



Town of Eddington · February 22, 1811

EDDINGTON

Historical Society

NEWSLETTER

SPRING 2020

President's Message By Margaret Dougherty

EHS BUILDING FUND

The Eddington Historical Society has received a five hundred dollar donation for the E.H.S. building fund. The family asks for other families to match their donation. The building will be to house historical items and documents on the history of Eddington plus a large community room for gatherings. Other suggestions discussed are Senior Citizen Center, Library and meeting space for local clubs. E.H.S. is a non-profit organization registered 501 c(3). Contributions are tax deductible. The other giving options are in memory or to honor a person or family and the life membership of \$50 or annual membership \$10. All gifts are appreciated.

PHOTOS NEEDED FOR OUR 2021 FUNDRAISING CALENDAR

The Big Bucks 2021 Calendar is in progress. Eddington hunters please send your recent or black n' white hunting picture by e-mail to ldougherty@myfairpoint.net or call 843-7402 to have your photo scanned. We are also selling advertising space in the calendars. If you are interested in having an ad in the calendar, please call the above number. Thank you to everyone who has contributed to the 2021 calendar.

The month of May is a special time to honor the fallen and those who served to keep our freedom. The coronavirus pandemic has reminded everyone how fragile life can be. It is especially important at this time to remember and honor the men and women who served and are serving in our military forces.

May 16th - Armed Forces Day

A day to appreciate all active duty military service personal.

May 22nd - National Poppy Day

The poppy is a symbol for remembering the fallen in service.

May 25th - Memorial Day

A day to honor the men and women who did not return from service and the Veterans who have suffered with service connected conditions.

Music is part of the U.S. Military history. Service anthems like flags and uniforms give each branch a special identity.

MARINES	"The Marines Hymn"	1919
ARMY	"The Army Goes Rolling Along" (revised 1956)	1908
COAST GUARD	"Semper Paratus" {Always Ready}	1922
AIR FORCE	"The Air Corps" (title change to "Wild Blue Yonder" in 1947)	1939
NAVY	"Anchors Aweigh" (and original song - "Eternal Father" 1861)	1906

VETERAN DAVID CYR



David H. Cyr was born in Patten, Maine. He joined the United States Air Force as a Protestant chaplain in 1979. His assignments included Executive Office to the Chief of Chaplains from 1993 to 1995, Chaplain of the Joint Chiefs of Staff from 1998 to 2001, Command Chaplain of the United States Air Forces in Europe from 2001 to 2003 and Command Chaplain at Headquarters Air Combat Command from 2003 to 2006. He was named Deputy Chief of Chaplains and achieved the rank of Brigadier General in 2008. Cyr remained Deputy Chief of Chaplains until 2011. He retired later that year.

Awards he received include the Defense Superior Service Medal, the Legion of Merit with two oak leaf clusters, the Meritorious Service Medal with silver oak leaf cluster, the Air Force Commendation Medal and the Air Force Achievement Medal.

FROM PATTEN TO THE PENTAGON: A FEW RECOLLECTIONS FROM ONE OF THE MAINE BOYS

David H. Cyr — Chaplain, Brig Gen, USAF (Ret)

While I was born in Patten, ME in 1950, we moved to Eddington when I was five; so “home” to me became the tiny village of E. Eddington. Dad went to work for the R. Leon Williams Lumber Mill where I too worked later as a young lad. What an idyllic “Mayberry” experience that community was (and still is). The surrounding mountains, woods, streams and lakes were a kid’s dream playground. Davis Pond provided ample outdoor fun for swimming, boating, fishing and skating. There was literally fear and trembling among whitetails and brookies when the Cyr brothers –Paul, Dave and Phil – went afield in the North Maine woods. Hunting and fishing are hobbies I still enjoy today – they are “in my blood”, so to speak.

One memory that stands out was when I shot my first deer in the woods behind Harry Jordan’s old work shed. Firsts in one’s life are generally remembered. There had been a fresh snow and as soon as Phil Adams bused us home from Brewer High, I hit the woods looking for deer tracks. It wasn’t long before I was on a trail with my trusty single shot 16 gauge. He had bedded down behind a small spruce and we both saw each other simultaneously. Up he jumped bounding off through the brush. One “lucky”

shot rang out and I proudly claimed my first trophy - a button buck. (I wish I still had the handmade arrow, the Native American, Harry, gave me.)

College was always in my sights. After graduating from Brewer High, I spent the next year at the University of Maine pursuing a Wildlife Sciences Degree. That wasn’t working for me. In my heart was a sense of calling to go into formal ministry. The next year I transferred to NE Bible College in Pennsylvania (now Valley Forge University), where I heeded and nurtured God’s calling on my life. That decision put me on a path that would lead to the Pentagon and many adventures in between.

During Bible College, God provided me a beautiful helpmate, Becky, who has valiantly withstood the challenges of a nomadic life. We have moved 19 times including what I hope is our last move just this year. After Bible College I was challenged by soon to be Secretary of the Interior and a church friend, James Watt, to further my education. So it was off to 3 years of seminary at Bangor Theological. There, we settled into our tiny home on Davis Pond on Nickerson Road and rounded out our little family

with 3 boys. We didn’t have much, but those were some of the best years enjoying friends and family and the past times known only to “Maineacs”.

The highlight of my seminary experience was pastoring Clifton United Baptist Church from 1976 to 1979. What an incredibly rewarding experience! Those patient parishioners accepted us like family and helped us get off to a proper start in ministry. I finished a sermon more than once with one of the boys in my arms – we had all 3 in diapers! Thank God for the R. Leon Williams, Guy Campbell, and Vernon Morse families and many others for the loving support they provided during the 3 years of learning and growth. The seminary schooled me in theology while Clifton United Baptist honed my pastoral skills, i.e., preaching, teaching, counseling; and doing funerals, weddings and baptisms. I suspect Ruth Williams remembers well her special day when we baptized her and others at the camp on Chemo Pond.

After seminary graduation, I accepted a call to Bessemer Assembly of God Church, PA where I served for another 3 years. It was there that the good Lord put a desire in my heart to become an Air Force chaplain. Now Becky will tell you that the Lord had ample help from her Dad, Bill Hickcox. You see he had been an Air Force Recruiter for 7 years and just knew that I would be a good fit for military chaplaincy. Besides, Becky was raised a military “brat” and was eager to get her military I.D. card back. Long story short, I received my commission into the Air Force in 1979 and went on to enjoy 32 years of serving America’s heroes, the proud men and women in blue who do our nation’s heavy lifting. Do you suppose I was somewhat influenced by those 3 good-looking AF guys from Dow AFB who married my 3 sisters – Yvette, Ruth and Ann?

From my first assignment at Vance AFB, Enid, Ok, a pilot training base, to my last, the Pentagon, where I served as the Deputy Chief of Chaplains, I never worked a day in my life. When you love what you do as much as I loved supporting and loving military members and their families, it wasn’t work, it was just a joy and honor. You see, the mission of the chaplain is to provide spiritual care for warriors and their families so they can be successful and strong in their mission of protecting America’s national interests. For the fighter it means going in harm’s way. For loved ones, it means waiting on the home front praying for the safe return of a son or daughter or husband or wife. For chaplains, it means accompanying the warrior to the foxhole or providing home base spiritual care and support for the loved ones who wait.

One memorable event for me occurred at Bagram AB, Afghanistan. Serving as the Joint Staff Chaplain in the Pentagon, it was my responsibility to visit my Joint Chaplains throughout the globe. This was during Operation Enduring Freedom and Bagram was an especially dangerous hot spot at the time. Our warriors would go on missions out of that base and take out the bad guys wherever they found them. That first night at Bagram I will always remember. It was just after midnight and the siren went off getting us all out of our bunks. We knew what it meant. We quickly donned our uniforms and double-timed it to our appointed positions along the streets leading to the tarmac. I stood there at attention with a lump in my throat along with Hundreds of my comrades along the parade route. Three of our comrades had just returned from the killing fields in flag-draped caskets. As they passed by on trucks in complete silence, each of us stood at attention, rendering the last salute. The procession went on to the tarmac where one of my chaplains led a respectful remains transition ceremony. Other chaplains would repeat these ceremonies at Ramstein and McGuire AF Bases respectively until the fallen and their families were reunited. It happened far too often.

So what was my favorite assignment? I’d have to say each one was special and enjoyable in its own way. Alaska provided exceptional recreational opportunities like catching that 45 pound king salmon. Iceland, the land of fire and ice, was a one of a kind treasure of the earth with its hot springs, volcanoes and glaciers. I remember swimming in the Blue Lagoon, a hot spring, when it was freezing cold and snowing hard. But alas, I have to say Ramstein AFB, Germany was my favorite location since all border customs barriers had been removed between countries and you could drive all over Europe and experience the rich diversity of cultures and languages. Sadly, even as I write this, borders have been closed because of the Coronavirus.

Today, I am fully retired living on Lake Jordan in Slap Out, Alabama where the crappie have begun to bite. But why here and not Eddington? Well, all 3 of my sons are married and living here. They had been holding my 6 grandchildren captive so Becky and I came here to free them. To be sure, home is where the heart is. Our hearts and our love are with our children and grandchildren as is the case with most of “y’all”.

We make an annual trek back “home” most summers and hope to do so again this year. Perhaps we will see some of you. Meanwhile, be happy, be well and be blessed. Amen.

REMEMBERING ROBERT MAQUILLAN, SR.

Written by Christii and Samantha (Sam) Maquillan

Robert Maquillan Sr. was born March 7, 1960 in Bangor to Ronald and Nancy Maquillan. Robbie was blessed with four siblings, Mark, Laurie, Chris and Lisa. Much of Robbie's childhood was spent in the Brewer area and he attended Brewer High School. Robbie would be the first to tell you school was a struggle for him. He would often say his success in business was due to him surrounding himself with people who complimented his weaknesses. Throughout high school Robbie worked a variety of jobs but found his niche in cooking. Robbie would tell stories of working at the Stable Inn and many of his recipes originated there. Robbie was never afraid to work hard and was a man that valued and honored business deals with a handshake. In 1990 Robbie began running Millets Restaurant on Verona Island where he put his cooking on display. Robbie was famous for his all you can eat clams on Friday night and the line was always out the door. It was here he met his wife Christii, and together they spent thirty years making dreams a reality.

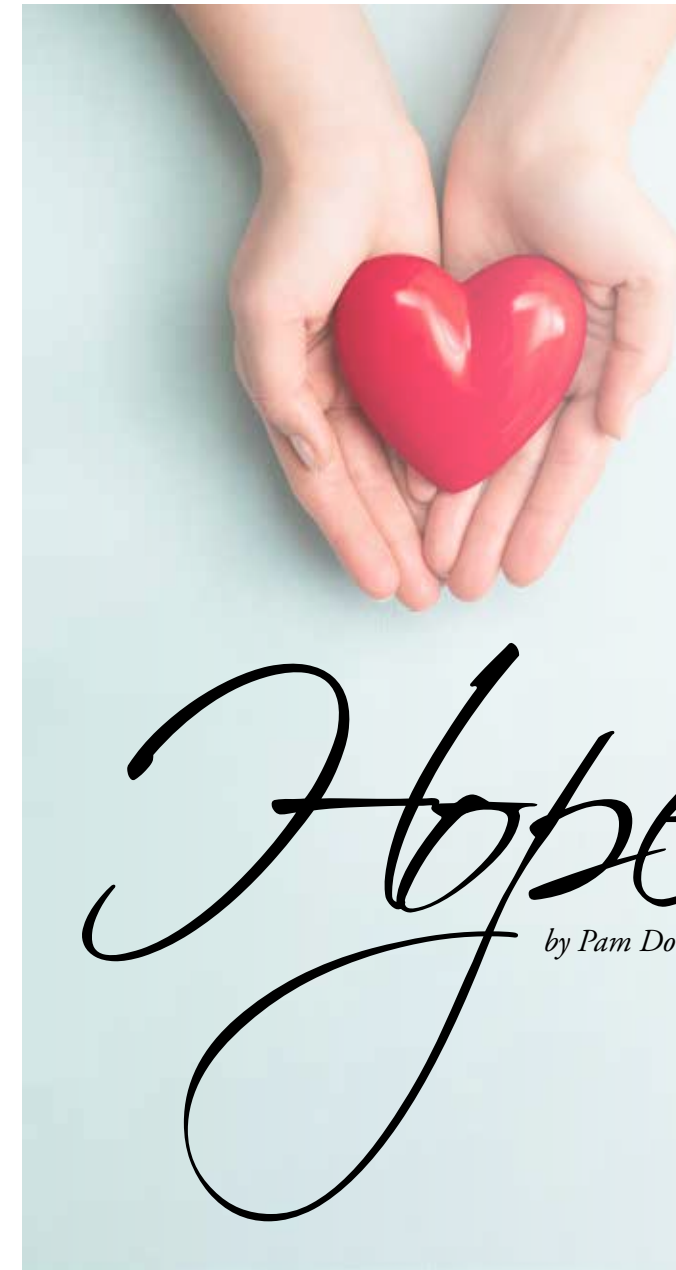
Robbie quickly learned the restaurant business was not his calling and went back to the automotive industry. Robbie spent many years at Greenpoint Auto and then Harold's Transmission. He would always say he was not a mechanic, but he could fix and diagnose anything with wheels. Robbie eventually fulfilled his dream of opening his own auto repair shop. Autoworks found a home in Eddington and Robbie found a community that would become part of his family. Shortly after opening the business Robbie was diagnosed with colon cancer. Robbie endured surgery and then months of chemotherapy. During this time Robbie continued to work and would have chemo in the morning and go right back to work



*Christii, Robbie, and Samantha
Grandson Braden*

in the afternoon. After nine years of remission we found out Robbie's cancer had returned in October of 2019. Robbie was determined to fight but he also knew he needed to prepare his family. Robbie turned the day to day operations of the business over to his daughter Samantha in November of 2019.

In his final days Robbie was overwhelmed by the support from our little community. Even facing his own death, he worried about his customers that were not in the best of health. Robbie would want to be remembered as an honest and kind man with great love for his family and friends. Robbie is survived by his wife Christii and his children Jessica, Robert Jr. and Samantha.



by Pam Dorr

The New Year rang in with hope and joy.
The year 2020 would be one to enjoy,
And then out of nowhere did a virus appear
And changed the destiny of a brand new year.

It crept in quietly in a little China town
And in a matter of months turned our world upside down.
Heard around the world came a plaintive cry
As millions of people were fated to die.

Hospitals were overrun with the ill,
And graphs showed the virus still going uphill.
Having to wear masks may last for a while,
Hiding the beauty of a friendly smile.

People are quarantined and asked to stay in,
Waiting for a vaccine that shows we will win.
Businesses are closed in each city and town
And the number of jobless is not going down.

So what do we do with this dilemma we face
In our own little town, in our own little place?
We think about all the things that we know
That have helped us to live and helped us to grow.

We remember the bad times we've been through before-
The wars, the bombings and so much more.
We know that we are all in this together,
And we know that it's just one more storm to weather.

We try to find happiness somewhere in our day;
We send love to our family and friends far away.
We wait for the time when it will just seem
That all of this madness is only a dream.

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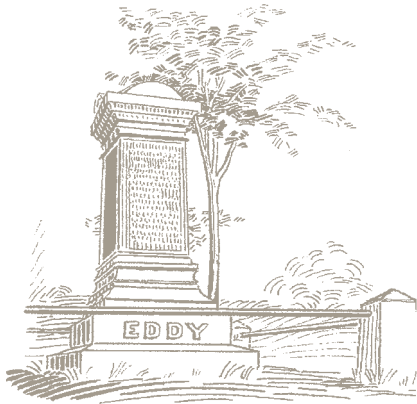
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The Corn Roast



The two most necessary elements for a corn roast are enthusiasm and an amiable husband. The amiable husband is far more important than enthusiasm. There is one type of man who will roam the fields and woods to collect a pile of dry brush as high as a house. The flames from the pile of brush will soar to the sky and illuminate the group in proper atmosphere, but the high flames are merely part of the stage setting. You must wait until the flames die down to glowing embers before starting to cook. It is just as well to have a bag of charcoal from the corner grocery store under the back seat of the car. Of course you have found the forks with yard-long handles at the 5&10 store. They solve the problem of whether you roast yourself or the corn. There is a secret technique to roasting corn over a camp fire. Plunge the roasting ears, husk and all into a pail of cold water and allow them to soak for five minutes. Then nonchalantly toss them into the glowing coals where they will steam and toast for six or seven minutes. Spear them with the long-handled fork. Peel away husk apply butter and enjoy. Expect to hear yourself re-christened "Oscar of the Waldorf."

Recipe by Helene Decker Found in Mary Campbell Jenkins' 1940s handwritten cookbook.