



MT. VERNON - VIENNA

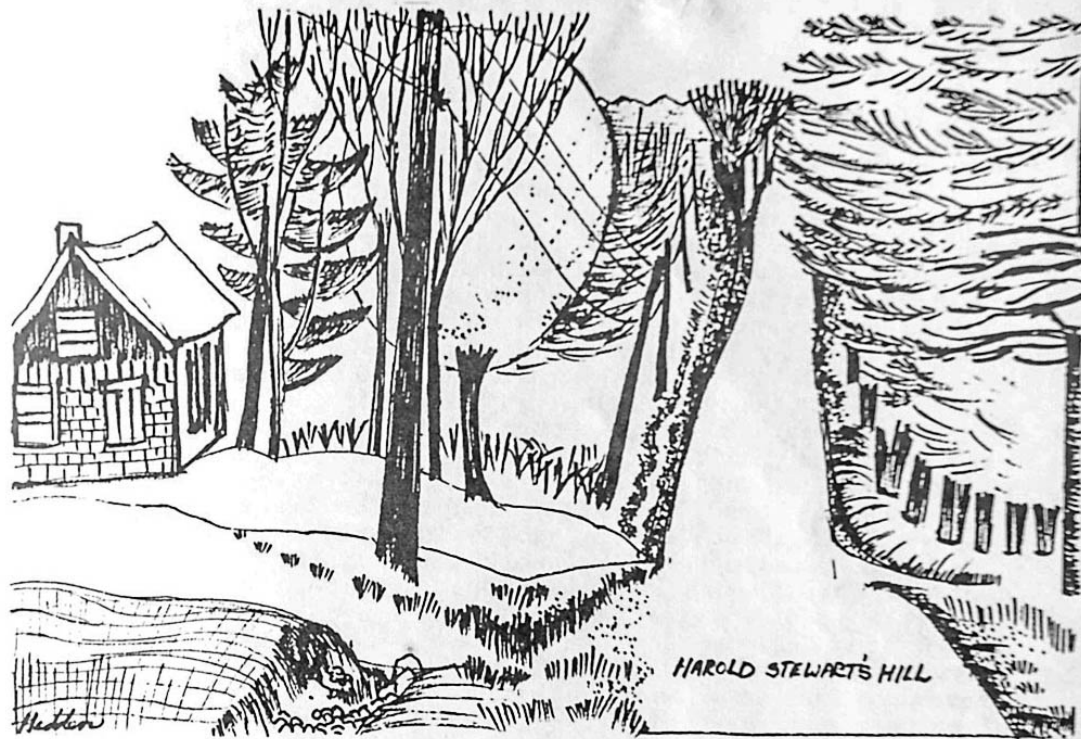
News

&

Comment

VOL. I #2

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- ROADS, ROADS AND MORE ROADS
- TOWN BUSINESS: VIENNA + MT. VERNON



#### THOUGHTS FROM A RECENTLY OPENED ROAD

I live on a road which until recently was privately maintained (the Town of Vienna helped out twice with gravel and bulldozing totalling, as I recall, \$2500). The residents (and some abutting owners) of Davis Road have spent over \$10,000 since 1977 turning what was once little more than a cowpath into a respectable--if sometimes tricky--year-round-road. The Town of Vienna accepted the road last year.

I still think of Davis Road as "my" road. I eye strange vehicles suspiciously and expect them to move over and let me by (they usually don't). I shovel ditches out and have chipped in money for gravel with others since the Town accepted the road.

The truth is, it is my road, partly. So is Route 41 and, for that matter, I-95. I can't pretend that all that has sunk in yet--at least, I don't find myself stopping on the way to Portland to shovel out culverts on the interstate.

But we pay for all this stuff. Or we keep the money

that doesn't go for it. And we choose--or refuse to choose--those who decide how what we pay is spent. At the Town level, the choosing process is very direct.

I think that our sense that taxes are too high has more to do with our sense of estrangement from big government than with the actual dollar amounts involved. It's understandable to feel a bit estranged from D.O.T. and from the Federal government. We see our tax dollars used to subsidize the trucking industry with interstate roads way overbuilt for my Toyota and your pickup, which they are. Or we drive past five D.O.T. guys leaning over their shovels smoking and talking while one guy digs out a hole.

No evidence that the trucking industry is in cahoots with our local officials, though. Overbuilt roads is one problem we don't have.

But are local taxes too high? The average Vienna taxpayer paid about \$247 for roads in 1983\* and, because of non-resident taxes, got \$521 worth of road for it (one's own share of this amount is theoretically determined by one's ability to pay). This seems like a bargain to me.

We all resent seeing our tax money going for \$400 screwdrivers and credits for IBM. But somehow our sense of estrangement and disenfranchisement from big government often carries over--unfairly--to our local system. When are "they" going to fix the roads?

When are we going to fix the roads?! If there's anything which our own tax money should pay for, it's our own Town roads. If the newly formed Vienna Road Committee can find technical ways to build better, longer-lasting roads for less money, terrific. But the final solution will be political, not technical: if we want good roads, let's build them and pay for them; if we don't want to pay for them, let's stop moaning about the mud and potholes we choose to get by with. As Karl Marx and Barry Goldwater would agree, there's no such thing as a free lunch.

\*\$75,540 was spent on roads, according to the 1984 Comprehensive Plan; 145 resident taxpayers hold .4745 of total valuation, according to the Town Report and my own unchecked math;  $\$75,540 \times .4745 + 145 = \$247.20$ , or about what the 1979 gas price hikes cost the average driver every year.

Creston Gaither

IS THERE LIFE ABOVE THE PLOW LINE/  
OR  
WHAT IS IT LIKE TO LIVE 500 FEET ABOVE AND 5000 FEET BEYOND  
THE END OF A PAVED, PLOWED ROAD?

Well, it's .....  
making sure your snow machine isn't heavier than you can lift out of a drift, if that's where it chooses to die. It's walking out on a spring morning, with a full moon setting on one side and dawn rising on the other, and the two very different kinds of light merging overhead imperceptibly. It's stumbling through thigh-deep drifts in the middle of a northeast storm (because you hadn't taken your snow shoes down that morning) and all your mind can focus on is the Jack London story, "For Want of a Match." It's the heart-stopping explosion of a ruffled grouse taking off through the thickets from a point just under your feet, while the sky is still pitch dark.

It's standing knee-deep in bubbling mud in the stream bed that used to be a road, with 40 pounds of groceries on your back, wondering, "What am I doing here?" It's making natural history observations to carry home to the supper table: "Did you see where two deer had crossed the road," I said, "or one deer crossed the road twice!" "Or four deer crossed the road on tip-toe," said my son! It's making sure you and your spouse each have an individual flashlight; picking a trail between boulders and sinkholes should be a self-directed activity, because a surface that will support a 110 pound wife won't support a 220 pound husband! It's being overflowed one evening by a V-shaped flock of gull-winged and gull-voiced birds, and wondering if Jonathan Livingston had started teaching formation flying. (They turned out to be off-course brants.) It's finding the cottage cheese you lost off your sled last November smiling up at you from the melting drifts of April—at least the dog thought it was still edible.

It's listening to the cholesterol flaking off the inner surface of your arteries as you puff up the hill, telling yourself how much more reasonable it is to be hiking home each day, instead of jogging aimlessly up and down highways the way Flatlanders do. It's changing from street shoes to mud-crust-ed Bean boots in the driving compartment of a subcompact car during a spring downpour, remembering the Englishman who said, "The weather never makes me change my

plans, only my clothes." It's making sure you're carrying crampons for those few days each year when rain falls over ice. And finally, it's the sunny morning in early May when, unmistakably, one hears the Road Commissioner's bulldozer beginning to grumble at the foot of the hill, and you know that for the next six months wheeled vehicles can once again approach your home (though sometimes only in four-wheeled drive)!

Edward C. Hinckley

### Walking in Vienna

Many roads must have started as trails through the woods traveled first on foot. Jessie, Mark and I use this original mode. In winter we walk the Anderson Road, a half mile stretch leading to our house on Hoyt Hill's north slope. We also haul laundry, food, a mushrooming sticker collection and musical instruments.

The path itself becomes a record of events, a narrow strip of intense activity. Layers of footprints build between storms, feet on skis, feet in snowshoes, feet light enough to trot on top. I look for alien shoe prints to see if we've had visitors while we were gone. And the sprinkles on top of this frozen mound of hill are twigs blown down by the wind, its velocity duly recorded by their size and quantity. Animals also use the packed trail, but rabbits jump over it and mice, predator ridden, avoid it, preferring the burrow option of softer snow.

One night it was twenty below zero with a foot and a half of new snow. The air was so clear you could focus on a star's twinkle. There wasn't anything you couldn't see despite the dark. A crystal purity sharpened the dullest edge and made it bristle with energy. I was walking up the hill breaking trail. Suddenly a huge bullet tore out of the ground inches from my feet. A gray force shot through the night then burst into feathers and disappeared. The bird left a large oval hole in the snow, perfectly shaped. It was still warm when I knelt down and put my hands inside.

Through the winter the path sinks as it packs, a grooved runway you could walk in your sleep. And because of its

density, it melts last in spring. Once guiding and holding you to its concave shape, in spring it lies above the surrounding snow and turns convex. As the edges melt the once dependable trail becomes a slippery mound one struggles over to avoid the collapse and mud on either side. When the sap runs the path freezes and thaws along with it. And then it is gone one day. All the layers of walks and ski falls and feet. The impeccable recorder of events gone to the sea.

Carol Hedden

### FIRST SELECTMAN SPEAKS

In the past 3 months the Selectmen have made several decisions of interest.

The Selectmen appointed a Road Committee which is reported in a separate article.

We have decided to have the evaluation book, tax bills, map list and tax collector's ledger done by a computer service bureau. This will require additional work up front but subsequent years will be much easier.

Previously the Selectmen have had to copy the evaluation book by hand, total and cross total the book, then the tax collector had to copy the information into his book and write the tax bills by hand.

With the computerized system the evaluation book, the tax collector's book and the bills are all printed and cross balanced. In addition the evaluation book is balanced against the map list. So we will know if each lot is being taxed.

The real beauty of the system is realized next year when all we have to submit are the changes. The cost this year is about \$535.00 and estimated cost for each subsequent year is \$385.00.

The third decision we have made is to do the assessing ourselves instead of hiring someone. The professional assessors charge more than we can afford. We felt we would be able to defend any assessment we did to the State if we had to, also we would be able to compare different properties in town with each other and hopefully equalize the valuations.

The court case between the State and Vienna concerning reduction in State evaluation still has not gone to court.

So there is no news on that.

The snowplow contract has been advertised for bid. The bids are due by June 18th. Anyone interested should contact any of the Selectmen or the Road Commissioner for detail information.

Irene Goff

#### **VIENNA ROAD COMMITTEE**

The Vienna Road Committee has held four meetings to date. The committee is working under the following goals:

1. In order to make all roads that serve year-round residents passable we have started with a survey of these more or less problem roads. The engineers from the State of Maine are going to train some of the members of the Road Committee in the utilization of a Pavement Management System. This system has recently been devised by pavement manager, Engineer Paul E. Theberge, a visual condition survey for networks level P.M.S. This survey will eventually include all roads in Vienna.

2. We would like to set up a maintenance schedule so that there is no major degradation of town roads currently year-round passable.

Members of the Committee are also exploring alternative methods of financing such as federal and state grants, matching fund programs, use of the National Guard, etc.

Persons interested in attending any future meetings may call Chairman Ed Collins (293-2797) for time, place, and date.

#### **PLANNING BOARD**

The next regular Planning Board Meeting will be held June 26th at the Town House. Wetland maps prepared under supervision of the Department of Environmental Protection will be reviewed. These maps may be used as the basis for new state laws protecting wetlands. If time permits, work will also begin on a numbering system for roads to aid emergency vehicle access. As always, public participation is encouraged at any Planning Board meeting.

Waine Whittier

## Interview with Hazel Cole

In 1914, Hazel Cole began teaching primary school. Her salary then was \$8.50 a week. She boarded, near the school, with a Civil War veteran and his wife, and paid \$2.00 a week board. In this first school, she taught all 8 grades. Mrs. Cole attended the Normal School in Farmington and, as she says, "I'd teach a year and go to school a year, as was the custom in those days. Money was scarcer than it is now, and I worked my way." Her "way" was through many of the small district schools in this area. In 1932, Mrs. Cole entered the Mr. Vernon district schools and taught here until 1964, when she retired.

Mrs. Cole: When I first married and had my children, the superintendent didn't think I could teach school and run a house and family as well. I came close to losing my job, then. But I continued to teach and some time afterwards, he came and told me that he had been wrong. 'You can do it,' he said. And I was able to do it. You can do two or three things at one time if you have to, and want to. And I loved teaching.

They called Erma Currier and me the 'old battle axes' but I don't think anyone really meant it. We taught school at a time when the teacher ran the school, and you had discipline. I always believed that the child was sent there to learn, and unless you had peace and quiet and discipline, they wouldn't, they couldn't learn. So I was always a great believer in discipline. However, we softened it up with a story, or a treat, or something unexpected now and then. I enjoyed the children very much.

News: What was it like when you first taught in Mt. Vernon village school?

Mrs. Cole: We had a good time in those days. Though we had to do everything, and it was sometimes hard, we had a good time. I taught in the village school - now the fire house - and by 1958, we were so crowded, I had 45 pupils myself. And as I say, we had to do everything. For instance, the way we did hot lunches. We ran a wood stove and we had a big canning kettle. Mothers sent in the food. The children would bring their lunches in glass jars and we'd set them in the hot water and keep them warm. Or sometimes the mothers would get together and send in one big pot of soup or a batch of beans. We could stir the soup with one hand and



hold a book with the other! And so they had hot lunch, every day.

Our playground, in the village, was across the road, in Waldo White's field next to the lake. And of course we shared playground duty, marching them back and forth across. They didn't have much room there, but they could play ball, we had some swings, but then of course we had to worry about the lake right there. It was fenced, but if a ball went into the lake-well, that was the end of it.

We had wonderful music programs. A fine violin player, and a very smart and generous woman, Belle Green, gave lessons every Saturday morning, provided many of the instruments, ran a rhythm band and a choral group. And that was something the children liked very much. Each grade had their own pieces, and they were classical pieces, too. Once we had a drawing teacher, but we usually had to do that ourselves. We had pianos in every room. We could all play enough to play carols and simple songs, and some could play more than that.

We had entertainments--little plays, and so forth, especially for the holidays. We spiced in all the things that made up for the hard work we made them do. We had very fine Christmas concerts. Of course, in that time, you could have the Lord's Prayer--and I thought every child would know the Lord's Prayer and the Twenty-third Psalm. But now I guess they don't even know the Lord's Prayer, some of them at least. Anyway, for Christmas we had the Christmas plays that came in our copies of Grade Teacher, a magazine we all took. The children spoke pieces and sang carols. And when the school was here in the village proper, we almost always had our concerts over in the Methodist Church because so many people came to them. We had gifts and lots of candy and popcorn, and we--each teacher--furnished the treat for everybody. It was a long while before the P.T.A. was formed and took those things over.

We always had good turn-outs when we had our programs and social times. We didn't do too much in the evening, as it was hard to get there. Well, transportation was different then. It was easier to have things in the afternoon. Though every year Belle Green put on a concert at the hall, and evening concert. She played along with the rhythm band and really, it was music! I expect there are a good many people in town that remember that. They all remember that, I would expect. Ah-a good time, a good time.

News: Life must have been much closer knit then.

Mrs. Cole: Yes, it was. People depended more upon themselves and each other to make their own good times. The children looked ahead to those plays and concerts at Christmas and other holidays. The children had things to look ahead to then. We didn't have as many things outside for children at that time, and it meant a great deal to them to have Belle Green and the plays and programs. Things have changed so much.

I don't believe the children could have changed so much, but it isn't the same now. A child used to go to school to learn, they respected the teacher, and if you did the fair thing with them, you got the fair thing back. And a child--why, he seemed to like the teacher. Or else they hated you, one or the other. And if they didn't like you, you had to find out what ailed it and fix it so they would like you. That's all. You can't do anything with a child that doesn't like you. But children don't seem to have these strong feelings about teachers these days.

Also, I think, back then, their morals were better. They were taught right from wrong, and it was practiced, and they had to believe it! I think that was a good thing. Evidently, nowadays, you can't express yourself too much--the teacher, I mean. I always did. I always held a great belief that they had to learn from the way you were and from what you told them, and from their books.

I also believe in teaching clearly defined subjects, reading was reading, history was history, geography was geography. Then they put all that in 'social studies' and I think that's confusing for a child. They don't 'need' all that, they say, they don't 'need' to know all these things. I don't know why they need less than they used to. It's good when a child can put its finger on something, and what we taught was clear and it was a fact. And things had to be done thus and so, and when a child knew something, they knew it or they didn't know it. No haphazard way about it.

I don't know why they say so many students can't read these days, even when they get to college. Maybe they have too much confusion, too much radio, too much television, in school and out. Maybe they have too much homework. I was never a believer in homework for little children. I felt that when they got home from school--why, let them go outdoors and play and get the air. And when they're in school, they're there to work, and I know I made them work

hard. They had to work hard to get anything. If they didn't get it, I'd keep at them till they did get it. I felt--we all felt--that's what they were there for. It does take more out of you than sitting back and passing out work books, I'll tell you that. It's not easy. We went early, stayed late, the day was long and you were tired at the end of it, and there was a lot of work to take home, to plan for the next day. But I think if you were right behind a pupil and kept right after him, why, he'd learn something and be glad of it. We turned out some good students with the old ways.

News: You must have taught many of the people who live in Mt. Vernon now.

Mrs. Cole: I taught fathers and mothers and then I taught their children. I taught my own children, which is a hard thing to do. Well, it's funny--I dreamed about teaching last night. Isn't that awful--to dream about teaching now?

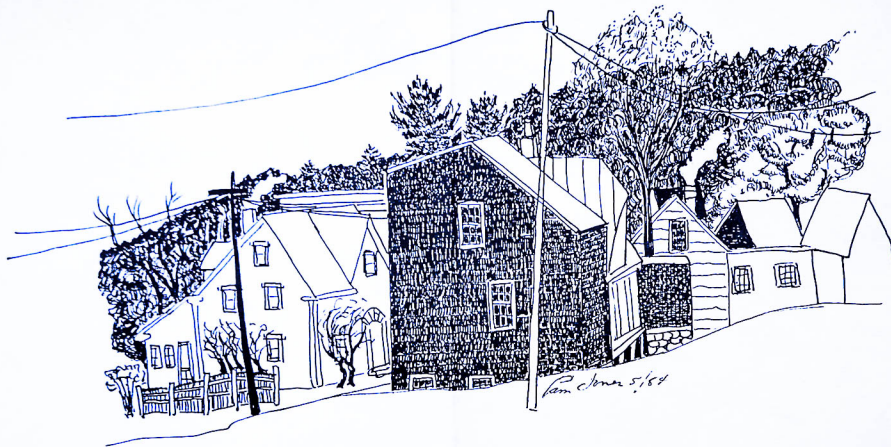
But I look back on the old times, and I'm glad for the life I had. There's nothing else I would rather have done, and if I had to do it again, I'd do the same. This thing here is a relic from my teaching days. (Mrs. Cole shows me a piece of wooden molding made into a little plaque.) When they were tearing out the school rooms to make that building into the Fire House, I went in one day, and I said to the Dunn boys--'I'd like a piece of board that came off this school house--'and they got up on one another's shoulders and took a piece of the molding down that had been around the ceiling in what was my room. And my brother made it into this plaque. I think a lot of it.

My old students have been very nice to me. But it's terrible, you don't know people anymore. All these bearded men look the same to me, although one or two I can recognize, and they all seem to speak to me. Of course I know the younger fry that went to school with me. And they're all very nice to me.

News: Everyone speaks very highly of you and your work.

Mrs. Cole: Well, I don't know why they should. But, it was a time when we did work, that's all. We loved teaching, and we loved the children, and we played fair. And that's how we got along. And I enjoyed every bit of it. If I was to live my life over again, I should think I'd want to do it. Just the same as I did.

Alice Bloom



### Town Hall Use

The utilization, more pointedly, non-utilization of the Town Hall of Mt. Vernon, has been evoking the growing concern of many town residents. At its inception as an alternative to the use of the school building for community business, the edifice on the North Road, according to many, has not been functioning at its full potential.

At a construction cost of approximately \$40,000 in 1977, the Town Hall is maintained presently at a yearly estimate of \$10,000. Taxpayers respond to the salary of part-time secretarial services commensurate with the Tuesday and Thursday open hours of 10 A.M. to 2 P.M.

Advocates for a change in the present schedule and facility afforded by the Town Hall predicate their position on three primary concerns. Foremost, the inconvenience of travelling to the homes of town officials was cited. Possible suggestions of compensation for officials to conduct all business at the Hall have been proposed. Secondly, accessibility to records, heretofore retained in the home offices, are felt to better serve the community under one roof.

The hours available at the Town Hall for attending to routine business have come under much scrutiny and remain a definite area where improvement is felt essential. Despite its acting as an occasional vehicle for organizational meetings such as the Town Rescue Unit and Human Services activity, the building remains dormant for the exception of the Tuesday and Thursday hours. Those advocating a change feel this to be a gross misuse of space and maintenance. At one time, the Town Hall was offered by the CETA organization, a full-time secretary to be federally funded. Due to the limitations of part-time hours, such services were denied and a part-time secretary had to be secured by the Town of Mt. Vernon.

With the elections of March 1984, it is the hope that attention to the fate of the Town Hall of Mt. Vernon will be intensified and improvements realized.

A Concerned Citizen

## Reflections of a New Selectman

After five years on the Winthrop Town Council, four years as a Kennebec County Commissioner, and eight years working with Congressman David Emery, I should have known what to expect. Public service always carries its price tag of notoriety, measured in controversy, particularly for someone of my style, who speaks his mind openly and frankly.

As a newly elected Selectman in the small town of Mt. Vernon, however, I wasn't prepared for those who might question my motives on any given issue. Very few of course call me and raise their questions directly. You hear it in bits and pieces, from others. "Someone called and said they thought such and such." The someone is never identified.

The problem first came to my attention during the recent debate over awarding of the snowplow contract. After opening the two bids and discovering that our present contractor Stubb Goucher was underbid by a significant amount by Jim Reid, I asked that the bids be referred to our Road Committee for a recommendation before we made a decision at our next Selectman's meeting. Suddenly, from various parts of town, speculation arose as to my motives in postponing what seemed to be an obvious decision in favor of Jim Reid.

Let me state my motives plainly. First, I've been trying with the help of Road Committee members to restructure their Committee so it will be both more rewarding to them and more helpful to Selectmen. Committee members are those most experienced in road issues, able to give us the value of their experience before we make decisions with the Road Commissioner. Those on the Committee should be given that opportunity on every road decision, including snowplowing. Secondly, although acquainted with Stubb Goucher's fine record of service on our prior snowplowing contract, I knew little of Jim Reid's background and capabilities. Before awarding a contract which will require an expenditure of a minimum of \$210,000 over the next five years, I wanted to know more about the low bidder.

During my investigation, I discovered Jim Reid to be a solid citizen with credentials indicating he will be able to fulfill the snowplow contract. The Road Committee, after considerable deliberation, recommended that Jim be awarded that contract, after citing Stubb for the fine job he's done

over the years.

Simply put, the system worked as I anticipated. Straightforward, open, and honest deliberation over this issue. This is what I expect on all important issues. Rather than speculate on our motives, I invite any citizen to call any Selectman whenever you have a question--we really do want to hear from you, and we will listen respectfully to your opinions. By adopting my suggestion of a monthly town newsletter, delivered to your home, Selectmen have taken a step toward keeping you informed about what is going on, so you can have a chance to participate in our decision making process. Please take advantage of this!

It's been an interesting three months. The issues brought before the Selectmen are wider and more varied than I anticipated. We debated issues such as whether adult supervision is needed to protect the school and grounds during ball games held at the elementary school field, how to keep wood haulers off our roads during the mud season, whether town ordinances are satisfactory or need revision, how to prevent parking on roadways and make sure developers build roads which meet town specs as required by our subdivision ordinance, what type of copy machine to buy for the town office, where to build a turnaround for the school bus on the Ithiel Gordon Road, what our responsibilities are in enforcing state junkyard ordinances, etc.--in addition to ongoing operation of all town affairs and paying the bills every two weeks.

All of these issues are important to someone in our community--so they're important to your Selectmen. It's a fascinating job which I have enjoyed very much. My only hope is that I'll feel the same way come next March, at the end of my term. You can assure that I will by calling me whenever you have a question or want to raise an issue. Let's all be as open and honest as your Selectmen intend to be in the performance of their duties. Let's Talk!

George Smith

#### **Mt. Vernon School Budget**

The School Committee and Superintendent of Schools have recently completed the proposed School Budget for 1984-85 for presentation and consideration at the Special June Town

Meeting.

In its final form the budget will, on the bottom line, contain a 5% increase in local contribution dollars. Although the total operating budget will include a much higher percentage increase, the 5% increase in local contribution should be of primary interest to local citizens. The School Committee is very satisfied that the budget, as presented, is adequate to meet the school's needs and is fair to taxpayers. Although no increase would, of course, be better, a 5% increase appears extremely reasonable under prevailing conditions in recent years.

Before the June Town Meeting there will be a public hearing scheduled specifically for interested citizens to attend and have questions answered. Attendance of local citizens is urged at this meeting since questions raised at that time can be addressed and responded to for further thought and consideration before the town meeting.

Although the Maranacook Community School District Budget is not an item of consideration at the scheduled June Town Meeting, I would like to take this opportunity to relate that, for Mt. Vernon, the increase in dollars toward the CSD budget will also be held to a very reasonable amount, perhaps less than the 5% increase proposed for the Mt. Vernon Elementary School. At the time this is being written the final figures are not available.

The School Committee would be pleased to see a good voter turnout at the town meeting.

Frank Edwards

## R E S C U E

Rescue has been providing emergency medical care to Mt. Vernon residents for over three years now and has responded to over 250 calls during this period. Our personnel have devoted endless hours to training and extra courses in order to be able to give each one of you the highest level of care available.

Nationally, heart disease is the greatest cause of death, and Mt. Vernon is no exception. In a 2 year period, we responded to 6 cardiac arrests (heart and breathing have stopped) and not one survived. This was an unusually high



number of cardiac arrests in a town this size. Having this happen in Mt. Vernon is tough. It used to be that our only option was performing CPR until the ambulance arrived and continuing to do so in the ambulance until arrival at the hospital. This meant performing CPR for up to one hour (needing 20-30 minutes for the ambulance to arrive and 30 additional minutes from the home to the hospital) before the patient could receive any critical care.

This was not acceptable to us, so we attempted to increase the cardiac arrest patient's chance for survival in two ways; first, we trained to use a more advanced piece of equipment (EOA) and second, we made it a set procedure that we would use Keegan Ambulance (Farmington) on all calls of this nature. We chose Keegan because they are what is referred to as an "Advanced Life Support" unit and can do for the victim of cardiac arrest at the patient's home what he otherwise would have to wait an extra 30 minutes to receive at the hospital.

Although this has increased the chances for survival in these particular instances, it still has not been acceptable to us and none of these patients has survived.

One of the critical keys to survival after cardiac arrest is early defibrillation which is the delivery of a series of electrical shocks in order to force the heart to beat effectively. Perhaps you've seen this piece of equipment used on television and are a little familiar with it.

The key to its success is its early use, and the quicker it is used, the better the chance for survival.

We have included an article in the warrant for the June town meeting to raise an appropriate sum of money to buy one for Mt. Vernon (recommended, \$8,000). We are asking for this equipment now instead of at the March meeting because although State regulations were changed in January of this year that allowed First Responder units to use defibrillators, the first available approved training was not offered until this May. Although it was the direction in which we had hoped to move, I didn't feel it was appropriate to make the request in March before we had members trained to use the equipment.

Please keep in mind that this is not a purchase for any special interest group--it can affect each and every one of us; cardiac arrest is always a real possibility in victims of drowning, electric shock, car accidents and any severe

trauma.

It has been used in Augusta with remarkable results. Surrounding towns including Winthrop, Monmouth and Readfield will also be requesting money to buy one at their town meetings this summer. Unfortunately, this is not a piece of equipment that can be shared between towns since its key is how rapidly it can be brought to the patient.

There is documentation that shows that early use saves lives. Granted it is not a piece of equipment that will be used all of the time, but neither is its use limited just to cardiac arrest patients. It also comes equipped with a monitoring module which is similar to a portable electrocardiogram (EKG) and would be used on all suspected heart attack and/or chest pain calls to record heart activity and would provide invaluable information for the hospital.

In our request for this piece of equipment, we have the medical support of Dr. Doug Boyink the emergency room doctor at Kennebec Valley Medical Center who is in charge of all first responders and ambulance personnel in this area. We also have the support of Winthrop and Keegan Ambulance services who provide hospital transportation for all of our patients.

Were we to have a defibrillator, we would continue to call Keegan for transport in cardiac arrest calls. We would initially respond, initiate CPR, defibrillate, start an IV, Keegan would arrive and add critical heart medications to the IV we started and transport. This will increase the town's dismal chances for cardiac arrest tremendously.

The dollar figure recommended for its purchase is not an inflated amount; if anything, it will not be enough. If it were not enough, we would pick up the balance through the garage sale proceeds and our own budget. But we will not be asking for another one in the next few years. Its life expectancy is 14-20 years.

There is no guarantee that every time it is used, it will be successful, but having this capability will increase chances for survival incredibly.

I hesitate to say this, but can a price tag be attached to a life or the chance of saving one? I strongly urge you to attend the June meeting and support this article.

Patricia A. Rawson  
Director - Mt. Vernon Rescue.

## A TALK ON PETROGLYPHS

Image making as a human trait can be traced back at least 40,000 to 100,000 years depending on which dating formula you choose. Image making seems to be associated with the development of language, though we can only infer this from our knowledge of linguistic diversity and estimates of the number of generations that pass before the speakers of one language lose the ability to understand speakers of other related languages. The emergence of image-making is also associated with a marked increase in technical proficiency in the making of stone tools. This parallels the development of the human child where language and motor skills seem to run in tandem with an inventory of images which express ideas of things or relationships in shorthand or conventionalized forms. Another feature inferred from offerings in paleolithic burials is the concept of a soul or spirit having an existence separate from the living body of an organism. This idea forms the rationale for the practice of shamanism in non-literate cultural traditions of Eurasia, Africa, Australia, and the Americas.

Andreas Lommel in his Shamanism: The Beginnings of Art (1967) links the development of art to a concept of soul and argues that the content of soul or spirit has its roots in the sense of guilt a hunter feels on killing his prey which he alleviates by propitiating the spirit of the animal with special treatment. First the concept of spirit, then art. This, I think puts the cart before the horse. How can the idea of a soul or spirit emerge before the process of abstraction inherent in evoking a thing or animal by naming or by making an image begins? In the sense that speaking a name summons up an entity in the minds of the listeners that evocation has an existence separate from the living organism. Emotional connotations attach along with the need to act on or influence the evocation in a manner that might be used on the animal itself. From this I can see a concept of soul or spirit arising which, since it has its roots in the naming process itself, is catholic and involves all perceived phenomena, whether animate or inanimate.

Maine has two major concentrations of prehistoric petroglyphs which stands at the nearer end of the long process of alienation from the natural world through

language and image-making skills that started somewhere within the past 100,000 years and began to reach disastrous levels with the invention of writing systems around 5,000 years ago. These petroglyphs seem to have been made within the past 1,500 years by speakers of the Algonkian language stock. Evidence indicates that they were used by shamans particularly as one of several means to control the world of spirits and by that the fruits of the hunt, the fertility of the fields and the health of the people. Through these images, we can gain some apprehension of how that world was perceived.

Sometime in August I plan to show slides in Vienna of Maine petroglyphs and speak further on their significance.

Mark H. Hedden

COLOMAN VONGRAFF



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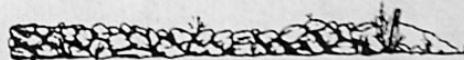
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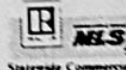
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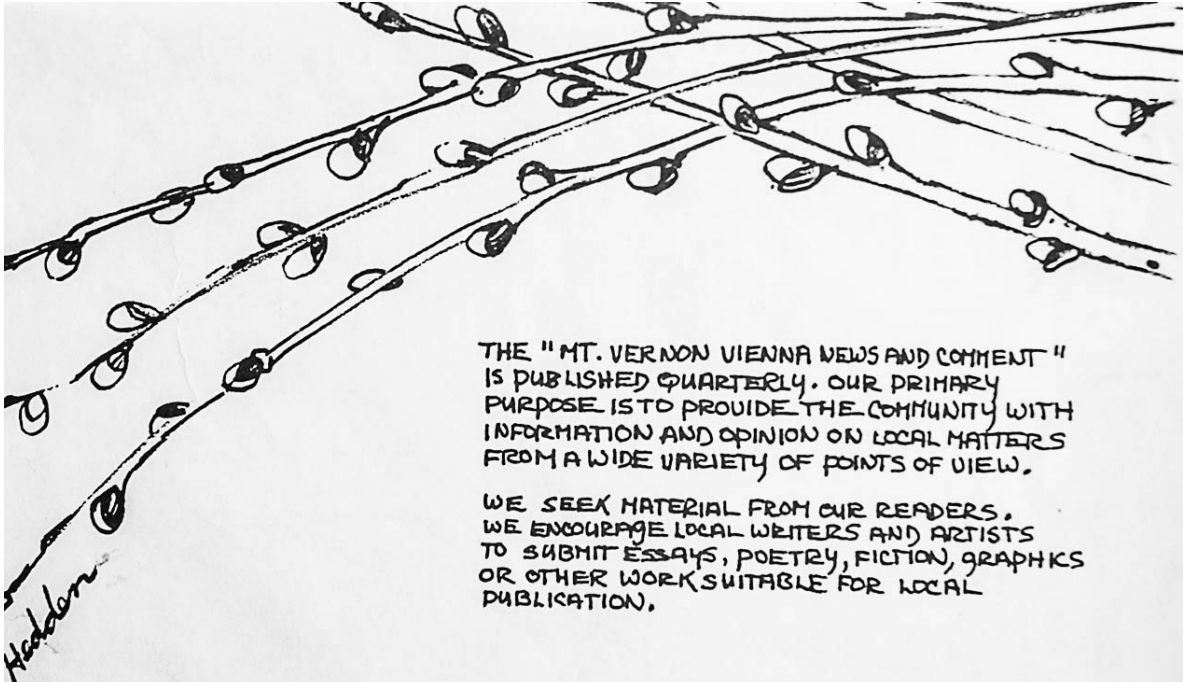
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