



BELGRADE LAKES ASSOCIATION

*To protect and improve the watershed of Great Pond and
Long Pond through Preservation, Education and Action.*

Winter 2015 / 2016



"See You Next Summer!"

THE PHOSPHOROUS PROBLEM

A MESSAGE FROM OUR PRESIDENT

Next year the Belgrade Lakes Association will celebrate its 108th birthday. That's a long time. Yet right now may be the most important time in our history for you to be a BLA member. Here's why.

I've heard comments from many of you that this was a great summer in the Belgrades. Yes, it arrived a little late, but once it got here the weather was spectacular. And it ended in a glorious display of fall color.

Many of you also reported that our lakes seemed especially clear and clean this year.

While that may be true, beneath the surface our lakes are facing a growing threat. They are being increasingly loaded with phosphorous, a nutrient that fuels plant growth. If this phosphorous loading continues, our lakes will experience a massive algae bloom and literally turn green.

Unfortunately, this is not a hypothetical situation. If current trends continue it will happen. It's just a matter of when. East Pond already experiences massive algae blooms every August or September, depending on the weather. These blooms are not only unsightly and make the lake much less inviting for swimming and other activities, but they also have a significant negative affect on shorefront property values.

So What Can We Do To Stop It?

For the last several decades BLA volunteers and others have been monitoring the water quality of Great Pond and Long Pond. In 2014, Colby College analyzed all this historical data and projected future trends. Their work showed that we are approaching a perilous algae bloom tipping point.

Having heard the alarm, the BLA took action and hired preeminent limnologist Dr. Ken Wagner to review Colby's findings and make recommendations for remedial action. Dr. Wagner made a presentation at the Maine Lakes Resource Center in the village last January 29th. You can view it on You Tube at "Ken Wagner BLA Presentation."

Dr. Wagner offered two possible solutions but advised that more data was needed. As a result, a team from Colby has been working all year to collect and analyze water, algae and lake bottom sediment samples. If you were at our BLA Member Reception last July you heard Dr. Whitney King from Colby talk about this work. It will be finished later this fall and final recommendations on remedial action should be available early next year.

A Two-Fold Problem

The phosphorous problem is really two-fold. First, there is already too much phosphorus in our lakes. This is referred to as "internal loading." It feeds the Gloeotrichia (the algae that looks like tapioca suspended in the water in the heat of mid summer) and Metaphyton (the green filamentous algae that looks like cotton candy and is visible in shallow areas when the water is cooler).

Most of this internal phosphorous is in the sediment on the lake bottom. It becomes chemically locked up with the iron that's naturally present as long as there is oxygen in the water. Our problem is that much of the water in the deeper parts of our lakes loses virtually all of its oxygen in late summer. When that occurs the phosphorous is released. When the lakes turn in the late fall and the bottom water mixes with the surface water, the phosphorus is dispersed through the entire water column where it's available to feed the algae the next season.

There are two possible fixes for this internal phosphorous loading. One is to put oxygen into the deep water in late summer to keep the phosphorous chemically locked up with the iron. The second solution is to cover parts of the lake bottom with alum. This aluminum compound also locks up phosphorous, just like iron, but does not need oxygen to do it. In both cases, the phosphorous will remain locked up in the sediment on the bottom of our lakes. It will not be available to feed the Gloeotrichia, the Metaphyton, or trigger a massive algae bloom.

External Loading

The second part of the problem is the phosphorous that is moving into our lakes. This is referred to as "external loading." Lakes are always at the bottom of the local topography. Everything washes downhill into them through rivers, streams and from runoff.

Phosphorous is a naturally occurring element in our soil. When you see erosion, channeling and runoff of dirt and other material running into our lakes from ditches, camp roads, construction sites, parking areas and yards, phosphorous is being washed directly into our lakes. Improperly working septic systems also discharge nutrients into the lakes.



Lynn Matson, BLA President

This external loading is a vexing problem because it's coming from so many sources. It requires community awareness, education and action. It's been the target of programs like LakeSmart and the Conservation Corps for many years. They are helping, but even more needs to be done.

No decisions have been made about how we'll tackle this phosphorous problem. We're still collecting data and waiting for final recommendations from the experts. Before any steps can be taken, permits will have to be obtained from the state of Maine and funds raised.

What You Can Do to Help

In the meantime, there are things that you can do to help. First, become a good lake steward. Contact BLA LakeSmart Coordinator Logan Parker (207-313-9109 or 207-495-3617) to have your lakeshore property evaluated by a LakeSmart volunteer or call the Belgrade Regional Conservation Alliance (207-495-6039) to learn if the Conservation Corps can make your property more lake friendly. And have your septic system pumped out every three years and tested to see if there's any indication it's not working properly. Every small step to reduce runoff and the phosphorous loading of our lakes is a move in the right direction.

Second, stay active in the BLA. Encourage other family members and lake neighbors to join. There will be much more information coming out from the BLA about this phosphorous problem and the plans to abate it in the months ahead. You need to be aware of where we're headed and what you can do to help.

Our Legacy

BLA members have been enjoying our beautiful lakes and the lifestyle they afford us for the last 107 years. Now it's our turn to make sure that these waters remain clear and pristine for future generations. So, in fact, this truly might be the most important time in the long history of the BLA for you to be a member.

Thanks for your membership and support. Working together we will find a solution to this phosphorous problem. Our lakes are way too valuable to accept any other outcome.

Warm regards,



Lynn Matson, President



Our Maine Apples

Who can think of fall in Maine without thinking of the Apple and what the apple magically turns into in our Mom's (or the "pie-lady's") sweet-smelling oven? 'Nuff said...

The circle of the seasons turns people's thoughts once again to reflection.



Autumn's Mirror



Our Maine Chickadee

Somehow this little black and white fluff has captured the heart of the whole state to become our Maine State Bird...and who hasn't had their own heart warmed on a cold winter's day by the "Chickadee Dee Dee Dee" of this little round spark of life...

*These drawings by local artist and BLA member Sue-Ellen Greenan are available for sale at the Annex.

ICE FISHING IN THE BELGRADES

by Dick Greenan

Welcome to Ice Fishing 2016! Although, as I write this in mid-November, upper Long Pond is still its royal blue and our Tracy Cove loon chick is still swimming around out front – all by himself! We suspect Momma has already flown the coop! This summer's chick should be giving some serious thought to relocating further South!



Bundled up and ready for fish!

If the past few year's fishery was any judge, we should have another good year.

But first of all, why would anyone in their right mind give up the warmth of their easy chair and toasty fireplace to sit out on the frozen tundra with the wind blowing at 20mph? They wouldn't, but who said we were in our right minds to begin with?!

There are creature comforts like a heated icehouse,

snowmobile or four wheeler with heated seats and grips, etc., but then there are those of us who think that a little roughing it adds to the experience. It does, but usually it is an experience that is not worth repeating too often! Such as dragging your gear on a sled with snowshoes through a foot of snow!



Heading out for a big day.

But consider the really hard core folks like our Warren Balgooyen, who traps his own bait and then drags his sled across the tundra for the total experience!

Although small mouth bass remain king in both Great and Long Ponds, the pickerel and smallies in secretive Whittier Pond always make for a very special day.

The land-locked salmon fishery in Long Pond, although still productive, seems to have been getting slower each year. Some credit the lack of salmon with the pike's affinity for

this silvery morsel while others see the

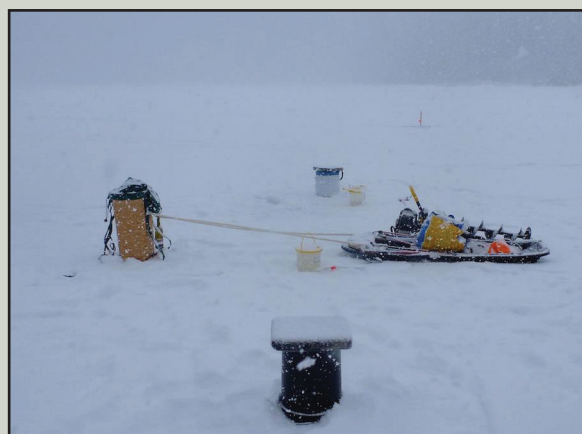
competitive pressure for their food source, alewives in particular.

And if you're like me, I just blame it on the fact that I like to sleep in most mornings! But once Long Pond freezes over, the salmon are on sabbatical.

In an effort to manage this legendary fishery, the current Ice Fishing Regulations for Long Pond this season, January 1 – March 31, call for all landlocked salmon, trout, and bass to be released immediately without removal from the water.



Catching bait the old-school way.



Setting up camp.

Our Northern Pike, although not indigenous to either Great or Long Ponds, can provide the experience of a lifetime! But you know the most fun one can have fishing the Belgrades is to share it with friends on a sunny afternoon!



Look at the size of THAT whopper.



Here is Maine Guide Mike Guarino with a nice Northern Pike from neighboring Snow Pond.



Roughing it?

OK, so much for roughing it! Does anyone know where we can pick up a good, inexpensive snow machine with heated seats and grips?

So get out and enjoy our beautiful Belgrades and remember, size isn't everything! See you on the lake – I mean ice!



Looking back on a great day.

Members Wanted.

Upgrade your BLA support with a 2016 membership for yourself, your family, or a friend.

Membership packets may be picked up at the BLA office or the lobby of the MLRC.

You may also call or email us for information.
(207) 512-5150 info@BLAmaine.org

RECOLLECTIONS OF A CHILD'S SUMMER IN BELGRADE

by Eric Hooglund

During my childhood, summers always were the time to go to Belgrade, a term that evoked swimming and fishing and fun. Going to Belgrade inevitably meant going to 'Uncle Mike's place.' Uncle Mike was Michael Nagem, and his place was a sprawling series of buildings on Long Pond. By the time I was 10, I understood that these buildings actually comprised a hotel, and by age 12, I knew it had a name: The Lake Shore. However, I don't think I knew or even thought to inquire about these details when I was 5, 6, and 7.

The earliest photo of me in Belgrade was the summer I was 4 months old. I have no memory of that day, or of any days before the age of 3. And I even do not know if my memories of being 3 and 4 are my own memories or remembrances of stories about me I heard from my aunts, uncles, and other family. But one real and vivid memory I have is from the summer I was 5. I can see like yesterday how I was riding out to Belgrade in Uncle Mike's delivery van. Uncle Mike and my grandfather were sitting in the front of the van. Uncle Mike was one of grandfather's closet friends, but when I was young, kids did not address adults by their first names. Our parents or grandparents introduced adults to us as Mr. & Mrs. Nagem (such as the parents of Uncle Mike) or as Uncle Mike and Aunt Marie. So, when I was very young, I had many aunts and uncles, and Uncle Mike, who used to hand out Hershey kisses, and sometimes whole candy bars, was certainly a favorite uncle! On that summer day, my mother, younger brother, Gary, and I sat in the windowless rear of the van surrounded on three sides by crates of live lobsters packed in ice. I had never seen a lobster before, and these creatures were large, moving about in their crates, and waving their claws, which did not have rubber bands on them back then, and probably not even those small wooden pegs. And their claws sometimes poked through the crates' slats! My brother was terrified and whimpered as he cuddled up to our mother. I was scared, but I was not going to let anyone know! Even then, I had a reputation for asking questions about everything incessantly, but my mother recalled for many years after how I sat in the van staring at the lobsters, never uttering a word for the entire 45-minute trip from Waterville to Belgrade. When we arrived, I ran into the house adjacent to Nagem's Store and the safety of the upper story apartment in the back where my family usually stayed. I never saw the lobsters again and was unaware that they surely were destined for the Lake Shore dining room. Of course, we never went into the dining room during the tourist season, as it was reserved for paying guests who came to Maine from away. My grandmother prepared our meals in the apartment, and when we were at Belgrade, we ate lots of white perch, freshly caught by my adult relatives from the lake and which my grandmother fried to perfection. But I do recall that, while puttering around the back of the hotel the next day with Uncle Mike's sons, George and Philip, we passed a metal garbage barrel with pieces of bright red shells. Back then, I had no idea that lobsters turned bright red when cooked, so I did not associate the pieces of red shells with the scary creatures with which I had shared a very long ride just 24 hours earlier.



View of the Lakeshore Hotel from Long Pond..



Nagem's Store on Main Street in Belgrade Lakes.

The unfamiliar was not always scary, however. In fact, I discovered the pleasure of root beer floats the summer I was 7. My Uncle Jumpy, then a teenager, was working as a 'soda jerk' in Nagem's store and as a busboy in the Lake Shore dining room. Jumpy was not his real name, but the nickname my Aunt Annie gave him because he always used to jump in his crib from about 12 to 18 months of age. The name stuck in the family, even though Uncle Jumpy hated it, and his own friends called him Joe, which I discovered when I was a teenager. What I remember about Nagem's store was the marble soda fountain with stools in the back. I have no recollection

2015 BLA Annual Meeting and Reception - a Smashing Success!



We had the most successful annual meeting in recent history with over 200 members and guests in attendance.



The Annual Meeting was held on July 26, 2015, at the lovely former Lakeshore Hotel, property of the Nichols Family.



Leonard Volk (pictured left) discussed his donor behaviour study, and Dr. Whitney King gave a very informative report on water quality in the Belgrades.



Kate Beales, owner of the Village Inn, listens with interest to Toni Pied's STOP MILFOIL Milfoil Progress Report.



Gail Rizzo presented Bill and Joan Witkin with the prestigious President's Paddle Award.



In-coming President Lynn Matson greets the members.



Polly Beatie acknowledges out-going president Gail Rizzo.



Janet Nichols addresses the attendees.



Kerry and Diane Oliver won the Volunteers of the Year award.

THE BELGRADES - BOUNTIFUL AND BEAUTIFUL

by Andrew Cook

How did you get to the Belgrade Lakes and why do you love it here?

We got here because our lakes are bountiful and beautiful.

I had worked for the Appalachian Mountain Club as a hutman. As a result my wife and I, early in our marriage, resolved to do serious mountaineering. That led to naming our children after mountains. Our first daughter's name is Katahdin. Kate became an excellent clarinetist very interested in teaching. As a result she looked around and found a summer camp counseling job at the New England Music Camp (NEMC) on Lake Messalonskee. We lived in Connecticut at the time, so it was almost by chance that she found this opportunity, maybe because of her name. Every summer she worked at the NEMC, we rented a cottage for a week on Long Pond. We attended the Sunday NEMC outdoor concerts, listened to their excellent end of the season indoor concert at the RSU 18 High School and, of course, enjoyed wonderful Long Pond and the Belgrades with all our children and friends.



The time came for my wife, Chris, and me to plan our long term residence. Our goal was to ensure our three children (all adults) would “come home.” We posed a question, if we live in various places – WILL YOU COME HOME? The locations and answers were:

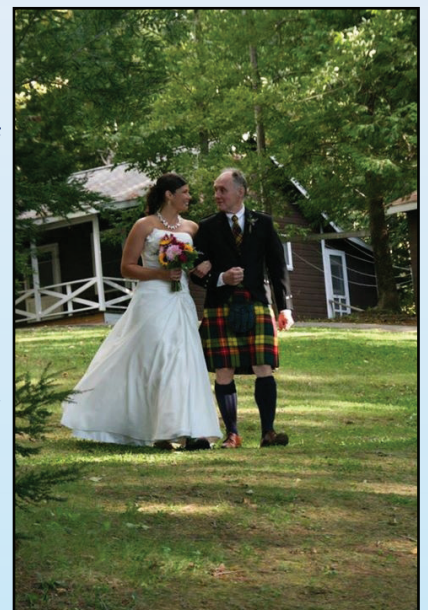
1. Our home in Connecticut – we got some pretty wishy washy Yesses.
2. The places Andy loves in the Adirondacks – we got three resounding Nos!
3. The Belgrade Lakes – we got a chorus of boisterous Yesses.

So it was off to the Belgrade Lakes to find a lot and build. And we did, on the North End of Long Pond. And they are all coming home! However, we found there was much more to the Belgrade Lakes than we had expected.



First, they are bountiful. Chris got a dream job working for the Maine Public Utilities Commission in Augusta, and she joined the board of the Belgrade Regional Conservation Alliance. I achieved my dream to give back to the community after 40 years of travel in industry. I became a member of the school board, a volunteer tutor, a member of the Kennebec Regional Development Authority Board, a volunteer at Franklin Memorial Hospital and, of course, a member of the Belgrade Lakes Association Board. On top of that, Kate and her husband (a pediatrician) moved from Ohio to Farmington this summer where he is in a pediatrics practice and she is finishing her education PhD.

And then we have met so many wonderful and welcoming people. Mainers are just great – friendly, helpful and just good solid people. And everyone has a special and amazing story. We discovered the local maple syrup, blue berries, apples and lobsters. Plus we found the local fairs, celebrations, races, and many community events. The Belgrades have been unexpectedly bountiful for us many ways.



Even better, the Belgrades are beautiful. We love the wonderful summers,

FRIENDS OF BELGRADE LAKES VILLAGE

The Maine Department of Transportation (MaineDOT) plans to reconstruct the section of Route 27 through Belgrade Lakes Village, 3/10ths of a mile. Belgrade's Selectpersons have entered into an agreement with MaineDOT for this project. Their specifications for this project focus on road and sidewalk reconstruction, curb height and identification of parking spaces among other things. Current timeline is for the work to begin in the spring of 2018.

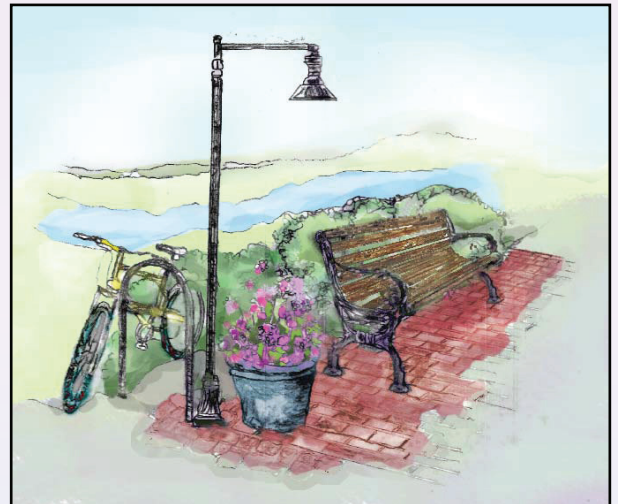
In 2013, community leaders requested authorization from Belgrade Selectpersons to define appropriate "enhancements" to complement the road and sidewalk construction project. A dozen community meetings were held to discuss suggestions and ideas. A very long list was culled down to realistic, prioritized projects that include:

- Sidewalk upgrade from asphalt to brick
- Pedestrian lighting
- Off-street parking and comfort station
- Strategically located benches, bike racks and landscaping
- Modest sidewalk extensions on the north and south sides of the Village
- Healthy walking paths with exercise stations

Belgrade Selectpersons have been clear that no tax revenues will be spent on these enhancements, all of which must be funded privately. For that reason, the "streetscape committee" has organized as a non-profit association, Friends of Belgrade Lakes Village. This organization has been approved as a 501(c)3 by the Internal Revenue Service. The group is led by volunteers from Belgrade and surrounding communities.

The prioritized list of enhancements will require securing a total of \$1.5 million in contributions for the project. This plan details the fundraising plans and anticipated project expenses for the period 2015-2018 as well as preliminary plans to support ongoing maintenance expenses.

The Mission Statement is to make our Village a safe, attractive and congenial gathering place that continues to be a preferred destination for seasonal and year-round residents and visitors. For more information please contact Liz Fontaine at 207 592-5990 or email liz@belgradelakepoint.com.



THE BELGRADES - continued

the loons, the tranquil lake, swimming, kayaking, the golden sunsets. Then comes the colorful fall, hiking on the many Kennebec Highland trails, even swimming (in a wet suit) all alone on a mist covered cove. In the pristine, quiet winter we ski on the lake, snow shoe on the trails, and downhill ski at very nearby Sugar Loaf. The glow of the sunrise on French's mountain on a glistening clear winter day is a wonder to behold. And in the clear night sky the Milky Way arches over you in amazing brilliance. We even see snow white ermines hop around. In the spring our many neighbors return: the loons, the eagles, deer, foxes, coyotes, red squirrels, minks, and even our special friends – the porcupines. In fact, we have so many porcupine neighbors we named them Spike, Mr. Prickers, Misty, Jim, and Misty's Mom.



We came to the Lakes to bring our children home. We found much more. I couldn't get Chris to leave if I tried. It's the way life should be. It's true – we weren't born here but we got here as fast as we could.

The Belgrades – for us – bountiful and beautiful.

RECOLLECTIONS continued

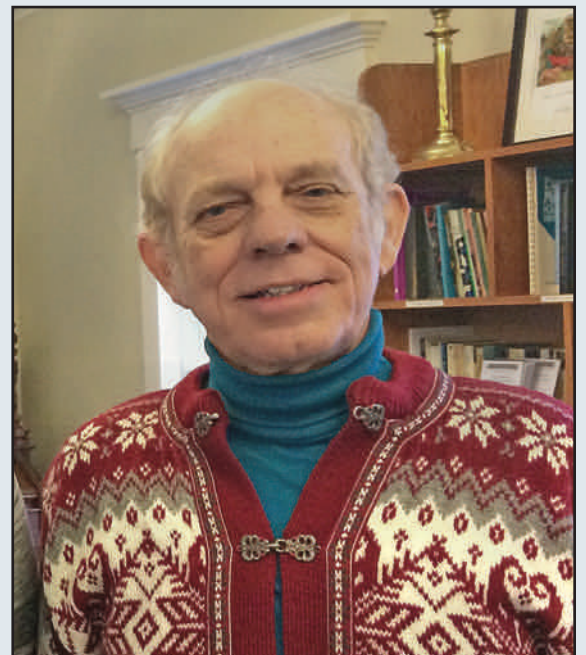
what else was sold there, perhaps groceries, fishing gear, tourist trinkets? The marble soda fountain was not as long as the one at Woolworth's on Main Street in Waterville, but I think it had at least 4 stools. And Uncle Jumpy seemed to enjoy treating his nephews to ice cream sundaes and banana splits. But the day he offered to make me a root beer float, I was shocked: "But, Uncle Jumpy, I'm just a kid. I can't drink beer. What would mama say?" I knew adults drank beer, which was served in the cocktail lounge, wedged in between the main hotel building and the Nagem house, but kids were not supposed to go there. My parents did visit the cocktail lounge, and two of my aunts even helped out the Nagem's by serving drinks there whenever they came home to Maine and out to Belgrade in the summers.

"It's not real beer," insisted Uncle Jumpy. "It's soda pop," he said as he filled a glass from a fountain spigot. I saw the liquid, and I was revolted. It looked and fizzed just like Moxie! I had tasted Moxie the previous summer, and spit it out. It tasted wicked bad. After that, I had refused to drink any soda that was brownish black, such as Coke or Pepsi. Of course, we did not get soda often, only on special occasions, and for me, the only safe soda pop was orange! I was defiant: "I hate Moxie. I won't drink that." Uncle Jumpy was amused. "It's not Moxie and it doesn't taste anything like cough medicine." I did not understand the connection between Moxie and cough medicine, which I could not recall having tasted before.



Uncle Jumpy placed a scoop of vanilla ice cream into the glass of root beer, then inserted a long spoon and said, "Try, it." I was suspicious. My younger brother was with me, and he did not hesitate to try the root beer float that Uncle Jumpy placed in front of him. Gary loved it! I didn't know what to do. Does the ice cream make this Moxie-like soda taste better? Would it make me sick? The ice cream by now was mostly covered with the soda, and even with the spoon it would be hard to get some ice cream without also getting some soda. But could I let my kid brother show me up? Gingerly I pushed the spoon into the ice cream and pulled it out, dripping with soda. To my surprise, it tasted good. I didn't know if root beer was beer or pop, but it was not Moxie! And later, none of the adults were upset about a root beer float. My mom and Aunt Janet even thought it was very funny that I thought root beer was real beer. So, root beer is soda! And that day I discovered it was a special soda in which to float ice cream!

Eric Hooglund, born in Waterville, Maine, received a BA in history in 1966 from UMaine Orono, and then spent two years in Iran as a Peace Corps volunteer. He subsequently received his Ph.D. in international relations and Middle Eastern Studies from Johns Hopkins University in 1975. After a long career as a professor and author, Eric has retired and settled here in the Belgrades. He is an active volunteer in several local organizations and, reportedly, still enjoys the occasional ice cream float.



Eric's tastes have changed - he now enjoys Moxie!

THE ANNEX COMES ALIVE - A NEW ADDITION TO COMMUNITY LEARNINGS

by Kathi Wall, Director of Programming at the Maine Lakes Resource Center

The Maine Lakes Resource Center at 137 Main Street in the village is used to focus attention on the state of local lakes. This year we added a new twist to the manner in which environmental messages are presented to the public - **The MLRC Annex: Where Art and Science Meet at 171 Main Street.**

It is a shop/studio that demonstrates the practical view of how we can help save the environment for future generations. Sometimes that happens by looking behind us to past generations.

The Annex is quickly becoming a place of hands-on experiential learning for children and adults. Classes and demonstrations are offered as well as drop-in discussions on art, science, local politics, how everything is connected, and why it is important to take care of our land and lakes.

Murals pertaining to nature grace the walls. Trees, birds, and footprints painted by young people, as well as origami butterflies created by visiting students, adorn the lobby as one enters through the orange door decorated with stenciled insects. The screen door has been repaired using fabric flowers and angels of cotton balls and old lace.



Annex - inside



MLRC Annex

The work of local artists is on display and for sale. Spectacular photos of the area, original drawings, and lamps made from recycled tea cups and pots make interesting gifts for your “besties” for birthdays and holidays. A visitor can be greeted by artists who use the space as studio, or one might be treated to watching local artisans use old techniques to repair/recycle worn out items. You will find people very accommodating and friendly.

This past summer, the Annex also served as a center for the Water Quality Initiative, a partnership between the Maine Lakes Resource Center, Colby College, the Belgrade Regional Conservation Alliance, and The Belgrade Lakes Association which also uses the space to house their summer sales equipment for its famous BLA Summer Raffle. Everyone benefits from this unique spot in the center of town.

Outside are demonstration gardens that show the use of woodland plantings to reduce erosion and streamside washouts. One can see huckleberry, blueberry, sweet fern, and other native plants. By next year, there will be better labeling in the gardens to answer the many questions we have received.



Outdoor Sculpture

Interest in the gardens has increased since the addition of a wood sculpture, Great Blue Heron, by Nichole White, a creative artist from Gardiner, Maine, (picture) on the Post Office side of the gardens. White is one of a growing number of eco-artists who work with environmental materials that will eventually return to the soil during the natural process of decomposition.



Frogs and polliwogs

The Annex is always open by appointment ... call 207-620-6029 and allow at least 15 minutes for arrival. You can find artisans working in the space Thursday through Saturdays 11 to 3. Class schedules from November through January will be posted on our Facebook page and website www.mainelakesresourcecenter.org or MLRC.me.

2015 Annual Raffle - Another Tremendous Success!

The Belgrade Lakes Association would like to thank its members, lakes region residents and visitors for their continued support which made the 2015 Summer Raffle an overwhelming record-setting success!

Our sponsors and Dick Greenan deserve special recognition and a big Thank You!

All proceeds are dedicated to our programs for improving the water quality in Great and Long Ponds.



Annual Raffle Winners

Prize Level	Winner	Prize & Donor
First	Jennifer Chart Brunswick, ME	20' Pontoon Boat, motor and trailer Hamlin's Marine
Second	Donna Ferrini Carver, MA	Shoremaster Dock (3 sections) Hammond Lumber
Third	Diane Moore Van Wyck, SC	10' Old Town Kayak and paddle Old Town Canoe, Old Town, ME
Fourth	Carol & Pat Murphy Rome, ME	7hp Elco Electric Outboard Brightside Wooden Boat Services
Fifth	Nancy Maymar Tiburon, CA	5hp Elco Electric Outboard Brightside Wooden Boat Services
Sixth	Peter Manning Pawcatuck, CT	Big Green Egg Somerset Stone, Oakland, ME
Seventh	Ken Viens Rome, ME	Camp on Snake Point, Great Pond Steve and Anne Smith
Eighth	Dana Harris Gardiner, ME	Camp on Tearmann Loch, Great Pond John and Lynne Gibbs
Ninth	William Lechard Point Pleasant, NJ	Airlink Float Plane Tour of the Lakes Airlink Connection, LLC
Tenth	William Lechard Point Pleasant, NJ	A Family Summer Picnic from Day's Days Store, Belgrade Lakes, ME
	(No, this is not a typo, William won 2 prizes)	

Bonus Raffle Winners

Prize Level	Winner	Prize & Donor
First	Kay Ralston South Portland, ME	Four Rounds of Golf at the Belgrade Lakes Golf Club
Second	Jim Mathieu Fairfield, ME	Dinner for four at The Village Inn
Third	Roger Allen Houston, TX	10' Stand-up Paddle Board LakePoint Real Estate

The Lakes' Dream Team: An update on the collaboration between BLA LakeSmart and the BRCA Youth Conservation Corps

by Logan Parker

In the Summer 2015 BLA Newsletter, Maggie Shannon reported on the expanding partnership between our LakeSmart program and the Youth Conservation Corps (YCC) run by the Belgrade Regional Conservation Alliance. This article outlined the potential benefits offered by this more collaborative approach. After two record-breaking seasons for both programs (68 LakeSmart evaluations and 15 LakeSmart awards issued on Long Pond and Great Pond this year!), this greater synergy is proving to be a success... and it's only just getting started.

This approach has been more effective because it capitalizes on the best aspects of both programs. Properties evaluated utilizing this model receive recommendations offered by experienced LakeSmart screeners as well as free cost estimates for the installation of best management practices



(BMPs) designed by YCC, all in a single report. If the property owner is interested in having the work done, they need only follow up with a call to the YCC. Furthermore, property owners need pay for materials only, making the YCC a highly cost-effective option.



Nathan Durant working on estimates for LakeSmart BMP installation.

The collaboration has proven particularly useful when large camps or road associations commit to becoming LakeSmart. This summer, BLA LakeSmart and the YCC met to assess Camp Merryweather, a large camp owned by a family dedicated to preserving Great Pond for future generations. This property has more than a mile of shoreline, most of which is undeveloped. Working together, our two programs produced a series of recommendations that will make the developed portion of the property as lake-friendly as the untouched area.

This fall, representatives from both programs visited a homeowner association with more than twenty camps. In response to the water quality data collected by Colby College over the last two years, this association has taken up the mission to be totally LakeSmart – from the camp road to the shoreline. BLA LakeSmart volunteers screened each camp and, where BMPs were recommended, the YCC's Program Director, Nathan Durant took measurements for calculating cost estimates. Come spring, the association and each of these property owners will receive the thorough reports detailed above.

These large collaborative projects exemplify the efficiency and effectiveness that is fostered by these two programs working in tandem. Best of all, the property owners receive a more complete set of recommendations for lake-friendly living. Adopting these best management practices and curbing the external influx of phosphorous is essential to preserving the water quality of our lakes. The BLA and BRCA are primed to assist property owners interested in doing their part.

Great Pond drawn down to winter level, with a view of Mount Phillip.



STOP Milfoil Program Update

by Toni Pied

Thanks to efforts in Great Pond and the Great Meadow Stream these past four summers, invasive variable milfoil has been significantly reduced. Although there is still variable milfoil present in the stream and the lake, the volume is decreasing and we are making headway. Since the beginning of this project, over 95,000 gallons of milfoil have been removed from the lake and stream. Just under 5,000 gallons were removed this past summer. Essentially, the infestation has been cut in half every year since the project started in 2012.



Our 2015 Milfoil Field Crew.

operation adjusts and adapts to the changing nature of this infestation will be important pieces to our success.

This past summer, we adjusted our surveying methods to utilize more divers, as well as a newly created night-surveying light boat. We are happy to report that no new infestations were discovered this past summer and eight more miles of shoreline have been “adopted” on Great Pond & Long Pond. The surface use restriction was renewed by the Maine Department of Inland Fisheries and Wildlife and the Maine Department of Environmental Protection for 2015, to restrict motorized watercrafts from the milfoil area. Opening Great Meadow Stream to non-motorized watercrafts gave us the opportunity to show the public that the stream is starting to revert back to its natural state (lots of new native plants!).



Toni supervises DASH Boat operations!



Surveying for milfoil at night.

The final piece to protecting both Great Pond and Long Pond from invasive aquatic plants is Courtesy Boat Inspections. They are the prevention piece of the puzzle and may be more important than ever. The invasive variable milfoil in Great Pond got there somehow. We need to make sure that milfoil doesn’t infest Long Pond and that another invasive plant doesn’t find its way to Great Pond.

Thank you to all that have supported this project financially or as a volunteer. We will continue our efforts in 2016 and look forward to reporting further successes. Please contact Toni Pied, Milfoil Director for the BRCA at brcamf@belgradelakes.org, if you are interested in being a volunteer Courtesy Boat Inspector (CBI) or if you are interested in “adopting” your shoreline.

A SOUND OF BELLS IN THE MORNING

This continues the short story series by Frank P. Farnham

I did not dream that we would soon cease to be dairy farmers because of that building, nor that my sister and I would be enabled to go to college largely because of that building, nor that that building would shape the whole course of my life.

Changes came by degrees. The first change, in fact, came several years previous to the purchase of the building. Back around 1920, Father put out a neat wooden sign by the roadside, advertising our rich Jersey milk for a nickel a quart, and our whipping cream for thirty-five cents a quart. That was about double the price we had been getting, shipping to the Boston market by train, and a bit more than half the retail price prevailing in nearby cities. In no time at all, customers were driving ten miles to the farm from Augusta in all the maneuverable months of the year and taking our entire supply. Any surplus was sold as butter, buttermilk and cottage cheese.



Farnham's Farm Stand on Route 27.

In the first year of that new era, Mother started something which was to prove even more significant. Out of the family garden, she began picking cucumbers and offering them for sale to the milk and cream customers. Father and my grandparents and all the neighbors laughed at her. Imagine trying to sell cucumbers when you couldn't give them away! But Mother knew best, it turned out, for customers bought hundreds that summer at a penny apiece. The cucumbers rankled father a little. But he had learned something, too; if you could sell cucumbers, so he said, you could sell practically anything right at the door.

Around 1922, he was approached by sisters, elderly maiden ladies, who lived close by, but on a back road.



Picking veggies on a beautiful summer day.

Did Father suppose he could sell their cheeses, they inquired. They offered a sample, and Father took a nibble, and said he'd be glad to try. The "old maids' cheese," as it came to be known, was an instant hit, and that was the first time we had made a profit on another's labor. True, it was only a nickel a pound, and there was always the preliminary free sample, but it was new income.

It was a natural progression for Father to purchase the building, that we had hauled in March of 1926, to be used as a farm store.

The first year, it probably looked nicer than it ever has since. The porch screening was removed to let in more sun. The exterior was brightened by covering the green staining with two coats of white paint. Father's eyesight was always bad, and he had an understandable passion for light. Father built three wide cement steps leading up to the porch across the front of it. He built trellises, painted them white, and surrounded the store on three sides with them. Within the area, Mother set out peonies and larkspur, heliotrope and snowball, bridal wreath and forsythia, and many another shrubs and perennials. Rambler roses grew on the trellises, and by the next spring, tulips were growing in beds along their perimeter.



Beautiful to the eye, and tasty to the tongue!

That summer we increased the size of our garden and sold sweet corn and green peas and tomatoes, along with the cucumbers and the products of our dairy. Salesman began stopping, and before we knew it, we were selling ice cream and soda and tobacco and candy and bread and fruit

and potato chips. The booths were filled with people on the hot summer nights, chatting, laughing, and eating Mother's sundaes. I fell in love that summer for the first time. I was shy and called her Miss Chapelle, and she was dark



Willys Overland

and beautiful and summering in Belgrade with her folks, but nothing came of it. I was nine, and she was twenty-four.

In the late autumn, we got the big news. Pine Ridge Farm had been awarded top prize in Maine for the farm markets division of a state-wide Roadside Beautification contest. First prize was one hundred dollars. Pine Ridge Farm was us. Mother was especially pleased



1933 Essex

about the honor of the thing. Father was especially pleased about the unexpected money.

The very next spring, Father traded in his 1913 Willys-Overland for a brand-new blue Tudor Essex. After he got used to the steering wheel being on the left, he got along fine. Generally, we were getting along fine. Month by month, we were making new friends and meeting people we would never have known. Mother had her third and last child in May of the year, and that summer, it was a joy to me to tend trade, to ring up the sales of products I had helped in small ways to raise, and to stuff the cash register with silver and bills.

By the early thirties, we were on the way out of the dairy business. Maine was deep in the Great Depression, and I was growing up. One reason we were going out of the dairy business was that I had exhibited a certain knack for gardening. I had no intention at all of becoming a farmer--I wanted to write—but I did like to plant things and watch them come up, I liked to harvest them, and I liked to sell them. I was involved in 4-H Club work and a county gardening champion. As our gardens grew bigger, because of my interest, our hay land and pasture dwindled, and our herd with it. All prices were low, but gardening, as Father and I pursued it, seemed to return more net cash income.

Father, I know, was torn between two yearnings: his desire for me to stay on the farm where Farnhams had dwelt continuously since before the Civil war, and his desire for me to get the education he had never had the chance to acquire. But times were hard. To increase income, he turned the farm market into a year-round business, tearing out the booths, making shelves, adding gas and oil and a line of meat and groceries. An addition was built to hold a walk-in meat refrigerator at the rear. Business was good, but too much of it was credit business. Too much of the credit business had to be written off, years later, as uncollectible. The very best credit business we had were the town orders for the poor. The town was in debt, but solvent.

The gardening enterprise, by contrast, looked better all the time. The vegetables bought by city people and by the summer guests in our resort town were paid for in cash. From 1933, when I left high school, until 1936, when my sister Lydia and I entered Colby College in Waterville, I worked exclusively on the farm---gardening in the

summers, cutting pulp and lumber in the winters---to get the money to go there. With the difference between wholesale and retail vegetable prices so great, I doubt that we would ever have made it, except for the store.

Working one's way through college is said to be character-building. My sister and I, by virtue of scholarships, of commuting, and of selling vegetables to the college, walked on a tight-rope over an abyss labeled "Impossible" for four frequently desperate years, and Father and Mother walked with us. Before they were over, Father had mortgaged the farm to buy the tractor to turn over more soil to raise more vegetables to raise more money, and a mortgage to father was a shameful thing.



Frank P. Farnham, 2005

The final crisis came the spring we were seniors. We had scraped the money together somehow to meet the last payment of our second semester bills and had met them, but our financial cupboard was as bare as Mother Hubbard's when the blow fell. We learned we had both been elected to Phi Beta Kappa, and we hadn't a cent we could spare to pay for the little gold keys which would be presented at the annual banquet of the college chapter. Finally, I went to my Dean with our problem, and he arranged for me to secure a personal loan from a Waterville bank. A few weeks later, we graduated, and I suspect no parents were ever gladder than ours, or more relieved, to attend a college Commencement.

I had expected to be done with farming after the summer of 1940---I had wanted to be a writer of some sort since the year I was eleven, and had won a five dollar gold piece from the old Youth's Companion in a letter competition; I had majored in English at college; I had won the annual college essay prizes--and towards the end of that year, I got a job as a cub reporter on a local daily. It was the only off-farm job I ever had, except for my Army service.

I entered the Army a month to the day after Pearl Harbor as a single man, and came out four years later with a wife and a small daughter. By then, Father had had his first coronary and needed me badly. Our land and the store had both been idle for two years. Except for a family cow, the barn was empty.

I came back to the farm, and it was not the life I had expected to lead. Still, there were assets: my experience, our former reputation for raising fine vegetables, the right land to raise them, and the right place to sell them. There was also a hope that I could earn enough in the summers to allow me to write in the winters. I had a compulsion to write, and beyond that, a need to justify to myself my hard-won education.

In the decade since then, I have discovered that my training in the uses of words is no luxury, but an invaluable tool in a business where the degree of success is directly proportional to public response and interest. To create public interest, I used newspaper advertising aimed at the local markets. I sold quality, freshness, and a ten-mile ride from town, by using: Imagery ("The thumbs of our pickers will get a lot sorer if the frost holds off, for the blossoms which will become next week's pickles shine thick as stars on an acre and a half of vines"), Solicitude ("As a safety precaution during this rainy weather, please check windshield wipers before starting out for we want nothing bad to happen to any of you on your way to Farnham's Market"), Honesty ("We advise you to buy these last two as soon as they're ripe, while the price is still high, for we won't make too much on them later, when it goes down"), Surprising Facts ("Our pea plantings alone, placed end to end, would make one row twenty-seven miles long"),



Green Peas - The Number One Specialty.



Frank's son Duane with his son Steven and Granddaughter Belen.



Bountiful and Beautiful

and Humor ("If you don't like your Uncle Oliver too much, and you think there's a chance you're mentioned in his will, don't buy a thing from us while he's your guest. On vegetables as good as we sell, he'd be apt to live forever.").

Advertising largely got the customers which top quality kept, and there are a lot of customers now, with volume of business up almost 700% in ten years. My pickers are high school students, and Mother has charge of the market, with a varying amount of assistance, depending on the busy-ness of the day.

Green peas have become our number one specialty, followed in order by sweet corn and pickling cucumbers, though we raise everything from dill to native watermelons. On our record day for

peas to date, we sold more than half a ton, almost forty bushels. Although it is generally believed in Maine and elsewhere that peas can be profitably raised only in the early summer, I found, through trial and error, three varieties that grew well for me in all seasonal months. Since then, a succession of plantings provide peas for the market daily from the last week of June until the first week of October in an average year. This has been a great stimulant to business, and devotees travel amazing distances to satisfy their craving when all other sources of supply have vanished.

Gardening has changed greatly since my youth. Insect enemies and diseases have multiplied, and science has come up with the methods of control. Chemical weed-killers have cut my costs by as much as forty dollars an acre. The new irrigation system will increase my yields. Farming is more complicated, more technical---an eternal round, but a round with infinite variations. In the summers, I live for the excitement, for the hourly crisis, the special order, the rush at the market, decisions as to who'll pick what vegetables, and how many, and who'll run the duster, and who'll man the hoes. For excitement and laughs, where I go Tigger goes with



Delicious, and ready to be picked.

me, falling all over himself like a puppy. A demon for picking vegetables already, he is as bouncy and effervescent as the fictional Tigger in Winnie the Pooh for whom he was nicknamed. Tigger is my son. All my summers are frantic, and fun.

Winter is the quiet time, my writing time. The other half of my planned career has not come off yet. But when I get discouraged, I think of the novel that saved five lives, and I know that my second novel was the most valuable work I have ever done.

It was two o'clock on a January morning in 1952. The temperature was five below zero, and a gale was blowing. I sat absorbed over my typewriter in our dark paneled kitchen, recalling the service years which formed the background for "The Battle of



Another Tigger hard at work.

Vista." Upstairs, my wife had been sleeping since midnight, and our three children since seven. Although I was up, suddenly I realized the crackling I had unconsciously been hearing for minutes was not the kitchen fire. I barely had time to save them. We edged past leaping flames from a hallway closet as we got our terrified, blanketed three down the stairs. We lost our home that night, and almost everything we owned, except the most important thing. The novel burned---I rewrote it later, and then my agent couldn't sell it---the store escaped.

It all comes back to the store, a bridge from the days of the snow roller and the Skimobile and team bells any morning, to vapor trails and supersonic flight and the harsh harmonies of jets. It's more warped and weathered than it used to be, the steps are cracked, and it wouldn't take any prizes for its looks any more. Someday I shall tear it down and build the bigger market our expanding business deserves.

In my heart, even then, the building we hauled in the Twenties will always be indestructible, for it started out as an ordered arrangement of wood and asphalt and glass, and turned into a way of life.



Duane with his son Steve and his grandchildren Emma and the twins Belen and Frank (obviously named after his great grandfather).

NEW BLA BOARD MEMBER BIOGRAPHIES

ANDREW G. COOK



Andrew G. Cook

Andy recently retired as Senior Vice President of Operational Excellence and Innovation from AREVA North America, a world leader in the nuclear energy industry. Prior to AREVA, Andy worked for Westinghouse in the Nuclear Fuel Division where his team won the distinguished Malcolm Baldrige National Quality Award.

Dr. Cook has a Ph.D. from MIT in nuclear transient analysis. He also holds an MBA from the University of Pittsburgh, an MS and Nuclear Engineer's degree from MIT and a BS from Cornell University graduating Magna Cum Laude.

Andy has served as a director on his township's soccer board and along with his wife, Chris, has coached over 23 community soccer teams. Andy has also been a Boy Scout leader and been very active in girl's youth hockey. Recently Andy was elected and is currently serving on the RSU 18 School Board.

Andy and Chris and their three grown children are active outdoors people who enjoy rock climbing, canoeing, and snowshoeing. The Cooks are year round residents in Rome on Long Pond.

ALEXANDER J. WALL III



Alexander J. Wall III

Today Alex is perhaps best known as the creator of the exquisite nature photographs that are often displayed in the gallery at the Maine Lakes Resource Center. In his earlier life Dr. Wall was Chief of the Department of Surgery at Maine General Medical Center where he practiced from 1978 to 2000. Prior to that Alex was U.S. Army Major Wall, Staff Surgeon at Fort Devens, MA.

Alex earned his medical degree from Columbia University College of Physicians and Surgeons and his undergraduate degree from Union College in Schenectady, N.Y. When he is not shooting photos, you might find Alex teaching his Anatomy and Physiology class at Kents Hill School, where he also serves on the board. Other interests include building wooden boats, cabinet making, boating, scuba diving, competitive handgun shooting, skeet and sporting clays, motorcycling and history. Alex and his wife, Kathi, are long time year round residents of Belgrade. They also own a camp on Long Pond.



Great Grammie's Famous Norwegian Pastry

*this recipe may sound complicated because of the steps, but it is actually very easy!!

PASTRY:

First Step-

1c. Flour

1/2c. Butter, melted

**Add Flour to Melted Butter. Mix.

1tb COLD Water

**Add to Flour/Butter Mixture. Mix WELL.

Dough should form into a glob-type ball.

Divide ball into 2 equal parts.

On a butter-greased baking sheet separately work both balls into rectangles. When finished you should have 2 pastry rectangles on your baking sheet.

Second Step-

In a Large Saucepan bring to a Boil

1c. Water

1/2 Stick of Butter

**Add to boiled mixture

1c. Flour

3 Eggs (ONE at a time)

Mix WELL.

A stiff glob-type ball will form.

**Add (once ball is formed)

1tsp Almond Extract. Mix.

DIVIDE ball into 2 equal parts.

Work each ball on top of your previously formed rectangular pastries. You should be left with two (2 layer) rectangular pastries on your baking sheet.

BAKE 375* 40mins.

While your pastries bake...

ICING:

1c. Confectioner's Sugar

1tb. Butter, softened

1/2tsp. Almond Extract

1tb. Milk

Mix WELL.

**Texture of Icing will be creamy and smooth.

DECORATING: Spread icing over completely cooled pastries.

**Great Grammie's special flourish was to add pieces of walnuts and chopped maraschino cherries after the pastry was iced. SO YUMMY!!!

Aunt Marie's Potpourri Soup

1tb. Butter

1lb. Hamburg

3 Onions, largely diced

1/3c. Barley

2 cans Tomatoes

6c. Water

1tb. Salt

1/2tsp. Pepper (plus a few peppercorns)

3 med-large Carrots, sliced

3 med-large Potatoes, sliced

3 med-large Celery Stalks, sliced

1tsp. Worcestershire Sauce

1tsp. Steak Sauce

Directions: To a large soup pot ADD, Water, Tomatoes, Barley, Butter, Salt and Pepper. Cover and Simmer. Once Simmering ADD remaining ingredients and cook for 1hr. or until veggies and barley are soft. ENJOY!!
*This would be where you add the fresh figs. Enjoy!! :)

Aunt Dawn's Johnny Cake (Triple Layer Cornbread)

1c. Cornmeal

1/2c. Wholewheat Flour

1/2c White Flour

2tsp. Baking Powder

1/2tsp. Salt

1/2c. Honey

1/4c. Oil

3c. Milk

Directions: Combine Dry Ingredients. Combine "Wet" Ingredients. Mix well together. Pour mixture into a 9x9 Greased Baking Pan. Bake at 350* for 50-60+ minutes. ENJOY!!



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"Wanted: 4 extra-small snowshoes!"