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When I heard Tommy Hibbert’s raspy, rhythmic taunt, “Look who...waits for Eastern Blue...to join the crew...it’s Lazy Pru,” I dropped my skis and ducked for the snowball. I dodged the first, but the second grazed my helmet. “Prudhomme, you slacker,” Hibbs shouted as he skated toward me. “Time you got off the couch, pinhead.”

“Go back to bed,” I said.

Hibs slid to a stop. “Working the race or poaching fresh corduroy?”

“I’m TD,” I said.

“Figured you’d given up officiating. Got too soft to play outside, you goat roper.”

I tugged off my right glove. “Hand surgery. Couldn’t ski until late January. This is the first race I knew I could make.”

“We had ten events in February,” Hibbert said. He stuffed a chew into his jaw.

“They let you do that?” I asked.

“Think they’ll fire me the week before Nationals?”

Hibs is the last of the ski bums from the winter of ’92–’93 who still works at the mountain. His crew’s average age can’t be twenty-two. He’s fifty-three, same age as me. Five-ten, 165, wind-creased, and greying, Hibs can accomplish more than any two of his charges and will work all day in subzero temps to ensure a race is run by the book—for three bucks over minimum wage.

“Don’t know, Hibs,” I said. “They should can you so the guests can’t see your ugly mug.”

He arched his eyebrows. “Sandy Miller doesn’t think it’s ugly,” he said. “I’m living at her place in Little Creek.”

“You swore you’d never live off mountain.”

“Love works in mysterious ways, Pru, and it’s rent-free.”

“Sounds more like mooching than love.”

Hibs slipped on his aviators. “Don’t fret, there’s plenty of loving. Making it legal this spring. Don’t be a pain in my ass today, and you might get invited.”

“Don’t know whether to congratulate you or offer Sally my condolences,” I said.

“You call, Pru, but listen up. Betsy Rounds is setting first run. She takes forever. Make her send them straight as you can so we get done before Reggae Weekend.” Hibbs tapped his chest pack. “Jury channel’s three. Don’t wear it out.” He skated toward the lift.

For March events, you ride the chair in the light instead of cramming into a box-cat at O-Dark-Thirty, and even with a rash of falls and gate repairs, the race is done before the light gets sketchy. And though wearied from a long winter, the crew is re-energized by the Eastern Bluebird days—full sun, highs in 30s—soft-but-stable snow and more time to free ski. With National’s looming, Hibs would give his guys time off and rely more on volunteers to work the kid’s races. The youth coaches would be winding down or “halfway to the beach,” as Hibs liked to say, and most of the lower-seeded kids would be looking forward to sleeping
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\textbf{Fiction}

Winter '93-'94 was bitter. January never saw a high of ten above at the base or zero at the summit. Three-speed events were canceled when brutal winds shut down the lifts. When two guys quit, Hibs and I were put on salary. We were assigned to assembling, organizing, and distributing gates and fencing for major events, which were hauled up the mountain at night on a snow sled—a lowboy on skids—behind a groomer and dropped off at intervals along the course. In theory, we got a raise because we still got paid when events were canceled, but with the extra hours, we didn't gain any ground.

One night, Hibs and I were perched on bundles of fencing when the cat slid backward on Headwall, and the sled jackknifed. We both reached for the sled’s high side railing, as it tilted thirty degrees and rammed into the hillside with a shudder. Gates flew off and a roll of event fence snagged on Hib’s boot buckle, taking his feet out from under him. I let go of the rail, dove on top of him as we slid overboard. We rolled to a stop 100 feet down the hill.

We got untangled, gained our footing, and surveyed the wreckage. While our skis and most of the fencing and gates were still on the sled, the rest were strewn about the bottom of the headwall. “Pick up tonight?” Hib said.

“Ever boot-skied the Headwall?” “If that didn’t kill us, what will?” I said. Hibs howled like a drunk in an old Western.

When we reached the spilled supplies, Eddie, the driver, revved up the cat and the sled straightened behind him. He backed down to us, and as we grabbed our skis, he...

\textbf{Retailer Information Here}
bounced down from the cab and said, “Je-
sus, I about pissed myself.”
“You, too?” Hibs said.

Took half an hour to pick up. The stars
were strewn across the sky like the broken
bundles of bamboo and so bright we skied
down without our headlamps.

At the Competition Center, Hibs said,
“Pru, we just cheated the devil. We could
get loaded, drive to Kingfield doing a hun-
dred, and be fine.”

We’ve each told that story, alone or in
concert, hundreds of times. Among old-
timers, it’s a legend. The story we don’t
tell is about Sharon Cleaves. She and Hibs
had been together for two years. Then one
weekend in June of ’95 she shows up by her-
self on my raft.

“She dumped me,” she said when I asked
about Hibs. “We’re living in the same place,
so it’s really hard.”

I found Sharon a gig at our base camp
as a replacement for a girl who blew out her
knee. At a fourth of July party, we started
making out. In August, we rented a place at
the mountain. The first problem was, Sha-
ron left Hibs. He came home from a late
shift at the restaurant and found a note.
The second problem was, he believed I was
obligated to find out what happened from
him. At orientation that November, Hibs
wouldn’t speak to me. When I asked why,
he said, “Ask Sharon.”

When I did, she paid the rest of the sea-
son’s rent and bolted the mountain for good.

Two nights later at the bar at The Bag,
Hibs sidled up and said, “She say goodbye
or just leave a note?”

“Stormed out, said what happened be-
tween you two wasn’t my business.”

“What’d you say?”

“Don’t like being lied to.”

Hibs smiled. “Let’s have half a dozen to
celebrate.”

“I’m two and a half in,” I said.

“I’ll catch up.”

I nursed half a beer while Hibs killed
two and ordered a third.

“Been thinking about the night the sled
slid,” he said. “We could have died, man.”

“Eddie hadn’t gained traction we might
well have.”

“Even so, you probably saved my life by
jumping on me.”

“You’d have done the same.”

“Yeah,” Hibs said. “You’re right about
that, anyway.”
Our daily struggle with digital over-stimulation is continuous and real. With emails, pop-up ads, and notifications, we are often in sensory overload. Reading a print publication is a focused experience outside of the digital realm. Printed content has tested better with brand recall than digital, and is easier on the eyes. Bottom line: printed publications provide readers with a meaningful and memorable experience.

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Behind the scenes:
Interview with Victoria Rowell in Summerguide 2018

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Victoria Rowell
in spite of difficult early years as a foster child, Portland native Victoria Rowell’s ties to Maine are unshakable. Here’s what she’s up to now!

By Colin W. Sargent

On May 10, 1959, future ballet principal, dazzling actress, Ph.D., bestselling author, and movie mogul Victoria Rowell was born at Mercy Hospital in Portland. This summer, she’s shooting a film in which she’s the executive producer, director, screenwriter, and a lead actress. We caught up with her as her production company, Days Ferry Productions, LLC, revs up to full throttle.

The village of Days Ferry goes way back in Maine history before it became Woolwich. Established in 1754 on the banks of the Kennebec, it seems almost like a fable—a magic place, like Brigadoon. Is Days Ferry your Castle Rock?

Well, I’ll tell you, I love history. I cover my Maine connections in my memoir The Women Who Raised Me [Harper Collins, 2007, a New York Times best seller]. My mother’s side of the family is buried in the Castine cemetery. In our family plot, one of our family members was the drummer boy for the 16th Regiment in the Revolutionary War. I named my production company Days Ferry in 1999, when I was house-hunting along the coast. I was very close to buying a fabulous house on Peaks Island, with mature trees I loved but no septic. I couldn’t be 3,000 miles away [in Hollywood] and have no septic tank! Anyway, I kept looking. And during this journey I saw a spellbinding place set on the water. It had gone many years unattended. It was in Days Ferry.

What’s the name of your new film?

Jacqueline and Jilly. No ampersand.

Since you’re the executive producer, director, lead actress, and co-screenwriter, how did you pick it to yourself?

The logline is “An American family drama—three women, two shattered dreams, one accidental addiction.”

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