

DRAFT
Testimony of Dean B. Bennett
Before the Joint Standing Committee on State and Local Government
LD 193, Resolve, To Name a Mountain in Oxford County
March 8, 2021

Senator Baldacci, Representative Matlack and members of the Joint Standing Committee on State and Local Government: My name is Dean Bennett. I live in Hallowell, Maine, and was born and grew up in the village of Locke's Mills, Maine, in the town of Greenwood.

It is a pleasure for me to testify in support of LD 193, "*Resolve, to Name a Mountain in Oxford County.*" Indeed, it is much more than a pleasure as I have deep feelings for both my grandfather, Jason Bennett, and the mountain, which I hope will be named after him. First, let me tell you a little about my grandfather, a person I greatly admired and loved during the thirty-five years I shared this earth with him. He was an active citizen of Greenwood, Maine, where he lived and in which the mountain resides. He served the town as tax collector for twenty-seven years which required that he attend the annual town meeting every year, submit a monetary bid, and , hopefully, get elected. This was quite an accomplishment and a testament to how well he performed this responsibility. He didn't have the opportunity to go to high school, so he went through the eighth grade twice. He cared about the townspeople and their ability to pay, and because he and my grandmother lived next door, I knew when someone stopped by to pay their taxes. Often they would stay for an hour or more because they enjoyed talking with him.

I was not only close to my grandfather in distance but emotionally as well. He always had time for me when I grew up, and when my father served in World War II, he was like a father to me. When I was age one in 1936, and he was recovering from a kidney operation, more than thirty relatives and friends helped him build a camp close to the mountain in a place he had come to love while recuperating. He had bought the land in 1923 when he was thirty-three. It had previously been owned by his father and his grandfather in the 1890s. When I was a boy, we all went to camp every weekend, spring, summer, and fall, depending on the weather and black flies. It was only five miles from our homes. We all took long walks in the woods together, many to the mountain. We frequently fished the nearby bog on his land, Sheepskin Bog, after which the camp was named, and we hunted together every fall. The mountain was a popular destination. My grandfather and I were standing side by side on the mountain when I shot my first deer and he shot his first deer in twenty years. He was also a great practical jokester, for example, he once left a note to my father and me after we had returned from hunting all afternoon saying that if he wasn't at camp when we returned, fire three shots. My father did that and right afterward we heard a great deal of giggling from the upstairs loft.

As I said, it is a pleasure for me personally to tell you why naming the mountain means so much to me and my family. Thank you for considering this request.

Dean Bennett
Hallowell

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