

The Roundtable

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His Job, and Ours: Be Positive About Bangor

Being positive about the Bangor region is not hard, according to statistics and the information shared by today's speaker, Ben Sprague. We know his name mostly through his twice chairmanship of the Bangor City Council. His biography includes board membership for the Good Shepherd Food Bank and founder and Race Director for Erin's Run. He is a small business lender at First National Bank and a graduate of Harvard University.

Age related demographics: Bangor is the second youngest city in the state, with the median age at 35. AARP rated Bangor the 100th age-friendly state in the nation. Convincing young people to stay in Bangor dates back to Joshua Chamberlain who described Maine as the nursery for civilization. The FBI says that Bangor has the lowest violent crime rate of any city in the country.

It is, however, not without its problems. Mr. Sprague quoted Bangor Police Chief Mark Hathaway who said drug seeking behavior accounts for 90-95 percent of crime in the city.

"We have a serious opioid crisis that threatens to undermine all the positive things..." about the city. He described the Community Health Leadership Board's recommendations:

- + Address overprescribing. St. Joseph Hospital, PCHC and Northern Light EMMC are working together on this.

- + Combine oxycodone and suboxone treatments with counseling. "In 2016, the ratio of patients to counselors was 151:1. Ideally, it should be 50:1 or better. The Bangor Area Recovery Network is doing a terrific job working on this," he said. The Americans with Disabilities Act protects opioid treatment.

- + Have drug courts sentence low-level offenders to treatment, not jail. The Penobscot County Jail has a capacity for 170 inmates; there are now 190.

Mr. Sprague took us on his walk around downtown, noting buildings that are in rehab stages. "It's not likely that empty big box stores will be rehabbed," he said. "It is cheaper



to tear them down or build new ones elsewhere.” The retail picture is shifting dramatically because of on-line shopping. Vacancies for housing in downtown Bangor are decreasing; when they were costing \$600-\$700, the price averages \$1,200 a month now. A group is working on housing for seniors and young people.

Mr. Sprague worked for the Boston Red Sox for four years. He told the story of two women from England visiting the Boston area and witnessing their first Red Sox game. They were familiar with England’s game of cricket, which is similar to baseball, but has different rules. The two watched and watched, and after about 45 minutes, they confessed they were thoroughly confused. They turned to a gentleman sitting next to them and asked, “We don’t know what’s going on. What’s the score? Which team is at bat?”

“Lady,” replied their informant. “The game has not started. This is just batting practice!”

Morning Meeting Musings

This was not the best way to break in your new bicycle. **Kristy** and **Ken Kimball** were road testing Kristy’s brand new birthday bicycle last weekend, when she reached for an item that was falling out of her pocket. She braked too hard and flipped to the pavement. A concussion, road rash, a broken scapula and broken wrist bones are all she has to show for the ride. Well, also a scraped helmet that, Ken says, saved her life. The bike also survived.

Jeff Plourde, tanned from his Florida excursion, brought his oldest son, Keegan, to the meeting; **Lisa Wahlstrom** introduced Morgan Connolly who is two weeks into a new position at the United Way of Eastern Maine.

President June Kontio revealed her researches into a venue for the annual dinner that will be on Thursday, June 20 (note the change from the traditional last Thursday of June). She took an opinion poll about which is priority: price or food quality. She received some additional suggestions and will check those out, aiming for \$40-or-under price per meal.

Karen Schaller mentioned again the photo contest for members. A new photo for our rather drab club banner is the goal. She distributed guidelines and the f June 7 deadline.

“I.O.U.,” said **John Quinn**, whose birthday we celebrated; he will pay the fine next week. **Paul Miragliuolo** told **Les** and **Lisa** to keep the song brief. Twenty seconds later, they were done. (birthday@mightyquickctunes).

The wheelchair delivery to the Dominican Republic was a success, reported **Ken Nagle**. Six Interact members joined the team. **Lucie Estabrook** reported that Bill Deighan suffered a serious stroke on Saturday.

David Zelz reminded us of the world’s grief for the fire at Notre Dame Cathedral.



Lisa Wahlstrom, Morgan Connolly

Les Myers- April 18, 2019

**Listen my children and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-five;**

But what about William Dawes? Here is more history of that famous night, written by Christopher Klein.

While every schoolchild knows of the midnight ride of Paul Revere, Dawes made an even more daring gallop out of Boston that same April night in 1775. Unlike his silversmith counterpart, he managed to evade capture by the British. Yet it's Revere's immortal name that has graced a famous ode, a line of copper cookware and even a kitschy 1960s rock band. Dawes, meanwhile, is the Rodney Dangerfield of the American Revolution, getting no respect at all.

On April 18, 1775, Dr. Joseph Warren learned through Boston's revolutionary underground that British troops were preparing to cross the Charles River and march to Lexington, presumably to arrest John Hancock and Samuel Adams. Fearing an intercept by the British, Warren had devised a redundancy plan to warn Hancock and Adams. He would send one rider by land and one by sea.

Boston in 1775 was nearly an island, only connected to the mainland by a narrow strip of land guarded by British sentries. Warren knew that the rider who had to take the longer land route and pass through the British checkpoint had the riskier mission, but he had the perfect man for the job: Dawes. The 30-year-old was a militiaman and a loyal patriot. Unlike Revere, however, Dawes wasn't a known rabble-rouser, and his work as a tanner frequently took him out of Boston, so his would be a familiar face to the British manning the checkpoint.

Dawes set off around 9 p.m., about an hour before Warren dispatched Revere on his mission. Within minutes, he was at the British guardhouse on Boston Neck, which was on high alert. According to some accounts, Dawes eluded the guards by slipping through with some British soldiers or attaching himself to another party. Other accounts say he pretended to be a bumbling drunken farmer. The simplest explanation is that he was already friendly with the sentries, who let him pass. However Dawes did it, he made it in the nick of time. Shortly after he passed through the guardhouse, the British halted all travel out of Boston.

Dawes sped west and then north through Roxbury, Brookline, Brighton, Cambridge and Menotomy. Unlike Revere, who awoke town leaders and militia commanders along the way to share his news, Dawes apparently let them sleep, either because he was singularly focused on getting to Lexington as quickly as possible or because he wasn't as well-connected with the patriots in the countryside.

Dawes arrived at his destination, Lexington's Hancock-Clarke House, at 12:30 a.m., about half an hour after Revere, who had traveled a shorter distance on a faster horse. Thirty minutes later, the dynamic duo mounted their weary steeds again to warn the residents of Concord, and Dr. Samuel Prescott soon joined them.

Before they could reach Concord, however, the three riders encountered a British patrol around 1:30 a.m. Revere was captured. Prescott and his horse hurtled over a stone wall and managed to make it to Concord. According to family lore, the quick-witted Dawes, knowing his horse was too tired to outrun the two British officers tailing him, cleverly staged a ruse. He pulled up in front of a vacant farmhouse and shouted as if there were patriots inside: "Halloo, boys, I've got two of 'em!" Fearing an ambush, the two Redcoats galloped away, while Dawes reared so quickly he was bucked off his horse. Forced to limp into the moonlit night, he receded into obscurity.

Little is known about what happened to Dawes after his midnight ride. He went into the provisions business and was a commissary to the Continental Army. According to some reports, he fought at the Battle of Bunker Hill. Dawes had seven children, compared to Revere's 16. Dawes died at age 53 in 1799; Revere lived until he was 83.

Both men were relatively unheralded when they died, but the silversmith got the PR boost of a lifetime when Henry Wadsworth Longfellow penned "Paul Revere's Ride" in 1861. Longfellow's historically inaccurate verses not only venerated Revere, but they wrote Dawes out of the storyline altogether.

How did Revere land Longfellow's leading role while Dawes couldn't even warrant a walk-on cameo? Revere was certainly more prominent in Boston's political underground and business circles, but more important, he had written detailed first-person accounts of his mission, while very few records of Dawes and his ride exist.

Contemporaries couldn't even recall his name. William Munroe, who had stood guard at the Hancock-Clarke House, later reported that Revere arrived along with a "Mr. Lincoln." In a centennial commemoration, Harper's Magazine called Dawes "Ebenezer Dorr."

Even in recent years, the hits keep coming. While Malcolm Gladwell lauded Revere's social network in "The Tipping Point," he called Dawes "just an ordinary man." And in perhaps the final indignity, it was discovered in 2007 that Dawes is most likely not buried in Boston's King's Chapel Burying Ground, where his grave has been marked, but probably five miles away in his wife's family plot in Forest Hills Cemetery. Even in death, Dawes still can't get any respect.

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