THE WEEK IN REC.

Front Row: Haley Durant, Laura Gray, Lexie Larson, Jessica Preble, Shelby Jay, Kendra Hall back Row: Becca Glidden, Haley Knowles, Coach Po, Mindy Corson, Rachel Worster and Hanna Bess

Coach Pokrywka and his 5th/6th grade girls travel team lost a barn burner to Medway on Sunday in triple overtime...The girls play home on Sunday, Jan. 21st at 1:00 at the High School against Lincoln.

Coach Po has his work cut out with the boys travel team......18 strong!!! They beat both teams last Sunday bringing their record to 3-2. The boys play Lincoln on Sunday at the High School at 2:15. They improved immensely from just the previous week......making great passes and getting good looks at the basket. When they played Medway, it was back and forth the entire game, but the boys turned it up a notch and had about 12 unanswered points with a tough defense and great passing. Congratulations to them for playing as a team.

A 20-YEAR TRADITION CONTINUES

For the past 20 years Val Robertson and her talented sandwich making crew have made Superbowl subs for Penquis Close Up. These delicious sandwiches have become a staple for area Superbowl parties and families gathered together to watch the big game. Once again Penquis Close Up is selling ham or salami subs to raise money for a trip to Washington, D.C., in March.

These sandwiches cost $5.00 each and will be delivered by Penquis Close Up students to your home on Superbowl Sunday, February 4, 2007. To order your subs please call one of the following Penquis Close Up students.

NATHAN DURANT 965 - 8828
JENNIFER GOODINE 564 - 2212
NYCOLE CAREY 943 - 5507
NOAH BISSELL 943 - 5072
MIKE LAWSON 551 - 5896
HALEY FLANDERS 564 - 3900
KATIE PATTON 943 - 8825
KRISTIN ROBINSON 943 - 2043
TRITAN SIMONIAN 971-732-5373

If you have any questions please call Russell Carey at 943 - 2473

This is a huge fundraiser for these kids, and your opportunity to sit home, watch the game and help a student go to Washington DC.

WE NEED VOLUNTEERS TO HELP OVERSEE THE NEW AFTER-SCHOOL CHESS PROGRAM for GRADES 3 TO 8
ONE AFTERNOON A WEEK FOR EIGHT WEEKS 2:30 TO 4:30 PROGRAM BEGINS AFTER FEBRUARY VACATION IF YOUR CHESS IS RUSTY OR YOU HAVE NEVER PLAYED, WE’LL SHOW YOU HOW!
PLEASE CALL ED TREWOROGY 943-7748

IT’S ALL ABOUT KIDS!
PENQUIS VALLEY IDOL CONTEST
Who's got what it takes to be the 1ST EVER PENQUIS VALLEY IDOL?
February 23rd, 24th, and 25th at the Arts Center in the Milo Town Hall.
Participants must be part of the MSAD #41 community.
Entry fee is a non-refundable $10
Tryouts will be held on Saturday February 17th at 2 pm.
Over $500.00 in Cash Prizes
1st Place $250-2nd Place $150
3rd Place $50
Door prizes passed out all three nights!
Admission is $3 and concessions will be available.
Please contact the Milo Recreation Department at 943-7326 for more info!
The Brownville Jct. American Legion Auxiliary will be at the Post Home on Saturday, Feb. 3rd from 10:00 am to 12:00 to give out free Vial of Life packets to seniors who would like to have one. The VIAL OF LIFE packets are Emergency Medical Information for Rescue Squads. All medical information needed by emergency personnel is on the form. If you aren't able to give the information yourself everything they need to know is in the information packet. You also receive a Bright Red Vial of Life sticker that goes on your door so the Emergency personnel know where to locate your medical info. If you live in Brownville/Brownville Jct. and would like one but aren't able to get there to pick on up, call the legion (965-1953) between the hours of 10 and 12 on the 3rd and one will be brought to you.

STATEMENT OF POLICY
Three River News is published weekly by Three Rivers Kiwanis. It is available Mondays at the General Store and More, Milo Farmer's Union, The Station Market, Graves' Service Station, Robinson's Fuel Mart, Reuben's Farmer's Market, The Restaurant, Milo Exxon, Rite Aid, Valerie Jean's, Milo True Value, and online at WWW.NEWS.TRCMAINE.ORG. Donations can be mailed to Valerie Robertson, PO Box 81, Milo, Maine 04463.
All items for the paper are sent to us; we are not reporters, and we rely on the public for our articles. Letters to the editor, social news, school news, items of interest, or coming social events may be submitted NO LATER THAN FRIDAY NOON to the following addresses:
Valerie Robertson, PO Box 81, Milo, Maine 04463 or e-mailed to, val04463@verizon.net or call 943-2324.
Nancy Grant, 10 Belmont St. Milo, Maine 04463, e-mailed to Nancy2310@adelphia.net or call 943-5809.
Please drop suggestions and comments into a donation box or contact one of us. We welcome your ideas. Opinions are not necessarily those of the editors unless otherwise stated. The paper is written, printed, and distributed by unpaid volunteers. Donations are used to cover the expense of printing, paper and materials.
Valerie Robertson  Nancy Grant  Virgil Valente  Kirby Robertson
HOW TO RECEIVE THE THREE RIVERS NEWS BY MAIL
We have received many inquiries from readers as to how they can get the Three Rivers News delivered to their mailbox each week. The news is available by subscription in 30-week increments. For each 30-week subscription we ask for a donation of $25.00 to cover the cost of printing and mailing. If you would like to sign up to get the news delivered, send your name, address and a check for $25.00 to:
Valerie Robertson  Nancy Grant
P.O. Box 81 10 Belmont Street
Milo, Maine 04463  Milo, Maine 04463

BINGO…BINGO…BINGO!!!
THE MILO AMERICAN LEGION POST 41 HAS BINGO EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT A MEAL IS SERVED FROM 5:00PM UNTIL 6:15 PM

If you see Klay on January 26th, please wish him a happy 13th Birthday!!!

THE RESTAURANT NEWS
Monday 22nd – Our T.L.B. sandwich was such a great hit, we are featuring it again this week.
Tuesday 23rd – Grilled cheese with tomato and a salad
Wednesday 24th – Our veggie lasagna is great!
Thursday 25th – Turkey hoagie deluxe and fries
Friday 26th – Corn casserole is the veggie today
Saturday 27th – Make your own tacos
Sunday 28th – Spanish rice and a roll

We would like to wish Melvin the best of luck in his new venture!
We are proud of you!!!!

THANK YOU
The family of Gerald Smith wish to express their deepest gratitude for the outpouring of cards, flowers, food, hugs, and words of comfort during the loss of our loved one. Special thanks to Hospice and their caring workers who gave dad and our family much support.
Thanks to those who have sent donations to the Milo Ambulance Service. Your kindnesses will be remembered.

THANK YOU
Linda Lougee, Susan Cannon, and Dorothy Speed would like to thank everyone for the lovely cards, notes, and phone calls after the passing of our sister and daughter Judy Harvey. It means a lot at a time like this to know we have so many friends.

GRAMMIE’S WEATHER
January 1990
22-Snow all day-4° at 9 pm.
23-Sunny L. wind-8° at 5 am.
24-Snow-22° at 4 pm.
25-Foggy & M. rain, start in evening.
26-Foggy rain all day-24° at 9 pm.
27-Sunny windy-20° at 12.
28-P. sunny-4° at 5:40 am

AREA SCHOOL NEWS
Remember to clip the “Box Tops for Education” coupons and drop them off at your favorite school...each one is worth 10-cents!!

COOK SCHOOL NEWS
K-5 students at the Cook school enjoyed snow shoeing with Mrs. Russell during their physical education classes last week. The 4th and 5th grade students helped their kindergarten and first grade friends get their snow shoes on and walked along with them. We thank Mrs. Russell for continuing to introduce life time activities to the students in our district.

FROM BROWNVILLE ELEMENTARY
Look how intently these girls are working! Several students in Brownville are learning how to knit in an after school program run by Mrs. Beres. What a great lifelong skill.

MORE POEMS FROM THE KIDS:
Hard
By Micki
Hard is not my fluffy pillow at night.
Hard is the cold ground in the morning.
Hard is the rocks frozen to the ground.
Hard is a science test for Mrs. T.
Hard sounds like rocks hitting other rocks.
Hard is learning band.
Another word for hard is a test.

Mabel Amelia McCleary
April 2, 1901 – January 26, 2003
One thing about hard is it is not soft.

**Pretty**  
By Caitlyn  
Pretty is not my mom in the morning.  
Pretty is memo in the morning.  
Pretty is my dog princess.  
Pretty is the Meme of ugly.  
Pretty sounds like my mom after she brushes her hair.  
Hard is taking a test.  
Hard is not soft.  
Hard sounds like ouch when you get hurt.  
Hard sounds like things colliding  
Another word for hard is rocks.  
One thing about hard is it isn’t soft.

**Sleepy**  
By Michaela W  
Sleepy is not me at night.  
Sleepy is me at school.  
Sleepy is me while we work.  
Sleepy is me while we have a long talk.  
Sleepy sounds like snoring and moving around.  
Sleepy sounds like me in the morning.  
Another word for sleepy is tired.  
One thing about sleepy is I never like to go to sleep.

**Pretty**  
By Nicole  
Pretty is not Jerell in the morning (or ever).  
Pretty is the sun going down in the evening.  
Pretty is the stars and moon in the pitch black sky.  
Pretty is Beyonce making a music video.  
Pretty sounds like the water gently flowing down the river.  
Pretty sounds like Miriah Carey singing on stage at the gramie awards.  
Another word for pretty is gorgeous.  
One thing about pretty is you always stay pretty.

Coach Pokrywka sends in his starting line up against Oakfield.....the young Penquis team beat Oakfield handily in the first game and went on to beat Medway 45-29 in the second game.

Trever Lyford is shown here with the newest member of the family, Chance. I LOVE THIS PICTURE!! Val

**MORE REC DEPARTMENT NEWS**

Coach Pokrywka goes over the inbounds play in triple overtime.....the girls ended up losing by 1 to Medway.

**5th and 6th MRD Travel teams**  
With temperatures now reaching -10 and feeling like -50, it hasn’t played a factor in cooling down the local basketball circuit. Both of the boys and girls 5th and 6th
grade teams are in the heart of the season; working and practicing hard each week to prepare for the competition on the weekend.

So far we have traveled to Oakfield (I sincerely apologize), Millinocket, Medway and hosted Springfield in Brownville. The competition has been great exposure and experience for the teams who are getting better with each quarter that goes by. This particular group of players has a true passion for the game and are going to be a real treat to watch grow and develop in the future.

I’m sure there are some people who could provide some seasonal stats for this group, but we are focusing on team play; assists and rebounds rather than points. If you get a chance to see this group play, remember that good sportsmanship and positive reinforcement are much more important than a victory or a loss.

Bair’s Driving School
Anyone 15 years old who would like to participate in Bair’s Driving School can register in the office at PVHS or call the MRD at 943-7326. The class, which costs $425, is scheduled to begin after February break.

Milo Free Public Library News
By Judith Macdougall
Today I am in a quandary! What to write about for this column. Due to the Martin L King, Jr. holiday we had only one day at the library (I write my column on Thursday). That Wednesday had been very cold, and although we had had many patrons come in, nothing special had taken place, and no new books had arrived. Then I realized I was writing up the library annual report for the Town of Milo Annual Report for 2006 this week as Claire needs it by the end of January. I decided I would make this column a mini report.

This past year we did a lot of reorganizing. To do that, of course, there must be room, so we discarded several out-of-date sets of books, some other books and phonograph records. Anything that might be of value is being sold on E-Bay for the library by an interested patron. When we had made enough room, we moved the Garden Section downstairs. This made more room upstairs for fiction. One of our substitutes who likes to keep busy also changed over 3 stacks from 7 shelves to 6 shelves in order for the books in those stacks to be able to stand upright. This, in itself, was a great reorganization.

We discarded several older computers and added 3 new ones, making four in all, internet and DSL connected. Our patrons are happy. We also had a new scanner donated which will allow us to increase our services.

We have had 3 children’s programs this past year. Melissa Hill has conducted a Preschool Story Time monthly, and Val Robertson has presented the Kiwanis Kids Korner weekly in the spring and fall. The summer reading program theme was Paws, Claws, Scales and Tales—all about pets. With help from community members and businesses the library held an entertaining 8 week program for 54 children.

Brittany Armour, a 15 year old volunteer, helped us with this juvenile program and was also a great help on our outdoor book sale during the Firemen’s 100th anniversary weekend.

For many years the Derby Mothers’ Club plaques have been displayed at the library as this worthwhile organization did not have a place of its own. Gwendolyn Bradeen and I felt they would be better seen at the Milo Historical Society, and they were transferred to that organization this past year.

The ceiling in the office had extensive water damage and was flaking. Ed Roberts put in a dropped ceiling which was an easy and quick solution and would also help with the heating.

Pam and I attended several Tri-Counties meetings this past year which gave us a chance to meet and exchange ideas with other librarians in the area.

We received audio books this year from both Mary Marks and Manira Brown. They have been very popular. Many patrons and friends donated books to the library and for our July book sale. We were also given two relief maps of the area.

Vaughn Clapp, son of L. Grace Clapp, the 3rd library director, brought us a picture of his mother at our request. On learning that we were having trouble getting a frame to match the pictures of the other librarians, he had her picture framed and then did the same for Catherine Ellison, the 4th library director. We appreciated that he took over this task.

The Milo Garden Club has decorated our windows with lovely geraniums, set a decorated urn on the front steps and presented us with a lighted wreath at Christmas.

Dean Henderson, our custodian, trims our hedges and mows our lawn in the summer, shovels our paths in winter and washes our floors all year long. He takes care of some of our problems before we even know they exist.

To finish this report we had 4746 patrons walk through the door and 1377 of them used our computers. If I did my math right (and there is no guarantee) that number was 29% of our patrons. Our circulation of materials was 7442, and 663 books were accessioned.

Next week we should be busy again with activities and perhaps new books (I always like to report on these).

We have INCOME TAX FORMS. We have State of Maine forms-long and short, and also 1040, 1040A, and 1040EZ plus many schedules. We also have the new form-Credit for Federal Telephone Excise Tax Paid-form 8913.

Library Winter Hours
Mon.-Weds.-Fri.---2:00-8:00
Saturday 2:00-4:00
Telephone 943-2612

Three Rivers Kiwanis, Milo - Brownville
Chartered November 1991-Celebrating 15 Years of Community Service
Meetings Wednesday at 6:30 a.m. at The Restaurant - Park St - Milo
New Members Welcomed-Want to Join??-Talk to any Kiwanian
Learn more about Kiwanis at: www.kiwanis.org or www.newenglandkiwanis.org

Meeting Minutes for January 17, 2007
President Ethelyn Treworgy welcomed 12 members on a chilly Jan. 17th along with Tristan Simonian and Kristin Burch from the Penquis Valley Key Club. Interclubs represented
**In Memoriam**

**FRANK MATTHEWS**

LAKEVIEW PLANTATION Frank Matthews, 91, husband of Mary (Krisak) Matthews, died Jan. 15, 2007, at a Dover-Foxcroft nursing home. He was born Nov. 28, 1915, in Bridgeport, Conn., the son of Frank and Verona (Pinter) Matthews. Mr. Matthews had been employed for more than 46 years as a supervisor of forestry and agriculture for the Aqurion Water Co. He was a past assessor of Lakeview Village, a member of Aspetuck Fish and Game Association and Sts. Francis Xavier and Paul the Apostle Parish in Milo. He is survived by his beloved wife of 69 years, Mary of Lakeview Plantation; a son, James F. Matthews and his wife, Susan, of Woodbury, Conn.; a daughter, Victoria M. Murray of Sturbridge, Mass.; four grandchildren, James Jr., Melissa, Amy and Jennifer; six great-grandchildren, Elizabeth, Amanda, Nicole, James, Blaze and Shane; several nieces and nephews.

**UP ON THE FARM**

As I promised last week, here is the story of my lost-then-found-Kierra. Granted you know the ending, but sometimes the story itself is as important as the end.

Kierra, as you can see from the above picture, was a rather chubby girl, with one of the cutest faces ever. She came to PAWS 2 years ago when her owners could no longer keep her. Fearing she would be euthanized, Katie snatched her up and brought her to the shelter. Kierra has been to three homes, and returned to the shelter. She is now a permanent member of the Robertson family and we all love her immensely. As tends to be the personality of the dogs we end up with, Kierra is an odd and a little needy dog. The dogs Kirby and I keep are the ones who cannot be placed in normal homes due to their temperaments or breeds. I say breeds not because I think breeds are necessarily an indicator of temperament or personality, but because many renters find that their dog’s breed prevents them from getting a house or apartment. I will state ‘til my dying day that a dog’s breed is inconsequential—it is the owners who make a dog bad. But I do believe that some dogs are bred and raised differently, and badly, and are ruined as far as being adoptable. Enter Kirby, Katie, Eric, Ben, Julie and me...the keepers of the needy dogs.

Kierra has been with our extended family long enough to qualify as a member. I eluded myself for a year or so with the thoughts of her going to another home. As a matter of fact, a couple in Dover had chosen her, but were patiently waiting until their elderly dog passed away. He lived many more months and they changed their mind about taking Kierra. I must say that was a huge relief to me because I had fallen hopelessly in love with her. She and Bandit, my brown and white Husky mix, were inseparable and
them from me. As you may recall, they are the team that
ran off last summer and returned home porky-pricked. (A
new adverb at our house meaning suffering the consequences
of investigating a porcupine).

Enough background-anyone who knows me knows
that my love for dogs, and actually for any animal, is huge.
Period.

On the morning of Monday, January 8, 2007, we
awoke to a fresh carpet of snow, temperatures in the mid
30's, and a house full of excited dogs. Something about
fresh snow brings out excitement and energy in all of us. All
four of our big dogs were crowded around the front door,
eager to get outside and frolic. Two of our dogs, Radar, and
Emma Lou, can be trusted to be outside untethered. Bandit
and Kierra can not. Either of them alone will run around the
yard looking for the other and if unsuccessful at finding
their partner in crime will return to the front door with-in
half an hour. But…and this is a huge but...if left untied
outside together they give each other a look and they are
GONE!! Sometimes for hours…and they are running to who
knows where. We have intercepted them on every end of our
35 acres, sometimes 2 miles away on our camp road, and last
year, one long day in December, Bandit came home and Kierra
didn’t. Thanks to Vesta Merrill LaBree, Kierra made it home
safely. She had wandered all the way to the Turner Howe
Road and then somehow made it across the Dover Road to
Vesta’s front lawn. Vesta called me and made me what I
thought at the time was the happiest and most relieved I
could be.

Now to answer the question that you all have been
thinking—I do try to keep them tied! But these two dogs are
many IQ points smarter than I am, so I am constantly
struggling to out smart them. They know exactly how to see
when my guard is down, and then take advantage of my
numbness. They are determined to run and that is the
opportunity they live for. On this particular snowy morning,
the looks for the leads I needed to were buried in two
inches of snowy slush. Bandit was in the yard loose, so I
needed to hook Kierra. I reached to dig out the hook while
holding an eager Kierra by her collar. Carelessly I relaxed my
hold on her and she bolted. In some sort of prearranged
plan, Bandit was waiting in the front yard. They gave each
other that look and off they galloped.

They paused for a moment about 30 yards from the
house and I yelled for them to come back. When this didn’t
work, I ran barefoot to my van screaming “Come on, we'll go
for a ride!” But as I mentioned before, these two are
smarter than I am and weren't going to be tricked out of
their adventure. By this time, the snow was changing to rain,
and I rationalized that they would return soon, as they both
hate rain and puddles to the point that I have to drag them
outside if there is even a teeny amount of water on the
ground. I set about getting the three Rivers News printed
and other morning chores. I told Kirby what had happened
and he set off for camp to wait there for them. As the day
dragged on we began to worry that they may have gone to
the river or Muck Bog and gone through the ice. I couldn’t
even consider that horrible group of thoughts, and decided
to keep myself sane by picturing them behind the CD Center,
and focused my search in the woods there.

Evening came and I developed a fear that settled in
my stomach and consumed me. I continued to yell for them.
My family and friends reassured me by telling me that it had
happened before and they always came home. The
temperature was moderate for January and they were
probably on the trail of a deer or rabbit. I accepted their
rational with a lot of trepidation. But lo and behold, at about
8 that night, I looked out the window and there was Bandit.
He was lying in the snow, and by the time I got to him he had
stood, but walking was a chore for him and it took some
coaxing to get him to walk in the house. I anxiously looked up
the drive-way, but no Kierra. Ok I told myself, she is
considerably heavier than Bandit, so probably is taking a rest
before she comes home. As the night went on, I kept telling
myself that she had spent he night in the woods before and
ended up on the Dover Road, so I made trip after trip after
trip to the Turner Howe Road. At midnight I gave up for the
day, and went to bed.

All night Kirby and I jumped up and went to the
door at any little sound-real or imagined—but no Kierra.
Thankfully, the temperature didn’t dip below 25-degrees.
Despite that I was picturing her cold, hungry and hurt. The
rain had persisted most of the day, and I knew it would be
hard for her to battle the cold if she was wet. As you can
imagine, Kirby and I got little sleep that night. Bandit, on
the other hand, was sleeping. Not just sleeping—he was one
notch shy of comatose. Ok—maybe Kierra was that tired and
would sleep the night cozily under a thick-branched pine tree,
then get up rested and saunter home.

Tuesday came and went with no Kierra. We
searched every inch of the area possible. I put 200 miles on
my van driving the d’Este-Sargent Hill Drive-Turner Howe
loop. Kirby stayed at camp late into the night, calling Kierra’s
name and looking for tracks in the snow. I spent the evening
making up posters with Kierra’s picture on them to hand out
and post the following day. Kirby was becoming more
convinced she had fallen through the ice and drowned. I
pushed those thoughts from my head when possible, and
sobbed when it wasn’t. I kept envisioning her hurt, and cold,
and hungry, wondering where I was and why I didn’t come get
her. Another sleepless night and no sign of my baby.

On Wednesday Kirby and I handed out flyers. We
put them in stores downtown and then went door-to-door. I
concentrated on our road, d’Este Road and the Turner Howe
area. When I encountered an empty house, I put secured the
flyer between a door and the frame, or if all else failed I
secured one in the person’s Bangor Daily News receptacle.
Despite my anguish, I knew better than to put one in a
United States Postal Service mailbox. OK, maybe once or
twice, but only in dire circumstances. My plan was to
distribute the flyers, then take my search into the deep
woods. The weather forecast was for cold, cold
temperatures that night and the following day. I felt an
extreme urgency to find her—that time was running out.

At about 1 pm I began what would become my daily
ritual. I donned warm clothes, a fully charged cell phone, and
our best tracking pouch, Emma Lou, and headed for the
woods. I planned on taking Bandit, with the hope that he
would lead me right to Kierra, but he wouldn’t step foot (or
paw) anywhere near the woods. That first day of tracking I
started with their footprints as they left our yard. I had
recently been in a room where a group of fellows was
watching a Benoit Brothers deer tracking movie, so I fancied
myself quite the tracker.

As it turned out, I did get a few pointers and was
able to determine their tracks based on the way the
precipitation had occurred the past two days, and tracked their course for over a mile. Emma Lou, who is as intelligent as she is energetic, actually kept me on track, literally, and we zigzagged our way over and under the thickest brush I have ever walked through. As it grew dark, we found ourselves at the Bragans house on the corner by the road to our camp. I realized that this course that had taken me three hours to walk probably took the dogs 20 minutes, and the next day was going to be much harder to do any tracking. Dozens of deer tracks now criss-crossed the paw prints and the snow was frozen solid. Emma and I walked the rest of the way home on the road, checking tracks as well as we could with a flashlight. I was desperate to see where they went when they crossed d’Este Road. It was too late and too dark to wander the shore of the Sebec River, so I instead put another 50 miles on the van riding between our house and the Turner Howe Road.

By Thursday morning, I was desperate beyond words. My whole focus was determining Kierra’s fate. If she was dead, I needed to know what had happened. If she had indeed fallen through the ice and drowned I was going to see where it had happened. I combed the whole edge of the section of d’Este road that runs beside the river, looking to see where the dogs might have crossed. I walked from Bragans to Walkers through the woods looking for tracks. I finally determined the dogs had not gone to the river, so I knew they had to have gone west, towards the Turner Howe Road, which is what my instincts and Kierra’s past behavior also indicated. At about noon on Thursday, day four, I set off through the woods behind the Civil Defense Center. At times I would be following what could have been dog tracks, only to spy a perfect deer track. Emma Lou was once again with me, and when she picked up a trail and began running, I ran right along behind her. I may be old and fat, but I was determined, which could be a gentle term for stupid. Before long we came into a clearing and I realized we were at the house that used to belong to Brian Trask. Fearing startling the woman who lives there, I kept to the woods and headed west, towards the Turner Howe Road. I realized my effort was fruitless and that I must indeed fallen through the ice and drowned I was going to see where it had happened. I combed the whole edge of the section of d’Este road that runs beside the river, looking to see where the dogs might have crossed. I walked from Bragans to Walkers through the woods looking for tracks. I finally determined the dogs had not gone to the river, so I knew they had to have gone west, towards the Turner Howe Road, which is what my instincts and Kierra’s past behavior also indicated. At about noon on Thursday, day four, I set off through the woods behind the Civil Defense Center. At times I would be following what could have been dog tracks, only to spy a perfect deer track. Emma Lou was once again with me, and when she picked up a trail and began running, I ran right along behind her. I may be old and fat, but I was determined, which could be a gentle term for stupid. Before long we came into a clearing and I realized we were at the house that used to belong to Brian Trask. Fearing startling the woman who lives there, I kept to the woods and headed west, towards the Turner Howe Road. At about noon on Thursday, day four, I set off through the woods behind the Civil Defense Center. At times I would be following what could have been dog tracks, only to spy a perfect deer track. Emma Lou was once again with me, and when she picked up a trail and began running, I ran right along behind her. I may be old and fat, but I was determined, which could be a gentle term for stupid. Before long we came into a clearing and I realized we were at the house that used to belong to Brian Trask. Fearing startling the woman who lives there, I kept to the woods and headed west, towards the Turner Howe Road.

I wandered towards the house and the sound and sure screeching “Is she dead!?, now there’s something you don’t see every day. The man with David reached over and opened the door just as I got with-in a yard of the group. Out jumped Kierra who promptly and determinedly turned and ran into the Mumford’s house. This caused a bit of hesitation from Noel and prompted the oldest daughter to question loudly “What happened to her tail”? I think she meant Kierra’s. not mine, but goodness only knows what kind of impression the crazy neighbor lady was creating. Kierra finally decided to grace me with her presence and came out of the house and let me shower her with kisses and hugs. I tried to explain to the confused little girl that Kierra’s tail was OK and that she came that way, with a stub or nubbin’ as we call it, but the young girl was too busy bragging to me that her dog Olaf had searching the woods between the bag and Sebec. Alright, I didn’t actually make it anywhere near Sebec, but I did get myself good and lost. As darkness approached, I called Kirby on my cell phone and between the two of us (Emma Lou was doggedly unhelpful) we figured out where I was and where I needed to go. I stepped out of the woods just in time to see the streetlights go on at the Brown house. My heart dropped, then broke as I realized that between the cold and the amount of time gone by, my Kierra was probably dead. I spent the next two hours sobbing and chastising myself for killing my beloved pet. Everyone I spoke with offered words of hope, but I knew differently and accepted Kierra being gone forever and that it was all my fault.

Before I went to sleep that night I had sobbed myself sick and I actually slept for a couple hours. Kirby had received a message that someone had spotted a dog matching Kierra’s description on West Main Street. That should have given me some hope, but I knew that if Kierra was well enough to be walking down the sidewalk, she would have answered my calls, or headed in the opposite direction and come home.

Friday morning dawned bright, sunny and warmer. I had a teeny bit of hope tugging at a corner of my brain. If Kierra had miraculously survived the last four days, she had a warm, windless, sunny day to work with. After I had been up a while, I put Bandit on a leash and headed for my van. As I went to open my driver’s side door I looked up our driveway and saw my wonderful neighbor David Mumford waving his arms and heard a snippet of words, "Um UM UM Your dog?".

"No", I responded, she isn't home>

"WE HAVE YOUR DOG!" he screamed.

I stopped, stunned...then turned to run up the driveway. The ice beneath my feet made this impossible and I was running in place screaming “you do? You do?”. I realized my effort was fruitless and that I must look like a giant Wile E. Coyote trying to get his footing after running of a cliff. I jumped in my van, started it, and then proceeded to sit and spin my tires. Finally, I calmed a bit and backed the van up, turned around and made it to the Mumford’s yard (I parked sideways, but its a miracle I didn’t make it to the driveway. I was unable to set the van at all before I jumped out!) Standing there was David and a man I didn’t recognize. They were looking into the man’s car, and as I turned to look in his passenger window, I realized there was no dog’s head, so I thought the worse. I dropped to my knees and sobbed. “Is she dead?”

Now I am on my knees, walking towards the men and Noel, David’s wife and his three young daughters, the youngest of which is in Noel’s arms. Me walking on my knees and screeching "Is she dead!", now there’s something you don’t see every day.

After we had rounded up the two birds and I had tucked them cozily in my coop, I decided to take a quick trip to the Turner Howe Road. I came across a guy working in his yard and stopped to give him a flyer. He offered to jump right on his four-wheeler and search the area behind the Turner Howe Road that I hadn’t gotten to. How nice is that? I left the area confident that if Kierra was near by, he would find her. I then went to the Muck Bog road and started searching the woods between the bog and Sebec. Alright, I didn’t actually make it anywhere near Sebec, but I did get myself good and lost. As darkness approached, I called Kirby on my cell phone and between the two of us (Emma Lou was doggedly unhelpful) we figured out where I was and where I needed to go. I stepped out of the woods just in time to see the streetlights go on at the Brown house. My heart dropped, then broke as I realized that between the cold and the amount of time gone by, my Kierra was probably dead. I spent the next two hours sobbing and chastising myself for killing my beloved pet. Everyone I spoke with offered words of hope, but I knew differently and accepted Kierra being gone forever and that it was all my fault.

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a nice big tail, and I certainly couldn't argue with that. Olaf
does have a nice tail.

It turns out that the man who returned her was one
of the folks on the Hugh's Road that Kirby had given a flyer
to. The man had no phone, so had driven Kierra to find us. I
gave the guy a huge slobbery hug and then he climbed back
into his car to head back to his home in the woods, no doubt
reinforced in his idea that the world is a crazy place and
staying in a cabin with no phone and no electricity is the only
way to go. I thanked the Mumfords, who assured me they
had done nothing except to be there, probably hoping I would
just leave before I started grabbing them, or my head
started spinning around. I loaded Kierra into the van and
brought her home, where she is at this moment. I hope I
have learned my lesson, because now that a week has passed,
I noticed that look in Bandit's and Kierra's eyes, that look
that I now know means "Oh yeah, I think this time we can put
her so far over the edge she'll never be able to even pretend
she's normal."

The two new guys meeting their new family!!

PAWS ADOPTION NEWS

Great News!! Tammy, who was shown in last week's paper as one of the kitties looking for their
lost home, was reunited with her family! Coincidently, she belonged to Shannon Greaney and her boys,
who were on the front page of last week's paper announcing Pete and Shannon's engagement!

No such luck for sweet little Ginny, who is now available for adoption. She is a medium haired
black spayed female who is wonderfully friendly and soooo nice! She gets along with everyone at the
shelter, so would fit in with other kitties.
Please consider volunteering for our new after-school chess program. It is the first of our multi-grade after-school programs and will be good for a lot of children, especially those who would like something fun to do after school.

If you are a parent or grandparent or just someone who knows that kids are wonderful and need people to help make life even happier for them, please give Ed Treworgy a call at 943-7748 and talk about it. You may also call the Superintendent’s office at 943-7317.

Help us help the kids!

If you haven’t played chess or can’t remember how, we’ll teach you: it’s easy to learn and you might get hooked on it yourself!

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**Italian Night At Valerie Jean’s Bistro**

*On Sundays, you can enjoy your Italian favorites at Valerie Jean’s on Main Street, Milo.*

*Menu for Jan. 21 and Jan 28 - Each meal is $9.95 and includes a Caesar Salad and Foccacia Bread. For an entrée you may choose from the following:*

- Spaghetti Carbenara
- Lasagna
- Three Cheese Baked Ravioli
- Chicken Cacciatore over Rice

*Reservations are strongly recommended so call 943-7470 to ensure a spot!*