

## Jo and Cheech are Back!



Cheech and Jo circa 2006

Cheech has enjoyed reporting on local news during the pandemic, and endemic, but now she's ready for something new, or rather, old.

Cheech's Radio Hour returns to being a weekly music show on Tuesday nights starting with a Christmas music special on December 13th at 8 PM. Cheech's twin sister, Jo, will be returning as co-host after nearly a decade. In honor of Jo's return, the show will return to its original name: Jo and Cheech's Radio Hour.

Jo and Cheech's Radio hour first aired in 2006 with a music special dedicated to The Incredible String Band. Since then, the show has seen many musical guests. Between interviews, Jo and Cheech played music by their favorite artists new and old.

Cheech will still cover some news through interviews with people in the community and local government.

Jo and Cheech's Radio Hour airs Tuesday nights from 8 to 9 PM.

## 'Tis the Season

by Phil Groce

It continues to be the season . . . of retirement, at least for me. Along with that goes some reflections on things past, not long to dwell on, but long enough to get it out of my system. What does professionalism add up to—the final sum, the total?

I have happily given a considerable amount of help to lots of people over 60 years in the medical profession, and I did not kill anyone in the process—thank my lucky stars. But I did get paid for all that. Is that service? Sort of. But it was an unequal relationship. Yes, Doctor, what are your wishes bullshit—as much as I tried to make it different.

One of the things that attracted me to Maine when I came here in 1971 was the many very smart people working in so-called ordinary jobs here and about, people who in California—where I came from—would have gone to college, even graduate school, or gone to medical school to be a better doc than I. In my large graduating class from high school, 85% went on to college. All that additional education was not in the cards for many Mainers, but they could find a satisfactory life doing whatever needs to be done in the community.

So-called professionals, when retirement comes along, they need to give up that unequal relationship of power imbued in the profession and just be a regular person. More times than not, they cannot continue to do a little of their previous work on the side, largely because of all the educational and legal aspects that dangle along. It's not like the person who worked in a laundry all her life and knew how to repair clothing, and after retirement, she could repair clothes for a few people on the side, replacing zippers, etc. Always nice to have some extra money coming in after retirement.

So, what's important after retirement: the same things that were important before retirement—friends, family, being kind to people one encounters every day, and of course, having some interests to spend time on, perhaps added to all the repairs and upkeep on an old house and outside grounds. Travel? Maybe, especially if one never did any before. But travel does not take long to wear thin (especially considering the circulating viruses everywhere), and those fantasies related to travel drift away like sand in the hand.

Just living life becomes important, enjoying life as life, as it crops up every day. Have to discount ill health. If you are in pain, nothing is the same. Old people find—just like owning an old car—they are spending a surprising amount of time in repair shops, in waiting rooms of a variety of human-body professionals.

What's left? The same as there always was, but with the professional, now without that unequal power relationship that goes with the profession all gone with the wind (thankfully). Life is. That's plenty. Family, friends, neighbors, people encountered every day—a chance to help, to be kind. You do not have to be a professional to do that. In fact, a profession clouds it. Still always much to learn. Education is expensive, and that includes the most valuable education through everyday experience and trial and error. Oh, those errors hurt, but learning travels with hurt.

To me, Life is school. Death is school vacation.

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## “And that’s all I have to say about that”

by Ron Staschak



Recently I met Scott Tilton at the Marshall Point Lighthouse. Scott was born in Natick, Massachusetts. But his family moved to Alna, Maine when he was very young. With a diversity history (living in India and then Malawi as a Peace Corps volunteer), Scott is now living and loving Rockland. Scott has two adult children: Joshua and Charity. It was a pleasure to talk with Scott and learn more about his life and philosophy. It seems to me that only a man who has done so much to help people less fortunate than himself would believe that he should do more. Thank you, Scott for all you are doing to make the world a better place.

What is the most beautiful place you have been? Why?

It is hard to say. I have been in so many beautiful places. I recently visited the southwest and explored a few of our country's incredible national parks. It was stunningly beautiful. I also love the White Mountains in New Hampshire where I hiked throughout my life. The Himalayan Mountains are awe inspiring, as are the vast savannahs of Africa. But having been a fisherman for much of my life, the salt water of the Atlantic runs in my veins.

What is the best advice you have ever received? Why was it good?

What the best advise you have ever given? Why do you think it was good.

“Always be honest with yourself and others.” If you are trying to be someone else; it is just hard work that never really does work. It makes you unhappy. You need to be at peace with yourself.

The best advice I have given: “Be completely honest, always do your best, do not make assumptions, and don't take things personally.”

If you were having a dinner party, what three people (real- living or dead) would you invite?

Christ, Martin Luther King, and Nelson Mandela. They all advocated for truth, cooperation, and respect- even for our adversaries.

Two were killed and one spent most of his life in jail. What do you think this says about our society?

When you advocate for freedom, equality, and respect, society often reacts violently to this message. Homo sapiens can be a cruel species, and often resorts with violence to a message that questions the established order.

But as time unfolds, the message of freedom, equality, and love begins to permeate society long after the prophet is martyred. Slavery is universally condemned, we are striving for equality of all peoples, and mankind continues to desire peace, goodwill toward all. We surely haven't arrived, but there is longing. And where there is longing, there is hope.

Jo Lindsay has a show titled Afterword's in which she reads obituaries and plays a song that she feels encompasses the person's life. What song encompasses your life?

Two songs: “Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring”- Bach and a song I've written: “Where Memories Go. Memories is a song about a couple of things. But mostly it is about time.

Here is the first verse:

There's a place

(So, I've been told)

Far beyond the Sun

Where all that was remains, and shall

Never be undone

Is there a question I should have asked you?

What was my experience like in the Peace Corps?

Please answer that question.

It was life changing. I experienced different cultures, different lifestyles. I fell in love with the people and the culture there. It caused me to reexamine my assumptions and rather parochial perspective.

When was the first time you experienced poverty? How did it make you feel?

When we first moved to Maine, I was part of a youth group. I was friends with families living without running water, without modern conveniences. They washed their clothes by hand and had no toilet facilities. They often had very little food.

What are you doing to alleviate the problem of poverty?

Good question. I don't think I am doing enough. I support political parties that try to alleviate the problem. I am active as a volunteer for the Loaves and Fishes lunch program in Rockland. I donate to programs that help alleviate poverty. But I could be doing so much more.



## THANKSGIVING by Phil Crossman

Thanksgiving was last week and I really intended to write a column describing the things I am most grateful for. One of those is living in this country and the freedom to express myself without serious consequences. The first, though, is for having found a life mate who seems to feel the same way about me and is so comfortable in my presence that she will join me in the kitchen for breakfast regardless of how her hair looks. The smell of bacon will bring her from bed to the table in an instant—without so much as a pause at the mirror—and she will sit opposite me, gleefully anticipating breakfast, blithely unconcerned about whether she may have frightened me. I'm also grateful for the way she does the laundry. I help around the house; I cook, do dishes, chop, stack and replenish wood, some-times vacuum, make repairs and, when called for, start a fire so she can in front of the stove first thing and warm herself. But the laundry is her venue—not because I am unwilling but because she enjoys it—gathering, washing, hanging on the line, folding—now and then ironing or mending—and putting it all neatly away. This last phase of all that is laundry is where my gratitude mostly lies. I get up fairly early, before the sun and dress there in the dark, so as not to disturb her. And I do so confidently, knowing that if I open my wardrobe (Yes, I have a wardrobe, doesn't everyone?) and take a pair of skivvies from the shelf therein, when I put them on the front will always be in the front and the back back where it belongs. These and everything else on the shelves are folded in such a way that the out-come is never in doubt. I have never found myself dressed backwards or inside-out—never. Likewise, my undershirt—the front is in the front—socks right side out. What more can a man ask from a relationship?



### Retro board game night at the Rockland Public Library

The Rockland Public Library presents a board game night for all ages, Thursday, December 15, at 6:30 p.m. This event is free and open to all.

Join us for a board game night at the library celebrating the classics! Warm up on a chilly December evening and engage in some friendly competition with your community. We'll have Scattergories, Apples to Apples, checkers, and more. We'll also have playing cards and puzzles available, and participants are welcome to bring a favorite from home.

Game night is for people of all ages. We ask that children under the age of 10 be accompanied by a parent or guardian while in the library.

This event will take place in the Community Room; the Rockland Public Library is located at 80 Union St. For more information, please email [elewis@rocklandmaine.gov](mailto:elewis@rocklandmaine.gov) by 4 p.m. on December 15.



### The Rockland Metro Show Wednesdays from 5 to 6 pm on WRFR and MaineCoast.tv

On the Metro Show we try to have the conversation America needs today, Co-hosted by Steve Carroll and Joe Steinberger, the show features lively, friendly and constructive conversations between people from different backgrounds and political perspectives for the conversation America needs today. Listen or watch, and call 593-0013 with your questions and comments.

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Queen Elizabeth II died at age 96 having been the longest serving sovereign in British history. She met the new Prime Minister Liz Truss on Tuesday and was dead by Thursday. The elderly queen was saved from a lengthy, debilitating decline. Long gone were the days of beheadings, poisonings, and abdication. Her son, now King Charles III, was the longest heir-in-waiting. I remember, as a child, living on an Army base in Germany, seeing the film of her coronation. In my vague memory of the event, I don't remember if it was live or a re-broadcast. Despite being her colonial cousins, many Americans have followed the royals with fascination. That an American joined the royal family only peaked interest. In today's world, royals seem like very expensive relics from a distant era.

The United Kingdom's new monarch and new prime minister have their work cut out for them with the failing economy and Putin's squeeze on the gas lines to Europe. I can foresee tabloid headlines: "Don't put your trust in Truss!"

Truss's tenure was the shortest in history – not outlasting a head of lettuce per British wags. Her successor, Rishi Sunak of the handmade shoes, eponymous suits and multi-millions says he understands the economic suffering of everyday Brits, who find that comparison hard to digest.

Tonight's Harvest Moon rises over The Head of the Bay like a giant orange pumpkin.

Tuesday is perfect September weather to hang out laundry for the perfume it gives. It would make the best-bottled perfume.

Early this morning I had a vivid nightmare and couldn't get back to sleep:

My husband and I had made some anti-Trump comments and as punishment we were told we had to host Vice President Pence and his wife for dinner in our home, as well as another couple, whose identities were withheld from us. The advance team of the Secret Service arrived unannounced and went through our home looking for weapons. I told the advance man we never had nor do we have any guns or any other weapons. He told me they knew I had been an NRA member with Sharp Shooter medals. I told him that was when I was in high school and college and I've since become anti-guns! He looked at me with doubt. Then he told me that any toilet VP Pence used in our home would have to have all the plumbing removed to look for anything dangerous. I told him we just had our upstairs bathroom rehabbed and it was perfectly safe. I couldn't convince him as his team starting removing all the plumbing against my tearful pleas. The advance man then told me since January 6th, Pence hated chicken, so don't try to serve any poultry! I told him I cook but have a limited repertoire. He told me I had time to up my game and they would send a taster before the dinner date. I said I have a friend who caters and could I hire her? I was told she would have to be vetted and her home would have to be inspected and torn apart. I declined, as I would never subject a friend to that. Then I said, "If you vetted us, why would you have a Republican-Trump fan dine in the home of hard core Democrats?" He sneered and said that's why we were chosen to shake us up and punish us. Then I asked if VP Pence would give the blessing before we ate, or should I do that because I could pray that America and even Democrats were grateful Pence was safe on January 6th. Furthermore, what should I call his wife, The Second Lady – or Mrs. Pence or her first name that I couldn't remember? The Secret Service man sneered and then lit into me, invading my personal space and shouting in my face that we were not to serve Pence any Kool-Aid! I told him we never had Kool-Aid in the house because my husband is a diabetic. The Secret Service man kept shouting in my face that he knew we'd try to make Pence drink the Kool-Aid! Then I woke up and couldn't get back to sleep. (I'll have to ask my good friend, a Jungian trained psychotherapist, to interpret my nightmare.)



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