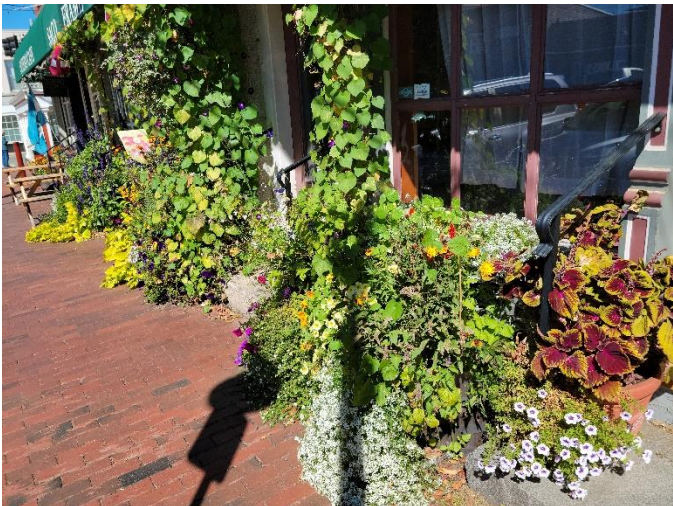


## September 24 – Saco, ME

What a beautiful day, the sun is shining, and the temperature is in the 60s plus not so much wind. The color is slowly showing up in the tree foliage. I have been walking the Eastern Trail in the morning and this morning I saw a deer and 2 turkeys. There are always only a few people on the trail and it is quiet and there is that piney autumn smell.



We decided to explore historic downtown [Saco](#) and one of the [local trails](#), Horton Woods Trail. The first place we stopped was the [Saco Museum](#) and the volunteer at the front desk obviously is very proud and loves this community.



## September 24 – Saco, ME

*“The bustle of the workmen, the noise of the numerous mills, &c., the view and roaring of the falls, renders Saco a lively, delightful, and picturesque town. The scenery is by far the most handsome and variegated of any town in Maine. The land on the opposite shore being hilly and wooded— the falls in the center of the town. It has a most wild and fanciful appearance. There are three bridges over the Saco river at this place, connecting it with Biddeford, and the shipping in the harbor, all adds to its beauty.”*

—Anne Royall, 1827

*“In fact the question of the French gaining foothold in this city has become a sort of nightmare with many of our well-meaning but somewhat ‘narrow contracted’ citizens. . . . While I can understand the feelings that give rise to these fears of a French invasion, I am yet free to say that Saco would be immensely benefited by an infusion of a generous share of the vigor and spirit that is characteristic of the average Frenchman.”*

—Correspondent for the Biddeford/Saco Standard, 1892



We stopped in for a pizza and some music at the [Funky Bow Brewery](#).

