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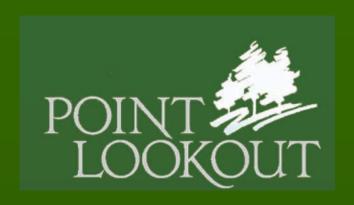
Handpainted Lazy Susan
Cubebot
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Playforever Racecar
Todd Reed Diamond Rings
Tourmaline Rings by Emily Amey
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Roger Wood Vintage Shoe Clock





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Monhegan Morning by Bruce Habowski 16 x 20 oil



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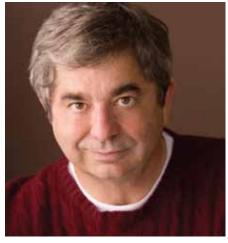
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Believe It When You See It In Print

To celebrate the beginning of our 29th year, we're proud to bring you "The Best of the Best." Along with our up-to-the minute restaurant reviews, events listings, and arts coverage in departments like Goings On, Chowder, and Maine Classics, here are some stories across the last four decades that still keep us up at night.

Like ghosts, these tales have forced their way onto our computer screens and demanded we re-imagine them with 21st century graphics. At the end of each story, look for an update that will offer extraordinary perspective-from wow factor to the land of now.



It's dazzling, considering all these fea-

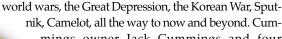
tures at once, especially today, when the truism "They'll Believe When They See It In Print" is becoming all the more true. There's a sensual magic to holding a freshly delivered magazine in your hands.

Few family businesses know that better than Cummings Printing. Not only have they printed Portland Magazine for nearly two decades, they're celebrating their 100th anniversary right now.

When Portland Magazine started, Prince and Madonna ruled the airwaves. Our first issue featured an interview with Judd Nelson, star of The Breakfast Club and St. Elmo's Fire.

But just think: When Cummings Printing started, The Great War was just beginning in Europe. F. Scott Fitzgerald was 11 years away from publishing The Great Gatsby. Jay-Z was 99 years away from producing The Great Gatsby.

To pull this off, Cummings Printing has had to endure long nights at the press through two



mings owner Jack Cummings and four generations of his family have had to show in-

credible technological nimbleness and élan to get to where they are today, topped by a century of heart and belief in the printed word. Congratulations to the entire staff and extended family of Cummings Printing. Here's to your next century. We're glad we've hitched our wagon to a star.



Hit song when Portland Magazine was started in 1985: "Part-Time Lover," by Stevie Wonder. Hit song when Cummings Printing was started in 1914 (when the Saint-Gaudens \$20 double eagle was in currency): "By the Beautiful Sea," by Harold Atteridge.

PORTLAN

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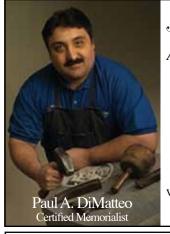




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PINING FOR THE PIRATES

Bravo and thank you, Mr. Sargent, for your editorial "Slapshot Economy." I just loved it. It's well written and very much expresses the sentiment of this (and I'm sure many more) former season ticket holder. I only hope all parties involved will read this and take the very simple advice: Get the team back to its rightful place. We miss them as do the surrounding businesses. Yes, I would go to Lewiston, but lost time and inconvenience have prevented me from doing so thus far. Not to say I won't go up a time or two. I miss the team greatly, and TV is just not the same. Gina Glidden, Portland

KELP YOURSELF

[Your Made In Maine story "Sea Greens," October 2013, shows] *Portland Magazine* has [incredible] reach.

Paul Dobbins, President Ocean Approved, Portland

DYNAMIC DINING DESTINATION

We continually find that visitors love our great city because of its culinary offerings! Thank you for providing such a comprehensive look ["Hunger Games II," Winterguide 2014, by Claire Z. Cramer] into what's great and what's up and coming, and for including Harvest on the Harbor which will have some new and exciting things this year! What a great list for your readers.

Lynn Tillotson, President & CEO, Convention & Visitors Bureau, Portland



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Maine Classics



GOURMET SAFARI

Maine Restaurant Week kicks off spring with a breakfast cook-off on February 28-the perennial winner is The Good Table of Cape Elizabeth (for their crèmebrulée French toast). Then it's a festive week of wining and dining on special menus at attractive prices: threecourse, fixed-price menus are offered at restaurants across Maine at \$25/\$35/\$45. Visit your favorite spots (Vignola Cinque Terre is pictured) or try someplace new-how about chef Jeff Landry's "pan-seared rosemary and ricotta gnocchi with a filet mignon and baconamber jam" at Fish Bones in Lewiston? Don't forget the parties for good causes, expanded this year to include a competition at Bayside Bowl on March 2 and a 100-yard-dash pancake-flipping race March 4 to benefit Big Brothers and Big Sisters. Check out the competition: mainerestaurantweek.com - Gretchen Miller

IMAGINE!

The **Nutopians**—a group of veteran musicians presenting the work of **John Lennon** in fresh acoustic arrangements—may tour nationally, but they're familiar locally: Ensemble members Tom Dean and Alana MacDonald of Devonsquare and Rex Fowler of Aztec Two Step, to name three, have been fixtures on Maine's music circuit for almost 40 years. Catch a rare reunion performance of **Devonsquare and Aztec Two-Step** together at Jonathan's in Ogunquit on March 21. Download a free song from the Nutopians from thenutopians.com and see our story "Pizza Diplomacy" on p. 26 about Devonsquare's bizarre adventure performing beyond the six-mile limit off Rockland aboard a Soviet fish-processing ship in 1990.



Keep a little piece of Maine bobbing in your backyard with buoy birdhouses from Bowdoinham, carved and painted by Peter and Nikki Sullivan. Inspired by antique wooden lobster buoys from the 1940s and made from decay-resistant northern Maine cedar, your buoy can be made unique with dates, names, and colors. A beveled slide-out drawer allows for easy cleaning. \$42-\$54. lobsterbuoybirdhouse.com —Deana Lorenzo

American Impressionism



Outside Looking In by Suzanne Harden, oil on canvas, 18" x 18"



Hazy, Hot and Humid by Robert Colburn, oil on panel 20" x 24"



58 Maine Street, Brunswick, Maine 04011

Contemporary Realism



Barrel and Sparrow by Brian LaSaga, acrylic on panel, 18" x 24"



Arrival of Spring by Thomas Adkins, oil on linen, 16" x 20"







GOINGSON February/March

Galleries

Biddeford Art Walk, downtown Biddeford. Visit local galleries, studios, and museums, Feb. 28, Mar. 28, Apr. 25. firstfridayartwalk.com

Bowdoin College Museum of Art, 1 Bath Rd., Brunswick. Imago to Persona, through Spring; Contemporary Masters: 1950 to the Present, through Spring; A World of Objects: Under the Surface: Surrealist Photography, Feb. 27-Jun. 8; Art and Artifacts from Bowdoin Collections, through Jun. 8. 725-3275 bowdoin.edu/art-museum

Brick Store Museum, 117 Main St., Kennebunk. To Sea: The Maritime Heritage of the Kennebunks, through Oct. 4. **brickstoremuseum.org**

Colby College Museum of Art, 5600 Mayflower Hill Dr., Waterville. Julianne Swartz: Affirmation, through Jun.; The Lunder Collection, through Jun.; Weathervanes, through Jun.; Alex Katz: Assembly, through Mar. 2. 859-5600 colby.edu

Colly College Museum of Art **Farnsworth Art** Museum, 16 Museum St., Rockland. Wonderful World of Oz, through Mar. 30; Celebrating Love!, Feb. 14-Mar. 16; A Wondrous Journey, opens Mar 23. 596-6457 farnsworthmuseum.org

First Friday Art Walk, downtown Portland. Visit local galleries, studios, and museums, Mar. 7, Apr. 4, May 2. **firstfridayartwalk.com**

Maine Historical Society Museum, 489 Congress St., Portland. This Rebellion: Maine & the Civil War, through May. 774-1822 mainehistory.org

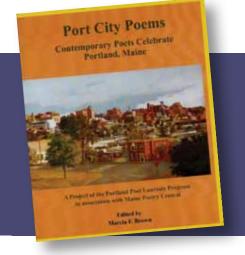
Portland Museum of Art, 7 Congress Sq., Portland. Fine Lines, through Apr. 27; Youth Art Month, opens Mar. 8; Preserving Creative Spaces: The Historic Artists' Homes and Studios Program, opens Mar. 22; Circa: Andrea Sulzer, opens Apr. 26; Richard Estes' Realism, opens May 22. 775-6148 portlandmuseum.org

USM AREA Gallery, Woodbury Campus Ctr., 35 Bedford St., Portland. Transitions: Juried Art Exhibition, through Mar. 28. usm.maine.edu

Music

Asylum, 121 Center St., Portland. Karaoke, every W; Retro Night, every Th; Plague: Goth/Industrial Night, Every F; The Straits, Mar. 2; Tonic & Vertical Horizon, Mar. 6; Manhattan Transfer, Mar. 14; Los Lonely Boys, Mar. 20; Blue Oyster Cult, April 19. portlandasylum.com

Blue, 650 Congress St., Portland. Open Rounds at Blue, every Tu; Traditional Irish Session, every W; Jazz at the Blue, every F; Cara Junken & Her Men, Vince Nez, Feb. 25; Fotusky, Samuel James & Dana Gross,



Feb. 27, Mar. 27; The Renovators, James Gilmore, LQH, Feb. 28; Mike Beling Trio, Mar. 1; Paddy Mills, Max Garcia Conover, Mar. 6, Apr. 3; OKBARI, The Evan King Group, Mar. 7, Apr. 4; Bluegrass Jam, Mar. 13; Acadian Aces, Mar. 14, Apr. 11; Sean Mencher & His Rhythm Kings, Mar. 15; Walterweight, Truth or Dare with Heather Styka, Mar. 20; Shanna in the Round, Gunther Brown, Mar. 21; Hardy Brothers Jazz Jam, Mar. 22; The Renovators, Mar. 28. 774-4111 portcityblue.com

Chocolate Church Arts Center, 804 Washington St., Bath. Chris Smither, Mar. 15; Dan Hicks and the Hot Licks, Apr. 12. 442-8455

Dogfish Bar & Grille, 128 Free St., Portland. Acoustic Open Mic, every W; Happy Hour with Isaiah Bennett/Travis James Humphrey, live jazz every F; My Max Walker, Feb. 27; Highball Jazz Band, Feb. 28; Matt Meyer & Gumption Junction, Mar. 1, Apr. 5; Larsen, Mar. 6, Apr. 3; Sean Mencher & His Rhythm Kings, Mar. 8, Apr. 12; Tombstone PD, Mar. 13, Apr. 10; Dapper Gents, Mar. 20, Apr. 17; The Bridge Walkers, Mar. 22; Max Ater, Mar. 27, Apr. 24. 772-5483 thedogfishcompany.com

Empire, 575 Congress St., Portland. Clash of the Titans, every Wed.; When Particles Collide, Mar. 21. 747-5063 portlandempire.com

Gingko Blue, 455 Fore St., Portland. Jennifer Porter, Feb. 26, April 2; Julie Thompson, Feb. 27, Mar. 21, Apr. 25; Poke Chop & the Other White Meats; Feb. 28, Mar. 21; Blues Mafia, Mar. 1, Apr. 11; Tony Boffa, Mar. 6, Apr. 3; Mama's Boomshack, Mar. 7; Tommy O'Connell & the Juke Joint Devils, Mar. 8, Apr. 12; Standard Issue, Mar. 12, Apr. 9; Hot Club du Monde, Mar. 13, Apr. 10; Rick Miller & his Band, Mar. 14, Apr. 18; Travis J. Humphrey & the Retro Rockets, Mar. 15. Apr. 19; Black Cat Road, Mar. 29; Flash Allen & Kelly Laurence, Apr. 23. gingkoblue.com

Jonathan's, 92 Bournes Ln., Ogunquit. Jon Pousette-Dart Band, Feb. 28; Chris Smither, Mar. 7; Karla Bonoff, Mar. 15; Irish Rovers Farewell Tour, Mar. 19; Aztec Two-Step and Devonsquare, Mar. 21; Jeff Pitchell & Charles Neville with Texas Flood, Mar. 28; Crystal Bowersox, Mar. 30; Nellie McKay, Apr. 5; Don Campbell's Band, Apr. 19;



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"This collection was long overdue," says Portland's poet laureate Marcia F. Brown, editor of *Port City Poems, Contemporary Poets Celebrate Portland, Maine*. The anthology of "contemporary poems inspired by some aspect of life in the city," by local laureate-, writer-, teacher-, and publisher-poets including Betsy Sholl, Martin Steingesser, Bruce Spang, Megan Grumbling, Alice Persons, and Colin Sargent features Robert Solotaire's painting *View From North Street* on the cover. Find it in Portland bookstores for \$20; the proceeds benefit the nonprofit Maine Poetry Central.

Judy Collins, May 2.646-4526 jonathansrestaurant.com

Merrill Auditorium/Portland Ovations, 20 Myrtle St., Portland. The Intergallactic Nemesis, Feb. 27; African Children's Choir, Mar. 2; So Percussion: "Where (we) Live," at ICA at MECA, Mar. 13; Bernstein by Bernstein, Mar. 16, 18; Man of La Mancha, Mar. 22; We're Going on a Bear Hunt, Apr. 5; Bobby McFerrin, Apr. 13; Pilobolus, Apr. 25. 842-0800 porttix.com

One Longfellow Square, 181 State St., Portland. Cuddle Magic, Rachel Ries, Jacob Augustine, Feb. 27; Kids & Teens Open Stage, Mar. 1, 8; The THE BAND Band, Mar. 7; Richard Shindell, Mar. 13; Matthew Stubbs Band, Mar. 14; OLS Sunday Jazz Brunch, Mar. 16; Willy Porter, Apr. 4; Lucy Kaplansky, Apr. 12. Visit website for more listings. 761-1757 onelongfellowsquare.com

Opera House at Boothbay Harbor, 86 Townsend Ave., Boothbay. Open Mic, Feb.28, Mar. 28; Carlos Nunez, Mar. 17; U.S. Army Jazz Ambassadors, Mar. 26; Caribbean night, Apr. 5; Shawn Colvin, Apr. 12. 633-5159 boothbayoperahouse.com

So Percussion: "Where (we) Live," at ICA at MECA March 13

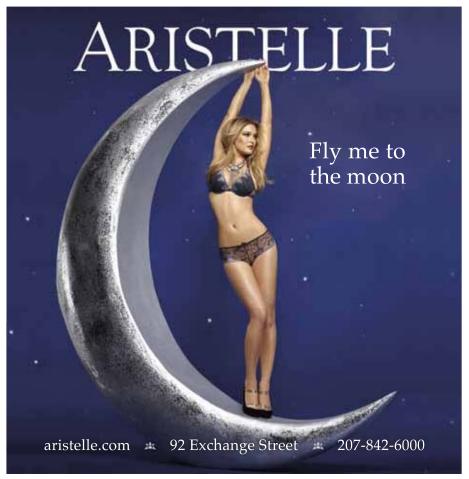


Port City Music Hall, 504 Congress St., Portland. Dopapod, Feb. 25; Iration, Feb. 27; Delta Rae, Feb. 28; The Wood Brothers, Mar. 2; North Mississippi All Stars, Mar. 7; Houndmouth, Mar. 11; Start Making Sense, Mar. 15; Ed Kowalczyk, Mar. 23; Typhoon, Lady Lamb the Beekeeper, Mar. 24; Mason Jennings, Mar. 27; Tinariwen, Mar. 28; Lake Street Dive, Apr. 5; Alejandro Escovedo, Apr. 13. 956-6000 **portcitymusichall.com**

St. Lawrence Arts, 76 Congress St., Portland. See website for dates; 347-3075 stlawrencearts.org

State Theatre, 609 Congress St., Portland. Bob Weir & RatDog, Feb. 26; Brett Dennen, Mar. 4; The Machine performs Pink Floyd, Mar. 7; Excision, Mar. 24; Jake Shimabukuro, Mar. 25; Slightly Stoopid, Mar. 27; John Prine, Mar. 28; The Mavericks, May 9. 956-6000 statetheatreportland.com









GOINGSON Events Calendar



Cowboy Junkies March 7 at **Stone Mountian Arts Center**

Stone Mountain Arts Center, 695 Dug Way Rd., Brownfield. Enter the Haggis, Mar. 1; Cowboy Junkies, Mar. 7; Los Lobos, Mar. 8; Waltzings for Dreamers w/ Mustard's Retreat, Mar. 9; Richard & Teddy Thompson, Mar. 11; Red Molly, Mar. 14; Josh Ritter, Mar. 29; Patty Larkin & Melissa Ferrick, Apr. 4; Portland Jazz Orchestra, Apr. 11; Waltzings for Dreamers feat. The Milk Carton Kids, Apr. 24; Le Vent du Nord, Apr. 26. 935-7292 stonemountainartscenter.com

Waterville Opera House, 1 Common St., Waterville. Keb' Mo', Mar. 23. 873-7000 operahouse.org

<u>Thea</u>ter

Acorn Productions, 90 Bridge St., Westbrook. Shakespeare Conservatory through May 2014. 854-0064 acorn-productions.org

Belfast Maskers/Cold Comfort Theater. *Agnes of God*, Apr. 11, 12, 17-19 in Castine, Belfast, Searsport. 930-7090 coldcomforttheater.com

City Theater in Biddeford, 205 Main St. *You Can't Take it With You*, May 16. 642-7840 citytheater.org

Freeport Community Players, Freeport Performing Arts Center, 30 Holbrook Rd., Freeport. *The Wizard of Oz*, Jul. 17-27. 865-5505 fcponline.org

Freeport Theater of Awesome, 5 Depot St., Freeport. See website for 2014 performances.

Gaslight Theater, 1 Winthrop St., Hallowell. *Morning's at Seven*, Mar. 21, 23, 28.-30 626-3698 gaslighttheater.org

Good Theater, 76 Congress St., Portland. The Outgoing Tide, Mar. 5-30. 885-5883 goodtheater.com

Portland Players, 420 Cottage Rd., South Portland. *Private Lives*, Mar. 21-Apr. 6; The *Best Little Whorehouse in Texas*, May 16-Jun. 1. 799-7337 portlandplayers.org

Portland Stage Company, 25A Forest Ave. *Veils*, Feb. 25-Mar. 16; *Tribes*, Mar. 25-Apr. 13; *The Savannah Disputation*, Apr. 22-May 18. 774-0465 portlandstage.org

Public Theatre, 31 Maple St., Lewiston. *Good People*, Mar. 14-23. 782-3200 thepublictheatre.org

Snow Lion Repertory Company, at Portland Stage Studio, 25A Forest Ave. *The Elephant Piece*, opening Apr.11. snowlionrep.org

Theater at Monmouth, 796 Main St., Monmouth. *My Father's Dragon*, Apr. 21-May 24. 933-9999

theateratmonmouth.org

USM Theater, Russell Hall, College Ave., Gorham. *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*, Mar. 14-23; *In the Underworld*, Apr. 18-27. 780-5151 usm.maine.edu/theatre

Tasty Events

Browne Trading Company, 262 Commercial St., Portland. Wine tasting every first and third Sa, 1-5pm. 775-7560 brownetrading.com

Cajun Cookin' Challenge, USM's Woodbury Campus Ctr., Portland. WMPG's delicious annual noontime Mardi Gras feast, a rivalry among local restaurants. Mar. 4. wmpg.org

Flanagan Farm, 668 Narragansett Trail (Rt. 202), Buxton. Farm Land Trust Dinner: Benefit dinners prepared by local chefs to benefit Maine Farmland Trust. Justin Walker, Feb. 23; Peter Sueltenfuss, March 23; Steve Corry, Apr. 6. flanaganstable.com

Flavors of Freeport, Downtown Freeport. Chef's Signature Series, Ice Bar, Iocal beer, Iocal foods showcase event, Feb 21. Freeportusa.com

13th Annual Portland Symphony Orchestra

Wine Dinner, Harraseeket Inn, 162 Main St., Freeport., Mar. 26. harraseeketinn.com

Local Food Networking Breakfast, Local Sprouts, 649 Congress St., Portland., Mar. 18. **localsproutscooperative.com**

Old Port Wine Merchants, 223 Commercial St., Portland. Wine tasting every third W. 772-9463 **oldportwine.com**

Salt Exchange, 245 Commercial St., Portland. Bourbon tastings, first F of every month. 347-5687 thesaltexchangerestaurant.com

The West End Deli & Catering, 545 Congress St., Portland. Wine tastings every first F, 6-8pm. 774-6426 **thewestenddeli.com**

Don't Miss

Acadian History, Maine Discovery Museum, Bangor. Free brown bag lunch and discussion with historian Ray Pelletier, April 4. mainehumanities.org

Bath Antique Show and Sale, Bath Middle School, Congress Ave, Bath. Mar. 9. bathantiquesshows.com

Gulf of Maine Research Institute Lecture Series,

350 Commericial St., Portland. Portland: New Entry Point to the North Atlantic, Mar. 13; A History of Trade, Apr. 10. gmri.org

Maine Jewish Film Festival, Nickelodeon Cinema, Portland and various locations. Independent films, curated to explore the Jewish experience, Mar. 22-29. mjff.org

Ogunquit Mardi Gras. Parade, costume contest, Feb. 28-Mar. 1. visitogunquit.org

Portland Sports Complex, 512 Warren Ave, Portland. New England Giftware and Specialty Food Spring Show, Mar. 15-17. Nemadeshows.com

Sugarloaf, 5092 Access Rd., Carrabassett Valley. FIS Men's Grand Slalom Race, Feb. 27-28; Fireworks, Mar. 3, 10; Maine Outdoor Film Festival, Mar. 8; Annual Banked Slalom, Mar. 14-16; 26th Annual Bud Light Reggae Fest, Apr. 10-13.800-843-5623 **sugarloaf.com**

Sunday River, 15 South Ridge Rd., Newry. Peak Beer Dinner, Mar. 1; Singles Weekend, Mar. 7-9; Peak Select Dinner, Mar. 15; Peak Wine Dinner Finale, Mar. 22; Dupont Cup, Mar. 28; Maine Adaptive Sports and Recreation Ski-A-Thon, Mar. 29; Chili Cook-Off & Fire Fighters Race, Mar. 30. 824-3000 sundayriver.com –Compiled by Jeanee Dudley



BATH ANTIQUE SHOW & SALE, Bath Middle School, Congress Ave., Bath, Mar. 10, Apr. 13, 582-5908 bathantiquesshows.com

24TH ANNUAL MAINE HOME, REMODELING AND GARDEN SHOW, Cumberland County Civic Center, Portland, Feb. 15-16, maine.newenglandexpos.com

PORTLAND FLOWER SHOW, 58 Fore St., Portland, Mar. 5-9, 775-4403 portlandcompany.com/flower

12TH ANNUAL MAINE LOG HOME, TIMBER FRAME & RESTORATION SHOW, Augusta Armory, 179 Western Ave., Augusta, Mar. 7-9, biztradeshows. com/trade-events/maine-home-show.html

BOSTON FLOWER & GARDEN SHOW, Seaport World Trade Center, 200 Seaport Blvd., Boston, MA Mar. 12-16 781-237-5533 bostonflowershow.com

20TH ANNUAL HOME & LEISURE SHOW, Mount



Blue High School, Farmington, Mar. 15, 778-4215 **THE MAINE HOME SHOW,** The Androscoggin Bank Colisee, 190 Birch St., Lewiston, Mar. 15-16, mainehomeshow.com

MAINE MAPLE SUNDAY, Statewide, Mar. 23, maine-mapleproducers.com/maine-maple-sunday-map.html

ANNUAL AGRI-BUSINESS TRADE FAIR, 84 Mechanic St., Presque Isle, Mar. 29-30, 472-3802

45TH ANNUAL PORTLAND HOME SHOW, Portland Expo, Apr. 4-6, homeshows.com

BANGOR GARDEN SHOW & SPRING FLING,

Cross Insurance Center, Bangor, Apr. 4-6, 947-5555 bdnmainegardenshow.com/

BANGOR HOME SHOW, Cross Insurance Center, Apr. 11-13, homeshows.com

OOB SWAP AND SHOP, Radley's Shop N Save Plaza, Old Orchard Beach, Apr. 19, 590-4201, oob365.com

THE BOOTHBAY REGION ART FOUNDATION (BRAF) PRESENTS THE MAINE PHOTOGRAPHY SHOW,



1 Townsend Ave., Boothbay Harbor, Apr. 12-May 2, 633-2703, mainephotographyshow.com/2013

SOUTHERN AROOSTOOK HOME & GARDEN TRADE SHOW, Houlton, Apr. 12-13, 532-4216, greaterhoulton.com

BATH CITYWIDE YARD SALE, Bath, May 3, 442-7291

PORTLAND KITCHEN TOUR, Portland's East End, May 9-10, 229-3866 portlandkitchentour.com

ANNUAL MAINE IRIS SOCIETY SPRING PERENNI-AL PLANT AUCTION, Auburn United Methodist Church, 439 Park Ave., Auburn May 13, 346-3031

HOME, GARDEN, FLOWER SHOW, Fryeburg Fairgrounds, Fryeburg, May 16-18, 800-359-2033 homegardenflowershow.com

YARD SALE TO BENEFIT ANIMAL WELFARE SOCIETY, 6 Hearthstone Dr., Kennebunk, May 17, 985-3244, animalwelfaresociety.orgt

MONMOUTH MAY FAIRE, 796 Main St., Monmouth, May 17, 441-7071

CARIBOU CITY WIDE YARD SALE, Caribou, May



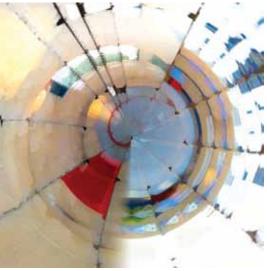
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LILAC FESTIVAL, McLaughlin Garden & Homestead, 97 Main St. (Hwy. 26) South Paris, May 23-26, 743-8820, mclaughlingarden.org

WELLS ROTARY STRAWBERRY FESTIVAL. Spriller Farm, 1054 Branch Rd., Wells, June, 646-2451

ANNUAL SPRING FESTIVAL & PLANT SALE, Wolfe's Neck Farm, 184 Burnett Rd., Freeport, Jun. 1, 865-4469

54TH ANNUAL IRIS SHOW, Auburn Middle School, 38 Falcon Dr., Auburn, Jun. 14, 346-3031

ANNUAL WELLS ANTIQUES SHOW AND SALE, 342 Laudholm Farm Rd., Wells, Jun. 29, 800-641-6908

ANNUAL CORNISH STRAWBERRY FESTIVAL.

Thompson Park, Cornish, June, 625-7725 cornish-maine.org

ANNUAL NEW GLOUCESTER STRAWBERRY FES-TIVAL, 19 Gloucester Hill Rd., New Gloucester, Jun. 26. 926-3188

SOUTH BERWICK STRAWBERRY FESTIVAL. 197 Main St., South Berwick, Jun. 29, southberwickstrawberryfestival.com

61ST ANNUAL STRAWBERRY FESTIVAL. St. Philip's Episcopal Church, 12 Hodge St., Wiscasset, Jun. 28, 882-7184

37TH ANNUAL CMCA BENEFIT EXHIBITION & ART AUCTION, Point Lookout Resort, 67 Atlantic Hwy., Northport, Jul. 13-27, auction Jul. 27, 236-2875

WATERFORD WORLD'S FAIR, North Waterford, Jul. 18-20, 595-1601 waterfordworldsfair.org

ANNUAL MAINE ANTIQUES FESTIVAL, Fairground Rd., Union, Aug. 8-10, 221-3108 maineantiquefest.com

12TH ANNUAL MAINE BOATS, HOMES & HAR-BORS SHOW, Harbor Park, Rockland, Aug. 8-10, maineboats.com/boatshow

WINSLOW BLUEBERRY FESTIVAL, 12 Lithgow St., Winslow, Aug. 9, 872-2544

RANGELEY BLUEBERRY FESTIVAL, 2886 Main St., Rangeley, Aug. 21, 864-5364

MACHIAS WILD BLUEBERRY FESTIVAL, 7 Center St., Machias, Aug. 12-16, 255-6665

OGUNQUIT HERITAGE MUSEUM ANTIQUE SHOW, 86 Obeds Lane., Ogunquit, Sept. 14-15, 646-0296

COMMON GROUND COUNTRY FAIR, 294 Crosby Brook Rd., Unity, Sept. 19-21, 568-4142 mofga.org

FREEPORT FALL FESTIVAL, Art & music in the village, 95 Main St., Freeport, October 4-5, freeportfallfestival.com, 865-1212

-Compiled by Gretchen Miller



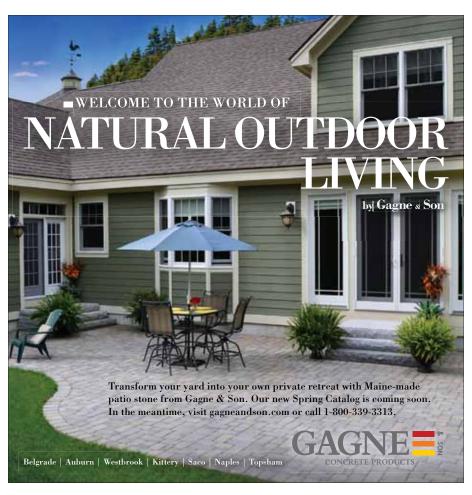
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Orgone Shadow Boxing



Some say the official rule book for hipsters is 1957's *On The Road*, by Jack Kerouac, where the word "hipster" is used more often than the Portland Arts

District uses "vibrant" today. The

real question is, what Mainer figures most penetratingly in *On the Road*? It's Dr. Wilhelm Reich, who studied under Sigmund Freud and later built a mid-century modern laboratory, "Orgonon," in Rangeley. Not only does Reich's infamous orgone box appear in Kerouac's work, J.D. Salinger (isn't New Hampshire just one big orgone box?) thought inside the box as well. Other enthusiasts include William S. Burroughs and Orson Bean.

From *On the Road*: "Say, why don't you fellows try my orgone accumulator? Put some juice in your bones... According to Reich, orgones are vibratory atmospheric atoms of the life-principle. People get cancer because they run out of orgones."

For more, see "Interior Monologue: The Dazzling Vision of Orgonon" [Feb/March 2007] and "Rainy Day Weird," [July/August 2013].

Rain Makers

Even in the Congress Square Starbucks, you might hear that

the famous line "into each life some rain must fall" comes from the lnk Spots' memorable 1944 song featuring Ella Fitzgerald. Pull away a layer, and you'll see it's really directly from Henry Wadsworth Longfellow's 1842 poem "The Rainy Day," which he wrote while looking pensively into the garden from his downtown Portland study.

Sarojini Weds Colin

Our own Colin S. Sargent [see his story "Guns & Lobsters" in this issue, p. 41] must have wanted to score the prize for 'Farthest Wedding From Our Offices,' traveling halfway around the world to Baroda, India, to wed sweetheart Sarojini Rao in a traditional Hindu ceremony. The couple met while she was working as an economics research assistant at the Federal

Reserve Bank of Boston and he was working on his doctorate in history at Northeastern University. She's a third-year student in the Ph.D. program at the University of Chicago's Department of Economics. The newlyweds look forward to many happy years of globe-trotting together. Stay tuned for postcards from the edge.

Godwise from top: Sarojini, her parents Vanitha and Vasudev, Colin, and the celebrant during the ceremony; cutting the cake during the ring ceremony; proud parents publishers Colin W. & Nancy Sargent.



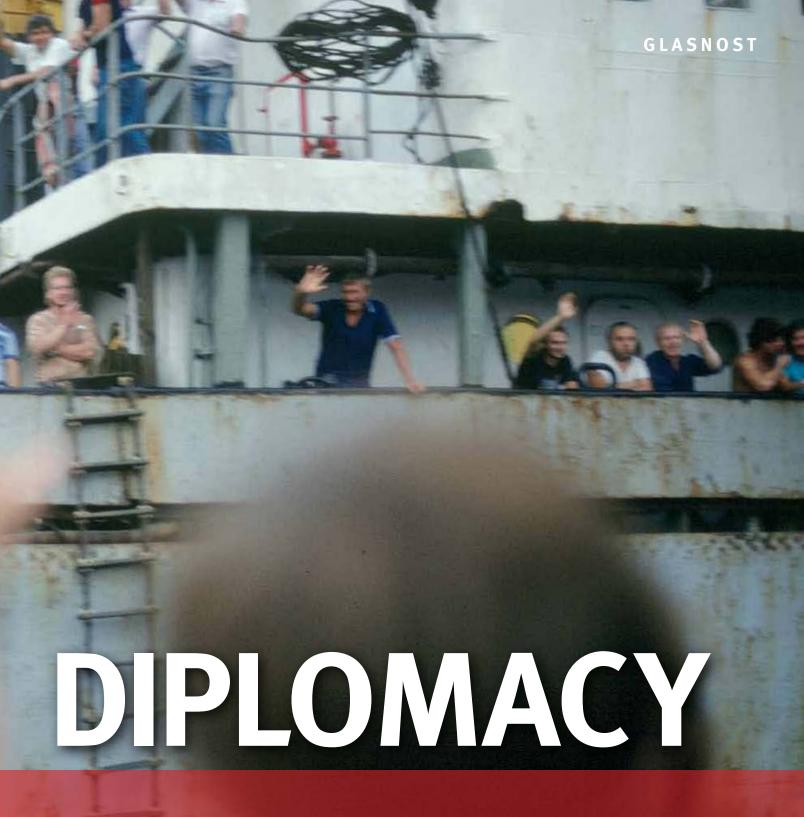
In 1984, **Westbrook's Kevin Eastman** and Peter Laird pooled their pizza money—"my tax return, and \$1,300 from my uncle"—to publish their first comic book at Wellesley Press in Framingham, Massachusetts, a 40-page black-and-white edition introducing Leonardo, Donatello, Raphael, Michaelangelo (pictured), and their ninja mentor Splinter and arch-enemy The Shredder to their underground audience. [See "Return of the Ninja," Winterguide 2005.] Today, a new generation is gaga for nunchucks, thanks to an animated resurgence on Nickelodeon. But still, yeah, it's a Maine thing.











The Soviet freighter *Riga*'s journey has been as long as mine has been short. Her name is derived from the city of Riga, capital of Latvia.

Her home port is Murmansk, population 380,000, in the Soviet Republic. Owned by Northern Cold Storage Fishing Fleet of Murmansk, the *Riga* has a crew of 108 men and eight women from the country villages and cities throughout the Republic. Men from

Kiev, Riga, Minsk, Bryansk, and Estonia flock to Murmansk to work on fishing vessels that fish the world's oceans.

But here, off the coast of Maine? My eyes involuntarily widen. Then I burst out laughing. To the rear of the vessel. a local fishing boat is unloading a Plymouth Horizon onto the Soviet ship. Dangling precariously between the two pitching decks, it seems almost too symbolic an expres-

sion of the transfer of western theory and culture to the Soviets as Perestroika jumpstarts into reality. I look at the car and oddly hope it has an automatic transmission.

7:37 a.m. In a joint venture with Resource Trading Co. of Portland, the *Riga* is here to purchase pogies from American fishermen, then process the fish into fish meal and fish oil. The ship is automated and is







capable of processing 20 to 30 tons of fish an hour.

Like U.S. fishing ships, she's a highly efficient killing machine poised far from home. To the *Riga*'s crew, Maine is the far-flung end of the world.

Throughout the autumn days and nights, American fishing vessels have come to the *Riga* to unload their catch. Twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week.

No leaves, no holidays; the crew has not been to shore in six months.

How ironic—as I write, some men play a game of Chinese billiards on the deck as if they're not in sight of land and fewer than three miles away lies solid ground. *Amerika*. After a game of billiards, I ask one of the players what he thinks of the North Atlantic Coast. He says he doesn't know, he's never been here. "Are there beautiful mountains and trees there?" he asks. The conversation struggles on in broken sentences and hand gestures. He likes European football, which he plays daily on an enclosed deck. Baseball? "Nyet!" He knows nothing about baseball.

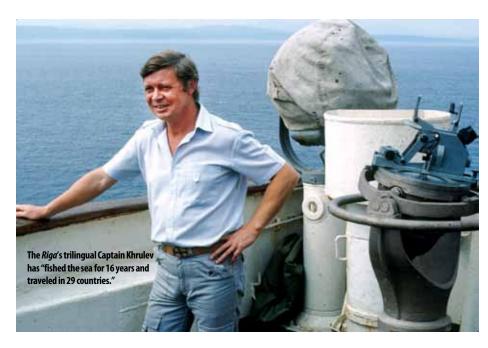
8:11 a.m. Left alone, I'm free to wander about the ship. My passage leads me to the captain's quarters.

The door opens; I peer in. Hello? No re-

sponse. Entering, I notice a photograph of Mikhail Gorbachev on the wall. I tiptoe over for a look. The photograph is almost surrealistic, but there's something odd about it. I peer even closer. Then it dawns on me. No discolored birth mark!

8:17 a.m. Voices come from behind. Surprising me as they enter are the captain and Steve, the only American who lives on

board. Steve is a marine biologist whose job is to sample the fish for disease and general health, as well as monitor the catch. The captain, shaking my hand firmly, says, "Hello, I am Vadim Khrulev, captain of the *Riga*."



"Hello, I am Kevin, the first mate."

I'm dumbfounded when both the captain and Steve roar a laugh. "OK, first mate," Captain Khrulev says. "Have a seat, let's talk!"

I ask Steve what's so amusing. Steve explains that unlike American ships, the first mate aboard Soviet vessels is the political officer. His duty is to be the voice of Moscow to all foreign companies and governments. We settle in and talk some more.

11 :41 a.m. Up on deck, Capt. Khrulev explains the *Riga* to me. Built in 1958, *Riga* can hold 750 metric tons of fish oil; she produces 90 metric tons of oil in one day. In two-anda-half months she's spent off Rockland, *Riga* has produced more than 350,000 metric tons of fish oil. "What is the meal and fish oil for?" I ask.

"Pogies are quite rich in protein, which makes an excellent nutritional additive for animals, particularly chicken and cattle." When refined, the fish oil makes a high grade oil for use in fine machinery. Khrulev explains the Soviet Union exports much of the oil from Murmansk to Norway and other European countries. There, the fish oil is used as a food additive in margarine, as an ingredient in the production of cosmetics such as lipstick, and also as a vitamin supplement.

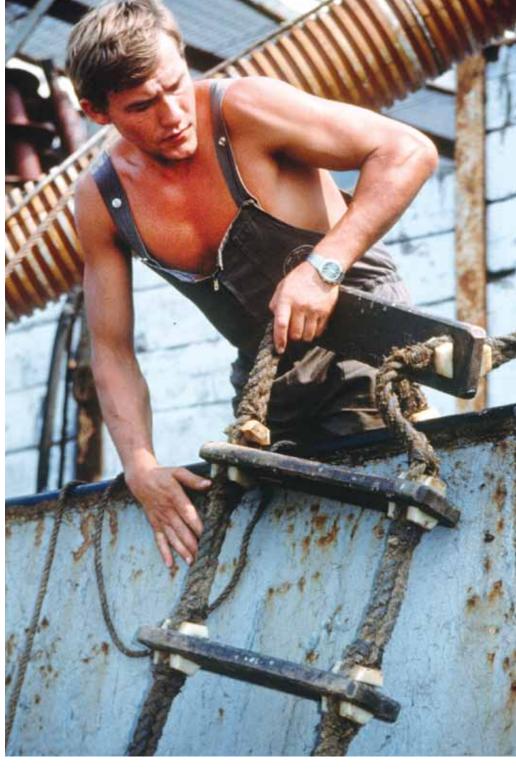
This is Khrulev's first year as commander of the *Riga*. The trip has been "refreshing." Ordinarily, his assignment brings him off the Spanish Sahara Coast in Africa, fishing for sardines. "Not a pleasant time," he says. "Fishing is often difficult."

"Is it hot?"

"Yes, the civil war there is hot. The sun is, too."

Back in his office, Khrulev reveals he speaks both English and German; he considers German the easier of the two. "My daughter, she is 12; she has learned English in school, too. She is talented in music and art. I have many hopes for her. My son is seven. He will learn English this year in the first grade."

Khrulev stops our conversation, turns to open the top drawer of his desk, and takes out a photograph of himself with his wife and children poised behind a small, cartoon-like statue. "The picture was taken on Constitution Day." In the background of the photo lies the greenery of a



small park. In the distance stands a plain concrete and stucco apartment building. Khrulev tells me they once celebrated this holiday in October, but because this version of the constitution only lasted for one year, this place is now nothing.

"What was your first impression of Americans?" I ask.

"Normal. I have fished the sea for 16 years and traveled in 29 countries. Americans here are the same as Americans overseas. Friendly, normal, behave like they

should, civilized."

"Have you ever visited America?"

"Yes, one time we visited Portland."

"How were you greeted?"

"Normal. I was not spooked by the Americans, and they were not spooked by me. I liked the visit to Portland's City Council meeting most. I like the way I was received and how friendly the people were to each other. I like the rituals that were involved with the meeting. The people were

(Continued on page 64)

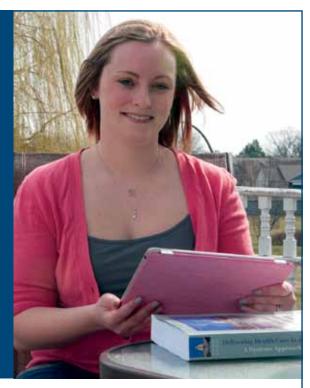
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Summerguide 2001

The WEB.

For decades, the FBI tailed him.

But every summer, for two weeks in July, the inspirational leader disappeared... to a lake in Maine. BY LEIGH DONALDSON

hen the FBI, starting in 1933, investigated Dr. W.E.B. Du Bois, they developed a file of 927 pages over 30 years, presumably because of his ties to the Communist Party. Agents carefully reproduced articles he wrote for *The Crisis*, the monthly magazine he founded and edited for the NAACP; recorded his speeches; and tracked him on international visits to Moscow, Paris, and Berlin. But each summer, the trail grew cold for two weeks in July. Du Bois had disappeared. But where?

Where else but Maine, where he came to hear himself think as a member of a unique summer retreat and gentlemen's club called The Cambridge Gun & Rod Club. Not *Rod and Gun*? Nope. Like so many things about the club, its title breezily flouts convention.

The club, which thrives today, was originally an interracial group of about 14 members. It is now a gentlemen's club of exclusively professional African-American men. The membership is 35.

"We've been around a long time," says James L. Brown IV, 63, the club's historian and a historic preservationist by profession who winters in Philadelphia. "Right now, we're trying to get the lodge on the National Register of Historic Places, because where else could a group of black intellectuals congregate and share experiences during a time when shadows of slavery itself still darkened the national experience?"

Maine has had an arduous, uphill civil rights struggle that continues to this day. But, paradoxically, the Pine Tree State has maintained a reputation as a hiatus for those in search of quiet, natural beauty and a kind of

cultural simplicity: 'the way life should be.'

The idea of Maine as a sanctuary from the chaotic demands of everyday urban life was not lost on African-Americans. In 1893, Cleve Miller of Boston summered on a farm in West Gardiner owned by the Goodwin family. Enthralled by the rustic beauty, he approached the Goodwins (who still own the property today) about starting a retreat. He returned in the summer of 1894 with several other friends, and a tradition was established where educated, affluent, and accomplished black leaders from 'all walks of life'-doctors, lawyers, religious leaders, professors, businessmen-got together for a few weeks of absolute peace and tranquility along the shore of Lake Cobbosseecontee.

"It's not a debating team or a brainstorming session," laughs Brown. "Instead, there's

Du Bois Files

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an unwritten law that we leave the outside on the outside, though discussions are relatively intellectual in nature. Naturally, out of a spirit of camaraderie, issues that affect black people were, and certainly are, discussed. It's still exclusively for men, but the camp is open to other family members for visits throughout the summer."

Among the earliest and most prestigious of these extraordinary vacationers was Dr. William Edward Burghardt Du Bois. Born in 1868, in Great Barrington, Massachusetts, this outstanding critic, scholar, scientist, author, and civil rights activist is widely considered to be among the most influential and controversial leaders in the 20th century. The first African-American to receive a Ph.D. from Harvard, where he studied under William James and George Santayana, W.E.B. Du Bois was one of the original

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RUSTICATING



Du Bois (center) celebrates his 95th birthday in Accra, Ghana, with President Kwame Nkrumah and First Lady Fathia in 1963. The two men first met in Manchester, England, at a Pan-African Congress in 1945; later, both received the International Lenin Prize.

founders of the NAACP in 1909 as well as a distinguished professor at University of Pennsylvania and Atlanta University. He won a fellowship to the University of Berlin, where he was trained in Hegel's approach to philosophy. He was the first African-American to be admitted into the National Institute of Arts & Letters.

As a protean writer, he produced breakthrough works such as *The Philadelphia Negro*, *The Souls of Black Folk*, and *Black Reconstruction*.

Du Bois was also one of the first male civil rights leaders to address gender discrimination, particularly with respect to black women, and actively support the women's suffrage movement in an effort to integrate this largely white struggle. "It is important to understand that blacks were divided intellectually then as they continue to be now," notes Brown. "While others like Booker T. Washington believed in blacks learning trades as a tool toward social advancement, Du Bois insisted that blacks cultivate their own aesthetic and cultural values."

As the story goes, when Du Bois first arrived at the lodge in Maine somewhere around the early 1930s, according to surviving Goodwin family member Roger Goodwin, "there was no room for him. He graciously set up a tent on a bed of pine needles near the lodge and waited for a vacancy. He apparently never made a big deal about little things."

Perhaps it is this generosity of spirit that so

moved the very FBI agents—otherwise keeping such close tabs on his activities—that they closed their notebooks and gave him his privacy for two weeks every summer for 30 years.

Here, beside the blue mirror of Cobbosseecontee, "he may have come up with his famous concept of "The Talented Tenth," speculates Brown. "Certainly he worked on it here, especially when you consider the nature of his fellow campers, who were considered part of the Talented Tenth."

s one of the most literate men of his age, Du Bois could charm one and all. Consider the following, where he identifies spirituals-"The Sorrow Songs"-as singularly powerful historical narratives of the black experience. "They are the music of an unhappy people, of the children of disappointment; they tell of death and suffering and unvoiced longing toward a truer world, of misty wanderings and hidden ways...through all the sorrow of the Sorrow Songs there breathes a hope-a faith in the ultimate justice of things. The minor cadences of despair change often to triumph and calm confidence. Sometimes it is faith in life, sometimes a faith in death, sometimes assurance of boundless justice in some fair world beyond. But whichever it is, the meaning is always clear: that sometime, somewhere, men will judge men by their souls and not by their skins."

Often, FBI agents would begin their assignment with prejudice and then be pro-

But still, the investigations continued. The summer of 1958, when he was 89, was particularly controversial, since that was the year he was presented with the International Lenin Prize along with fellow winner Nikita Kruschev (in fact, Maine artist Rockwell Kent presented the award, \$25,000). But whatever your yardstick is, Du Bois was an incredible humanist, and an even more accomplished writer.

Du Bois continued a nearly unbroken string of summer visits until his death in 1963.

"But if he were here, the first thing he'd do is introduce you to the other members of the club," says Brown, noting that a host of other notables, including boxer Joe Louis, have stayed at least a week or so. Current club members include jazz great Billy Strayhorn's nephew, doctors, dentists, and a prominent religious leader from the Boston area.

"Today a lot of history is shared, and thankfully, it's no longer a miracle for black intellectuals to find a place to express themselves as a group. Either way, Maine seems to dignify the process."

And the process seems to dignify Maine.

"STILL MY FAVORITE PLACE TO BE"

"I haven't been to the camp since 2008, and my dad stopped going about 10 or 12 years ago," James Brown V told us recently. He's the son of James Brown IV, who was interviewed by Leigh Donaldson for our 2001 story. "The members of the Cambridge Gun & Rod Club purchased the camp from the Goodwin family in 2008... But it's still my favorite place to be...getting the fresh strawberries and strawberry jam biscuits and talking with the Goodwin family. Mr. Goodwin told us the camp was on the Underground Railroad. There were lots of hand-me-down stories, and W.E.B. DuBois's signature in the log book is preserved there. The camp didn't start with an exclusive African-American membership; it just happens to be now.

"My father's the historian, so he always hoped to preserve the camp and turn it into an historic place. But we'd tell him, hey, come on, the guys just came to camp. Fishing and golf, mostly. Nobody really hunts anymore."

Brown, who lives in Philadelphia, says, "I'm hoping to take my own son up there in a few years. It's American history, not black history. I have a bi-racial history—it's easy to sit in a pocket and not hear the other side. But we're all Americans, and unless we're natives, we all got here on somebody's boat. It's not an arqument, it's a conversation."

James L. Brown V has named his own son Julian. "We have no château in France, and no vineyards, so we don't need a Sixth. Besides, it's very challenging to be a James Brown. Just don't ask me to dance!"





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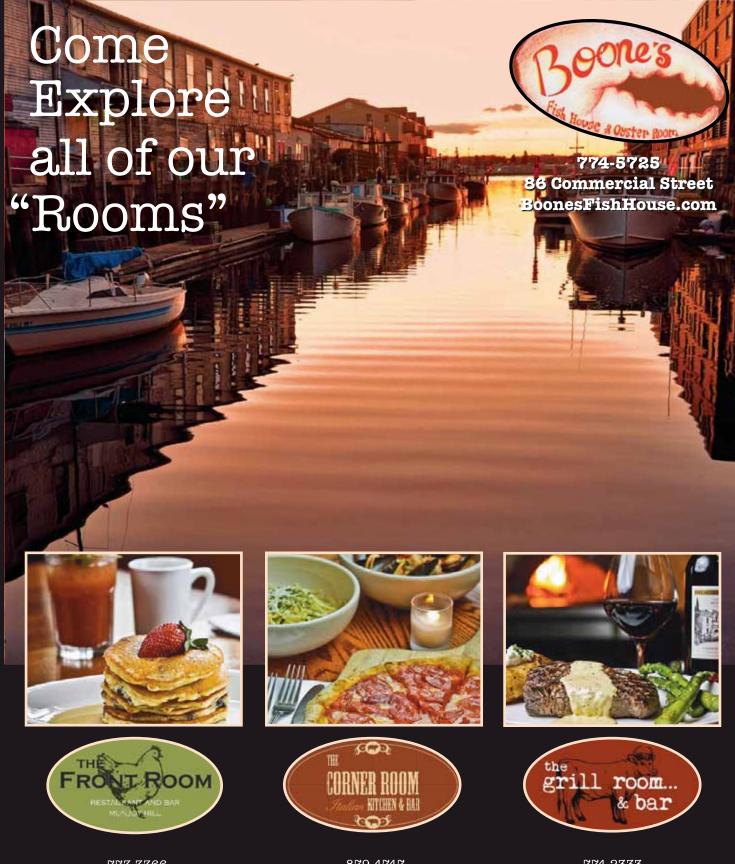




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When did you get your role in The Marc Pease Experience?

I got the phone call on Valentine's Day last year. I usually have bad luck on Valentine's Day, so I was very nervous when I heard I'd get the decision [by telephone] then. Up until then, anything work-related that had happened on a Valentine's Day had just gone down the toilet. So this was great. It reversed my luck!

Do your co-stars Ben Stiller and Jason Schwartzman know you're from Maine?

I remember talking to Jason, because he used to be the drummer for Phantom Planet. When I told him I was from here, he immediately said he liked Portland because he'd come here with his band, and all of a sudden I blurted out, 'I was there! You opened for Incubus at the Civic Center.' It all came back to me: 'Your lead singer stage-dived, and a group of my friends caught him!'

Was there a real-life Jason Schwartzman counterpart at Deering when you went there—you know, your basic *uber*-loser who returns eight years after graduating in disguise so he can star in your high-school production of *The Wiz*?

No! I've never met anybody like Jason, and I don't think anybody has met anybody like Marc Pease. He's one of a kind.

Take us behind the curtain during filming.

I remember my first day. Jason and Ben knew how terrified I was about the whole thing, so they took it easy on the practical jokes—it was obviously a very big deal for me. But there was one time: Ben plays my music teacher, and in one scene, we were doing vocal warm-ups and Ben started improvising funnier and funnier things that I had to repeat back to him. It turned out everybody was laughing in the background, but I was white as a ghost. In between, the script supervisor said, 'What he said was so

funny–I can't believe you're not laughing; this is so incredibly professional of you.' I said, 'This is not skill, this is fear.'

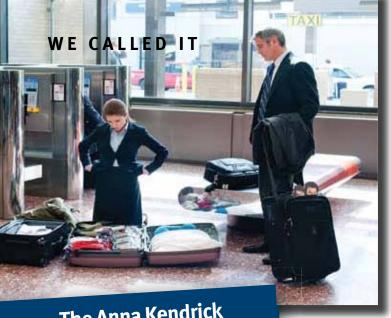
In what ways is your character like the person you were at Deering High, and in what ways is she different?

She's romantically involved with two older men, which is certainly nothing I was involved with at Deering. She's vulnerable and in the process of discovering her strengths, and I think I shared that with everyone going through high school.

Have you had to alter your Broadway live-audience gestures for movies? Exactly what measures did you take?

I was lucky. My first film was a film about theater, called *Camp*, in 2003, so that kind of eased me into the transition.

Where is the premiere going to be when the movie comes out, and what friends of yours from Maine will attend?



The Anna Kendrick Experience

BROADWAY

High Society (1998)

- —As Dinah Lord
- Drama Desk Award
- World Theater Award
- Tony Award nominee (second-youngest)

TELEVISION

The Mayor (2003)

—As Sadie Winterhalter

My Favorite Broadway: The Leading Ladies 1999

FILM

Drinking Buddies (2013)

–As Jill

Pitch Perfect (2012)

—As Bec

Twilight Saga: Breaking Dawn Parts I (2011) & II (2012)

—As Jessica Stanley

50/50 (2011)

—As Katherine

Twilight Saga: Eclipse (2010)

—As Jessica Stanley

Twilight Saga: New Moon (2009)

As Jessica Stanley

Up in the Air (2009)

—As Natalie Keener

The Marc Pease Experience (2008)

-As Meg Brickman

Elsewhere (2008)

—As Sarah

Twilight (2008)

—As Jessica Stanley

Rocket Science (2007)

—As Ginny Ryerson

Camp (2003)

-As Fritzi Wagner

I imagine it will be in L.A., and what I'll have to do during the premiere will be a lot like working. I like to keep that whole part of my life private.

You're not doing a very good job of that!

It's more like, I'd hate to disillusion any of my friends about how un-fun L.A. can actually be.

There's a 20-year age gap between you and Ben Stiller. Did he make jokes about that, or did you?

Oh, yeah. He was cool and cracked a couple of jokes. But like I said, I was too nervous to make jokes myself.

What's your 'role that got away,' so far?

They're remaking my favorite film, *The Women*, and it's my tough luck that they

didn't make it 15 years from now, because I'm too young for any of those roles.

How are you a different actress than if you'd been born in California or New York?

Growing up in a normal atmosphere and going to public schools in a life that seems, in comparison, to be 'humble' beginnings is invaluable. I don't understand how a girl who's grown up in

California can even play your average Joe. I wouldn't just be a different actress if I'd grown up in New York or California–I'd be a different person.

What does it take to make you feel you've really returned to Maine during a visit?

I'd have to watch a football game with my dad. Patriots, obviously. I know this is not very Maine-like, but my dad and I have to get the spicy scallop roll at Yosaku. I also love Foley's Bakery and Street & Company.

$What's your favorite film performance by a {\it Maine actor?}$

Bob Marley in Boondock Saints is fantastic.

How often do you come to Maine?

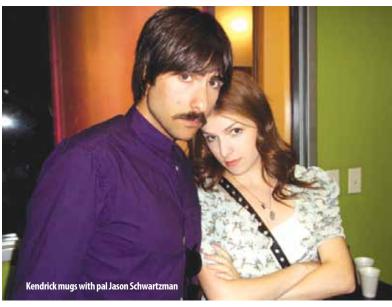
I usually just come for Christmas, but then somebody gets married or graduates, so it ends up to be twice a year.

If your life were a movie here in Portland, where would you have to go when you had to be alone to think things through, the way Spiderman goes up into his tower?

I go to the woods on Leland Street above the Deering High football field to hear myself think, or Fort Williams.

We celebrated you as one of the "Ten Most Intriguing People in Maine" when you were 13. Did your fellow students razz you about that?

I'm sure they didn't mean anything by it. When you're in middle school, any attention feels like negative attention. I definitely felt different when I came back [from her Tonynominated and Drama Desk Award-win-



ning role in *High Society* on Broadway] as a teenager. They say you can never go home again, but it's strange. On one side, you feel like you're the person you were. The atmosphere feels the same, so why shouldn't you feel the same? Then I have to remind myself that I've been taking care of myself since I was 17 and you have to move on. Uh-oh! My mom just gave me a look.

>>> For more, visit portlandmonthly.com/portmag/2014/02/indie-anna-extras

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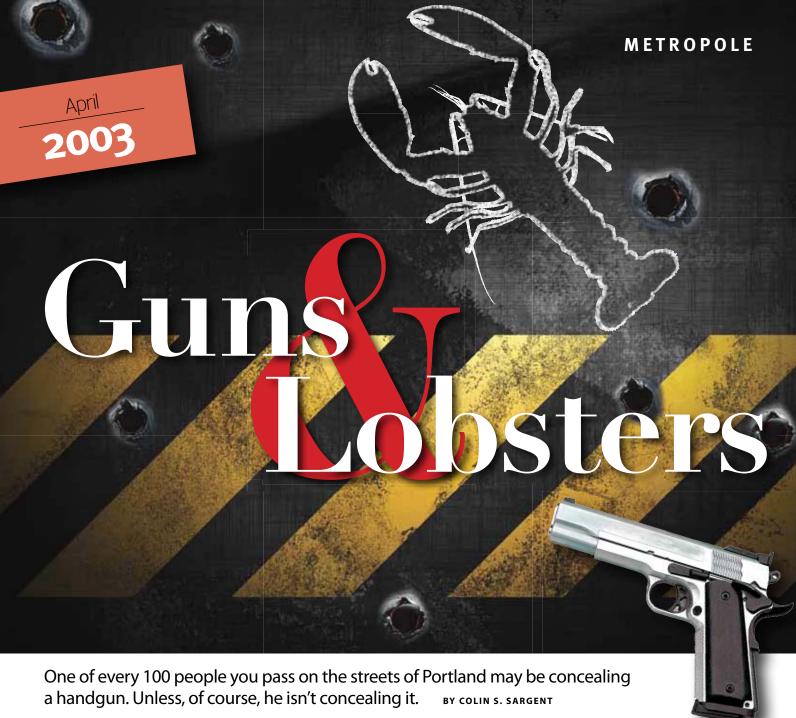
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t 8 p.m., 11-year-old Jesse Sweeney bursts through the door of a neighbor's home in Casco, frightened and in tears. He has just seen his father wave his revolver and pull the trigger nine times, screaming, "Where's the bullets?" His unemployed parents have been drinking and arguing since dinner. Jesse can't stand the waiting anymore. He runs back outside to check on his mother and meets a ranting Gary Sweeney walking down the road, screaming, "I can't believe it. How did that bullet get in there?"

The neighbors call 911.

At 4:30 a.m., Sweeney is arrested for manslaughter after a lengthy interrogation with state police. After 13 dry fires, Christine Pepin has been shot in the left side of the head with the 14th and final squeeze of the trigger.

State police detectives begin compiling evidence from the home where Sweeney and Pepin have spent their last 20 years. Police believe that Sweeney didn't intend to kill his common-law wife, but instead just wished to wave the gun in her face.

Maine, with a population of about 1.25 million, lost 113 people through death by firearms in 1999, nearly twice as many as in all of Great Britain, where only 68 out of a population of 59 million died facing a gun. In France, the figure was 255 out of 59 million; in Germany, 381 out of 82 million. One hundred sixty-five Canadians suffered gun deaths out of 30 million. Japan, with 126 million.

lion, had 39 firearms-related deaths. Put another way, a citizen of Japan is 290 times less likely to die from a gunshot than a Mainer.

Maybe even more surprising is a direct comparison with New York, the "Goodfellas" state. The rate of firearm deaths in Maine, 9.0 in 100,000, is half again as high as the rate of firearm deaths in New York, 5.6 in 100,000.

"In my experience, there are more guns in Maine, in general, than in the rest of the nation," says Portland police chief Michael Chitwood, who spent his early days on the streets of Philadelphia.

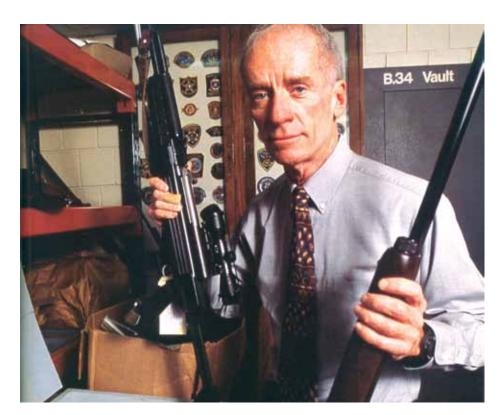
"In Portland, there are roughly 600 people with concealed weapons permits," Chit-

wood says. "About one in every 100 people" you pass here on the street has a permit to pack a gun.

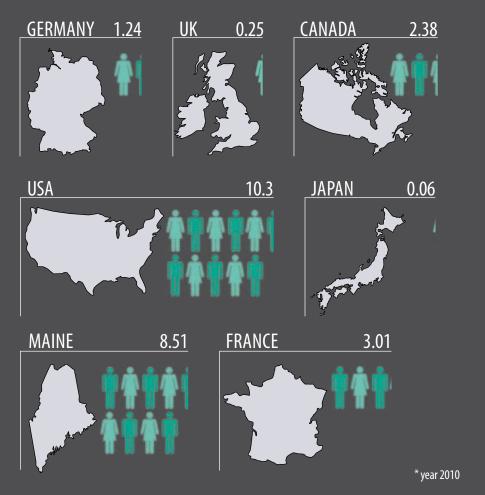
Bushmaster Firearms, at 999 Roosevelt Trail in Windham, manufactured the semi-automatic M-16 copy used in the 13 murders committed by the D.C. Beltway snipers in 2002. The very weapon they held in their hands was built in Windham, then sold directly to Bulls-Eye Shooter's Supply in Tacoma, Washington, where it was later reported stolen.

Bushmaster, which pumps out almost 40,000 rifles a year, is not the only major arms manufacturer here. Smith & Wesson makes 20,000 pistols a year in Houlton, Maine. General Dynamics Armament Systems has a facility in Saco (formerly Saco Defense, Inc.) that is one of the world's premiere manufacturers of M2 machine guns and automatic grenade launchers.

These 'exotic' weapons are generally not what kill Mainers, just as they are not general-



RATE OF DEATHS BY FIREARM PER 100,000 POPULATION*



ly what kill Americans. Chief Chitwood says, "The majority of Mainers who die in firearm-related deaths are killed by handguns."

Handguns figure first in crimes, too.

"I have never seen a Kalashnikov. Long guns are sometimes confiscated, but they're very rarely used in crimes."

Confiscation occurs only in high-risk situations: when a concern about a mental illness leads police to believe a person may be a threat, when there is a danger of domestic abuse, when someone is reported to be a suicide risk, or whenever a gun is used in a crime.

"We confiscate around 100 guns a year, and most are not returned. Every three years or so, when we've built up a lot, we destroy them. During the last 10 years, we've destroyed around 1,000 weapons. We ship them off to get melted down and turned into boat anchors," Chitwood says. "A fair amount of other [police] departments in Maine sell guns used in crimes at auction or to gun shops. They use them as a tool to plug gaps in their budgets."

So who's killing who? Mainers aren't killing each other; we're killing ourselves.

Eighty-one percent of Maine's 113 firearm deaths were suicides.

"The most depressing firearm-related deaths we see are people killing themselves. People on impulse just shoot themselves in the head, in the mouth, or in

(Continued on page 68)



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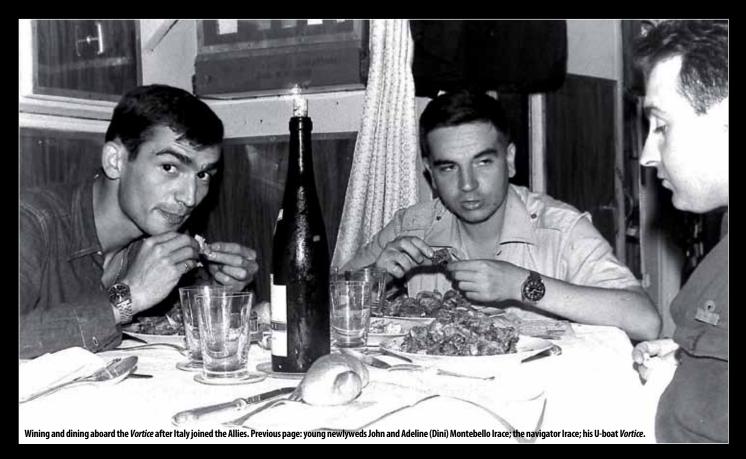
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RUARY/MARCH **2014** 45

1995 Romance of the U-Boat





crewmembers of the Italian boats fell in love with local Portland girls and live right in the area to this day..."

pproaching a low, modern home made of wood and brick with immaculate gardens and a swimming pool off Foreside Road in Falmouth, I am greeted at the door by a very tall, distinguished gentleman with a moustache, the former Ensign Giovanni Irace, and his wife, energetic Portland native Dini Montebello Irace.

We've all known him as John Irace, who ran Montebello Seafood, a large wholesale firm on Commercial Street, for 40 years. The brick building, torn down a few years ago to make room for the new bridge to South Portland, was across the street from the International Terminal.

"How do you do?" I ask. Then a lightbulb goes off. "You aren't related to Tony Irace, are you? He was Cheverus's best high jumper in the seventies."

"My son," John says, guiding me over to a picture of Tony and his family. "He's an attorney with Lowry and Associates now."

I'm at an absolute loss for what to say next. I'll tell you what an Italian U-boat officer looks like-he looks like a regular Greater Portlander, just like everyone else. How could this have been kept under wraps for so long? "Nothing's ever been written about you in the newspapers here, has it?"

"No," he says. "Our privacy's very important to us, and it's not as if we've gone out looking for publicity. But three other members of our crew still live in Portland, and we see each other once in a while at the Italian Heritage Center. Our boat was named the *Vortice*, which is Italian for *Vortex*, but the U.S. Navy code-named her *Ice*,



using the last three letters of her name. I was her navigator."

When he rolls the "r" in *Vortice*, John makes her sound like the most beautiful boat in the world.

"Let me tell you how we met," Dini says. "My father, Enrico Montebello, who came through Ellis Island in 1921, was driving his truck, a broken-down Ford, down Commercial Street from his wholesale fish business, a very small outfit he'd started himself, when he saw a tall, handsome Italian naval officer walking down the street. Immediately my father, who spoke only Italian, pulled over and brought him home to dinner at our house on 162 Eastern Prom so he could ask him what was going on in Italy," she says.

"The whole Italian community made us welcome right away," John says. "When I got to the house, there she was," he says, looking at Dini."She was a good-looking girl, and she spoke Italian, so we got along fine."

"I thought he was too old," Dini says mischievously, "but after a while we fell in love."

What was it like falling in love in Portland then? And how did the rest of the people treat the Italian crewmembers in uniform?

"Portland was very nice," Dini says.

(Continued on page 70)



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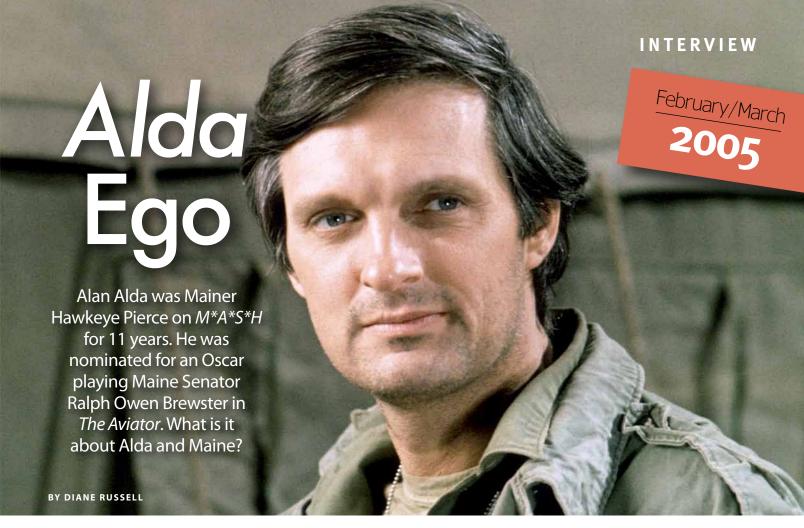




SEVENTY-FIVE

STATE STREET

A History Of / Gracious Living



Ithough from away–Alan Alda was born in New York–"I became a Mainer in 1957 when I played at the Kennebunkport Playhouse," he says. "It was beautiful there. I was just married, and my wife and I were busy exploring all the nooks and crannies."

But does he talk like a Mainer? "Do people from Maine speak with an accent? I don't think so. If they have an accent, how come Meryl Streep never played anyone from Maine?"

While he's played two characters from Maine, Hawkeye is pure fiction and Senator Brewster was an historical figure. Are there other differences?

"There's a great similarity in that they're both played by me and therefore bear a remarkable resemblance to one another. Otherwise, they're as different

as night and meatloaf," says Alda, 69. "Pierce took no guff and Brewster took no prisoners."

Oh, "and one of them was a lot older than the other."

The real-life Sen. Brewster was governor of Maine for five years before entering

Congress in 1935 and then the Senate in 1941. It was in the U.S. Senate that he launched a controversial investigation of Howard Hughes, an eccentric, reclusive millionaire. The investigation and Senator Brewster's role in it are highlighted in *The Aviator*, the 2004 Martin Scorcese film starring Leonardo DiCaprio as Hughes.

"I saw film of Senator Brewster. He seemed like a really nice fellow," says Alda. "I say that in case there are any relatives still

around with access to a lawyer."

Senator Brewster's antithesis was fellow Republican Senator Margaret Chase Smith of Skowhegan, who spoke out against Senator Joseph McCarthy in her Declaration of Conscience in 1950.

"McCarthy, you know, was on Brewster's committee when he held hearings in an attempt to

destroy Hughes," Alda says.

"Then, after he got popular, McCarthy tried to destroy Drew Pearson, the columnist who'd sided with Hughes. Politics is a great contact sport."

With Hawkeye and Brewster in his repertoire, Alda believes Maine can transcend

geography and become a state of mind. "Maine has the allure of the exotic—a place we've all been to in our dreams, where romance comes like a breath of spring after the hard winter of our daily lives," says Alda. "It's where all Americans long to be now that we've started hating France."

Alda recently joined the cast of *The West Wing* as another–albeit fictional–Republican senator, Arnold Vinick. With a combined history of playing characters from Maine and Republican senators, does Alda have any plans to portray any other GOP Maine senators anytime soon?

"It's funny, I'm planning a one-man show as Margaret Thatcher. But it's not too late to change it to Margaret Chase Smith. I could use the same handbag."

Postcript: This interview is a legend at *Portland Magazine* because it was written by an editorial intern on her first day. Today, Rep. Diane Russell, D-Portland, is serving her third term in the Maine House of Representatives. She serves on joint standing committees for Veteran and Legal Affairs and for Energy, Utilities, and Technology, and she's known for her advocacy for the statewide legalization of marijuana.

Alan Alda has been seen most recently on the big screen in the Jennifer Anniston comedy *Wanderlust* (2012) and in episodes of *The Big C* and *The Blacklist* on TV.



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Mémoire des Mémoires

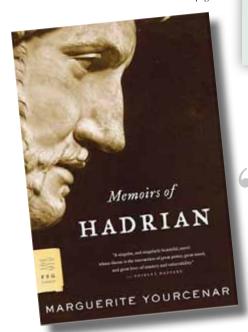
Not only did Marguerite Yourcenar enchant Mt. Desert, her *Memoirs of Hadrian* has made it to the World Library's pantheon of "The 100 Best Books of All Time." BY JOHN TAYLOR

hen in search of instruction in the meaning of patience, apprentice writers would do well to contemplate Marguerite Yourcenar, the French author and academician. Her most important book to date, Memoirs of Hadrian, appeared in 1951, the year she turned 48. In the 1963 edition she included some notes, or Reflections, to use her title, that tell the story of how Memoirs came to be written. According to this account, she was all of 20 when overtaken by the ambition to write a book of some sort about Hadrian, the illustrious Roman emperor. Her choice of subject is less surprising than it might at first seem. Having been trained in Greek and



et even though author and subject made a good match, 28 years were to pass before her self-assigned task was completed. Throughout this period her readings in the Greek and Roman classics remained nearly continuous, whereas her efforts at the writing table were fitful at best. Because it was her practice to destroy almost everything she wrote just as soon as she found it displeasing, she never had more than a few scraps to build on, or to sustain the hope that she actually did have a book in hand. Though she does not report how many manuscripts, whether partial or complete, she simply threw out, it is clear there must have been a fair number. Nevertheless she found the courage to begin work from scratch over and over again, despite years of blundering down blind alleys. Eventually, though, and perhaps inevitably, she scraped bottom. "From 1939 to 1948 the project was wholly abandoned. I thought of it at times, but with discourage-

(Continued on page 72)





"Madame Yourcenar and Grace Frick loved going to Jordan Pond House in Acadia National Park for tea and popovers outside on the lawn," says Joan Howard. "They went there often during the summers of 1949 and 1950, when *Hadrian* was a work in progress, taking pages of manuscript with them to read and discuss over tea. When they acquired their first (of three) cocker spaniels in 1955, they named him *Monsieur Popover*!"

arguerite Antoinette Jeanne Marie Ghislaine de Crayencour was born in 1903 to a Belgian mother who died a week later; she was raised by her unpredictable French father, whom she later described as "perpetually absent without leave." But according to her biographer, Josyane Savigneau, it was her father who helped her rearrange the letters of her last name into the pseudonym Yourcenar, "that calls to mind faraway unknown places—that strikes one as the very sign of something strange."

As a young, nomadic intellectual, she met Virginia Woolf, whom she described as "at once sparkling and timid." Woolf's own description of Yourcenar: "[S]he wore some nice gold leaves on her black dress; is a woman I suppose with a past; lives half the year in Athens…red-lipped, strenuous; a working Frenchwoman."

Yourcenar's romantic and professional relationship with the American academic Grace Frick began in 1937; Yourcenar emigrated to the U.S. in 1939 and spent the war years and afterward teaching French literature at Sarah Lawrence; she became an American citizen in 1947. In 1950, the pair bought their home in Northeast Harbor; Frick, according to Maria Louise Ascher, writing in

The New Criterion in 1993, "managed the details of their shared life...aided with research and proof-reading, and translat[ion]..." The pair traveled often because they "found the gray Maine winters unutterably boring."

Yourcenar's admission into the *Académie Française* (strictly male since 1635) was controversial. "Claude Levi-Strauss was ardently opposed," writes Ascher, "because 'you don't change the rules of the tribe'...but in 1980...her French citizenship was renewed and she was elected...After the induction ceremony, she never attended another meeting."

Grace Frick died of cancer in 1979. Subsequently, Yourcenar began a tempestuous 5-year relationship and traveled with a young man, Jerry Wilson, until he died of complications related to AIDS in 1986.

Biographer Savigneau calls Yourcenar a woman who "rewrote her life endlessly." She destroyed a great deal of her private letters before her death in 1987; her will stipulates the rest will remain sealed for 50 years. – Claire Cramer

Source: "The First Immortelle," a review in *The New Criterion*, October, 1993 by Maria Louise Ascher of Josyane Savigneau's biography, *Marguerite Yourcenar: Inventing a Life*, Joan Howard, trans. (University of Chicago Press, 1993).

Eavesdropping on an Emperor

-from *Memoirs of Hadrian*

f all the joys which are slowly abandoning me, sleep is one of the most precious, though one of the most common, too. A man who sleeps but little and poorly, and propped on many a cushion, has ample time to meditate upon this particular delight. I grant that the most perfect repose is almost

necessarily a complement to love, that profound rest which is reflected in two bodies. But what interests me here is the specific mystery of sleep partaken of for itself alone, the inevitable plunge risked each night by the naked man, solitary and unarmed, into an ocean where everything changes, the colors, the densities, and even the rhythm of breathing, and where we meet the dead."

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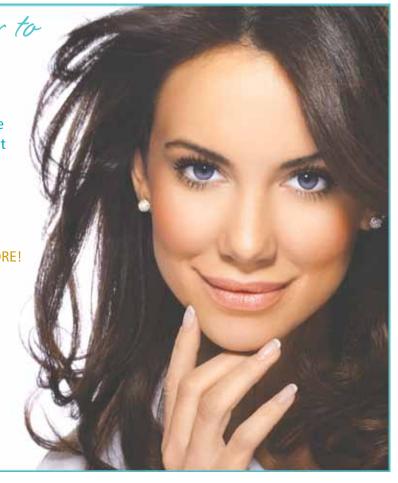
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CORNISH & RUSSWURM }

NEW-YORK, FRIDAY, MARCH 16, 1827

VOL. I NO. 1.

TO OUR PATRONS

IN presenting our first number to our Patrons, we feel all the diffidence of persons entering upon a new and untried line of business. But a moment's reflection upon the no ble objects, which we have in view by the publication of this journal; the expediency of its appearance at this time, when so many schemes are in action concerning our people encourage us to come boldly before an enlightened publick. For we believe, that a paper devoted to the dissemination of useful knowledge among our brethren, and to their moral and religious improvement, must meet with the cordial approbation of every friend

The peculiarities of the Journal, render it important that we should advertise to the world the motives by which we are actuated, and the objects which we contemplate.

We wish to plead our own cause. Too long have others spoken for us. Too long has the publick been deceived by misrepre sentations in things which concern us dearly, though in the estimation of some mere triflest for though there are many in society who exercise towards us benevolent feelings; still (with sorrow we confess it) there are others who make it their business to enlarge upon the least trifle, which tends to the discredit of any person of colours and pronounce anathemas and denounce our whole body for the misconduct of this guilty one. We are aware that there many instances of vice among us, but we avow that it is because no one has taught its subjects to be virtuous; many instances of poverty because no sufficient efforts accommodated to minds contrac ted by slavery, and deprived of early education have been made, to teach them how to asband their hard earnings, and to secure to



superior to his ex diligent in the bi faithful to his in

Cuffee and Ruth had a family of ten el m. The three eldest sons, David, Jona e, and John, are farmers in the neighbor d of West Points filling respectable situ-ts in society, and endowed with good in is in society, and endowed with good in tual capabilities. They are all married, ave families to whom they are giving telecations. Of six daughters four are tably married, while two remain singless born on the Island of Cutterhunk-e of the Elizabeth Islands, near New st, in the year 1759 when he was fourteen years of age, his father died, a considerable property in land, but ig at that time unproductive, afford thus the care of supporting his moth-slaters devolved upon his heathers and f. At this time Paul conceived that tree furnished to industry muce simple ands than agriculture, and he was con-us that he possessed qualities which un-proper culture, would enable him to pur neecial employments with prospects el destined to the bay of Mexico, on a sling voyage. His second voyage was to West Indies, but on his third he was cap ed by a British ship during the America , about the year 1776. After three mon

"Obama 'loves' black newspapers," praised the Florida Courier as the president celebrated the 185th anniversary of Mainer John B. Russwurm's founding of Freedom's Journal during a White House fête to cap off Black Press Week. If only they'd held the party closer to home, in Portland, where Russwurm's home still stands.

BY GWEN THOMPSON

he cozy double front parlors-complete with working fireplaces, hardwood floors, six-over-six windows, Federal woodwork, and Greek Revival moldings-on the first floor of the two-story, white clapboard house opposite Cheverus High School on Ocean Avenue seem perfectly suited to sedate grown-up activities like crosswords and cocktails; while the slant-ceilinged, loft-like nooks and crannies connecting to a walk-in attic at the back of the upstairs strike one immediately as an ideal setting for kids to engage in more strenuous pursuits such as hide-and-seek. This duality of purpose no doubt came in handy between 1812 and 1838, when the John Brown Russwurm House-built c. 1810 and now a Greater Portland Landmark list-

ed on the National Register-may have been home to as many as 14 children of parentage as oddly mixed and unlikely as anything you'd encounter on a modern TV sitcom.

Back in 1799, when the house's namesake was born out of wedlock in Port Antonio, Jamaica, to a white planter from Virginia and his Creole mistress, miscegenation was by no means uncommon. What



imate son's schooling that he sent him to Quebec at age eight to get the education he couldn't have obtained in the land of his birth. Even more remarkable is that after Russwurm Sr. resettled in Maine (then part of Massachusetts) on a 75-acre saltwater farm in Back Cove in 1812, his new bride, Susanna Blanchard of Yarmouth-a widow half his age who already had three children of her own-insisted that her husband's mulatto son join them in Portland as a full member of their new family.

Indeed, her devotion to her black stepson ran so deep that her own children sometimes teased her about preferring him to her white children. This bond became even more crucial for the boy when, after having one child with Susanna and introducing John Jr. to "the best society in Portland, where he was honored and respected" (Proceedings of the Maine Genealogical Society), John Russwith William Hawes-a widower who owned a sawmill in North Yarmouth and brought to the union two children from his first marriage, making a grand total of 14 children from six different parents all living together under one roof in Portland-her dedication to her second husband's son continued unabated. Russwurm managed to attend Hebron Academy despite the financial hardships implied by a second mortgage taken on the Portland farm in 1814, and graduated in 1819.

fter four years spent tutoring black children in Boston, Russwurm entered Bowdoin College in 1824 as a 25-year-old junior "with aid from others augmented by his own exertions" (Nehemiah Cleaveland's History of Bowdoin College, 1882).

In his Personal Recollections of Nathaniel Hawthorne, Horatio Bridge (class of 1825 and later Paymaster General of the U.S. Navy)

records that at Bowdoin, Russwurm proved to be "a diligent student, but of no marked ability. He lived at a carpenter's house, just beyond the village limits." It is unclear whether this quasi-exile was entirely self-imposed or externally inflicted by college regulations, but if Russwurm lived off campus because he felt uncomfortable dwelling in the thick of Bowdoin's social scene, he was not alone in doing so. A monograph on "Antislavery Materials" at Bowdoin College edited by Angela M. Leonard notes that Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (class of 1825) felt so out of place as a 14-year-old freshman that he resided much of the time at home in Portland. At any rate, Russwurm's color did not out to call upon him several times at his off-campus digs-although Bridge does report that Russwurm's "sensitiveness on account of his color prevented him from returning the calls"—nor did it deter Hawthorne from inviting him to join Bowdoin's Athenaean Society, the more progressive and Democratic of the college's two rival literary organizations. This invitation Russwurm accepted "with alacrity," thereby becoming the first black man in America to join a college fraternity.

It seems likely that Russwurm's years at Bowdoin were instrumental in the development of his interest in the abolitionist and colonization movements' answers to the slavery question then dividing the nation. One of his professors, William Smyth, was an ardent abolitionist, while another, Thomas Cogswell Upham, supported colonization. Moreover, legend has it that Upham's house-now the John Brown Russwurm Center for Africana Studies at Bowdoin–was a stop on the Underground Railroad. Russwurm's commencement address-which received coverage in Portland and Boston newspapers-focused on the successful Haitian slave revolt of 1804, and before he graduated in 1826 as only the third black man in America to be awarded a college degree, Russwurm had been planning to study medicine in Boston prior to emigrating to Haiti.

However, at some point his plans changed, and by 1827 he was well-established in New York City as co-editor, with the militant Presbyterian minister Samuel E. Cornish, of the abolitionist newspaper Freedom's Journal, the first newspaper in America owned and published by African-Americans. The editorial of the first issue boldly proclaimed: "We wish to plead our own case. Too long have others spoken for us. Too long has the public been deceived by misrepresentations in things which concern us dearly." The weekly publication of black news, success stories, literature, and letters filled a long-standing void in the struggle for black self-determination, and the paper was distributed in New York, New Jersey, Maine, Massachusetts, and even in such slavery strongholds as Maryland and Virginia, and as far afield as Canada, Haiti, and England, with an estimated circulation of 1,000 (John Brown Russwurm by Mary Sagarin, 1970). But a little over a year after Freedom's Journal's inception, Russwurm had grown so discouraged by the lack of progress towards the abolition of slavery in America-despite ever more violent agitation

for it—that he reversed his position completely and declared that emigration to Africa offered blacks the sole remaining hope of achieving dignity and independence.

This about-face so angered steadfast abolitionists that Cornish left the paper, Russwurm's former supporters burned him in effigy in the streets as a traitor to their cause, and Russwurm himself resigned as editor in 1828.

utting his money where his mouth was, Russwurm sailed for Liberia in 1829 under the auspices of the American Colonization Society, an organization ostensibly founded to help former slaves attain a better quality of life in Africa than was available to them in America, although its opponents suspected an ulterior motive of eventually ejecting all freedmen from the country they had broken their backs to

"We wish to plead

our own case.
Too long
have others
spoken
for us."

-John Russwurm

build. As superintendent of schools, colonial secretary, and vice-agent in Monrovia, Russwurm proceeded to run himself ragged establishing a school system for colonists and natives, learning and teaching new agricultural methods to the other colonists, negotiating with warring native tribes who regarded American blacks as "white" interlopers, and publishing the Liberia Herald. But whenever conflict arose, Russwurm found himself progressively demoted for his pains by the white Americans who funded the Colonization Society and could not, even at an ocean's distance, refrain from regarding their adult beneficiaries as so many motherless children in sore need of discipline (John Russwurm by Janice Borzendowski, 1989).

But even under adverse circumstances in Africa, Russwurm continued to reap the benefits of his Bowdoin education. He became good friends with Dr. James Hall, an 1822 graduate of Bowdoin's medical school who was working for the Maryland Colonization Society at their outpost southeast of Monrovia at Cape Palmas. When Hall resigned as Governor of the Maryland Colony in 1836 due to exhaustion, he recommended Russwurm to the Maryland Society as his successor. The Old Boy Network held strong, and Russwurm got the top job, becoming the first black high official appointed by the all-white organization. When Russwurm's Bowdoin friend Horatio Bridge arrived at Cape Palmas in 1843 aboard a U.S. Navy warship hunting for slavers-proving once again what a small place the world ishe recorded with pleasure that the Governor of Cape Palmas "received, with dignity and ease, the Commodore and officers of our squadron, myself all the more cordially because we had been college associates and fellow-Athenaeans."

The one thing that had sustained Russwurm through every disappointment and disillusionment was his abiding faith in the power of education to improve man's lot in life. Thus it is no surprise that in 1849 he followed in his father's footsteps by returning briefly to America to pay one last visit to his beloved white family and enroll his own two sons at Yarmouth Academy, which

they attended while living with Russwurm's ever-loyal stepmother. (In 1833, Russwurm had married Sarah E. Mc-Gill, the daughter of his predecessor as superintendent of schools in Liberia.)

While in Maine, Russwurm met for the first time another Bowdoin alumnus, U. S. Senator William Pitt Fessenden (class of 1823), who was so impressed with his abilities that he endeavored to persuade him to remain in America and dedicate his considerable talents to the anti-slavery cause in the States. Russwurm's allegiance, however, could not be swayed from the new homeland to which he had dedicated so much of his life. He returned to Cape Palmas and continued to serve as governor until his death in 1851.

In 1997, 238 Ocean Avenue in Portland was listed for sale by Town & Shore Realty for \$198,500, and it was scheduled to be the featured House of the Month in our Summerguide issue. That was before writer and Bowdoin graduate Gwen Thompson dug in and discovered this fascinating history. Thompson's novella Men Beware Women was published in 2013 after winning the 2012 Miami University Press novella contest. Visit gwenthompson.us.

The former Maine Maritime Academy midshipman was lost at sea. But who "losted" her?

BY COLIN W. SARGENT

hatever happened to that woman who got kicked out of Maine Maritime Academy for not wearing her uniform? Carelessly, you crack open a *Portland Press Herald* and let your eyes wander until a small black square floats exotically to your attention about 360 miles from land, near the Persian Gulf port of Bahrain:

We can only guess at what happened, guess and wonder what was in the sealed envelope that was found with Barbara DiNinno's neatly packed belongings after she disappeared on March 9 from the decks of the Military Sealift Command ship *Courier*. I know what's inside the sealed letter, but before we steam it open, let's hold it up to



the light and consider the person who addressed it.

"It is to be noted that no life rings, life jackets, survival suits, etc., are missing. If

DiNinno is overboard, which appears obvious, she is without any flotation assistance," writes the *Courier's* captain in his mishap report.

It is also to be noted that this missing person is the same Barbara DiNinno whose controversial expulsion from Maine Maritime Academy in Castine was the subject of newspaper articles across the state from October through December. Miles of ink were devoted to the fact that she refused to wear the Maine Maritime Academy uniform, but the issues behind her protest actions were lost in the shuffle.

Then, inexplicably, we run into this anticlimactic little note listing her *lost at sea*, surfacing like a bottle with a message in it bobbing in an ocean devoid of context...

58 PORTLAND MONTHLY MAGAZINE



Where was Jessica Fletcher when we needed her?

arbara DiNinno's public mystery began in August 1984 when she transferred to MMA from the University of Washington. An exceptional student, she'd won a scholarship to MMA from the Seafarers International Union, "and until her last week at MMA (she was expelled on October 29 of her junior year, 1985), she had only seven demerits, with grades between 3.6 and 4.0, all A's and B's," says her husband, Ensign Arthur J. DiNinno, U.S. Coast Guard, a 1985 MMA graduate himself.

A week later, Barbara DiNinno had accumulated 111 demerits (100 demerits and you're history), and her controversy was being considerably magnified by the media's lens.

Arthur DiNinno's story of Barbara DiNinno's troubles at MMA reads like chapters out of *Dress Gray*:

"It started almost from Day One," says Arthur DiNinno from his station on Governors Island, New York Harbor, where he is Assistant Water Pollution Response Officer for the port of New York.

"Well, the issues she raised, she had to raise them. She had to do it. I truly believe in what she was fighting for. It really confronted her sense of right and wrong. The famous Nazi salute incident-that was in the first week of school."

s a transfer student entering MMA at the beginning of her sophomore year, the 30-year-old DiNinno still had to undergo a late-summer orientation week before the academic year began, supervised by a cadre of Sophomore Strikers-MMA cadets who, like Barbara DiNinno, were about to enter their sophomore year themselves, but, unlike Barbara DiNinno, had spent their freshman year at Castine.

"You can imagine how laughable it must have been to a 30-year-old woman (worldtraveled, with 11 years of commercial merchant marine sea time to her credit) to watch these little 18- or 19-year-olds pushing their chests out and squeaking commands," says Arthur DiNinno, who says that, undetected by many MMA officials, some Sophomore Strikers at MMA have evolved into a bizarre quasi-military sub-cult with rules of its own and subtly identifiable ways of souping up their uniforms:

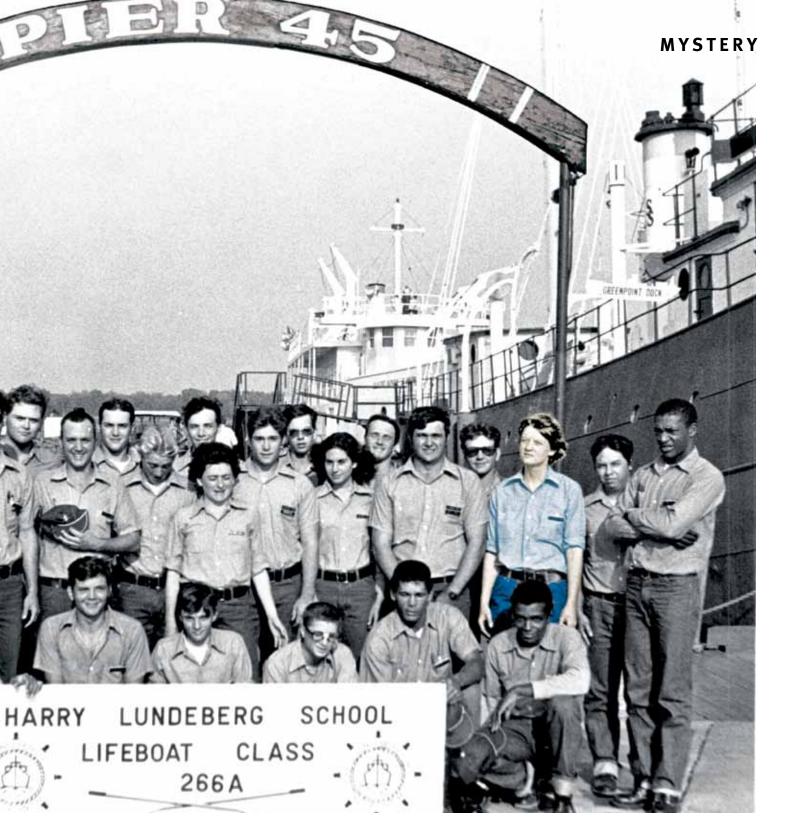
"All the Strikers know about being drill sergeants is from what they've seen in the

Barbara Malecek at age 23, standing, third from right, as a young apprentice at the Harry Lundeberg School (now the Paul Hall Center for Maritime Education) in Piney Point, Maryland, where she became rated as a qualified engineer. She was one of the "three percent or less of women who enrolled in those days," according to Harry Dieske at the center's records department. "And you almost never heard of any women becoming engineers." She remained a member of the Seafarers International Union for the rest of her life. CANAL STREET BOCK COURTESY PAUL HALL CENTER FOR MARITIME EDUCAT

movies. If you've ever noticed a state trooper with mirror sunglasses and a high-pressure garrison cover pulled halfway down over his eyes, with his chest swelled outthat's the look they're imitating up there. It's ridiculous." The MMA regulations call for proper, loose-fitting uniforms based on Naval Reserve officers' uniforms, but this group of two dozen or so summer Strikers makes an extreme interpretation of the uni-

form regulations, says DiNinno.

"One of the Strikers that first week, Shane Moykins, had Barbara's group of incoming students all lined up in front of a field where the MMA football team was practicing. Then he said the words Sieg Heil and ordered the formation to sieg heil with a Nazi salute in the direction of the football team. Barbara was appalled. She refused. She's not Jewish, but she's an extremely sensitive per-



son; she'd never think something like the Holocaust was an appropriate subject for humor or school spirit. She went through the chain of command in the student body and nothing happened.

"Then she went to the Admissions Officer at MMA, the person who'd brought her to this school and had talked with her days earlier when she arrived, and brought it to his attention." Moykins was reprimanded,

and the Strikers were furious, says DiNinno. "A number of Strikers got together and assembled (the new cadets) in the MMA gym.

"They told them, 'Watch what Barbara Malecek (her maiden name) is going to go through,'" says DiNinno. "'This is what happens when you put the heat on us!""

From then on, The Heat was on for Barbara Malecek. She was ostracized by many of the other cadets, even by some of the

young corporate female midshipmen who may have been embarrassed by Barbara's intensity and lack of polish (pride goes down smooth, like oysters on the half-shell–it takes a technique, one that Barbara never learned). As female cadet Eleish Higgins told the *Maine Sunday Telegram*, "You have to go by the rules and regulations of this place."

"Of course Eleish Higgins would say
(Continued on page 76)

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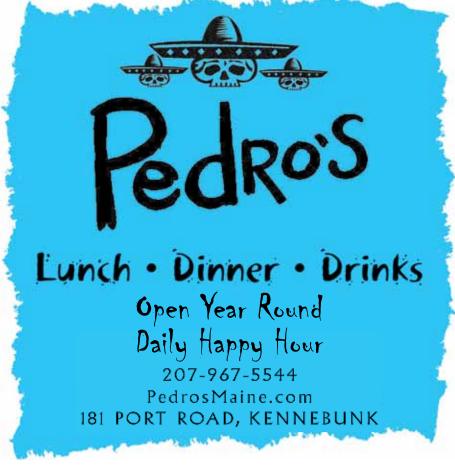
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Brea Lu Cafe has been serving up breakfast & lunch for 23 years! Favorite menu choices include 12 specialty omelets, build-your-own breakfast burritos, Belgian waffles with fruit, eggs Benedict & homemade corned beef hash. Lunch features homemade chili, fresh made-to-order sandwiches, burgers & wraps. Open daily, 7am-2pm. 428 Forest Ave., Portland, 772-9202

Bull Feeney's Authentic Irish pub & restaurant, serving delicious scratch-made sandwiches, steaks, seafood & hearty Irish fare, pouring local craft & premium imported brews, as well as Maine's most extensive selection of single malt Scotch & Irish whiskeys. Live music five nights. Open 7 days 11:30am-1am. Kitchen closes at 10pm. 375 Fore St., Old Port, 773-7210, bullfeeneys.com

Bruno's Voted Portland's Best Italian Restaurant by Market Surveys of America, Bruno's offers a delicious variety of classic Italian, American, and seafood dishes – and they make all of their pasta in-house. Great sandwiches, pizza, calzones, soups, chowders, and salads. Enjoy lunch or dinner in the dining room or the Tavern. Casual dining at its best. 33 Allen Avenue, 878-9511.

David's KPT Portland Chef David Turin's restaurant in The Boathouse Waterfront Hotel has panoramic windows on the harbor and al fresco dining in summer. Upscale twists on classics include steak and lobster white pizza with garlic butter, steak, lobster, roasted tomato, caramelized onion, goat cheese; and a lobster roll in a house-made focaccia roll. Popular happy hour and Sunday brunch. Open year round. 21 Ocean Ave., Kennebunkport, 967-8225, boathouseme.com/dining

DiMillo's On the Water serves the freshest lobster, seafood, Black Angus cuts of beef, Italian fare & more. DiMillo's offers fabulous views of the water in Portland Harbor from every table, Famous Lobster Rolls, clam chowder, haddock chowder, lobster stew & delicious salads. Serving from 11am. Commercial St., Old Port, 772-2216, dimillos.com

Earth at Hidden Pond James Beard award-winner Chef Ken Oringer opened this "farm-to-fork" restaurant in 2011 featuring the bounty of Hidden Pond Resort's organic farm in a menu that including house-made pastas and charcuterie; wood-grilled pizzas; and signatures like peekytoe crab toast with French cocktail sauce. Craft cocktails and an extensive wine list. Open May-Oct. 354 Goose Rocks Road, Kennebunkport, 967-6550, earthathiddenpond.com

Eve's at the Garden an oasis of calm and great food in the middle of the Old Port. The perfect spot for meetings, special occasions, and a cocktail. Ingredients from Maine's waters and farms: jumbo scallops, natural, sustainable pork, beef, fish. and shellfish, and Maine lobster. Home to the annual Ice Bar, Eve's garden is perfect for outdoor dining in season. Happy Hour Monday - Friday; free valet parking. Lunch 11:30-2, Dinner 5-9:30. 468 Fore St.,

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Portland, 775-9090, Evesatthegarden.com

Fish Bones American Grill A casual upscale restaurant offering creative American cuisine. Specialties include grilled wheat crust crostones, unique entrée salads & creative dinner offerings. Located in the heart of Lewiston in the historic Bates Mill Complex with off-street parking. Come get hooked! Lunch & dinner M-F; dinner only Sa; closed Sunday. 333-3663, fishbonesmaine.com

Great Lost Bear A full bar with 70 beer taps of Maine & American craft breweries & a large Belgian selection. Menu features salads, burgers, a large vegetarian selection & the best nachos & Buffalo wings in town. Discover where the natives go when they're restless! Every day 11:30am-11:30pm. 540 Forest Ave., in the Woodfords area of Portland, 772-0300, greatlostbear.com

LFK features New American cuisine, beer, wine & full spirits in the heart of Longfellow Square with a literary theme. Stop in for a drink, bite to eat, or relax with your favorite book. 188A State St., Portland, 899-3277

Ocean at Cape Arundel Inn & Resort has 180-degree water views; Ocean is perfect for a memorable meal or bites at the bar. Executive Chef Pierre Gignac's French-inspired menu features Fisherman's Bourride, a seafood stew with leeks, fennel, fingerling potato, creamy broth and lemon aïoli; and Beef Short Rib Bourguignon with wagyu beef strip loin, herbed potato rosti, and porcini fricassée. Open year round. 208 Ocean Ave., Kennebunkport, 967-4015, capearundelinn.com/dining

One Dock Award-winning One Dock in the Kennebunkport Inn serves native seafood, local meat and produce, and features house-made pastas and small plates. Signatures include lobster fettuccine and pan-seared sea scallops with spaetzle, grilled tomato and corn. Piano bar entertainment from local musicians; Happy Hour specials are available on the patio and terrace throughout summer. Who could want more? Open year round. One Dock Square, Kennebunkport, 967-2621, onedock.com

Pedro's focuses on simple yet full-flavored Mexican and Latino food. Offering tacos, burritos and an impressive array of margaritas, sangria, beer and wine. Especiales de la semana (specials of the week) keep the menu varied and fresh and showcase different Latino cultures. Seasonal outdoor dining available. Open daily, 12-10. 181 Port Rd., Kennebunk, 967-5544, pedrosmaine.com

Pier 77 & The Ramp Bar & Grill are owned & managed by Kate & Chef Peter Morency. Pier 77 has a formal dining room with stunning views of Cape Porpoise Harbor & live music each weekend, while the Ramp is more casual, with its own bar menu at hard-to-beat prices. Open year-round. 77 Pier Rd., Kennebunkport, 967-8500, pier77restaurant.com *

The Tides Beach Club Coastal chic ambiance overlooking Goose Rocks Beach. Local seafood is the focal point; Maine lobster roll with either drawn butter or herbed mayo; crispy fried clams with house tartar; or marinated grilled tuna with house-made kimchee, soba noodles, and wasabi. The bar features specialty cocktails with fresh local juices and herbs; artisanal beers; and an extensive wine list. Open May-Oct. 254 Goose Rocks Rd., Kennebunkport, 967-3757, tidesbeachclubmaine.com

*reservations recommended

River Jance

estling into a private, sunlit nook at David's KPT, we feel downright pampered in this modern space that envelopes us like a luxury liner or private yacht. We're right on the Kennebunk River with 180-degree views through curved floor-toceiling windows of docked fishing vessels, pleasure craft, and seaside architecture.

Enthused by the menu and a cheerful, helpful server, we begin with the bread basket and fine olive oil spiked with garlic, parmesan cheese and herbs for dipping. If this sounds ho-hum-so-what, let me tell you. The delicate mini-croissants here are just one of the expert touches that set David's apart.

Beverage choices are many and alluring. Inventive cocktails (\$8-\$10) include the "Rainwater Gin," created with Bombay gin, Rainwater Madeira, Rose's lime juice, and cranberry; and the "Black Current": Stoli, triple sec, orange juice, and crème de cassis. Wines offer some surprises, with prices from \$7 to \$11 per glass, and bottles \$26 to \$250. Our selection, a Seghesio Old Vine Zinfandel (\$30), mirrors our experience.

The range of appetizers and small plates includes duck-breast sliders with foie gras butter and cranberry apple gastrique (\$8); as well as steak tartare with capers, scallion, truffle oil, arugula, and parmesan (\$6). We select goat cheese pockets (\$8.25). The insanely crisp pastry filled with warm goat cheese and lemon-pepper-grilled vegetables and crowned with tasty frizzled leeks is, we agree, a little bit of heaven.

Prince Edward Island mussels are priced daily, and preparations vary. Today's plump little devils are basking in one of the richest sauces we've ever encountered, a zesty, creamy concoction of tomatoes, garlic, leeks, shallots, cilantro, and sweet chili sauce. Terribly good.

An entrée of Crispy Skin Duck Breast (\$25), perfectly prepared thin slices of tender meat brilliantly enhanced with sesame grilled baby bok choy, is splendid.

As I have many times savored David's signature pepper-crusted







sushi-grade rare tuna (\$25) at his Portland restaurant, I opt instead for the mixed grill (\$24). The sirloin is cooked exactly as ordered-rare-and it comes with a skewer of large, tender shrimp and scallop, lightly dressed with citrus, parsley, and truffle oil. Mashed potatoes soak up the roasted garlic juices in fine style, making the dish another hit on this visit.

Desserts, like so much at David's, are artful presentations. At first bite, we dive into a gorgeous salt-caramel cashew chocolate torte (\$8), nicely balanced with warm, frothy Amaretto sabayon. ■

David's KPT-21 Ocean Ave., Kennebunkport; open daily 11:30 a.m. to close. 967-8223, boathousemaine/dining. >>> Visit Restaurant Reviews at portlandmonthly.com/portmag/category/reviews.



GLASNOST





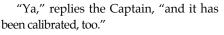




Pizza Diplomacy (continued from page 30)

very serious, honor their flag, and have allegiance to the government. The meeting is designed to make you feel the decisions that are made are right and just. The people don't look as if they are tired or bored of the process. Nothing like this happens in my homeland. In Russia, I have never been to a political meeting. In Russia, people do not feel this way..." Khrulev then becomes guarded and seems somewhat reluctant to discuss his thoughts openly...

1:51 p.m. As if to bail out his captain, a sailor calls out in Russian, "Has the Geiger counter arrived?"



"Why the Geiger counter?" I ask.

"The captain of the transport ship from Russia is concerned that their meat is radioactive because the beef came from an area near Chernobyl."

2:24 p.m. The people on the ship are in exceptional physical condition. Their physique is attributed to the hard labor and diet. Their menu is high in starch, carbohydrates, and protein. Yogurt, meat, and tons of potatoes are the basic staples of their meals. Round this out with oxtail soup, bread, and tea. Evidence of their yogurt intake is everywhere—empty containers are used as drinking glasses, pencil holders, and storage containers.

4:49 p.m. When they aren't wearing their universal fish-processing coveralls, they dress quite differently. Mikal, the deck officer, is dressed in American clothing–a Polo shirt, khaki trousers, Docksider shoes, and Ray-Ban sunglasses. If it weren't for his Russian accent, Mikal would easily be mistaken for an American preppy. In contrast, Shalkav is all 1960s–black jacket, cigarette,

Euro-beat *Unbearable Lightness of Being*. With Russian music serenading us in the background, we talk and exchange trinkets. I end up with Soviet cigarettes—a curious red and white package with, yes, a Soviet Surgeon General's warning on the side. Seems they're all trying to quit, too. Mikal can watch both American and Russian television. Back home, he listens to the BBC and Radio Free Europe. Before Perestroika, he says, Moscow radio didn't tell the news the same as the BBC, but now "There is no difference."

"What do you have to look forward to when you get home?" I ask him.

"Nothing," he replies. "Very bad, no money. *Chut, chut,* a little bit I have," he says. He pulls out a paper ruble. "Here," he says, "a gift for you." With reluctance, I accept. He explains that a ruble's worth depends on who you trade with. One U.S. dollar can buy from 60 to 2,000 rubles.

"Do you practice religion?"

"No, Communist," Mikal says. "No problem." Then he reaches under his shirt and shows me a silver cross. It is the Eucharist cross, the symbol of Orthodox Catholicism.

"You are Christian," I say.

"No, Communist."

Just then a slender, somewhat meek man approaches and begins speaking to Shalkav, who tells me, "This is Dr. Kememovov Dmitmi, the ship's dentist. Come, he welcomes you to his cabin for a visit."

5:42 p.m. Dr. Dmitmi was educated as a dentist in Leningrad, where he now lives with his wife Natili. As the ship's dentist, he's equipped to perform minor surgery, but he finds himself generally involved with cleaning and filling cavities. Many of the Russian men have gold teeth. Why? Dr. Dmitmi explains that filling teeth with gold is no longer done, but some men do have their teeth capped with the gold from their wedding bands, though the practice is fading. Today, men who cap their teeth in gold are considered behind the times, bumpkins.

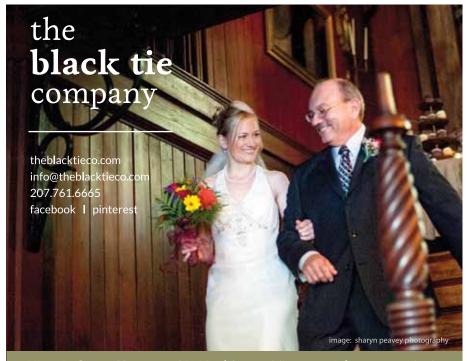
6: 15 p.m. Standing on deck, looking out, I hear a hello from behind me. Peering out a cabin window is a bearded man smiling broadly, his gold tooth glimmering in the sunlight. "Hello, my name is Alexander. You are a journalist..."

6:21 p.m. Alexander is a machinist from a village on the Ukrainian/Russian border. "Come, come see my shop." We rush through narrow corridors and down a steep stairwell into the belly of the ship. He opens a heavy steel door into a dark enclo-









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sure and slaps the tops of giant metal objects. "I fix them," he indicates with no lack of gesturing. "Russian computers!" he says, and then laughs at his joke. "Let's go and dance," he says to my surprise.

Back in his cabin, he picks up an accordion and creates a sound I've never heard

Fun Fact:

While we were preparing this story for publication in 1990, we received a call from Nobel laureate Czesław Milosz, who was interested in this most unusual situation and our coverage of it, along with other stories we were doing on Polish echoes and the Lithuanian Friars at the Fran-



ciscan Monastery in Kennebunk. We believe he heard about our Ethnicities Issue from Tomislav Longinovic of the Iowa Writers' Workshop, who has twice written for *Portland Magazine*.

from an accordion before. U.S. players are jerky, showy. This is a cooing sound, wonderfully charming and understated, with a distinct cultural flavor. I stare at the invisible music coming from his arms. He is playing from the heart.

6:29 p.m. Then he stops. "My harmonica!" he proclaims. People surround and start to cheer. One by one, each man takes center stage to dance, amid more cheers. One dancer challenges another and another. Everyone is dancing. The small stateroom is getting hotter and hotter and the laughter more robust in the cold Soviet freighter that has inspired so much fear along the Maine coast for so many years. ■



Party Like It's 1989

(Yes, Devonsquare did play aboard the Riga)

t's been so long! A riot? My God, yes," laughs Alana MacDonald, a founding member of the band Devonsquare, who performed aboard the Russian fish processing ship off Rockland in 1990. "Our friend Nina Carter's brother Spencer Fuller booked us aboard the *Riga*—he had something to do with the marine industry. It was so primitive! We went out there on a little launch, and they had this sort of pontoon bobber—it was like an egg. We had to jump from the launch into it without falling in the water and drowning. Then they hauled

up our equipment. They all looked at us so silently in this strange way. They were paranoid! That's the way they lived. They brought us into this little theater, we performed, and they loved it, it was a big thing.

"Afterward, we were invited to the captain's quarters for a drink. It was a Flash Gordon time warp! The captain's quarters were so bare and out of date. He had vodka. There was a knock at the door. The cook reached in and handed the captain something. I thought, oh no, it's a gun!

Devonsquare's performance aboard the *Riga* (Alana Macdonald is at the microphone) leads to shipboard partying and friendship with second mate Victor Sobornov (left).

"It was a lemon, one lemon. You'd have thought it was the golden egg, it was such a big deal! We'd drink a shot of vodka, sprinkle sugar on a thin slice of lemon, and suck the lemon.

"We made good friends with Victor Sobor-

nov, the second mate, and kept in touch. Two years later, the *Riga* was in Boston when we were there. The Russians could go ashore by then. We all had dinner at Maison Robert and drank champagne. Then we put him up where we were staying, at the Parker House. Wonderful guy. His father was murdered by the KGB."

FROM TOP: KEVIN LEDUC; THIS-PIC.COM; KEVIN LEDUC(2); COURTESY OF ALANA MACDONALD

RIGA RECALLED

Twenty-four years after writing and photographing this story, Kevin LeDuc still feels its power. "Everyone was acting like the *Riga* was a spy boat. Whatever it was, it was also a pogie processor. Remember back then, when Maine had a huge pogie problem and they were just washing up on the beaches? Russia was falling apart economically, and they needed food. They showed us their refrigerator for the galley. 'Chernobyl steaks,' they said of the discounted beef they used. 'Pre-microwaved.' A lot of the crew came from Revenek on the North Sea."

LeDuc's visit was all on the quiet, of course. You just didn't walk onto the "pizza boat" on the Maine coast and demand a passage to the *Riga*. It took nerve and friendliness, and LeDuc has both.

"I had to go out there three times beyond the six-mile limit to international waters, where the *Riga* was, to earn their trust. I rode in an American fishing boat, then transferred to a Zodiac. The first two times, I didn't bring a camera."

Pizza was just the tip of the iceberg in private trading during this sensitive period of Détente, when U.S. and Soviet relations were warming up. "I saw an entire new Volkswagen bug being transferred from an American trawler to the *Riga*, lifted high in the air by cranes. Miles of new blue jeans. The Maine coastal fishermen weren't happy about my being on hand, watching this. They were very protective, like wolves. Their social network is who they trust: family members. People whose families they've known for three or four generations.

"One American fishermen was giving me the eye, like I was going to swipe his wallet, disturb his private world. It was easy to read his mind: It's taken time to make these Russian guys my buddies—I've been working with them, fishing with them (several U.S. boats were nested up against the *Riga*), trading with them all summer long, and here's this guy—me—crashing in, maybe ruining everything. He's looking at me and thinking, people get what they earn, and you haven't earned anything. I was in a situation that could have developed very poorly very quickly.

"On the last day I got to go on the *Riga*, there was a show. The ship's bleak auditorium had banners and paintings from the Soviet Union era, plenty of deep reds, and the lights went out. It was Devonsquare on the stage. I was astonished. Who possibly could have booked them here? How did they get here? For a moment, I was in Oz—if *The Wizard of Oz* had been shot inside the ribs of a tanker. What a culture dash, with dangling speakers on the ribs!

"Finally, I was asked to two parties. What did crew party about? Hey, we're here for a year, processing pogies! I went into the captain's cabin, and Sasha's cabin. It seemed in that cell there were five or six Russian crewmen, two other fishermen, myself, and my interpreter. Everyone was pretty trashed, like 2 a.m. in a bar in the Old Port, waiting for last call, even though it was 2 p.m. I met two [of the eight] women who worked on the boat. They did manual labor, laundry, cleaning. They were in their late thirties. The blonde was very friendly, very open, a very sexy tone to her voice. A person who once might have turned heads on the street. The brunette was more reserved but friendly, too. As the night wore on, there were more Americans coming out of the dark and up the side, all fisherfolk, joining the party. After a while, it was hard to tell who was who.

"Sometime before dawn, I was given a pack of Russian cigarettes. I still have it! The cigarettes aren't there any more." Like the past, "They've been smoked."

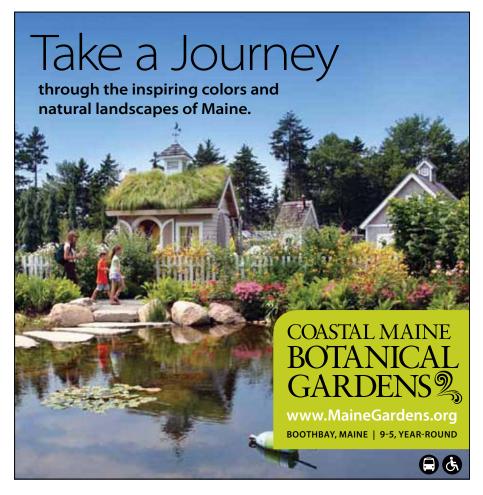
>>> For more, visit portlandmonthly.com/port-mag/2014/02/pizza-diplomacy-extras



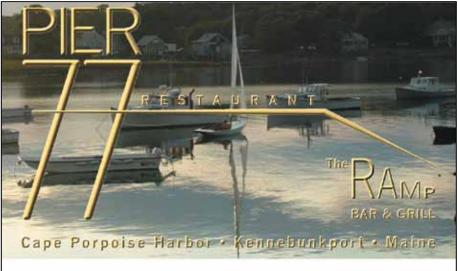
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METROPOLE

Guns & Lobsters (continued from page 42)

the 2 chest, and that can be very hard on us. If people are bent on suicide, they'll do it by any means—pills, hanging, drowning—but guns are the most effective. Our 'successful' suicide rate would be lower if it weren't so easy.

"It's important to realize that we live in a state in which gun violence is prevalent. I think people should have a right to bear arms, to hunt, to recreate with firearms, as long as they do it in a lawful way with common sense," Chitwood says.

And if you think it's a 'gangsta' thing coming in from larger urban areas, think again: Maine's young people are emphatically not the ones who are dying from the shootings.

Below age 25, the number of young people dying in firearm-related crimes and incidents sharply drops to 5.6 in 100,000 from 11.5 in 100,000 for those above 25. Then who's getting hit the most? People over 65: 13.7 in 100,000.

All but one of those firearm deaths for Maine senior citizens were suicides.

aine has no registration laws and bans only those weapons banned nationally. The only limitation on gun ownership here is that a permit is required to carry a concealed weapon, and the only criterion for one of these permits is that an applicant does not have a felony record.

Even *this* can be waived. Any Mainer can buy a firearm and keep it at home without any state interference. No firearms safety course must be taken in order to receive a concealed carry permit. It's easier to legally carry a concealed weapon in Maine than it is to drive to Cumberland Farms or fish for rainbow trout on Sebago Lake.

With Michael Moore's recent documentary *Bowling for Columbine* earning international acclaim, Americans are asking what is behind firearm violence and what can be done about it. Is it a national disease?

Many Mainers' livelihoods rest on perfectly legal target sports. Further north in Canada, a higher rate of gun ownership is coupled with a much lower rate of firearm deaths. Some think it is too easy to purchase a weapon and wave it in another's face. "If I could write one law for Maine, it would be to require a waiting period for any kind of gun," Chitwood says. "You have to wait for a driver's license, for a passport, for a loan. Why shouldn't you have to wait to buy a firearm?"

The opinions of Mainers on this sensitive

issue vary widely across a state in which shooting sports are a multimillion-dollar industry. The largest problem with firearms violence in Maine, suicide, is considered to be a different issue by pro-gun and anti-gun groups. William Harwood, the President of the Maine Citizens Against Handgun Violence, says, "It's tragic and depressing to lose more than 100 Maine citizens a year due to gun violence. Our firearms violence problem is in our homes: suicide and domestic confrontation. It's challenging to try to reduce suicide, and suicide is a complex issue, but easy access to firearms is a significant contributing factor to the suicide rate in Maine. Firearms are a very easy way to commit suicide, and easy access to firearms can accelerate escalation of domestic issues."

George Fogg, the former secretary of the Pine Tree State Rifle & Pistol Association, disagrees. "The majority of firearms deaths in Maine are suicides. In the United States, the tool that one most often uses for suicide is a gun. As Dr. John Macintosh says, "Once people make the final decision to commit suicide, the tool is immaterial. I just did some search for the Sportsman's Alliance of Maine to put together a brief on guns and crime and violence in Maine, and we found that Maine does not have a problem with gun violence. Guns cause violence as often as matches cause arson."

Police Chief Michael Chitwood left Portland in 2005 to become the superintendent of the Upper Darby, Pennsylvania, police department. A biography, *Tough Cop: Mike Chitwood vs. the Scumbags* by Hal Gullan, was published by Camino Books in 2013.

The Portland Police Department continues to destroy guns confiscated in the commission of crime. "We deliver them to places that turn them into boat anchors and manhole covers," says Commander Gary Rogers. "An officer personally witnesses the destruction."

Concealed-weapon permit applications skyrocketed in Maine in 2013. The *Portland Press Herald* recently reported Maine's Public Safety Department issued "more than 11,000 permits," up "from 7,500 in 2012." This doesn't include permits issued by police departments statewide, numbers the Public Safety Department doesn't tally.

Portland Police Chief Michael Sauschuck provides City of Portland numbers that bear out the statewide trend. In 2011, 186 permits were granted; in 2012, 209; in 2013, the number rose to 276. "Before issuing a permit, a **background investigation** is conducted by the Internal Affairs Unit," he tells us. "This involves a review of criminal history, any history of mental illness, or involvement in domestic violence. Each background investigation is reviewed by the Police Attorney prior to a final determination by the Chief if a permit will be issued." He also notes that in 2013, "We denied 25 permits."



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SALON



Mémoire (continued from page 52)

ment, and almost indifference, as one thinks of the impossible. And with something like shame for ever having ventured upon such an undertaking (*Reflections*, p. 323)." It was during this period that she went to the length of burning her research notes: "They seemed to have become...completely useless."

But then by chance this rumor of a would-be book returned to life in December 1948. While rooting about in a trunkful of half-forgotten belongings she hadn't seen in 10 years, she came upon "four or five typewritten sheets, the paper of which had turned yellow." Here was a fragment, indeed one of the very few, to have survived her ruthless rejections, and "from that moment there was no question but that this book must be taken up again, whatever the cost."

How many would dare to resume work at age 45 on a project first conceived at age 20 when repeated efforts during the intervening 25 years had led absolutely nowhere at all?

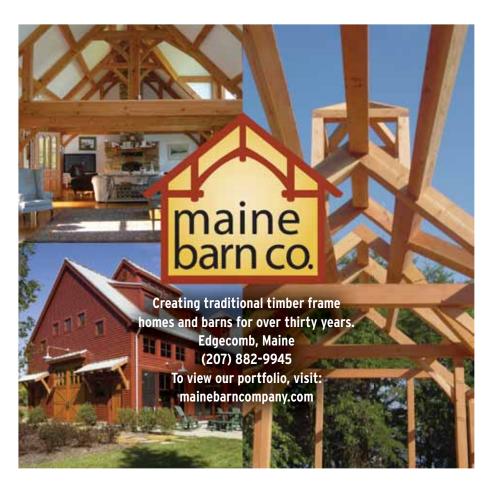
After nearly 60 years at the typewriter, Marguerite Yourcenar won unforeseen fame when in January 1981 she was elected to the *Académie Française*. She is the first woman to be so honored, and it redounds to the credit of her French peers that in breaking with a tradition of more than 300 years' standing they could bring themselves to accept as one of their own a candidate who happened also to be an

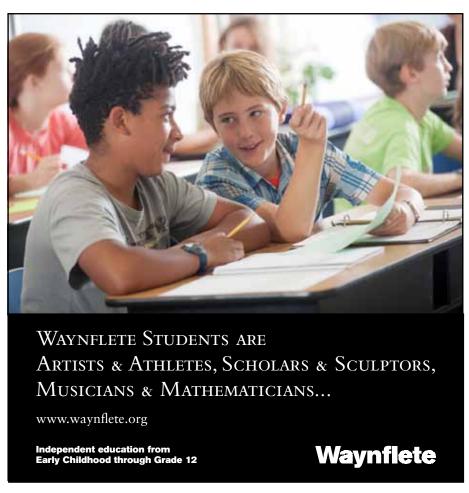


American citizen. Madame Yourcenar has lived in this country since the late 1930s, having been stranded here by the war. Though she writes only in French and primarily for a French audience, she has been translated by her companion, the late Grace Frick, so that American readers have ready access to her principal works. It remains for her adopted country to take due notice.

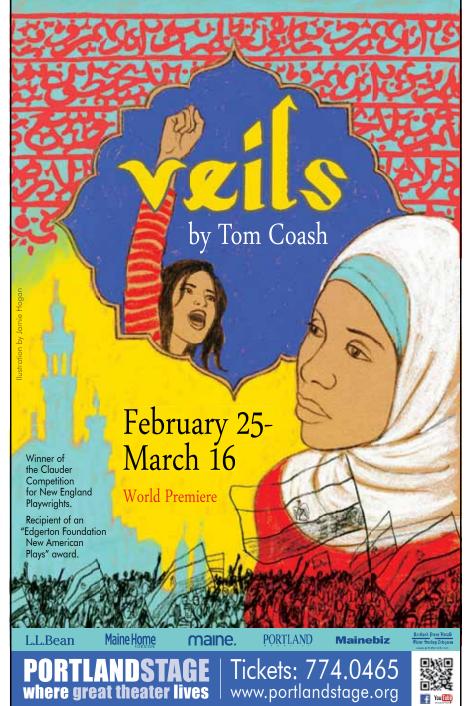
ince 1950, Marguerite Yourcenar has lived on Mt. Desert Island on the coast of Maine. For 31 years the local press had left her in peace, but her election to the *Académie* was thought to make good copy. Overnight she's become every editor's first priority for an interview, and, finding myself in Maine, I volunteered... So I've set out for Northeast Harbor.

Of all the villages on the mussel-bound coast of Maine, Northeast Harbor strikes me as being among the least likely to attract a European as cerebral as Marguerite Yourcenar. As summer colonies go, it is one of the most heavily moneyed, which in Maine is saying rather a lot, and during the season it teems with expensive Philadelphians, few of them much inclined toward ideas or books. Yet Northeast Harbor is home to Madame Yourcenar, where she lives in a small white house which she calls *Petite Plaisance*, the name originally given to a nearby island by the French explorer Samuel de Champlain. "You can live your own









SALON

life here," she tells me, her piercing eyes illuminating a thoroughly French face. "I like the privacy, but I also like living in a village. You can learn so much more about people and human nature here—who's getting married, who's getting divorced, who's going to have a baby—than you can leading an uppercrust existence in some big city." Possibly so, though it comforts me that I am not the only one from away, as the Mainers put it, who finds the natives somewhat baffling. In a neighboring village, Madame was once overheard to sigh, "I have not zee key to zeese peepul."

hat MargueriteYourcenar has instead is zee key to the world of classical antiquity, and it is her seemingly total embrace of the Graeco-Roman view of life that turns out to be the clue I've been seeking. We talk about her work, her travels, her election to the Académie... Early in the interview I ask Madame Yourcenar whether she ever felt surprised at having spent more than half her adult life on the coast of Maine, the only French writer of her generation, or perhaps of any other, to have met with that improbable fate. "Surprised?" she asks. "Mais non. We don't like to admit how important it is, but everything is influenced by chance. Getting books written is a matter of chance." It strikes me at first that this is an extraordinary remark for her to make, that her modesty is altogether excessive. But later I realize she means what she says, and not only because it had indeed been a piece of luck that she should have found a fragment of manuscript in a half-forgotten trunk while looking for something else.

I ask her how it happened that the first two or three chapters of *Memoirs* read as if they might have been written by Montaigne... She thereupon proceeds to sling me a lecture on the who and what of Montaigne. [It is clear that she knows the *Essays*.] Yet this familiarity, as it turns out, proves not to be the reason *Memoirs* is redolent of Montaigne. My question has simply been obtuse. In direct answer to it she explains: "We are both immersed in the classical world."

As a thoroughgoing classicist like Montaigne before her, she has taken the Graeco-Roman view of life for her own, and central to that view is a respect for Fortune, or what she chooses to call chance.

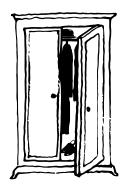
As the Roman Empire disintegrated, Fortune became a cult and the mindless, passive

fatalism thus engendered gave her a bad name that was to last a thousand years until she was rehabilitated during the Renaissance. Montaigne and Marguerite Yourcenar concern themselves with a much earlier period of Roman history, a time "when man stood alone," when it was necessary to confront the randomness of life without the comfort of belief in Divine Purpose and ultimate salvation, when the notion of Fate had not yet lapsed into fatalism. The Romans of that era, who were able to accept the demonstrable importance of Fortune without disavowing the individual's responsibility, were fond of the saying: Each man's character shapes his fortune. For her part, Madame Yourcenar expresses the same view in her autobiographical ruminations, With Open Eyes: "I do not believe in an irrevocable, foreordained destiny: We change our destinies constantly as we make our way through life. Everything that we do affects our fate for better or worse."

For if you alone are to determine the results of your efforts, you would probably be wise to abandon them the first time they fail. "When it comes to making a book," Madame Yourcenar observes, "you've got to know how to wait." The same lesson would apply, to judge from her example, when it comes to making a life.

Marguerite Yourcenar died in December of 1987, 13 months after this story came out. In 2002, *Memoirs of Hadrian* was included in the list of the World Library 100 Best Books of All Time, composed by 100 writers from 54 countries; Yourcenar is one of just 11 women authors on the list. Her remains and Grace Frick's are buried in Brookside Cemetery in Somesville. *Petite Plaisance* is now a museum dedicated to Yourcenar's life and work, open June 15-August 31 (S. Shore Rd., Northeast Harbor, 276-3940).

Petite Plaisance museum curator and biographer Joan Howard is just completing Grace Frick: The Visage of Fidelity, 12 years in the making. Howard knew both Mme. Yourcenar, as she liked to be called, and Grace Frick during their final years in Maine. "Madame enjoyed tea every day, and she took it between 4:30 and 5 p.m. No matter where she was, she'd take tea. While traveling, she'd stop at a Howard Johnson's and take tea. I think her love for it dated to her family's escape to England during World War I." Just tea? "With Pepperidge Farm cookies. Brussels, Milanos, Veronas." As for Yourcenar the salonista, watch out: "I don't believe they ever met before, but Madame particularly disliked Marguerite Duras." Once she flashed, "Well, if you're going to write a book called Hiroshima Mon Amour, why not Auschwitz, Mon Petit Chou"?



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MYSTERY

(continued from page 61)

that," says DiNinno. "Her father is a teacher in the school." What the story also neglected to mention was that Eleish Higgins had been Barbara DiNinno's roommate.

Barbara DiNinno simply told the *Telegram*: "Who else is going to kick open the door for other women?"

Kicking open doors—that's the difference between Barbara DiNinno and another media darling we got to know during the same period, Christa McAuliffe. They were famous during the same weeks. They disappeared during the same weeks. But Christa had opened her doors carefully, politely, biding her time in a way that pleased public sensibilities, while Barbara DiNinno's media persona emerged as a sort of inverse Christa from the wrong side of the tracks, a Christa McAuliffe with two black eyes.

"Maybe if she'd had a little more pizzazz and a little more personal ability to interact in polite society, she wouldn't have had to fight for the recognition she deserved, but the point is, she shouldn't have had to fight for it anyway," says her husband.

"Barbara was an extraordinary person. She needed to be formally recognized by an institution. She needed to be recognized by the system. She ached for it," says DiNinno. "She hurt. She hurt to be accepted and recognized. She needed the degree from MMA so she could come ashore and always be able to work."

rthur DiNinno met Barbara Malecek "on a blind date of all things, early in the fall of 1984, right at MMA. Barbara had just started at school." A female friend of DiNinno's on the staff at MMA handed him a telephone and said, "Here, take this telephone. This is a nice girl. She's new here. She's lonely. I want you to ask her out."

"I'd describe our first date as nondescript. Barbara was very neutral. She didn't let you get to know her very easily. It was a slow, maturing process for me," says DiNinno, 29. "Months later I asked Barbara, 'What did you think of our first date?' She thought for a while and said, 'You were nonthreatening."

That understatement was quite a compliment considering the tough crowd Malecek had grown up with. Born in 1955 on a dirtpoor Missouri farm, she'd left home, married, and divorced by age 18.

Floating through a series of odd jobs that brought her to New Orleans, she finally wound up at Harry Lundeberg's School for Merchant Seamen, says Arthur DiNinno, "the kind of place where some people end up because a judge says, 'You can be in jail in the morning or you can be at Harry Lundeberg's.'

"They came from the streets—a lot of minorities. There was high discipline because of the urban street people," he says, adding that after Harry Lundeberg's School for Merchant Seamen and a decade of ship time, where she was invariably the only woman on the ships she served on, the white Wonderbread world of the Strikers seemed somewhat absurd.

"[I] read every one of Barbara's letters 10,000 times. Was there a trend? Should I have known something?"

"I didn't know what I was getting into," Barbara told the *Maine Sunday Telegram* while at MMA. "The whole idea here is to take people out of childhood and introduce them to adulthood. That wasn't appropriate for me at all. I came here as an accomplished professional person. This was a second career for me."

"She is an abrasive lady who from the start has threatened us," countered Charles "Toro" Goodrich, a senior and regimental commander at the time of her dismissal.

"She didn't trust us—she had no faith in us whatsoever," a wounded regimental executive officer (cadet) Paul Giguere told the *Maine Sunday Telegram* in the same piece. "She could have come to us and gotten the regiment behind her. With the regiment behind you, you can do anything."

After the Nazi salute incident and the Turning On of The Heat, Barbara DiNinno became a public figure, alleging a series of MMA gender inequities and procedures on cruise assignments and commercial detailing options. In particular, she compiled a list of commercial companies working with MMA who she maintained had a tacit agreement never to be sent a woman for cadet cruises or duty after graduation; new women recruits are not told they

have fewer billeting opportunities than male cadets. And she continued to receive excellent grades while stirring up all this "trouble." Troublemaker?

Because of "abrasive lady" Barbara DiNinno, the MMA now sports an Affirmative Action Hearing Committee.

Then came the biggest hullabaloo. In the summer of 1985, Barbara DiNinno earned a Coast Guard Third Assistant Engineer license for steam vessels. New territory again for the school. The qualification officially granted her status as a licensed merchant marine officer, effective September 13, 1985.

As a way to dramatize her other issues at MMA ("the school had planned to simply let her graduate and have all her problems sail away," her husband contends), she abruptly stopped wearing the MMA cadet uniform, citing regulations that stated she would be impersonating a cadet's lower rank by wearing her old school clothes now that she'd earned an officer's rank.

She asked the academy for authorization to wear a uniform commensurate with her license, was refused, and so she began to wear civilian clothes and pass up regimental functions. The whole thing exploded into the predictable notorious woman/uniform media iceberg tip, and the other issues, in spite of her work with Ellsworth attorney Anthony Beardsley, disappeared beneath the headlines.

Now she's lost at sea, reported missing 360 miles from exotic Bahrain before we can even take stock of what happened here in Castine.

"I still can't believe she isn't here. After she was reported missing I flew to Bahrain. She was only 4 days away from finishing her whole cruise! She'd stopped at Yokosuka, Japan; Diego Garcia; Bahrain... She called me from Manila in the Philippines the day after Valentine's Day, when all the rioting was going on there. That's the last time I heard her voice," says DiNinno.

Did the controversy follow her onto the *Courier*? Was she pushed over the side at night-by someone who she pushed too far? Swallowed by the sea with the phosphorescent wake of the *Courier* steaming for 18 hours before she was reported missing? She was quiet, private, stayed in her 6' x 8' stateroom.

The stateroom is getting smaller, she wrote to her husband in early March.

What's in the letter, asks a reading public who likes to tie up mysteries in a neat red bow?

number of newspapers have asked her husband what is in the letter, but he's only told me, perhaps because I told him I knew male versions of Barbara DiNinno while I went to the Naval Academy from 1973 to 1977, people who would speak up and get into a lot of trouble while I just glided on by and swallowed my pride. I admired them at the same time I feared to associate with them.

I think of other notorious people who have fallen off ships in lore and legend, naughty Freddie Bartholomew in *Captains Courageous* after bolting down six strawberry ice cream sodas—that was his crime! Abrasive lady—did we all think she somehow *deserved* to be lost at sea because she was so threatening to our high-plumage cadets at MMA?

"She was a truly gifted and respected engineer. She had many friends and supporters at MMA, like faculty members Dr. Groves Herrick, Dr. Sue Loomis, and Dr. Donna Fricke," says her husband.

"Everyone was deeply moved at her untimely passing," says MMA staff attorney Robert Reagan. "The Superintendent himself, along with the Staff Executive Officer and a number of Academy employees, attended a memorial ceremony for her in Castine," he says.

"There are just over a dozen nontraditional students" currently at MMA, reports attorney Reagan. "We were all very saddened for Arthur."

"The MMA Commandant, Capt. Steven Edwards, is the only person at MMA I hold strict malice towards," says Arthur DiNinno. "The others (who opposed her) are just ignorant."

After being expelled from MMA, she and attorney Beardsley unsuccessfully appealed the case to MMA's board of trustees and then lost another attempt to be reinstated when Hancock County Superior Court Justice Robert L. Browne refused to order the MMA board of trustees to take her back.

"There were few clues about how or why DiNinno disappeared..."

On the plane to Bahrain to claim her belongings, Arthur DiNinno "read every one of Barbara's letters 10,000 times. Was there a trend? Should I have known something? She wrote me a letter every day."

The Ocean Carriers ship *Courier* was a lonely, hard-working assignment, with DiNinno the only woman aboard in a crew of 25. "At sea it doesn't take much to make your

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MYSTERY

imagination run wild," says Arthur DiNinno. "The dangers to a woman are very real. Barbara never went on a deck at night. She was always where she was supposed to be. She truly had a distinct fear of being raped on a ship. She had to lock her door. She resented that she had to do that. She had to be very selective in the clothes she wore so they wouldn't show feminine characteristics."

he meticulous DiNinno never went to the crew's lounge on the *Courier* to see movies at night, because she said it was filled with "cigarette smoke and rapist eyes." Sensing the dangers alone at sea, she worked out a coded system of telling her husband Arthur if she were in danger. "We agreed that if she wrote, 'Happy Birthday, A.J.' to me in a letter and it wasn't January 11, I'd know (that someone was out to hurt her)," says DiNinno.

At sea, when she wasn't standing watch, "She was doing correspondence courses and also reading things like *Family Circle*. She was getting domestic. We were talking about having children.

"Then, her reading material ran out," says DiNinno. Next, she mentioned that feeling about her "six-by-eight-foot stateroom getting smaller."

The irony is, a lot of good news was coming her way. In a February 20 letter she wrote excitedly to Arthur DiNinno: "I'm sailing as an Observing 3rd Assistant, on my license.

"This also means that after only 3 months on here (I've already done almost 2) that I can sit for my diesel license.

"What pleases me even more is that the Chief Engineer and the Captain did this [wrote recommendations and listed her as a QMED, Observing 3rd Assistant] to help me on my way after the First Assistant had spoken to them about my struggles with MMA and my determination to further my career. I had talked briefly with him one day, just conversation, about having been an MMA student and a bit about the lawsuit trouble.

"I don't understand why, if so many people, people who I work for, teachers at school and people in Castine, have so many good things to say about me and go out of their way to help me, why do a few administrators and a bunch of boys at MMA think I'm as evil as the devil himself?"

"She was a living Catch-22, a three-way circle," says her husband. "She was a very loving and warm person. She gave much of

her money away to things like Greenpeace. She was not the kind of beautiful fashion model you see on TV, but she was the piece that was missing in my life. Today I was thinking about her, walking outside on a sunny day with the azaleas out... I remember the world being such a bright place when I found Barbara, and now I feel like the most miserable son of a bitch ever to walk the face of the earth."

The contents of the sealed letter? The red bow, the denouement, the Godiva chocolate you can pop into your mouth when you need that reassuring sense of closure?

Not this time. Barbara DiNinno doesn't gift-wrap very easily. With tears in his voice Arthur DiNinno has told me that Barbara's letter didn't say Happy Birthday A.J. Rather, it leads him to believe that in a moment of absolute sadness and depression, when she tired of fighting in a way that can't be articulated here, she took her own life. "Barbara was a very sensitive person. The more sensitive you are, the more you're aware of the beauties of your surroundings, but on the other hand, it equally shows you the dark side of the world," says Arthur DiNinno.

NOT FORGOTTEN

I was chatting with a Key Bank branch manager a few weeks ago. When she mentioned she and her husband went to Maine Maritime Academy, I swallowed. Barbara's searching eyes flickered into my head. I asked the bank officer, "Then you've heard of Barbara DiNinno? Because she opened doors for you. Some say she kicked them down." The recent MMA graduate said, "No, and that's strange, because I'm interested in things like that."

"I'm not surprised," says Arthur DiNinno, who's remarried ("21 years ago"), lives in Cape Elizabeth, and has three boys.

"It's interesting. In Barbara's situation, she was bucking the tide with MMA. It would take a plaque to have her remembered, and that's not likely to happen. No one has contacted me with more information since her suicide. There was a note we found in her luggage. Dated a few days earlier, it said she was tired of fighting. She was bipolar and took meds. I was a newlywed at the time and didn't know the breadth of that situation. Today, you couldn't go to sea with those medicines. You couldn't have your license. Someone like that can have good days and almost mercurial changes on bad days. In the merchant marine, where so much is automated, you can get up, go on watch, go off watch, and never see another human being. On the ship, where there were few females, that loneliness was magnified."

DiNinno is aware that Barbara's ship has been scrapped. "It's amazing what time and salt water can do to a ship."

After all these years, I notice something else in Arthur's voice, something I didn't hear in 1988, when things were darkest. His family has helped him to rediscover joy.-Colin W. Sargent

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ot only is rocker Daryl Hall a master of soul survival, he's an ace at Colonial Revival. In Kittery Point, he's just finished restoring the John Bray House (1662), a legend at the top of Pepperrell Cove. But how did he discover this relic in the first place?

"I subscribe to *Antiques and The Arts Weekly*, an antiques magazine in Newtown, Connecticut, and they have a small real estate section in the back," Hall has told us ["Preservation Hall," July / August 2007].

"I just happened to see, coming up for auction, 'the oldest house in Maine,' and I was intrigued. So I asked an architect I know, Analee Cole, to go up to look at the house and just kind of describe it to me—you know, do

some research, take some pictures—and when she came back all excited, describing this great house 'in good nick'—English slang for 'in good shape'—with beautiful views, I came up a week later and saw what I saw. I really liked the old village it was in; I'd never really seen that part of Kittery before. I loved the age of the house, number one. I felt drawn to something there."

FROZEN MUSIC

As he took in the property and its grounds, "My first impression was, 'how English,' as opposed to Colonial American. I know this because I've just finished renovating a 1740 house in London, in Hammersmith. For ex-

ample, I was surprised to find high plaster ceilings in this 345-year-old structure in Kittery, which make it more akin to an English house than an American Colonial house. The house is oak beamed. There are no chamfered beams and things indicative of a 17th-century house in most places in America. It was built ahead of its time."

GENIUS LOCI

Then there was the spirit of the place: "A house really does have a feeling. I'm a soul singer; a house can have a bad soul, good soul, and no soul, but believe me, when a house does have a soul you can feel it. I think of ownership of a house in this way: You



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CHANNELING THE BUILDER

Does it ever. Asked about his views of Pepperrell Cove, the singer/composer demonstrates his ability to look at things with both young and old eyes: "When John Bray, who was a shipwright, built this house in 1662, he had his choice of any building site he wanted, and he picked well. It has a lot of shore frontage. Today, looking out over the cove, you see various islands, lighthouses, and the south-facing view is great–good for the weather."

PUT THIS KISS ON YOUR LIST

His favorite spot in the house is the parlor, which he's meticulously restored: "It's where William Pepperrell, who built his mansion three doors away, and John Bray's daughter were married in 1680. It's elegant,

cozy, with a great outlook into the cove."

FAST-FOWARD TO 2014

Today, he's listing his Maine adventure for \$1.999M through Anne Erwin/Sotheby's International Realty. One hundred Pepperrell Road has four bedrooms, five baths (certainly an upgrade from the outhouse years of the 17th century).

Across the years, this lovely old place, "the childhood home of Sir William Pepperrell's mother...has served as a tavern, courthouse, general store, and school," according to Sotheby's listing documents.

Prospective buyers will marvel at the "cathedral ceiling," master bedroom with en suite, "attached two-car garage," and a "security system" that has no need for muskets.

Play your cards right, and this restoration-minded seller might let you have it for a song. Taxes are \$16,597. ■





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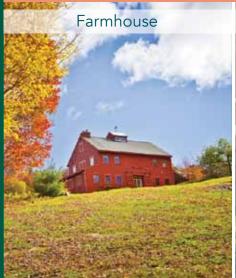
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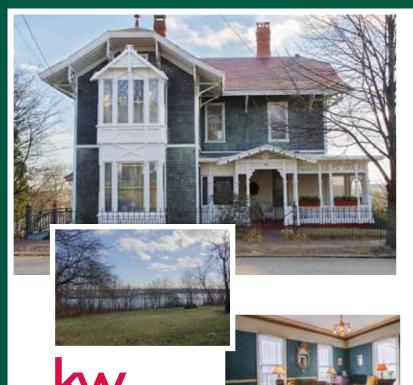
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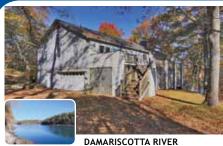
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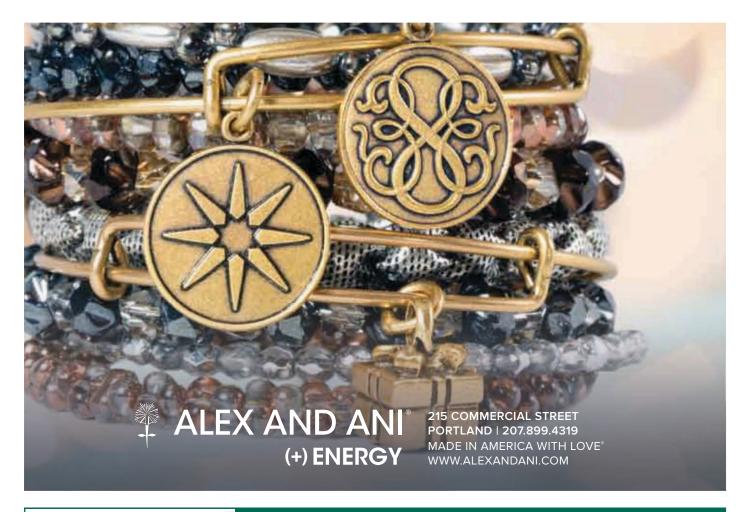
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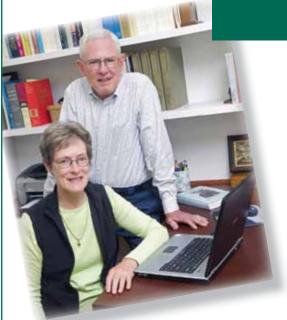
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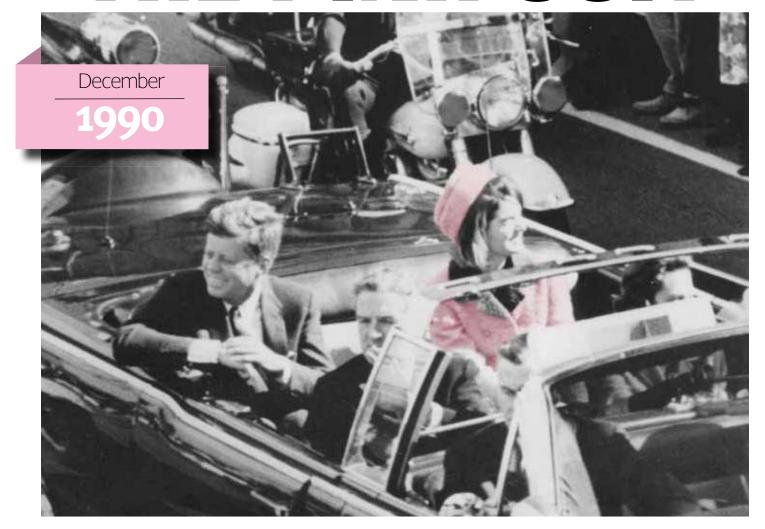
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THE PINK SUIT



've never told a soul before: you, reader, are the first to know that for over 25 years I, Mrs. Arlene Schramm Duley, have had in my possession the pink suit that the late Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis wore that day in Dallas. Bloodstains, the little black velvet collar, buttons and all, though I don't know what happened to the matching pillbox hat.

I suppose she never included the hat when she sent the suit out to be cleaned. Back in 1963, my father, the late Henry J. Schramm, owned a dry-cleaning store on 7th and F streets, less than a mile from The White House. It was called Congressional Cleaners and my mother and him–her name was Matilda Schramm–did indeed take care of lots of congressmen's suits and shirts.

They would give personal attention to each customer's clothing, as if they were grooming a poodle or piping frosted roses on a wedding cake. Mamma would iron some of the collars and ruffles by hand. Not at all like today, when you're lucky if your skirt shows up on the computer. Mrs. Kennedy-to this day I can't bear to call her Mrs. Onassiswould send daddy all of her outfits. Mamie Eisenhower had recommended him to her. In fact, he went all the way back to Eleanor Roosevelt, though she never fussed much with clothes. I remember as a kid how once she came into the store herself and how I stared up at her, feeling a little bit sorry that she was wearing this flowery cotton smocklike dress instead of the shiny purple silk gown I imagined a president's wife would wear. I think she smiled at me but I'm not absolutely sure.

When daddy died of a sudden heart attack in 1969–mamma had passed away two years before–my sister Jeanette and me went through the store, contacting customers, cleaning up, doing inventory, all those sad post-mortem chores. If I hadn't tripped on a torn place in the old tan linoleum back in a dark corner of the store, I would never have found The Suit, which was hanging like an empty skin inside a plastic bag that was stuck to it in several places because of the heat. Immediately I knew it was the suit, I can't explain why, it's just that I had that certain feeling. And I snuck it home

making sure Jeanette didn't know, hiding it inside a garment bag way in the back of a closet in the attic of our house in Wheaton, so my husband and kids wouldn't suspect nothing. Of course, I did cut through some of the plastic and, sure enough, there were the bloodstains still on the suit, though they were considerably faded.

id I feel guilty? Well, in a way, yes, I've got to admit it. But I also felt I had been blessed with a special privilege; maybe responsibility is the right word. You see, Mrs. Kennedy and I were the same age almost to the day, and from the first time I saw her picture, I adored her. My Mary Ellen was born a few weeks after Caroline and my Kenneth two months before John-John. To top it off, I, too, had a miscarriage, the same time she gave birth to poor little Patrick who died of Hyaline Membrane Disease. Though I'd never heard of that disease before, I couldn't get it out of my mind no matter how hard I tried. Hyaline Membrane Disease, even now it sounds terribly important and scary. I guess I was luckier than her, though, because when I miscarried I never had to look at the lost baby. Oh, how I cried for her then, and so many times later.

Unlike some of my friends, though, I never tried to look or act like her. How could a short plump woman like me even pretend to look like a goddess? How could Arlene Schramm Duley, born 1930 in Baltimore and raised on Farragut Road off 16th Street in Washington; a commercial-track graduate of the now demolished Central High School and wife of George Duley, branch manager of a Peoples Drug Store; Arlene Schramm Duley who except for one trip to New York City when I was eleven, had never been out of the Washington area, let alone to a foreign country; Arlene Schramm Duley whose greatest talents are baking snickerdoodles, embroidering guest towels, running up simple dresses on my old Singer, and doing some china painting-how in the world could I be so uppity as to pretend I looked and acted like Mrs. Jacqueline Bouvier Kennedy?

Besides, I was perfectly content with my life, dull as it might sound. I never even kept a scrapbook of her pictures like my friend Betty Walsh did. Every single picture and news article she could lay her hands on! I guess I'm just not that kind of person. I don't even have no pictures of my own kids' graduations or the time George and me rented a

place in Ocean City. One time we considered going all the way up north to Maine, a place called Ogunquit where George's cousin has a house, but we were afraid it would be covered with ice, even in summer.

Just to pick her brain, I once, in a real cagey way, asked my daughter Mary Ellen (she was taking courses at the community college) what she would do if she had secret possession of the pink suit. At first—would you believe it—she said she didn't even know what I was talking about. When I explained, she just laughed. "Oh that pink suit. With the little black velvet collar? It's nothing but a cliché." When I pressed her further, she said it was trite, out of date, and she couldn't imagine for the life of her why I asked about such a dumb thing.

Still, I wondered what to do with it and back around 1978 approached The Smithsonian about donating the suit to them, but I guess they thought I was just another one of those crackpots, like all those weirdos writing books about assassination conspiracies.

They never gave me an answer even after I went there in person, suit in hand, all nicely wrapped in a fresh plastic bag and tied with pink ribbons. So back it went into the attic closet nobody ever opened. I myself actually forgot about it after a while.

But then I heard back in May, 1994, how sick Mrs. Kennedy was. I could hardly believe it when she died so suddenly; just a couple of hours after I arrived in New York on the Greyhound to stand outside her apartment house with lots of other people. Don't ask me why I went, I just had to, that's all. I didn't even get to see Caroline or John-John or that paunchy bald guy, whatever his name is, her lover.

I did, though, get to see the hearse on the way to Arlington Cemetery after standing four hours in the hot sun. Just to glimpse it for a few seconds. I think I saw one of Bobby's sons, the one with lots of curly hair, and another nephew, not the kind of sleazy guy who got in trouble last year with a girl down in Florida, but maybe Teddy's son, you know, the one who had cancer. I also saw Hillary Clinton, but to be honest, I don't like her one bit. Much too uppity, as if her mother never taught her the proper way to be a woman. Yes, I know, it's the mid-1990s and like Mary Ellen tells me, oh, motherin that mocking way of hers-things have changed. Even so. I'm entitled to my opinion, right?

So what if I'm a cliché. What Mary Ellen and Hillary don't realize is that they themselves are clichés, just a different kind of cliché.

It was when I went to Arlington the next day and placed a bunch of roses on Mrs. Kennedy's grave that I realized that now I really did have to do something with the suit. It just didn't seem right to keep it hidden now that she was dead. Just leaving it on her grave with all the flowers and notes was one possibility, but the park police would probably remove it right away and put it in the trash, not even bothering to donate it to Good Will or the Purple Heart. If only I had more imagination! Like I had when I was a kid!

Some lady with bright orange hair was kneeling over President Kennedy's flame, so close her dress almost caught fire before a guard ushered her away. Something I had seen once on TV crossed my mind: how in India the widow of a dead man has to throw herself into the flames when he's cremated. I forget what they call it but I thought it was pretty awful. Why should the wife have to die just because her husband died? I'm no libber, as you know, but that really seems unfair to women.

ell, one thought led to another and I decided I would sneak back at night with the suit and toss it, all bunched up, into the Eternal Flame. I could just see it burning up, the flames leaping higher and higher and little shreds of pink wool soaring over the Potomac like a great storm of cherry blossoms, or better yet, like what happens with the fireworks on the 4th of July. And then the suit would be gone, one last great salute to Mrs. Kennedy, and my conscience would be free. Yes, it was exactly the right thing to do.

The only problem was I couldn't get anywhere near the flame when I drove to Arlington a few nights later. I could see it all right, glowing in the warm distance. All the tourists had left and it was so peaceful and quiet I could have stayed outside the locked gate all night. But the park police got suspicious and told me to leave. Maybe they thought I was carrying a bomb in the plain Giant Food sack I had stuffed the suit in. For a minute I tried to explain my mission but I could tell the man just thought I was another of those nut cases on the loose from

Saint Elizabeth's. So much for the great wild flames and pink shreds soaring over the Potomac! And there I was again, wishing I had some imagination.

If only I could consult Mrs. Kennedy herself, I remember thinking. Sure enough she would have some bright idea what to do with the suit. Not that I believe in any afterlife. But it did cross my mind that she must be very busy catching her husband up on all the things that happened since he was shot. Just think: he never heard of Lee Harvey Oswald or Jack Ruby or the Warren Commission or how Bobby was assassinated or about Chappaquiddick and Mary Jo Kopechne, or Watergate or how Vietnam finally ended or how Ronald Reagan ended the Cold War or all the nasty stories about him and those Mafia women and god knows what else. Would she tell him about that awful man, Aristotle Onassis? I hoped not.

I guess I would never have thought of the solution if Mary Ellen had not complained to me over the phone (she's married now and a mother herself) how the stores had no summer skirts that looked right on her. Either they were too short-unfortunately she inherited my fat legs—or too long, all the way to the floor as if you were going to a ball. Could I run her up something on my old Singer? Of course. And while I was at it, having chosen some real nice cotton with daisies on it, why not make a few nips and tucks on the pink skirt, add an elastic band and an extra panel so it would fit me and wear the darn thing myself?

How crazy that I hadn't thought of doing that a long time ago. Now the jacket was a real problem, there wasn't much I could do with that, but the skirt would be perfect.

aturally, I didn't tell a soul that my new pink skirt had been remodeled from Mrs. Jacqueline Bouvier Kennedy's skirt. The bloodstains I concealed with a clever little sash. I don't think I can possibly express to you how great I felt when I wore that skirt. Tall, rich, beautiful, clever, every bit as worthy as the late Mrs. Kennedy. Like I was wearing a brand new skin. Soon I began to feel that way even when I wasn't wearing the skirt, like I really had created for myself a new skin. I didn't even care that nobody seemed to notice, not George, bless his heart; not Mary Ellen or Kenny; not Betty Walsh or any of the girls I went bowling with. Not even the teacher of my china painting class at the Y. But, like I said, I didn't even care. What was important was that I myself noticed.

So when later that summer there was a special show at the Smithsonian about the Kennedy era called "Camelot Revisited" I didn't even blink when I saw on display the pink suit, complete with the little black velvet collar and buttons. Not one blink. Because I knew it was no more real than the silk roses that supposedly stood for the roses she was carrying that day in Dallas.

Barbara F. Lefcowitz has published 9 books of poetry and a novel; her stories, essays, and poems have appeared in more than 500 journals. She's won fellowships and prizes from the NEA, Rockefeller Foundation, and Maryland Arts Council.

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PORTLAND GREEK SISTER CITY CELEBRA-TION AT CINQUETERRE, from left: 1. Marina Schneller, Stelios Cotsis, Zoe Schneller, Fran Schneller 2. Mayor Brennan, Mary Snell 3. Christos Gianopoulos, Chris Ziagos 4. Neale Duffett, Ed Suslovic, Irwin Novak









from left: 1. George James, Ann Armstrong, Anne Vaillancourt 2. Katie Saulle, Katrina Raymond 3. Rodney Burns, Tina Burns, Lexi Derborn, Donna Dwyer, Tori Stenbak, Anthony Moore, Cher Traweek 4. Jamie Burns, Timothy Dwyer, Kaelyn Larsen 5. Noah, Kate & Madden Zyskowski

















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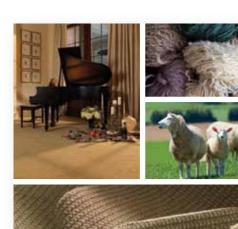
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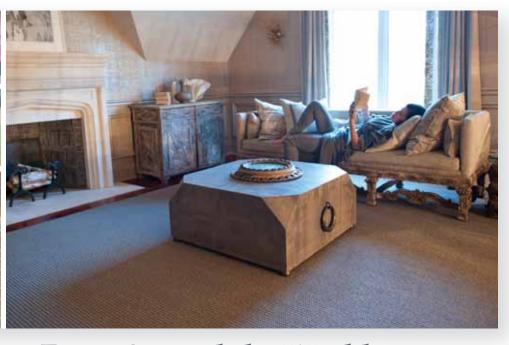
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