



The SHIRETOWN CONSERVER

The Dover-Foxcroft Historical Society

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Spring 2013

“The Chief”

Gerald Herbert Green

July 24, 1923 to February 15, 1993

By Mary Annis



Directing Traffic

“Herb” Green, first police chief of Dover-Foxcroft, serving in that capacity from 1959 to his retirement in 1985, was a memorable person with an outgoing personality and a quick wit. He was a part of this community for his entire life and, as such, touched the lives of its residents in many ways.

We begin with his obituary published in the *Piscataquis Observer* on February 17, 1993. “Even the strongest and bravest can tire when the struggle is long and hard. Gerald H. Green, 69, husband of Carolyn (Wiley) Green, passed on to the spirit trail, Feb. 15, 1993, leaving behind a busy and varied life and a multitude of family, friends and admirers.

He was born in East Dover, July 24, 1923, son of Kenneth L. and Louise (Blake) Green. Herb grew up on a small farm, attended Dover schools, and had been a member of the Dover-Foxcroft Congregational Church.

From 1942 to 1944, he spent time in Germany as a member of the U.S. Army. From 1944 to 1947, Herb

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worked at the Texaco Station and A. W. Gilman’s Feed Store. From 1947 to 1948, he was employed at Eastern States.

Any job requiring brute size and able brawn – Herb was your man.

In 1948, he accepted the position of town constable for Dover-Foxcroft until he went into the police academy in 1949, later returning as constable and deputy for the town. In 1959, he became chief of police for Dover-Foxcroft and remained as such until his retirement in 1985. Herb had the distinction of being the tallest police chief in Maine.

In 1962, Herb portrayed Paul Bunyan in the Shriner’s Parade and needed a custom-made plaid shirt for that role.

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The Dover-Foxcroft Historical Society

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Dues

In these difficult times, we are overjoyed to see the wonderful response that we have received from our recent annual dues renewal letter.

Your historical society currently has approximately 230 active dues paying members and 14 business sponsors. The Society has a small endowment and does some annual fundraising, but the vast majority of the funding for our \$10,000 annual budget comes from contributions from you – our members and sponsors.

Thank You – we are honored to have your support.

We are a volunteer 501(c)3 organization.. Your tax-deductible dues are \$10 per year (\$7 for those over 65). If you have any questions about your dues, contact Mary or Chris at any time.



A Prayer for My Son June Austin Bucknam, 1949

I do not pray for him that life be easy,
Rather would I ask that he be strong;
I do not pray for days that brim with laughter
Since only fools can laugh a whole life long.

I do not ask for grace so much as wisdom;
I do not ask for charm so much as love;
I ask Thee not for wealth but understanding,
And peace of mind the world knows little of.

I would not have him be an idle dreamer,
But give him faith that he can reach his goal,
And if he find ability be lacking,
May diligence at length restore his soul.

I do not pray his life will be a long one;
I only ask that it be richly spent.
If he can face reality with truth, God,
He'll be a man, and I shall be content.

The Under Dog in the Fight

I know that the world, that great, big world,
From the peasant up to the king,
Has a different tale from the tale I tell,
And a different song to sing.

But for me – I care not a single fig
If they say I am wrong or am right –
I shall always go for the weaker dog,
The under dog in the fight.

I know that the world, that the great, big world,
Will never a moment stop
To see which dog may be in the fault,
But will shout for the dog on top.

But for me, I shall pause to ask
Which dog may be in the right,
For my heart will beat, while it beats at all,
For the under dog in the fight.

Observer, May, 1895



Other “hats” worn by Herb during his colorful lifetime include: school bus driver for Foxcroft Academy and SAD 68 students; a gate-tender at Katahdin Ironworks; a camp cook at Great Northern Paper Co.; a member of Mosaic Masonic Lodge, 52, AF & AM, D. J. Babinear VFW Post, 3385, the Chadbourne-Merrill American Legion Post, 29, and the Forty and Eight.

Herb also served as a Scout leader for many years and worked at the Dover Stove Co. In 1985, he was awarded a Certificate of Recognition for extraordinary public service.

Although retired from his duties as police chief, Herb never retired from an active and diversified life. Gruff to some, irresistible to others and perhaps overbearing to many, Herb nevertheless pursued hobbies that resulted in products that he hand-delivered to the homes of many of his friends and acquaintances.

His homemade cribbage boards can be found throughout the state. His sturdy birdhouses were given often times at no charge and with a big grin. (Note: Herb gave these birdhouses in hopes of reviving the Bluebird population here.) The produce from his lush and large garden graced many tables in Piscataquis County. Herb’s idea of making pickles was to skip the usual Mason jars and use large gallon jugs instead. Since 1985, however, his special and favorite hobby, other than tending the perpetual woodpile, was tapping maple trees and making maple syrup. Herb was no stranger to the elementary school, where he gave many demonstrations to young students on the art of collecting, making and distributing maple syrup.

Clever with his hands and quick with his wit, Herb will leave a void in this town that will not ever be filled again by one lone person. In his 69 years, he squeezed not one, but several lifetimes rolled into one. There will never be another “first shirt” quite like him.

Herb was a big, tall, strong man who presented the image of a rugged law enforcement officer who could hold his own in any situation. And he could. His job as a police officer was mostly foot patrol, checking businesses, keeping an eye out for fires, and any unlawful activity. He covered one of the largest areas in this part of Maine. He was known as a fair lawman, often giving first-time offenders a “good talking to” and giving them a chance to show him they could do better. It was his easy going, friendly disposition, mixed with firmness (when necessary) that helped him succeed on the job and earn the respect of the community.

Herb was first married to Irene Nadeau on July 3, 1949. With her he had one son, Kenneth L. Green, born January 14, 1951. He later married Carolyn Wiley, who passed away on December 11, 2010.

Thinking ahead to writing this article, I have been collecting tales about Herb. There are some awesome ones I’d like to share.

Edie (Ladd) Hussey remembers the following story – “To earn money for bus fare to the Springfield, Mass., Shriner’s Hospital to see my daughter, I went to work as housekeeper for Rev. Hedrick at the Congregational Church parsonage. One day the doorbell rang; there stood our local police chief, Herbie Green.

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(Chief Green, from page 3)

He said a couple had come to town to be married and were waiting at the Congregational Church. The minister needed two witnesses. Herbie said, "That's us, come on." I followed Herbie across the lawn, on entering the church I laid my apron on the vestibule table and Herbie put his gun near at hand beside my apron. We followed the couple down the aisle. After a short ceremony, I wished the bride and groom much happiness, strolled back to the entry, and picked up my apron; Herbie picked up his gun and we both strolled out to the morning sun. That's the first time a domestic and a detective ever walked down the aisle together in the Congregational Church in Dover-Foxcroft. I wonder where our names are now." —Edie Hussey

First Selectman, Elwood Edgerly, shares these memories. Herb gave Elwood a .38 pistol years ago with one bullet. He told Elwood not to fire the gun as there was something wrong with the barrel. Elwood was one of the folks who would pick up Herb for his late night shift. Once he was late arriving and Herb said sternly, "That won't happen again!" Elwood was always prompt thereafter. Years ago there was a dog in town that everyone knew. His name was "Mr. Perkins" – a huge black Newfoundland. Elwood's mom came out of Cal's Market one day and there was Mr. Perkins. She and Herb loaded the dog into her car for a drive to the dog's home. Mr. Perkins moved up to where Mrs. Edgerly was driving and went "Woof" into her ear. She almost ended up in a ditch!

Glenice (Haley) Snyder – recalls, "A small boy piled up boxes and pulled the fire alarm. Herb was right there – the boy never did it again!"

Memories from Dennis Dyer, current police chief – When Dennis first started with the police force, he would pick Herb up for his 4 a.m. to noon shift. Herb wanted to be picked up promptly. He had an hour for lunch and would often take his lunch at the end of the shift in order to get off early. Herb went to Collette's every day. He would go in and grab the coffee pot and pour for all the customers. Mr. Collette would bake a 9" pan with one muffin. When Dennis first went with him, he thought it was to be shared – no way! Herb ate the whole thing!

Another memory of Collette's was shared by Patty Lyford (Mrs. Dennis) – She was enjoying a meal at the restaurant and her small son, Mike, was misbehaving that day. When Herb walked in, Patty said to Mike, "That man over there will scold you for being bad." Herb overheard her and said to her, "Don't tell your son that. Police are children's friends." To quote on this subject from a tribute appearing in the *Piscataquis Observer* in 1993: "He once said, 'Kids were always leery of policemen when I was a young feller. I've tried not to be that way. I've tried to explain to kids that they shouldn't be afraid of me or any policeman.' He succeeded. Even in his retirement he shared his friendship and talents with youngsters, and many will remember him for his grandfatherly goodness."

Linda Howard shares this warm tale of Herb. The Howards had a neighbor who had a four-year-old boy named Willie Brown. Willie decided one day to make a visit to Red Mountain's store for some candy. Herb found him at the fire station and stopped to ask where he was headed. Herb and Willie then walked to the market, got some candy and went back to the fire house, where Herb sent Willie on his way home – up Pleasant Street. Surely, Herb was worried about the young boy crossing busy streets all alone.

Betty Smith shared a wedding story. Herb and a friend took the couple's car so it would be a "safe ride" after the ceremony. They stuffed the car with bunched up newspapers!

(Herb Green, from page 4)

Cliff Wiley, Herb's brother-in-law, remembers Herb fondly. In the spring Herb would get a tractor and trailer, load the trailer with boxes, and go down to his favorite spots by the river. There he would gather huge amounts of fiddleheads. He shared them with friends and neighbors. Cliff also remembers one day coming out of the drugstore. Herb was patrolling the street and stopped and asked Cliff, "Do you know how to save \$20.00?" Cliff asked how and Herb said, "Get a new registration for your car"

Herb's sister, Lillian Green Mayo, was kind enough to jot down some wonderful memories of her brother. "Years ago when Collette's restaurant was over on Summer Street, Herb would go in at 3 A.M. and start the coffee and make biscuits until Eddie Collette arrived. This was a popular place back in the era for a stop off for everyone who got up early and a place to exchange gossip.

Herb was a good biscuit maker. He had a camp out at what was known as 'Scavenger Ridge'. Every fall he would invite the 'court house girls' for a huge breakfast, all cooked by him, everything you would want and plenty of it. This was a tradition for quite a few years. And he enjoyed it, and I think the 'girls' did too.

Scavenger Ridge was named that because Herb was always picking up everything that he could find. It could be trees for firewood, furniture – just stuff – and he would give it to who needed it. He always knew who needed a helping hand. My mother knit mittens and he would make sure some deserving child got them.

In the early days of police work and when the town had parking meters, he would empty the meters, count the change, wrap them and leave it off at the town office.

When he enlisted into the service, he was stationed in Mass. While waiting to ship overseas, he had to wait for shoes big enough to fit him!!! A size 14. They did eventually arrive and he went to Germany. He was a bit old fashioned, keeping old traditions, remembering the old sayings and stories that we heard all our lives growing up. Stories, yes, he had a few. Some not printable at this time, but I am sure there are still a lot out there!!! Being his youngest sister, I was always on the wrong side of the stick. I couldn't move while in town but he knew it. At 6'6" in his prime, he, at one time, was the tallest police chief in Maine. I can remember he portrayed Paul Bunyan in a parade, I remember it took nearly 5 yards of red plaid fabric.

He so loved maple syrup season, firing up that stove to boil down the sap. And enjoyed folks coming by to watch or just exchange stories. He was truly a big man, in stature, being kind to people, helping young kids here in town, when they got into a 'bit of trouble', he did a lot for people and had a big heart to match his build – BUT he could be gruff around the edges. MANY will attest to that.

One time many years ago there was a young fellow who was in need of a blood transfusion. He was quite ill. Herb had his blood type, so at the hospital they hooked Herb up to a line and they did the transfusion to him from Herb's arm. He lived to be a healthy man.

He stuck by his principles, do for others and he expected the same from you. He was proud of his country and the laws of the land. One thing you don't see now on Main Street, he was always walking the street, he could be directing traffic, stopping by the stores – just a big image doing what he loved best."

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(Herb Green, continued from page 5)

When Chief Green retired on May 10, 1985, over 250 people turned out to wish him well. Among the many honors bestowed was one given by five divers from Groton, Conn. submarine base who presented him with a plaque commemorating his contributions to a diving project at the Brownville quarry in 1984. He was credited with instituting an investigation at the quarry that resulted in cracking a stolen car ring. The Federal Bureau of Investigation honored him with a plaque for his accomplishments. He was also credited for his love and concern for children of the community. During his years as chief, he had been cited by the town several times for pedestrian safety and commended by local organizations for his work in town.

Herb's funeral was well attended:

An estimated 325 people paid their last respects to retired Police Chief G. Herbert Green, 69, on Thursday, Feb. 18, when funeral services were held at 1 p.m. at Foxcroft Academy gymnasium. A color guard of law enforcement officers attended en masse. Active bearers were members of the Dover-Foxcroft Police Department. Herb Green had first served on the police department as the town's first policeman and later as the first police chief, serving a total of 36 years. He was named Dover-Foxcroft's only honorary police chief when he retired. The Rev. David McLeish, pastor of the Dover-Foxcroft Church of the Nazarene, officiated at the service. In his eulogy, he noted the accomplishments and community respect Herb Green had earned during his lifetime. Members of the color guard included representatives from the Dover-Foxcroft Police Department, the Piscataquis County Sheriff's Department, Maine State Police, Maine Warden Service and one representative from the Connecticut State Police. At the close of the service, the color guard lined the steps and walkway of the academy as the recessional took place.

In a letter to the editor, Linus J. Stitham, M.D. wrote: "To The Observer: Dover-Foxcroft has lost an impressive figure in Chief Gerald Green. 'Herbie,' as he was affectionately known to the whole town, exemplified law and order to several generations during his long tenure as Chief of Police. I had many occasions to see him in action. He practiced his profession well, and with integrity, knowing when to be firm and when to be compassionate. He also guided many youngsters in the right direction. Herb Green was truly a BIG man – both physically and philosophically!"

I want to thank all those folks who contributed to this story. I am certain there are many more out there. In future editions of the *Shiretown Conserver* we'd like to print any stories our members and friends would like to share.

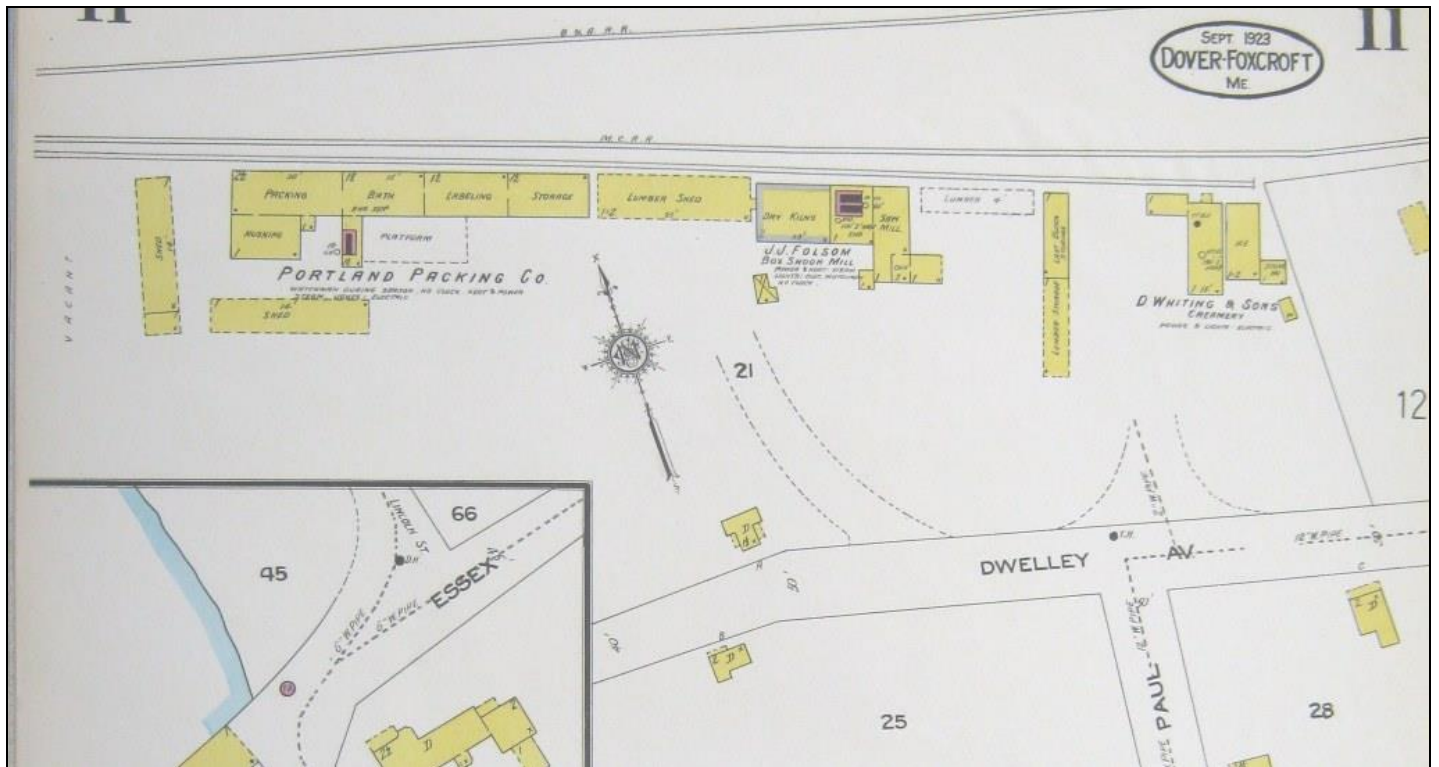
Farmers Bring Raw Materials for Four Local Businesses on Dwelley/Morse Avenue

100 Years ago in 1913

by Louis Stevens

Although the sun has risen only a bit above the horizon on this cool late September morning 100 years ago in 1913, already the rural roads leading into Dover and Foxcroft are starting to fill with carts and wagons heading for Dwelley and Morse avenues in Foxcroft to bring raw materials such as birch lumber, milk, cedar posts, and corn ears needed by four thriving businesses on the short combined dirt road that today divides sections of the Mayo Regional Hospital. Many of the wagons have just one horse pulling the weight, but two horses can also be seen with heavier loads. Some carts have just the driver, while others are carrying a family

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First, let's speak to the driver of the wagon loaded with hundreds of freshly picked ears of corn. He tells us he is selling it all to the corn canning factory just ahead: "My wife and family here helped me pick it yesterday from our field in South Dover, and we will all earn extra money today here because we get paid for chucking the ears, and then we can take a load of shucks home for fertilizer. We have an agreement with the company yearly to raise the corn so it will have ears enough."

And did he know where the cans were sold? "I don't know," he said, "about the stores in town, but every year they ship, I remember, several carloads with the cans saying 'ALABAMA' on the labels to Birmingham. We heard they especially liked our sweet corn. My wife helped get extra money by putting the labels on the cans." Here, the horse shook his head to ring the few bells attached there, so the driver said loudly, as he gently slapped the harness against the side of his "engine," you might say, "Ye Tiger, I know you're getting hungry for your dinner oats." You see, I always brought them with us ever since he started this early morning route. And we'll have something to eat ourselves, and not oats as my wife put up our dinner before we left after breakfast. A roasted chicken, bread, and cake." With that marriage compliment, off they went. A quick glance showed me the chubby twins must surely get their share. Soon filling their place plus several feet more was a two-horse team pulling a large load of white birch trees for the spool factory looming up ahead. A large bulldog curled up beside the man on the driver's seat. "I saw you talking with my next farm neighbor!" shouted the man. I asked in a playful tone, "Where are your sons to help unload this excellent large amount of superb looking board feet of birch? His quick and strong answer was this: "They had better be cutting more of it in our woods and have enough cut for another trip tomorrow or they're apt to get a touch of a strong birch switch when I get home."

I told him I hoped he was getting excellent pay for such clean white birch, and he said "Sure thing" as the trees had no flaws and so could be used for the big spools. Then he mentioned the rumors or gossip he had been hearing that the owners of the harness track field on the other side of the stream might be willing to sell their land for a place to store birch bars for drying as the fair and racing had not been as popular in recent years, and how that would increase the demand for birch, which he had plenty of back in his woods. But now the line of wagons began to move, and so came the slap of the reins and the quick response of his well-groomed team. For some reason the long line of wagons had stopped,

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(Farmers, continued from page 7)

so during the brief time of silence—no creaking wheels that needed grease--I could faintly hear the sounds of some pieces of metal clanging against each other. When the noise grew a bit louder, I immediately knew it was empty milk cans on a vehicle heading home with empties the driver had picked up at the creamery, cans he had brought there a few days before filled with milk from the dairy farmers along his route that he had carried to the creamery to start their way to the company in Boston.

When the wagon got to where I was located, it had to stop to let the line pass, so I called out, "Are you Mr. Hesketh?" "Who's calling me?" he inquired. He recognized my name when I said it, then asked what I wanted. I simply asked what time this morning he started on his milk route to be headed home so early. His answer, "Just as soon as my team could recognize driveways to the farms where I would find the tanks where cakes of ice kept the cans cold. The horses are very smart that way, just as the ones who deliver milk in the early morns know their stops on the street."

The *Piscataquis Observer* several times pointed out the great value of the creamery. In 1911 it said, "A new creamery building was erected on Morse Avenue by D. Whiting & Sons, whose creamery on South Street had become too small and too far from the railroad. The new creamery was 60x60 by a siding of the Maine Central Railroad." And in the mid-1920s the paper said that the creamery was paying between \$6,000 and \$7,000 to some 50 dairymen per month for their milk. Just as it was obvious that the first wagons we've met were headed towards certain of the locations by the loads they were carrying, so it was with the fourth and final much larger cart drawn by a muscular team of neatly combed horses pulling effortlessly an excellent looking cargo of cedar trees. Their destination, of course, was the large sawmill of John J. Folsom at the end of Morse Avenue.

A compliment always brings forth a reply of "Thanks!" from a driver, so when I commented with a strong voice, "Your load is mighty nice cedar, and should get a good price at the mill," his reply was, "Thank you, but it's not for sale really, but another load just like it will be next week. This will be shingles for the roof of the new barn I'm building. John always does the best for sawing cedar for them, as he's been in the sawmill business many years, over 50, I believe."

Of course, I could not neglect praising his horses by saying how much they shined in the noon sun. "Yes," he said. "You see, my two girls love to make them look good when I bring them into town to show them off, and so they use the curry combs with much energy."

The driver was certainly right about Mr. Folsom as this paragraph from the *Observer* said about 10 years later: "John J. Folsom, who spent more than 50 years of his life in sawmills, had built his lumber mill in the summer of 1912, and would use about 1,000,000 feet of logs each year with 20-25 men employed there. He was 63 at the time the fire burned his mill."

And the future of these four great boosters for the area economy? Unfortunately, a fire and destruction was dozen years ahead. An arsonist was busy on the night of May 20, 1925, planting "nests" of tarred rope tied around kindling. He or she was never caught. Fires from the nests leveled the sawmill and canning factory and nearly the creamery, which was rebuilt and so stayed in business until 1932, while the spool factory was only slightly damaged and easily repaired. It lasted until it was closed in late December of 1964. Mr. Folsom sold the remains of his mill to Charles Bolton, who rebuilt part of it using machinery from his mill in Foxcroft Center, and the canning factory, which had furnished employment to so many, was not rebuilt. (Other nests were soon found at three other local businesses: piano factory, another sawmill, and the cider mill.) What all this meant in income loss to many local dairymen, farmers, and woodsmen would be incalculable.

Annual Dues

Many thanks to all those who have sent in their Historical Society dues for 2013. We really appreciate having you as a member. If you haven't sent in your dues yet, please do so now so you can continue to enjoy all of the benefits of membership in the Historical Society, including receiving copies of the *Conserver*.

The Dover-Foxcroft Historical Society – Membership Application Form

Name: _____ Phone: _____

Street: _____ City/State/Zip _____

E-Mail: _____

Annual dues are \$10 per person and \$7.00 for senior memberships. Please make checks payable to: Dover-Foxcroft Historical Society, 874 West Main Street, Dover-Foxcroft, ME 04426. Dues cover January to December. If you are giving a gift membership, please include the name and address and we'll gladly notify the recipient of your gift.

The Society is on the Web at www.rootsweb.com/~medfhs and on Facebook.

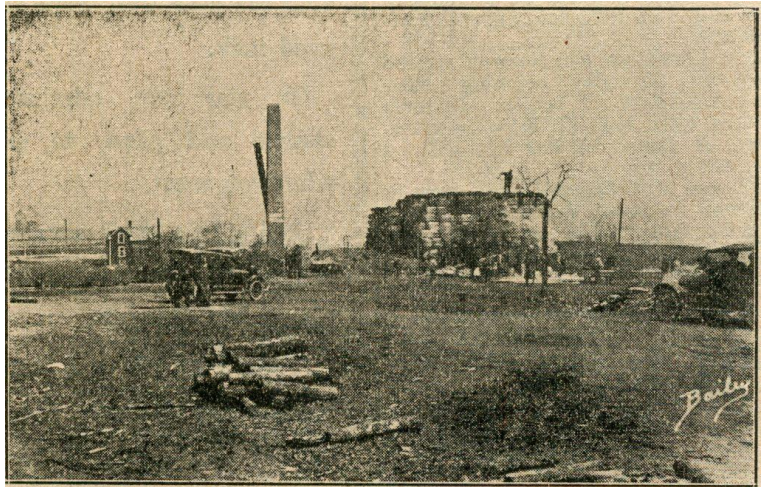


Break Time at the Corn Factory - 1897

Eva Bartlett (sitting)

Florence Kenney, Lottie Norton, Gene

Wilburn, May Ymox (2012.657)



Ruins of the Creamery – showing the pile of ice that survived the fire

WORST FIRE IN ITS HISTORY VISITS DOVER-FOXCROFT WEDNESDAY NIGHT

Thousands of Dollars' Worth of Property Destroyed in Loss of Canning Factory, Folsom's Mills, Creamery and Spool Bars—Fire Was Most Spectacular and Difficult to Handle.

The Piscataquis Observer, May 21, 1925



HATS IN THE ATTIC!



**COME TO THE
ATTIC SALE**

**SATURDAY
JUNE 8, 2013
9 am to 2 pm**

**DOVER-FOXCROFT
CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH**

**Shop for hats – plus books, collectibles,
household items, antiques and
treasures – All at low prices!!!**

**Proceeds to benefit the work of the
Dover-Foxcroft Historical Society**

Message from Mary

Now that spring is just around the corner, we are thinking of two new exhibits at the *Observer* Building Museum. I will be working with Carmen Smith setting up a display in the front room, showcasing the work of Mary Elizabeth Greeley. We are fortunate to have many of her pieces – oils, watercolors and sketches. She was a very talented artist – many examples of her work are in homes in Dover-Foxcroft – and the Thompson Free Library exhibits her portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Thompson in their front room.

Dennis Lyford is working on an exhibit for the middle room showing sports at Foxcroft Academy. Most sports will be covered for a particular year. Each year we'd like to change the display case to highlight a different year. Thanks, Dennis, for taking this on.

We hope to be open in late June – the grand opening at the Whoopie Pie Festival – then every Thursday until Labor Day. I hope you can check out the new exhibits and stop in for a visit this summer.

Our Corporate Sponsors

A grateful thank you to the following businesses whose funds support the Society and its efforts to preserve our history. When you shop or see these folks, please tell them 'thank you' for their support!

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Mallett Real Estate
Mayo Regional Hospital
Pleasant River Lumber
Rowell's Garage
Steinke and Caruso
Mark Stitham, M.D.
Sean Stitham, M.D.

Thank you all!

Items Available

We thank Bob's Home and Garden on Lincoln Street for stocking our ornaments and DVD's. Please stop by their store and support this local business.

Glass Christmas ornaments: \$6.00 each (add \$4.00 for shipping)

2008 – Blacksmith Shop

2009 – Observer Building

2010 – Central Hall

2011 – Thompson Free Library

2012 – Foxcroft Academy

2013 – The Blethen House

DVD's :

Glimpses of Dover and Foxcroft - \$10.00 (add \$3.00 for shipping)

Memories of Central Hall/Lou Stevens - \$15.00 (add \$3.00 for shipping)

Dover-Foxcroft throws: \$40.00 (add \$8.00 for shipping)

Work Day at the Historical Society

Thursdays are almost always work days at the Historical Society. We generally start work at about 10:00 and work from two to four or five hours. If you are interested in joining us for an interesting and enjoyable day working with good friends, contact Mary for more information. At the moment we are cataloging thousands of old *Observer* photos. Come along and help us identify folks in those pictures.

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