

Dr. Vickery was called, and pronounced the death of the person was a suicide, a story which the local newspapers reported as front-page news.

Lester had worked for a doctor in Camden, who said that he would never have committed

suicide. He got permission to have his body exhumed for an autopsy, which showed what he had eaten for supper, and that he had consumed a large amount of alcohol. The alcohol was a mystery to the family.

The gunshot wound had entered from the back of his head. The remains of a gun found in the ruins, six feet from the body, was a single-barrel 12-gauge shotgun, which was pried open to reveal that it contained a 16-gauge shell, impossible to shoot. Lester had

passed three vacant buildings from his house to the barn in which he was found.

The investigating officers came to his house, asking Velmae if Lester had a gun. She replied that he only had one, going to the closet and producing it. The death was considered a suspected homicide.

Lester's siblings never accepted the verdict that he had taken his own life. He had so much to live for, and his life was on an upward turn. It was wartime, four months after the Pearl Harbor attack, making a nervous neighborhood. There were tales that it had something to do with the war, that perhaps some of the Germans in submarines between Lincolnville and Islesboro had committed the deed. There were many theories abounding throughout the family and neighborhood. Officers at the time told family members they knew who had committed the murder, but never could prove it.

Velmae lived up to her promises to Lester, to his family, and to herself. She was a mother to the girls for the rest of their lives, fully devoting herself to them. She raised chickens, did sewing, kept a clean, healthy home, and was the only mother that they had known.

All these years later, the murder of Lester Frances Morse was never solved, and is lost somewhere in police files. His siblings; his widow, Velmae; and three of his children are all gone, yet for some of his nieces, nephews, daughter and grandchildren, there is a nagging wonderment about what happened in the Youngtown neighborhood of Lincolnville, Maine on that long-ago night of April 7, 1942.

The perpetrator or perpetrators have probably gone to their reward also. The mystery of an unsolved murder in Lincolnville, Maine remains.



Lester Morse, Dec. 1941, Lincolnville
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The home of
Lester Morse on
Youngtown Road.