Memories of Bishop George Cadigan in Lovell

A Gift from a Father

By Rufus Cadigan

As a family of six we spent the months of July and August at our home by Lake Kezar beginning in the 1950s. It was here in Lovell that I best got to know Dad. It was here that he showed me how to be an outdoorsman. In Kezar we swam, fished together, and paddled our Old Town canoe; we camped out and told stories together on the Saco.

My Mom and Dad, Jane and George Cadigan, first came to Lovell in the summer of 1946 after their friends in Massachusetts suggested that they would enjoy Conifer. Dad was a minister at Grace Episcopal Church in Salem, Massachusetts. Mom was the caretaker first of my brothers Peter and David and then later of myself and Christine.

Mom and Dad immediately felt at home in Lovell and kept coming back every summer for the rest of their lives. They became close to Conifer owners Ted and Keinath Davey and found lasting friendships with those who spent their summers in Lovell. I remember the Andersons, Chapmans, Daveys, Felds, Hinrichs, Hutchinsons, Muenches, and Semples best because they had children about the same ages as us four Cadigan kids.

A few years after they had summered at a Conifer cabin, Mom and Dad asked Ted Davey if they could buy some of his property from Conifer to build their own summer house. Ted sold them some Kezar lake
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. Along with publishing our newsletter, we maintain an internet site (www.lovellhistoricalsociety.org) where you can view more than 15,000 records in our collection and over 9,000 images. You can also view transcriptions of Lovell’s vital records, early maps and the town’s updated cemetery records. We are located in the 1839 Kimball-Stanford House, maintain a museum and research center that is open at least three days a week, and host a minimum of six town events per year. Your membership will help us continue this work and would be greatly appreciated!

On Sunday, July 12th, we will host our annual Antique Show and Auction from 10am to 3pm. This event is free. Dealers will display their wares plus we will have delicious food available, and a raffle of three great items—$100 gift certificate to Rosie’s Lovell Village Store; $100 gift certificate to the Old Saco Inn; signed copy of Our Kezar. Bruce Buxton will be available from 12:30 to 2:30 to appraise your fine art and antiques.

Additionally, there will be a live auction at 11am conducted by Frank Eastman. The live auction items include: 2016 “First Time Golf Membership” to Bridgton Highlands Country Club; Two Adult Lift Tickets at Shawnee Peak Ski Mountain; 200 Gallons of Heating Oil from Molloy Energy; Decorative Sign Bracket from Rod Iron Designs; Two Cords of Seasoned Firewood from Lovell Lumber; One Day Rental of a Pontoon Boat from Kezar Lake Marina; Dinner & Show for Four at Quisisana; Steamboat Cruise for Four on Kezar Lake; Framed 1930 watercolor by Donald Blagge Barton; Dinner for Four at the Oxford House Inn; Sterling Silver Bracelet by Harvest Gold; 30 Minute Flight over Kezar Lake for Two; Customized Adventure Package for Two with Good Life Adventures; 2015 Private Beer Dinner and Cellar Tour for Four at Ebenezer’s Restaurant & Pub; One Week Stay at Gilmore Camps on Kezar Lake; and a Bucket of Balls with Dinner for Two at the Old Saco Inn. If you are unable to attend just let us know and we will accept not-to-exceed bids.

Three weeks later we will be conducting our fifth House Tour. The event will be held on Sunday August 2nd, from 1 to 4pm and should prove to be very enjoyable. Four of Lovell’s finest homes, displayed on the back page, will be on the tour. After the tour, join us for refreshments (hors d’oeuvres and a cash bar) at the Pleasant Point Inn!

Best wishes, Catherine Stone

Limited Edition Print of 100 Herbert L. Flint’s 1915 Map of Kezar Lake

$100 per map

THE LOVELL HISTORICAL SOCIETY

OFFICERS 2015-2016

Catherine Stone, President    Linda Matte, Director
Marge Ward, Vice President    Lou Olmsted, Director
Bonnie Fox, Treasurer         Carol Taylor, Director
Susan Welchman, Secretary     Robin Taylor-Chiarelo, Director
Bill Gardner, Director

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 at 2pm every other month at specified dates. 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 email address is lovellhistoricalsociety@gmail.com.
front property which was a cutover area that had blackberries on it, hence the name of our place Blackberry Hill.

Dad hired Frank Lopez, the editor of Architectural Record and a former cabin boy at Conifer, to be the architect for our new house. It was Lopez’s first house to design. One of the carpenters Dad hired was Jack Muench, a well-known artist, because he could read Lopez’s blueprints. He earned the biggest salary of the carpenters at $1.25 an hour. The second carpenter was Lawrence “Stoney” Stone who happened to be the strongest man in Lovell and got $1.00 an hour. The third was Steve Hinrichs, a teacher at Exeter, who earned $.75 an hour. Dad worked with these three and both my brothers Peter and David helped too.

The house was finished and ready for us in the summer of 1953. Dad and Mom had to borrow to pay for the property, the house and the furnishings. They were astounded at the enormous expense of $10,000 for a waterfront home at Kezar.

Both my parents talked of Blackberry Hill as their spiritual home. Dad described how the six of us would ride in our Old Town canoe from our landing to the sandy beach at Conifer for our twice-daily swims. That same craft would take us down the outlet to Charles Pond, or two-day trips down the Saco. We paddled Sucker Brook and studied great blue heron, loons, Canadian geese and wood ducks. We took it as far as a beaver dam, and in season found the cardinal flowers (red lobelia) and the snake mouth orchids. Sometimes we saw eagles, osprey, hawks and least bittern. There were always huge turtles and the occasional otter. What a beautiful wild area….

Dad would teach my brothers and me to play King of the Raft. He got on one side, I on the other. Each of us would try to throw the other one off the raft into the lake. Dad wrote, “I don’t recall how old I was or how old you were when you dethroned me. Remember how you had to swim almost a mile from the Narrows Bridge to the Conifer Beach before you were allowed to take the canoe alone? You did it when you were eight or nine years old.”

One summer when I was about eight, Dad and George Chapman took his son Beau and me for a camping trip on Wild River near Lovell. This time Dad taught me how to plan a menu, pack gear, set up a fire, cook a meal and assemble the pup tent. After supper around the fire, Beau’s dad entertained us with stories of his work as a lawyer “catching bad guys” for the F.B.I. That night the temperature fell to 30 degrees. I got so cold I couldn’t sleep even when I had thrown all my clothes over me in my sleeping bag. I was coughing the whole night. At about 3 am Dad got worried about me and said, “Rufus, are you all right?” I said, “Daddy, this is the most wonderful day of my life.”

Another summer a terrible thunder storm knocked out our electricity for at least a week. Dad and Mom were good game-masters, keeping the children entertained when darkness fell. During this blackout they organized a hide-and-seek game called “Sardines”. It was always hard for me to find the person who was selected to hide somewhere crammed into a corner of the house in complete darkness. To play this with my parents is a treasured memory.

When in Lovell Dad found himself most at peace. This was where he could step into his wild side. He loved to clown around with those who were merry makers too. One of them was Julia Carnegie who had ruled the Conifer kitchen for decades. One evening after dinner at Conifer in the 1950s, George stepped (continued on page 4)
into Julia’s kitchen to tell her how much he admired her chef’s hat and wanted it for himself. Without a pause, he flipped the chef’s hat off her head, stuffed it on his own and danced around the kitchen with it. Julia picked up a huge carving knife and chased him. The kitchen staff and I watched bug-eyed. Eventually Julia and Dad collapsed into laughter.

George’s other jokester friend was Fred Semple. In the 50s and 60s, Dad and Fred played as duo-entertainers for our two families. Every summer we all had a ride on Fred’s steamboat and then a picnic at Del Cram’s beach on the lower lake near Miss Hobbs’ house. Later in the evening the show happened at Fred’s large steam engine workshop at Fred and Princie’s first Lovell home where the Marina is now. Fred opened the act. He would turn his back to us and prepare his magic secretly. Then suddenly he turned around while blowing out a huge dragon breath of fire. I remember seeing at least two feet of fiery flames from his mouth. We kids yelled happily at his home circus spectacle.

Dad would have the closing act. Under the spotlight he carefully selected one of Fred’s nails from his nail box and hammered it into one of his thighs without ever hurting himself. Princie and my Mom would scream out pretending to be frightened. Dad would swiftly pull the nail out of his leg without an ounce of blood. He was the Houdini of Lovell.

When I was about twelve I urged Dad to show me how he did his trick. He explained a little bit of it but not enough for me to figure out how to do it on my own. A good father knows where the boundaries are.

Dad would talk about how he felt closer to God when he was in Lovell. Looking up at the White Mountains from our Blackberry Hill House in the mornings, he would sometimes show me where he saw the sign of the Cross on the side of Baldface. I couldn’t see it but I know he did. Some people would say to him, “Oh, yes, George, I see it now that you’ve pointed it out”. I’m looking at Baldface right now as I’m typing up this story about Dad on our deck and it still ain’t there for me!

In the 50s and 60s Dad had “chapel” every morning on the deck as the family faced Kezar and the mountains. Each of us was given a hymnal book to sing from daily. Dad would read aloud a little bit of the Bible. I usually enjoyed this family “chapel” service but got a little embarrassed when my friend Tony Muench was around the house and would be asked to join us for family chapel time. I didn’t think Tony’s family ever did chapel services together. Tony confirmed this when I saw him at the Davey house after Sally Davey’s funeral last August. But there was no need to worry; Tony went along easily with our family service as a good member of the congregation. Unlike many of us, Dad wasn’t embarrassed to talk about his religious beliefs. He knew how to talk in such a natural way that one didn’t feel pressured or overwhelmed.

On Sunday mornings we always went to the Congregational Brick Church. Dad preached there and at the Center Lovell Church on several Sundays every summer. He often talked about nature when he preached to the Lovell congregations. People still talk to me in Lovell about how much Dad’s sermons meant to them such as the one on dry flies and fishing.

Before church on Sundays Dad first drove us to the Kimball & Walker General Store just across the road. Mom gave either Fred or Barney a list of shopping items and then we walked over to the church. After the service we walked back to the store to pick up the food from Mom’s list, packed and ready for us in boxes.

Dad spoke about Kimball & Walker General Store as “that special place where you could purchase anything you needed. In the early 50s, our monthly grocery bill for the six of us was just about $100. Remember how those unusual men, Fred and Barney Walker, gave credit all winter long to the needy?”

One time when Dad was at the store he saw a fishing rod with a sign which read “Purchase a raffle
ticket for only fifty cents and you might win this rod”. Dad thought that this might be a benefit for the Volunteer Fire Department. He asked Fred, “For what benefit is this rod being sold?” Fred said, “Benefit of Kimball & Walker!”

Kimball & Walker served your needs for any occasion. Dad remembered that the store had no license to sell liquor, but that didn’t stop Dad’s friend Charlie Feld (Andy’s father) showing up at the store one Sunday and asking how he could find a bottle of gin he needed: “Barney disappeared into his home across the street and returned with a shoe box, all neatly wrapped. ‘Charles,’ he said, ‘these shoes will cost you $5.00’.”

Dad enjoyed telling a good story. One summer he took us along with some girls who worked at Conifer for a climb up Speckled Mountain. Here’s his recollection: It is a three hour climb but the ascent is not difficult. We were less than an hour on the trail when it began to rain and heavy fog enveloped us. Nevertheless we pushed on to the summit. There we sat on the rocks and had our picnic lunch. By this time the mist was even thicker and the visibility was less than ten yards. Suddenly out of the swirling clouds walked a man absolutely nude and all red from his exertion. Each of the children and myself gaped at him. He did wear one thing, a wrist watch. He glanced at this and said, ‘Two hours from Wild River, not bad, hey!’ Then he moved apart from us and lay down on the rocks. Very quietly Rufus spoke to me, “Daddy is he an Indian”? We finished our lunch almost in silence and then our clothesless climber said goodbye and disappeared into the fog. When we descended to the A.M.C. hut at the foot of the trail we told the hut boy about this nude man. “Oh,” he said, “that’s Nature Boy.”

My own memory of this story is slightly different. Nature boy was wearing a blue loin cloth held together by a silver chain around his waist. Now many decades later who knows what Nature Boy was wearing or not. I should add that my father would tell me that a good story always needs to be embellished.

Indeed he was a superb storyteller…and card player. Bishop Cadigan was a card shark in Lovell where he taught us kids how to gamble with “21”. He began the game by passing each of us a pile of wooden match sticks. After playing just a few hands, he always won and took away most of my stash of match sticks. Dad was never the father who purposely lost so that his child could win. We kids tried wholeheartedly to beat the man but the gambling Bishop easily trumped us. He was of course a gentle kindly religious man. Nevertheless he was also the tough casino guy in Lovell-Las Vegas.

However, Dad could not master any single skill in the kitchen. He was a typical 50s husband and father, hopeless beyond pouring milk into the cereal bowl. Cleverly, Dad married Jane who was a superb cook. With all six of us living at Blackberry Hill, Mom alone prepared all 21 meals a week.

Mom was also a wonderful artist who worked both with watercolor and wood prints. Her art work can be seen in Lovell homes today. She created much of her art from views of the woodlands of Lovell and Kezar Lake. Her artistic gift and Dad’s public speaking abilities must have been what gave me such a love for art and the theater.

As the Bishop of the Episcopal Diocese of Missouri (1959-75), Dad worked to bring people together. Cardinal Ritter Archbishop of St. Louis and Dad endorsed one of the first ecumenical weddings; it was celebrated by the Catholic and Episcopal Church. Dad was the first non-Roman Catholic ever to preach in a Catholic Church. He met with Martin Luther King, Jr. in St. Louis to stand for racial equality, fair housing and employment.

But it was in Lovell that I knew him best. As a great outdoorsman, he loved fly-fishing, canoeing, hiking, tennis and golf. He loved the nature of Lovell and was one of the founders of the Greater Lovell Land Trust and Director Emeritus. Of his life here Dad said, “I rejoice that I raised the money to preserve land as a wilderness forever.”

(continued on page 6)
His gifts of richness have never stopped giving. One of these gifts is a letter he wrote: *Here is a mystery in sun and stars, in night and day, in snow and rain. May you ever be sensitive to these things of creation. May you grow up with them on skates and skis, on mountain trails and down the rivers. Then when you move with men and make decisions you may know over and above the market price that lumber comes from trees, that mutton comes from the sheep, that power comes from water, and that bread comes from fields of waving wheat.* Written in June 1946, this was a letter to me when I was a few weeks old. A few weeks after that he and Mom carried me in their hands to Conifer, Lovell. •••

George Cadigan’s fly fishing equipment.

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**In Memoriam**

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

**John H. Atwood**, 92, of Fryeburg passed away on April 27, 2015. He was born in Dorchester, MA on April 26, 1923 to August and Elizabeth Atwood. He grew up in Wellesley Hills, MA, served in the Army during World War II, and later graduated from the University of New Hampshire. In 1954, John became manager of Severance Lodge. He held that position for fifteen years before moving on to Fryeburg Academy where he taught accounting and coached skiing and golf. He was a member of this Society. He is survived by his wife Esther, three children—Nancy Mockler, John, and Peter—seven grandchildren, and two great-grandchildren.

**John Derr**, 97 of Pinehurst, NC died on June 6, 2015. He was born in Dallas, NC on October 13, 1917 and earned the Bronze Star for his military service in India. He was the former head of CBS Radio and TV sports networks. John was known as the “Dean of Golf Telecasters” for his many years of involvement with professional golf and with PGA affairs. For many years he had summered in Center Lovell and was a member of this Society. He was predeceased by his wife Peggy and is survived by his daughter, Marguerite “Cricket” Gentry.

**Mary Chapman Eastman**, 81, of Lovell died on May 11, 2015. She was born on December 10, 1933 in Prince Edward Island, Canada, the daughter of Alfred and Myra Chapman. She was a fifty year member of the Pythagorean Chapter No. 169 Order of he Eastern Star in Fryeburg and worked part-time at WMFN. She is survived by her husband Robert, four children—Richard, James, Kevin, and Lynn—and several grandchildren.

**Susan Jane (Gerry) Franciosi**, of Blairstown, NJ died on May 16, 2015. She was born in Kearny, NJ on October 27, 1950 to Henry and Jane Gerry. She graduated from Upsala College and received an MBA from Seton Hall University. She worked for Shearson Lehman Brothers from 1976 to 1989 and then started teaching at Warren Community College. She and her family summered in Lovell at their home on Heald Pond. Susan is survived by her husband Tony, her three children—Joe, Lisa, and Erica—and three grandchildren.

**Ryan Patrick McLaughlin**, 33, of Bangor, ME and formerly of Lovell, passed away on June 14, 2015. Ryan was born on June 10, 1982, the son of Tom and Roseann McLaughlin. He is survived by his parents and three sisters.

**Leotus Morrison**, 88, of Harrisonburg, VA died on May 4, 2015. She was born in Savannah, GA on July 30, 1926. Six years after graduating from Georgia State College in 1948, she began teaching physical education at James Madison University. She received her PhD from Indiana University in 1962. Lee was very active in the womens sports movement and played a pivotal role in promoting Title IX of the 1964 Civil Rights Act which enabled females to have equitable opportunities in education and sports. She was a long-time counselor at Camp Mudjekeewis on Kezar Lake and continued visiting Lovell after the camp closed. In 1994, she helped organize a Camp reunion that over 100 alumni attended. She was a life member of this Society. She is survived by her sister and brother.

**Jean Baker (Williams) Schoch**, 91, of Acton, MA, died on February 14, 2015. She was born in Taunton, MA, the daughter of Palmer and Dorothy Williams. She graduated from Middlebury College in 1945 and spent her life raising her family and participating in community organizations. Jean summered on Kezar Lake and was a member of this Society. She was predeceased by her husband Bill and her son Charles, and is survived by five children—Sarah Miller, Jonathan, Dorothy Jacobson, Thornton, and Peter—10 grandchildren, and five great-grandchildren.
Gifts and Donations

We are very grateful for the following gifts received since the last newsletter: Bacchiocchi Plumbing—plumbing services; Tim Barker—Handcrafts of New England by Allen H. Eaton; Sandra Bell—loan of painting titled Kezar Lake Deep Freeze by Sandra Bell; Cadigan Family—permission to scan photos; Merrill Chapin—over 300 postcards found at the Oliver C. Farrington property on Keewaydin Lake; Jack Dutton—folk art panel of Center Lovell painted by Renee Dutton in 1973; Jane Gleason—Lovell Maine: Community Environmental Inventory 1982, 2 Deer Country Kiln dishes; Jean-Pierre Habicht (in memory of Betty Peterson)—wall hanging of a U.S. Geological Survey map compilation circa 1900; Amo Kimball—needlepoint piece stitched by Walter B. Stone’s grandmother; Franklin McAlister (in memory of Herbert W. McAlister)—two photos of Herbert McAlister and a book he received from his teacher Lottie Palmer; Robert Mead & Susan Hamlin—Farrington’s brochure, 2 postcards, Kendall & Whitney 40 pound seed bag, glass baster; Roger & Caroline Sorg—bathing suit and fur hat belonging to Kate Kennedy, bathing suit top and fur hat belonging to Edward Kennedy; Martha Wilson—photo, The Art of Hard Soldering by Henry G. Abbott, The Business Guide by J.L. Nichols; Peter Worrall—Gilman Bros. milk bottle.

Donations for the purchase of oil have been gratefully received from: Robert Bast & Carolyn Kercsmar; Lyn Beliveau; Deborah Berman; Jane Gleason; Arnold & Susan Harmon; Edward & Joyce MacDonald; Judge Henry Morgan; Deborah Tait; Beatrice Webster.

Donations to our auction and raffle have been generously made by the following individuals and businesses: Sandra Bell; Steve & Libby Bender; Bridgton Highlands Country Club; Lee Conary; Ebenezer’s Restaurant & Pub; Tom & Debra Gilmore; Kenneth Goldman; Good Life Adventures; Harvest Gold Gallery; Kezar Lake Marina; Lovell Lumber; Richard & Linda Matte; Melanie McGraw; Molloy Energy; Old Saco Inn; Quisisana; Kelly Rickards; Rod Iron Designs; Rosie’s Lovell Village Store; the Semple Family; Shawnee Peak Ski Area; Robin Taylor-Chiarello.

Donations in the memory of Leotus Morrison have been gratefully received from: Joan Bishop; Judy Rowe Michaels; Mariuna Morrison; Ellen Rowe; Diane Seleen; Judith Wilson.

Cash donations have been gratefully received from: Mary Adams; Deborah Berman; Arthur Brecker (in memory of Jacqueline Brecker); Scott & Carolyn Conti; Charles & Joan Dattelbaum; Glenice Denison; Henry & Christine Deutsch; Richard & Catherine Fay; Elmer Fox; Theda Gilman; Collier Hands; Barbara Hauser; Kezar Realty (in honor of James & Carol Bicket); Dirk Lammers; Paul & Cynthia Littlefield; Franklin McAlister; Edward & Joyce MacDonald; Philip & Phyllis Marsilious; Michael & Thelma McGuire; Howard & Veronica Mitchell; Charles & Roberta Mosher; Gerry Nelson (in memory of Meg Nelson); Jane Orans & Quisisana; Anne Pilsbury; Chet & Cindy Rogers; Armand & Judith Sabourin; Peter & Kathryn Schoch; Brad Smith (in memory of John Derr); Dennis & Ellen Smith; John Smith; Todd & Sarah Smith; Hal & Carol Taylor (in memory of John Atwood); Ralph & Marilyn Tedesco; Herman & Nancy Voigt; George Westerberg.

If you have made a donation or given an artifact or other form of historical material and it has not been listed here or previously noted, please contact us immediately. We appreciate the thoughtful generosity of our members and friends, and most certainly want to acknowledge and list gifts properly.
Historic House Tour, Sunday, August 2, 1-4pm

Eastman Hill

Daisy Mountain Inn

Farnham Farm

Hutchins-Walker House

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

If your mailing label doesn’t say “6-16” or “Life”,
it is time to join or renew your membership. Thanks!