

THE TQF TIMES

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Gouldsboro, Maine

August 28, 2011

Steamin' Clams Make Lobsters See Red, 16-10

The Clams cracked the Lobsters' soft shell with a big 6-run 4th inning to break open a close game at Bayard Schieffelin Field on August 20. Among the highlights of the latest battle of the Cavortin' Crustaceans:

- Drew Bradley's 8 RBIs resulting from 2 homers and a double (a Lobster RBI record?)
- Peter Brauer's catapulting slide into 3rd base for a triple under his brother Jacob's tag, igniting the Clam rally (Peter also made a great diving catch to rob Chase Bradley)

- Allie Powell hit for the cycle.

- Elizabeth's Brown's cool catch of husband Mark's fly ball, leading curiously to Mark's hug of Elizabeth (a curious followup to Mark's error on Elizabeth's fly ball last year)

- Spouses Meredith Osborn and Christiaan Highsmith's terrific defensive play, demonstrating that they both know how to get to first base and beyond

- Pixie Powell's single, aided by Matt Bradley's speedy pinch-running, demonstrating that youth and age are a potent combination

CLAMS	3	2	2	6	3	= 16
LOBSTERS	3	0	3	0	4	= 10

Lobsters

Elizabeth Brown
Jeremiah Cox
Jacob Brauer
Chase Bradley (Capt.)
Drew Bradley
Alexa Pearce
Pixie Powell
Matt Bradley
Robert Cox
Meredith Osborn
Graham Osborn
Peter Pritchard

Clams

Cara Bradley
Mark Smith (Capt.)
Eli Cox
Allie Powell
Shanny Schieffelin
Christiaan Highsmith
Ellie Chase
Zach Bradley
Peter Brauer
Sam Osborn
Ginger Osborn

Lyme Disease Pays Unwelcome Call at TQF

By Emilie Osborn, MD
Grandmother

Emilie Osborn Highsmith, just 4 weeks old, was admitted to Bangor Hospital on August 17 with acute, disseminated Lyme Disease. She had been fussy for a few days but had had a normal well baby check the day before.

Both Christiaan and Meredith, her parents, were concerned about her sensitive skin and asked about cradle cap and diaper rash but the pediatrician did not see anything unusual. She had been staying in our cabin since she was two weeks old, had been on walks in her stroller, had been around our dog Miki, and her cousin Jack Osborn, 8 months old as well as her parents and grandparents and many cousins. She had even attended an Ash Island picnic. Nobody else was sick or had seen any tick bites. On the evening of August 17, Meredith noted a large circular rash on Emilie's back and I recognized it as the characteristic bull's eye pattern of Lyme disease. We were able to get a rectal thermometer from the Fred Osborn's, which read 100.4 degrees F. Meredith, Christiaan and I went straight to Ellsworth Hospital.

She was seen by a very knowledgeable pediatrician, Dr. Robert Beekman, who ordered blood tests and cultures of her blood and spinal fluid. Luckily these all came back negative, including the test for Lyme antibodies. But as a one month old she does not have a developed immune system and this was not unexpected. *(Continued. on p2)*

LYME DISEASE STRIKES TQF.... *WHAT YOU NEED TO KNOW (from P. 1)*

She was transferred to Bangor by ambulance where there is a pediatric ward and she received i.v. antibiotics for 48 hours while we waited for the results of her tests. All the cultures were negative, so she was discharged home on August 20.

She recovered quickly; the rash faded within two days and she was less fussy. She continued to eat ravenously, and has gained 5 lbs since she was born. She will get more blood tests in 3-4 weeks to see if the antibodies become positive, and will continue oral amoxicillin for a full 3 week course.

So how did this tiny baby get Lyme disease? And what is it anyway? The first question is still a mystery. I have spoken with Infectious Disease experts (friends from Medical School and Dr. Lynn Earle and there is very little in the literature about disease in an infant. We never saw a tick bite on Emilie, and Dr. Beekman is testing Meredith to see if she could possibly have given her baby the infection at delivery. All the doctors say that we may never find the source. The important thing is that she had the characteristic rash, the fussiness, the fever, and responded so well to antibiotics.

Lyme Disease was first reported in 1975 in a series of cases from Old Lyme, CT. It is due to a bite from a deer tick (black legged, very small, the nymph is as small as a pinhead) which carries a bacteria called *Borrelia Burgdorferi*. The ticks pick up the bacteria when they bite mice or deer that are infected. Since the seventies we have seen the spread of this disease to many parts of New England, but it was rare in our area until 10 years ago when it was reported on Mt. Desert Island. Epidemiologists think that it was carried by dogs visiting from southern New England. It is now all over the United States. The disease has three stages. The first stage includes a rash and low grade fever and is called primary Lyme disease. Stage 2 is disseminated with rash all over the

body (Emilie developed circular red splotches with pale centers on her head, abdomen, arms and thighs). Stage 3 is chronic, persistent disease and can cause arthritis, heart disease, fatigue, mental changes and other neurologic symptoms.

How do you prevent Lyme disease? The most important prevention is to check for ticks, and remove them immediately. If the tick is not attached for more than 24 hours, you will not develop the disease. You should wear long pants, boots, and long sleeved shirts when walking in tall grasses or the woods, and you should report any tick bites as soon as you find them. Jack's parents, Sam and Sally Osborn, saw a tick on Jack and took it to the Gouldsboro clinic where it was identified as a deer tick. Because they were not sure how long it had been on Jack (although it came off easily and did not cause the bull's eye rash), the doctor gave them a two day course of antibiotics for prevention. Other children on the point have also had ticks, including Rhea Powell.

We have been coming to Tranquillity Farm for over 40 years and never worried about Lyme disease before this summer. Our children played Capture the Flag in the fields at night, and we went hiking through the woods and mountains of Mt. Desert without fear. Now things are different: daily tick checks for all members of the family.

The Tranquillity Farm Times Founded 1981

Gouldsboro's Premier
Small-Circulation Seasonal
Family Newspaper

Staff: Art and Pixie Powell
Masthead by Julia Powell

Celebrating TQF's Centennial!



Sara Schieffelin and Jared Libby

September 4, 2011

Sara Schieffelin, granddaughter of Uncle Jay and Aunt Lois and daughter of John and Shelley Schieffelin was married on September 4, 2011 to Jared Libby, son of Elizabeth and Randolph Libby at the Three Sisters Sanctuary in Goshen, MA. The ceremony took place under a chuppah (wedding canopy) in a circular area of the Sanctuary, a combination of a 60's Outsider Art exhibit (with sculptures of the Tin Man, old bicycles and metal stove parts) and Stonehenge. A setting serene, whimsical and romantic.

The ceremony featured love poems, such as Maya Angelou's *Touched by an Angel* which included the line... "Yet if we are bold, love strikes away the chains of fear from our souls" and original vows. The bride's siblings: Jody Schieffelin Hall, her sons Zac and Ian, Andrew Schieffelin, Jake Schieffelin, his wife Esme Devault and their son Jay all participated in the wedding. Dan, Sara's brother, served as her "man-maid of honor" while Jared's sister, Kira, served as his best "wo-man". Jared's nephew Leo, was the ringbearer. A violin and guitar played a melody, which sounded like it came from a Ken Burns movie.

The reception at the Inn at Norton Hill in Ashfield, MA featured lively toasts by Johnny about the melding of two families, who have spent the last 3 Thanksgivings together, Sara's brother Dan, who is about to begin a stint working in Antarctica, as well as other family members and friends. The Schieffelin clan then sang *Hail the Bride* from Gilbert and Sullivan's *Ruddigore* in honor of Lois and Jay who were longtime members of the Blue Hill Troupe. Sara's husband, Jared, infuses music back into the family and the reception hoedown featured three bands (including Jared's Appalachian Still) and much bonhomie.

As an option to gifts, the couple asked friends to make contributions to organizations that support the environment, public health, the arts and animal welfare. Sara, a social worker, and Jared, Director of the Brick House in Turners Falls MA (a drop in center for at-risk teens) and a musician, live in South Deerfield, MA. TQFers in attendance were Pixie and Art Powell and Jay Potter and Brooke Anderson.

Families That Sprint Together.....

Ever wonder how many events can engage a family with an age range of 18 months to above 70? Consider, next year, the George Schaefer Memorial Road Race, conducted as part of the Winter Harbor Lobster Festival. There is a one mile kids race (up to age 12) and 3.1 mile grown-up race, with age divisions for men and women.

Early one morning nine Powells ventured to the Birch Harbor course—just after the end of the Schoodic one-way. Finian and Cyrus participated in the little kids race and got their pictures in the Ellsworth *American*. They were the *only* Powell males to risk macho-loss if they ran and did not do well. They were cool.

In the adult races, Pixie (either benefiting or not from pushing Rhea) and Shauna finished admirably. From the traditional viewpoint of pure competence, Julia Powell did best. In her first ever official road race, she won the women's Thirties Division (with the most entrants) with a time of 23:38. The race proceeds support college scholarships for local youth.

The Epic Battle

An Epic water gun battle took place at Seal Point on August 18, 2011. The initial salvo of the Girls' team launched a surprise attack on the unsuspecting Boys. As the Boys (Ben, Finian and Cyrus Powell) were guarding the tree house with their AK47 water pistols, Secret Weapon 18 month old Rhea Steele Powell wandered to the tree house ladder and started carefully climbing up. This diversion distracted her Dad, as he scampered down to rescue her. Meanwhile Julia Powell brazenly attacked from the front, while Gramma Pixie snuck up the ladder and doused Finian, who retaliated by pouring a bucket of water on her head.

The Gourmet Peninsula

By Lalage Bosanquet

One of the great Maine summer traditions is surely eating, and the local area is gearing up to become the foodie capital of America. No longer does one have to drive to Ellsworth; good food is available right on the doorstep.

Fresh fish can be obtained in the fish market along the road to Winter Harbor—large white building set off to the right. This is run by the people who also have the Fisherman's Inn. I have seen scallops (small ones), haddock, salmon, sole. It varies every day. They also sell fish pates and smoked delicacies. They are closed Saturday and Sunday. To help business along in a tough recession, there is now a cart outside the Fisherman's Inn run by their son selling lobster rolls at lunchtime (the best in town I am told) although I haven't tried them.

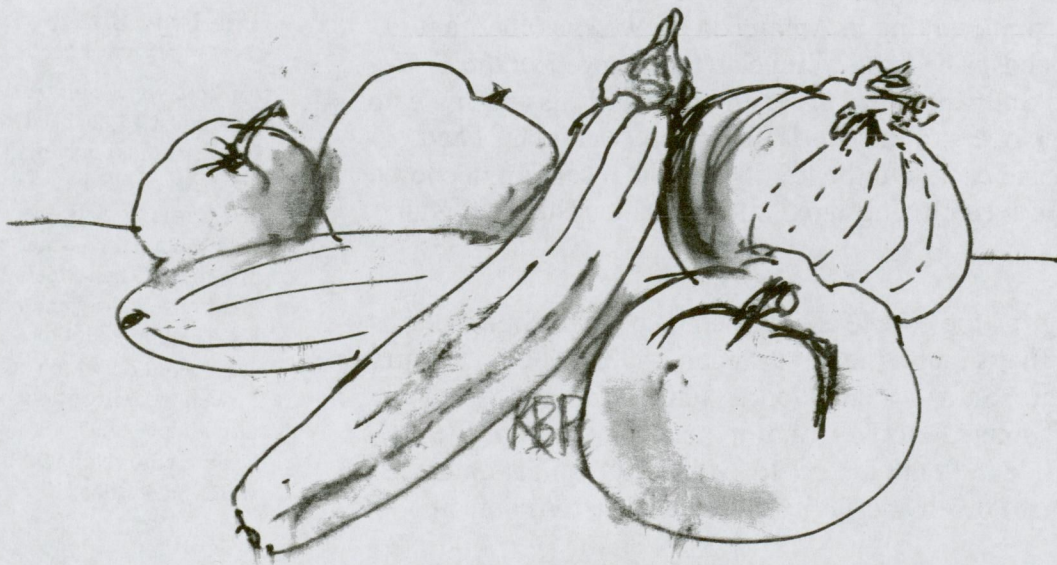
Doerr's is selling fresh vegetables—you choose what you want from the garden and they pick it right in front of you. On the left hand side on the way to Winter Harbor, a fluorescent pink sign advertises the produce of the day. The gardens are a magnificent sight, all organic and run by a young mum who is being overwhelmed by their success. Be prepared to wait a while if there are a lot of people. As she said with a sigh, "be careful what you wish for."

Live lobsters can be obtained at Birch Harbor (963-2287). Left hand side, on the road from Winter Harbor to Prospect Harbor. A couple of inches of water in a big pot, chuck in lobsters but take off bands first (tricky!), slam on lid, bring back to boil. When steam is coming out of top time for 12-15 minutes (depending on size). Endure the clanking, beg for forgiveness and blame lobsters for being so delicious.

To top off dinner how about a pie? Rose Country (422-9117) is along Route 1 in Hancock before you get to the chainsaw place. The opening hours are a little bizarre but you can order in advance and the bread, muffins and pies are superb. Try especially the chocolate cream.

Cleonice in Ellsworth serves good food, advertised as Spain meets Maine. On Main Street opposite the Grand, booking well in advance is essential. Spicy sauces over lobster, loin of pork and clams in a tomato sauce, fresh hake with a shrimp sauce. They also do a variety of tapas for a lighter meal.

Cook, enjoy and then go for a run. I seem to be doubling in size this summer.



Morton's Moo: A Review

By Will Osborn

Morton's Moo, the ice cream parlor at 9 School Street in Ellsworth, is a childhood fantasy that has finally come true. From the moment of entry it is apparent that this place (and the family running it) knows how to make good stuff. The immediate first impression is followed by a slight case of synaesthesia from the succulent aroma of baking waffle cones, bolstered by the carefully and evenly painted walls of vibrant, jolly colors--saturated mango orange and cherry red and black raspberry purple. It's easy to be overwhelmed by the sheer number of choices, from cheesecake to ice cream and finally to towering milkshakes. Fortunately, it is impossible to order the "wrong thing" in this incredible place, since each treat is as delicious as the last. A simple ice cream cone is a wild ride of flavor frolicking around on a lucky tongue, and with an added homemade cinnamon waffle cone, it becomes a symphony of creaminess and crunchiness with a little cinnamon spice thrown in.

When I first stumbled upon Morton's Moo, I ordered myself a two-scoop ice cream cone of cookie dough and double dark chocolate, abandoning my tradition of ordering sundaes at ice cream parlors. I just had to have one of those waffle cones! I took one lick of the fairly sized top scoop and was stunned, not believing that there could be ice cream this good on the planet. It took me about half an hour to get through that first cone. It was the slowest I'd ever eaten a sugary substance. I was actually savoring the flavors of gorgeous vanilla with chunks of chocolate chip cookie and the bombs of chocolate erupting out of the lower scoop. When I finished the cone, I felt something chewy in my mouth. They'd put a marshmallow in the bottom of my cone! The second visit was almost a repeat of the first, with me only subbing out cookie dough for peanut butter cup. The vanilla surrounding the chunks of peanut butter was, once again, unbelievable, and I was pretty sure that the peanut butter cup bits had been baked at the parlor. I fiddled with one of the three wooden, brain-teasing puzzles that adorned the bar, and was delighted by its complexity. I finished it and my second cone at about the same time. I left the psychedelically colored parlor, and knew that I had just eaten the best ice cream of my life.

My mother, intrigued by my report, went to Morton's Moo herself, and was irresistibly drawn to the featured "shots" of Curmudgeon Fudgin'. These are double chocolate versions of their double dark chocolate flavor (anyone? That's quadruple chocolate!) and are served in half scoops for a dollar each on top of any other flavor. My mom recommends it with cherry gelato and a handmade cone. She also spoke to the proprietor, Kirsten Henry, and learned a little bit of the history of the place. It was founded by her mother whose father, an engineer named Mr. Morton (Kirsten's grandfather), loved black raspberry ice cream. It was the first flavor she made and remains a standout. Mom brought home a quart. You should too.

The New Down East Sunrise Rail Trail

by Fred Osborn III

Remember that railroad track that you'd cross on your way to climb Schoodic Mountain? It's gone. In its place is a well-graded gravel road-bed that has become a stunning new recreational trail for hikers, bikers, off-roaders and snow mobilers.

I have ridden my bike on the trail from that entrance on Route 183 (the Tunk Lake Road) all the way back 17 miles into Ellsworth, where the trail begins at the Washington Junction Rail Yard. For the last 10 miles (starting at Franklin), I was accompanied by my grandchildren Lila and Freddy. We pass through thick forests, open meadows, lakes, bogs, and rock cuts, the road all virtually level and with only very slight curves.

The surface of the trail is the same 'gravel' roadbed that we have as the Tranquillity Farm driveway – although with a lot less washboard feel to it. It would be best to use a bike that has fairly broad tires and some sort of suspension, since travelling for miles over pebbles and small stones needs to be damped with something.

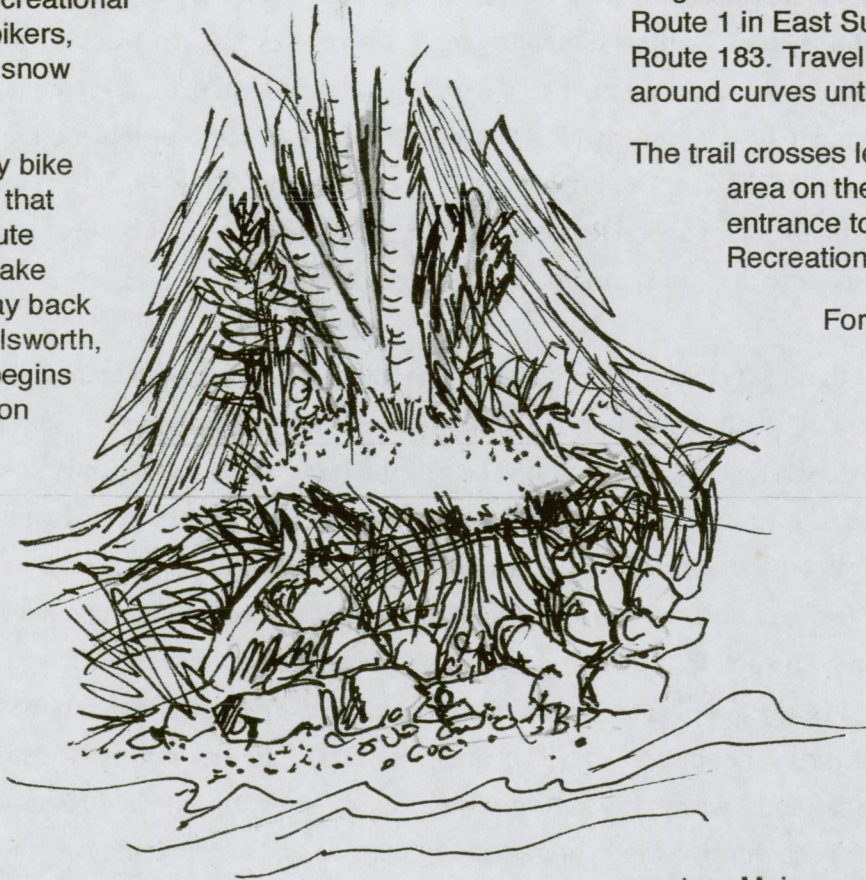
There are picnic tables placed at strategic viewpoints (the stretch that goes below Schoodic Mountain has spectacular views and has

multiple 'scenic turnouts') and we stopped on our adventure a number of times for rest and snacks.

To get to the trail from TQF, turn right off of Route 1 in East Sullivan onto Tunk Lake Road, Route 183. Travel about 6 miles up hills and around curves until just before Route 183 ends.

The trail crosses left and right, with a car parking area on the right. If you reach the entrance to the Donnell Pond Recreational Area, you've gone too far.

For several miles on either side of that access point, an enormous High-Tension Electrical Power Grid Project is underway along the rail trail – installing 100 foot tall towers to carry heavy cables to connect Portland and points south with 'green' power from a new wind-power farm being built in



western Maine, and the hydro power that comes from Quebec. The 20' long rail-road-tie-size planks that the heavy trucks use to traverse the wetlands are most impressive – sometimes a mile of them at a stretch!

The project also means that huge trucks are sometimes coming at you on the rail trail, 'though each is lead by a 'Warning: large load' pickup truck, and followed by another pickup, both with flashers. You have to stop and pull off the trail to let them pass.

The new Rail Trail provides an exciting trip through the wilds of back-country Maine, intermittently crossing a real road and perhaps a small town. We highly recommend it!