



Friends of the Ogunquit Heritage Museum

Fall 2016 Newsletter

Mission of the Friends:

To Support the Educational Goals and Programs
of the Ogunquit Heritage Museum

Ogunquit in the Old Days by Elliott Merrick

A hundred years ago Ogunquit was a small fishing-farming village inhabited by a few Perkinses and Littlefields. Most of the men had a dory down at Perkins Cove for setting codfish trawls along the coast and for tending lobster pots. They used thole-pin oars and a home-made sprits'l in their fishing along the rocky shore. At home they usually had a cow, a pig, a horse, and a hardworking wife who tended children, chickens, and a large garden. She also cooked on a wood range. It was an age of self sufficiency, with little change from generation to generation, slow, quiet, contented.

My two great uncles in St. Louis, Charles C. Hoyt, and Edward R. Hoyt, had made an early fortune when they sold their Hoyt Metal Company to the National Lead Company, owners of Dutch Boy White Lead Paint and the U.S. Cartridge Company, for a million dollars. That was about like a hundred million dollars nowadays. Though they were only about 35 years old, they would never have to work the rest of their lives, and could have most anything they fancied.

These two brothers, in looking around for summertime estates, were fascinated by the beauties of Ogunquit, with its rocky coast, its long, sandy beach, and its tidal river. They might be said to have started Ogunquit as a summer resort, although there may have been a very few early cottagers too. I know of a Mr. Bates who used to bicycle down from Cambridge during vacations from Harvard, and he built an early cottage about a mile south of the present Ontio Hotel.

Uncle Charlie picked the most glorious spot in Ogunquit, beside the rivermouth and looking out to sea: Beachmere. The verandas of his large Victorian mansion also looked northeastward to the long white rollers endlessly breaking on the Long

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You are Invited . . .

**Christmas By The Sea
Open House**

Saturday December 10, 2016
and
Sunday December 11, 2016
1:00 - 4:00 p.m.

**Ogunquit Heritage Museum
Obed's Lane, Ogunquit, Maine**

New & Special Exhibits
Refreshments

Available Now at the Winn House . . .
Friends of the Ogunquit Heritage Museum

NOTE CARDS
Ogunquit From the Past

*A See-Through Packet of Twelve Historic
Views of Ogunquit*

On Sale Now
An Excellent Holliday Gift Idea
Price \$15
They are:
"ABSOLUTELY GORGEOUS!"

I t is with great sadness that we must report the passing of Norman West, Friday, November 11, 2016. He was a member of the Ogunquit Heritage Museum Committee.

President's Letter . . .

The leaves are turning their glorious shades of red, yellow, and orange giving us time to reflect on our very successful summer of 2016...we broke all previous records for attendance at our little museum! While we miss our previous Museum Coordinator Louise Tragard we are thrilled to welcome her sister Charlotte who is more than capable of amazing our visitors with her extensive knowledge of Ogunquit and her history.

The Friends were especially proud of our participation in the Native American exhibit this year. We are most grateful to June Ranco, owner of the Indian Moccasin Shop on Route 1 in Wells, and her family for their participation in this project. She and her descendants lent their time and precious artifacts enabling us to explain the history of the Native Americans of Ogunquit as well as showcase some of their unique crafts.

The culmination of this focus was an incredible celebration for Capriccio on Sept. 10th made possible by a generous contribution by Louise Hokans in honor of her late husband Hank...my predecessor as President of the Friends. June's daughter, Barbara Giammarino, treated us to an oral history of the Penobscot Natives in this area through speaking, drumming, chanting, and singing. She reminded us to treat Mother Earth with the respect she deserves and praised the town of Ogunquit for banning pesticides which would destroy our precious land. Barbara spoke of the trees, animals, birds, and wind as our family to be loved and cherished.

Barbara's daughter, Dr. Jus Crea Giammarino, is a naturopathic doctor and a Certified Medicine Woman who has incredible knowledge of the use of plants and herbs as medicine. She allowed us to see, smell, and taste several of these herbs and explained their uses in treating many common ailments. The family, all descendants of Chief Tomekin, are hoping to expand their shop in the future to include a section on homeopathic herbal remedies.

The annual Ghostly Tours, a favorite of the children in the area, was well attended this year. Our guests were treated to Congdon's donuts, hot chocolate and cider, and trick or treat candies. Then off they went to hear ghost stories! Next up is the Christmas by the Sea celebration which is always a special and beautiful event. Carole Lee and her crew will be busy making the museum into a Winter Wonderland. We hope to see all of you there!

As always we thank our members for their continued support of the Ogunquit Heritage Museum. We encourage you to offer us ideas for new exhibits, fundraisers, lectures. Please stop by often to say hello and see what is new. Or contact us at the museum anytime! Happy

Holidays and a Healthy New Year to one and all,
Wendy Broms Levine, President



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Peter R. Woodbury, *Editor*

Published by

The Friends of the Ogunquit Heritage Museum
P. O. Box 723
Ogunquit, Maine 03907
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Native American Event . . .



Pictured above are several scenes from the talks and demonstrations given by the descendants of Penobscot Chief Tomekin of Wells. Family members participating were June Ranco, her daughter Barbara Giammarino, Barbara's sister Skye Ranco, Barbara's daughter Dr. Jus Crea Giammarino, a naturopathic doctor and certified Medicine Woman, and others. (Photos by Eva Nudelman)



“Uncle Charlie picked the most glorious spot in Ogunquit, beside the rivermouth and looking out to sea: Beachmere.”

Beach. His impressive home was full of towers, dormer windows, juts and angles, three-story rooms and extensive porches, in the manner of the day. He built a large stable over against the base of the Ontio hill, and he owned all the tract between the town road and the sea, bordering the rivermouth, a grassy field of perhaps 300 acres, now so filled with hotels, motels, and bed-and-breakfasts. The gateposts marking his entrance driveway were beside the present Sachem Hotel. From there his graveled roadway wound in a graceful curve past his stables and on in a continuing sweep to his “Beachmere” mansion, which became in later years the Beachmere Inn.

Uncle Charlie Hoyt lived high, wide, and handsome. He had a French chef, a wine cellar, his stable grooms, many servants, and a trained nurse who was his mistress. He and his wife, our Aunt Minnie, produced two daughters, Mildred and Edith. More about them later.

After some years, Aunt Minnie decided she could not endure the trained nurse mistress any longer, so she moved out. Uncle Charlie built her a charming little Cape Cod cottage on his curving Beachmere drive. Years later when as little children my sister and I used to visit her, she was the kindest old lady imaginable. Hooked rugs on the floor, flowers all around, Aunt Minnie by the stove, with an afghan over her knees, the white-haired old lady seemed to us more of a grandmother than any real grandmother we had ever known.

Back in St. Louis the two rich Hoyt brothers

had a sister, Annie, who married a man named Merrick. (These Merricks were originally four brothers who came from Wales in the late 1600s.) Annie Merrick’s husband had been killed at a railway crossing when her son was very young. I suppose it was a horse-and-buggy accident—the horse shied. Or perhaps two trains crossed at the crossing. Annie was a poor widow whose son, Elliott, was my father. Elliott grew up to be a natural-born athlete. As a high school boy he played football in the days of no pads and the Flying Wedge. He would come home covered with bruises, to soak in a hot tub, telling his mother he was fine and it had been a grand game. He was a runner too, good at the hundred-yard dash and the two-twenty. In the ball field he could whip a straight-line throw from center field to nail a runner at the plate in amazing fashion.

Among the many rooms at Beachmere house was, of course, a billiard room where Uncle Charlie liked to play billiards every afternoon after lunch. But he had no one to play with. So he imported Annie’s son, his nephew, my father, 16 years old. Naturally, Elliott was very good at billiards and pool; he later became an outstanding golfer and tennis player. Thus, every afternoon the boy played billiards with Uncle Charlie. He found that letting Uncle Charlie win about once a week was an expedient measure; it kept His Nibs in good humor.

Uncle Charlie had told young Elliott that he must never go swimming alone. One day young Elliott went diving off the diving rock, a long way up the river, sure he would remain undetected. However, when he returned to Beachmere for supper, he found Uncle Charlie furious with him. Uncle Charlie, it developed, had a telescope on a tripod, and with it he could sweep way up the river and far up the Long Beach almost to Wells.

Edith and Mildred in those early years were about the age of Elliott, and they often swam together in the rocky, sandy Cove below Beachmere, which served as Uncle Charlie’s private beach. Edith and Mildred were muffled up in the smothering costume of that day, and my father in trunks and singlet shirt, you may be sure. They

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were very careful of the river current on the ebb tide, which was so powerful and dangerous it ruffled the water as far as a mile out to sea. In later years, a few imperceptive, unknowing ones got swept out to sea to an untimely demise.

It seems to me in those years we were most keenly aware of Ogunquit's natural phenomena—the sea, the beach, the rocky coast, sand blowing in the dunes, the dawns and sunsets over the all-pervading ocean were more real to us than people or people's affairs.

One hot night at Beachmere house, the two giggly girls were out on the gently sloping, shingled roof in their nighties, having climbed out their bedroom window to cool off. There Elliott locked them out. Consternation! Suppose someone should see. Suppose Uncle Charlie found out! After awhile, Elliott relented, and all next day the girls hated him.

About the Ogunquit firemen's baseball team—Father, the natural-born athlete, was soon a star of the Ogunquit nine. And so it was in later years when we became summer visitors, he was an insider, almost like a winter resident. As a boy, I was ever so proud of him. When we encountered some Perkins or Littlefield fisherman at Perkins



Perkins Cove in the old days.

Cove, it was, “Wal, Elliott, how's things?”

“Howdie, Joel, fine, fine. You're looking well.”

The natives weren't always so affable to other summer visitors. For instance, my mother became very friendly with a buxom local woman, Mrs. Keene, who did laundry and washing for us. Presuming upon their acquaintanceship, Mother asked Mrs. Keene, “What do you do in the autumn after the summer folk leave?”

Mrs. Keene replied, “We fumigate!”

Mother had another indicative story. A little native boy came selling blueberries one day, wild blueberries he had picked. “How much are they?” she asked.

“My ma told me,” he said, “they are 50¢ a box for locals, and a dollar a box for summer visitors.”

The two rich uncles were concerned about their poor, widowed sister in St. Louis and about her son, my father. Though they had sold the Hoyt Metal Company to National Lead, they still had considerable influence, which they used to see to it that he should have a future with Hoyt metal. When I was little, he had sometimes to go away to see about important sales contracts in distant cities. For the time being he was a “a drummer” aboard the railway trains, a common and often looked-down-upon tribe of traveling salesmen. He negotiated, however, sale of a million-dollars-a-year worth of lead to the Willard Battery Company. These journeys from home caused my mother much distress, they were such a devoted couple. He was very capable, a winning personality, and although he did not care for business, he was good at it. By the time he was 35 he became President of the Hoyt Metal Company, 1112 Broadway, NYC, with a 5-week per year vacation in Ogunquit for self and family.

These annual migrations to Maine, to paradise, began to be thrilling even before we left our home in Montclair, New Jersey. Mother's mother had died when little Margaret was quite young. Consequently, her father, in desperation, sent her to a convent boarding school, where she learned to be neat and proper above all. Thus, preparations for Maine were extremely thorough. All the Oriental rugs downstairs had to be rolled up in camphor balls and newspaper, and tied with string. All the upholstered chairs had cloth covers over them. Big trunks were hauled down from the attic. One big bulgy one existed entirely for sneakers, bathing suits, rubber boots, baseball gloves, tennis rackets, shoes, sun hats, sand pails and shovels, box kites, raincoats and umbrellas. There was always a nursemaid woman who helped with the packing.

By the time we departed, the house had become quite uninhabitable, thanks to Mother's care that no moths should invade, no food be spoiled, and no possible burglars find anything

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valuable.

Long-distance travel was by rail in those days. We didn't have a car. How exciting it was in our snug stateroom-drawing room aboard the State of Maine Express, or the Bar Harbor Express, a vast string of cars and huge, panting steam engine in the teeming New York City terminal. All was expectancy. Would we ever start to move? These were crack trains, with prestige. All was bustle, many others going to Maine besides ourselves. The white-coated black porter was friendly as could be; the head conductor, on the other hand, a formidable figure to be frightened of.

And so it began—the journey to dreamland—with a jerk as the huge express began to roll over the clattering switches and out through the New York City slums and tenements for the north and the spruce country and the ocean and the world as it should be, a world to love without reservation, windswept free and beautiful.

Sis and I were in the upper berth all night long, *clickety-click* as the great express tore through New England for Maine.

It was cold dawn when the huge jointed beast paused at Wells Beach to let us off. Down came the car steps, followed by the porter with his little hand step, next father, mother and Sis and me, also the nursemaid, who had been traveling in a separate sleeping-car berth.

Far away you could hear the surf, like a whisper. Mist was rising; it was cold, the air very fresh, even a trace of salt on the breeze to my young nose.

Waiting for us was a buckboard and two horses from the Ontio Hotel. The long train pulled out while we were loading the springy, carriage-like conveyance. There was even a lap-robe.

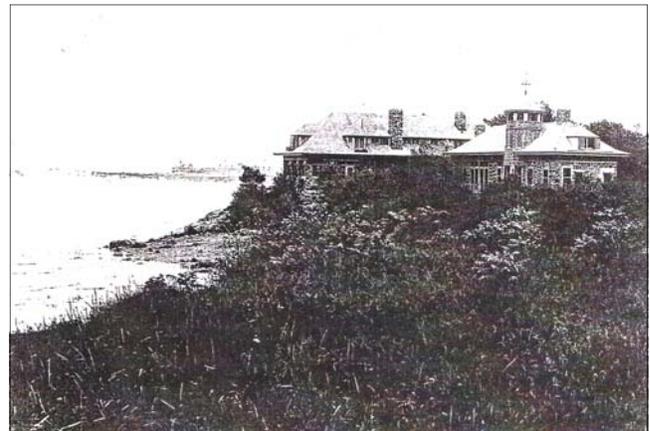
All our years at Ogunquit, 20 summers or more, we rented 1st floor rooms in a cottage near and belonging to the Ontio.

The other wealthy brother, Uncle Ned, who was more formally Edward R. Hoyt, chose a spot about a mile above the village, beside the Ogunquit River. He and his wife, Aunt Dell, picked a rise close to the water's edge for their house, where they looked across the water to the

sand dunes, with enough height to look above them to the ocean beyond. Here he bought a tract of some 200 acres between the river and the shore road. Before building his house, Uncle Ned and his wife had been on a grand tour, such as was the fashion in those days, a grand tour lasting nearly a year and taking them around the world. With them was their young son, Randall, their only child, a rather headstrong boy, and it is said that, as the train wound through the glories of the Alps and Switzerland, he refused to look out at the snowy peaks and the picturesque villages in the valley and the lovely lakes, insisting upon doing nothing but read dime novels.

In the family photo album we had a picture of Aunt Dell and Uncle Ned seated on camels in front of the pyramids during their Egyptian travels. They went on to Asia, and everywhere they went, aunt Dell was collecting bells, monastery bells, church bells, little bells, big bells, ceremonial bells, even cow bells. Some were bronze, some were iron; she had a big monastery bell from Tibet which had taken nearly six months to be shipped to the United States, and then was placed in a special cupola on top of their mansion.

The house reflected their travels, with niches in the walls for aunt Dell's bells. It was a strangely graceful, tasteful house with a faintly oriental tinge, or perhaps we imagined that. It had one wing stretching parallel to the river bank, the principal feature of which was a long, narrow din-



"Uncle Ned chose a spot...close to the water's edge, where they looked across the Ogunquit River to the sand dunes [and] the ocean beyond." They called it "Fieldstone."

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ning room with a refectory table in it. It was like a little banquet hall, but small enough not to be too formidable. It had windows on the river side, all across the wall, looking out toward the sand dunes and the sea, and windows on the other side too, almost all of its length. there was a tile floor. The table had carved teak legs, it being from somewhere in Asia. Also containing the dining room, toward the north, was the one-storey kitchen and the servants' quarters. They always had a Japanese couple when I was a child. The Japanese wife was cook, the man, waiter and general helper.

In the other direction was the two-storey main house, its main feature being a sunken living room with windows looking across the river, very tasteful, very large, and beautifully furnished with oriental furniture. Behind was a study for Uncle Ned and a bedroom; upstairs, several more bedrooms and baths. Quite different from the ordinary, the house became a considerable showplace. Uncle Ned called his new estate "Fieldstone." His stone gate posts by the Shore Road were very impressive. Just across the Shore Road in those days, were the car barns, repair shops of the trolley, the electric railway that ran between Portsmouth and Portland. Uncle Ned's curving road to the house was a quarter mile long.

Aunt Dell made the lawns very beautiful with flowers and lovely green grass and paths in almost all directions, all of which were thickly covered with reddish bark that made the footsteps very soft. Over the little streams which ran here and there across the lawn were little arched bridges with fancy railings. Everything that Aunt Dell did was a little different. At the edges of the rather extensive lawn were little stone monuments that looked like shrines. Of course, each had a bell in a specially designed niche.

One of the special events of the Merrick summer was a dinner at Fieldstone. My sister and I were, when I first remember it, perhaps seven or eight, and we were dressed up to the nines, well-scrubbed, and reminded that children should be seen and not heard. Aunt Dell sat at one end of the refectory table, with Uncle Ned at the other, and we Merricks were distributed down along the length of it. The meal was always very delicious and beautifully served by the little Japanese

waiter, who moved smoothly around in his silent slippers. When the dinner was over, we always had to call for the cook, his wife, who would come out of the kitchen, and tell her what a delicious meal it had been, although we provincial Merricks were sometimes not quite certain what it was we had been eating. The little Japanese cook and her husband would stand there, holding hands and smiling.

About 50 yards from the big house, Uncle Ned built what he called "his office." It was a bungalow-shaped building, very neat and handsome, with a large airy room on either side of its breezeway. We used to wonder what Uncle Ned wanted an office for, because he had no business except buying and selling stock. There was also a secretary, Miss Ruggles, who had red hair, and I remember she used to pat me on the head and say that I was a darling little boy. Perhaps Uncle Ned built his office to get away from the main house and the considerable following Aunt Dell had of young painters, some of whom had studios in old fish houses down at Perkins Cove, where they painted innumerable scenes of surf breaking on the rocks, lighthouses, fishing boats and the usual, occasionally even selling one to the summer visitors. Also paintings of fish houses. Not many of fishermen.

Their little son, Randall, later went to medical school and became a doctor. Uncle Ned and Aunt Dell built for him a cottage, not far away and close to the river shore, a cottage for Randall and his actress wife, Jacqueline, and their two children.

Uncle Ned had a grizzled grey moustache. He was well proportioned, not too tall, well filled out, but not really fat. He had blue eyes and grey hair and was always very jolly. Something hearty about him, very often laughing. He used to say to my father, looking at me, "Elliott, you ought to put that boy in the movies." I don't know why he thought this. I guess it was because I had a very expressive face, one minute melancholy, the next joyful, the next expectant, the next bold, the next timid, and I couldn't help it. He was always giving stock market tips to my father, hot tips on investments that were sure to go up. My father later told me these tips usually cost him money because the stock usually went down instead

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of up. He got so that he would say thank you for the tip and then not act upon it.

It seems to me that in books you remember, it is the atmosphere that endures—a certain indescribable existence of gladness, fear, apprehension, space, flowers, starlight, love, hate—something—that persists after all else has submerged itself in the workaday world of expediency where we waste most of our lives.

You see—in contrast to today’s jam-packed July and August, Ogunquit was a quiet little farming-fishing village in my childhood. Most important, Ogunquit summers were a time just before the automobile age enveloped us and flung us apart in all directions. We made our own amusements, we walked wherever we went. This pulled us together instead of flinging us apart. And it was very charming. The young college group all roamed around together, with their hangers-on of younger brothers and sisters. We had impromptu baseball games every Saturday afternoon in an old pasture, with flat stones for bases. And how we laughed at the girls from Smith, Vassar, and Wellesley running bases in their long woolen plaid skirts, or trying to catch a fly. Everybody played, and we pitched easy underhand ones to the girls and the small brothers and sisters.

We used to take an annual hike to Mount Agamenticus, some 7 miles back from the coast, a loaf-shaped mountain that I suppose would be called out West only a hillock. In this region, however, it was extremely prominent. The coast of southern Maine is relatively flat so that this hump is quite famous.

Every summer we had to go this 14-mile round trip hike, I don’t know why—just traditional, I suppose. It was something we always did, like many other events that were part of the charm associated with summertime Ogunquit, where so many things were familiar.

We would start out, maybe ten or 12 youths and maidens about 16, the oldest maybe 22, college students, high school kids. We wound along the white, sandy road through the white pine forest. Since the sandy land was too infertile to support farms, we’d go for many miles without seeing a house or any vehicle. The surface was soft underfoot, just a sandy track, ideal for walking. None

of us possessing boots, most wore saddle strap shoes or sneakers. Most had a sandwich and an apple in a brown paper bag which of course became well worn by the time we got there, even perhaps having to be stowed in one of the occasional knapsacks. Then we’d take turns shouldering the sack.

A few had a bottle of water in one of the sacks, which was a godsend, allowing us to stop now and then by the roadside for a sip. It was usually hot and sunny. We were always kidding one another, frequently wondering why we went on this hike anyway. On the part of the girls, I am sure it was sort of a challenge—to show their mettle or fortitude. The boys were, of course in better condition from much football, baseball, tennis, etc. The girls showed quite a lot of spunk, being unaccustomed to it, and on the way back some of them began to get blisters, but they did not complain except in a joking sort of way. My older sister was typical. Her favorite expression was, “I’m a wreck,” and with her sweaty brow and her hair hanging down around her face, she looked like a wreck sure enough. Most of the girls had their sweaters rolled up and tied around their waists, with the wooly folds hanging down behind like some colorful tail.

And so we’d wend our way along, slower and slower. If we had started fairly early, it would be noon or past by the time we reached the mountain, and then, already tired, it was a struggle to climb the steep path. As I said, we were usually ill provided, because in those days people didn’t have \$400 worth of equipment from L. L. Bean before they could go for a long walk.

On top, eating our lunch, we could look back to the eastward and see the ocean shimmering, from this lofty view showing the curve of the earth on the horizon. Occasionally we’d see a yacht far off on the ocean, bound from Portsmouth to Portland, or one of those Boston Brahmin yawls on the way to the old family cottage at Northeast Harbor or Mount Desert, but mostly we were lying in the grass looking up at the sky, resting for the return journey.

The path was stony and badly eroded from many rains as we wound down the slope, being careful not to turn an ankle. Then we would start

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the long stretch home.

It was quite remarkable that the girls could keep going, but they always did, in order to feel a sense of achievement when they got back. Everybody at the hotel said, "Oh my, you walked 14 miles today. That's quite a hike, isn't it!" And the old maid school teachers at the Ontio looked at us



Mt. Agamenticus from the sea.

with admiring eyes, saying how strong and young we were.

I meant to add that Mount Agamenticus is the first hump of land that ships pick up above the heaving ocean horizon when approaching the coast, bound perhaps for Portsmouth harbor or Portland. For that reason this little mountain is on all the nautical charts. I remember seeing it this way years later, cruising north in our own little sailboat. At that time I was thinking "Way over there out of sight along the coast is Ogunquit. We can't see it, but it's there the same as ever, gem of gems with its sand beach, and its rocky coves and headlands." There are not many beaches on the rocky Maine coast.

[To be Continued in the Spring 2017 issue of the Friends of the Winn House Newsletter]

About the Author: Elliott Tucker Merrick III, born in Montclair, NJ on May 11, 1905, was a teacher in Labrador where he met his first wife. Author of 9 books, *True North* was on the *New York Times* best seller list for 17 weeks in 1942. He was also a science editor for USDA Forest Service publications in Asheville, NC, where he died on April 22, 1997.

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Diane Thibault
Denise Thorne
Robert E Tilley
Joanne S. Tomao
Enid S. Topchik
Louise Tragard
Charlotte Tragard
Bobbi Treen
Gail Trust
Julie & Steven Twombly
Madelyn Venner
Jean Wallace-Fearon
Patricia Weare
Jonathan West
Jonathan's Inc.
Dale Whitaker & Chris Shott
Raymond & Suzanne Wiggins
Leslie Wilcott-Henrie
Betty Williams
Chris & Judith Woodbury
Peter Woodbury
Shirley Littlefield Wagonseil
Marilyn Yablon
Harriet Yaffe
Bob Young
Jeanne Young

Accessions . . .

Kenny Bassett

Brief Biographies Maine – Vol. 1
(1926-1927)

Compiled & Edited by Theodore Roosevelt Hodgkins
Maine Biographies – Vol. 2 (1928)

by Harrie B. Coe
Reprint 2002

Given in memory of Dwight H. & Myra K. Bassett

Eric Brazer

An Allan G. Bowering four pronged fish hook

Chatillons balanced scale (ca. 1930s)

Double sided four pronged fish hook

Given in memory of his father Norman Brazer

Marcia Beal Brazer

An "I painted the Winn House" pin

16 pages from a photo album that

probably belonged to Blanche Staples and included
many snap shots of Ogunquit people

Mrs. Alice Briggs

A class photograph from the Ogunquit Village School
(early 1920's)

Given in memory of Frances Adams Howland

Jason Corbin

A framed photograph of Totie Fields & her husband
George W. Johnston

A framed photograph of Eddie Feldman (Totie's
brother) & his partner Jack.

They owned the Admirals Inn

Ellen Dannert

Two class photographs from the Aroostock State
Normal School in Presque Isle, Maine

Jean Wallace Fearon

A portable Communion Set which was used by Pastor
Wallace at Okinawa in 1945, during World War II

Bob Glidden

The History of Wells and Ogunquit

by Edward Bourne (1875)

The History of Saco and Biddeford

by George Folsom (1830)

Reprint 1975

The History of Kennebunkport

1602-1837

by Charles Bradbury (1837)

Reprint 1967

Barry Kean

An ashtray and a shopping bag from the Whistling
Oyster Restaurant

Mary Littlefield

A VHS of the Ogunquit Village School (1962-64)

Four class photographs (1962-1963)

A photograph of teachers and administration
(2000-2001)

17 miscellaneous photographs of school activities
(1990's-early 2000's)

Given in memory of Eleanor Adams

Catherine Wilson for

The Ogunquit Woman's Club

A triple silver plated tea set including 2 trays, 2 sugar
bowls, 2 creamers, a tea pot, and a pot for hot water

20 green marble handled spoons

75 cookie cookbooks

Given in memory of the Ogunquit Woman's Club

Peter Woodbury

9 spiral binders of articles (1988-2016) by and about
Stuart Nudelman, gifted in memory of

Stuart Nudelman

Leonard Wyman & Norman West

Five pieces of crockery taken out of the Clark Hotel
before demolition

Three jam crocks

One jug

One baked bean crock

A vintage cast iron tea pot

Endowment Contributions . . .

In Memory of **Barbara Woodbury**: Marilyn Eimon, Gilbert Falk, Evelyn Neill, Diane & Dan Friedman Piktialis, Lenore & Barry Henry, Sandra J. Smith, Nancy Seith, Donald & Ann MacAulay, Norman & Marcia Beal Brazer, Bill & Judy Baker, Bob & Pat Dateo, Eleanor Allen Driver, Jane Schlichter, Susan Levenson, Louise Hokans (in memory of **Hank Hokans & Barbara Woodbury**), Ogunquit Police Association Charity Fund, The Family of Peter R. Woodbury.

Robert G. & Janice M. Smith in memory of their son, **Christian Peter Smith**

June Adams Johnson in honor of **Paul McGowan**

Marilyn Eimon in memory of **Dr. Perry Eimon**
Bradford & Diane Strauss

Susan Levenson in memory of **Zana Littlefield**

Diana Abbott in memory of **Zana Littlefield**

David Adams

Mary-Leigh Smart

Ellen Asherman in memory of **Adrian Asherman**

Susan Meffert

Robert Bruce Shaw in memory of **Paul LaCharite**

Kenny Bassett in honor of **Harry & Clara Bassett**

Beu & Scott Drury

Patricia Mason

Harriet Yaffe

OgunquitFest and Ghostly Tours . . .



Photos by Eva Nudelman