

FREEDOM HISTORICAL SOCIETY

28 Old Portland Road
PO Box 548
Freedom, NH 03836



August 2026 Newsletter

A Special Message from Berta and Kyle

No matter how many times you've visited the Freedom Historical Society (FHS), there is always something new to discover. As keepers of the local history that makes Freedom unique, we are proud to feature three special exhibits this year: the *History of Summer Camps in Freedom*, a salute to our Revolutionary War Veterans, and highlights from the *Freedom Club of Boston*.

Our goal is to preserve the photographs, documents, objects, memories and traditions and tell the stories of what life was really like from one generation to the next. But we cannot do this alone. We rely on you to bring us an old photograph, share a family story, identify a person in a picture or remember how something used to be. You are adding another piece to the story helping to preserve Freedom's history. We rely on your local knowledge to help identify people and places, share memories and add to our historical record. Send your story or a photo to fhsociety28@gmail.com and we will follow-up with you.

Just as we rely on your memories, we also rely on your financial generosity to keep our doors open and our archives safe. Preserving these physical collections requires archival-grade storage, climate-controlled preservation tools, and engaging community programming. Please consider making a tax-deductible financial donation below to help ensure that Freedom's unique legacy is protected for generations to come.

Thank you for your continued partnership and support.

Sincerely,

Roberta and Kyle, Co-Presidents.

Freedom Historical Society

P.S. Whether you choose to share a cherished family photograph or make a financial contribution, you are actively sustaining our shared heritage. Donations can be sent to Freedom Historical Society, PO Box 548, Freedom, NH 03836 or made online (click below) Thank you!

Renew your Membership

Make a Donation

Join Us on August 19th at 7 PM

**Camp Huckins – Yesterday, Today, and Tomorrow
presented by the Freedom Historical Society**

Join the Freedom Historical Society on **Wednesday, August 19th at the Freedom Town Hall at 7 PM** for the next installment of our 2026 speaker series! Executive Director Heather Kiley and Community Programs Director Katie Miressi will share how Camp Huckins has thrived for over 100 years on Broad Bay of Ossipee Lake, and is looking ahead to its next century as a girls' summer camp and community partner. Youth camps have become part of Freedom's social and cultural history. The lake, island, woods, shoreline and camp buildings together form a cultural landscape that has been used by generations of children.

Did you know that for many residents, their first connection to Freedom wasn't buying a home, but coming to camp? On August 19 hear how Huckins has brought generations of children and families to Freedom from throughout the country and beyond. Many Freedom seasonal and full-time residents first came to Freedom as campers and became connected to the town in lasting ways. Today Camp Huckins, encompasses approximately 200 acres, with about 2,800 feet of shoreline on Broad Bay of Ossipee Lake and a private island.

We want to hear and share your stories! Please join us, August 19th at 7 PM in the Town Hall. You can also submit your favorite camp photos ahead of time by emailing them to fhsociety28@gmail.com. See you there!



Fond Memories of Margie's Lunch



On August 1 we celebrated Margie Allard and her contribution to Freedom and her gift of the FHS "Forever Home". This cherished event honors Margie's incredible contributions to Freedom's history through her beloved restaurant, "Margie's Lunch", which operated from 1949 to 1970 on Old Portland Road and her donation of her home to the FHS for its Museum. Margie's Lunch was more than just a restaurant; it was a community hub. Children from the Freedom School would flock to Margie's for lunch, while the Masons enjoyed coffee and her famous pies after meetings. Many residents have fond memories of enjoying ice cream sundaes with their families on Margie's porch. A special thank you to our sponsors for their support: Hannafords, Market Basket, and Bobby Sue's.

In addition to enjoying Margie's Lunch on August 1, the 75 attendees shared memories of Margie. The FHS is organizing a collection of memories from Margie's Lunch, so if you have fond memories or photos of Margie. please send your story to fhsociety28@gmail.com

Memories of my Aunt Margie and Uncle George

Good morning everyone! My name is Jody Shellene, and in just a moment, I am going to share my wonderful memories here at my Aunt Margie & Uncle George's homestead... but first I'd like to explain our lineage.

My maternal grandmother, Eva Cate Sheridan, was born here in Freedom, NH. My grandmother Eva and Aunt Maggie were 1st cousins. That made my mother Aunt Margie's first cousin once removed, and me, her first cousin, twice removed. My nephew Rich, who is here today, is one more generation down, so he's Aunt Margie's 1st cousin *three* times removed! For me, I was introduced to them and only knew them affectionately as Aunt Margie & Uncle George.

My Freedom, New Hampshire memories began at five years old when Mom and Dad would announce: *Okay, this weekend we're taking the Rambler up to Freedom, New Hampshire to visit your Aunt Margie & Uncle George, I thought... OH BOY! I can't wait!* I looked forward to the long drive from Bradford, MA, enjoying the farmlands and small New England towns that we passed along the way.

As we entered the quaint village of Freedom and drove past the *Freedom General Store*, I knew... we were just... moments away! We would pull into this very same driveway where *Margie's Lunch* is being held today. I would jump out of the wagon, race around to the enclosed front porch, and find the door already ajar... they were always awaiting our arrival!

There stood Aunt Margie... with her arms stretched wide open! I probably ran toward her with a little more enthusiasm than she expected, but she always wrapped me into her arms with the warmest hugs. I can still picture her wearing a solid-colored dress, with a gingham apron tied around her waist. Uncle George would stand just behind her, awaiting for his turn to greet me with one of his own bear hugs.

As most of you know, this open porch was originally enclosed. I remember the interior having a comforting aroma unlike anywhere else. It was filled with the irresistible scents of Aunt Margie's juicy hamburgers, mingled with cinnamon, apples, and nutmeg. That would soon be our deep dish apple pie for dessert. ***Heaven!***

While the grown-ups visited, I would run over to one of the six small dining tables by the paned glassed windows. I remember being fascinated with the small Swiss chalet weather houses that sat on each windowsill. Each featured a tiny man on one side and a tiny woman on the other, dressed in traditional Tyrolean clothing. Depending on the humidity and temperature levels, one figurine would venture farther out of the little chalet than the other. I remember checking every single one to make sure they all agreed... And... to my delight... they always did!

Next, I would dash down the hill to the brook below. For a young boy, from a more densely populated area, this *place* felt magical! It was *peaceful... secluded... and full of adventures*. I remember watching small minnows dart thru the clear water. I would carefully step across the rocks to the opposite bank and find a nice tree to lean against. I'd find the obligatory blade of grass to put in my mouth while I contemplated my grandiose plans for a primitive fort that I was certain, I was going to create!

Just about the time I started gathering sticks and branches, I would hear Aunt Margie's voice calling out her back window... ***Lunch is ready! Come along, Jody!*** Well, I knew my primitive fort plans could wait, but *Margie's hamburgers could not!* I would bounce back across the rocks in the brook, race up the hill, and burst onto the porch. Each of the six tables included seating for four diners. Pop and I usually sat together at one table, while my Mom and Uncle George sat at another. Aunt Margie would begin serving us.

Sometimes she toasted the hamburger buns, and sometimes she didn't. It never mattered. They were, without question, the juiciest and most delicious hamburgers I'd ever eaten. Sometimes she served homemade french fries, and other times, potato chips, but always with a generous side of sweet homemade pickles. Then came dessert... a magnificent slice of her warm, over-stuffed, apple pie, often topped with a scoop of vanilla ice cream. ***Again... heaven!***

Occasionally we stayed overnight. I remember opening the door to the second floor and scaling those steep and narrow stairs with great ease. I always slept in the bedroom on the right, facing the street. Looking out the window, I sometimes imagined what it would be like to actually live in this cozy, warm home in Freedom, New Hampshire. Looking back now, I believe my love for living in a country setting developed during those early wonderful childhood visits. The next morning, the aroma of bacon, home fries, eggs and toast would drift upstairs, providing the best wake-up call imaginable. We would gather once again at our designated tables, and Aunt Margie would serve another unforgettable meal.

We usually left Freedom by mid-morning... but before we did, Uncle George would always offer to take me for a ride on his large vintage farming tractor. We'd turn right out of this driveway, and slowly make our way through the neighborhood. His neighbors would wave, and we would wave back at them with big smiles. If it was October, we would continue further down Old Portland Road, then to the left towards Uncle George's huge pumpkin patch! He would always let me pick my own pumpkin, but then reminded me that I could choose the biggest one that I could carry. I quickly learned that rolling an overweight pumpkin back to the tractor was a far better strategy than trying to carry it in my arms!

I remember sitting there on our ride back to their home, thinking about how much I truly loved it here. We usually visited three times each year—once in the spring, once during the summer, and once again in October when the autumn foliage reached its peak. Every visit was special, and every one of them left me with memories I still treasure today.

As I think back over all those visits, I realize that what Aunt Margie and Uncle George gave me... was much more than wonderful hamburgers, homemade apple pie, tasty breakfasts, and tractor rides. They gave a little guy like me a place where he would always feel welcomed, safe, loved, and *freedom to dream!* 65-plus years later, driving into Freedom still fills my heart with the same excitement. Some places simply become part of who we are, and for me... this homestead will always be one of them.

One final note...

Many years ago, Aunt Margie gave my mother a wonderful handmade wooden chest that Uncle George had created for her. It wasn't just decorative...it was the unique chest that Aunt Margie used to sell postage stamps from right here at Margie's Lunch through an agreement made with the Freedom Post Office. She kept the stamps and the proceeds neatly tucked away in each of its unique drawers.

When my mother passed away, I was fortunate enough to inherit this vintage treasure. It has meant a great deal to me over the years. So it's an honor for me to donate this antique Uncle George homemade chest to the *Freedom Historical Society & Museum*. I can't think of a better home for it than the place where its story began. My hope is that others can also enjoy this small piece of Freedom's history, just as I have enjoyed the memories it has carried for so many years.



Honoring our Volunteers

This month, we're proud to celebrate Maggie Gibbs Hoople, dedicated volunteer and coordinator of Margie's Lunch for the past three years. Her family goes way back in Freedom's history on Scarboro Road from the Andrews, to the Works, and to the Gibbs. Maggie's parents, Charles and Margaret Gibbs, maintained their Freedom Home and summered in Freedom with family and friends for more than 60 years. Maggie's dedication and generosity has made FHS stronger in its mission to preserve Freedom's stories for future generations. She makes organizing a major event efficient, economical, friendly, and fun! Thank you, Maggie.



Freedom's Revolutionary History Richard Taylor, 1752-1841

This past year, in honor of the 250th Anniversary of American Independence, we have been sharing the stories of Revolutionary War veterans who had connections to Freedom.

Many of Freedom's early settlers had connections to Effingham, the community that would later become Freedom. Our FHS Collection Researcher, Moira Epps, has identified ten veterans, and to date, we have shared the stories of four Revolutionary War soldiers: Thomas Lord, John Andrews, David Allard, and Palatial Harmon. This August e-news features the story of our fifth veteran, Richard Taylor, an early settler of Effingham, a Revolutionary War soldier, and a resident of North Effingham and Freedom.

We welcome you to the Freedom Historical Society to learn more about Richard Taylor and the remarkable early settlers who helped shape the history of Freedom.

According to the Revolutionary pension records Richard Taylor was born March 21, 1753 in North Hampton, Rockingham County, New Hampshire. Richard came from from a well-established North Hampton family. In January 1775 at 22 years Richard Taylor purchased 50 acres in Leavitt's Town(the future Effingham). The deed was recorded on April 3, 1775 in Strafford County Deeds. One month later Richard enlisted as a private with the New Hampshire Militia. As an early landowner and resident of Leavitt's Town. Richard signed the Association Test in 1776, pledging his support for the revolutionary cause. (Note that In 1778, two years later, Leavitts Town was incorporated as Effingham).

In 1775 Richard served eight months in Captains Elkins' and Moses Leavitt's Company. Records show that Richard served in coastal defense, cruising along the shoreline that Richard served in coastal defense, cruising along the New Hampshire coast for protection of shipping. Later in August 1775 he entered Colonel Poor's Regiment in the Battle of Bunker Hill. . He served until August 1775. In 1776, five months in Captain Noyes' Company, Colonel Wingate's Regiment he headed toward northern frontier in the vicinity of Ticonderoga. Later in January, 1777, Richard enlisted in Captain John Haven's Company. His assignment was to help transport prisoners from New Hampshire to Newport, Rhode Island. The prisoners had been captured by American forces and were transported from the prison facility at Exeter toward British authorities at Newport. From approximately September to December, 1777, Richard participated in Captain Moses Leavitt's Company in the operations around Saratoga/Stillwater, culminating in the surrender of the British General John Burgoyne in October 1777. Documentation shows his regiment participated in the fighting at Stillwater. Sources establish his presence in the Saratoga Campaign, but there are no records to date have been found describing exactly what he did during this battle.

After the Revolution Richard becomes a citizen of Effingham, Strafford County, New Hampshire. The 1790 census established a family household in Effingham shortly after the Revolution. The household consisted of a wife, two sons under 16 and one daughter. About 10 years later Richard left his Effingham property and he moved to Maine and bought property in Newfield in December, 1809. He lived in Newfield, Maine for 27 years. Richard returned to North Effingham around 1832. He arrived back in the newly separated North Effingham community at the exact moment it was becoming the new town of Freedom. The 1840 Census of Pensioners list Freedom, Richard Taylor, age 89. Richard was allowed pension by the United States on his application executed September 13, 1832 while a resident of North Effingham, Strafford County, New Hampshire.

The date of Richard Taylor's marriage is unclear and needs further investigating. Richard married Hannah Campennell, daughter of William Campennell, from Ipswich, Massachusetts and later Newfield, Maine. There is no data concerning the marriage and it is unclear whether it was a first or second marriage or whether Hannah was the mother of his children.

Richard died in Freedom on January 31, 1842. He was approximately 88 years and 10 months. His wife Hannah survived him. Richard's pension arrears seemed to have been paid following his death to his wife, Hannah. Richard Taylor is buried at Cushing Corner Cemetery along with wife Hannah, wife of Richard. No dates on the stone.

"Richard Taylor, Certificate Number 10630, issued April 16, 1833, Rate, \$57.54 per annum, Commenced, March 4, 1831, Act of June 7, 1832, New Hampshire Agency".

Our Online Collection

You can see our collection of items, articles, and photos without leaving home! Log on to www.freedomhistoricalsociety.org, and click on the link on the front page under "What's happening?" Once you are in, be sure to click on Random Images, a trip down memory lane!!

Do you Remember?

Clem Lovell

Clem ran a successful ceramics workshop with his wife Louise after retiring to Freedom at 43 Old Portland Road, as well as serving on the Freedom Planning Board and as Tax Collector for several years. Clem is most remembered for his love of jokes and involvement with Freedom's children. A common memory is of Clem dressing up on Halloween and scaring the kids with a well timed prank!



Thank you to our Members and Donors!

Save these Dates For Upcoming Programs

- **August 19th:** History of Camp Huckins - Heather Kiley
- **September 16th:** History of Camp Robin Hood - Chuck Illig
- **October 21st:** A Time Traveller's Journey through Carroll County - Noel Quinton