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Winter 2023 - 2024



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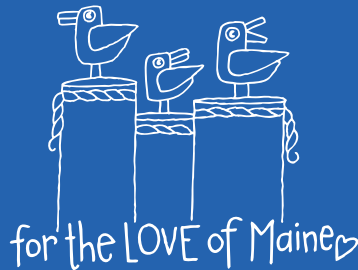
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~ Meister Eckhart

Photo by Melissa Ross



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Faith Gillman has called Kennebunk home for 34 years. A wife, mother and "Nonny," Faith has enjoyed writing for a number of Maine-based magazines and newspapers. She is happiest when she's able to share the stories of the people and places that make Maine the best place to be in every season, and is truly thankful to be part of the *Tourist & Town* team. faith@touristandtown.com



Steve Hrehovcik, writer, editor and artist, has been with *Tourist & Town* (formerly *Tourist News*) since 2006. He and his wife Carol have lived in Kennebunk for almost 51 years. Steve's book *Rebel Without A Clue: A Way-Off Broadway Memoir* can be found at kennebunkartstudio.com.



Valerie Marier is a freelance journalist who has traveled the world, writing for magazines and newspapers. Val is a wife, mother and grandmother, who enjoys knitting, reading, golf and travel, and writes about them in her blog *Wandering With Val*. www.wanderingwithval.com



Kathy Oberman Tracy is a classically trained chef with a Masters in Culinary Arts from the New School and a degree in Food Styling from the Culinary Institute of America. Oberman worked with Martha Stewart as TV Producer and Food Stylist and was a private chef and caterer for the late Paul Newman and Joanne Woodward. Kathy is a mom and enjoys racing sailing yachts.



Jo O'Connor is a local writer with deep roots in Kennebunkport. She is a mother of twins and founder/lead singer of the local band *The Dock Squares*. She teaches Zumba and aqua classes and is a marketing communication professor. jfboconnor@gmail.com



Dana Pearson is a writer and musician living in Kennebunk with his wife Diane. His books can be found at amazon.com/author/danpearson. dana@touristandtown.com



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Photo by Joshua Hrehovcik



It's where the  is.





Happy Holidays and a
warm and joyous New Year!





From all of us at Tourist & Town,
we wish you a joy-filled holiday season
and a wonderful 2024!

Photo by Josh Morrison; editing by Geraldine Aikman

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Editor's Note

"Like Walking Through a Postcard"

Greetings again from picture-perfect south coastal Maine, the only place in the world I wish to be – especially this time of year.

Being here at this time is like being inside a beautiful postcard – or a painting so breathtaking it couldn't be real. It's like walking through a movie set, each iconic setting just as charming and evocative as the one before. Each scene we come upon is special. Each visual 'postcard' is a keepsake.

There's the sweet-coastal-village-lit-up-with-lights postcard...and the local-tree-farm-blanketed-with-snow postcard.

There's the white-church-steeple-set-against-a-snowy-sky postcard...and the lighthouse-keeping-watch-over-a-wintery-sea postcard.

There's the holly-branch-covered-with-snowflakes postcard...and the red-New-England-barn-staying-cozy-in-winter postcard.

Each one is worthy of Currier and Ives. And each one is ours for the taking.

In my estimation, strolling around these parts this time of year is like walking right into a dream. It might seem like hyperbole, it's the truth.

It's just that great.

Happy holidays and many blessings for 2024.

Kingsley Gallup
Publisher/Editor



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CONTRIBUTING PHOTOGRAPHERS

ON THE COVER



Bob Dennis has been a photographer for the Kennebunk - Kennebunkport - Arundel Chamber of Commerce for more than 25 years. Dennis has published multiple photography books on Kennebunkport, as well as annual calendars filled with his photographs capturing the beauty of the Kennebunks. You can find him at www.kportimages.com and on IG at [@portimages](https://www.instagram.com/portimages).



Jim Groleau is enjoying diving deeply into his photography in retirement. Jim and his wife Devere reside in Kennebunkport. His passion is capturing the four beautiful seasons combined with the diversity of the landscape where we live. Find him on IG [@jgrolo](https://www.instagram.com/jgrolo) and on Facebook at [Jim Groleau Photography](https://www.facebook.com/JimGroleauPhotography).



Originally from New Jersey, **Sandy Gnidziejko** is a professional photographer, who got to Maine as soon as she could. You can see her work in *Tourist & Town* or meet her at one of her Little River Estate Sale events in York County and beyond.



Joshua Hrehovcik is a Maine-based photographer and the author of the *Retro Roadtrip* family of travel books. His goal is to get more Instagram followers than his brother. You can help him by following him [@retroroadtripper65](https://www.instagram.com/retroroadtripper65).



Alissa Kruszinski moved to Kennebunk when she was just four years old. Since then, Maine has been her source of inspiration for writing and photography. She feels incredibly fortunate to be able to live and work by the sea.



Phil Stone is a professional chef living on the Maine coast with his wife Annie. Stone received his first camera at 18 from his father, Don Stone, who was an American Impressionist painter and Stone's biggest inspiration. Stone's favorite subjects include wildlife and landscapes, particularly at sunrise and sunset. FMI: 207-468-3902, pstone36@hotmail.com.



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Through the Lens

"It was the morning of January 6, 2023. The first major snowstorm of the season was just beginning. I went down to Pier Road, hoping to get some good shots of the snow falling in front of the oft-photographed fish houses and homes across the way. As I began shooting, I was joined by noted photographer Eric Storm, who lives up the coast and travels every day to wherever he sees the possibility of great shots. We were both focusing on Tom Bradbury's former fish house that becomes a mecca for photographers every holiday season with the small Christmas tree and colorful hanging buoys that are illuminated and visible through the open door. To our delight, Tom came out of his nearby home and invited Eric and me to go inside the fish house for an extraordinary photo opportunity. Eric and I both noticed that the snowflakes that morning were unusually large. One of Eric's photos taken inside the fish house was widely praised, and when I got home, I realized that one of my photos taken from the deck looking back at the tree featured a heart-shaped snowflake! For both Eric and I, it was a morning we would cherish for the rest of the winter." ~ Bob Dennis





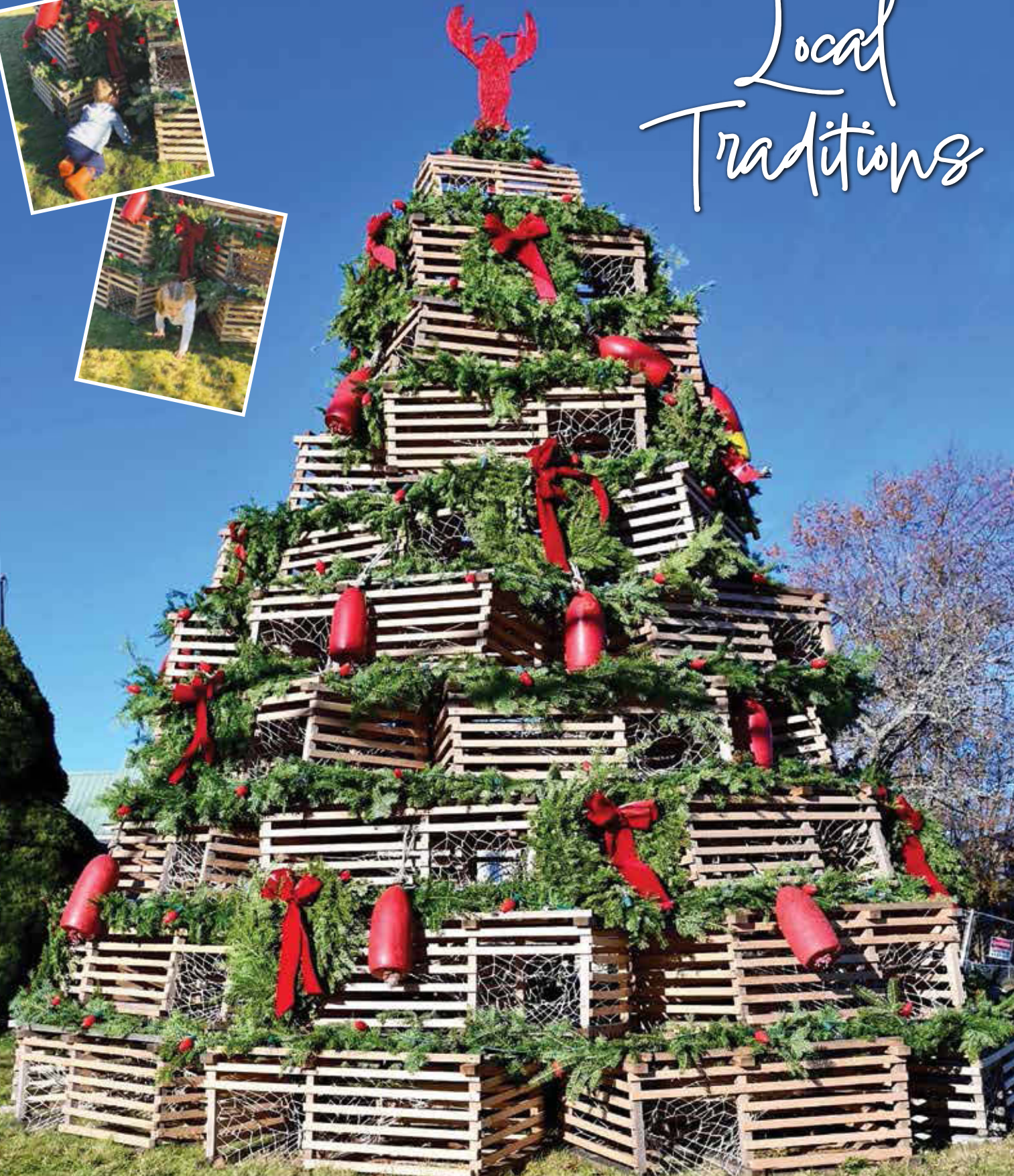


The Cape Porpoise Lobster Trap Tree

The lobster trap tree has been a deeply-held holiday tradition in Cape Porpoise for several decades now. This tradition was the brainchild of local Don Meyer, who, with Wright Gallery owner Charlie Wright, collected lobster traps of varying shapes and sizes and built the first tree. Mark Dufoe took the helm in the 1990s, after he and his wife moved to Cape Porpoise. Following Dufoe's untimely passing two years ago, his daughter Raven, along with her husband and two young children, stepped up to continue the tradition. Neighbors of all ages pitch in to construct the lovely tree that sits in the heart of Cape Porpoise. Over time, decorations have evolved to include red buoys, wreaths, bows and more. Each year, the lobster trap tree warms the hearts of Cape Porpoise residents and visitors from near and far. Be sure to visit this special landmark in the heart of Cape Porpoise square.



Local Traditions



Opposite page, clockwise from top left: Photos 1-5 by Joshua Hrehovcik; photos 6-10 by Bob Dennis. Depicted in photo 10 are, from left to right, Brian MacDonald, Ed Briggs, Winslow Fulford, Raven Fulford, Murray Fulford and Jon Fulford. This page, from top to bottom: Murray Fulford (photo by Ed Briggs), Winslow Fulford (photo by Ed Briggs) and the lovely, finished tree (photo by Bob Dennis).

The Christmas that almost wasn't

by Faith Gillman

The winter of 1975 came in with a cold blast in Newburyport, Massachusetts. The skies threatened snow for days and on Christmas Eve they delivered. A major storm rolled in and by late afternoon everything was blanketed in white. As the storm picked up, city workers were called into action, one of whom was George, my husband of six months. While we hoped to spend Christmas Eve together, duty called and overtime pay beckoned, so off he went.

I puttered around our apartment, rearranging our sparse holiday decorations. A knock at the door startled me. I opened it to find my father standing there. He looked over my shoulder and said "You don't have a tree?" I said no but it was okay – we didn't need (or could afford) one.

He wasn't having it. "Get your coat," he said. "I'm getting you a tree."

Off we went in search of one, but it was late. All the lots were closed or empty. As we drove down High Street my dad spied a few trees left in the lot of a local church. He pulled in. No one was there.

"Well, they're not going to miss it," he said, lifting one into the trunk of his giant Chrysler.

"Dad! We can't steal a tree, especially from a church! You of all people know better than that!" Did I mention that my father was a minister?

He told me not to worry. He would square it with the church's pastor after Christmas. I was embarrassed but I wasn't going to argue, plus it was cold and the snow was really piling up. We swung by my parent's house to pick up some leftover ornaments and a few strings of lights.

We carried the tree up to our second-floor apartment and set it up. My dad left the decorating to me. Little did I know it wouldn't be the last time I'd see him that night.

It was now very late and I was beginning to worry about George – where the heck was he? It never entered my mind that he would be in a holding cell.

George had spent the evening riding with an experienced plow driver, making trips back and forth to the city barn to get sand. The driver brought along a bottle of flavored brandy, it being cold and all. Truth be told, George had a swig or two (or three) as the

night wore on. As they returned to the barn for sand, he saw a woman standing there. When they got out of the truck, he saw the VERY angry wife of the driver.

"You know you aren't supposed to drink. You are coming with me this instant!" she said, giving George a nasty stare. "Why did you let him?"

"I'm sorry. It was his bottle. I didn't know," George said. "Wait, what do I do about turning off and locking up the equipment?"

The woman just glared at George as she dragged the driver down the street by the ear.

Not knowing what to do, George walked to the police station to ask for help. Upon arrival he told the desk officer what had transpired. Between his bedraggled state (he was soaked) and the smell of brandy on his breath, the officer did not believe him and threw him in a holding cell. Eventually they allowed him a phone call. As we couldn't afford a phone, he couldn't call me so he called my father.

My father went straight to the station and introduced himself.

"I am Rev. Locher and this is my son-in-law. He does work for the city and was called out to help clear snow," he said. "I think it would be in everyone's best interest if you release George, send a car to the city barn and secure the equipment

before any damage is done."

The embarrassed officer concurred and sent George off with my dad.

It was well after midnight by this time. I was sick with worry. Relief flooded over me when I heard footsteps on the stairs. I opened the door to see a very tired George and my slightly angry but also amused father.

"Merry Christmas," he said, as he pushed George through the door. "Get some rest. We will see you for dinner."

George got cleaned up and into dry clothes. We snuggled under blankets, warmed by the glow of the lights and the twinkle of the hand-me-down ornaments on the "liberated" Christmas tree. As we drifted off to sleep, I thought to myself "it doesn't matter if we don't have much. We'll always have each other and that's enough." And it still is. Merry Christmas to all and to all a good night.



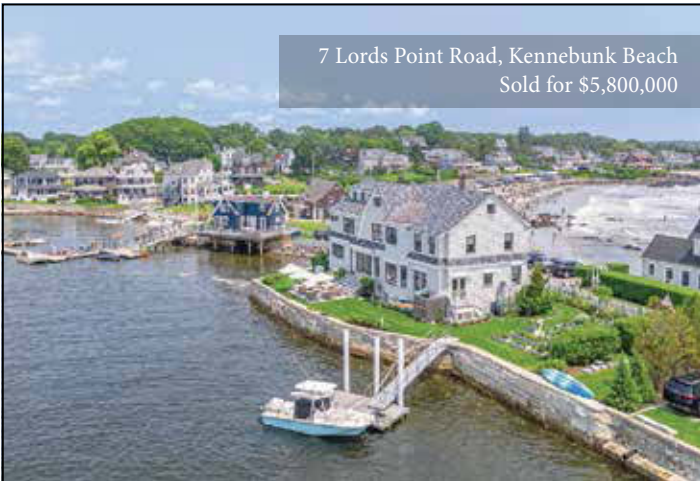
Faith and George Gillman. Courtesy photo



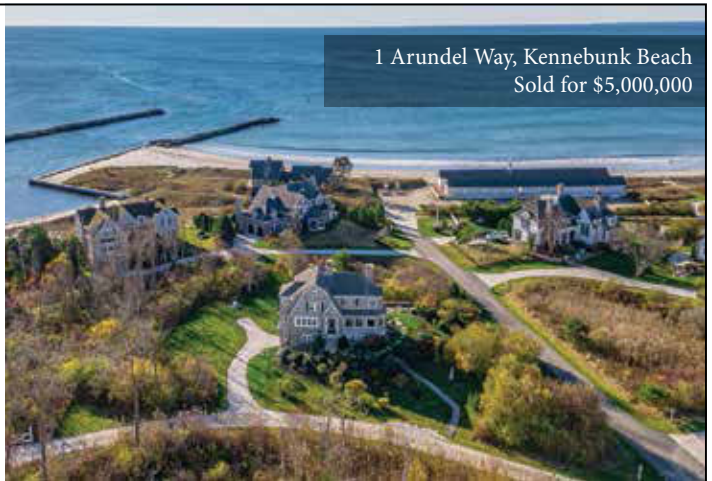
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“Man’s best friends” bring love and support to Lewiston *K9 Assisted Critical Response Teams comfort survivors and their families*

by Valerie Marier

October 25, 2023 is a date that will never be forgotten in Lewiston. A single shooter killed 18 people and injured 13. The traumatized community sheltered-in-place for several days while ambulance and police sirens echoed through the empty streets of Maine’s second most populous city. Locals, if not the entire state of Maine, were overcome with disbelief, fear, anger and mental anguish.

Among the trauma and support counselors arriving immediately to offer comfort to families, first responders and the community-at-large, were two adorable goldendoodles named Sky and Campbell, members of a K9 Assisted Critical Response team specifically trained to navigate stress and trauma while also offering love, healing, comfort and the feeling of safety.

Their handler, Kimberly Brown, who has lived in Kennebunkport for 12 years, added, “A K9 ACR dog does not judge you, no matter what you are going through. They love you unconditionally and provide a bridge that starts the healing process.”

Sky and Campbell sat inside the entrance of Lewiston’s Basilica of Saints Peter and Paul on Sunday, October 29, as more than 1000 community members, families and victims arrived for a town vigil. Brown recalled, “A mother with two children walked over to me and said, ‘My kids can’t talk about the situation but their actions show how they really feel. They’re afraid to leave the house.’ But when the children spotted Sky and Campbell, they ran right over and started petting the dogs. You could literally see their anxiety and fear start to melt away. I asked if they would like to be escorted to their seats by the dogs. With big bright smiles, they both said YES!”

On another day, Brown took Sky and Campbell to one of the city shelters. She said, “A man there had been directly impacted by the tragedy. He was very distant and unsure of what to do, so he stood alone. I waited a few minutes, then approached him and asked if he liked dogs. He just looked at me with vacant eyes. Then I asked if he liked BIG dogs and his eyes lit up. Sky weighs 85 pounds and Campbell is over 100 pounds, so when he saw them, he got right down on the floor and started petting them. I could see the hardness of his face soften as the dogs snuggled close to him. With tears in his eyes, he looked at me with all sincerity and said, ‘Thank you so very much.’ I know it was the initial step toward healing his pain.”

-continued on next page



Photos above: Kimberly Brown with Campbell, the 100-pound goldendoodle who joined her “therapy team” several years ago. Pictured with Campbell in the photo on the right is Sky, who has been offering comfort and care for more than a decade. Courtesy photos

Kimberly Brown became involved in therapy dog work in upstate New York in 2010 when she was teaching students with disabilities. She said, "I learned about a program called READ (Reading Education Assistant Dog). I also had a new puppy named Campbell and decided to have my students help him become a READ dog. We have been working as a therapy and READ dog team for more than 11 years now. Since I moved to Kennebunkport a decade ago, we have volunteered at Kennebunk Elementary School, area nursing homes, and every winter we work at the Mayo Clinic in Phoenix, Arizona."

A new goldendoodle named Sky joined Brown's life in 2018. "She's been working as part of my therapy dog team since 2019, and two years ago Sky became certified in Assisted Critical Response," Brown said.

Becoming an ACR dog requires slightly different training than therapy dogs. Brown said, "We are deployed when an event occurs that requires the need of an ACR team – we never just show up. The dogs learn how to deal with stress and trauma. Additionally, we provide resources to families and victims about where to find additional help, and we continue to provide support on holidays and other times to let families and the community know we are there for them. Always."

Brown added that the qualifications for dogs entering the ACR program are quite specific: the dog needs to be comfortable in large crowds and it must be able to handle stress and work with different cultures and ethnicities.

Brown said, "They have to be able and comfortable to sit for long periods of time with victims or those who have experienced a traumatic event."

"It's important to know also that the handler goes through extensive training as well," Brown said. "I've learned how to watch my dogs' body language and know when they are overwhelmed or need a break. Taking care of our dogs in these situations is important. After all, the dogs are doing all the work here." (Apparently, one trauma-trained golden retriever named Oliver slept for two straight nights after visiting "as many locations as possible following the October 25 mass shooting.")

While working with her dogs in Lewiston, Brown noticed that there are few ACR teams in Maine. As she continues to help the community of Lewiston, she said, "My goal is to have more ACR teams here in our state so that when a crisis arises, local teams are ready and available. Going forward and giving back, I plan on becoming an instructor / team evaluator. I want people to reach out to me so that I can give them the information they need to become part of a certified therapy team." (Her contact information is below).

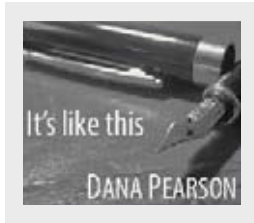
"Lewiston needs much support with each new day," Kimberly said. "We are now doing home visits with families who lost loved ones in the shootings. I cannot underestimate the power that Assisted Critical Response dogs have in helping those who have suffered a tragic experience. Even for those who initially refuse help or counseling, these wonderful caring dog help them take the first step in processing and dealing with their grief."

FMI about K9 Assisted Critical Response or to contact Kimberly Brown, email kimberly@kimberlyhelene.com, or visit www.kimberlyhelene.com or phone 518-527-9999.



Photo top right: Sky, an 85-pound goldendoodle, is part of Kimberly Brown's ACR team. **Photo above:** Sky (left) and Campbell (right) inside the Basilica of Saints Peter and Paul in Lewiston, greeting people as they arrived for the community vigil on Sunday, October 29, four days after the mass shooting in which 18 people were killed and 13 injured. This was the first vigil held in honor of those who had lost their lives. Photos by Kimberly Brown





*A special holiday
"It's Like This"*

Besides, it didn't even look like Joaquin Phoenix

The release of Ridley Scott's wonderful biopic *Napoleon*, with Joaquin Phoenix in the title role, triggered a memory, which goes like this:

Diane – you know, my wife – and I wrapped up a three-week European vacation several years ago by visiting Waterloo, the Belgian village where Napoleon Bonaparte's forces were crushed on the battlefield in 1815. That seismic event not only brought about

Napoleon's final abdication and exile, ushering in several decades of relative peace in Europe, but it also inspired what I believe to be ABBA's best song.

After ascending the 226 steps up The Lion's Mound (the commemorative hill built around 10 years after the bloody conflict) to soak in the battlefield (much of which has not been turned into golf courses yet), I visited the gift shop, which miraculously had emerged from the Napoleonic Wars unscathed.

While traveling, we always pick up an ornament to put on our Christmas tree; e.g., a St. Bernard with a barrel of brandy around its neck from Switzerland, a trolley car from San Francisco, and a brass cross from St. Paul's Cathedral. Have 90 percent of the ornaments we've purchased over the years come from China? Of course. But do they remind us of our wonderful trips? Naturally.

I reached for the obvious choice in the Waterloo gift shop: A colorfully stitched Napoleon, hand thrust into his coat, black felt bicorne hat cocked jauntily atop his head. (Incidentally, I just read that one of his hats sold at auction recently for \$2 million; at that price, it better have come with the original box.)

But then I paused, looking at the stuffed ornament of Napoleon Bonaparte in my hand.

I thought, "Yeah, he's the most popular figure from that era, and for good reason. But even though some people consider him a military genius and a French national hero and all that, the fact is, he was a power-hungry dictator who caused the deaths of millions of people." Those exact words did not run through my mind; a more precise transcript would read: "Uhhhh... no." Dictators and dictator-wannabes get far too much press and attention these days; it's about time they were sidelined. They certainly will find no home on my Christmas tree.

I returned the Napoleon ornament to the rack alongside dozens of his clones. Instead, I chose a dashing yet unfamiliar looking British officer with a red jacket, yellow breeches, tricorne hat in one hand, and sword in the other. Would anyone instantly recognize this man on our Christmas tree, as they would a Napoleon ornament? Absolutely not. But this was the Duke of Wellington, the guy who actually won the Battle of Waterloo – with a major assist and killing blow provided by Prussian Field Marshal von Blücher (you may make a whinnying sound now). Now there's a historical figure who deserves to be honored year after year.

That being said, I'd rather eat a Napoleon than beef Wellington.

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An Artistic Odyssey: Jack Nahil, forerunner of experiential hospitality

by Guest Writer Susan Doherty

On the doorstep of the Atlantic Ocean, where seagulls paint the sky, a tale of vision, dedication and artistic passion unfurls through the life and career of Jack Nahil. A true Kennebunkport pioneer, his fearlessness was intertwined with youthful naiveté that gave him the keys to the kingdom of hospitality, and a belief that anything was within reach. He readily acknowledges that, at the age of 80, he no longer possesses the same sense of derring-do that defined his perspective at 30. Nevertheless, those reflections do nothing to diminish the permanent stamp of decades of his foresight.

A trailblazer of refinement in dining and lodging, Jack's journey began in 1973 when he was a young and ambitious 29-year-old Fine Arts graduate from the Massachusetts College of Art – the first US arts college, incidentally, to grant an artistic degree. During the summer months that linked those college years, he worked as a waiter in Ogunquit to pay for school, favoring Poor Richards Tavern, whose owner Richard Perkins was both an eccentric and proved to be deeply influential. (Richard's mother ran off leaving eight children under the care of their father. By the age of 10, young Perkins was the family cook.) Jack learned much from the man who turned adversity into an astral career in culinary experiences at the edge of Shore Road. Ogunquit – an Abenaki word that means beautiful place by the sea – turned out to be an auspicious foothold. Lured by the pace, the staff camaraderie and the creativity of the hospitality industry, Jack asked his friends, "How hard can it be to purchase, renovate and open an inn in Kennebunk Beach?" He would turn 30 that December.

At the heart of Jack's legacy was the transformation of an iconic weathered barn on Beach Avenue, primely located across the street from the Franciscan Monastery, a destination on every visitor's 'to-see' list. Jack had already calculated the almighty credo of location. In February of '73, wearing a pressed shirt and a hundred-watt smile, Jack set off to the bank to secure a loan to finance the purchase price of a property badly in need of renovation. At \$75,000, and given that the property was appraised at a far greater value, the financing was sealed. Who was that crazy banker? Jack can't remember but maybe his sense of indomitable spunk was the winning ace.

In the end, it was Jack's easel and paintbrush that proved to be the secret ingredient behind his long history in hospitality, granting him the unique ability to envision each room as a blank canvas on its journey to becoming a still-life masterpiece. His artistry, combined with a love of hospitality, meant Jack gave birth to what has become one of Maine's enduring gems: White Barn Inn.

That legendary barn was first owned by Ansel Boothby, aptly named Boothby House, and has stood as a local landmark on Beach Avenue for more than a century and a half. In the 1860s the property was a thriving farm at the edge of a salt marsh yielding dairy products, livestock, bountiful hay and forage crops. As gentrification touched the town, it prompted farmers to venture elsewhere, and it went up for sale in 1937. May Collins Parsons, a schoolteacher from September to June, turned the six-building farm into a boarding house (she offered rooms with running water), envisioning a convivial summer haven. May's hospitality extended to joining her lodgers for every meal, thereby

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Opposite page: Salt Marsh Tavern on the eve of opening day – and Nahil can't stop smiling. Above: Forest Hill Hotel circa 1953 – two decades before Nahil rebuilt and renamed the hotel. Courtesy photos



forging connections with everyone who crossed her threshold. Renamed the Forest Hill Hotel, it featured a rabbit warren of 26 rooms, four with private baths, and housed staff on-site. May's personal involvement ensured guests returned year after year. What set May apart was her commitment to inclusivity, notably welcoming Jewish clientele, thereby easing a troubling chapter from Kennebunkport's history of antisemitism. In 1969 May Collins passed the reins of the Forest Hill Hotel to the Guilford family, who left their mark with the addition of an ice-cream parlor. (Forest Hill Road, is located just north of the White Barn Inn, a street that commemorates May's legacy.)

Fast forward four years and it was Jack's turn at the helm.

"By 1973 the place was an uncared-for nightmare," he says with a laugh. "If I knew then what I know now, I would never have bought the property. My sense that everything would work out carried me over. We took it down to the bare bones, removed old pipes and treacherous antiquated wiring."

The barn itself, once a repository for hay bales, became a cathedral of possibilities. With a team of contractors, and Jack amongst them, an arduous round-the-clock renovation began. In the months-long-hum, and from a to-do list as long as a string of Barbara Bush's pearls, Jack added two-story bay windows at the front and back, painted every room, did a roof inspection, kitchen and bathroom updates, and purchased furniture. All efforts were on the viability of the 1973 summer season. Even at breakneck speed opening day was tenuous. One of the final touches was a brick walkway leading up to the barn, a rustic handrail fence and the planting of masses of white petunias for curb appeal, albeit with some horticultural lessons learned along the way. Petunias need to be dead-headed. (Today there is an acreage of fuss-free white impatiens.) A local artist hand-painted an inviting sign with a forest green background and gold lettering, which can still be viewed by guests, as it stands nestled in the alcove above the dining room along with the Guilford's Ice Cream Parlor sign.

The property came with a treasure trove of furnishings. "I reused as much as I could, including Victorian antique pieces, gilt mirrors, wool blankets, sheet sets, and even a spinning wheel. I had a trained eye in art and was able to re-use the best of what was left."

Jack was on his knees sanding the dining room floor and applying the final coat of urethane one day before standing tall, surveying the transformation and throwing open the doors on June 27th, 1973, at 5 PM. His first customer was Sam Cohen, owner of York County Distributors.

Amidst the rush to the finish line, Jack's attire for opening day was an afterthought. A well-meaning friend took him by the arm to Harrison Payne, a renowned men's clothier in Dock Square for an eleventh-hour purchase of a red and white checkered sports jacket. Jack lamented, "I looked like a picnic tablecloth," perhaps a fortuitous choice as he was about to embark on culinary success unseen in Kennebunkport in the early 70s.

"When I committed to the vision, I promised myself that the White Barn Inn would become the best place in town. It grew phenomenally in a very short period of time." While Jack was flush with self-confidence, courage and artistry, every red cent went into the renovation, which meant he couldn't afford to live off-site. "I slept on a rollaway cot in the coatroom beside the front desk. My clothes were up on the third floor, tucked away in a closet." He remembers going into the coatroom, one late night midsummer, lying on his cot and thinking that he'd created a monster. The phone rang incessantly with new bookings, and the ledger grew thicker by the hour. By August, fatigue was encroaching, but was somehow buffered by wild success.

The White Barn Inn was a 24/7 endeavor with Jack going to bed each night already planning the next day. It was a roller coaster of elation and exhaustion, as he dreamt up new ideas on an hourly basis, and lived on fumes. He's quick to say his dedicated staff played a pivotal role in turning his canvas into art. He has fond

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Above: May's Annex, Prelude 1987. Courtesy photo



memories of Nancy Paige, a confident sixteen-year-old who served as the first hostess of the dining room, making every guest feel welcome. Paying attention to detail played to Jack's strengths, from decorating the ladies' room, to maintaining absolute cleanliness, to a dress code for both staff and guests. Shirts and ties for the wait staff, and dinner jackets for the guests. "I opened with silver plate which we polished every day. The brass bar also received daily care. You are creating a stage where the guests are taking part. We wanted it to be an experience. Live theatre."

In 1973 a room with a bath could be had for 18 dollars. Without, it was 14. He looks back and says, "I can still picture the night when guests were seated in the dining room, white linen table cloths over navy liners, holding lovely stiff paper menus with descriptors I had written myself, and I could see the white puffs of their breath. It was then that I decided the place needed to be heated!"

Eleven years into his tenure at the White Barn, Jack brought Rich Lemoine on board as executive chef, marking the beginning of a partnership that would span decades. Theirs is a friendship stitched together by unwavering loyalty, and a profound mutual admiration for each other's talents. Lemoine's passion for cooking, (a particular forté is soup!) turned his long hours, from dawn to dusk, into a joyful pursuit rather than a burden.

Rich recalls the day Jack arrived teetering under the weight of a ginormous wreath to be hung at the top of the floor-to-ceiling window. "Jack, who is going to put that up? It's over twenty feet to the ground."

"I am," said Jack.

"You are going to die," Rich said. The dining room was already resplendent with dozens of red candles and a forest of mini-lights, but up the ladder Jack climbed to further his fairy tale aura for Christmas Prelude '86, taking on the risk himself. He'd never think to put a staff member in danger.

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Clockwise from top: A cover shot for a lodging guide; dinner for two at Kennebunk Beach; a dining guide photo shoot. Courtesy photos

A year later, in July, Rich and Jack loaded up a pickup truck with a queen-sized bed, a brass headboard, ruffled bed skirt and matching linens, and set up a bedroom on Gooches Beach; a publicity stunt that made it to the front page of a dining guide. Rich says, "Taking a bed down that narrow staircase just about killed me." When you are in with Jack, it's all or nothing.

The White Barn Inn, named by Jack Nahil, has become a beacon of inclusive elegance unseen in a beach town with historical ties to the farm and fishing industries. Celebrating its 50th anniversary, today the original rough-hewn walls adorned with antiquated farm tools, the original wide-plank floorboards and the focal point of a two-story all-glass backdrop are intact, a testament to Jack's earliest concept of safeguarding beauty and history.

Didn't someone famous say, change before you have to? And so, when Laurie Bongiorno, newly arrived from Australia, came knocking on the barn door in 1988, and made an offer to purchase the property, it was too tempting to refuse. Laurie could see with his own eyes, the house that Jack built. After a remarkable fifteen-year tenure, Jack took a hiatus in Florida, savoring a six-year period of rest, reflection and a welcome return to his paintbrush.

In 1994, fate came in the form of a phone call from Barb Aiello, owner of Aiello & Company Real Estate. "Jack," she said followed by a three second pause, "the Hennessey House on Western Avenue is up for sale." Barb must have known that part of the allure would be its absolute state of disrepair. Another canvas. Another chance to create beauty.

"After much thought, my first call was to Richie Lemoine. The last piece was knowing I had a chef of his calibre. He agreed. Oh my god we worked hard. My juices were flowing. The high ceilings, and the way the light came in, I could see that we were creating something incredible. With Richie on board, our days were a constant communication. He was creating sauces, dressings, desserts, always using local ingredients. Hennessey's 120 item hot and cold buffet was replaced with an à la carte menu that elevated the dining experience. (Jack's favorite has always been Richie's famous harvest chowder of native corn, sweet potato, and pumpkin, with roasted scallops, haddock, salmon, and shrimp.)

Jack's paintings were on each wall, as well as those of other local artists. The barnwood walls were soon an art collection that would become the envy of a small museum – gold-framed splashes of color that added a singular elegance. He had a custom-made cherry wood front door to match the wooden bar. A painting of New York Harbor by Len Pearse was the focal point behind a dizzy array of wine glasses. Once again, Jack's attention to detail played to his strengths. The ladies'

bathroom beckoned visitors; scarlet upholstery, tiny gold faucets, and linen hand towels. Jack's intent was clear: to create an atmosphere where patrons felt as though they were guests in someone's warm and elegant home.

Rich Lemoine's wife Tina confides that Jack has been known to hide a penny or two for good luck.

Renamed the Salt Marsh Tavern, Jack says that a 'tavern' has the connotation of openness, friendliness; a place to gather.

His vision for the Tavern extended to the grounds where he "installed" two boats, a rowboat and a sailboat that still sit alongside the marsh, adding to the ambiance. Those boats, discovered as cast-offs by the side of the road were serendipitous finds that created yet another visual for the guest.

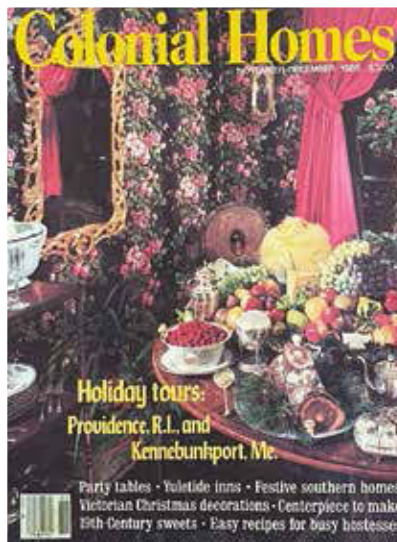
In 1997, the lure of owning the only property with an expansive ocean view led to Jack's third and final endeavor. He made a bid to purchase the Cape Arundel Inn. For several years Jack owned both properties until Denise Rubin, an interior designer who was splitting her time between Maine and the Netherlands purchased the Salt Marsh Tavern in 2000, renamed On The Marsh. The fullness of Jack's talent was reflected in the transformation of the Cape Arundel Inn, built in 1895 as a stately Shingle-style cottage before becoming a bed and breakfast in the early 50s. Located a few miles beyond Kennebunkport's bustling town square, the inn is located on an awe-inspiring stretch of shoreline known as Cape Arundel. Daunting coastal features have made this a treacherous locale for fishermen since the 1800s with its steep, craggy cliff that drops precipitously to a rocky shore and no safe harbor, but becomes a movie set for guests to behold the turbulent Atlantic. Anyone interested in presidential history must pass the Cape Arundel Inn to view Walker's Point; the Bush compound. That vital visibility was an additional reason to take on the arduous prospect of another property in grave need of restoration.

Shawn O'Neill recalls her job interview for a front desk position. "He handed me a sheaf of papers, 'pretend you filled these in. You start tomorrow.'" Arriving in the

early dawn against a hallowed sunrise, she said to one and all, "Look at my office!" She reserves even higher praise for Jack's staff loyalty. "If guests left a holy mess, and let me tell you there are a few shocking stories to tell, his only concern was for the housekeeper."

CJ Taylor, another employee, recalls walking up to the front door in search of an application. She passed the gardener, knee deep in the flower beds, hands, knees and clothes coated in black earth. The man rose to follow her inside, and said, "I could interview you right now." As CJ says, Jack never expected anything of his staff that he wouldn't do himself."

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Photos top to bottom: Nahil, featured artist at Mast Cove Galleries; the sumptuous dining room of the White Barn, December '85. Courtesy photos



Jack is proud to say, “Richie Lemoine came with me as Executive Chef. It’s hard to believe we’ve never had a cross word in over 30 years. I’m a godfather to his son. One of Richie and Tina’s children named their son Jack. It was a real choke moment. That steadiness was part of my success. Our success. He’s like a brother.”

Rich is proud to say, “Ours has been a marriage of professionalism.” He remembers a Sunday morning when a second-floor bathroom leaked gallons of water onto the steam table 45 minutes before Easter brunch. Nobody panicked. The water was turned off, all food was thrown out, the dining room was sanitized and at noon they were back up and ready for a full house. The cat had eaten the mouse, but no one could tell.

As usual, artists were featured in every room: watercolorist Dewitt Hardy, internationally known painter Julyan Davis, Patty Herscher whose arresting pastel in blue hues was a mirror to the ocean outside the front door. And Jack’s *Parsons’ Cows*. The only painting of Jack’s to have graced the walls of all three properties. The requests to purchase art became so numerous, Jack had a list in a drawer at the front desk indicating which pieces were for sale.

Jack’s life has been one giant act of service, from the cultivation of staff, who returned year after year, to the labor of love in turning dilapidation into comfort, to the sharing of his own art and that of others. Being so service oriented means, he has never felt rudderless. He is certain about the angel who sat on his shoulder for his entire career. “There was never an ambulance at the door, nobody choked, nobody died, or was in any kind of perilous situation. Unheard of in the hotel industry.”

After Jack sold the Cape Arundel Inn, Rich took the inevitable step of creating his own vision: The Village Tavern in West Kennebunk. He remembers, his voice tinged with awe, that Jack posted the “soft opening” on Facebook, and on that first night the restaurant served 190 patrons.

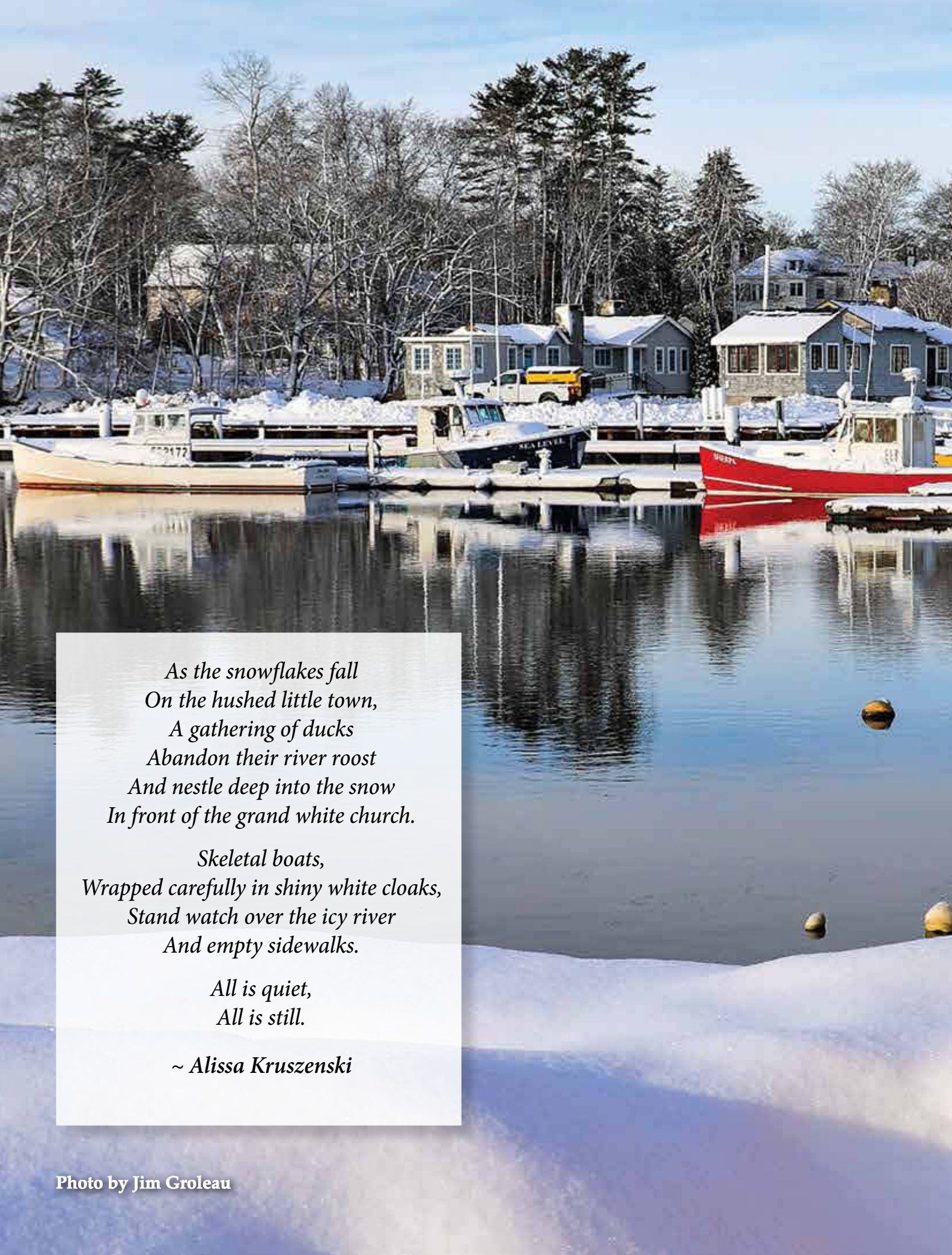
In a seamless loop, Jack’s focus has come full-circle toward his studio and art gallery at 123 Port Rd., aptly called Gallery. This dream space is adorned with a lifetime’s worth of his artistic worldview. “I caught the attention of Jean Briggs, the owner and director of Mast Cove Galleries for around forty years, and an iconic presence in town. She connected with my work, and over the years my name was on her roster of artists. A true highlight was when Jean mounted a one-man exhibit of my work – a terrifying moment in my life. It was frightening, successful, exhilarating, and was one of the largest attended of her openings. I’ve had two passions: hospitality and art.” In Jack’s case, they are one and the same.

As the forerunner of elegance, dining refinement, and superb lodgings Jack Nahil’s unyielding commitment to excellence has transformed the local hospitality industry in the Kennebunk’s, forever altering its trajectory as a destination for the discerning traveller. His legacy remains as vibrant and enduring as the coastal tides that continue to shape the very landscape he has so elegantly transformed. Turning keys, and lighting lamps, all the while gathering wisdom that comes from welcoming the world, Jack made strangers feel at home. In his honor, bottoms up.

Susan Doherty Hannaford is a local writer. Her soon-to-be-released next novel, Monday Rent Boy will debut in March.



Above: *Parsons’ Cows*, an oil painting by Jack Nahil. Courtesy photo



*As the snowflakes fall
On the hushed little town,
A gathering of ducks
Abandon their river roost
And nestle deep into the snow
In front of the grand white church.*

*Skeletal boats,
Wrapped carefully in shiny white cloaks,
Stand watch over the icy river
And empty sidewalks.*

*All is quiet,
All is still.*

~ Alissa Kruszewski





Mourning becomes eclectic

Jimmy Buffet fans pay tribute to the #1 Parrot Head at Bibber Memorial Chapel

by Valerie Marier

Doug Bibber was looking forward to Labor Day Weekend. A long rainy summer here in Maine had finally yielded to blue skies and balmy temperatures. The vice president of Kennebunk's Bibber Memorial Chapel was also happily anticipating a fun outing in New Hampshire where he and his wife Robin were meeting friends for a concert. But at 6 AM that Friday, his iPhone pinged with a sad message from his son: "Dad, Jimmy is dead."

Bibber knew immediately who "Jimmy" was.

Years prior, at age 19, Bibber had taken his then-girlfriend Robin to their first Jimmy Buffet concert in Old Orchard Beach. They got hooked on tropical rock and, in later decades, the couple drove to Bangor and Mansfield, Massachusetts, among many other locales, to hear their favorite crooner.

Within minutes, Bibber set to work planning a service. He recalled, "First thing I did was write a post for the obituary section of the *Maine Sunday Telegram*. It read: "James William Buffet, Dec. 25, 1946-September 1, 2023. Celebration of Life Announcement: With the sad news of the passing of Jimmy Buffet on September 1, 2023, Bibber Memorial Chapel is extending an Invitation for Parrot Heads in Southern Maine. . ."

Since Buffet's performances were exclusively held on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, Bibber arranged for Jimmy's celebration of life gatherings for those same days at the mortuary: "Tuesday / Thursdays: 9-4; Saturday: 9-1." Bibber also extended a warm welcome to neighbors and friends "to come and sign a book which we will endeavor to send to his family, letting them know of our love and support from this corner of Margaritaville."

Several of the 125 mourners roared into the parking lot on their Harleys. One father and daughter drove down from Cumberland and met their son who motored up from Connecticut. They knew they were at the right place when they spotted a mannequin dressed in a colorful tropical shirt, topped with a red parrot head, situated outside the mortuary's front door.

Inside the stately Second Empire Mansard-style funeral home on Summer Street, Doug Bibber, clad in his favorite blue and green Hawaiian shirt, greeted Jimmy's fans. He and his older brother Ed, president of Bibber Memorial Chapel, had set up an altar-like table that featured a photo of Buffet, plus a blender, a lime, a bottle of Captain Morgan rum and other icons of Margaritaville. On a stand decorated with twinkling pink flamingo lights, they placed a memorial book for signatures. In the background, "Changes in Latitudes, Changes in Attitudes" and "It's 5 O'Clock Somewhere" played softly over the speakers.

"Jimmy's mourners were multigenerational," Doug Bibber said. "They were all ages, ranging from people in their early 40s to their mid-70s. They just wanted to talk about the different concerts they attended and some of their memorable tailgate parties. They also said they wanted to continue to have good times, suggesting they might want to get together in the future."

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When asked why he arranged this, Bibber said, "Grieving is important. It's how we continue to live after terrible losses and tragedies. The person who dies – even if that person lived in another part of the world – is always with you. There's never full closure but mourning helps you move forward. It provides an acceptance and you learn to live with the grief and the loss."

Jimmy Buffet's gathering was not the Bibbers' first foray into community grieving for a person "from away." Years prior, Ed Bibber, a die-hard NASCAR enthusiast, invited local fans of race car driver Dale Earnhardt Sr. to come to Bibber Memorial Chapel and sign a book of remembrance after the "the Intimidator" died in a crash at the Daytona 500 in February, 2001. Ed, who is deaf, admits he loves car racing "because it's a sport you don't need to hear to know what's going on. I feel the vibrations!"

"I wasn't sure what to make of such a celebration at the time," younger brother Doug said. "But I saw that the community came together to mourn a man they loved, and that stuck with me."

After Barbara Bush died in 2018, President George H. W. Bush followed her a mere eight months later, the Bibber brothers made it known in the community that they had remembrance books available for signature. Doug added, "Both Mrs. Bush and President Bush's memorial services were held so far away, but they were beloved residents of the Kennebunks. We did not arrange an actual service, but simply invited locals to come sign a mourning book over several days. And yes, they came in droves."

Doug and Ed Bibber are lifelong residents of Kennebunk. They are proud descendants of the late Richard V. Bibber and grandsons of mortuary founder, Earl V. Bibber. They represent the third generation dedicated to the legacy of Bibber Memorial Chapel.

Following the passing of his father Richard in March, 2023, Doug Bibber described him as "all-encompassing." The same phrase can aptly be applied to this noted and gracious parrot head here in Maine. Doug Bibber's Spotify account includes a delightful musical mix of James Taylor, John Denver, Zac Brown and Andrea Bocelli – but the son of a son of a mortician still listens "a lot" to his rock hero. RIP Jimmy Buffet.



Opposite page: Bibber Memorial Chapel. Photo by Bob Dennis. This page, clockwise from top left: Doug Bibber and his older brother Ed set up a shrine to Jimmy Buffet, complete with a blender and bottle of Captain Morgan rum. (Photo by Doug Bibber); Doug Bibber stands outside Bibber Memorial Chapel with the latest addition to the staff – a friendly brown lab service dog known as Ruby Mae. (Photo by Val Marier); Outside the mortuary entrance, Doug Bibber placed a mannequin dressed as a parrot head. (Photo by Doug Bibber)



Gathering for friendship, love, and truth

by Dana Pearson

We join book clubs. We join bands. We join Facebook. We join a pickleball league. We join a team to play at a local tavern's Trivia Night.

We join.

We do it for the camaraderie. We do it for a sense of purpose. We do it for fun.

Nearly 47 years ago, Mike Anderson joined the Odd Fellows in South Berwick for those very reasons, though he didn't know it at the time.

"My brother-in-law was a member, and he said, 'Hey, would you like to join?' So I said 'Sure,' and he dragged me down to the lodge." Anderson found himself so involved in the fraternal society he joined on March 11, 1977, that in the early years he was often away from home, visiting different lodges throughout Maine and New England, and meeting all sorts of interesting people.

While he joined the Odd Fellows primarily because his brother-in-law asked him to, Anderson quickly came to admire the organization that has its origins in 17th century England, where people who formed groups to help those in need and to engage in projects for the betterment of mankind were considered "odd fellows."

The Independent Order of Odd Fellows was founded on this side of the Atlantic on April 26, 1819, in Baltimore. They and the Freemasons were the most prominent fraternal societies in pre-Civil War America. After the war, such groups – all of which involved secret rituals and engaged in charitable acts – blossomed, and served as focal points for American society for many decades.

"Back then, you'd join a church, a fraternal order, a cribbage club," said Will Bradford, a member of the Odd Fellows' Mousam Lodge in Kennebunk. "It was a huge part of the social network." And with their elaborate rituals, which often involved special attire and the acting out of Biblical scenes to enhance one's morality, fraternal orders also provided entertainment not found elsewhere.

"Odd Fellows would have silly costumes, fake beards," said Bradford. "There was no radio or TV back then, and it was like amateur theater. I'm sure it was quite impressive. These days, though, it seems a little hokey."

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Above: The Odd Fellows Block in Kennebunk as it appeared circa 1900; the Mousam Lodge was (and is) on the third floor. Photo courtesy The Brick Store Museum Collection



Quite a few prominent figures have been Odd Fellows, including Charlie Chaplin, Alfred Pinkerton, Burl Ives, P.T. Barnum, Wyatt Earp, Red Skelton, U.S. Chief Justice Earl Warren, Eleanor Roosevelt, and presidents Ulysses S. Grant, Rutherford B. Hayes, William McKinley, Warren G. Harding, Franklin D. Roosevelt, and Harry S Truman.

The inclusion of Eleanor Roosevelt may seem peculiar to those who think the Odd Fellows is strictly a fraternity. However, in 1851 the Daughters of Rebekah was founded as a branch of the I.O.O.F. for wives and daughters of Odd Fellows, a requirement that has since been dropped, so that any woman may join.

But wait, there's more:

"The Order has evolved over the years," said Anderson, whose wife of more than 50 years, Nancy, is a Rebekah. "Women weren't part of it, but then somebody said 'Why?' And there was no good reason. So there's no gender bias now. Women can join the men's lodge and vice versa."

"The Odd Fellows were the first to add a women's branch, and the first to go co-ed," said Bradford. "It's very progressive. Sadly, the women's branch [of the Mousam Lodge] moved out a year ago, because there were only five left, in their 80s. They went to the South Portland branch."

That's what happens when a lodge becomes too small to conduct its business: It finds a more robust lodge to join.

"We've absorbed five other Maine lodges here," said Bradford, who joined Mousam Lodge in 2008. "The latest was South Berwick around 10 years ago." Which is how and when Anderson joined the Kennebunk lodge.

And therein lies the challenge for the Odd Fellows, as well as other similar fraternal organizations: Membership has been diminishing for years. Things changed after World War I, when radio and movies started vying for Americans' attention. Television sped up the change in the 1950s, when millions more could choose to stay at home to entertain themselves. Twentieth century life was stuffed to the gills with new activities and distractions. (All this, even before the Internet came along.) Groups like the Odd Fellows came to be seen as old fashioned, even though their motto – Friendship, Love, and Truth – and their objective – "to improve and elevate the character of man" through charitable endeavors, are certainly timeless.

One of those charitable endeavors is their annual Potato Run, which happens the fourth Saturday of October.

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Above: Mike Anderson (right) of the Mousam Lodge of the Odd Fellows escorts John Beebe from Rhode Island laying the wreath at Canada's Tomb of the Unknown Soldier in Ottawa. Courtesy photo



"This year 28 Odd Fellows and Rebekahs from 15 lodges drove up to Rockabema Lodge #78 in Houlton with trucks and trailers and picked up 510, 50-pound bags of potatoes – that's 25,500 pounds," said Anderson. "We then took them back to our lodges and distributed them to food pantries, churches, and any organization that provides meals to those in need." Here in Kennebunk, Bradford set aside three 50-pound bags for Community Outreach Services.

When the Mousam Lodge holds its meetings the second and fourth Wednesdays of the month, they have dinner, followed by a meeting that adheres to Robert's Rules of Orders.

"We have a ceremony to open the lodge," said Bradford, "then we see how everybody's health is, then get to old business, new business, and candidate applications." It's also when they agree on which causes to fund. Recipients have included the American Heart Association, the Kennebunk fire and police departments, the Ukrainian people, and the Alzheimer's Association.

"We used to sponsor Little League, but that fell off," said Bradford, who aims to get back to it next spring. "We would love to have people solicit funds from us. Our scholarship fell off, because the ones who handled it are gone, and there's just so much I can do," said Bradford, who has operated Will's Copy Center in the Mousam Lodge building on Kennebunk's Main Street since 2010.

The Odd Fellows' low profile in town can perhaps best be illustrated by Bradford's experience in joining the order in 2008. At the time, his shop was next to Squaretoe's Restaurant further south on Route 1 in Kennebunk. Being a Mason in the Wells lodge, he had learned that they often joined the Odd Fellows, too, so when an Odd Fellow came into the copy center on business one day, Bradford asked where the man's lodge was. He had looked around for a local lodge and had come up empty.

"He said, 'Right up the street, the sign is up on the third floor,'" said Bradford. "I never really noticed it before. Too busy looking at the road while driving, I guess. So I said, 'Get me an application,' and he said, 'Really?' and I said 'Yes!'"

One of the perks that Bradford enjoys is the dinner that precedes every meeting, which is included in the Odd Fellows' \$35 annual membership dues. That's because they've been prepared by Anderson, who had become a cook just as he would become an Odd Fellow – it was pretty much forced on him.

-continued on next page

Above: The Odd Fellows building on Kennebunk's Main Street as it appears today. Photo by Dana Pearson

"I was supposed to be a heavy equipment operator when I joined the Army in February 1966," said Anderson. "Well, then they didn't need one, and they made me an MP. And the first day we were in formation, alphabetically, they said they needed a cook, and they pointed at me and said, 'Report to the mess hall,' where I learned to cook for 300 to 400 people at a whack. It's not like a made a choice." Thankfully, it was a skill he came to love – especially the baking of bread.

When asked where he'd like to serve, Anderson, not a fan of Maine winters, said he'd prefer a warm climate. "Their version of a warm climate was Fairbanks, Alaska," he said. "When I arrived it was 73 below zero. An interesting climate. Someone must've been laughing pretty good." However, he was not sent over to Vietnam during his three-year Army stint.

Considering his military background, it's only natural that Anderson is involved in the annual Odd Fellows tradition of serving as honor guard for those who lay wreaths at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier both at Arlington National Cemetery and Canada's National War Memorial in Ottawa, Ontario.

Another perk of being a member of the Mousam Lodge of the Odd Fellows is meeting in the very same hall in the very same building since 1861. That was when the lodge, established in Kennebunk in 1845, moved to the third floor of the Sargent & Ross block. On a recent tour, Bradford pointed out the capped-off pipes that used to provide gas for lighting the rooms, and larger sealed holes in the high ceilings for long-removed pipes from woodstoves.

"Till three years ago, a 1940s cast iron gas stove was in the kitchen," said Bradford. "The lodge room really hasn't changed." With its original chairs and desks and padded benches, player piano, tin ceiling and walls, and dark wood trim, it certainly feels like a 19th century time capsule.

The Odd Fellows, however, don't want to become history themselves. Bradford says the Mousam Lodge has "22 on the books, but only nine attend regularly." He would like nothing more than to have people join the lodge, "where we socialize with our peers and think about better things. This is for fun and being good to the community. We don't talk religion, we don't talk politics, and everyone is equal."

As Anderson said, "We have our differences, but we all get along. Like family."

dana@touristandtown.com



Above: Will Bradford in the Odd Fellows' dining room at the Mousam Lodge in Kennebunk. Photo by Dana Pearson

Local Fare



The table is set at a lovely local event venue. Courtesy photo



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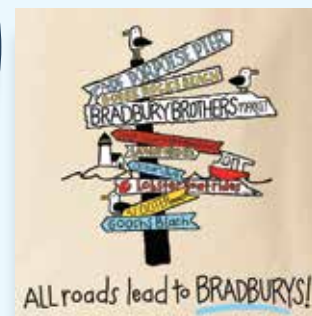


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Kitchen Talk

My favorite cookbook



Splattered dog-eared pages and duct-taped binders indicate that these “favorite” cookbooks have inspired their owners for decades. Yet others, like hot-off-the-press *Big Heart Little Stove* by Erin French, quickly made the gastronomic grade. Here’s a smorgasbord of who’s using which treasured book ... and why.

Private chef Hana Pevny enjoyed a successful international career in the tech industry and private equity before pursuing a life-long passion for cooking. After stints in England, Greece, Italy and Aspen, she’s now chef-ing in the Kennebunks. “I once owned 400 cookbooks but pared them down to 200,” she admitted. “Besides *Ottolenghi Simple*, my most tried and true reference is the *Silver Palette Cookbook*. The recipe for Chicken Dijonnaise makes a super simple dish you can dress up or down, depending on the event and menu. It’s like a great little black dress! And leftovers lead to a tasty chicken salad.”

Biba’s Italian Kitchen and *Trattoria Cooking*, both by renowned chef Biba Caggiano, garner five stars from gourmet Ron Gerard, a graduate of the Cornell School of Hotel Administration who interned at Maxim’s in Paris before becoming manager of Anthony’s Pier 4 Restaurant in Boston. “I appreciate the authenticity of her recipes for Ossobuco, Bolognese Sauce and Braised Stuffed Artichokes.”

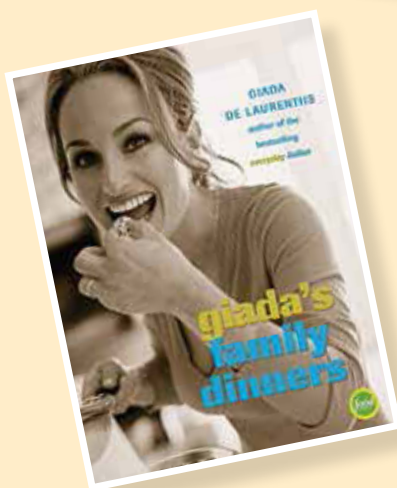
Kennebunkport resident and avid cookbook collector Sandi Lincoln admitted, “My favorite reference is Sarah Leah Chase’s *New England Open House Cookbook*. Who doesn’t love her Roasted Yellow Pepper Soup with Parmesan Gremolata?” (Of note: when Sandi and her husband moved into a new home last year, a kind neighbor with a strong back hauled in 12 bankers’ boxes filled with her cookbooks.)

By popular demand, the main course at Lauren Walier’s Kennebunk Beach home is Pot Roast with Porcini Mushrooms from *Giada’s Family Dinners: A Cookbook*.

“This recipe keeps on giving because we turn it into delicious fresh tacos the next night, adding cumin, lime juice and cilantro to change the flavor.” Dessert at the Waliers is inevitably Lemon Yogurt Cake from Ina Garten’s *Barefoot Contessa at Home*. “I swear we will serve this at my daughter Gwennie’s wedding!”

“My first choice, admittedly, of too many to count is *The Complete Mediterranean Cookbook*,” said Canadian connoisseur Marie Dechman. “This collection of 500 recipes for living and eating well every day offers a delicious variety, especially if you like to cook lamb. But the recipe I most enjoy is Eggplant and Zucchini Parmigiana. Make it a day ahead and serve with a light Greek salad.”

When Martha Griffin owned and supervised the kitchen at the Kennebunkport Inn, she tapped a culinary education honed at Paris’ Ecole de Cuisine La Varenne and London’s Elizabeth Pomeroy School of Cookery. “Today I cook for pleasure and rely on a number of references, including James Beard’s *Beard on Pasta*. His Braised Onion Sauce over pasta became our winter-long Sunday supper after a day of skiing,” Martha said. She praises *Jacques Pepin’s Table*, especially for his Haddock Steaks in Rice Paper with Shallot Soy Sauce – “fantastic!” But Martha’s new go-to is *The Blue Zones Kitchen: 100 Recipes to Live to 100*. (“The chocolate mousse pie requires only four ingredients!”)



Photos top to bottom: Everyone loves Ina! (photo by Val Marier); “My favorite cookbook and recipe,” says Anne Clarke. “Gwyneth Paltrow has healthy and gluten-free recipes I can make in under 30 minutes.” (Photo by Anne Clarke); *Giada’s Family Dinners*. (Courtesy photo)

Noted chefs, local caterers and creative culinarians reveal their best sources

Decades ago, Jan Fitzpatrick's parents attended the Masters golf tournament in Augusta, Georgia. "My mom bought me a copy of *Tea-Time at the Masters*," the Goose Rocks Beach resident said. "I liked it so much, I later bought *Second Round Tea-Time at the Masters*. Today I still make Beef Stroganoff from the first book and Swiss Potatoes from the second. I'm also a big fan of any cookbook done by local church groups or clubs: they are simple yet yummy recipes."

Kathy Oberman Tracy, former food stylist and television producer for Martha Stewart, swears by Julia Child's reliable recipes in *Mastering the Art of French Cooking*. She consults Alice Waters' *Chez Panisse Cafe Cookbook* for making corn chowder. "But currently I'm turning more and more to *Our Latin Table: Celebrations, Recipes and Memories* by Fernando Saralegui which features Cuban family recipes handed down over generations. Try the Vegetarian Chili and the Guava-Based BBQ sauce."

"My *New York Times Cookbook* was published in 1962. It has no cover, it's missing pages and the binding is held together with duct tape," said friend Sandy B. from Kennebunkport. "The recipes I've used time and again, indicated by my scribbled notes amidst splatters and stains, are for the Cheese Fondue, Vichyssoise and Deviled Short Ribs. But every fall I also like to make a tangy curried parsnip soup from Pia and Simon Pearce's *A Way of Living*."

Gwyneth Paltrow's *It's All Easy: Delicious Weekday Recipes for the Super Busy Home Cook* compiles 125 favorites that can be made in the time it takes to order takeout. Anne Clarke of Kennebunk Beach said, "Paltrow's knowledge of food and health intrigue me. All the dishes are tasty, with little or no sugar, fat or gluten. My family loves her Chocolate Cinnamon Overnight Oats, Soft Polenta with Cherry Tomatoes, and the Chicken Enchilada."

But Paltrow's recipe for Nicoise Petrale Sole (fish in parchment) is one Anne has concocted "dozens of times because it's a hit with the whole family and it's very healthy."

When invited to Gwen Washburn's home at Kennebunk Beach, guests know they will enjoy a delectable dinner. Gwen "grew up" watching Julia Child's cooking shows on PBS, she attended culinary classes in Tuscany under chef Umberto Menghi, and spent a year learning techniques at the Cambridge School for Culinary Arts. "I still refer to *The Joy of Cooking* for basic techniques. I love Erin French and just purchased her new book, *Big Heart Little Stove*. But truly my favorites are cookbooks written by Giada and Martha Stewart."

Three "indispensable" references for Janeé Marie, a private chef and cooking instructor based in Eliot, are *The Flavorful Kitchen* by Robert Krause, *Alchemy of Herbs* by Rosalee de la Forte and *The Flavor Bible* by Andrew Dornenburg and Karen Page. "These books are so helpful. Krause teaches how to cook intuitively and with more innovation. Recipes in *Alchemy of Herbs* include common ingredients that help heal and nurture. And I've learned so many ways to get more vibrant yet harmonized tastes from *The Flavor Bible*."

Let the cooking begin!

Kitchen Talk is brought to you by Tourist & Town's Val Marier

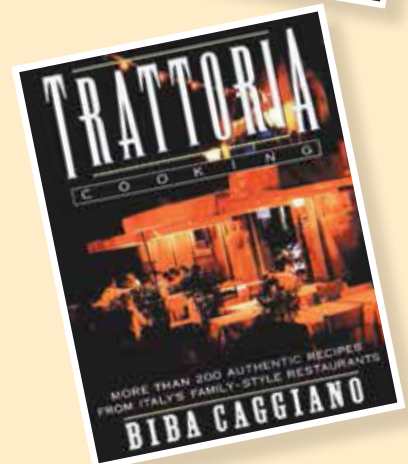


Photo at center: "This is just the tip of the iceberg! I enjoy looking through cookbooks and just can't part with them," says Sandi Lincoln of Kennebunkport. Photo by Sandi Lincoln Photos this page, top to bottom: Self-published in 1931 by Irma Rombauer, *The Joy of Cooking* has since sold more than 20 million copies (photo by Val Marier); Gourmet cook Ron Gerard swears by "the authenticity" of Biba Caggiano's recipes; owned and consulted for more than 60 years, this "favorite" cookbook is held together with duct tape. (photo by Sandy B.)



Holiday merry making with punch and ice rings

by Kathy Oberman Tracy

Rumored to have started in India and transported to England, simple punch recipes date back to the 1670s. They were created to help mask the taste of unrefined alcohol that was made from fermented grains, and had a strong alcohol level and taste. Punch was also used to dilute and extend the quantity of alcohol made back in the day.

The British took punch to a new level with the Victorian age ushering in lavish parties and Charles Dickens. Whether served at a tavern (now pub) or for home entertaining, one was greeted with a cup of warm intoxicating punch, especially at Christmas. Charles Dickens, best known for writing "A Christmas Carol," loved punch so much he wrote about it, and often entertained his guests by making his punch a theatrical event for all. While he mixed and stirred he told stories about making potions... then lit the punch on fire before extinguishing it with great flair.

A letter to a dear friend, found after Dickens' passing, included his very own recipe for punch. In it, he let her know that she had in her hands a "tremendous document which will make you for ninety years (I hope) a beautiful Punchmaker." *

Every country seems to have its own version of a punch whether it's Spanish Sangria, Swedish Glogg, German Feuerzangenbowle or Caribbean Rum Punch. The original punch was sugar (very expensive at the time), lemon peel (while available, hard to get), spices like freshly grated nutmeg or cinnamon sticks, rum and/or brandy and hot water. Today's typical punch consists of a combination of spirit, wine, juice and fruit.

Much to Dickens' chagrin, punch died off around 1850, mostly due to the industrial revolution, followed by WWI and WWII. It then made a comeback in the 1950s but died off again in the late 1970s.

I was recently asked by the lovely ladies of the Herb Society of America's CT Chapter to do a punch and ice ring mold demonstration. I thought it was very nice and nostalgic – a nod to a bygone era they so loved. As I sat down to write this article, my holiday issue of Food and Wine arrived and there in the centerfold, as it were, was an article on punch and ice rings! You never know when you'll be the next food trendsetter. The best thing about serving punch is it's good for a crowd and you can make it well in advance. Likewise with an ice ring, so they are a perfect combination for entertaining. As punch has evolved in the modern era, it is now generally made with the prerequisite spirit, wine and fruit. However, that fruit might be marinated in the spirit, along with the addition of fruit juice or simple syrup and the best part – sparkling wine, water or juice. Truly, the combinations are endless and lots of fun to experiment with at home.

The darling of the punchbowl is the ice ring (see recipe below) that can multitask simply by adding some fruit, spices and edible flowers. It helps to keep the delicious punch chilled, and adding some flavored non-alcoholic mixer lessens the alcohol content and makes for a visually pleasing garnish in a punchbowl. Make sure that all your ingredients (flowers, spices, fruit, herbs) used in your ice ring are edible!

Needless to say, now that the punchbowl is back in fashion, you'll have to rummage around the basement or attic to find the one you or your mom tucked away, or go vintage shopping for a new-old one. The same goes for molds that were often used for gelatin dishes – both savory and sweet – or bundt cake pans that make pretty ice rings. Of course you can find them all online, just don't forget the cups and ladle.

Now get ye to a punchbowl, ladle a cup of good cheer and toast to Dickens, good health and happiness, Scrooge, and "to all a good night!"

Charles Dickens's Punch

Adapted from the Dickens punch recipe

Yields 8 cups

Ingredients

3/4 cup demerara sugar

3 lemons

2 cups rum (Smith & Cross works well, or Stiggins's Pineapple Rum, if you want a nod to Dickens's first novel, *The Pickwick Papers*)

1 1/4 cups cognac (preferably Courvoisier VSOP)

5 cups hot water

Lemon and orange wheels, for garnish

Freshly grated nutmeg, for garnish

Instructions

1. Peel the lemons and set aside the fruit. In a heatproof bowl or Dutch oven, combine the sugar and lemon peels and mix together. Set aside for 20–30 minutes for the citrus oils to release.
2. Add the rum and cognac to the bowl. Use a heatproof spoon to pick up some of the mixture, then light the spoonful aflame and bring it into contact with the rest of the contents of the bowl. After allowing it to burn for about three to four minutes, cover to extinguish.
3. Add hot tea or hot water, then squeeze in the juice of the lemons and cover. Let sit for five minutes, then uncover and garnish with citrus wheels and grated nutmeg. Ladle into glasses.

*This from Sam O'Brien Atlasobscura.com "Drink Like Dickens"

Merry Berry Blackberry Punch

Ingredients

- 3 pints blackberries
- 2 oranges
- 2 pears
- 1- 750 ml bottle red wine
- 1 cup blackberry brandy
- 1 cup orange liqueur, Grand Manier
- 1 lemon
- 1- 750 ml bottle of sparkling wine (Champagne/Prosecco or Lambrusco - a sparkling red wine)

Instructions

1. Slice the pears and oranges, and add half to a pitcher with 1 pint blackberries. (check the note section).
2. Place remaining blackberries in the freezer on a sheet pan in a single layer to freeze completely.
3. Pour the still wine and liquors into the pitcher.
4. Put the rest of the pears and oranges into an airtight container. Sprinkle the pears with lemon juice which will help keep them from turning brown. Store in the refrigerator until ready to serve.
5. Refrigerate the punch for at least 2 hours or up to 24 hours or more.
6. To serve, pour the chilled punch into a punchbowl, add the remaining cut oranges, pears, sparkling wine of choice or sparkling water. Add a few frozen blackberries to a glass, ladle in the punch and scoop out a piece or two of fruit to add to the glass.

Notes

A dry red wine particularly from Portugal or Spain are perfect for this punch, but use whatever wine you like. If you are going to be soaking the fruit for more than 2 hours, you will want to completely remove the peel and pith from the oranges. Otherwise the rind can add a bitter flavor to the punch. If you want to make this punch more than 24 hrs in advance, remove all the fruit when serving and add new fruit to serve. If using an ice ring, add it to the bowl before pouring in the mixture. Serving the punch in a glass with frozen blackberries instead of ice will add to the flavor as they thaw.

This is a fabulous punch recipe perfect for the holidays or any day!

Holiday Champagne Peach Punch

Ingredients

- 2 - 15 oz cans sliced peaches in syrup
- 2 cups Courvoisier VSOP, or VSOP brandy or Cognac
- 1- 750 ml bottle of dry white wine like Riesling (preferably not Chardonnay)
- 1- 750 ml Champagne or Prosecco
- 2 star Anise pods and 1 cinnamon stick (optional)
- 1 cup Peach juice (optional)

Directions

In a medium bowl, add one can of peaches with syrup and strain the second can, reserving the syrup. Add the strained peaches to the bowl. Add the brandy or cognac and stir. Cover the bowl with plastic wrap and refrigerate for at least 24 hours, up to 2 days.

If using the star anise and cinnamon add those to the strained reserved syrup and refrigerate for 24 hours.

This punch recipe has been enjoyed by my family for many years, originally coming by way of my uncle Dieter from Germany. It's always a treat!

Ice Ring Recipe

You'll need either a bundt cake pan, decorative jello mold or any plastic container if you don't have any of these. Please make sure your mold is the correct size for the punchbowl you are using. You want it to fit nicely with at least 2" space between the ice ring and side of the bowl.

Start by choosing fruit, berries, herbs or edible flowers – everything must be edible if you are using it in the punch! Sliced oranges, lemons, limes, apples, pears, whole berries, cinnamon sticks, star anise. Fresh herbs are always nice and add great flavor and edible flowers add beauty to your ice ring.

Add whatever you like (fruit/flowers/whole spices) to your mold and fill $\frac{3}{4}$ of the way with water. Place in the freezer making sure it is level and will not spill if someone opens it. Allow to freeze for at least 24 hrs. Similarly, you can make this ring in layers, allowing the fruit/flowers/whole spices to look suspended throughout the ice ring. Add your first layer of fruit, etc. and enough water to cover it, then freeze until hard. Do a second layer and repeat this process until your mold is finished.

To unmold, remove from the freezer (you may want to use oven mitts), fill a bowl or sink with enough hot water to cover $\frac{3}{4}$ of the way up the side of the mold – for a minute. This should allow the mold to release the ice ring evenly. You may need to let the mold sit in hot water a bit longer if it doesn't work the first time.

Making mini ice rings is a great way to allow for decoration and keep the punch cold without diluting it. You can make several, and when you refresh the punchbowl you can add a new mini ice ring.



The new Pilot House – and the raising of The Spirit

by Jo O'Connor

It's where the locals go, a place that mixes lawyers and lobstermen, sports fans and sport fans' partners, and that's what has made the Pilot House iconic since 2000. Still, change is inevitable.

If you were wondering what you can expect from the new Pilot House as they near completion of a new building, we've got the details. Apart from a new restaurant, the Pilot House property is home to the *Spirit of Massachusetts*, recently moved from the Kennebunk River to dry land, and includes a marina, scenic boat tours and a whale-watching operation.

-continued on page 50



Clockwise from top left: The *Spirit of Massachusetts* rests easy with a stunning sunset the evening before her relocation (photo by Sandy Gnidziejko); the schooner gets moved back into the boat launch area (photo by Sandy Gnidziejko); the *Spirit of Massachusetts* is hoisted into place (photo by Sandy Gnidziejko); the *Spirit* in midair (photo by Sandy Gnidziejko); the *Spirit* at rest in her steel cradle (photo by Jim Groleau); workers prepare the schooner in the cradle (photo by Jim Groleau); the new Pilot House is under construction mere inches from the existing restaurant (photo by Jo O'Connor); co-owner Kylie Raymond reflects on new beginnings (photo by Jo O'Connor).



Photo by Jim Groleau

The new Pilot House, now under construction and fully enclosed, is located a mere 20 inches from the existing building at Harbor Lane. While many changes are ahead, what won't change is the dedication to being the heart and center of Lower Village Kennebunk.

Raised well above the flood plain, the spectacular two-story, 6,400 sq. ft., 35 ft. high, 160-seat restaurant is slated to open sometime in May 2024. The "old" restaurant will be taken down at the end of March (they will be planning a closing event). There will be a five-week gap as they finish construction and add more parking.

The new structure will be wondrous, spacious, and will include two separate menus. Downstairs will have all the favorite Pilot House staples: Reubens, chicken wings and fish 'n' chips; upstairs, the fare will feature fresh seafood, full classic meals and other specials. The upstairs will also be able to be booked for private events and functions.

All of the beloved and nautical-themed memorabilia from the Pilot House will be incorporated downstairs, and a replica horseshoe bar (albeit larger) will be on the south side of the first floor. The first floor will also be home to a cool lounge area where bands will perform.

A spacious stairwell will take you to the second story that features a cavernous ceiling with an elegant feeling. Almost the entire east side of the building has large-paned windows, and patrons can enjoy stunning views of the Kennebunk River from upstairs. An outdoor platform for dining will connect patrons to the *Spirit of Massachusetts* via a ramp, making the connection seamless.

Owners and siblings Kylie Raymond and Nicholas Raymond, of Kyick Holdings LLC, have set their vision into motion. The entire property is home to the Spirit of Massachusetts, a marina, scenic boat tours and a whale-watching operation.

This modern twist on a loved and iconic spot is visionary. For decades, the ever-popular watering hole in located the heart of Lower Village Kennebunk has been the place "where everyone knows your name." And that tradition will continue on, whether you are a fisherman, old salt, celebrity, from away or just a plain regular local. All will be welcome at 2 Harbor Lane.

"We are looking forward to this next chapter as we welcome our old friends, locals, tourists, families and new visitors. We have thought about this new phase where we will improve traffic flow, add parking and create a dynamic restaurant with incredible views for all to enjoy," said Kylie Raymond.

And before you know it, 2024 will be here, and with it, new and improved restaurant experiences in Lower Village. If you are nostalgic, get to the Pilot House in the next few months. If you embrace change, then you will love the new establishment. Either way, you can be sure of one thing, the Raymond family will welcome you in!

The Pilot House is located at 2 Harbor Lane, Lower Village Kennebunk. Hours are Wednesdays and Sundays, 12 PM-11 PM; Thursdays-Saturdays, 12 PM-12 AM

Spirit of Massachusetts finds a new home on land

by Jo O'Connor

On a breezy mid-day Tuesday in late November at high tide, *Spirit of Massachusetts*, a 125-foot schooner that was tuned into a floating restaurant was moved from its mooring in the Kennebunk River channel (which leads into the basin) and dry-docked into a steel cradle on the marina property. It took a crew of more than 25, including divers, to orchestrate the feat. Lead by father and son team Dwight and Nick Raymond, the Portland-based Keeley Crane company provided two 450-ton cranes in the side parking lot and the schooner was backed into the boat launch area.

The first slow lift showed that the large crane straps needed to be adjusted. Back down into the water she went, and the straps were adjusted. Then, the lift started again. Once the tall schooner was barely out of



Photo by Bob Dennis

the water, it was clear to the Raymonds that the crane was nearing its lift capacity. Out came a chainsaw to remove three feet of six pilings in order to make the lift a success. And then, over the next 15 minutes, the old girl was hoisted and then lowered onto the cradle. Amazing, to say the least.

In the spring, the *Spirit* will be moved about 50 feet, in order to line up with the new Pilot House. There will be two entrance ramps to access the schooner, and allow for a seamless transition for both establishments.

The *Spirit of Massachusetts* will seat up to 40 and feature the same bar as locals and tourists enjoyed in the past, as well as offer a raw bar, sushi rolls and appetizers. Its new perch will allow patrons to enjoy tremendous views of the Kennebunk River.

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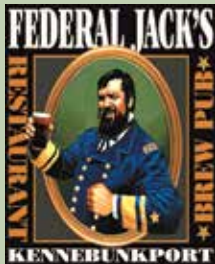
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Volunteering with Community Outreach Services

by Jo O'Connor

As the weather turns colder, I start think about how I can help out. Perhaps its because I haven't grown out my "fur" yet (started to acclimate to the cold weather), or perhaps it because I start thinking about my imminent oil bill, or perhaps I just know how good I have it compared to others. Whatever your reason is, volunteerism is a great way to connect with your community. The true meaning of volunteerism is it can be rewarding in both ways: someone gets the help they need with your spare time and you get a feel-good sense of doing the right thing. Imagine the empathy factor – what if the shoe was on the other foot?

In York County, there are numerous worthy charities who need your time and energy to keep the trains rolling. The cool factor for me was becoming a fall volunteer as an assistant shopper. COS has been in operation for more than 30 years servicing hundreds of in-need neighbors each month. COS also provides up to 100 gallons of emergency fuel oil to get those "in the cold" the necessary fuel to stay warm during the harsh winter month. Finally, COS offers assistance for other specific needs such as eye exams, glasses, medical attention, car repairs, rent, utility bills, gasoline and other emergency needs.

The sign-up process was simple – just a two-page application, a meet and chat with Jago and then scheduling your time. The volunteers work as one team. At COS, you sense the companionship right away.

"Our volunteers are our greatest asset," said Jago. "I feel blessed about our amazing and incredible team, who are dedicated and committed to the COS mission in helping out our neighbors struggling with food insecurities. We couldn't exist without our volunteers."

In 2022 alone, COS helped 457 unique individuals and 219 households. This year, COS is tracking to have at least a 10% increase from those numbers. In 2022, COS volunteers logged an impressive 6,787 hours, which would amount to a salary of \$115,920/year (and that's with one person – alas, one person cannot do this job – it does take a village). And if those numbers weren't enough, COS collected 109,827 lbs. of food in 2022. Amazing to say the least.

COS has been through many iterations of a food pantry and now is known to be Maine's only food pantry designed to look and feel like a small, mom & pop grocery store ,complete with racks of canned goods, fruits and vegetables in bins, refrigerated meats and to-go foods, condiments, juices, breads, desserts, pet food and personal care items.

COS neighbors are greeted by a team member and escorted with a shopping cart down the aisles with an assistant shopper, who assists in filling the grocery bags (there are food limits for various items). Then, the COS team member wheels the cart to the neighbor's car and helps them load it.

In time, you get to know these neighbors, as they usually shop on have the same day of the week. Both the layout of a grocery store and a familiar volunteer's face make the shopping experience very comfortable.

"Our neighbors have access to excellent products as well as superb interpersonal treatment. Our food pantry is a judgement-free zone," said Jago.

Beyond the food pantry, there are numerous other volunteer opportunities including pantry delivery drivers, Hannaford food pickups, "Can-do" bottle/can center workers, food drives personnel, custodial work, landscaping/snow removal, handyman work, event planning, fundraising and marketing/awareness promotion.

If you can't free up time, COS takes monetary gifts that are tax deductible as well as in-kind food donations.

I know I will return to COS. The experience has left me with a sense of purpose and community. It is rewarding to think that I might have positively impacted someone's life. What a feeling!

Looking to become a COS volunteer? Contact coskennebunks.org



COS Executive Director Mark Jago in the food pantry. Courtesy photo.



Giving Back

Each holiday season, we like to share with readers these important reminders. Happy holidays from all of us at Tourist & Town.

Teach Your Kids about Giving

For one of their holiday gifts, give children a certain amount of money. Then help them to choose a charity or organization that they would like to donate their money to.

Serve a Holiday Meal

Volunteer to wash dishes, ladle gravy or welcome people in from the cold.

Buy One (or More) Extra

Add an extra can of soup, tuna or jar of peanut butter to your shopping cart. Donate those extra non-perishables to a food drive or drop them off at food banks.

Double the Recipe

Get some of your friends together and make cookies. While you're at it, bake an extra batch or two, and donate them to shelters, nursing homes or food banks. Call ahead to make sure they are accepting, and avoid using nuts and peanut butter.

Drive-Thru Surprise

The next time you go through the drive-thru, pay for the person behind you. It'll make both you and your recipient feel good.

Thank Your Local Firefighters

Call the non-emergency number of your local fire department to find out how many firefighters they typically have there at any given time. Deliver a delicious breakfast of baked goods to thank these brave men and women for their service.

Give School Supplies

School budgets are tighter than they used to be, and many teachers end up buying their own pencils, craft supplies, and books. Ask if your local school has a wish list or call up a favorite teacher and volunteer to do a little shopping.

Double Your Donation

Your charitable donations could be going twice as far. Find out if your employer offers donation matching. And if they don't, ask if they'd consider it.

Give Blood

Giving blood costs you nothing, generally takes less than an hour, and could mean the difference between life and death for someone else. Keep an eye out for blood drive posters or head down to a donation center today. Bad weather often means blood donations are at a critical low. As soon as it's safe to drive, head to your local Red Cross and donate some blood.



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Daisy Davis' Egg Nog

Beat 2 eggs.

Add 1 can sweetened condensed milk, 1 tsp. vanilla, 1/4 tsp. salt and 1 quart milk. Mix well. Add 1 cup whipped heavy cream. Mix well. Add 1 or 1-1/2 cups bourbon, brandy or rum. (Daisy prefers 1 cup bourbon)

Poinsettia Champagne Cocktail

Mix 1/4 cup vodka, 1/4 cup champagne and 1/2 cup cranberry juice in a large stem glass filled with crushed ice. Add 2 orange peel strips on top.

Both recipes appeared in a 2022 Kitchen Talk column by Tourist & Town's Val Marier.

The image shows a stack of five fabric rolls. From top to bottom: 1. A roll with a pattern of colorful fish (pink, blue, yellow, orange) on a white background. 2. A roll with a green background and white stylized leaf or fern patterns. 3. A roll with a blue background and dark blue stylized leaf or fern patterns. 4. A roll with a red background and white stylized fish patterns. 5. A roll with a blue background and white stylized fish patterns. The text 'Local Finds' is overlaid on the top two rolls in a white, cursive font.

Local Finds

Kate Nelligan's brightly-colored designs fill her Kennebunkport and Portland Local Color shops. Courtesy photo



Celebrating five fashionable decades *Carla Perkins has outfitted First Ladies, celebrities and stylish locals in her Kennebunkport boutique for 50 years*

by Valerie Marier

Late on a Saturday afternoon not so long ago, Carla Perkins looked at her watch and realized it was almost closing time. She told Jane Smith, her associate of nearly 40 years, "Jane, we had a very good day."

"Suddenly a young woman rushed into the shop," Smith recalled. "She was distraught. Her husband had driven from Massachusetts and forgotten to bring the outfit she planned to wear to a 6 PM wedding that evening at South Congregational Church here in Kennebunkport. I looked at my watch. It was 5:30."

The talented twosome immediately shifted into high gear, with Carla selecting a variety of dresses while Jane gathered scarves and earrings. They even loaned the young woman a pair of heels. Smith says, "And within 15 minutes, we had her dressed for the wedding. Off she went to South Congo, looking great and with time to spare!"

This nimble and consummate customer service is no surprise to anyone who's walked into the cottage-style building (with those fabulous hot pink awnings!) on Ocean Avenue. "Clothing is my business," Carla Perkins stated. It's also her passion, *raison d'être*, and a life-long calling.

This year Carla celebrates five decades selling dresses and sweaters, pants and vests, jackets and purses, earrings and belts ... even bathing suits. Undoubtedly, her most famous customer during the past 50 years was First Lady Barbara Bush who, while walking into town one day from Walker's Point, stopped at the shop to buy a swimsuit. When the Associated Press learned about Mrs. Bush's purchase, Carla was mentioned on every news show that evening from Boston to Los Angeles.

Her first endeavor selling clothes, however, was a bit more under the radar. In the late 1960s, Carla was living in New Jersey, raising two young children and serving as president of the local PTA. But she loved to sew, and noticed that many of her friends favored long wrap-around patchwork-fabric skirts, the "in" outfit for Saturday night dinner parties at that time.

She sat down at her Singer and started sewing. "I sold those skirts for \$40 each," Carla said. "They were in constant demand. Then I decided to make matching patchwork ties for the husbands, and they went fast too." Voila! The great-granddaughter of a 19th Century widow, who had opened a general store – all by herself – in northern Maine shortly after the Civil War, was now "in business." Well, sort of.

-continued on next page

Photo above: Carla's has been an institution in Kennebunkport for 50 years. Photo by Bob Dennis

Carla's mother, Thelma Lein, owned a shop in Kennebunkport called the Fife & Drum that was popular with tourists and locals for its unique gifts and antique dolls. Carla remembered, "One year when I brought my children to Maine for the summer, my mother looked at my pile of hand-made skirts and ties and suggested I sell them in a little corner of her store. She also told every customer who came in, 'Be sure you check out Carla's corner,' as she nudged people over.

Soon, nudging was unnecessary. The patchwork skirts and ties sold like hot chestnuts on a frosty afternoon. Carla recalled, "Even Pierre Trudeau owned several of my handmade ties!" During her New Jersey winters, she added jackets and blazers to her hand-stitched creations, sometimes staying up all night to be sure she had "plenty of new inventory" for her mother's store the following summer.

Living close to New York City gave Carla convenient access to the city's fabled Garment District. She said, "I went to Manhattan frequently to buy special French and Swiss fabrics, unusual ribbons, buttons and threads." That continued until the mid-1970s when her husband was transferred to Paris which presented a new opportunity for the budding merchandiser.

"I'd comb flea markets and designer showrooms, always looking for unique fabrics and clever styles," she said. "The French are so chic! And every summer I'd arrive back in Kennebunkport toting hand-made jackets and skirts with a Parisian flair to sell in that little corner of my mother's store."

But in the early 1980s, two significant events altered Carla's life. Her mother retired from the shop and Carla got a divorce. Both situations fueled a lifelong ambition and cemented her decision: she moved with her children to Maine, then took over and renamed the shop Carla's Corner. (Note: During the early 1990s, the clothing store became known simply as Carla's.)

"From opening day, my primary goal was to feature affordable stylish clothing," Carla said. "Even today, every winter I spend several months in New York City, checking out the markets and new designers. I attend fashion shows and notice how women dress on Fifth Avenue. I never miss going to the Coterie Marketplace held at the Jacob Javits Convention Center." (The Coterie is one of the premier women's contemporary clothing markets.)

Carla also gets sartorial inspiration and ideas in the City of Lights during her annual Parisian jaunts. "You'd

be amazed at what you notice just sitting in a sidewalk cafe — the new colors, the latest hemlines, the necklines. I love roaming around the Marais district with its quirky boutiques. I'm always on the search for one-of-a-kind fabrics and complimentary colors, for au courant French and Portuguese brands, and I never miss checking out the lush silk blouses at the Vilagallo showroom."

But Carla's didn't blossom and bloom only because of the chic clothing she offers customers. "Unusual and extra service was also my goal from Day One," she said. Even the shop's tagline epitomizes her ambition: "Service that sets US apart, styles that set YOU apart."

Every woman who works at Carla's is trained to place special orders, arrange for alterations, even notify customers when their favorite styles and brands arrive at the store for the new season. Once a week, a member of Carla's staff emails various customers, featuring a sweater or blouse that's just arrived at the store.

"We also happily select and ship clothing to customers 'from away' so they can try on different outfits," Smith said. "One of our most loyal customers lives in Manhattan. She has access to the latest styles and coolest shops, but every Spring she insists that we send her new clothing to try out."

Over 50 years of merchandising, Carla admits she's had "only a couple" disappointments. "I learned that skirts just don't sell," she said with a rueful smile, "and I can't figure out why." She also regrets having to close two satellite stores she opened in Ogunquit and Portland. "They were doing well, but it became difficult to get staff."

Asked if she ever had difficulty dealing with a customer, perhaps an amply-nourished woman who insisted she was a size 4, Carla responded: "Everyone wants to look attractive. So I just keep bringing clothes that I think she will wear and feel good in. I don't say a word. My job is to make people happy. More often than not, that customer admits, 'This is perfect. Just what I wanted.'"

Kennebunkport and Carla's have grown steadily and substantially over the past 50 years. "We were once a small seaside village that was popular with summer tourists," she said. "But when George H. W. Bush became President, our town was in the spotlight." She still recalls the day she was strolling through Times Square in New York City and saw photos of Kennebunkport flashing on the gigantic Jumbotron. "We were on the map!" she said.

In this summer residence of two former Presidents,

-continued on next page



Above: Carla Perkins in the shop she has loved for 50 years. Opposite page: Carla's trademark pink sign and awnings offer a cheery welcome to shoppers. Photos by Bob Dennis

Carla was soon welcoming other recognizable visitors into the shop besides a swimsuit-seeking Barbara Bush. *New York Times* columnist Maureen Dowd walked in one day to purchase a dress for her mother – and then started asking Carla “probing questions” about Kennebunkport. Carla outfitted TV anchorwoman Kim Block of WGME 13 Portland for her evening news show, among other television personalities.

Today, after 50 wonderfully successful years, Carla admits she’s still not quite ready to retire. She’s already planning buying trips in New York City this winter, and she’s flying to Paris in April. “People often ask me if it’s hard work selling clothes,” she said. “My answer never changes. Because I have learned that nothing is hard when you love what you do.”

Carla’s is located at 30 Ocean Avenue, Kennebunkport; open Monday through Saturday, 10 AM to 5 PM; Sundays, 12 to 5 PM; or by appointment. FMI call 967-2206.



Carla’s loyal staff reveals the secret of her success

“Carla has a gift for knowing what looks good on people,” said Marcy McAleer who started working for Carla in the early 1980s. “She also cares deeply about her customers and the people who work for her. When my husband was driving me and our brand new baby home from the hospital, we stopped at Carla’s first to show her off! Then we went home.”

Jane Smith joined Carla’s team 38 years ago. The Kennebunk native says, “Carla has an eye for fashion and the fashionables. She’s so successful because she truly knows her customers and selects items with them in mind on her buying trips. We appeal to all ages too. Recently, our three dressing rooms were being used by a grandmother, a mother and her daughter – three generations who loved what they bought!”

Carla Janes, who has worked at Carla’s for nearly 26 years, said, “Relating to customers is where Carla shines. She loves making women feel great about themselves and making them look good too. But she’s also very kind to her staff. Several years ago, she took a group of us to Paris. I’d never been before. She walked us through the fashion districts where we purchased clothing for next year. We roamed open air markets, went to the top of the Eiffel Tower, and visited the D’Orsay. It was so special. She treats us like family.”

Margaret Wibel joined Carla’s staff in 2002 and worked there until 2015. She said, “Carla understands her customers – every one of them. She’s observant

and listens when they tell her what they want. She knows the value of great customer service, something that is vanishing in retail at an alarming rate. Any needed alterations are always available. She readily helps put together various pieces so that a customer leaves the store with a complete outfit.”

In 1989, Anne A. Massey was getting divorced when she met Carla. “She let me live in the basement apartment of her shop in Ogunquit,” Anne remembered. “When she asked me to come work for her, I told her I’d never worked in retail. She said, ‘Trust me, you’ll be good.’ I quickly recognized her impeccable taste and keen eye for quality. She respected each of us on staff and always praised our work. She knew we had families and situations that occasionally caused us to switch or cancel our shifts. She never paused. ‘Take care of what you need to do,’ she’d say. Her support was heartfelt.”

Lee Walker served on Carla’s staff for 30 years. She said, “I think Carla’s longevity in the very tough retail clothing business is simple: she loves her job. She also has the attributes that make her successful: she’s decisive, hardworking, tireless and fearless. When we went to New York on buying trips, we would be the first ones there in the morning and among the last to leave when the showrooms were locking up. The reps liked to work with her because she knew what she wanted and ordered it.”



Photo by Bob Dennis



Aww Nuts!

by Sandy Gnidziejko

The traditional hand-carved wooden Nutcrackers of soldiers, knights, kings and others have been around since the 15th century. When practically used, one would simply insert a nut into the nutcracker's mouth, and then, by pulling a lever located on their back, the mouth would shut and the nut would crack.

In today's world, however, not only have these nutcrackers been rendered somewhat useless compared to their original purpose, but they have evolved into more decorative and imaginative figures. These contemporary nutcrackers now are additionally used to celebrate events, milestones in one's life, and other seasons besides Christmas.

Tis the Season now – so get crackin'!



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Images of Kennebunkport

Photos by Bob Dennis

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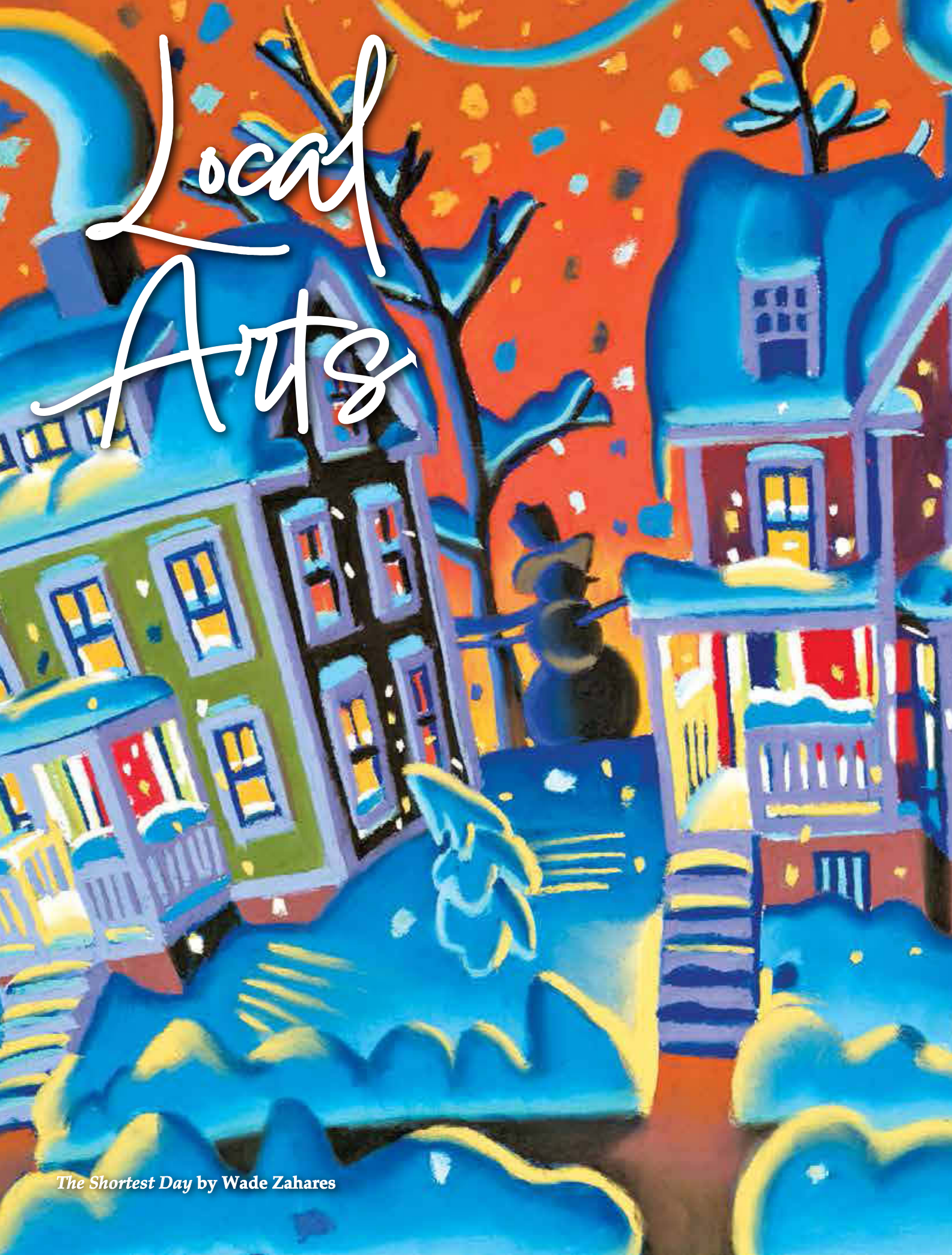
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Local Arts



The Shortest Day by Wade Zahares





Reel Time: Two snowy movies: one for the holidays, one for the courtroom



The Holdovers

With *The Holdovers*, David Hemingson has written a heartfelt script, which director Alexander Payne has turned into a brilliant movie that can join the ranks of his gems *Sideways*, *Election*, and *About Schmidt*. Getting right to the point, I believe this movie ought to win the Best Picture Oscar.

And it's such a simple plot: Cranky old history teacher Paul Hunham (Paul Giamatti) is stuck with the unenviable task of overseeing the kids at a New England prep school who, for one reason or another, have no home to go to over Christmas break. As school cook Mary Lamb (Da'Vine Joy Randolph) says, it's "babysitting."

Among the handful of students trapped at Barton Academy over Christmas is Angus Tully (Dominic Sessa), a smart student with a chip on his shoulder. Angus and Mr. Hunham, both of whom have experienced painful relationships in their lives, spar over the course of two weeks. Hunham, an extreme taskmaster, expects the students to study and exercise over vacation, while they, miserable and longing for home, want anything but. Mary, who has recently lost her son, a Barton graduate, in the war, decides to stay on campus in his honor. She understands that many of the students are entitled brats, but being a mother, she also knows they're just kids, which she tries to have Hunham understand.

The three main actors are amazing. Paul Giamatti's work is no surprise; he's been a great actor for many years. I'm unfamiliar with Da'Vine Joy Randolph, who's done most of her work on stage; with her acting chops and Hemingson's perfect script, she turns what could have been a basic supporting role into a deeply human and moving character.

And Dominic Sessa. Here's a kid who graduated last year from Deerfield Academy (where some of the film was shot last winter) co-starring in his first movie. Not one false note. It's almost unfair to start a film career at this level, but here's hoping he receives decent scripts for decades to come.

The war that Mary lost her son to is the Vietnam War. This movie is set at Christmas 1970. And having grown up in western Massachusetts in the late '60s and '70s, I can say Payne and company have uncannily captured the look and feel of that region and that era. He shot digitally, but added effects in post-production to make it look like vintage film stock, including occasional specks and scratches.

The Holdovers has moments of laugh-out-loud humor and reach-for-the-tissue pathos. It's a change-of-pace Christmas movie that'll make you think about your definition of *family*.

Anatomy of a Fall

Anatomy of a Fall takes us to the French Alps where Samuel (Samuel Theiss) is found dead outside his idyllically situated chalet. This happens soon after he exhibits petulant and annoying off-screen behavior while his German wife Sandra (Sandra Hüller), a successful writer, is about to be interviewed by a young female journalist.

Did Samuel, a frustrated writer, have an accident? Did he commit suicide from a third story balcony? Or was he murdered...by Sandra? Perhaps most importantly, can the couple's visually impaired son Daniel (Milo Machado Graner) prove himself a reliable witness?

This winner of the Palme d'Or at the 76th Cannes Film Festival explores all those avenues in a quietly deliberate fashion, keeping the viewer guessing every step of the way. Just as one resolution seems obvious, along comes new information that makes another resolution seem more likely. It's a brilliantly nuanced and intelligent film with nary a cinematic cliché in sight.

We learn about Samuel and Sandra's turbulent relationship as Sandra is questioned at home by her attorney Vincent (Swann Arlaud), a sympathetic man who nonetheless makes it clear to his client that most people will think she killed her husband. But as the case goes to trial, that certainty becomes muddled by more evidence and testimonies...including that of the understandably troubled Daniel, who's had a front row seat to his parents' marriage for years.

I've never seen any of these actors before, and they're all excellent, especially Graner as the conflicted son and Hüller as the enigmatic widow. Between my unfamiliarity with the cast and their natural acting abilities, I felt as though I was spying on them.

Anatomy of a Fall, incidentally, is a bilingual film, roughly half in French and half in English; because Sandra was German and Samuel was French, they settled on English as the language they would share. People who generally shy away from foreign films with subtitles should not miss out on this fascinating flick.

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Original artwork fills fundraising calendar

Local artist Piper Castles has released a 2024 calendar as a fundraiser and educational tool for the Kennebunkport, Kennebunk and Arundel Land Trusts and the Center for Wildlife. The art showcases local scenery and wildlife, with information from permaculture designer Julie McLeod throughout. The calendar is available at the Center for Wildlife in Cape Neddick and the Kennebunk Land Trust headquarters. FMI visit www.thecenterforwildlife.org, www.kennebunklandtrust.org and www.kporttrust.org.



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Local Beauty

Photo by Jim Groleau





Photos by Ken Janes

Field Notes of a Maine Birdwatcher “Snowbirds”

by Ken Janes

To most Mainers, the term “snowbirds” refers to those folks that escape Maine winters and head to warm climates like Florida or Arizona, but there are birds that actually come to Maine for the winter. For these residents of the arctic regions, the relatively warm waters of the Gulf of Maine are just the place to spend the winter while fishing and diving for crabs. Many birds such as loons, mergansers, and grebes move from western Maine to open coastal water after ponds and lakes begin to freeze, but some, like razorbills, gannets, and murrens come all the way from the cliffs of Newfoundland and Labrador to winter in Maine and even further south when it gets really cold.

The sea ducks begin to arrive from northern breeding grounds in late October and build in numbers through the end of December. Maine bird watchers get to see all the scoters: Surf, Black, and White-winged plus Long-tailed Ducks and Common Goldeneyes right along the beaches. My personal favorite among the sea ducks is the tiny Bufflehead. The black-and-white male duck is only 14-16 inches long with an iridescent greenish-purple head and a large white patch behind the eye. Females are a more subdued gray with a smaller white patch. They spend the day diving for crabs and clams in tidal estuaries, moving out to sea at low tide. They are so buoyant they seem to pop out of the water on resurfacing. When not diving, the males put on a display of wing-flapping, head-bobbing and racing about, trying to impress females before next year’s breeding season.

So, if you don’t go south this winter, get out and look for the “Snowbirds” that have come to Maine to enjoy the winter with us.



Field Notes of a Maine Birdwatcher – in Hawaii “The Wedding Gift”

by Ken Janes

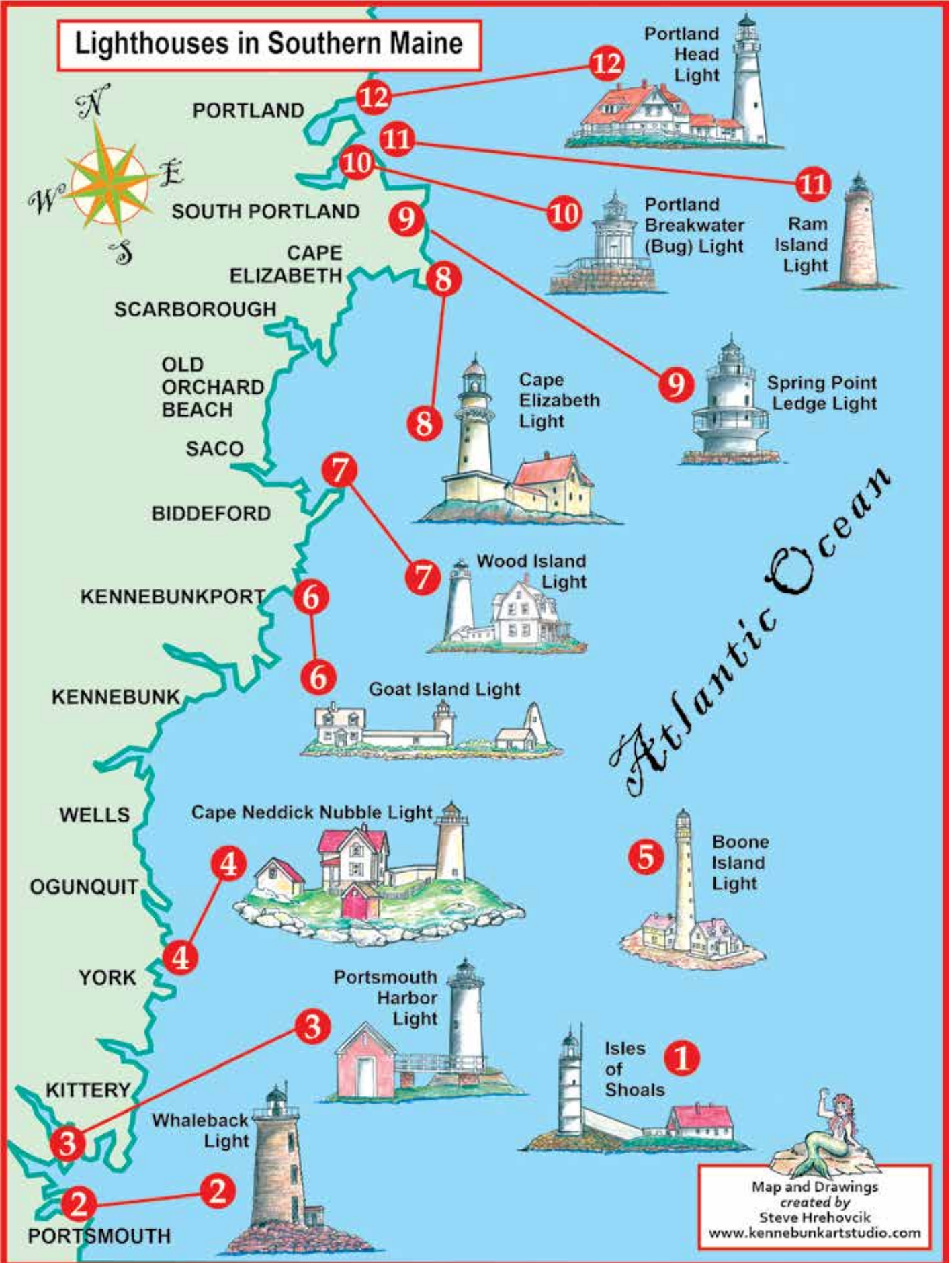
Keeping track of neighborhood birds is great fun for any birdwatcher, but the chance to go off and explore exotic places searching for new additions to one’s Life List is always special. When we were lucky to be invited, with neighbors and friends, to attend a wedding on Maui, I planned a few extra days to get in some birding and maybe track down some of the rare and rapidly disappearing native birds of Maui. At one time there were 54 species of Hawaiian honeycreeper found in the islands. Since the arrival of humans and introduced predators, most are now extinct with just six species left on Maui.

These birds are very susceptible to avian malaria, a fatal disease carried by invasive mosquitos, which is the primary cause of the rapid decline in these last few birds. Fortunately, the mosquitos do not occur in colder climates so there are a few birds left above 7000 feet in a small patch of rainforest on the side of the Haleakala volcano. Thanks to the Internet, I was able to find the spot where these birds had last been seen, and after a one hour, winding drive up the volcano, I reached Haleakala National Park with camera and binoculars ready to go birding. It was cold and wet because this spot is literally in the clouds.

It took a few hours, but eventually I was able to get photos of three; the ‘Iiwi, ‘Amakihi and Apapane. One, the ‘Alauahio, I heard and saw briefly and the other two, the Kiwikuu and Akohekohe, are down to about 300 birds each and had not been seen recently. My favorite was the dramatic scarlet and black ‘Iiwi, (pronounced ee-EE-vi). There are intensive efforts underway to control mosquito populations so maybe these fascinating birds will survive for generations to come. The wedding was wonderful and in a spectacular tropical setting. We thoroughly enjoyed spending time with old and new friends.

Getting to see some of the rarest birds in the world was also an unforgettable wedding gift.

Lighthouses in Southern Maine



Map and Drawings
 created by
 Steve Hrehovcik
www.kennebunkartstudio.com



Photo by Alissa Kruszewski

Local History

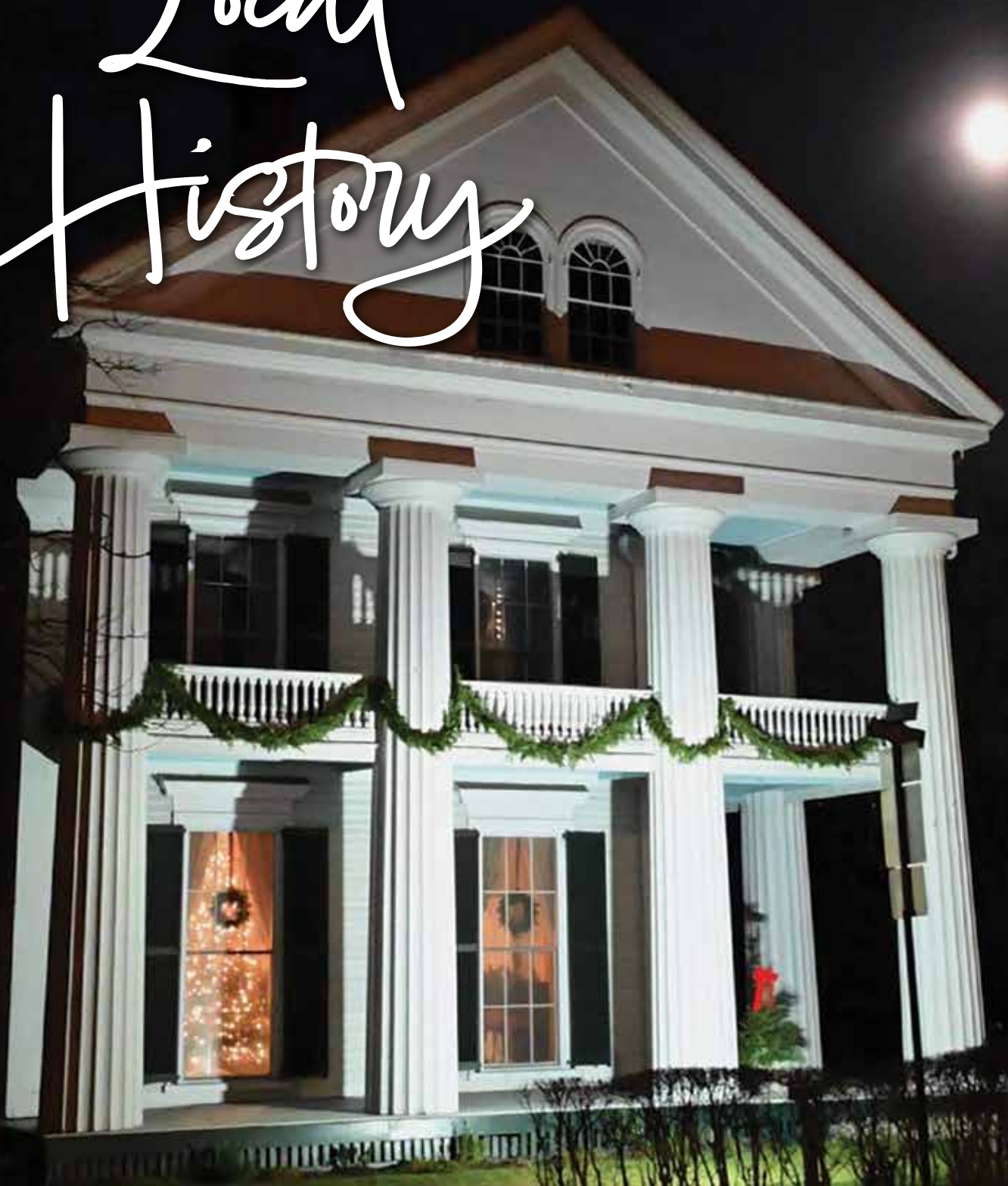


Photo by Bob Dennis

Arsenic and Old Lace

A peek behind the curtains at White Columns

by Laima Vince

At the top of Dock Square in Kennebunkport, located at 8 Maine Street, stands a grand house, known locally as White Columns for its imposing wide Greek columns. According to the National Registry of landmarks, the house is registered as the Richard A. Nott Memorial Home.

The White Columns mansion was built in 1853 in the Greek Revival style. In the early nineteenth century, as a young democracy designed and built the cities and towns that would become the major centers of American life, Americans looked back to the styles of classical Greek and Roman architecture for inspiration. At a time when monarchies were still prevalent in England and Europe, many in America believed they were the heirs of the ancient Greeks, who invented democracy.

The Greek Revival architectural style thrived during the 1830s to the 1860s and was popular in New England. Early 19th century builders designed and built utilitarian buildings such as banks, offices, and churches, as well as personal residences, to look like a modern rendition of the Greek temple. Majestic columns at the front of a house and emphasized pedimented roofs were signature stylistic aspects of Greek Revival architecture. However, many more humble dwellings included elements of the Greek Revival style.

"In the 1850s, in Kennebunkport we were still building ships," said Kristin Lewis Haight, Executive Director of the Kennebunkport Historical Society, as she opened the front door to the house, sumptuously decorated for Christmas. "Tourism had not yet become the next phase of our economy. White Columns represents a time when we were still building the biggest ships under the American flag right here."

Haight continued, "Shipbuilding in Kennebunkport declined at the time when more iron was required to build ships. That led to the failings of shipbuilding here, and more shipbuilding in Bath. Also, when railroads were built in Maine in the mid-nineteenth century it became much easier to send cargo to Boston via rail than to hire 15 sailors to sail a ship. However, import-export was still a huge business in Kennebunkport. We imported from all around the world, and we exported to England out of this port. We were very connected to the outside world and Kennebunkport's history was certainly part of the world trade."

The house, the opulence of decoration, the surrounding gardens, represent the wealth of a time when Kennebunkport was a player on the world stage due to its shipbuilding heritage and import-export triangle trade. The owners of the house were import-export merchants who imported rum, molasses, sugar and exported lumber and fish from the West Indies.

Haight, who has studied the history of the house and the family that lived in it for three generations, for 130 years, warned that we need to be sensitive to the nuances of merchant wealth. "Slavery was illegal in those days but we need to recognize with as much honesty as possible that wealthy merchants, like the ones who owned this home, made their fortunes on the backs of enslaved humans," she said.

"When I give my tour I tell the human side of the story. The Perkins Nott family represented a faction of who Kennebunkport was. Kennebunkport was also a hard-working community with farmers, blacksmiths, sailmakers, and carpenters. This is one of the last homes standing from that era that gives a sense of what the Victorian era in Kennebunkport might have looked like."

Kennebunkport Historical Society volunteers have decorated the house according to the theme of a Victorian Christmas. Each room contains a Christmas tree uniquely decorated in Victorian era style. The tables are set for a sumptuous afternoon Christmas tea and sunlight reflects off glass baubles. A particularly interesting detail for those who love old prints and cards are the Victorian era Christmas cards displayed on the hallway tables, just the like the family would have placed them when they were still alive and daily life was bustling at White Columns. The period-Christmas decorations gracing the exterior of the house have been created by Wallingford Farm.

White Columns was gifted to the Kennebunkport Historical Society in 1982 by Elizabeth Nott, who lived there alone and was president of the historical society during her lifetime. She requested that the house be designated to her brother, Richard Allen Nott (1895-1960), who served in both World Wars and later worked for AT&T. He had left Elizabeth the house when he died in 1960. Richard made a few modern-day improvements, remodeling the kitchen and bathroom to 1950s standards, while leaving the rest of the historical house exactly as it would have been from the 1850s onwards.

The house was built by Eliphalet Perkins III (1798-1874) in 1853 and sold for \$5000 to his only son, Charles Edwin Perkins (1830-1894), who was his father's business partner and the most eligible bachelor in town. That year, Charles fell in love and married the daughter of the Baptist minister who lived next door, Celia Parker Nott (1831-1888). Two children were born to them, Celia E. (Lela) Perkins (1855-1865) and Charles Eliphalet Perkins (1857-1886).

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Opposite page: White Columns is especially stunning during the holiday season. Photo by Bob Dennis.



Celia was known for her gardening and her sewing. She would sew on her couch and stow her sewing in a chest of drawers beside the couch if someone came to the house. Charles built an addition onto her sitting room so she could bring her gardens indoors in the wintertime.

Celia was also a diarist. Her diaries were found with the home in 1982. Those daily diaries helped shape the tour of the house. She wrote about the family who lived here, their trials and tribulations. She also wrote about what she was growing in her garden in detail in her diary. Her gardens were not just indigenous gardens of local plants as was common in her time, but contained what would have been considered “exotic” plants brought back from the family’s travels abroad. In those days there were no trees surrounding the town. Trees were either cut down for building houses or used for shipbuilding. The gardens were therefore extensive. This year, Wallingford Farm is recreating the gardens according to Celia Parker Notts’ diary descriptions of her original garden.

Hanging on a wall near the door is a studio photograph of Celia. She stands in front of a decorative window, her arm resting on the back of a chair, her dark dress billowing outwards, propped up with hoops, giving her a voluminous shape meant to indicate grandeur.

In a gilded oval frame positioned above Celia’s couch, an oil painting of the sweet face of a little girl with pink cheeks, large blue eyes, chestnut hair combed back neatly and held in place with a blue bow stares out from the expanse of centuries. This was their daughter, known as Lela, who died at age ten of diphtheria.



A boy roughly four- or five-years-old gazes seriously at the viewer from an old black-and-white photograph. He is dressed in a suit decorated with whimsical trim, and wears black boots shined to perfection. This is Celia and Charles’s son, Charlie, who fell through the ice and hit his head, suffering brain damage. He lived only ten years after his accident and died at age 29. Celia died soon afterwards. Despite their great wealth, they could not prevent their family from experiencing tragedies. Later, Charles married Celia’s sister Lily (Lydia Paddock Nott 1837-1919) and in this manner the inheritance of the house passed to the Nott family.

The wallpaper in the grand front hall is one of the most remarkable features of the home. This is the only example of its kind still installed in the world. What makes the wallpaper unique is that it was hand-painted in Paris and brought across the Atlantic by ship. When it was fresh, it was

incredibly toxic, but people didn’t know that at the time. The green used to paint lush ivy contained arsenic, and the gorgeous blues were made of cobalt, which is radioactive.

Families of people who were able to afford this kind of luxury were often ill because of it and this family was no exception. Little Lela was considered a sickly child and was never well enough to go to school. Little Charlie suffered from asthma as a child. Celia herself died from chronic breathing issues. Today, because the wallpaper has faded over time, and because areas within reach are covered in protective plastic, it is safe to admire the sumptuous wallpaper on the house tour. Another highlight of the tour is rare original Civil War decommission papers signed by President Abraham Lincoln that were given to a cousin of the family.

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Clockwise from top left: Celia’s sitting room; the Christmas card table; the front hall’s hand-painted wallpaper from Paris, France. Photos by Laima Vince



During the holidays, docents lead tours through this unique Victorian era home, all decked out for Christmas. On the tour, they narrate Kennebunkport's history at the height of its glory during its shipbuilding and trading decades and tell stories of three generations of the Perkins-Nott family who lived in this house. Tickets are \$15 and are sold in the White Columns Gift Shop.

Group tours can be specially arranged at any time during the year and cost \$150 per group regardless of size (up to 15 people). Public tours during the summer season will resume Memorial Day weekend and continue through Labor Day. Donations to the Kennebunkport Historical Society are appreciated and all funds contribute to the upkeep of the town's unique historic properties.



Photos top to bottom: Upstairs master bedroom decorated for Christmas; living room with Christmas tree. Photos by Laima Vince

Retro Roadtrip



Photos by Joshua Hrehovcik



The Retro Roadtrip Report: 3 Winter Photo Safari Destinations

by Joshua Hrehovcik and Geraldine Aikman

Put on your winter boots and layer up, Retro Roadtrippers, because we're going to explore three phenomenal photo-op locations in southern Maine. Mind you, there are hundreds of beautiful places in the great state of Maine to take your camera during the winter, but these three spots will offer up some incredible winter views for you to capture and share with your friends. Plus, you'll find that parking is a breeze at this time of year.

Our first destination is the marvelous Marginal Way Cliff Walk in Ogunquit. Park your car at the lot on Cottage Street (just off Shore Road) and take the path between the Spar Hawk and Anchorage resorts, where you will be rewarded with breathtaking views of the Atlantic Ocean.

If Mother Nature is feeling particularly feisty, you'll be able to capture some massive wave action, perfect to post on your Instagram page (be sure to tag @touristandtown so we can share them – with credit, of course). This 1.25-mile trek leads you to Perkins Cove, where you can visit the charming shops and refuel before your return hike.

Next, let's venture northward to the picturesque village of Cape Porpoise and visit the historic Cape Porpoise Pier. This working fishing pier was the scene of the not-quite-famous (until now) Battle of Cape Porpoise, a significant event during the American Revolution. Check out the informative marker and zoom in on the Goat Island Lighthouse.

And, speaking of lighthouses, the third stop on our Retro Roadtrip itinerary is Cape Elizabeth where you will find Maine's oldest – and some say most photographed – lighthouse in America. Built in 1787, the Portland Head Light (not Headlight) stands proudly on the shores of Fort Williams Park. It is a must-click for any photographer (and Roadtripper) visiting the Pine Tree State.

So pack some snacks, crank up the windshield defroster, and set out to discover these very special places in our very special state.

And remember, if you have no regrets, it's a clear sign you need to get out more.

Marginal Way:
Shore Road to Perkins Cove,
Ogunquit, Maine.

Information at marginalwayfund.org

Cape Porpoise Pier:
81 Pier Road,
Cape Porpoise, Maine

Portland Head Light and

Fort Williams Park:

1000 Shore Road,
Cape Elizabeth, Maine.

Information at
portlandheadlight.com





Christmas comes early for a Beatles fan

Having been born the week The Beatles filled the top five slots of the Billboard Hot 100 chart in April 1964, which no one had done before (not even Elvis or Sinatra) and no one has done since (not even Taylor Swift or Beyoncé), I was destined to be a huge fan of the Fab Four.

One of their songs in the top five that week was "I Want to Hold Your Hand," the single that had brought America to its knees when it was released in the States the day after Christmas 1963. But it's that single's B-side I want to talk about.

Growing up, I'd hear their hits on the radio. I was familiar with *Abbey Road* and *Let it Be*, which my older sister Jennifer owned. I received my first Beatles album, *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band*, as a birthday gift from my father in 1976. Two years later I bought the White Album and played it at a gathering of summer friends. One of them, John Marshall, asked if I had heard *Meet the Beatles*, their American debut. I hadn't. A few days later I went to his house, where he took his brother Dave's copy of the album and put it on the portable record player.

After the opener, "I Want to Hold Your Hand," there was a brief pause, and then a voice shouted "One two three fahhw!" followed by a blast of electric guitars and drums at a frenetic tempo, accompanied by playful handclapping. My eyes opened wide and my head started to bob. It was – and still is – the coolest intro to a rock and roll record I had ever heard.

"Well she was just seventeen," Paul nearly shouted, and I was intrigued. Seventeen, eh? Tell me more. "And you know what I mean." He didn't need to elaborate.

I was instantly riveted by the rocker with a title that, while mundanely conversational, connects with anyone who's ever felt their blood pressure rise upon seeing someone special at a dance. That phenomenon happened to me one year later at Kennebunk High School; change "seventeen" to "fifteen," and "I Saw Her Standing There" tells the story of how I fell head-over-heels for the girl who'd become my wife.

John and I listened to his brother's album all the way through. I asked if he could play that second song on side one again. And then I had to hear it again. And again. And again. And again. I soaked in the harmonies, the bassline, and McCartney's magnificent scream leading into George Harrison's brilliantly economical guitar solo. The needle went back to that groove a couple dozen times. I sat there, mesmerized, smiling, laughing, absolutely gobsmacked by those two minutes and 50 seconds of pop-rock perfection.

A few years later, while dating someone else in high school, I brought my copy of *Meet the Beatles* to her house, desirous of sharing my favorite song with her. I cued up "I Saw Her Standing There," feeling pleased with myself for being about to change her worldview. When the song ended, she said with an air of disappointment, "That sounds so *old*." We broke up shortly thereafter.

The song was released on CD in 1987 and remastered in 2009, yet all the while I dreamed of it being remixed to modern sensibilities. Purists hate that notion, but if they want to listen to a Beatles song with the vocals just coming out of the left channel and the drums confined to the right, that version exists for them.

When Peter Jackson's people came up with the technology to de-mix and re-mix audio elements for the [[Get Back]] project in 2021, it was announced that the two- and four-track early Beatles catalogue would be given the treatment already given the later albums by Giles Martin, son of original producer George Martin. My hopes for hearing a modern remix of "I Saw Her Standing There" were dampened somewhat by the realization that he'd be going backwards chronologically, so that I probably wouldn't be able to hear it for several years.

This fall, I learned that the Red and Blue albums, their 1973 greatest hits collections, would be released, with Martin remixing the early tracks, tending to a bunch of songs that otherwise would have had to wait. Even better: Martin would be augmenting the track list with songs that, with hindsight, should have been included originally...including "I Saw Her Standing There."

I ordered the double set, and on November 17, it arrived. The giddiness of childhood Christmases set in as I sat down, adjusted my headphones, and loaded the first disc.

Several years ago, Diane and I went to Liverpool, where we took the National Trust tour of Paul's and John's childhood homes. While in Paul's parlor, I geekily pointed out the fireplace in front of which he and John had worked out "I Saw Her Standing There," a seminal moment in rock and roll history that Paul's brother Michael had captured with a famous photograph. And now I was about to listen to what would be the ultimate version of that song.

So worth the wait. I sat there with a stupid grin on my face, absorbing the sonic wonderfulness of it all. The vocals are now front and center, along with Ringo's drums, which can finally be heard in all their propulsive glory. And I picked up little bits played by George, previously unnoticeable. Whereas before it sounded like a studio recording, now it sounds like a live performance. Somehow, it has become more timeless. Miraculously, my favorite song has become favorite. And yes, that is now a word.

So now I can sit back, crank it up, and remember how my heart went boom when I crossed that room and I held her hand in miiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiine. Of course, I can always get up and dance with her.

dana@touristandtown





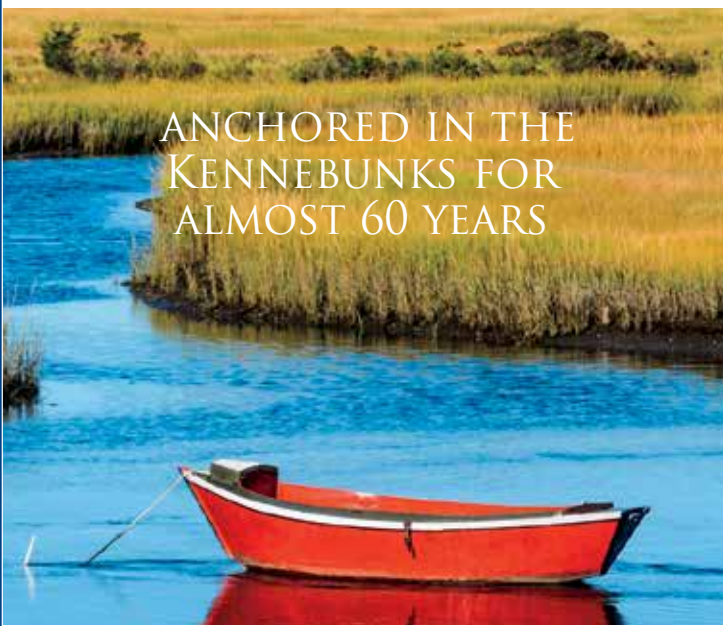
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and a Prosperous and
Healthy New Year
to you!*

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