

COVER STORY



Photo courtesy of JEFFREY STEVENSON

Chebeague Island Inn on Chebeague Island in Casco Bay, Maine, just off the coast of Falmouth and Cumberland Foreside, is a 1930s classic wooden hotel. It sits on a rise facing west and spectacular views of Casco Bay and the Maine coast. The island is a friendly small town with fishermen and a tight-knit community.

SCENIC SIDEWALKS

New England sites make for great time exploring

By PEGGY NEWLAND
 Correspondent

Going for a walk means slowing down and noticing what's around you, rather than what's online. You can breathe. You can talk. Perhaps you can find a bench and rest. New England has the scenic overlooks and scenic highways, but we also have scenic sidewalks. Find your moment of perfect place at these four locations.

City sidewalks:
Cambridge, Mass.

"There's a race today," the concierge at The Charles Hotel tells me. "Hurry toward the river and you'll catch it."

Artistically funky, The Charles Hotel is front and center on the Charles River. With a 1940s type speakeasy lounge, the elegant Rialto restaurant, and a "Best of Boston" jazz club, there's a place for any taste.

I drop my suitcase behind the desk and speed-walk across the street to the Charles River. Following a group of people holding cowbells, I wander through JFK Park and look across the river to the Harvard Boathouse. Imposing with dark brick and hooded windows, the Boathouse is flowing over with spandex-clad athletes, but the

IF YOU GO

The Charles Hotel

1 Bennett St., Cambridge, Mass. 1-617-864-1200, charleshotel.com.

Stoweflake Resort and Spa

1746 Mountain Road, Stowe, Vt. 1-802-253-7355, stoweflake.com.

Cape Arundel Inn

208 Ocean Ave., Kennebunkport, Maine. 1-207-967-2125, capearundelinn.com.

Chebeague Island Inn

61 South Road, Chebeague Island, Maine. 1-207-846-5155, chebeagueislandinn.com.

river is empty.

"Is this where the race is?" I ask one of the cowbell people. "It's called a regatta," one smiles. "And yes," she adds. "The boats will be through in about two minutes."

The air along the Charles is heavy with anticipation. I walk with them toward the Cambridge Boat Club and they tell me to follow them up onto the Eliot Bridge. "Best place to watch," they say. Someone hands me a cowbell and nods. Then, one boat slices through



Photo courtesy of STOWEFLAKE

Relax in the mountainside retreat of Stoweflake in Vermont.

the water – eight women rowing in perfect sync, with a ninth shouting, "Go, you've got it!" Then, from around a bend, a flotilla of college-colored racers carve the placid Charles River into a turbid competitive sea. One boat nearly crashes into Eliot Bridge, but luckily, with a flick of some oars, bushwhacks back into the pile. We bang our cowbells and shout and holler and soon, the boats are flecks, and then they are gone.

The Charles River returns to calm and I continue my stroll over to Herter Park, one of the many green spaces that form the Emerald Necklace, up-river from Boston's Esplanade.

Quieter – unless it's a regatta day – this part of the Charles is meant for contemplation. It holds none of the crowds that tour the Hatch Shell, Boston Common and Back Bay brownstones.

As dusk hits the river, and after two hours of river walking, I make my way back to The Charles Hotel's outdoor patio, Henrietta's Table, for some organic eating and an artisanal cocktail. A farmer's market is bustling next door. From the lobby library, I've borrowed a guide book about the history of regattas on the Charles River.

"Are you a rower?" a waiter

asks me. "Or a spectator?" He eyes the cowbell on the seat next to me. "Spectator today, rower tomorrow." He tells me where to rent a kayak the next day, and that night, I sleep under a goose down comforter and dream of ringing cowbells.

Mountain sidewalks:
Stowe, Vt.

Situated in a lush valley between Mount Mansfield and the Green Mountains, visiting Stowe usually means visiting snow. Cross-country ski trails turn into walking trails in the

WALKS | PAGE D-2

Keeping cool has become an unseasonably hot topic

Hey, who turned up the heat?

A long-awaited spring replaced winter's woes, heating expenses and frozen toes – yet springtime, a season for cultivation and planting, suddenly turned to heat waves and panting.

Not that we don't welcome summer, but for some, the sudden transition is kind of a bummer. While everyone feels temperatures rising, impacts for folks with health issues are not surprising.

Some readers are looking to the Mailbag to connect



CHRIS GRAHAM
 Chris' Mailbag

with ways to beat the heat.

The heat is on

"I purchased a bank-auctioned home that needs a lot of work, along with an in-ground pool, which I wasn't wanting, and would cost a lot to have filled in,

so I'm hoping to try to get it going instead," writes Selena A., of Milford (LTR 3,103). "I am in search of an in-ground pool pump and filter, and maybe some help getting it running. I am hoping someone may be upgrading or closing their pool and no longer has use for theirs.

"I have primary progressive MS, and the heat really gets to me, which leads to my next request. I am also looking for a small freezer or bigger refrigerator with a bigger freezer. I have a small refrigerator, and the

freezer isn't big enough to freeze my cooling packs to put in my cooling vest or to freeze ice trays so I can make smoothies to cool down. We have had some really hot days already, that I've barely made it through.

"Also, an AC would be most helpful. I bought two at a yard sale last year, and they don't really cool well. I would need delivery, too. Thank you for offering this service!"

Although not on at the same time, my fan and heater are sharing the

same outlet, depending on "current" conditions.

Selena can be reached at moonlight1228@aol.com.

Attention, Class of 1956

"Do you know anyone who archives Nashua High School yearbooks?" asks Luann B., of Nashua (LTR 426). "I have two copies of 1956, if anyone could use them."

In 1956, the average cost of a new house was \$11,700, average monthly rent was \$88 and average yearly wages were \$4,450. 1956 firsts included Elvis

Presley's first appearance on U.S. music charts with "Heartbreak Hotel"; his first appearance on "The Ed Sullivan Show; his first movie, "Love Me Tender"; and as the rock 'n' roll craze swept the world, Prince Ranier, of Monaco, swept Grace Kelly off her feet.

If the Class of 1956 brings memories to mind, call Luann at 888-8077.

Treadmill needed
 "Several months ago, a

MAILBAG | PAGE D-2

Little bit of mother-in-law goes a long way for one wife

DEAR ABBY: I have been married to my husband a little over a year. He's a wonderful man, but I feel he's a little too attached to his mother. She lives about 20 minutes away, and he wants to go visit her almost every day.

His mother is a very negative person. She isn't mean and we get along well, but her negativity is overwhelming. She finds joy in practically nothing, and I always leave feeling agitated.

I have talked with my husband about this before and his response is, "That's how some old people are."



DEAR ABBY

I could put up with it a few times a week, but this everyday thing is wearing on me.

How can I get my husband to understand how I'm feeling without hurting his mother's feelings?

— *No joy in Texas*

DEAR NO JOY: You and your husband are married, not joined at the hip. If he

wants to see his mother every day, that's fine. But you shouldn't be obligated to go with him more than a couple of times a week if you don't want to.

If he feels he needs to give her an explanation for your absence, he should tell her you're busy with things you need to do. It's polite, it's logical — and I'm sure you'll find errands or tasks with which to fill the time.

DEAR ABBY: My boyfriend has been meeting a group of diving friends in Mexico for more than 15 years. We are now a couple, and this was my first year

meeting everyone.

There were two other couples and one female, "Connie," sharing the condo. The other couples had private bathrooms, and we shared the main bathroom with Connie.

I found it odd that Connie would leave the bathroom after showering with only a towel wrapped around her. My boyfriend would stay in the room or go out to the deck and read, yet she didn't hesitate to walk out to the patio and converse with him.

Is this socially acceptable, or is it me? What can I say to her next year? I

thought about buying her a bathrobe and giving it to her. I have also considered that my boyfriend and I could get a private room and stay in there until we know she's dressed. Really, she needs the private room, and I thought about paying for it, or should something just politely be said?

— *No proper wrap*

DEAR N.P.W.: Before doing anything, stop and analyze why you are so bothered by what Connie is doing. Do you think she is coming on to your boyfriend? Remember, these are all diving friends who have gotten

together for a very long time before you were in the picture.

If he was interested in her, which I doubt, he wouldn't be with you. I don't think paying for another room for Connie would be appropriate. I do think you should get to know her better and, if you still feel threatened (which you may not), talk to your boyfriend about your feelings.

Dear Abby is written by Abigail Van Buren, also known as Jeanne Phillips, and was founded by her mother, Pauline Phillips. Write Dear Abby at DearAbby.com or P.O. Box 69440, Los Angeles, CA 90069.

Walks | Maine inns offer up seaside jaunts

CONTINUED FROM | PAGE D-1

late spring through fall.

The Stowe Recreation Path is a fully paved, 5.3-mile excuse to meander past wildflowers, swimming holes, artists' studios, arched wooden bridges and Picasso — a pizza place extraordinaire. Picasso is directly on the Rec Path and across the street from the Stoweflake Resort, our spa-like resting ground that evening.

"When the snow melts, the people walk," a bartender at Picasso tells me as he pours an Otter Creek. My husband orders a Lost Nation and looks over the Vermont beer menu. After a long hike up the Long Trail the day before, we are up for a laid back stroll kind of day. Of course, after pizza and beer.

Cady Hill Forest Trail is directly off the Stowe Recreation Path, on Mountain Road. Fifteen miles of town-owned forest protected by Stowe Land Trust, paths are groomed single and double track, and connect to a huge network of trails like Trapps, Adams Camp, and Pipeline.

But this afternoon, it's free of bicycles. Red maple, white pine, hemlock and yellow birch line the loop as we hike to ridge-line. Steeper than expected, we are rewarded by the Green Chair Overlook — a ski chair with rolling vistas of green and a perch to catch your breath.

That evening, we take advantage of the 12-foot massaging waterfall and the Hungarian mineral soaking pool in the Aqua Solarium of Stoweflake. A steam room and hot-stone sauna also await us, but looking out through the windows at Mount Mansfield, it makes sense to soak some more. Upstairs, a fireplace room, and downstairs, a pub with more than 50 wines by the glass, 10 beers on tap, and a raspberry spinach salad with basil-seared salmon.

Perhaps tomorrow we'll walk the labyrinth paths at Stoweflake. A sanctuary through herb gardens and flowers, it will be a calming meander after long days of hiking.

Moonlit sidewalks: Kennebunkport, Maine

Walking along Ocean Avenue's two-mile sidewalk from the downtown bustle of Kennebunkport to the calm of a moonlit Cape Arundel, the smell of sea hits you square in the face. With shadowed yachts and lobster boats along the Kennebunk River and a rockswept view of the open-air St. Anne's Episcopal Chapel in the distance, it's the setting for spy novel. Clanging buoys and the whoosh of Spouting Rock and Blowing Cave outcroppings add to the mood, and then there's The Stone House leering on the

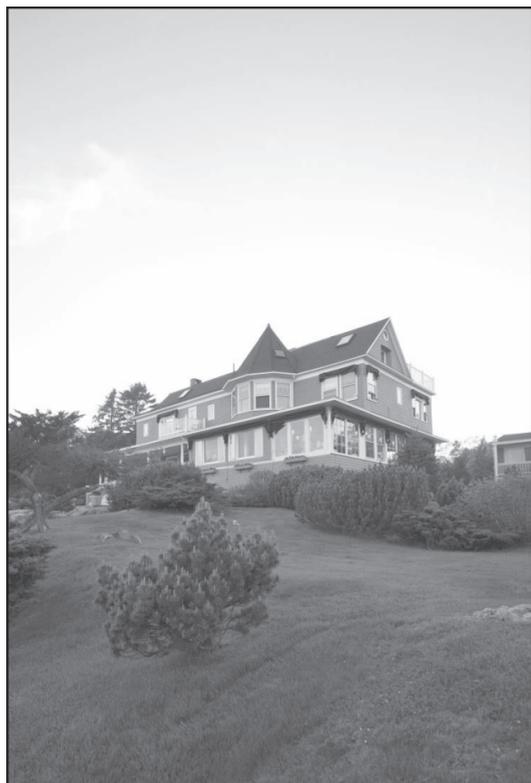


Photo courtesy of CAPE ARUNDEL INN

The Cape Arundel Inn in Kennebunkport, Maine.

ledge, a summer cottage empty this time of year, but available to rent for \$18,000 a week during the summer.

Since we can't afford our own seaside cottage, we stay instead at the Cape Arundel Inn. Perched on a shelf of granite and surrounded by coiffed gardens and rolling lawn, this inn offers a stately view of coastline and an award-winning restaurant, aptly named Ocean. Our room upstairs is a nautical classic of deep red and blue, with Frette linens and L'Occitane products.

There's a view to Walker Point, home to 90-year-old President George H.W. Bush. "Local color may be here this evening," the front desk attendant tells us as my husband and I sit on the wraparound porch, awaiting dinner at 8 p.m. We enjoy an appetizer of lamb croquettes with currants and Greek yogurt, and we could make a meal of this. But we don't. We continue on with Scottish salmon, sea trout caviar, beurre blanc, and celery root puree and Casco Bay cod with olive oil confit, lemon shallot vinaigrette, herbed panisse and fried olives.

Then we spy the secret service, but act like we don't. They protect a candlelit corner of the restaurant, and when the presidential group starts singing "Happy Birthday," we all start singing. The mood is jovial, so we order a dessert of tiramisu and continue our own celebration of a seaside getaway.

Island sidewalks: Chebeague Island, Maine

Located in Casco Bay, 15 minutes by open-air

ferry from Cousin's Island near Yarmouth, Maine, sits Chebeague Island, a quiet walking gem. Just far enough away, but close enough to make a weekend jaunt, this is an island to see both sunrise and sunset.

"How do you get to Chebeague Inn?" I ask the ferry driver. "You're looking at it," he tells me, laughing, and points to a bright yellow inn atop a small hill. "Just walk up the path, or I could call the inn and they'll load you into a truck." Since I'm on the island for a walkable vacation, I decide against truck service. My daughter and I stroll up the hill with some locals who push wheelbarrows full of groceries and carts hauling canvas bags of clean laundry.

We check into a corner room with white curtains blowing and an antique wicker bed made up in hand-sewn quilts and lobster pillows. Built in the 1880s, but revamped in eclectic comfort with a sizable art collection, the views of bobbing sailboats, expansive lawn, and sunlit cove evoke a simpler time. No air conditioning, telephones or televisions in the rooms adds to the calm.

"Let's go to the beach," my daughter suggests. We ask the concierge about the closest beaches. "Hamilton Beach is a two-minute walk up the road and down a sand trail, but ..." he adds, "the real beauty is Indian Point Beach. Or as we call it here, The Hook." He hands us water bottles, a couple of beach towels, and points us down the hill to South Road. "Take it until you see North Road,

Setting up camp next to a large chunk of driftwood, we watch clam diggers dig and seagulls fly and we dip in and out of the chilled sea until low tide beckons us to cross the sand banks to explore.

then take a right onto Indian Point Road," he says. "About a 20-minute walk," he winks, "if you city-walk there."

We country-walk past the Museum of Chebeague History and learn that Chebeague means "An Island of Many Springs" because of underground freshwater streams and ponds that bubble up from the granite. Three miles long and 1 mile wide, Chebeague is the largest of more than 300 islands in the Casco Bay.

As we continue on, an "island car" — which is license plate-less — passes us, and an elderly woman leans out and waves to us, saying, "Beautiful day for the beach, ladies." We pass an old fashioned cobbler's shop, pick up a soda and a beach lunch at Calder's Clam Shack, and come upon a classic, white-washed New England church. Then, from a sea rose-covered bluff, we spy the curved inlet and wide open beach of The Hook. Sea grass and sand dunes and a calm blue bay, and we have an afternoon of happiness.

Setting up camp next to a large chunk of driftwood, we watch clam diggers dig and seagulls fly and we dip in and out of the chilled sea until low tide beckons us to cross the sand banks to explore Little Chebeague Island. An abandoned military site from the 1940s and now owned by the Maine Bureau of Parks and Lands as an undeveloped park, it's our private island that day. We search for sea glass and sand dollars, and then as the tide starts coming in, we make it back just in time for the walk home to the inn.

That evening, as we dine on the Sunset Landing Porch, the sky turns from red to pink to a final blush of deep rose.

Mailbag | Treadmill could help recovery

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longtime friend was the victim of a severe motorcycle accident, and having been unconscious and not discovered for almost six hours, she has a long road to recovery with many obstacles ahead," says Lisa T., of Nashua (LTR 2,452).

"Her allotted time in rehab is coming to an end, and I have offered to temporarily help care for her in my home. She has both mental and physical injuries, and sometimes grows very frustrated and impatient, and I am hoping someone may have a treadmill that I could have here for her for exercise and to relieve pent-up energy and anxiety."

The federal Centers for Disease Control and Prevention advises

adults to obtain at least 150 minutes per week of moderate-intensity exercise, such as brisk walking. A treadmill addresses issues such as weight loss and blood pressure, cardiovascular health, and toning and strengthening muscles, with the convenience of indoor exercise during inclement weather.

If you have a treadmill available, call Lisa at 820-2814.

Contact Chris' Mailbag by sending mail to Chris' Mailbag c/o The Telegraph, 17 Executive Drive, Hudson, NH 03051, or email christine.graham33@gmail.com. Include full name and complete address, along with telephone number or email address for publication, if applicable. Items eligible for publication are for donation, trade or barter only; requests of items for sale or purchase will not be included.

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