

# Merrymeeting News

The Newsletter of Friends of Merrymeeting Bay • P.O. Box 233 • Richmond Maine 04357

## WINTER 2001

To Preserve, Protect and Improve the Unique Ecosystems of Merrymeeting Bay.

Friends of Merrymeeting Bay is a 501(c)(3) nonprofit organization. Support comes from members' tax-deductible donations and grants.

### Education

Hands Around the Bay, Speaker Series, field trips.

### Conservation & Stewardship

Protecting natural resources through private and public ownership, easements and stewardship.

### Membership Events

Paddle tours of the Bay, field trips, conservation meetings, potluck suppers and shoreline clean-ups.

### Research and Advocacy

Water quality, data collection, toxics, fisheries restoration.

### 2001 Steering Committee

Jenn Burns, Brunswick  
Frank Burroughs, Bowdoinham  
Andy Cutko, Bowdoinham  
Maureen Drouin, Brunswick  
Steve Eagles, Richmond  
Ed Friedman, Bowdoinham  
Kathleen McGee, Bowdoinham  
Al Mesrobian, Bath  
Bill Milam, Woolwich  
Lauren Mofford, Woolwich  
Sam Morris, Richmond  
Steve Pelletier, Topsham  
Alex Poliakoff, Richmond  
Steve Taylor, Bowdoinham

### On-Line

<http://www.col.k12.me.us/mmb/>  
[fomb@gwi.net](mailto:fomb@gwi.net)

Photo by Warren Whitney



*Bald Head on Center's Point*

## CENTER'S POINT PROPERTY PROTECTED

If you were shown an aerial photograph of Merrymeeting Bay and asked to point out its most undeveloped part your eyes might quickly lead you to the center of the photo, somewhere on Center's Point in Bowdoinham. Next to the Bowdoinham Wildlife Management Area, Center's Point only has a couple of duck hunting camps and a dirt road. It's visible from most parts of Merrymeeting Bay, has exceptional habitat for waterfowl and has a rich history. Because there is access and because the ridge that runs down the Point commands spectacular views of the Bay, FOMB has long feared that Center's Point could succumb to development.

Fortunately this area has moved one step closer to permanent protection. Ray and Monique Patenaude, the owners of a 30-acre parcel in the middle of Center's Point, approached Maine Coast Heritage Trust (MCHT) and FOMB to learn how they could insure that their property remains in a natural condition forever. Working with Chris Fichtel of MCHT, FOMB introduced the Patenaudes to the conservation easement, a land protection tool wherein the land remains in private ownership but restrictions are placed on future uses of the land to which current and future owners must adhere.

This parcel is certainly worthy of protection. A marsh bisecting its wooded portion provides sanctuary for a host of animals. The mud flats along the 3300' of shore frontage contain abundant wild rice stands and provide spectacular waterfowl habitat that the US Fish and Wildlife Service has rated as "high value". According to the Maine Natural Areas Program, this property is home for many rare and threatened plants. Bald Head, a raised peninsula, juts out into the Bay and has an active bald eagles nest.

Clearly, the natural communities and pure aesthetic qualities of this parcel make it a prime site. The Patenaude's, who have used this property as a base for duck hunting and walking along the shores of the Bay, weren't comfortable with the idea

*See Center's Point, pg 7*

## THE YEAR IN REVIEW

I'd like to pay some tribute in this review to heroes. No, not the long sandwiches filled with good stuff, but those people in our past and present who inspire in us the other good stuff we need to do, the fine work we try to do.

On page 6 you can read through a very impressive list of accomplishments for any environmental organization, let alone one of our size and resources.

These accomplishments reflect the heroes that we each have had and the influences we have inherited from them. No need to be dead to be a hero, we have them working hard among us too.

For me, some individuals stand out. There were the Audubon guest speakers that spoke when I was young of research in far off places, the single science advisor for our entire elementary school district, and the naturalist/curator at the county reservation. And then there were parents who, while preaching moderation, encouraged my sister and I to be all we could be and to stand up and speak out for what we believed in.

The link from those heroes to our FOMB work in research, education and advocacy is clear. We have our own heroes now, putting research and education to work through advocacy to bring about positive change. Board member Andy Cutko has begun work on a presentation

of the land use results from our air photo/GIS project that we can take to all of the towns around the Bay. Perhaps Andy will become known as "Sprawlbuster" to a new generation of kids around the Bay. Board member Kathleen McGee, Coordinator of the Maine Toxics Action Coalition (MTAC) of which we are a member, underwent a crash course in toxicology this past year working with experts around the country as MTAC sought more protective fish consumption advisories than the state had promulgated. In the end the National Academy of Sciences review of existing studies supported our position and the State Bureau of Health revised their earlier advisories. Water monitoring coordinator Theresa Torrent-Ellis and her hardworking group of volunteers continue to improve their data gathering that will buttress our long-standing efforts to boost water quality around the Bay and its tributaries. Board member Frank Burroughs, in his quiet and well-written manner, constantly inspires our readership in a way many might not think of as advocacy but certainly is.

Two larger than life heroes for many of us have recently died yet will live on far longer in our minds, and through their deeds; Paul Petzoldt, a giant of a mountain man, and David Brower, the "archdruid of conservation" and a "redwood among men."

Paul, an early Teton mountaineer, went on to found the National Outdoor Leadership School (NOLS) where I taught in the early and mid 1970's. Paul's ideal and the NOLS mission was to train outdoor leaders with the skills, safety, and good judgment necessary to travel at will in the mountains for long periods of time and with minimal impact to the environment. Paul was fond of saying, "rules are for fools" to which I always added, "and never say never." These were our pleas for common sense to prevail over poor judgment and an often-found status quo of mediocrity.

Dave, whom I heard speak at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine in New York City many years ago, was a moun-

taineer of the Sierras. When forced off the board of the Sierra Club he then founded the more activist Friends of the Earth, and when having built that organization and asked to leave, he founded and built the even more activist Earth Island Institute. Dave's major regret was that he was in some large part responsible for the "compromise" that dammed and flooded Glen Canyon ("the place no one knew") of the Colorado River.

Both Paul and Dave clearly saw long-term environmental decline and recognized before the Apollo photographs brought it home that we were indeed living on an island. Something else that tied these giants together and that ties them in a more circuitous way to Merrymeeting Bay than through my feelings was the 10th Mountain Division of the U.S. Army. These "ski troops" fought their way at great cost through the Alps during WWII. Both Paul and Dave trained many of the "10th" in the mountains of Colorado. Now years later we have the honor of working with an alumnus of the "10th" to protect in perpetuity probably the most significant undeveloped parcel on the Bay. This landowner and the others that have made considerable personal contributions to land protection through easements and other means are all heroes to me as well.

Our land conservation efforts have been incredibly fruitful this year. Often working with partners like The Nature Conservancy (TNC) and the Maine Coast Heritage Trust (MCHT) we have protected a great deal this last year as well as set the stage for 2001 when our conservation lands should increase sixfold.

We continue to try and preserve the flexibility, vitality, common sense, friendliness and expertise of our small organization while remaining open to possible changes through growth and alliances that may enhance long-term protection efforts for the Bay. I want to thank you all for your past support, ask you for your increased continued support and call you heroes, each and every one.

*Respectfully Submitted,  
Ed Friedman, Chair*

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### *Merrymeeting News*

is the newsletter of **Friends of Merrymeeting Bay**, P.O. Box 233, Richmond, Maine 04357, and is published seasonally.

*Merrymeeting News* is sent to FOMB members and other friends of the Bay. For information call Warren Whitney, Executive Director, at 666-3376.

## WEST NILE VIRUS

Crows and exotic birds dropping out of the sky like stones. Infected mosquitoes scouring the horizon for prey, any prey on which to inflict their deadly payload. Unsuspecting men, women and children suddenly, inexplicably faced with the deadly force of...WEST NILE VIRUS. What to do? What to do?

Ahhh, better living through chemistry! The only way out of this death defying peril: pesticides. The only good mosquito is a dead mosquito.

All of this is not to say that West Nile Virus [WNV] is not a health threat, but last summer WNV became an overnight sensation. To hear the media speak of it, WNV was certain death, a scourge to public health.

West Nile Virus has been around for over 60 years, being discovered in Uganda in 1937. It has since gone through relatively predictable cycles. Where it has appeared it has abated in a very short period of time, and can virtually disappear for 15-20 years at a time.

Only recently has WNV appeared in North America when it made its debut in New York City. According to the New York Department of Health, out of a population of about 10 million people, there were 62 serious cases of the illness and 7 deaths. In NY there are significantly more deaths from flu, respiratory ailments and tuberculosis *each day* than died from WNV during the 2 month "epidemic".

Michael Gochfeld, a Professor of Environmental and Community Medicine at the Robert Wood Johnson Medical School and School of Public Health claims that *less than one tenth of one percent of people bitten by infected mosquitoes ever develop any clinical signs of the disease. Exposure to WNV tends to be asymptomatic. Those who do develop the disease rarely end up with encephalitis. Less than 1% of mosquitoes even carry the disease.*

The one human epidemic of WNV that was studied thoroughly, including by the U.S. Centers for Disease Control [CDC] was in Romania in 1996. 94,000 were infected by the virus, 400 developed symptoms of encephalitis, 15 of those people died [approximately 0.015%], most of whom were over 65. So while the media uses titillating vernacular like "deadly" and "lethal" when it comes to describing WNV, it can also be said it is "usually asymptomatic", "rarely serious", and "hard to contract."

What's more, once a body [crow, horse, human, etc] has been exposed to WNV, whether it shows any manifestations of the disease or not, it is *immune for life*. When we look at the reality of the virus and compare that to wide scale pesticide use to counter the disease, can wholesale spraying of pesticides make sense? [As a point of reference, National Coalition Against the Misuse of Pesticides is suing NYC for the injudicious spraying of Malathion and exposing 10 million people, and the environment to the harmful effects of pesticides].

Research at the University of Florida suggests that spraying mosquitoes with pesticides for WNV can actually increase the spread of WNV. The pesticide can genetically alter mosquitoes that are sprayed but not necessarily killed making the mosquito more susceptible to the virus [like a breaking down of the immune system] and changing how the mosquito transmits the disease.

A possible "remedy" being considered in Maine is the ground spraying of Resmethrin to control mosquitoes when WNV arrives in the state [only a matter of time]. Some consider this to be relatively harmless, much less dangerous than Malathion. Resmethrin is considered "less toxic" but what does that mean really? First of all, pesticides are never "harmless," furthermore "less toxic" is a measure of how much it takes to kill you, yes, how much it takes to *kill* you, not how much it takes to cause neurological damage, reproductive damage, or even cancers. Organophosphates such as Malathion and Resmethrin reduce the activity of the enzyme acetylcholinesterase, which is essential for normal nervous system function.

This is the mode of action by which these pesticides kill insects and harm humans. For example, Malathion is in the same class of chemicals as the nerve gas Sarin that can cause agitation, sleep difficulties, weakness, anxiety, forgetfulness and depression, to name some of the possible symptoms. Problems with pesticide exposure can be significantly augmented when a person has chemical sensitivities. "Inert ingredients" can cause harm as well, sometimes even more than the "active" ingredient either alone or synergistically.

Let's not just consider harm to us off times ignorant, insensitive

human beings. First let's consider the economic benefits of ladybugs, praying mantis, honey bees, which are not only important ecologically but economically as well. These beneficial insects are goners when these kinds of pesticides are used. These synthetic pyrethroids are also *extremely* toxic to fish and crustaceans. Biodiversity is held hostage when we allow ourselves to spray first think later. There is evidence that Resmethrin is an endocrine disrupter as well as a neurotoxin. We simply do not know all the possible harms as they have not been studied, nor do we understand the

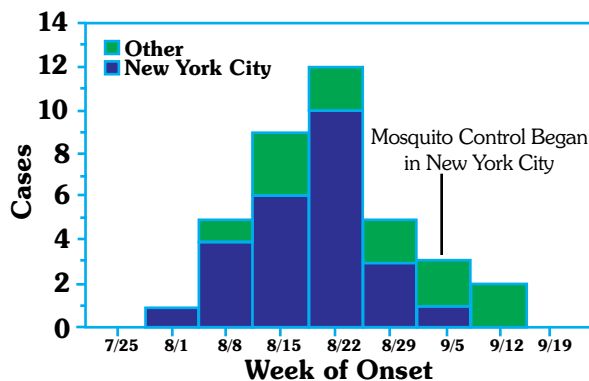
synergistic effects with other chemicals.

Is pesticide spraying effective? Looking at the chart, published by the CDC in 1999 [Fig. 1], the incidents of WNV dropped dramatically *before* the aerial spraying began. In 1999 there were 7 deaths from WNV in 2000 there was 1. That is *not* statistically significant, especially considering a population of 10 million people. Connecticut determined not to spray this year and saw little change. According to Tom Closter, Director of Environmental Services for the City of Norwalk, for every one call they got asking to spray for WNV, they got three saying "please don't spray." The Connecticut Council on Environmental Quality, an advisory group to the Department of Environmental Protection, may be asking for an environmental impact study on the effects of mosquito spraying. Karl Wagener, Executive Director states, "A number of people are suggesting that, while the disease may be a minor risk, the spraying is of a minor *benefit* and the risk of pesticides may be substantial." The public can help the Maine Bureau of Health and Board of Pesticide Control by supporting a no-spray program for WNV.

There may be a time using a pesticide could be the judicious thing to do when faced with an *extremely* serious public health threat. If so, it should be done as a last resort and only after enough consideration has been given to the environmental as well as health impact of using the chemical. In regards to West Nile Virus, this simply does not seem to be one of those times.

Kathleen McGee

**Figure 1. Seropositive cases of West Nile-like virus, by week of onset--New York, 1999**





## TIDINGS/WINTER

Janus, the Roman god of thresholds who gave his name to what is now our first month, faced two ways. He looked in and looked out, looked back and looked forward. To the extent that he looks forward, he represents youth and renewal, turning away from a short and circumscribed past, and eagerly facing a future whose limits are not yet apparent. To the extent that he looks back, he represents age and decay, choosing to gaze into the past, if only because the view in that direction is longer.

Of course every season of the year and of our lives is two-faced, and tells its own story of endings and beginnings. But in the northern hemisphere, there are obvious reasons why the story of conclusion and commencement is especially associated with the time of the winter solstice, when, for a week or ten days, the great progression of the seasons seems to stall at the lowest ebb of light, as though undecided whether to renew itself or not.

And so we bunch our holidays around the solstice, and bring our season of gladiatorial contests to a series of crescendos and climaxes then. After Thanksgiving--a mild and mostly retrospective feast, at which we gather together and vaguely commemorate the Puritan ancestors most of us never had--the Christmas lights go up, and the clock and the calendar acquire an accelerating urgency. There are so many shopping days left until Christmas; there are so many hours or minutes or seconds until the chimes strike midnight on the old year. There are so many recounting days until the great quadrennial Mediafest of the Certification of the Florida Electors, upon which the soothsayers assure us that the fates of this nation and all the nations of the earth depend as surely as they depend upon the return of the sun. And, as a kind of steady white noise behind all of this, some high school or college or professional football team has always got so many downs and so many yards to go, and there are no timeouts left, and the clock is ticking down on some championship or bowl or play-off, some ultimate game that will end in definitive victory and definitive humiliation. And that is the way time at this season feels--as though somewhere just ahead of us something pent-up and stressed-out and pressurized is about to explode in a way that will fulfill and conclude things once and for all, or at least tide us over until the next kickoff, the next build-up to the next crescendo. By the end of January, the new President will be in place, the Super Bowl will have

been settled, the last Christmas bills, inevitable as hangovers, will have come in, the weekly lengthening of the days will again be noticeable, and we will slip back into the ordinary rhythm of the natural seasons.

The second duck season was longer than usual this year, running from November 6th until December 23rd. The hunting is always harder then--the rice, although still providing plenty of duck fodder, is flattened by the winds and tides, and provides no concealment for the hunter. The birds themselves--mostly blacks and mallards now--have been around, and are cagey.

*A duck with that kind of gullibility would be a dead duck indeed.*

As the season progresses, more and more of the mallards leave, and the daily limit on blacks has for many years been a single bird. There is ice to contend with--first a greasy slush in the backwaters and coves, then sheets of shell ice the tides lift off the flats, and that can drift down on your decoys and implacably bear the whole wooden flock of them off en masse, like a conveyor belt. And so it is not surprising that, as the second season goes on, you see fewer and fewer hunters on the Bay, and that those who persist are the old timers. This year, even they were through by about Thanksgiving, the ice having rendered the tide flats inaccessible to the ducks and hunters alike, driving both from the rice-rich shallows for another year.

Given the difficulty of the hunting, these old-timers are remarkably successful, but even they cannot guarantee results. The birds this year tended to raft up out in the middle of the Bay in huge flocks, where harm could not approach them. They seemed never to feed in the same place twice, and to have developed unprecedentedly low levels of consumer confidence, insofar as decoys and duck-calls were concerned. Jim Brawn, of Bowdoinham, who has hunted on the Bay since his boyhood, took me out with him twice. We got no ducks, although we should have once, when I failed to properly seal the deal on a black he called into range.

I found I liked this late season hunting very much, and what I liked was the sense of staying with the season to the last. By mid-November, the Bay is gray, cold, and impressively empty. The ranks of bare hardwoods along the shore, the low sky, the surprisingly sooty skeins of a

distant snow flurry against the horizon, or the smoky haze of one that seems to materialize out of thin air over the water in front of you, and then surround you, all swirling and impalpable and implausible, and then passes on: those things ooze into you in the deep, gelid stillness of the early morning, and duck hunting, a matter of waiting and watching, seems less like an active and practical pursuit, and more like a kind of vigil, a witnessing.

Jim said that the birds he had killed in November were fat, in exceptionally fine condition, and I heard the same from other old timers. That meant they were in good shape for the next leg of migration, when the winter finally pushed them south. It was good to think about that, and also good to hear, and through the binoculars to see, a thousand or fifteen hundred blacks and mallards scattered across the water off Brick Island, drifting up into the Androscoggin as the tide rose, but always keeping themselves well out of range of any point of land or place of concealment where danger could lurk.

After Thanksgiving, when the cold had closed down the Bay, I hunted here and there on small saltwater inlets, paddling through ice that creaked and crunched and reverberated to reach small marshy pockets where sometimes ducks would feed. I had some luck, and it was very welcome. The birds were now altogether blacks, and they seemed exactly what they are: the prize duck of this part of the world--mutedly beautiful and solid things of warmth, heft, and tough vitality. My last hunt, as it happened, was the day of the solstice, and I brought home from it the single and altogether sufficient duck the law allows.

I did not entirely resist all the hubbub of this Christmas of the Hanging Chad, and to my shame and sorrow I watched a few of the football games, lured by the clock's ticking and all that hypnotic, hyped-up, momentary momentousness. A duck with that kind of gullibility would be a dead duck indeed. But, looking back and looking forward, I felt that I had on the whole seen the two faces of the season in a pretty satisfactory fashion, and could let go the old year, and plan for the one that is to come. The smelt are in the river now, and the smelt shacks are in place, doing a brisk business with fishermen, if not with fish. Somewhere to the south of us, someday soon, Pedro

Martinez will wake, yawn, stretch, and amble out and begin to toss lazily, and the region's hope will rise in its annual and short-lived triumph over experience.

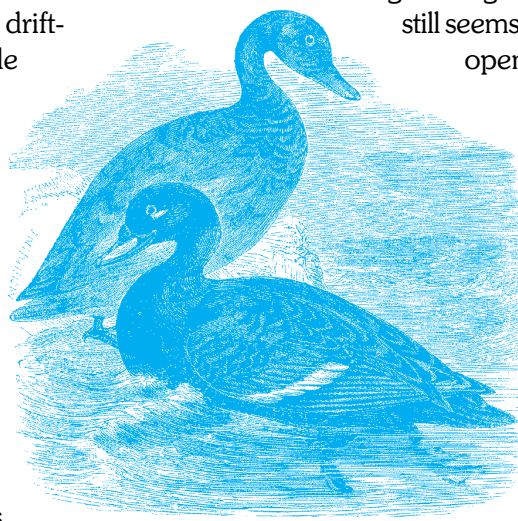
In early January, I migrated south myself, spent a few days there, and then returned. It was just dusk and I had a long day and a lot of miles behind me as I drove north through Portland, headed back to Bowdoinham. You know how that feels, to be returning home, stepping back over the familiar threshold that frames your past and your future. It is actually a series of thresholds--first the bridge at Kittery, and then the exit from the turnpike, then the crossing of the town line, the turning into lesser roads and streets and finally the driveway itself. You are by degrees regaining a state that most people agree still seems more deliberate in its pace and more open in its space and its manners than the states to the south of it.

Passing through Portland, I hoped to see a black duck or two along the edges of the Fore River, or Back Cove, or Casco Bay. A good many of them elect to overwinter in Maine, and you commonly see a few of them in those places.

The tide was out and it was nearly dark, and I saw no ducks in the likeliest places, where 295 runs close along the coast. And so I told myself that it was only superstition and a function of fatigue that had made seeing them seem so important, and I turned my attention back to the road. But crossing the Presumpscot bridge, I cut my eyes downstream, and there were a pair of them, feeding along the edge of the mudflats with their heads submerged and the dark bodies barely visible in the gloaming. I looked back at the road, then glanced their way again, in time to see three more, their wings set, coming down to join them. They made a silvery slash on the water when they landed, and then I was past. It gave me an irrational, solid feeling of accomplishment and well-being, as though I had misplaced some small, familiar object--a pocket knife or a favorite pen--and then found it again.

*Franklin Burroughs*

*Tidings is a regular feature of Merrymeeting News*



*Black Ducks*

## 2000 ACCOMPLISHMENTS

### Conservation and Stewardship

Choice View Farm Protection  
Instrumental in Acquisition and Protection of Add'l 290 Acres  
1000 acres of Conservation Easements in Progress  
4-color Outreach Brochure Printed

### Research and Advocacy

Continuation of Sediment Sampling  
Bio-monitoring (mussel project) of Dioxins and PCBs  
Aquatic Vegetation and Upland Habitat Assessment Study  
Fish Advisory Posting  
Water Quality Monitoring on 12 sites  
Design of Jet Ski Educational Material  
Toxics Action Center Conference Co-Sponsor  
Official Testimony:  
SD Warren/SAPPI  
Endangered Species Listing - Atlantic Salmon  
Kennebec Fisheries Restoration  
Environmental Standards - Corporate Accountability

### Education

Bay Day 2000 - 250 elementary school students from eight schools  
Gulf of Maine Marine Educators Association Conference  
Co-sponsor: Lectures, workshops and a boat trip on the Bay for 50 teachers  
Hands Around the Bay Resource Directory update

### Membership

280 Members  
4 Newsletters  
Speaker Series  
Summer Paddle Series  
Cork Cove Clean-up  
Trek to the Sea - Co-sponsor

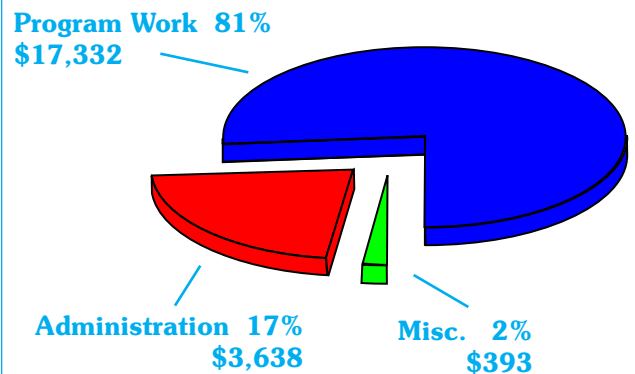
## FISH POSTING

Once again FOMB is posting fish consumption advisories around the Bay as part of a statewide effort by the Maine Toxics Action Coalition [MTAC], of which FOMB is a member. The brightly colored signs have been posted at various fishing and boating access points surrounding the Bay. FOMB recommends that the sensitive population (pregnant and nursing women, women who may soon become pregnant and children under 8) should avoid consumption of all fish caught in Merrymeeting Bay. For health as well as sporting reasons FOMB suggests catch and release.

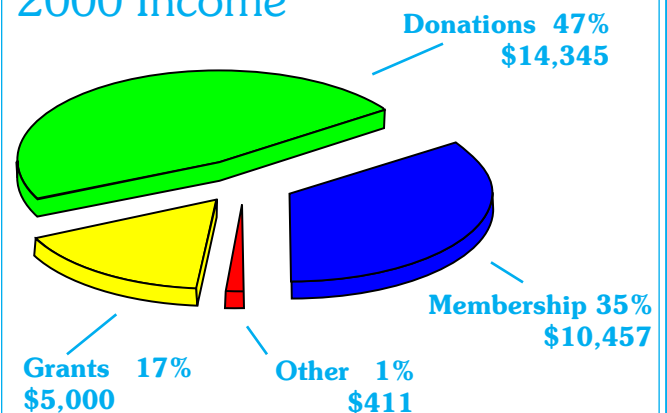
*Steve Taylor*

## 2000 FINANCIALS

### 2000 Expenses



### 2000 Income



## PURPLE LOOSESTRIFE

With spring right around the corner many of us have visions of green instead of white, gray, and brown. We look forward to the annual emergence of plants from the mud flats and around the shores of the Bay. Many plant lovers, however, are increasingly concerned about one colorful but highly invasive member of the Bay's plant community - purple loosestrife (*Lythrum salicaria*). When purple loosestrife invades an area it often chokes out native plants, resulting in lower species diversity. This invasion may also influence which wildlife species use a given area for habitat. There are biological, mechanical and chemical methods of removing this non-native plant, but no perfect solution. To obtain a fact sheet including suggestions on loosestrife eradication, contact the Maine Natural Areas Program at 207-287-8044.

*Andy Cutko*

**CENTER'S POINT**

*from first page*

of houses springing up in future years. They decided that they didn't want to allow any future sub-division, development, or commercial logging. In short, they wanted to keep the parcel the way they've enjoyed it for decades.

Working with FOMB and MCHT these goals were translated into a conservation plan and a "forever wild" conservation easement, the legal document that forms the backbone of the agreement. The property will remain in private ownership, and FOMB will inspect the property on a regular basis to insure that the specifics of the original agreement made with the Patenaudes are still being met, even by future landowners.

This is a stunning addition to the growing list of protected lands around Merrymeeting Bay and FOMB thanks Chris Fichtel and Karin Marchetti of MCHT for their cooperation in working on this easement. Most of all, FOMB thanks the Patenaude's for their commitment to long-term protection of the Bay.

Interested in a conservation easement on your property? Please contact Warren Whitney at 666-3376 or fomb@gwi.net for more information.

*Warren Whitney*

**FRIENDS OF MERRYMEETING BAY**  
**Steering Committee**

- Jenn Burns, 6 Aspen Dr., Brunswick 04011 ..... 725-5319
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- Andy Cutko, 555 Browns Point Rd., Bowdoinham 04008 .... Vice Chair ..... 666-3162
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**Water Quality Monitoring Coordinator:**

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**Executive Director:**

Warren Whitney, 145 Pork Point Road, Bowdoinham, ME 04008 ..... 666-3376

Thank you to David Hansen for designing this issue of MMNews.

Friends of Merrymeeting Bay, P.O. Box 233, Richmond, Maine 04357

MEMBERSHIP LEVELS.

- \$15.00 enclosed for individual membership.     \$20 Family
- \$30 Smelt     \$50 Alewife     \$100 Striped Bass     \$250 Salmon     \$500+ Sturgeon
- \$ \_\_\_\_\_ enclosed as an additional tax-deductible donation.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

RR# OR STREET ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

TOWN / STATE/ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

PHONE \_\_\_\_\_

\$6.00 enclosed for a copy of **Conservation Options: A Guide for Maine Landowners.** (\$5 for the book, \$1 for postage)

- Renewal     Gift From:



# MARK YOUR CALENDAR

Most events at 7:00 p.m. in the Beam Classroom, Visual Arts Center, Bowdoin College, Brunswick. May 16th event at Bridge Academy in Dresden.

**MARCH 21 EDWARDS DAM REMOVAL: ONE YEAR LATER.**

Dave Courtemanche, Department of Environmental Protection, Michael Jones, Aardvark Outfitters, Rob Dudley, USGS, Mark DesMeules, State Planning Office..

**MARCH 26 TRADE SECRETS: A MOYERS REPORT.**

A Bill Moyers television special. Investigative reporting on the chemical industry at 9:00pm on PBS stations.

**APRIL 18 HAVE MUSSELS WILL TRAVEL: BIOMONITORING PCBs AND DIOXINS ON THE KENNEBEC.**

Ed Friedman, FOMB, Mike and Sandra Salazar, Applied Biomonitoring, (in abstentia).

**MAY 16. LOG DRIVES ON THE KENNEBEC.**

David Calder, Riverman on the last Kennebec log drive  
Bridge Academy in Dresden.

**MAY 19 THE 28TH ANNUAL BOWDOINHAM PUBLIC LIBRARY PLANT SALE.**

Bowdoinham Town Hall (on School Street) from 9:00 am to 4:00 pm. A huge assortment of annuals, locally field grown perennials, shrubs, trees as well as hand-made soaps from Calico Goose will be available. All proceeds benefit the library. For more information, please call the Bowdoinham Public Library at 666-8405.

**JUNE 2. ANNUAL SPRING CLEANUP ON THE BAY. 3:00PM.**

Volunteers needed for picking up tires, trash and assorted junk along a section of Merrymeeting Bay shoreline. Exact place to be determined after the snow melts! Contact Whit at 666-3376 for details.



FRIENDS of  
MERRYMEETING BAY

P.O. Box 233, Richmond, ME 04357  
Return Service Requested

**Y2K ACCOMPLISHMENTS (pg 6)**

**WEST NILE VIRUS (pg 3)**

Non-Profit U.S. Postage PAID Permit No. 1 Dresden, ME
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