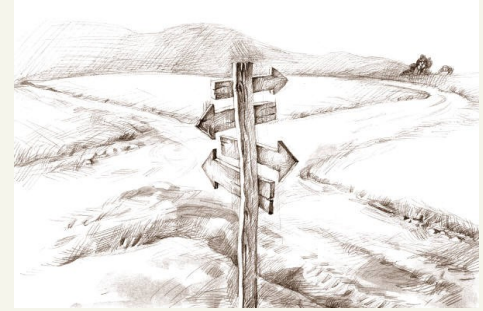


No Po News



North Pownal's Newspaper

Contributors:

- Carol Cyr
- John Green
- Jen Kaplan—Foreign Correspondent
- Sherry Dietrich
- Heidi Lathrop
- Ann Soule
- Sarah Cyr

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Where Exactly is North Pownal?

Sherry Dietrich

Awhile back the question was posed to me, "Are there actual boundaries for the area of North Pownal"? My answer was that no actual survey markers delineate that area from any other in Pownal but there definitely is a physical presence that most of us consider North Pownal. How far and wide that extends is left up to interpretation. However, I do believe that historically there is much more of a feeling where people thought North Pownal was. And that was at the crossroads created by the Fickett (no name in 18th & 19th century) and Law-

rence (called Minot in 18th & 19th century). How that area proceeded to develop was fairly well controlled by one man, Edward Tompson (1765-1854).

If you were to look at a 1735 map of ancient North Yarmouth when Pownal was part of that area, you would see that most of what we consider North Pownal is in the surveyor's work as Squadron 13. (Squadrons were 450 acres plus or minus). Very little in the way of settlements existed here then, mostly just a vast wilderness. It wasn't until the latter part of the 18th century

when Freeport (and Pownal) split off from North Yarmouth that we start to see the North Pownal area begin to attract settlers. A big impetus for this was the building of two county roads. The first of these, the Fickett was laid out in 1796 to go from New Gloucester (now Rte 231) through to Durham and then wend its way to Brunswick ending at a corn mill on the Androscoggin River. Then the Minot Road, the second county road, was laid out in 1804. It went from Freeport all the way to Minot (now Auburn). This upper part of the Minot we now

Cont'd on Page 5

Man B Que—Fact, Fiction, or Urban Legend

Carol Cyr

I've heard told of a secret gathering of men, who, when their women are away, hold a sacred ceremony called "the Man B Que". No one knows for sure, but some people have heard strange noises coming from their neighbors homes. Apparently there is much grunting and

other guttural noises along with words such as "meat", and "eat" and "no utensils". There is also much laughter heard and sometimes there is singing (though that has never been confirmed). Some women report that when their men come home they have no recollection of the events of

the previous night. Some are so filled with joy and merriment that they are incoherent, and they too have no memory of what happened.

So ladies, the next time you are planning on being away, ask yourself "is my man part of this secret society?"

School News

The following students have been named to the Honor Roll for the second quarter: **High Honors**—Grace Hayden-Hunt, Ben Cushman, Abby Smith, Lauren Carter and Hayley Steckler. **Honors**—Tucker Ginn, Chris Borden, Ben Humphrey, Ella Russell, Billy Borden, Jordan Randall, Brynne Victory, Kyle Burt, Bailie Humphrey, Nick Wilson, Samantha Wilkins, Zach Merrill, Zac Strozewski, Katie Harlow, Sydney Terison, Eric Wentworth, Lee Brown, Sydney Harnden and Brianna Wilson. Congratulations to all of you!

Art In A Basket

Local basket maker, Carol Goodale, has been teaching the art of basket making to PES's students. In conjunction with art teacher, Chake Higgison, Carol has shown students from

3rd through 5th grade how to weave and decorate their own baskets. The kids have caught on quick and have created some beautiful baskets. Thank you to Carol for volunteering her time and sharing her expertise.

Trash Talkin 4th Graders

The students in Mr. Neill's 4th grade class have taken on the responsibility of collecting all of the schools recycling and preparing it for pick up by Pine Tree Waste. Each Thursday afternoon the 12 students quietly leave their classroom and enter the other classrooms (without disturbing the other students) and grab the black bags that line the containers standing next to each door. Two of the students make their way down the hall wheeling large totes into which the classroom recycling is

dumped. Then each bag is placed back into the room container.

In this particular student-led chore, each pupil has a specific job and knowledge of the expected behavior needed to complete the job successfully. Those students assigned to classrooms have personally spoken to each teacher in order to insure that everyone understands the single-stream recycling system that is in place. Once students have completed their specific job, they return (unescorted) to the empty classroom for silent reading until everyone has finished. The last three students to return to class are those who haul the totes outside for pickup by Pine Tree Waste early the following morning. The whole process takes less than 20 minutes and disrupts no one. And what is the aver-

age amount of recycling that is gathered each Thursday? The totes weigh over 30 pounds when full and that doesn't count the run over or the cardboard mountains. Where did the totes come from? One was privately donated; the other was purchased with the hope that the cost could be covered by the school parent group, IM-PACT. "We have space for three totes" notes Sarah Cyr, hoping that someone may donate this much needed addition to the program.

The attitude and behavior of these 4th graders is to be commended. These students take this responsibility very seriously. As Emma Carter said "We won't get to keep our jobs if we don't do what we have to". I think that's enough said.

Town News

Carol Cyr

No one from the town office has submitted any information to share with you, so I thought I would report out on the RSU 5 budget meetings that I have attended.

So far there have been three budget meetings. The intent of these meetings is for the board to get a "feel" for public sentiment on the budget cuts that they are considering. The first

meeting was held in Pownal and one of the proposals was to close our middle school. Students could attend Freeport Middle School (with transportation provided) or Durham Elementary School (transportation not provided). This proposal was met with mixed feelings. Some parents were not opposed to closing our middle school, while some felt strongly that PES should remain a

K-8 school. Other considerations were to cut the fulltime principal position and initiate a pay for play system for sports and other activities. Another consideration was to go to transportation contracts and sell off the buses that are currently owned by Freeport. The second meeting was held at Freeport Middle School. Basically the same options were put on the table. The parents there

were concerned about an increase in class sizes from our students attending their middle school and seemed torn about the pay for play option. There was also opposition to selling Freeport's buses and using contracted services. The third meeting was held at Durham Elementary and parents there had the same concerns about class sizes and the pay for play option.

I'll keep you posted...

Other Organizations

Carol Cyr

The North Pownal Community Club held it's annual "Ice Storm" potluck on Saturday, February 13th. My family and I attended along with about 47 other people! It was nice to catch up with everyone and to meet some new neighbors. This year's "question" was "What was a fun thing you did this past year". John Green's follow up on building the new barn and indoor arena was that they purchased a new tractor—which elicited a nice round of applause—and many other comments from

tractor owners. Bob McMahon's toboggan team went to the National Toboggan Championships and were less than half a second from winning. Apparently they took quite a spill, or, as my husband is fond of saying "they had a yard sale" at the end of the run. There were a lot of funny stories, some excellent food, and we all had a great time.

If you would like to attend a potluck, they are held the second Saturday of every month. They usually begin around 5:30 or so. Bring a dish to share and your own plates, utensils, and a non

-alcoholic beverage. All are welcome.

On another note—the Community Club's annual yard sale fundraiser will be scheduled for Saturday, May 29th. The yard sale depends on many volunteers and will not be held if we don't have enough people to help out. If you are around that weekend and would like to help out, give Sue Bradstreet a call at 688-4728. Funds raised are used to maintain this historic building.

Uh oh, my cup is empty and in need of a refill of Matt's Coffee! See you all later...

Neighbor To Neighbor

Carol Cyr

We have another recipe submitted by Ann Soule. This time it's for Rosemary Apricot Pork Tenderloin. Sounds yummy—here it is:

1 pork tenderloin (2lbs.) ~ 3 Tbsp. Olive oil ~ 6 Tbsp. finely minced, rosemary ~ 6 garlic cloves, minced ~ coarsely ground pepper ~ 1 tsp. salt ~ 1 Cup apricot preserves ~ 3 Tbsp. lemon juice ~ 2 cloves garlic, pressed. 1) Preheat oven to 400 degrees. 2) Brush pork with 1 Tbsp. oil; sprinkle with rosemary, garlic, salt and pepper. Heat remaining 2 Tbsp. oil in oven-proof skillet. Brown pork on all sides, turning often (about 5 minutes). 3) Transfer pan to oven, roast pork about 15 minutes. 4) While pork roasts, combine preserves, garlic and lemon juice. 5) When pork is ready, brush apricot mixture over roast and let sit 8-10 minutes.

Helpful Websites

In these tough economic times we all could use some help stretching those dollars. I came across the following websites that you may find useful. The first is called Tightwad Tess and the link is tightwadtess.com. The other is called Frugal Family and the link is frugalfamily.com.

Pownal Food Co-op

Another way to save some dollars is to buy in bulk. The Pownal Food Co-op meets again April 5th at 7:00 p.m. at the North Pownal Community Club. It's a great way to save some money on items you use a lot. If buying in bulk is too much, there is always opportunity to share quantities with other members of the co-op. For more information call Ann Soule at 688-4488.

Helpful Tips

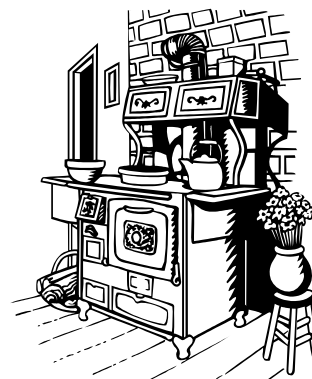
The best way to get rid of white salt stains on leather boots or shoes is to sponge them off with a solution of three parts water and one part vinegar. As soon as the stains are gone, dry the leather with a clean cloth and polish as usual.

Store half an apple with your cake, cookies, or bread to keep the baked goods fresh. The apple will release moisture and keep the baked goods from drying out.

Use ice cube trays to freeze leftovers such as pesto, egg whites, honey and chicken broth in handy single-serving sizes.

Store unused marshmallows in the freezer to keep them fresh. They thaw quickly and are also a nice frozen treat.

Come in and
sit awhile.
I'll put
some Matt's



Coffee on
and we can
chat.

Foreign Affairs aka This Slice of Heaven

By Jen Kaplan

When I returned to Pownal (Proper) over 15 years ago, as a budding ethnologist and future foreign correspondent, I realized that there would come a time when my documentary objectivity might be compromised by my proximity to those I study. It happens to all long-term journalists who embed themselves within their subjects' lives. I have struggled to continue *seeing* the uniqueness of this tribe in which I live. I have wrestled with the seduction of "going native". I know the siren song of snowmobiles at midnight; the alluring funk of a deer camp. In all these things, I have succeeded in preserving a (what I hope is an accurate and) clear eye.

I will confess, however, that one of my most favored native rituals (and one in which I actively participate) is the topic of my report this month. This practice, in many areas of our continent, is often called "Coffee Break" or some similarly blunt moniker. Here, locals refer to it as "Go To Coffee", and it is truly something more than a recess in which to imbibe. In fact, this Pownal (Proper) "Go To Coffee" (referred to from this point as "GTC") is akin, in complexity, to only one other ritual I've ever had the opportunity on which to correspond: a very little known call-and-response ceremony seen only in Western Togo. In both cases, the spectator feels a bit like the fourth player in a complex table game, like Mah Jong, but without any notice-

able rules whatsoever.

One "GTC" that I frequent is further complicated by its placement at the tail end of a (yet another) (dying) ritual called "Saturday Night Bean Supper At Gram's" (to be discussed in another issue). This "GTC" is usually frequented by approximately 10-12 locals (all related, in this case, in some way). Once the ritual meal has been cleared and various pots of coffee are set to boil (Matt's Coffee for the youngsters; Maxwell House for the die-hards), places are arranged around the 4' x 12' table. The air smells almost digestive in nature. Carafes are set out. Cups too. No cream or sugar, and any request for said additives is met with "I hope you marry a rich man". The chairs around the table are arranged in an ABAB pattern ("A" being a dining room chair with fully engaged and secured seat, occupied by a male. "B" seats can be anything resembling a chair-like object. For example, a piano bench, foot stool, aluminum chair missing one leg, exercise ball, or cat clawing tower will suffice. These "B" seats are for females). The Alpha Male and his "Number 2" (Beta?) Male sit at each table end.

The "GTC" conversation is always started by an older female, and it must always be framed as a question with absolutely no hint of aggression or (truth be told) curiosity. Once the question has birthed, all at the table are allowed to engage, either by

answering or following up with other questions. The "GTC" conversation continues until THE PIVOTAL MOMENT: someone refers to a once-local native who has either A) died, B) been jailed, or C) moved out of state. This move is like breaking trump in a bidding game. The table quiets. The "Elders" lean in toward each other over the table, becoming pyramids of hair and flesh. The hostess pours.

Alpha Male: (Delivering the critical element with flourish)...said he hadn't had that piece surveyed since *old man Johnson* (italics mine) cleared it.

Female 1: Oscar Johnson? Wasn't he the...oh, what-sit...the brother of Arnie Johnson? Or Arthur...?

Female 2: No. You're thinking of...

Alpha Male: (Interrupting) You're thinking of that boy of the Ida twins.

Female 1: Which twin though? The one with the lazy eye?

Female 2: He lost that eye, you know. Accident. Up to the camp they had in Eustis. Mumma said it was the best thing that ever...

Beta Male: (sipping thoughtfully) I remember all those kids running around up there. No one know who's whose. You're (gesturing roughly with index finger to Female 1) thinking of Jack (OMITTED)'s son. With the face that looked like soft butter

hit with a mallet.

Female 2: (On a tangent) (Looking at Alpha Male) Did they live on Hodsdon? Or was that the place down near the pit? **Alpha Male:** (Thinking) Well...I don't know if maybe they had both places for a spell. Seems to me the old man ran a meat cutting operation out of the shed down back for awhile.

Female 1: Your old man? (absently fingering something out of coffee cup)

Beta Male: For crissakes, NO. The Ida twin's real daddy!

Female 1: Well how do you know who that real daddy was? (spoken not without a touch of accusation)

Female 2: All I know is that that kid of theirs with the bald spot and his dog, you know, the one that bit up that lady from Freeport so bad...

Alpha Male: Yeah. The one who drove that old Dodge?

Female 2: Right. Well, did they kick up a fuss when the new school went in (a.k.a. Pownal Elementary School, and yes it *is* still referred to as above) and vowed to never set foot...

And it continues. And it continues. And it continues until (and I'm not 100% clear on this, but the thrust is that) one individual produces a reference so obscure, so painfully untouchable, that everyone (after a second's pause) rocks back into their "chairs" howling with mirth,

This Slice of Heaven Cont'd

stomping their feet and blowing coffee through their noses and wiping their eyes with the back of their hands and elbowing each other. I, on the other hand, feel pale and wasted and haunted and grim. It doesn't seem to effect anyone else this way, but even Uncle (OMITTED)'s slap stick pantomime of striking-the-back-of-his-head-and-popping-his-glass-eye-into-the-palm-his-hand trick doesn't elicit a response from me.

For those of you who have yet to witness the nuance of "GTC", the month of March may be a perfect time to take a gander. Now, you may not want to jump right into the Saturday Night "GTC". But there are plenty of opportunities to sample a few right in the heart of Pownal (Proper), and I'll conclude this report

with a brief list of "GTC"'s of the public variety. (Be mindful that there are many by-invitation-only gatherings. I would suggest that you do not embark on these prematurely.)

WHERE: Blackstone Garage, corner of RT. 9 and Freeport Road

WHEN: Every day at 3:00

WHAT YOU SHOULD

KNOW: Predominately self-selected toward the male. No designer coffees allowed. And only white Styrofoam.

WHERE: Edna and Lucy's, RT. 9

WHEN: Friday mornings from 7:30-9:00

WHAT YOU SHOULD

KNOW: Predominately self-selected toward the female. Often features local political ramblings and civic-minded discourse.

WHERE: Edna and Lucy's, RT 9

WHEN: Friday afternoons, 3:30-5:00

WHAT YOU SHOULD

KNOW: A real "bunny slope" of "GTCs. Mild and only semi-entertaining. Be prepared to describe (in detail) your last meal at Cathy's Diner.

WHERE: Pineland Commons (NOTE: while not in Pownal (Proper), a courtesy vehicle DOES come through P(P) to deliver go-ers to the Commons. For more information, please contact this reporter)

WHEN: Thursday mornings from 9:00-11:30

WHAT YOU SHOULD

KNOW: This is the real crap shoot of public "GTC"'s. The best I can do to describe: Picture "Family Feud" (the Richard Dawson c. 1978 version) and add one part betel-

nut extract, one part Charismatic Christianity, shake and view through a Love Canal tinged lens.



Please drink
Matt's Coffee
responsibly.

Where Exactly is North Pownal? cont'd

call Lawrence Road.

Two men definitely saw opportunity here: Jacob Randall and Edward Tompson. Randall was the son of mill owners in the Runaround Pond area in Durham. With a new area of Freeport opening up, it would seem natural for him in 1796 to buy the mill and stream privileges to build a saw and grist mill on Chandler Brook even though the Minot Road would not be built just yet. Because the mills were often expensive to run, many owners took on partners. In 1799 Edward Tompson, a mariner from Falmouth, joined Randall and

purchased one half of his mill. He also bought approximately 145 acres in Squadron 13. This was an astute investment because Tompson's acreage took in land on both sides of the crossroads that the Fickett and Minot would create. Describing the boundaries of his property today we would say they extended up the Fickett Road to the Durham line; down the Fickett Road to approximately where the Dumonts live, up the Lawrence Road to approximately where the Pollocks live, then down the Lawrence Road to approximately where the Cyrs live. It

would also take in some of the area the Poland Range road now crosses through. Such extensive land holdings gave Mr. Tompson control of the crossroads which locals in the 19th century called Tompson's Corner and after his death "The Corner". Historically, crossroads led to development both residential and commercial. How Mr. Tompson's control of his property may have guided or not guided this development will be dealt with in a later issue of No Po News.

Are you enjoying a nice hot cup of Matt's
Coffee right now?

A
 thought
 to Pon-
 der...
 When a
 cow
 laughs,
 does milk
 come out
 her nose?

The Farm Report

By Ann Soule

Growing up on a small farm in Freeport has taught me many valuable lessons in farming I never thought I would ever utilize in my adulthood. Yes, I was the child who would never have chickens or plant a vegetable garden. This was something my parents liked doing and my brothers and I HAD to do. Weeding for an hour every morning on our summer vacations was truly dreadful, and chickens, by the way, were seen as a waste of time. You can just go buy eggs and vegetables from the store.

Upon having my first daughter, my priorities drastically changed. Where our food came from mattered greatly. What my parents tried to get through my head for all those years became crystal clear. I was feeling rather grateful for having such a great

childhood and the exposure to being self-reliant. That must explain the great big grin my parents have these days.

Let's fast forward to the present. Our small family farm consists of two dairy cows, three steers, two horses and several laying hens. In addition to this menagerie, our summer residents consist of turkeys, broilers, and occasionally pigs. From time to time the daily routine of animal husbandry is interrupted by seemingly bazaar happenings.

On, what seemed to be, an ordinary Wednesday afternoon, I took a handful of citrus peels to our newest member of the barn. Chloe, a four year-old heifer, along with the other bovines in the barn love citrus peelings. I reached my handful of peelings out to her and right before my eyes, I

watched her consume not only the peelings, but my glove as well. I made a quick attempt to reach the finger tips of the glove sticking out, but without much effort, Chloe swallowed the glove and the peelings in a rapid 2.5 seconds. There was nothing from my childhood training I could fall back on for this situation. The optimist in me thought, "Oh great, how much is this going to cost me in vet bills?" After a few days of waiting to see my glove come out the other end, I did contact the vet to see what the professional opinion of this weird situation might be. Her response was to have a gallon of mineral oil on hand to assist in the event of any blockage. Before I would see it again, the glove would sink to the rumen and move along, otherwise it will float around in the rumen until then.

A month later I still have not seen my glove. Chloe is just fine and I only feed her treats in a feed pan. I wonder what else is floating around in there....I wonder if Marden's will have a sale on right-handed gloves soon?

Thanks Mom and Dad for showing me everything you could. Now I have a great lesson to share with Lizzie and Nora.

Editors Note: Ann's farm is called Remember When Farm and is located on Rt. 9. Ann has eggs and milk available for sale. This milk goes especially well with Matt's Coffee!



Society Column

Heidi Lathrop

Welcome to the first installment of Pownal's Society column. My name is Heidi Lathrop and I welcome any announcements you may have for this column. We will feature births, anniversaries, birthdays or any other news you would like to share. (Here are some possible ideas: good or bad movies you have seen, restaurant reviews, special accomplishments such as participating in competitions, etc. Photographs are also welcome). You can email submissions to me at hlathrop@maine.rr.com.

Karmen Blackstone has returned from Haiti. Karmen was part of an orthopedic surgical team that spent approximately 10 days in Haiti providing medical assistance to the earthquake victims there. If you see Karmen out and about, thank her for her kind heart and ask her about her experiences there.

Happy February Birthdays!

Sarah Cyr	Scott Kaplan
Sullivan Smith	Karmen Blackstone
Les Smith	Lloyd Lathrop

Happy Anniversary To:

Dean and Carol Goodale
Alan and Sue Bradstreet

Congratulations to **Sullivan Smith** for receiving a silver medal in wrestling at the Statewide Championship held at Oxford Hills High School. Nice job Sully!

KIDS CORNER

Sarah Cyr

Hey kids, check this out! This is the kids part of No Po News. Here's where there are fun puzzles, contests, and more! You can submit drawings or artwork, photographs and short stories. You can also submit poems like this one.

Among the rays of sunlight, two osprey perch on their nest watching me. They sing their songs of tweets and chirps, tweets and chirps. They're watching us with tiny eyes. I think one is awake, the other asleep. One has taken flight, the other is still. If I could ask them one question I would say, do you hunt little birds? You chase a seagull away, you succeed. Talking to his mate he tells her the intruder is gone. I could watch them all day.

Here are some jokes and riddles.

What do call a gorilla with a banana in each ear?

Whatever you want, he can't hear you!

What happened in 1961 and will not happen again until 6009?

The year reads the same upside down.

Knock Knock.

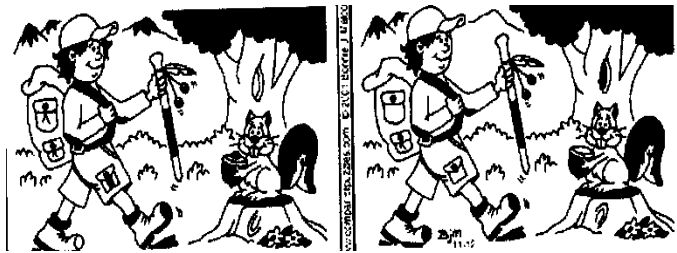
Who's There?

Scotta

Scotta who?

There's scotta be funnier jokes than this!

Can you spot 12 differences between these pictures?



1. hair on right is missing. 2. snow on mountain is missing. 3. pack pocket detail is missing. 4. top of nut is missing. 5. stripe on pocket is missing. 6. tree knothole is colored in. 7. top of boot is colored in. 8. flowers have moved. 9. bush detail above boot has moved. 10. stick is longer. 11. stump knothole is flipped. 12. pack flap is longer.

Clayton's Cornah

John Green

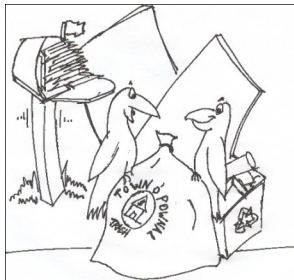
Caption submissions from January's Issue:

From Ted Armstrong: "It's not Edna and Lucy's, but the price is right".
OR - "I love these Friday blue bag specials".

And from Alan Bradstreet: "You're Right, this is fun pulling all the junk mail out of the recycling tub and stuffing it back in their mail box!"

OR - "It's about time they started sorting the paper and plastic from the good edible stuff!"

OR - Man, not much left after old man Bradstreet went through it!"



What do you think the caption should be for this cartoon titled "Frost Heave"? Send us your submissions and we'll print them in the next issue.

Clayton's Cornah Cont'd

Thank you all for joining me here in Clayton's Cornah! My name is Clayton Babcock and I am the moderator and editor of this forum. In each issue of the NoPo News we will be discussing a "hot" issue in our little corner of the great town of Pownal, ME. I should warn our readership right from the outset that the opinions stated in this column are not those of the editors of the NoPo News or their affiliates. Also, the subject matter may not be considered suitable for all ages – please read with caution!

In recent months it has come to my attention that the Girl Scouts have changed the name of one of their cookies from The Samoa to The Caramel Delight. My question to my panelists is whether this is a case of "cultural sensitivity" run amok, or a long overdue recognition of a people's right to be free from institutional stereotyping and prejudice.

Without further ado, I'd like to introduce and welcome my two panelists.

On my right is Fernald Jefferson Waldo – a venerable member of the "old guard" and the founder of OCONOPO (the Old Curmudgeons of North Pownal).

To my left is Sunshine Stone-Bottom who is best known for leading the recent Save the Lobster campaign in Augusta. She is also a local artisan and hopes to sell her hemp "dream catchers" at our local medical marijuana dispatcher's shop sometime in the near future.

CB: Fernald, I'd like to start with you. What say you about the new Caramel Delights?

FJW: Well Clayton, First off I'd like to thank you for having me. It's been awhile since anybody's asked my opinion on anything and I feel like I've got a lot to say!

I think this is just another case of the liberal fringe PC-afyin' everything American!! We can't say "Christmas" in schools any more, we can't smoke in public places, hell – we can't even drive our cars without using a seatbelt!! The fact is our

freedoms are being taken away from us every day just because a bunch of New York lawyers and Hollywood actors think that we can't take care of ourselves.

Now Obama and his minions have gotten to the GIRL SCOUTS!! Isn't anything sacred? I must say that I used to love those Samoa cookies with their crisp shortbread and chocolate platform, lightly drizzled with chewy buttery caramel then dusted with toasted coconut flakes – but I'll be damned if I'm going to let a "Caramel Delight" pass these lips. Does Obama really believe that the Samoan people are going to be offended by calling the most delicious cookies ever put in a box after their island? As far as I know, next to producing some of the biggest football players in the NFL, having a cookie named after their country was probably the best thing that every happened to that desolate atoll!

I don't think Obama's going to be happy until every colorful reference in the English language has been watered down until no-one can recognize any of our favorite good old American holidays, pastimes or snack foods!

We should just call them Obamanoas and be done with it!!

Thank you.

CB: Ms. Stone-Bottom, what do you think?

SSB: So the Girl Scouts *finally* came to the realization that naming a plump, round, brown cookie that's covered with coconut "The Samoa" might be offensive? Imagine that!! That Mr. Waldo is disappointed with the name change is not surprising. Indeed, he was probably peeved when he found out that Girl Scouts aren't actually taught to bake the cookies themselves and serve them up barefooted to anyone with X and Y chromosomes! Of course, if Mr. Waldo had his way Peanut Butter Patties would be called "Jimmy Carter is a Commie Crisps"!!

Mr. Waldo says his freedoms are being taken away from him, but they are still

very much intact - he is obviously free to be the blowhard he's always been!

CB: Now, Now Sunny – let's keep it above the belt!

SSB: I think his freedoms have actually *increased* in recent years! NASCAR is now on network television. Allen's Coffee Brandy can be purchased at any Rite Aid. You can shoot your bird hunting partner in the face and not be charged with anything. And, last but not least, Tyvek is an accepted form of finish siding!

FJW: Ya know, she does make a point...

SSB: And football? It is heartening to know that Mr. Waldo is worldly enough to recognize the cultural achievements of our South Pacific Fellow Citizens of the World. Perhaps the Girl Scouts could come up with a cookie celebrating Mr. Waldo's own interests and accomplishments? I'd suggest a stale corn pone "platform", dipped in an Old Milwaukee glaze and covered with tasteless white sprinkles. They could call 'em "Cracker Crackers" or "Brown Socks with White Sneakers" or "Five Cats and a Double Wide"!

I for one congratulate the Girls Scouts on their decency and common sense. And judging from the size of Fernald's hind end, he'd probably do well if the rest of the cookie line-up had a PC name change too!!

CB: Well Fernald, I must say, you have buttered up a bit this season.

And on that note, I'm sorry to say folks, that we've run out of time for this session of Clayton's Cornah. I'd like to thank my panelists – Oops – Sunny's already out in her Prius – Ms. Sunshine Stone-Bottom and Mr. Fernald J. Waldo...yes, Fernald, you may have a cookie now.

Join us next month when we discuss the new Recycling program in Pownal! Should be a hot one!! Clayton.

Contact Information

Carol Cyr
834 Lawrence Road
jcyr1@maine.rr.com

Jen Kaplan
576 Elmwood Road
jkaplan@securespeed.us

John Green
181 Fickett Road
jgreen@go-evergreen.com

Heidi Lathrop
449 Lawrence Road
hlathrop@maine.rr.com

To submit items to the paper, please email them by the 15th of the month to jcyr1@maine.rr.com or call Carol at 688-4155.

To make sure you get a copy of the No Po news, we can email it to you each month. Just send your request to Carol Cyr at jcyr1@maine.rr.com.

You may be wondering about all the references to Matt's Coffee. Matt Bolinder is a resident of Pownal and the owner of Matt's Coffee. He has supported numerous organizations and events here in town by providing them with free coffee. After reading last month's issue of No Po News, Matt asked if we would be interested in accepting advertisers for the paper. We thought about it and decided that he could "sponsor" this month's issue by helping to pay for the printing costs. In exchange, we would shamelessly mention Matt's Coffee throughout the paper.

To learn more about Matt and his coffee business, go to mattscoffee.com. There you will find out how he roasts his own coffee beans, what types of coffee are available and pricing/ordering information. You should also check out the photos of peoples wood piles from a contest he held this fall.

If you would like to help defray the printing costs and become a sponsor like Matt, give me a call or send me an email.

We hope you have enjoyed all of our new sections in this edition. If you have ideas or information you would like to see become a part of the paper let us know. If you would like to become a regular contributor, again, let us know.

Until next time...

Carol Cyr

Here's a life lesson you might enjoy.

A sales rep, an administration clerk, and the manager are walking to lunch when they find an antique oil lamp. They rub it and a Genie comes out. The Genie says, "I'll give each of you just one wish."

"Me first! Me first!" says the admin clerk. "I want to be in the Bahamas, driving a speedboat, without a care in the world." Puff! She's gone.

"Me next! Me next!" says the sales rep. "I want to be in Hawaii, relaxing on the beach with my personal masseuse, an endless supply of Pina Colodas and the love of my life." Puff! He's gone.

"OK, you're up," the Genie says to the manager. The manager says, "I want those two back in the office after lunch."

Moral of the story: Always let your boss have the first say.