

Yesterday's News

Published quarterly by the Lovell Historical Society



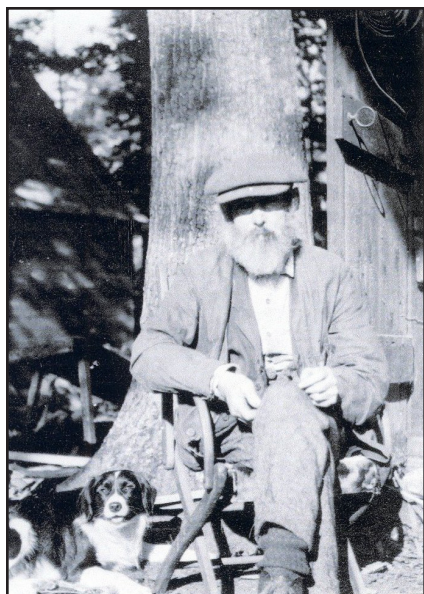
Volume 22, Number 1

Winter 2015

Windy Hill Farm, West Lovell



Windy Hill Farm, at the foot of Lord's Hill in West Lovell, has been the home of two well-known Lovell residents. It was built by Albra Lord and served as his family's home until his wife's death in 1936. Albra was a skilled basket maker. In 1948, Dot and Jim Kilgore purchased the farm. Dot was a highly regarded volunteer in town and was recognized for her unique character. Their stories follow.



Albra Lord

Photo donated by Frank & Barbara Eastman



Dot Kilgore

Photo donated by Patricia Bresette

From the President

Thanks to your support 2014 was a very successful year. We added over fifty new members, held four community events, and significantly expanded our collection thanks to the generosity of so many.

On October 12th, we held our Fall Harvest event, which was extremely well attended. With great weather, *Birds on a Wire* performed on the lawn while Anna Williams and friends demonstrated a cider press. Tamsen and Bill Drew set up a petting zoo, and Chelsea Angevine organized pumpkin painting. Apples, pumpkins, and hospitality food were generously donated by Robin Taylor-Chiarello. Margie Ward again graciously acted as hostess for the hospitality table and Linda Matte did a wonderful job decorating the barn. This year we also had a photo exhibit of fall harvest practices, organized by one of our newest volunteers Susan Welchman. Thank you to all who contributed time and baked goods to make this such a successful event!

On December 14th, we hosted our Christmas Open House. Bonnie Fox and Linda Matte did a beautiful job decorating the interior of the museum. Rachel Kuvaja made delicious cookies for decorating, and Margie Ward organized another incredible hospitality table. We also had some local vendors selling their wares.

We were very fortunate to receive three great raffle items from our members—Chris & Jen Lively, Janice Sage, and Hal & Carol Taylor—and the lucky winners were drawn at the event. Melanie McGraw won the \$200 gift certificate for home fuel and has generously donated it to Lovell's Friends Helping Friends. The \$100 gift certificate to Ebenezer's Pub was won by Justin & Jenn Ward, and Carol Tickton won dinner for two at the Center Lovell Inn. Thank you to all the members and friends who purchased raffle tickets!

Best wishes, *Catherine Stone*

2015 Events

Business Meeting	Tuesday, February 17th
Business Meeting	Tuesday, April 21st
Annual Dinner	Monday, June 29th
Antique Show & Auction	Sunday, July 12th
House Tour	Sunday, August 9th
Business Meeting	Tuesday, August 18th
Fall Harvest	Sunday, October 11th
Business Meeting	Tuesday, October 20th
Business Meeting	Tuesday, December 8th
Christmas Open House	Sunday, December 13th

SUMMER 2015 INTERNSHIP AVAILABLE

Applicants should be willing to: help organize the Society's collection; learn the museum software program; assist with event planning; conduct research leading to the possibility of publishing an article in the quarterly newsletter; guide museum tours; assist with general office tasks.

Eligibility: Applicants must be college students or recent high school graduates with matriculation plans for Fall of 2015. Strong organizational skills, computer skills, and an ability to work independently are preferred, as is a strong interest in history and working with the local community. Summer residents and local college students are encouraged to apply.

General Information: The internship is for 8 weeks; anticipated dates being June 15th through August 9th. Salary is \$2,000. Hours of work are Tuesday & Wednesday 9am to 4pm, Saturday 9am to 12pm, plus two Sunday events (approximately 7 hours each).

Application Procedure: Candidates must submit a cover letter and resume, with names of references, by April 15th. Submit applications to the Lovell Historical Society, P.O. Box 166, Lovell, ME 04051 or lovellhistoricalsociety@gmail.com.

THE LOVELL HISTORICAL SOCIETY

OFFICERS 2014-2015

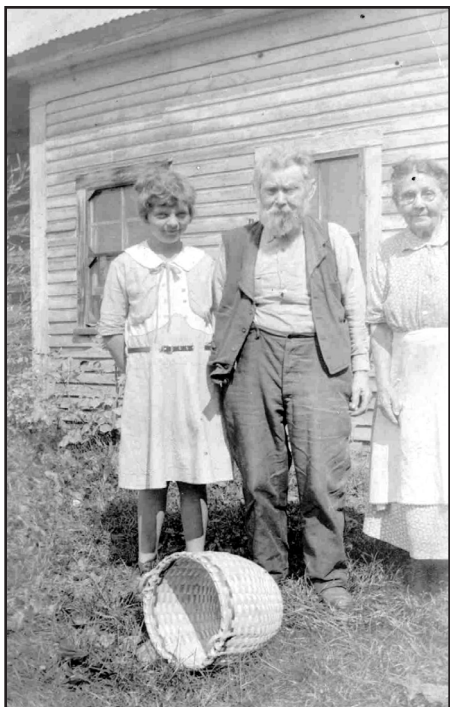
Catherine Stone, President	Dennis Hodge, Director
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(Vacancy), Secretary	Christine Scott-Deutsch, Director
	Robin Taylor-Chiarello, Director

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.

Albra Lord (1846-1933)



Albra Lord, his wife Sarah, and a niece standing in front of their farm house.

Photo donated by Frank & Barbara Eastman

In the late 1800s and early 1900s, West Lovell was home to a very skilled basket maker, Albra Key Lord. Born on November 25, 1846, Lord was the fifth of eight children of Isaiah Lord of Waterboro and Ruth Key of Berwick. When Albra was born, the family was living in Stow, but by 1851 they had moved to Foxboro in West Lovell.

Albra married Sarah Horr of Lovell on November 10, 1859 and they had four children—Francis, Clarence, Aristeon, and Merton. Their house and his basket making shop were to the south of his father's at the base of Lord's Hill. Both Albra and Sarah lived on their farm into their late 80s. Albra died on April 18, 1933 while Sarah lived three years and one day more.

Baskets made by Albra Lord were highly regarded for their strength and attractiveness. They were made of brown ash which, according to Pauline Moore in *Blueberries and Pusley Weed*, required a significant effort to gather. Lord would search through the woods for young brown ash trees of four to five inches in diameter and cut a notch in them to make sure that the growth rings were even and regular. Next, he would cut the trunk of the little trees into strips about one inch wide, which he would pound on a piece of railroad rail until the growth rings separated.

Lord never expanded his business to include out of town sales, but his artistry became well-known. Moore recounted a story that Lord received an offer from a Detroit hotel manager for forty baskets. The order stated "price no object," but Lord ignored the request, saying he could sell all the baskets he made at home for \$1.25 apiece. Practicality, however, may have played a role in his dismissal of the order. Beside basket making, Lord worked his farm and hired out to work in the woods. It would have been difficult to survive on the proceeds of sporadic basket sales, whatever the price.

Today, these distinctive baskets can fetch many hundreds of dollars. According to Martha Wetherbee in an article published in *Yankee Magazine*, the process of identifying a Lord basket is as follows: "Lord's hallmark is a small indentation in the center of the outside bottom. It is a press mark made by the mold on which the basket was woven. The swing of the Lord handle is fastened to its ear with a round copper tack or rivet. Rims are double, flat, and double-lashed. The body is always slightly barrel-shaped with weavers beginning narrow at the bottom and growing wider at the top."

To see a Lord basket, visit the Lovell Historical Society museum. We are fortunate to have in our collection four of his baskets, along with the railroad rail that he used to pound the strips. •••



Dot Kilgore (1922-1978)

Doris “Dot” Kilgore was a well-known person in Lovell in the mid-twentieth century. She was an exceptional volunteer for many town organizations and worked hard in the woods for most of her life. She also had a very distinct appearance.

She was born in Bridgton in 1922, the daughter of John and Frances (Durgin) Bresette, and attended schools there. In 1939, she married James E. Kilgore and together they operated a portable saw mill in the early years of their marriage. They had five children—four girls and a boy.

In 1948, the Kilgore family moved to Lovell, purchasing Windy Hill Farm, the former home of Albra & Sarah Lord. Dot explained their move in a 1975 newspaper article: “There always was a strong beckoning factor in Lovell for me. I wanted a town where I could raise my kids.”

Dot and her husband worked the farm, raising corn and beans for local companies. They also worked for a local contractor weeding and clearing tree farms in the area. While her husband felled the trees, Dot and Roger Brown, who lived with them, hauled the trees away and loaded the logs on trucks.

Regarding Dot’s distinct appearance, she was small and thin, with hair clipped short. She wore men’s clothing and was often mistaken for a man. In regard to this common misperception, Pete Fox remembers her saying “If I’m going to work like a man, I’m going to dress like a man.” She did.

In addition to working in the woods and raising her children, Dot was a regular volunteer for many

town organizations. She served as president of the Fryeburg-Lovell VFW Auxiliary, president of the Lovell PTA, and secretary for the Boy Scouts troop. For several years she also served as Lovell’s town constable, a job she took very seriously. Her many years of devoted service were honored in a memorial plaque which the Lovell Historical Society has in its collection.

Fred Kinney, who knew Dot when he was growing up, was not surprised to learn that she had served as Lovell’s constable. He wrote in 2009: “Dot was an excellent shot, especially with a pistol. More than once, after supper, Dot and my mother would have some fun. After loading up on some strawberry shortcake, they would load up their favorite pistols and then target practice some. Their favorite time was when either my brother or Dad would throw an empty gallon can of anti-freeze up in the air as high as they could, and they would take turns seeing who could empty 6 shots through the can. Of course, each time the can got hit, it would rise in the air a few feet, and both Mom and Dot would get their 6 shots through the can every time. They both got great enjoyment from that little exercise. It is no wonder she commanded a lot of respect in the area back then with her being so good at target shooting. No one would want to be her target!”

In semi-retirement, Dot was employed as a school bus driver. While driving 130 miles a day carrying about 70 children, she wore a hat with her town constable badge affixed to it. She hoped wearing the



badge would give the children a chance to know and respect the law. She was quoted as saying a few years before her death "If you can be a goodwill person working with the kids, you're much more valuable than hauling them in front of some judge".

Dot died at the early age of 56. Her husband died three years later at the age of 61. Most likely the years of hard work in the woods shortened their lifespan. Despite her early death, Dot is fondly remembered for her volunteer efforts and her one-of-a-kind character, as evidenced in the following remembrance.

WINDY HILL FARM

By T. Jewell Collins

I can still see Dot standing in the dooryard in her green work shirt and trousers, her close-cropped gray hair as neat as a pin. "Hello, gal," she called, as I climbed out of my old Chevy. Roger, her boarder and helper, smiled genially on his way out of the barn. He had grown a beard since I'd seen him last, not a hippie-type beard, but a woodsman's beard, short, wavy, and perfectly suited to him. I can remember him saying, "Been without one for forty years. Guess I can have one for a year". I offered no argument. On Roger it looked right.

I was about to start my annual tour of Kilgore's Windy Hill Farm in Lovell with Roger as my guide. No zoo equaled the personality and appeal of this Maine farm with its array of animals and fowls, coexisting much as the animals in Noah's ark must have.

"Wait until you see the baby pigs," Roger said, unfastening the head of an iron bed that served as the gate to the pasture. Dot remained in the dooryard to wave at passersbys and to greet visitors. Roger carefully fastened the make-shift gate and then looked around. "Where the devil are the little critters," he mused. I was torn between concern for the whereabouts of the piglets and for my personal safety as horses, donkeys, and mules approached us from every direction.

"There they are under the milkweed," Roger announced triumphantly. "Did you ever see such a sight!" I looked twice before I could distinguish five white pigs with pointed shell pink ears, lying like chunks of birch on the ground. Their wagging, curly tails and flicking ears provided the needed assurance that they were indeed pigs, not logs. "Don't get too close. Their mother can get ugly," warned Roger, introducing a new worry.

I looked warily about for the sow, only to find myself face to face with King, a grayish white gelding with a shaved mane. Without comment, Roger patted King's shoulder, letting his hand slide down the horse's leg. King lifted his foot and shook it, and Roger reached under him for the other foreleg. He exerted gentle pressure on it, and before my eyes, King lay down on his side in that awkward way horses do. Then he dropped his head on the packed earth. Roger praised him, generously stroking his side.

"How long did it take you to teach him that?" I asked.

"Twenty minutes," said Roger, his honey amber eyes beaming with pleasure or was it mischief? "Say, I've got something new to show you in the upper pasture."

"Another animal?" I was already feeling quite surrounded by four-footed friends and still a bit worried about a possible encounter with the mother pig. With long strides, he wordlessly led me to the upper pasture. I kept my eyes on the rocky terrain just ahead of where I was going to place my foot next. When Roger finally stopped, he was standing in front of an old bathtub. I looked questioningly at him. "Water," he said with a touch of reverence in his voice. "Piped down from a spring 6,000 feet above the place. Been hauling over 200 gallons of water each day for years for these animals. Now we have our own running water here and in the house, too."

He was sharing a happening of greater importance than anything that had ever occurred in my life and I was filled with the same elation he felt. What a moment ago had appeared to be only a misplaced overflowing bathtub suddenly took on the significance of an oasis in the Sahara Desert. While hauling 200 gallons of water each day for the animals hardly compared to the buckets we brought into camp during our summer vacation, at least I had a small point of reference for Roger's relief at having a never-ending flow of spring water for the animals and their keepers.

While I was pondering the impact of this liquid abundance, Roger pointed to a puddle that had formed from the overflow. "The pigs drink from here," he said, "and wallow there." He pointed to the other side of the tub. "Pigs are clean animals," he added in their defense.

Indeed, a sudden muffled grunt alerted me to the presence of pigs reclining on the far side of the bathtub. Was one of these the piglets' mother, and would she know I had observed her babies? But they only continued grunting contentedly, viewing us with their pink-rimmed eyes. Roger indeed pointed out the mother of the piglets, but she gave no evidence

of knowing that I had been close to her offspring. Instead, she lifted her half white, half mud-colored body and turned to cool the white side in the thick black mud. Previously I had been a cow watcher, but I could easily see my affections swinging pigward this year. Like the cow chewing her cud, a pig lying in the mud gives the picture of utter contentment.

“Where’s Billy?” I asked Roger as we left the pigs and headed toward the apple trees. But no answer was needed. There ahead of us, Billy, a goat, of course, was balancing on his hind legs, reaching for half-ripened apples. Roger shook the tree, and Billy cavorted in delight, grabbing apples in his mouth and munching feverishly.

With his sides bulging, he followed us to the next apple tree. “These are ‘blurpies,’” said Roger. “They’re best after the first frost. Blue Pearmain, really, but we always called them ‘blurpies’ as kids.” We each bit into one of the tart apples. They were hard and not quite ripe, but that didn’t really matter. Their flecked red cheeks gave them the seal of approval as far as I was concerned.

Billy nudged the backs of our legs as I followed Roger’s large form past Grandma’s place and along the worn path between the main house and the tack house. Bantam hens, a variety of chickens and roosters, ducks, and geese squawked and scattered ahead of us. “Got a horse in that barn who’s about to give birth to a mule,” said Roger, nodding toward the badly listing structure. In answer to my questioning look, Roger explained that a mule was the result of breeding a horse and a donkey, but that mules couldn’t reproduce mules.

I could see our tour was drawing to a close, and I didn’t want it to end so soon. “Understand you folks took first prize in the Lovell Old Home Week Parade,” I said slyly.

“Ayup,” said Roger. “Old Billy here was the only flop in the parade. He couldn’t take the hard pavement. This is the way we work it—if any animal can’t make it, the guy that’s with him is instructed to

just step out of the parade and wait on the grass at the side of the road. We’ll come pick ‘em up as soon as it’s over. We trained the ponies on the hard pavement, but we forgot about poor Billy. Anyway, he told us in his own way. He just stepped out of the parade and onto the grass himself! Come on, and I’ll show you the prizes we’ve won in the parades.”

Billy almost succeeded in following us into the kitchen. Numerous plaques hung over the kitchen table. “What does ‘the most artistic’ mean?” I asked, reading a first-place plaque.

“I asked the judges about that,” Roger went on to explain. “And they said that anyone who could coordinate 30 youngsters and the number of animals we bring to the parade with complete harmony deserved the plaque for the most artistic.”

“Come back tomorrow,” Roger and Dot called as I reluctantly headed toward my car. Mr. Kilgore joined in the invitation.

“That horse may have given birth to her mule by then,” Roger added.

I did go back the next day, and there was Roger with an armful of mule standing on a bathroom scale in the corral, weighing the new arrival. Recollection tells me it was 64 pounds, but that’s only recollection. Roger was beaming. The delivery had taken place when predicted.

Dot Kilgore, famed owner of Windy Hill Farm with her husband, passed on in the fall of 1978. She is remembered by her community for her big heart and caring ways. I passed by Windy Hill Farm recently. I wasn’t surprised that there was no evidence of the partially collapsed barn, but I did wonder if Roger still had his beard and where he was now. And most important of all, is the spring still delivering its sweet supply of water? •••

T. Jewell Collins is a freelance writer with a cabin on Back Pond, one of the five Kezars. Her works have appeared in numerous publications, including Lake Living, Discovering Maine, and The Bridgton News.

Gifts and Donations

We are very grateful for the following gifts received since the last newsletter: **Craig & Kathleen Adams** (in memory of Irving & Phyllis Chandler)—hand-hammered leaf tray made by Lawrence Stone; **Russell Allen** (in memory of Penny Allen)—*2002 Lovell Old Home Days Community Cookbook, Lovell Town Report*; **Sandra Bell**—watercolor by Donald Blagge Barton titled *Old Cedar Tree* (1930); **Arthur Brecker**—loan of Civil War rifle believed to be owned by the Fox family, items for our Antique Shop; **Patricia Bresette**—permission to scan photo; **Rufus & Carolyn Cadigan** (in memory of Jane & George Cadigan)—article on Bishop George Cadigan, permission to scan photos; **Phoebe Flanagan** (in memory of Diane Warner)—four Camp Mudjekeewis films; **Debra Guard** (in memory of Doris “Dot” Kilgore)—permission to scan photos; **Charlotte Hobbs Memorial Library**—loan of three

panoramic views of Kezar Lake circa 1928; **Jane Gleason**—framed 1880 map of Lovell, framed 2000 Lovell Old Home Days poster; **Sweden Historical Society**—*Living, Learning, and Worshiping: Buildings of Sweden, Maine 1813-1913*; **Robin Taylor-Chiarelo**—apples and pumpkins for the Fall Harvest event; *Donations for the purchase of oil have been gratefully received from:* **Lyn Beliveau; William & Deborah Berman; Bengt & Ulla Bjarngard; H. Mercer & Mary Louise Blanchard; Robert & Kathy Booth; Katherine Chase; Phil & Carrie Closuit; Eric Ernst; David & Betsy Freund; Edward & Stephanie Harris; Alison Jacobs; Martha Kinsel; Ken & Ann Male; Philip & Phyllis Marsilius; Kevin McElroy & Kate Butler; Henry & Marnie Morgan; Margrit Newman; Bill & Nancy Rackoff; John Roberts; Kevin Rooney & Dan Vicencio; Jack & Susan Rossate; Nicholas Skinner; Dave & Betty Smith; Roger & Caroline Sorg; David & Catherine Stockwell; Hunt & Margie Stockwell; Jim & Rachal Stone; Robert & Mary Tagliamonte; Marcia Taylor & Bill Rice; Mary Tucker** (in memory of Clyde & Margaret Hutchinson); **David & Linda Wallace; Beatrice Webster; Alex & Phyllis Wilhelm; David & Elizabeth Woods.**

Donations to our Christmas Open House have been generously made by the following individuals and businesses: **Chris & Jen Lively** (Ebenezer's Pub); **Richard & Linda Matte; Janice Sage** (Center Lovell Inn); **Hal & Carol Taylor; Marge Ward.**

Cash donations have been gratefully received from: **Bruce & Susan Adams; Neale & Louisa Attenborough; Kris & Sukey Barthelmess; Wiliam & Deborah Berman; Mary Alice Brennan-Crosby** (in memory of Harry Crosby); **Lt. Col. William C. Brooks; Roberta Chandler; James Dineen; Brian & Ann Diskin** (in memory of David Evans); **Dan Eaton & Linda Whiting; Scott & Dawn Ferguson; John & Deborah Fossum; Charles Fowlie; Elmer Fox; Peter & Linda Gale; Carmen & Beth-Anne Gentile; Theda Gilman; Elnor Hamner; Joel & Georgette Hardman; Phyllis Hetzler; Jay & Jean Hunter; Alison Jacobs** (in memory of Penny Allen); **Carol Jaffe; Kezar Realty** (in honor of Richard & Patricia Lynch); **Dan Kirwin; Raymond Littlefield; Janet Mason; Earl McAllister; Bill & Anna Marie McCormick; Kevin McElroy & Kate Butler; Paul McGuire; James & Barbara Monroe; Jane Orans & Quisisana; Richard & Betty Pilsbury; William & Sandra Pitas; Russ Reardon; John Roberts; Ellen Rowe; Gene & Vicki Royer; Kim & Janet Sheffield; Margaret (Woods) Simpson; Brad Smith** (in memory of Gib Krauser and Penny Allen); **David & Becki Stamper; Al & Jacky Stearns; Robert & Joan Stearns; Robert Steller & Patricia Gibson** (in memory of Renee Dutton); **Carol Stewart; Arthur Sumbler; Robert & Lorri Upton; David & Linda Wallace; Beatrice Webster; Irene Zeller.** *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.*

In Memoriam

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

Martha Arlene (Libby) Barrow, 91, of Lovell passed away on October 13, 2014. She was born in Lovell on August 8, 1923 to Francis and Beatrice Libby. After graduating from Fryeburg Academy, Martha served in the Women's Marine Reserve during World War II, rising to the rank of Sergeant. She married Master Sergeant Clayton Barrow in 1947 and raised her family in bases on the East and West coasts, finally settling in Annapolis, MD. She retired to Lovell after her husband died and was a life member of this Society. She is survived by her three sons—Michael, Stephen, and Peter—nine grandchildren, and two great-grandchildren.

Dr. Adolph Carreiro, 89, of Lovell and formerly of Portsmouth, RI, died on November 27, 2014. He was born in Portsmouth, RI, the youngest child of Jose and Maria Carreiro, and served in the US Army during World War II. After graduating Columbia University with a doctorate in dental surgery, he set up Portsmouth's first dental practice. He and his wife Jane moved to their farm in North Lovell when he retired. He was predeceased by his wife and son Robert and is survived by four children—Joel, Peter, Ann Gamwell, and Ellen Botelho—and six grandchildren.

Frederick C. Fox, 76, of Lovell passed away on October 5, 2014. He was born on October 29, 1938 in Lovell, a son of Charles and Iva Fox. After graduating from Fryeburg Academy, he worked at Gerry Lumber in Lovell and A.C. Lawrence in South Paris, ME. He was an original founder and assistant chief of the Stoneham Fire Department and a life member of the Lovell Volunteer Fire Department. Fred was a well-known local oral historian and was a contributor to this Society.

Ruth M. (Orrs) Fox, 73, of Lovell passed away on November 24, 2014. She was born December 27, 1940 in Brunswick, ME, the daughter of Harold and Ruby Orrs. She was predeceased by her husband Charles Sr. and is survived by her four children—Ruby Bickford, Marie Barker, Norma Johnson, and Charles Jr.—nine grandchildren and fifteen great-grandchildren.

Violet May (Smith) Fox, 89, of Fryeburg, ME and formerly of Lovell died on November 29, 2014. She was born in Ossipee, NH on September 10, 1925, the daughter of Charles Sr. and Charlotte Smith. Violet was educated in Fryeburg schools and was employed for many years cleaning houses and also worked at several area hotels. She was predeceased by her husband John, a daughter Fay and is survived by two daughters—Diana McLellan and Kay Legare—three grandchildren, two great-grandchildren, and two great-great-grandchildren.

Mary Lou “Gib” Krauser, 78, of Longview, TX and Lovell passed away on November 2, 2014. She was active in politics throughout her life, serving as president of her class at Mary Washington, president of her sorority at Penn State, and president of the Severance Lodge Club. She was a member of this Society. Gib is survived by her husband Walt, three children—Linda, Mike, and Matt—and nine grandchildren.

Azel Bradbury Littlefield, 78, of Poland, ME and formerly of Lovell died on November 29, 2014. He was born on May 28, 1936 in Bridgton, the son of Robert and Gladys Littlefield, and spent his earlier life in Lovell. He graduated from Fryeburg Academy and Southern Maine Vocational Technical Institute and served in the U.S. Army during the Korean Conflict. Upon his return, he started his own construction company, Azel B. Littlefield Builders, building and remodelling hundreds of homes in the Lovell area. Azel was a life member of this Society. He is survived by his wife Kay, three children—Bradford, Darren, and Lisa Giroux—and seven grandchildren.

Elizabeth “Liz” Ann (Diamond) Rowe, 76, of Lovell passed away on January 1, 2015. She was born on April 5, 1938 in Montreal, Quebec, the daughter of Frederick and Evelyn Diamond. After marriage, she and her husband Cliff resided for forty years in Lancaster, NH, where she co-owned and managed a clothing store and was an active volunteer. Upon moving to their home on Cushman Pond in 2000, Liz became an active member of the Lovell United Church of Christ and a contributor to this Society. She is survived by her husband, three sons—Douglas, Jordan, and Brian—and seven grandchildren.

June (Stockfisch) Wing, 98, of Baltimore, MD and Lovell passed away on October 14, 2014. She was born January 16, 1916 to John and Elsa Stockfisch. She graduated from Oberlin College and completed a Master’s Degree at George Washington University. She was an expert on issues of nuclear testing and proliferation, radiation hazards, and environmental ethics. June summered on Kezar Lake and was a member of this Society. She was predeceased by her husband Wilson and is survived by her three children—David, Daniel, and Deborah Korol—three grandchildren and one great-grandchild.

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

If your mailing label doesn’t say “6-15” or “Life”,
it is time to join or renew your membership. Thanks!