

This letter was written in  
response to an article,  
"Tugwassa Lake Then and Now";  
which appeared in the  
Gouldsboro Historical Society's  
May, 1998, newsletter.



9 June 1998

Dear Mary Lou,

I read with interest and many good memories your article on Tugwassa - Jones~~es~~ Jones Pond and the various camps. I had forgotten the Tugwassa name but now I recall a camp or small house at the apex of Rtes 1 and 186 with the name Tugwassa Lodge on it. I'm also very glad you included the map and numbered the camps.

You may not have remembered it, but my family rented your camp for one or two years, probably around 1947, and later we spent several years in Chan Noyes camp. Your article sent me scrambling in the photo albums and I came up with a few pictures of us at your place and Chan's. Some of them are a little faded now, but oh! the great memories. One thing you did not mention was the hammock at your camp. It was my first experience with a hammock and did I love it. Where else in the world could I lounge in a hammock, with the woods behind me and the lake in front, watching the loons and not have another human in sight.

The lack of other humans was an added advantage at times, especially if one had to visit the "facility". I don't remember crossing a stream to get to it but I do remember that it was only 3 sided. You sat and communed with nature, hidden on the pond side by only a few skimpy bushes and trees. No need for bottled air freshener there!

I also recall the ice house. We got our ice from there our first few years on the pond. They must have stopped cutting ice about 1951 or 2 since after that we had to buy ice and transport it to Chan's camp in the boat. There was a place on the Tunk Lake Road that carried ice and we would buy a 75¢ piece, then race back to camp before it melted to 50¢ size.

I remember all of the camps you mentioned, with the possible exception of #1. We also spent one vacation in # 3, after Chan sold his place. I was heartbroken when Chan sold the camp and begged for us to buy it. My Dad regretfully said no, since he realized the awful logistics of coming nearly 300 miles to a camp reachable only by boat and accessible only in the best of seasons.

Your story brought lots of memories to mind, and chuckles. My godmother used to say that she never had to make up bedtime stories for her children; she just told them the true stories of our escapades on vacation at Joneses!

Thanks for reminding me of some great years.

*Jean Lehouder*



J. M. LeBoucher  
Sweetfern Road  
General Delivery  
Franklin ME 04634-9999

665-3180

Mary Lou Hodge  
Taft Point Road  
Gouldsboro ME

04607



GOULDSBORO HISTORICAL  
SOCIETY

#1251.008A