Defend our River!

The Androscoggin River, particularly the portion of the river between Jay and Lewiston, has become the focus of legislative attention and action. The Department of Environmental Protection [DEP] introduced legislation during the 2003 session that would have required continued reduction of pollution in the Androscoggin River and furthered efforts to clean up Gulf Island Pond. This Pond is a 15 mile “impoundment” in the Androscoggin, up to 90’ deep, formed by a hydroelectric dam at Lewiston’s northern boundary. Above the impoundment are three large paper companies discharging chemical waste into the river, below are Lewiston, Auburn, and other municipalities reaching into Merrymeeting Bay.

Unfortunately the DEP withdrew this legislation and transferred its support to a paper industry proposal allowing increased pollution of the river and a reduction in required dissolved oxygen [DO] levels. The amount of dissolved oxygen is an indicator of the health, or lack thereof, in a body of water; the higher the level, the healthier the lake or river.

In April of 2003, the Natural Resources Committee (of which I am a member) rejected the industry-generated proposal by a vote of 10 to 3 insisting instead on creating a “Gulf Island Pond Task Force”, a stakeholder group, to work with the DEP in determining the most appropriate water quality standards for the Pond. Based on input from all stakeholders as well as an analysis by N. McCubbin Consultants Inc., an independent contractor with expertise on environmental impacts of the paper industry, the Task Force attempted to set standards to maintain or improve water quality without unreasonable financial burden on the paper companies or other polluters.

After delays, including a paper company denying mill access to the environmental consultant, the Task Force produced its findings for the Natural Resource Committee.

Advocates for the paper industry again tried to exempt the portion of the Androscoggin River between Jay and Lewiston [including the Pond] from the standards required of all other Class C rivers [that provide for warm and cold water fish species]. Initial efforts by the pro-industry legislators and lobbyists were to reclassify this section of the river as only a “warm water fishery” to make the status quo acceptable—i.e. other words, reducing the river’s classification to match the unsatisfactory quality of the water rather than improving water quality to meet standards.

Although the effort to reclassify this stretch of the Androscoggin as a warm water fishery failed, industry advocates succeeded in getting a “majority” report out of committee and, subsequently, in getting the full legislature to agree to a lesser standard for this segment of the Androscoggin and for a segment of the St. Croix (below the Domtar paper mill).

(continued on page 3.)
A commercially significant number of people think hamsters are cute. Ditto gerbils. Rats and mice get a bad press, but large numbers of them are in fact public benefactors, serving as inexpensive, self-replicating, disposable, and biodegradable test tubes, in which all manner of scientific research is conducted. And moles? Believe it or not, once upon a time people actually skinned moles--using tweezers, scalpels, and magnifying glasses, I suppose. The fur is dense and soft, sheds dirt the way a duck’s back sheds water, and the skin underneath it is very tough. The skin was used for cosmetic patches by women four or five centuries ago, and the tiny pelts were sewn up into vests for wealthy gentlemen. A sturdy, fine-napped cotton cloth was and is marketed as moleskin, and fetches fancy prices. And in almost any direction you turn, somebody or other somewhere or other is making a mountain out of a molehill. So we’ve let moles burrow right into our vocabularies. Likewise lemmings—they are everybody’s favorite example of suicidal mass conformity, and hurl themselves off cliffs as infallibly as ostriches stick their heads into the sand while chicken little cries wolf and windy politicians reach for the silliest and stalest cliches they can find. Shrews? Do we even have to mention them? The myopic microscale supercharged predators have given their name to an entire category of vehemently disagreeable women, not a single one of whom I would ever confess myself to have met.

But voles? We seem to have overlooked them altogether. Not that they resent it. To be overlooked is the only ambition a vole has. They are and are not successful at this. On the one hand, here they are, purportedly the most abundant mammal in the northern coniferous forest, and yet you see them quite infrequently. But, on the other hand, the best actuarial estimates indicate that they do not live beyond the age of three. Three months, that is. So they are obviously noticed a good deal, and with malice aforethought, by hawks, owls, foxes, weasels, pine martens (to whom they are the bread of life), vagrant housecats, and even the aforementioned shrews. In the larger scheme of things, they are handy packets of concentrated protein, with a short shelf life. They are sprinters, day-trippers, an annual crop treated protein, with a short shelf life. They are and are not successful at this.

Once weaned, they begin foraging. They are not hibernating, in which all manner of scientific research is conducted. And moles? Believe it or not, once upon a time people actually skinned moles--using tweezers, scalpels, and magnifying glasses, I suppose. The fur is dense and soft, sheds dirt the way a duck’s back sheds water, and the skin underneath it is very tough. The skin was used for cosmetic patches by women four or five centuries ago, and the tiny pelts were sewn up into vests for wealthy gentlemen. A sturdy, fine-napped cotton cloth was and is marketed as moleskin, and fetches fancy prices. And in almost any direction you turn, somebody or other somewhere or other is making a mountain out of a molehill. So we’ve let moles burrow right into our vocabularies. Likewise lemmings—they are everybody’s favorite example of suicidal mass conformity, and hurl themselves off cliffs as infallibly as ostriches stick their heads into the sand while chicken little cries wolf and windy politicians reach for the silliest and stalest cliches they can find. Shrews? Do we even have to mention them? The myopic microscale supercharged predators have given their name to an entire category of vehemently disagreeable women, not a single one of whom I would ever confess myself to have met.

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You would expect such critters to hit the ground running, but they don’t. Naked, blind, and helpless as a baby at birth, they don’t begin walking until they are a week old, don’t open their eyes until they are ten days or two weeks old, and are not weaned until they are almost three weeks old. That would be like a child who began walking at age five, began seeing about age ten, and wasn’t weaned until a teenager.

Once weaned, they begin foraging. They forage night and day, winter and summer. They eat seeds and buds, and sometimes damage orchards by nibbling at the bark of saplings, girdling and killing them in the process. They may occasionally snap a grub or beetle, but mostly what they do is convert vegetable food of low nutritional value into their highly nutritious selves. It is an humble calling. They do not burrow, although they sometimes borrow the tunnels of moles, or make their way along the subway systems left by rotted-out roots and rootlets. They do not hibernate, or even lay down much fat when winter comes. Once their eyes are open, and they are mobile, and once they are weaned, they live in fast forward, a frenetic, herky-jerky little blur of busy-ness, with no time to remember anything or plan anything or think about anything except: 1) can I eat it? and 2) can it eat me?

Young females are often impregnated before they are weaned, by which time their mother, too, is generally in the process of conceiving another litter. The males are much slower to reach sexual maturity, which prevents the sibling incest that would otherwise occur. These are not animals that can afford the luxury of moral scruples. Nor are they social. They seem to live mostly alone, except for mating and breeding.

They do not make good pets or satisfactory laboratory animals. In captivity, they gnash and clash their teeth together, work themselves into full-fledged panic, rush around in circles, and refuse to eat or procreate or lend themselves to any human purpose. When handled, they sometimes bite, to the best of their tiny ability; other times, they just drop dead, then and there, of stage fright.

We hung a bird feeder on the north side of our house this winter. Eventually the birds found it--first the resident chickadees and nuthatches, and now the transients and summer folk: song sparrows, fox sparrows, juncos, goldfinches, house finches, and pine siskins, including one siskin with a snow white head, which made him look sacred, as though he wore a halo. The ground under the feeder is leggy; the mossy half-rotted
roots of a half-rotted stump cling to it like ivy to a wall. Near the base of the stump, underneath a root, is a small, neat hole, larger in diameter than a quarter, smaller than a ping pong ball. From my window, I look straight into the mouth of the hole, a tiny dark crevice. It looks like one of those magical portals from children’s literature, as though it led down into a Beatrix Potter world, or the world of The Wind and the Willows, or into Tolkein’s Shire, where Frodo and Bilbo and all the hobbits got their start. Under roots, under logs, at the base of trees or in tiny crannies of rock, you can see such holes pretty often in any woodland, but you have to look closely. Their vestibules are always worn and smooth, like a bald spot on a carpet. You imagine some snug, secret world of small and attractive creatures down there, and bright little eyes are regarding you with fear and wonder from down in the shadows.

Sometimes I catch a movement in the hole under the feeder, and then a light-colored face appears. It is a very clean but not a very confident face. It edges forward toward the mouth of the hole, and the world into which it must venture to eat and, in all probability, be eaten. The eyes are prominent, and look like big droplets of black ink. The nose, should the creature finally gather enough courage to stick it out, is blunter than a mouse’s. The ears are set more on the side than the top of the head, are relatively large, and are rounded in an attractive, asymmetric way. This is the red-backed vole.

Sunflower and thistle seeds, spilled from the feeder, are there on the doorstep. So are junco and song sparrows. Seen through the binoculars, they look massive; beside them, the vole looks like ninety-seven pound weakling in a room full of Shwarzeneggers. There may be a red squirrel or two about. If so, the vole retreats—red squirrels aren’t above eating voles, just to prove that they are broad-minded. Over the ground, the shadows of branches and clouds shift mysteriously and ominously. Sunflower seed husks thud down from the feeder. There is a great deal to be afraid of; there are many reasons to stay in your hole and die peacefully.

But that is not the program. The program requires death, but also copulation and reproduction—life, in other words. And to live is to eat. So he scuttles out. I have yet to see him go more than a foot from his front door. A gust of wind is enough to send him scurrying back inside. Red squirrels may sit on stumps and hurl defiance at the world; even chipmunks will squat out in the open and nonchalantly fill their cheek pouches with seed. But not the vole. With his short tail—about half the length of his body—his small, spindly legs, his somewhat oversized head, and his generally chunky aspect, he looks something like a pig. But he does not have the laid-back and fundamentally cheerful outlook of a pig. He has the outlook of a man in a witness protection program whose former associates have begun showing up in the neighborhood.

A red-backed vole is less red than a red squirrel. The fur along his back and sides is a rich and gleaming chestnut brown—almost exactly the color of dried pine or balsam needles, when the sun strikes them. As his shape suggests, he is more closely related to muskrats than to mice, and if he grew to muskrat size would perhaps be a valuable fur-bearing and worth our attention. But he has problems enough without our attention. His populations explode and implode, reproduction—life, in other words. And to live is to eat. So he scuttles out. I have yet to see him go more than a foot from his front door. A gust of wind is enough to send him scurrying back inside. Red squirrels may sit on stumps and hurl defiance at the world; even chipmunks will squat out in the open and nonchalantly fill their cheek pouches with seed. But not the vole. With his short tail—about half the length of his body—his small, spindly legs, his somewhat oversized head, and his generally chunky aspect, he looks something like a pig. But he does not have the laid-back and fundamentally cheerful outlook of a pig. He has the outlook of a man in a witness protection program whose former associates have begun showing up in the neighborhood.

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Franklin Burroughs
Waterfront: More than Just a Pretty View

A notable result of three decades of river cleanup is that the Merrymeeting Bay shoreline, once ignored for being courtside to the state's largest open sewer, is now a hot real estate commodity. A few years ago an FOMB study found that between 1956 and 1998 over 1500 new buildings were added within 1/2 mile of the Bay, with most of this change occurring in the last two decades. This development growth was paired with a 50% decline in active agricultural land. In recent years, the surging interest in shoreline house lots is more palpable to many of us in the form of the neighborhood pasture that just sold for an outlandish sum to an out-of-state speculator.

As shoreline field and woodlots are subdivided or gobbled up by McMansions, our hunting and fishing access is diminished, and valuable shoreline habitats are lost or impaired. The focused land protection on the Bay's important tributaries – the Abagadasset, Cathance, Eastern, Muddy – is an attempt to safeguard the significant riparian habitats that make the Bay so special.

Derived from the Latin riparius, meaning "bank" or "a steep edge," the term "riparian" refers to areas that influence, or are influenced by, aquatic systems such as lakes, rivers, streams, ponds, or wetlands. Depending on the topography, the Bay's riparian habitats vary from narrow bands of shrubs along small streams to forested floodplain swamps a hundred yards wide, such as those along the Abagadasset River. The importance of shoreline habitat is the underlying justification for municipal "Shoreland Zoning" ordinances, which, if consistently enforced, would go a long way toward protecting riparian habitats.

The many important ecological functions of riparian areas can be grouped into two basic categories: water quality and wildlife habitat.

Water quality and flow:

As the pollution from paper mills and other industrial sources on the Kennebec and Androscoggin Rivers is reduced, the relative contribution of "non-point-sources," such as cropland and pastureland, becomes more apparent. Cropland erosion accounts for about 38% of the 1.5 billion tons of sediment that reach the nation's waters each year. These sediments carry fertilizers, pesticides, and other pollutants that may cause algal blooms and eliminate habitat for fisheries. Riparian zones prevent degradation of water quality by filtering out pollutants, excess nutrients, and sediments. A streamside forest, for instance, can intercept as much as 80% of the nitrogen and phosphorous from runoff, converting it into vegetative growth. Riparian forests and wetlands also control floods and regulate streamflow through the dispersal, absorption, and slow release of floodwaters.

Habitat

Wetlands, waterways, and their adjacent banks support a disproportionately large share of the state's wildlife. Riparian ecosystems are used by over 90 percent of the region's wildlife species during their life cycle and provide the preferred habitat for over 40 percent of these species. This dependence on riparian resources may extend as far as 1,000 feet into the upslope habitats. The State's Beginning with Habitat program, a collaborative effort aimed at helping towns and land trusts protect wildlife habitat, features riparian corridors as the backbone of its broad-based conservation strategy. The computer-generated Beginning with Habitat maps show a clear convergence of bald eagles, rare plants, and waterfowl habitats around the Bay's riparian areas.

FOMB, as part of the coalition working to protect land around the Bay, is using these and other resource maps to focus its efforts on the most important stretches of shoreline. Ultimately, the Bay's serenity, its beauty, its culture, and its wildlife enrich our lives, and the Bay's shoreline should be a place where all can thrive. If you would like to learn more about conservation options for your land please contact Andy Cutko at 666-3162 or Ed Friedman at 666-3372.

Andy Cutko

owl artist credits

1. owl with star (pg 1): Vincent Murray
2. wingspread owl with mouse in talon (pg 4): Felicia Price
3. owl (pg 5): Brianna Bishop
4. owl (pg 6): Dylan
All photographs by Ed Friedman
OUTSIDE 2004 COME EXPLORE WITH US!

Water Trips
Pre-registration is required.
For Source to the Sea, contact Ed Friedman (666-3372; edfomb@gwi.net).
For all other water trips contact Paul Dumdey (443-3479; phdumdey@gwi.net).
Participants must bring own boat (canoe or kayak OK). Life jackets required.

June 16
6:00 PM Paddle to Little Swan Island
Trip Leader: Warren Whitney (666-3376 questions; 443-3479 to register)
Meet at the Richmond Town Dock. Bring box dinner.

July 8
6:00 PM Paddle up the Cathance River
Trip Leader: Anne Hammond
(442-8535 for questions; 443-3479 to register)
Meet at the Bowdoinham Town Dock

July 23
7:00 AM Source to the Sea Trek: Brunswick to Bath section
Trip Leader: Ed Friedman (to register call 666-3372)
Meet at the Water St. Landing in Brunswick

Aug. 6
6:00 PM Paddle into Chop Creek
Trip Leader: Paul Dumdey (443-3479 for questions & to register)
Meet on the waterfront at Chop Pt. School

Sept. 2
5:00 PM Paddle on the Abbagadassett River
Trip Leader: Paul Dumdey (443-3479 for questions & to register)
Meet at the bride over the Abbagadassett River on Browns Point Road

Walks
Pre-registration is encouraged.
Contact Paul Dumdey (443-3479; phdumdey@gwi.net) for directions or to register.

Aug. 26
5:00 PM Mud Plant Identification
Trip Leader: Andy Cutko
(666-3162 questions; 443-3479 directions/registration)
Meet at Choice View Farm, Dresden

Sept. 21
4:00 PM Mushroom Identification
Trip Leader: Hal Bonner (Paul Dumdey 443-3479 questions & directions)
Pork Pt. Road, Bowdoinham

Archaeological Dig
Pre-registration is required.
Call Liza Nelson (725-2937) to sign up for a morning or afternoon slot on any of the 9 dig days.

Jul 24 – Aug 1 Come dig for pre-historic treasures at an archaeological site near the river in East Brunswick (land owner keeps all finds).

All events are free and open to the public
Contact Sarah Wolpow (721-0941 or fomb@gwi.net) for more information.
Participants attend at their own risk.

Call for photos
We are pleased to announce a call for photos for our 2006 Merrymeeting Bay Calendar. Over the course of the next year, we will be searching for captivating photography that portrays the natural splendor, diversity and unique character of the Bay. We hope this calendar will inspire the conservation and protection of this national treasure.

We encourage photographers to search for unusual aspects of the Bay as well as more traditional subjects. Topics may include, but are not limited to, the following categories:
- Historical (for example, archeological finds and old camps)
- Wildlife
- Seasonal landscapes (e.g., ice, foliage, summer activities, and spring blossoms)
- Recreational use (e.g., hunting, fishing, canoeing, boating)

Specifications for submissions:
Photos may be submitted as slides, prints or digitally on a CD. All photos must be horizontal landscape layout and will be cropped to approximately 7 x 11 inches. High resolution is important. Digital photos must be at least 300 dpi at the 7 x 11 inch size. At the discretion of FOMB photos may be enhanced and cropped for reproduction. FOMB retains the right to use a submitted photo for other publications and displays unless direction to the contrary is included with the submission.

Deadline:
With a deadline of March 2005 for submissions, you have a year in which to photograph the Bay throughout the four seasons. We encourage you to submit photos as early as possible as we intend to hold several exhibits of submitted work during the upcoming year. Multiple submissions are encouraged. Already existing work may be submitted at any time. Calendars will go on sale in May of 2005.

Return policy:
Photos, slides and CD submission can be picked up from FOMB at a pre-arranged site in January 2006.

Volunteers needed:
The calendar is a major fundraising project for FOMB. Please contact us if you are interested in helping with production, sales, or exhibits of submitted work in towns around the Bay.

For more information, contact Sarah Wolpow (721-0941 or fomb@gwi.net).

FOMB Owls Delight Students
A few weeks ago I volunteered to bring three of FOMB’s “stuffed” owls in to Kathie Dieffenbach’s 4th grade art classes in Harpswell and Bowdoin. It was a huge success. The students were captivated by the Great Horned, Barred and Long Eared Owls and by the intricate details they could see in these once-live specimens. I spoke to the students for a few minutes about each of the birds, after which they choose one of the awesome owl specimens as a guide to draw from. It was amazing how the students portrayed the owls three dimensionally in their art work after seeing them “in person.” An added bonus was the Owl Sounds CD playing in the background….there was a whole lot of hooting going on!! Art teacher, Kathie Dieffenbach, said some of the students produced their best work of the year.
Kathie Duncan
FOMB Volunteer
Please contact Sarah Wolpow (721-0941) if you are interested in becoming involved in our educational outreach efforts.
Archaeological Dig Planned Along the Androscoggin

Did you miss a chance to help in the archaeological excavation at Choice View Farm last summer? Did you enjoy it so much you would like to return to the work? Want to get some good exercise and share some camaraderie while you learn lessons from our past? If you’ve answered yes to any of these questions then the period of July 24-August 1 will be your lucky week as FOMB in cooperation with Bowdoin College, Maine Historic Preservation Commission [MHPC] and most especially a private landowner [who wishes for the moment to remain anonymous] begins another archaeological dig.

Our dig site is in East Brunswick near the Androscoggin River. Over multiple generations, plowing has unearthed an extensive collection of Native American artifacts including gouges, points and ulu blades that collectively probably span the period from 5-9000 years ago. No extensive methodical excavations have occurred here thus far so we are excited at the prospects. Leading the dig will be archaeologists John Cross and Leslie Shaw of Bowdoin College both of whom often do contract work for MHPC in the summer. As last year, we will again schedule volunteers for minimum time slots of 1/2 day, and besides the dates mentioned we will want some help beforehand in building some of our equipment. For those of you with a bit of experience and interested in gaining more, we would like some team supervisors and plan to offer some training for this prior to opening day at the dig.

For more information or to schedule time slots please contact Liza Nelson at 725-2937. And remember, the dig is just one of a number of FOMB activities offered this summer. Please check the calendars for other events of interest.

Legislative Update

LD. 1806: Household Hazardous Waste Collection
This bill requires municipal officials in each county to work together to designate where household hazardous waste can be disposed by residents year round; either though an existing transfer station or recycling center. Some funding has been provided to municipalities. Municipal officials may charge fees for the disposal of hazardous waste in these facilities. Passed.

LD 1616: An Act To Promote Stewardship of Forest Resources
Substantive Rules that significantly reduce the practice of liquidation harvesting. Passed.

The purpose of this bill is to reduce the increasing levels of brominated chemicals in people’s bodies and the breast milk of women. It further regulates the sale of products containing these chemicals and requires clear labeling and the establishment of fees for the sale of products containing brominated chemicals. Passed.

LD. 1158 An Act To Protect Maine’s Coastal Water
This bill regulates cruise ships coming into Maine’s waters by establishing commercial passenger vessel environmental standards to provide for the terms and conditions of vessel discharges and monitoring and supervising discharges from those vessels through a registration system. This bill was, in the end, fashioned after Alaska’s regulations and is one of the strictest in the country. Passed.

LD. 1845 An Act To Amend the Bacteria Standard and Dissolved Oxygen Standard for Certain Waters
This bill, supported by the DEP and Municipal Waste Treatment Plant would have lowered water quality standards in 93% of Maine’s coastal waters. Fortunately it was defeated.

LD. 1891 An Act To Reclassify Certain Downeast Waters
This bill targeted a number of mostly smaller downeast rivers for classification upgrades. These rivers, often draining blueberry barrens are subject to pesticide runoff and irrigation drawdowns by the blueberry industry. Such activities raise water temperatures thereby harming native fish. Reclassification that would protect these rivers was subject to heavy lobbying efforts by the blueberry industry but narrowly passed.

Land for Maine’s Future Bond: Bonds have not yet been resolved in the legislature and will require a Special Session. The Governor has reduced his original support of $100 million to $60 million for the Fund. The Republicans plan substantially reduces funding of Land for Maine’s Future. They are suggesting funding for all bond issues be only $30 million.

Kathleen McGee

What’s Cookin’ with Dave?
Have you liked our snazzy newsletter over the last 5 years or so? We certainly have, and so it is with great appreciation that we send huge thanks to Dave Hansen of Topsham who has volunteered his time for this layout and production task over the years. Dave, long ago a cook in the Coast Guard is back to his old tricks in the kitchen this time instead of the galley. Having lately cooked and sculpted various foods at the Seadog in Topsham where he launched their Sunday brunch he has just taken a job as the Executive Chef at Cooleen’s (Montsweag Farm, Woolwich). You can sample his wares there. As we bid adieu to Dave we welcome a new volunteer, Tom Mitchell of Brunswick who will take over this challenging assignment in this, his inaugural newsletter. Thanks again Dave, and thank you Tom!!

Ed Friedman
In Memory

It was learned as we went to press that longtime Friend of Merrymeeting Bay Harry Prout had just passed away from emphysema. Long ago a smoker, Harry’s lungs had worsened dramatically in the last couple of years. Farming along the banks of the Bay in East Bowdoinham for many years, Harry, sometimes referred to as the Prince of Parsnips, specialized in growing turnips, peas, carrots, and of course parsnips. Nearly always with a smile on his face, Harry was a constant joy for the neighborhood and will be sorely missed. We hope to address his agricultural contributions in depth in a future issue of Merrymeeting News. Meanwhile, we send our condolences to his wife Dot and the rest of his family.

Ed Friedman

FRIENDS OF MERRYMEETING BAY

Steering Committee

Dorothy Chaisson, PO Box 36, Brunswick 04011 .................. Treasurer .......... 725-1487
Clancy Cummins, RR1 Box 112, Richmond 04357 ............ Secretary ............. 737-4175
Dee Cummins, RR1 Box 112, Richmond 04357 .................. 737-4175
Jane Fisher, 1000 River Rd, Dresden, 04342 ................................. 737-2736
Ed Friedman, 42 Stevens Rd., Bowdoinham 04008 .................. Chair .......... 666-3372
Kathleen McGee, 32 Wildes Rd., Bowdoinham 04008 ........... 666-3598
Steve Musica, 565 Brunswick Rd, Richmond 04345 ............ 737-2928

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Tracy Gregoire, PO Box 231, Bowdoinham 04008 .................. 666-8919

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Water Quality Monitoring Coordinator:
Bill Milam, 107 Brushwood Rd., Woolwich 04579 ...................... 443-9738

Executive Coordinator:
Sarah Wolpow, 45 Page St., Brunswick 04011 ................................. 721-0941

Friends of Merrymeeting Bay
P. O. Box 233, Richmond, Maine 04357

MEMBERSHIP LEVELS.

❑ Other ❑ $20 Smelt
❑ $50 Alewife ❑ $100 Shad ❑ $250 Striped Bass ❑ $500 Wild Salmon ❑ $1,000+ Sturgeon
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Defend Our River!
Come Dig for Pre-Historic Treasures