. Wife and sister to Osiris
55. Heard at town meetings
56. Neckpieces
57. Reign
59. Mother of 32 down
61. It's found in a silo
63. P.E. venue
65. El city
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first hand reports from BIW striker Tom Connelly

DVD previews with Phil Stubbs

poetry by Kat Farrin

comedy by Tom Snyder

essays by Margie MacDonald,

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