

OPINION

EDITORIAL

The time to speak out against domestic violence is now

BY THE EDITORIAL BOARD

Domestic violence takes many forms. Physical abuse is often part of a pattern of verbal and psychological abuse that leaves a person feeling isolated. Survivors of this abuse talk about partners who have complete control, including control of the money in the household so that it can be very difficult to break out of this pattern.

These and other means of control are shown on the "power and control" wheel published in this edition: coercion, threats, sexual violence, intimidation, minimization, using children, male privilege. Abusers often spy on their partners, monitor their phone and computer use, and discourage them from talking to their friends, family members or coworkers.

The stakes are high. "Of the 37 homicides that were reported from 2016-2017, 16 victims died at the hands of a family member or intimate partner," CentralMaine.com reports. "That rate, 43 percent, was close to where it's been for more than 10 years."

On a related note, February is "Teen Dating Violence Awareness Month."

"Every year, approximately 1.5 million high school students nationwide experience physical abuse from a dating partner. It is also known that 3 in 4 parents have never talked to their children about domestic violence," according to the National Resource Center on Domestic Violence.

Domestic violence thrives in secrecy, darkness and silence.

However, we can all play a role in freeing others from this pattern of abuse by talking openly and frankly about the issue and shedding light on that darkness.

Photojournalist Patrisha McLean of Camden deserves a lot of credit for her courage in bringing this discussion out into the community through her multimedia exhibition at the Camden Public Library titled "Finding Our Voices."

The exhibit, which is going on a state tour, tells not only her story, but those of many other survivors. Sharing stories about abuse can be extremely difficult. Even away from an abuser, the fear often remains.

For every woman who was able to share her story through this exhibition, there were many more who could not.

In many cases, even after divorce or separation, abusers will continue to seek control and attempt to bully their former partners into silence.

In McLean's case, her husband has sought to silence not only her, but also The Free Press and the Penobscot Bay Pilot. He responded to news stories on this exhibition with letters from his attorney. You can read the letter to The Free Press and the response from our attorneys in this edition.

We feel this issue is too important to remain silent about it. We have the truth and the First Amendment on our side.

It has become clear in looking at this issue that more needs to be done. Laws must be strengthened to protect victims of domestic abuse. Abusers with money and power should not be able to negotiate lighter or nonexistent sentences compared to other offenders. Police must be given the tools they need to help people in trouble and to separate them from their controlling partners. As we have learned from this story, sometimes a little time away from that influence is what a woman needs to realize she can break away.

For those who need help, there are many great resources at newhopeforwomen.org. This site can be accessed from a computer at a library or school to avoid your use being monitored by an abuser. You may contact the toll-free 24-hour crisis hotline for Midcoast Maine at 1-800-522-3304 and the National DV Hotline at 1-800-799-7233, or visit www.thehotline.org.

New Hope for Women's service area includes four counties (Sagadahoc, Lincoln, Knox, Waldo), 73 cities and towns, and six islands with year-round populations.

In 2018, New Hope for Women provided 4,660 hours of direct service to 1,475 individuals. That included 899 hours of legal/court services.

The agency furnished 62 safe home nights, 6,061 direct service volunteer hours, and 2,534 hours of community and youth education to 7,932 individuals.

For more information on for Patrisha McLean's project, visit findingourvoices.net.

Every week, The Courier-Gazette Editorial Board collaborates on an editorial regarding a topic of interest or community concern.

TIDE CHART

| | |
|---|---|
| <p>Thursday, Feb. 21</p> <p>Highs — 12:03 p.m. Lows 5:47 a.m. 6:21 p.m. Sunrise 6:23 a.m. Sunset 5:15 p.m. Length of day 10 hours 52 min.</p> | <p>Monday, Feb. 25</p> <p>Highs 3:15 a.m. 3:47 p.m. Lows 9:29 a.m. 9:50 p.m. Sunrise 6:17 a.m. Sunset 5:21 p.m. Length of day 11 hours 4 min.</p> |
| <p>Friday, Feb. 22</p> <p>Highs 12:36 a.m. 12:56 p.m. Lows 6:41 a.m. 7:11 p.m. Sunrise 6:22 a.m. Sunset 5:17 p.m. Length of day 10 hours 55 min.</p> | <p>Tuesday, Feb. 26</p> <p>Highs 4:13 a.m. 4:50 p.m. Lows 10:31 a.m. 10:49 p.m. Sunrise 6:15 a.m. Sunset 5:22 p.m. Length of day 11 hours 7 min.</p> |
| <p>Saturday, Feb. 23</p> <p>Highs 1:27 a.m. 1:51 p.m. Lows 7:35 a.m. 8:02 p.m. Sunrise 6:20 a.m. Sunset 5:18 p.m. Length of day 10 hours 58 min.</p> | <p>Wednesday, Feb. 27</p> <p>Highs 5:14 a.m. 5:54 p.m. Lows 11:34 a.m. 11:50 p.m. Sunrise 6:14 a.m. Sunset 5:23 p.m. Length of day 11 hours 9 min.</p> |
| <p>Sunday, Feb. 24</p> <p>Highs 2:20 a.m. 2:47 p.m. Lows 8:31 a.m. 8:54 p.m. Sunrise 6:19 a.m. Sunset 5:19 p.m. Length of day 11 hours</p> | <p>Thursday, Feb. 28</p> <p>Highs 6:15 a.m. 6:56 p.m. Lows — 12:37 p.m. Sunrise 6:12 a.m. Sunset 5:25 p.m. Length of day 11 hours 13 min.</p> |

THE COURIER-GAZETTE

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The mission of Courier Publications is to serve the communities of Knox, Lincoln and Waldo counties with the highest quality weekly newspapers and web content.

'Finding Our Voices'

COMMON SENSE

By Reade Brower



"Finding Our Voices" is a powerful exhibit currently showing in the Camden Library. It is a forum for survivors of domestic abuse. There was also a talk last week to a packed room, with people standing and overflowing out the open doors.

It was led by Patrisha McLean, a survivor herself, who three years ago locked herself in her bathroom, escaping her bedroom after being "pinned to the bed, my head squeezed between the palms of his hands like it was a vise, and terrorized for hours. His clenched fists left bruises all over my body" she told the audience. Her now ex-husband, Don McLean, internationally known for his iconic "American Pie," then broke the door to the bathroom, finding her terrified and on her cell phone with 911 on the line and police on their way.

What happened next has been written and cataloged abundantly in local, national and international media. Rolling Stone's headline read: "Don McLean Pleads Guilty to Domestic Violence"; it seemed to Patrisha that perhaps justice was being served.

independence, and isolate them.

The talk began with Patrisha sharing her story, one including powerful references to what it's like being under the thumb of an abuser. In their 27th or 28th year of marriage, she asked Don, "Why don't you ever listen to me when I talk to you?" His curt answer: "Because you never say anything interesting."

That kind of remark echoed in her slide show, which included audio stories from 17 women who joined her in what will become a statewide tour. Looking around the room, Patrisha, a renowned portrait photographer, had covered the library room with portraits of 13 women, each with a quote telling part of their story.

Nine local Maine women joined her on stage answering questions. What was powerful to many in the audience was seeing, as the evening progressed, their voices grow confident. At first, they were tentative, looking around with eyes seeming to say, "Who will take this question?" By the end, the microphone was passing around like a tin of cookies.

At the start, Patrisha was unsure whether any

would join her onstage. After, there was a feeling that a common voice had lifted them all, shining a light on domestic violence.

There were professionals present to give assurances that support was available; if you have the courage to leave, there is help.

Domestic violence doesn't go away the moment you leave; the voice in your head continues. "Sorry" is seldom heard; rather, a mantra continuing to haunt: "liar, crazy, stupid" — the fear doesn't dissipate — not until you get a voice.

The arresting officer, whom Patrisha credits for saving her life, spoke. As he was putting Don in cuffs, she begged him not to, saying "it would ruin his career" and she was "OK now."

The officer told the audience that laws in Maine are stronger than they used to be; telling Patrisha that night that he had no choice. Once he determined domestic violence had occurred, "I would be derelict in my duty as an officer if I hadn't," he told the crowd.

He said the turning point in his investigation came when he saw fresh scratches on Don's arm.

READE, page A5

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

'Free speech' isn't free

While the tone and tenor of Reade Brower's recent column was antagonistic, it is, nonetheless, somewhat encouraging to finally see this paper willing to print opposing views.

I have been following the Paula Sutton "build a wall" story and agree with her position; we must secure our southern border to stem the tide of drugs, gangs and sex trafficking.

In his column, however, Mr. Brower also mentioned a former controversy involving Sutton that involved an approved ad; it highlighted a horrific crime called female genital mutilation and informed voters that a legislator from Rockland opposed legislation to criminalize FGM, as 27 other states have done.

Concerned that my State Rep. Pinny Beebe-Center repeatedly refused to support a bill that had unanimous support in the Maine Senate, I personally met with her. The Mainer I know hate the fact that there is evidence that hundreds of young girls are at risk of having their genitals forcibly removed without anesthesia.

Some Democrats claimed the federal law prohibiting FGM was sufficient, despite testimony from the Maine Prosecutors' Association to the contrary. More recently the federal law has been ruled unconstitutional, a recent lawsuit was dismissed in Michigan, and, as a result, several permanently harmed little girls will receive no justice. Sutton was right.

The media blackout on the topic of female genital mutilation was unmistakable; all of my attempts to submit letters to the editor were declined.

It is easy to understand why people resort to paying for ad space in order to get their message out. Apparently, "free speech" in Maine's papers isn't free.

Bev Cowan
Rockland

Judge, jury and executioner

We are quickly crossing the threshold into a very dark place in the way our news is presented to us.

Buzzwords have become the norm and are liberally used to cut and slice. Stating one's personal experience, fear or concern quickly becomes a target for the broad brushstrokes of blind liberalism.

The local media and some contributors frequently use words such as "transparent" and "inclusive" to exclusively state their opinions.

Calling someone a "racist" and "bigot" are powerful words- overuse dilutes them. It is now fashionable to call someone a "racist" simply for wearing a hat with certain slogans such as "Make America Great Again." I don't call this inclusive, I call this hypocrisy.

Paula Sutton has become the favorite target of the grand inquisitors who control the vast majority of our local and statewide media. In Paula's letter to Susan Collins, she described the panic that she felt when she alone encountered five male trespassers on her family's ranch in southern Texas. She was mocked in the press and by its yes-man contributors. None, I am sure, has ever had such an experience and yet they marginalize it while sitting safely at home behind a computer screen. I truly thank God she had a gun and remained free from physical harm.

What is the agenda here? Has the climate of opinion become so narrow that the new grand inquisition has begun? Our press seems to have appointed themselves judge, jury and executioner.

Kerin Resch
Warren

Defending Paula Sutton

Whenever Paula Sutton raises an issue, a troubling pattern emerges; the liberals ignore her message and concentrate, instead, on impugning her character.

Last summer, Sutton spoke at an event on the topic of ranked-choice voting. Curiously, a headline misstated the event, bashed Paula, and highlighted it as anti-immigration activist training. The class's facilitator had introduced a bill supporting legal immigration. Good grief — this was quite a stretch.

In 2018, Paula's ad exposed Rep. Beebe-Center's (D-Rockland) refusal to support a bill to outlaw female genital mutilation. Similar graphics may be found in mainstream articles, but liberals' heads exploded. Paula substantiated that

little girls in Maine are at risk of FGM to reporter Steve Betts. After accepting the ad and receiving payment, predictably, Paula was under attack.

Now Sutton's letter to Sen. Collins describing her experiences on Texas' southern border and urging support for building a wall has local progressives worked up. Ignoring the facts, including that she was fearful of being raped when she encountered five young male trespassers while alone on her parents' property, the paper diverted attention. Instead of talking about border security, the liberal media began casting aspersions gleaned from an old article and reported them as facts.

The liberal media thinks people don't see through this facade. It is obvious to all that many Midcoast reporters have a vendetta against outspoken conservative Sutton because she is not silenced by their bully tactics.

Thank you, Paula, for your steadfast courage. I agree — build the wall.
Cathy Cooper
Rockland

Sutton deserves sympathy, not mockery

On Jan. 14, Paula Sutton mailed a letter to Sen. Susan Collins detailing her family's experience on the southern border; to be clear, it was not refused by any newspapers.

1.) The Portland Press Herald offered to consider a truncated version and never responded to an advertisement pricing query.

2.) The Bangor Daily News offered to consider the letter, but wouldn't guarantee publication.

3.) The letter, instead, ran in the BDN as an ad partially funded by me, other private donors, and a Republican committee.

Recently, Reade Brower mocked Paula - "While Sutton describes her 'first-hand' experiences as 'unsafe, fearing rape, and a border patrol that was a joke and did not care,' O'Brien paints a different story," without questioning Andy O'Brien's unproven allegations and hearsay in

The Free Press, which were not from a primary source. Of course, it's firsthand. She was there; she lived it.

Paula's parents were terrorized by lawbreakers trespassing on their posted land, killing livestock, littering and damaging their property.

While not all people illegally crossing into our country harbor ill intent, the Suttons experienced trauma, damage and harm to property and animals from intruders over the course of many years.

The Suttons were trusting, law-abiding citizens. The trouble began with their first ranch, and the situation worsened when they moved 50 miles inland to their second ranch. Our government repeatedly failed them.

Readers: How would you feel if this happened to your parents?

Stop the character assassinations. Let's focus on what we desperately need — border security.

Heather Sirocki
Scarborough
Ed. note: Republican Heather Sirocki formerly represented House District 28 in the state Legislature.

Illegals should stay home

If people routinely broke onto my posted and fenced land, slaughtered my livestock and made me fearful for my personal safety and that of my family, while local law enforcement agents' attitude was basically "deal with it," I would be spitting mad too.

The Suttons had every right to defend their property in southern Texas, and people need to be more concerned with legal taxpaying citizens in this country, rather than ones who are breaking and ignoring our laws.

We all support legal immigration, and if you cannot follow our laws, then you should stay in your home country. Work on fixing your own country and stop harassing people like the Sutton family.

Gene Graves
Rockport

Column attacked Sutton's character

Several weeks ago, I read a letter addressed to Maine's Sen. Susan Collins, which was written by former State Rep. Paula Sutton; it was subsequently published in the Bangor Daily News.

Sutton's firsthand accounts began at her parents' first ranch, approximately 20 miles from the Mexican border, and involved illegal immigrants, drug activity and struggling border

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The Courier-Gazette encourages readers to submit letters to the editor. Letters must be 500 words or fewer and may be edited for clarity, space and libel. Letters must be signed and include the writer's address and daytime phone number (which will not be published). Email letters to editor@villagesoup.com. Email strongly preferred for letters. Hard copy letters may be rejected.

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Send press releases to news@villagesoup.com. Any press release may be edited for space, style, clarity and libel.

OPINION

Yet another sleeve of cookies

Here at Gothic News Service, we leave no stone unturned in our efforts to bring you the very latest, most up-to-date, and most gruesome news from across our nation.

To accomplish this unmatched delivery of news, we employ a number of highly trained and skilled newshounds, and today's breaking news arises directly from the tireless efforts of our Internet bureau chief, Uncle Frank.

(You have heard of him before, perhaps? He's the guy who can also do a flawless impersonation of a Thanksgiving Day parade float, including appearing to inflate himself to vast proportions and bump into innocent lampposts.)

Using words originally published online by the British Broadcasting Corporation in October 2012 (I told you were a timely news outfit), Uncle Frank reveals to us a great horror from the West Coast:

"Terry Vance Garner, 69, went to feed his animals last Wednesday on his farm by the coast, but never returned.

"His dentures and pieces of his body were found by a family member in the pig enclosure, but the rest of his remains had been consumed.

"The Coos County District Attorney's Office said that one of the animals had previously bitten Garner.

"The animals are estimated by the authorities to each weigh about 700 lb (320kg)."

The story drones on a bit longer, but I think you get the general idea. In the words of many a great newspaper editor, more facts would be superfluous.

Furthermore, just to prove that everything

ROCKLAND
GOTHIC

By David Grima



As to being a Pacific Islander, I should be so lucky. And if indeed I am married, then I seem to have overlooked the fact. If my wife is reading, please accept my apologies for all these years I have been AWOL. I will be home as soon as I can discover where you live. And who you are. (Possibly I could Google you?)

I am fairly sure I have never heard of those people with whom I am reported to be related or associated, although I suppose I could be wrong. When I was a teenager, for example, I was convinced for many years that Bob Dylan was dead, and this was long before the Internet. I think I misread something in Reader's Digest.

Nevertheless, I think we can draw some useful interim conclusions about the overall quality of information supplied via the Internet. The stuff that is correct can be considered to be highly accurate and reliable for all purposes, whereas the rest is a load of rubbish.

I heard last week that the public effort to assist local Coast Guard personnel and their families during Lord Prez Trumpleton's recent unpaid work-experience program, worked out rather nicely.

It was reported to me that gift cards worth \$28,000 were donated by members of the community, along with a further \$49,000 in cash. Beyond this, many local businesses made direct donations of goods, etc.

I believe the people of the Hampton Inn in Thomaston (located where Dave's Restaurant used to be) were involved in this collection effort. Well done, everybody.

GRIMA, page A8

Dancing with the Starz

My

father loves to talk, but now that he is approaching age 90 he has one main topic of conversation:

TV. His favorite subject is his new flat-screen television, his high-tech remote control, his many channels and his top TV programs.

Oh sure, every now and then he will tell me how his wife is doing, or occasionally even put her on the phone for a little bit of girl talk, but usually it's TV talk from "hi" to "bye."

The last time we spoke, he exchanged a few brief pleasantries and then skillfully steered the conversation straight to TV-land.

"You just caught me watching some television," he said nonchalantly, using that as the perfect segue. I chuckled and took the bait.

"Really? What are you watching?"

That's all it took. He was off to the races.

"Well, I've got to tell you, I have HBO and Starz. I don't know if you have those up there in Maine, but they are the two premium movie channels," he boasted.

Knowing he was just getting warmed up, I got comfortable.

"And you should be honored I'm even talking to you at all right now, because I just got high def. Do you know high def?" he continued.

"No, what's that?" I played along.

"It's like you could walk right into the picture, almost like 3D," he said. "It's remarkable."

"Wow."

"Yeah, so the next time you come in for a visit, we're going to have to lay down some ground rules for this television," he said. "On these movie channels you hear the F-word like it's going out of style."

"Dad, I'm 50 years old," I said.

"No, I mean my granddaughter," he continued. "I'm telling you, Kris, this is no joke. They're really getting away with a lot of crap these days, and when you flip the stations, you never know what you're gonna get."

He went on to explain he recently was using his fancy new remote control when he unwittingly ordered two movies. When he got the cable bill, he discovered his mistake.

"I swear it almost took an act of Congress to get the charges removed from the bill," he said. "They were \$4 apiece, so if Elizabeth starts pushing buttons, the

next thing you know I'll owe \$50."

I assured him Elizabeth would not order any pay-per-view movies accidentally. My 12-year-old has an iPhone, an iPad and Apple TV. The child knows her way around a remote control.

Still, on our next visit, he addressed the matter posthaste. Upon our arrival, he sat my daughter down as only my father can, and gave her the spiel.

"Now, I like you, but if you take the remote and order any of those movies, you won't be invited back to the Ferrazza house," he said. She nodded and tried to maintain a straight face.

It wasn't long before he invited us all into the family room to "sit and relax" while the TV blared at high volume. He slid into his recliner, which I've dubbed, "the command center," and grabbed his smart remote.

"Watch this," he said, a gleam in his eye. With a flourish, he held the clicker near his chin and activated "voice command." It went something like this.

Dad (loudly): "STAAARZI!"

TV (female voice): "I'm sorry...I don't understand."

Dad (yelling): "STAAAAARZI!"

TV (calmly): "Can you repeat that?"

Dad (barking): "STARZI!"

Immediately the TV changed channels from FOX to Starz. Two actors were in a car, swearing up a storm. Dad started cursing in Italian and turned it off completely, looking sheepish. Elizabeth stifled a laugh. We all stared at the dark TV screen.

Elizabeth: "Hey, Grandpa, want to see something cool?"

Dad: "Yes, of course."

Elizabeth (wielding her iPhone): "What do you want to see a picture of? It can be anything."

Dad (without hesitation): "A rainbow trout."

Elizabeth: "Hey, Siri? Show me a rainbow trout."

Siri: "Here is a rainbow trout."

Dad: "Ooh, that's a beauty, Sir. Thanks, Sir."

Laughter.

Dad: "Let me try."

He leaned over near the phone.

Dad: "Hey, Siri? Show me a largemouth bass."

Siri: "Here is a largemouth bass."

FERRAZZA, page A11

THE BEAT
GOES ON

By Kris Ferrazza



Too late for justice

Final thoughts on A Rockland Murder Mystery

VINTAGE
INK

By Daniel Dunkle



information to the press.

At some point, this changed. For one thing, police often do not provide as much detail in cases today, because they can use that to trip up people they are interrogating. "How did you know it happened there or at this time? We never said that,"

I would argue that in those days you did not see as many lawsuits flying around, so police and public officials were not so worried about everything they said.

The reporters also were not afraid to go into gory detail in murder stories. They shared far more in those old articles than I did in this column. If the public had a problem with this, I didn't see any evidence of it.

The Courier-Gazette reporters and editors seemed to resent the intrusion of reporters from Boston and other big cities onto their turf. Our hometown paper openly lampooned Boston reporters for getting people's titles wrong and for not knowing local geography. One writer said the Boston reporters had moved entire buildings off their foundations.

This was somewhat hypocritical. The Courier-Gazette spelled the murder victim's name as Carolyn and Caroline alternately. Even her daughter's

DUNKLE, page A8

some of the original cells were holes in the rock that prisoners were lowered into. That makes my claustrophobia act up.

Personally, I think the detectives should have looked more closely at the theater connection. The murder weapon was a stove from a theater van. A card from Park Theatre was left at the scene. And the man who followed Miss Mertie Young, the pianist from Empire Theatre, and banged a club on a telephone pole Jan. 14 seems relevant. Her father was following after her and may have scared him off.

They did question a theater employee at one point, but didn't pursue it further.

I suppose it is folly to try to solve the case based on old newspaper clippings, it being far too late for justice anyway.

Another striking feature was the level of detail given to the press early in the investigation. It's clear in reading the articles from 1918 and 1919 that the press had a very good relationship with the police and government, or at least that the government officials felt it was important to give

I'll share a few final thoughts on the Dec. 30, 1918, murder of Carolyn Welt Brown.

As I read through all of the old articles in The Courier-Gazette from 1918 and 1919 on this, I was struck by a few things.

First, what would have happened if Ollie Tourlainen had not had an alibi? They had the flimsy evidence of the letter from the guy on Thomaston Street saying Ollie had terrorized his daughter, but that guy could have had an ax to grind. It seems clear that most of what made him a suspect was that he was foreign.

Seeing that bias in the investigation, not only against immigrants, but against outsiders in general, I can't help wondering how many innocent men suffered and died over at the prison in Thomaston in those days. It seems local people could not believe this crime could have been committed by a friend or neighbor in a city where everyone knows everyone, but it's possible that the killer lived his whole life in plain sight in Rockland. It should be noted that going to prison in Thomaston in those days was hard time. Prisoners worked in the quarry and



Find the Black Cat to win prizes!

The famous Black Cat of The Courier-Gazette will be hiding within these pages in each week's edition. It might be in an ad or at the end of an article or hiding in a photo caption. If you find it, send in your clipping and we draw your entry, you can win prizes, including our new tote bag.

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