

Yesterday's News

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Summer 2011

George R. Stephenson 1856-1945

George Stephenson, known as Steve, was a master builder of canoes and boats. He had a boat shop at the Narrows on Kezar Lake and even today his reputation as a skillful workman is widely known. Along with his boat building business, Steve worked as a guide at Brown's Camps and later Severance Lodge. He was much loved and respected throughout the area. Printed below is his obituary notice.

PASSING OF LOCAL BOAT BUILDER

George Stephenson Passed Away at Age of 88

George Stephenson, eighty-eight, died Wednesday morning, April 4, at the Osteopathic Hospital, Portland, where he had been since March 19, following a shock, from which he did not rally. Mr. Stephenson had been in his usual health up to the time he was stricken and had been busy all winter building canoes and boats at his boat-house work shop, on Lake Kezar, Lovell. Mr. Stephenson was known all over the world as a maker of fine canoes and canvas-covered boats. His life reads like a story book. Born in Peterboro, Ontario, in 1856, he was the son of John Stephenson, known as one of the world's best canoe makers. As a lad, young George was taught by his father how to use tools, and as soon as he finished school, he worked steadily at his father's shop.

At the age of eighteen, he was put under contract and worked that way for two years, when he had an offer to come to the states, to Riverside, near Boston, and would be paid \$2.50 a day and his board and room. He packed his tools and came to Auburndale, and soon found that boating on the Charles River was just beginning to be popular. He had another offer for three dollars a day, which he accepted. It was soon discovered that he could make a fine canoe and boat, and some of his pals urged him to get a shop of his own. Having saved his money, he looked around for a place where he could have his own boatshop.



The Newton Boat Club had just built a new club house at Riverside, abandoning their old building on the Charles River, opposite Norumbega, which he hired, never dreaming he was about to start a craze that would sweep the whole country. At that time there were just two canoes on the Charles River, Birch-barkers. Most of the boats on the river were heavy, clumsy affairs. So Stephenson put one of his canoes on the river and almost overnight he was swamped with orders, and business increased so fast he had to hire help. Then, all of a sudden there was an epidemic caused by mosquitoes, and schools and factories were closed and many died. He was one of the victims, and was ordered by his physician to go to Maine, and he

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From the President

As we have in previous years, our summer edition of the Society's newsletter is being mailed town-wide. If you have not received the previous quarterly editions and enjoy reading this publication, we hope you will become a member of the Lovell Historical Society.

Our Annual Dinner this June was very enjoyable. With about seventy people in attendance, the food was delicious and the atmosphere wonderful thanks to members Chris and Jen Lively of Ebenezer's Pub. During a brief business meeting at dessert time, we were given the opportunity to thank many of the people who have contributed so much to our town's history and the Society. In particular, honorary life membership was bestowed upon Al and Jacky Stearns. Besides being former officers of our organization and wonderful contributors, their impact has been felt in most town-wide endeavors. It was a pleasure for the Directors to honor their service.

On Sunday July 17th, we will be hosting our annual Antique Show and Live Auction. There will be dealers displaying their wares, delicious food, and live music. The live auction of contemporary items will begin promptly at 11am.

Auction items are: Wooden Map of Kezar Lake and Sterling Silver Loon Necklace; 2012 Season Membership at Lake Kezar Country Club; Framed Photograph of Fox Cove; Dinner for 4 at Severance Lodge; 30 Minute Flight Over Kezar Lake; Heating Oil Fill-Up (200 gallons maximum); Day of Fishing for 2 with Rocky Ridge Guide Service; Decorative Sign Bracket; 2 Red Sox Tickets for August 16th; Dinner for 4 at the Center Lovell Inn; 4 Framed Fashion Prints circa 1920; Day Rental of a Kezar Lake Marina Pontoon Boat; Dinner & Show for 4 at Quisisana; 2 Cords of Split Firewood; 1 Week Stay at Gilmore Camps on Kezar Lake in 2012; Private Beer Dinner & Cellar Tour for 4 at Ebenezer's Pub.

We also have three exciting raffle items: Oak Mirror, 20"x30", donated by William Doyle Antiques; Grain-painted Pine Commode donated by Peter Worrall of The Wonder Store; and copies of *The Lovell News & Kezar Lake Memoirs*, the Society's most recent publications.

On Sunday August 14th, the Society will host its third Lovell House Tour. Four historic houses will be open for the tour from 1pm to 4pm. After all tours have concluded, refreshments will be served at the Kimball-Stanford House. We hope you will join us.

Last but not least, we now have available for sale our most recent publication—*Kezar Lake Memoirs*. Pick up a copy at the Society or we'll mail it to you!

Best wishes, Catherine Stone

Antique Show 9am - 2pm

&

Live Auction 11am

Sunday, July 17th

Free Admission, Delicious Food, Live Music

Lovell House Tour

Sunday, August 14th

1 - 5 pm

THE LOVELL HISTORICAL SOCIETY

MISSION

The Lovell Historical Society exists to collect and preserve historical and genealogical records, property, and artifacts, and to encourage and support interest in and study of the history of the Town of Lovell and its environs. Its collections are available for consultation by its members and other interested parties. In fulfillment of its educational mission, the Society presents public programs on relevant topics, publishes documents and the results of research, maintains an archive, a library and a museum, provides information and guidance to interested researchers, and collaborates with libraries, schools, and other organizations to carry out historical projects.

OFFICERS 2011-2012

Catherine Stone, President
Stan Tupaj, Vice President
Mary Heroux, Secretary
Bonnie Fox, Treasurer

Directors:

Lou Olmsted
Beverly Bassett
Renee Dutton

LOCATION AND HOURS

The Society, located on Route 5 in the 1839 Kimball-Stanford House, is open on Tuesdays and Wednesdays from 9am to 4pm, Saturdays from 9am to 12pm and by appointment. All are welcome to visit our museum and research collections. Business meetings are open to all members and are held on the third Tuesday of every month at 2pm. Our phone number is (207) 925-3234 or (207) 925-2291. Our collection can be viewed at our web site—www.lovellhistoricalsociety.org—and our e-mail address is lovellhistoricalsociety@gmail.com

landed in Lovell, on Kezar Lake, where he pitched his tent. As strength increased he built himself a light canvas covered canoe, which he completed about the middle of September, and every morning early, he paddled about the lake. Being very weak he stayed in his tent until the middle of November, when an old friend from North Conway, who had heard of his plight, hunted him up and took him to his camp on Kearsarge Mountain, where he regained his health.

He still had his business in Riverside, the mosquitoes had been cleaned out and business was beginning to boom, but he couldn't forget Maine, and he came to Norway in the fall of 1893, saw a large building back of the Opera House, which belonged to C.B. Cummings. He hired the second floor which was vacant, moved his belongings, canoes, tools, lumber, machinery, etc. from Boston; worked day and night setting up his machinery and then all winter he toiled, building boats and canoes. By spring, when the ice went out, he had seventeen new boats and ten canoes all built.

Then on the 9th day of May, 1894, fire broke out in the mill and all he had left was one canoe and twenty-five dollars in cash. He had no insurance. But he did not quit. He still had faith in canoes, so he lived in a tent during the summer, and finding an old building on the shore of Lake Penneesseewassee "mill pond", he started anew and remained there for forty years and constructed nearly five hundred boats and canoes.

In 1917, when the war clouds were gathering, he used to visit at Brown's Camps, in Lovell, and met men who were trying to escape from the horrors of war and found Steve's philosophy a tonic for tired nerves, and enjoyed his stories of wild life and the big woods. Then for six years during the fishing season, he guided around the lake. In 1930, he moved to Lake Keewaydin, in Stonham, where he continued to build his canoes and boats. After a few years he returned to Kezar and opened a shop where he has since remained, always building more canoes and boats. He has been a frequent visitor in Norway, which he considered one of his homes, and his friends were legion.



The funeral was held Saturday, April 7th, at the Lovell Village church, and the following is Rev. George T. Duke's tribute to George R. Stephenson, at "Steve's" funeral: *I have had the privilege of knowing Steve for only a very short time, but in that short acquaintance I had come to appreciate him very much. His love of nature and his knowledge of wild life made him a very interesting conversationalist and story teller. He was always in demand about the campfire or the hotel lounge, and there was a continual demand for his stories of his experiences, or of the early days that he could remember. Many a summer evening became an experience because Steve was there.*

His philosophy of life was that of the woodsmen and craftsman. He loved the simple things, whether in matters of personal habits, or in his craft. His love of the canoe and paddle often led him into controversy with the more languid sportsman, who would rather sit before an outboard motor and have it do the work.

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TERMS—Cash when Goods are Ready for Shipment.

Goods Shipped at Owner's Risk.

GEO. R. STEPHENSON

Manufacturer of

Boats and Canoes

SINCE 1890

Power Boats, Canvas Covered Boats and
Canoes of All Kinds Built to Order.
OARS, PADDLES, ETC.

His love of good workmanship was great. He had little patience with slipshod methods, and I have heard him many times in his criticism of the blunderings of mass production of paddles or some other part of equipment. His reputation as a skillful workman is known all over the Eastern sections of the United States. The boat-building trade has lost a great lover of boats, and a master workman.

As for Lovell—Steve had become an institution, and a part of the atmosphere that is Lovell. There is none to take his place, for none could fill just his particular niche. He was cast in the mould of the pioneer, and that mould was broken with his generation. The later men do not have quite the stature, nor the stamina, nor the simplicity of purpose of this passing generation. We might apply the words that Edwin Markham used of Abraham Lincoln, in his poem, Lincoln, the Man of the People, when he said:

*As when a lordly cedar, green with boughs,
Goes down with a great shout upon the hills,
And leaves a lonesome place against the sky,
So the passing of Steve leaves a lonesome place in our town and in our own hearts, that no other one man can ever fill.*

...



Excerpt from *Village Memories*

By W. Lawrence Stone

Steve was a large, gentle, kindly man, always ready to help anyone. He was a great out-of-doors man, a lover of nature and of all birds and animals. One day Steve saw some people breaking off the branches of black alder bushes to get the red berries. He gently told them to be careful not to break the branches down so far, as it would kill the tree. He told them to break off only the tips.

An expert canoe man, he hated to see someone paddling in an inept manner. If he saw a young man going by in a canoe, paddling first on one side and then the other, he would go down to the dock and call out, "Hey, young feller, who in hell ever taught you to paddle? Come in here." Steve would get into the canoe and show the boy how to paddle properly. He would stay with the novice until he had learned to paddle from one side in the correct manner.

Sometimes I'd call on Steve and he'd be down on the dock. He'd run up the ramp like a boy, sit down at a table, take off his Stetson hat, slam it down, run his hand around several times on his head, reach for his pipe and tobacco and say, "Fill up your pipe and let's visit for a while". I built boats for Fred Semple in the summer of 1944 and being next door to Steve, I got to know him well.

Steve was a fine craftsman. He built the best canoes and paddles, and nothing was right when Steve was building unless it was perfect. Floyd Whitehouse worked for him from 1935 to 1945. He was a good workman. One day Steve said to me, *After the war is over, I'd like to have you and Floyd work for me until I'm a hundred. I think we'd make a good team. I'll take it easy and only boss the job*". Poor Steve didn't realize he wouldn't reach a hundred, nor did I at the time. When he was eighty-three he looked about sixty-five. I went to visit him in late March of 1945. He said, "I feel fine, but the window frames look out of plumb". He had had a slight stroke, but didn't realize it. Nor did I. He had another stroke a little later and died April 4, 1945. It was the passing of a great man—and my good friend.

A Fish Story

By Carol Severance Taylor

My father, Harold Severance, bought the bankrupt Brown's Camps in 1934. After spending the winter rebuilding the main building, which had been destroyed by a fire, he planned to open as soon as the ice went out of Lake Kezar in April.

Dad had gone to great lengths to acquire a guest list by asking for names and addresses from surrounding neighbors and by traveling and setting up display booths at sportsman's shows in Boston, Hartford, and New York City. He hoped to draw fishermen from all over New England. These gentlemen would not be drawn by the comfort level of their accommodations but by the fact that the fishing in those days was almost unbelievable. These were serious fishermen who spent their winters preparing their equipment and dreaming of the next big catch.

Notices were sent out on April 25, 1935 announcing "ice out" and Brown's Camps opened for fishing that weekend. Fishermen came from New York, New Jersey, and all the way from Florida. There were fifteen in the dining room that first night. More came the following day. Included was Bill Edson, the world's champion fly caster, and Needabeh, chief of the Penobscot Indians whose signature was the moose call and who was emcee at many of that winter's sportsman's shows. On that weekend and through the following month, the fishing was wonderful and news spread quickly. Brown's Camps couldn't offer much in the way of accommodations, but it did have a fine German chef and a friendly crew.

That spring an annual fishing contest was established. It would be a contest to award a trophy to the largest fish caught in Lake Kezar each summer.

Membership in the "One That Didn't Get Away

Club" would become a treasured status. That first summer the date for the trophy presentation was set for the end of August. The competition was keen. Men from all over the East Coast came to Lake Kezar to compete and photographs and newspaper articles were written about the trophy winner. A tradition had been established.

In the summer of 1937, a gentleman from New Jersey reeled in the big one, an 11 pound brown trout, and it was a beauty. It was the third summer he had visited Brown's Camps and his car was loaded down with bait and tackle boxes. Anticipating success, smoking a cigar, and dressed in the latest fishing attire, he tied just the right lure recommended by his local guide onto his rod. By midday he arrived back at the dock bringing with him the largest catch of that summer. He'd even left a space on his game room wall back in New Jersey for his trout to be mounted and he anticipated his neighbors' awe at viewing his prizewinning catch. There were photographs taken and handshakes and cheers given by his fellow club mates. It was a once in a lifetime achievement!

The prize trout was promptly taken to be put on ice for safekeeping until later that afternoon when my father could personally deliver it to the local taxidermist to be stuffed and mounted. My father was a light sleeper—a four hour a night sleeper—and always took an afternoon nap. That was probably not the best idea that day. By midafternoon he arose, poured water over his head, and hastened from his cabin to the kitchen and the walk-in ice chest which held large blocks of ice that had been cut from Lake Kezar the previous winter, preserved in sawdust and

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The new lodge at Brown's Camps.



Harold Severance with the kitchen staff at Brown's Camps in 1935. Harold is wearing the dark jacket with tie and two other people are identified. Gela Drew is at the far right and George Drew, her husband, is the tall man in the second row, center.

Photo donated by Linda (Ring) Drew

carefully stacked to keep perishable foods fresh all summer.

There were huge cuts of meat, cartons of eggs, and large blocks of cheese but alas, no trout! In fact there wasn't a fish in sight. Dad searched all the nooks and crannies. He even climbed over the ice block wall for a look behind. Not a fish was to be found. Muttering to himself, he headed out into the kitchen where the chef and assistant cook were busily preparing the evening meal. As he surveyed the hustle and bustle of the kitchen, he glanced at the ranges and to his horror looked squarely in the eye of a familiar looking trout. To Dad's chagrin he was now faced with the fact that the largest trout caught that summer was being gently sautéed on the nearby stove. It didn't take long for him to realize he had a huge problem. Guests were still somewhat scarce in those days and he knew the hotel's reputation was at stake. Dad understood that telling the truth to the trophy winner was not one of his options.

Fortunately he had cultivated a variety of friends throughout the state and some of these had influence and held government positions. He called all the way to the state capital in Augusta to one of those good friends, the Commissioner of Fish and Game. The Commissioner said not to worry and that he was sure they could put their heads together and come up with a solution. After a few more calls back and forth and

some checking around, Dad was told that there was a similar sized brown trout a few hours away at the Rangeley Lakes Fish Hatchery.

Dad knew that time was of the essence and that he would need a trusted confidant to retrieve the trout. He also knew just the right person. Lucile Day was his personal secretary and she loved adventure and knew how to keep a secret. Off she went in her car, loaded down with a large cooler filled with ice. Her round trip took several hours, over narrow winding roads, some of it in the darkness. I'm sure the Rangeley Lake game warden was not thrilled to be given an order to wait for a young woman from Lovell to pick up his 11 pound trout for some secret reason. But Lucile accomplished her mission, returning triumphantly in the wee hours. She would later become Lucile Severance, my mother.

The next evening a banquet was held in celebration and a trophy was presented to the winner. There were newspaper reporters and photographers, and not one of them suspected that the trout on hand was not the winning fish. That night as the sun set, the members of the "One That Didn't Get Away Club" joined together in the dining room. Their menu choices included trout almandine and baked stuffed trout. The sautéed trout, fresh from Lake Kezar, had been sold out the previous night and was not on the menu. •••

In Memoriam

We note with sadness the death of the following friends and neighbors.

Dorothy (Harrington) Bell, 90, of Lovell passed away on April 29, 2011. She was born in Standish, ME on December 10, 1920 to Fred and Myrtle Harrington and married Edward "Cappy" Bell in 1944. They owned and operated the Lovell General Store in Lovell Village from 1962 until 1974. After Cappy's death, Dot sold the business and worked for Oxford County Community Services. She was predeceased by her husband and is survived by her son Linwood, two grandchildren and three great-grandchildren.

Josephine (Belden) Buzzell, 85, of Fryeburg, ME and Alcoa, TN died on June 16, 2011. She was born on July 23, 1925 in Winthrop, ME to Stephen and Phyllis Belden and worked at Western Maine Forest Nursery for about 30 years. Jo was also a secretary in the livestock office at the Fryeburg Fair for many years and a member of this Society. She was predeceased by her husband Donald and is survived by her daughter—Brenda Hitchcock—and two grandsons.

John E. Fox, 85, of Fryeburg, ME and formerly of Lovell passed away on May 15, 2011. He was born in Stow, ME on December 1, 1925, a son of Augustus and Eliza (Smith) Fox and grew up in West Lovell. He was a U.S. Army veteran of World War II and was employed most of his life at Lovell Lumber. John was predeceased by his daughter Fay Ann and is survived by his wife Violet, two daughters—Diana Mchellan and Kay Legare—three grandchildren, and two great-grandchildren.

Gertrude (Emery) Gerry, 94, of New Haven, CT and formerly of Lovell died on April 7, 2011. She was born to Almon and Edna Emery on June 1, 1916 in West Paris, ME and married Charles Gerry of Lovell in 1940. Gertrude was predeceased by two of her daughters—an infant and Sandra Foote—and her husband. She is survived by three children—Charlene Henderson, Donna Smith, and Harry—twelve grandchildren, twenty-one great-grandchildren, and two great-great-grandchildren.

Peter G. Koutrakis, 60, of Beverly, MA passed away on February 10, 2011. He was born in Woburn, MA on October 16, 1950, the son of Manuel and Barbara Koutrakis. He owned and operated Pete's Bait & Tackle Shop in Salem, MA for over thirty years and was an avid fisherman. He wrote fishing columns for *The Salem News* and was a frequent contributor to *Fisherman Magazine*. He spent his summers on Kezar Lake at his family home at Ladies Delight. Peter is survived by his wife Lisa and his son Steven.

Vivian Mary (Verge) Moores, 82, of Lovell and Gloucester, MA died on April 8, 2011. She was born on Fogo Island, Newfoundland on April 18, 1928, the daughter of Wilfred and Nellie Verge. Vivian received a masters degree in nursing from the University of Massachusetts and for many years was a staff nurse at the Addison Gilbert Hospital in Gloucester, MA. She later became a clinical supervisor and classroom instructor at the hospital's School of Nursing. She specialized in geriatric home care and also worked as a Registered Nurse and Nurse Practitioner for the Haverhill Visiting Nurses Association. She is survived by her former husband Carl, two sons—Ian and Keith—five grandchildren, and two step-grandchildren.

Elizabeth "Libby" (Bachman) Nester, 91, formerly of Maplewood, NJ and Fryeburg, ME, passed away on April 24, 2011. She was born on May 26, 1919 in Orange, NJ to Ennis and Lida Bachman and graduated from Greenbriar Junior College. Libby married DeWitt Nester in 1949 and summered all of her life on the north end of Kezar Lake at her family cabin. When Dewey retired, they moved to Fryeburg and she became an active member of the Fryeburg Congregational Church, the Fryeburg Garden Club, and this Society. She was predeceased by her husband and is survived by three daughters—Dorothy Eastman, Marilyn Brown, and Susan Beem—and seven grandchildren.

Enfield Herbert Wilson, 88, of Lovell passed away on April 14, 2011. He was born in North Lovell to Leland and Glenna Wilson and served in the Army during World War II. Enfield spent much of his career as a baker, working at Pleasant Mountain Ski Area and Dunkin Donuts. He and his wife operated a summer restaurant for three years and he also worked as a hunting guide and a caretaker. He was predeceased by his wife Erma and is survived by his two children—Dale Wilson and Maxine Springer—four grandchildren, two great-grandchildren, and his companion Jean Littlefield.

Gifts & Donations

We are very grateful for the following gifts received since the last newsletter: **Mary Adams**—Oxford County map; **Enola Buzzell** (in memory of Marion Davis)—Pottle genealogy, information on the Civil War records of Royal Hatch and James C. Stearns, four early Lovell portrait albums; **Renee Dutton**—antique doll & doll's chair; **Family of John R. Fox**—Home Portrait Glaflex camera, early Lovell photos; hurricane & blizzard news articles from 1952 and 1954; **Jessica George**—permission to scan photos; **Bill & Nancy Jamison**—photographs of Lovell Old Home Days & Palmer Lane meetings; **William Jordan**—Emery family documents; **Earl McAllister**—Harry Graton Ring's necktie; **James Miller**—proprietors map transparency, camera stand, nine cameras, *McKeown's Price Guide to Antique & Classic Cameras*; **Fred & Ruth Mitchell**—large collection of carpentry and kitchen tools, crib,

children's toys, butcher's scale, cot; **Gerry & Meg Nelson**—yards of wool and cotton, rock collection; **Laurent Pilotte**—parts of a log boom; **Frances Pollitt**—information on Roy Wilhelm, permission to scan photos; **Sam Ring**—Dr. George Allen's medicine bottles; **David Sanderson** (in memory of Steve Kimball)—two CD's of the Victor Band performing Steve Kimball's *Quadrille* and *Haymaker's Jig*, four tumblers hand-painted by Don Dickerman; **Al & Jacky Stearns**—permission to scan photos; **Dean & Pat Stearns**—Rodolph McAlister's notes on Building Permits 1965-1973; **Hal & Carol Taylor**—permission to scan photos; **Robin Taylor-Chiarelo** (in memory of Thomas C. Chiarelo)—two children's books written by Robin Taylor-Chiarelo: *Broken Wing* and *The Blue Lobster*; **Roger & Jane Williams**—photos of the Charlotte Hobbs house fire; **Martha Wilson**—bee smoker; **David Woods**—research material on the history of Westways.

Cash donations have been gratefully received from: **Glenn Allison; Katherine Armstrong** (in memory of Carol Armstrong); **Robert Bast & Carolyn Kercsmar; Charles & Claudia Benge; William & Deborah Berman; Donald & Gertrude Blanchard; Harold & Joyce Buckingham; Bernard & Eugenia Cohen; Charles & Sharon Dager; William De K. Burton; Ben & Nancy Eshleman; James Ferguson** (in memory of Fred & Dorothy Ferguson); **Lizbeth Ferris; Linda Gale; Francis Gilman; Theda Gilman; Robert & Janine Greene; Elna Hale; Elner Hamner; Anne Isaak; Carol Jaffe; Barbara Koutrakis** (in memory of Peter Koutrakis); **Ann Leberman; Jacqueline Lewis; Philip & Phyllis Marsilius; Sarah Miller; Howard & Veronica Mitchell; Leotus Morrison** (in honor of Mudjekeewis campers); **Clement & Ellen Nelson; Peter & Barbara Paolucci; Bruce & Alice Rogers; Ellen Rowe; Mary Semple; Todd & Sarah Smith; Al & Jacky Stearns** (in memory of Joan Stearns); **Arthur Sumbler** (in memory of Bill Sayles); **Hunt & Margaret Stockwell; Robert & Mary Tagliamonte; George & Zoe Trautman; Herman & Nancy Voigt** (in memory of Bill Sayles); **Janet Westlund & Samuel Palmer.**

Auction and raffle items have been gratefully received from: **Rod & Jennifer Blood** (Rod Iron Designs); **Carl & Alice Bois** (Rocky Ridge Guide Service); **Robert & Robin Chiarelo; Lee Conary** (LHC Fine Art Photography); **William Doyle** (William Doyle Antiques); **Ben & Nancy Eshleman; Tom & Debra Gilmore** (Gilmore Camps); **Frank & Willie Gorke; Kezar Lake Marina; Lake Kezar Country Club; Chris & Jen Lively** (Ebenezer's Pub); **Bryan & Meryl Molloy** (Molloy Energy Services); **Harry & Meghan Nyberg** (Lovell Logging & Tree Service); **Jane Orans** (Quisisana); **Virginia Roriston; Bill & Lynda Rudd** (Harvest Gold Gallery); **Peter Worrall** (The Wonder Store).

The Lovell Historical Society
P.O. Box 166
Lovell, ME 04051

If your mailing label doesn't say "6-12" or "Life",
it is time to join or renew your membership. Thanks!