



Chatham's Winter and Flood of 1936

by Barbara Eastman
info added in () by Barb

The winter had frequent snow-storms and cold. By January they were cutting ice to fill their ice houses for summer refrigeration, and snow was coming - 5 inches, 13 ½ inches, 7 inches, and as Millard Chandler recorded in his diary on the 19th "a real blizzard, 7 inches up till 9:30 PM" and on the 23rd "snowed 5 inches last night & windy.....we shoveled roofs at camp (A.M.C.). Some roofs had 28 inches of snow by actual measure on them." By February, he recorded "cold, down -16 and wind blew like hell. Went up on flat to look at road - badly drifted. Lots of branches blown off trees. Clifford

(Emerson) came up with plow.....couldn't get thru from Sand Hill to Herb's (Andrews, now 2427 Main Road). About 100 CCC boys & the gov't bulldozer cleared it out in PM."

With the snow, roads were very narrow and the cold froze the brooks over with ice. On Feb 27 Millard wrote "snowed & rained. I shoveled snow off roofs at camp again." In March the weather turned warmer and March 12 Millard wrote, "Rained hard all day and nite. We had a bad freshet. Water was over road 2 ½ feet deep between here (Royce House, 2263 Main Rd) and Well's (Wellington Chandler, 2241 Main Rd). Cold river was up as high as bridge at Herbert's. Road over to CCC camp (base of Evan's Notch road) flooded. No Mail, water in cellar is up to top of bottom step. Put fire out in furnace." Weather continued warm and more rain came on the 16th, 17th, and 18th. Millard wrote "rained hard all day. Brooks and river high again. Bridge partially washed away (Charles Brook), water over what is left of bridge. Serious damage to Notch where CCC is working." He also mentioned damage in next few days "around Court House at AMC,



North Fryeburg Village

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Notes from the President

Again, we so appreciate our faithful volunteers who give what their busy lives allow. Look at the list of members who helped us with our February 1st bonfire: Emily Fernald, Rich & Ann Fargo, Judy Bailey, Jane Nesbitt, Sue Crowley, Sheryl Emery, Lynn Amidon, Bev & Scott Aiman, Lisa Rondeau, Lonni Lewis, Steve Eastman, Barbara Hill, Alan Eastman, Frank Eastman, Becky Knowles, Ann & Paul Loscocco, Pam & Bob Katz! It is true that many hands make light work. The evening was enjoyed by all who came for the bonfire, the food, and Kenyon King's story.

We also owe a huge thanks to Becky Knowles for formatting our newsletter each quarter and donating the printing. And to Margaret Lunn for maintaining our website.

I am pleased to share that we have received a grant from the Mulford Fund to purchase the PastPerfect software that so many historical societies use to catalog their collections. In the very near future we will be getting started with this project at our own museum with the help of Barbara Hill and Cathy Stone.

I have been enjoying reading through the diaries of Millard Chandler that Barbara Eastman has been transcribing. I was surprised to read that in 1933, in the middle of the Depression, Millard mentioned going to seven movies! Steve and I tried to find them online, but could see the entirety of only one: Paddy, the Next Best Thing (rated by Millard, "very good"). Maybe you can find and watch the others: Hold Your Man ("very good"), Tug Boat Annie ("very good"), Dear Dear Doctor ("funny & silly"), Her First Mate ("good picture"), and Big Brains ("fair").

Millard also regularly mentioned the boys from the CCC Camp who were working on building the road through Evan's Notch. This inspired Steve and me to take an afternoon hike up the snowy road to the top of the Notch, where there is a memorial stone for Errold Donahue. Along the way, we noticed bear tracks crossing the road where the beech trees grow. Historically, bears den up and sleep at this time of year!

As we prepare for one of our major fundraisers, a concessions table on Maple Weekend at Nate and Kate's Maple, we are looking again to share the work so that no one feels burdened and so that more can participate and support our Society. Would you be willing to make a crock pot of chili for us, or volunteer two hours of your day to help us with the event? If so, please send us an email or give us a call. Thank you in advance!

We also hope to see at our April potluck supper for our members and their families, and at our Annual Meeting in May. We are lining up some very interesting programs for the summer.

We are always interested to hear your ideas for our Society, our programs, and our newsletter.

Reminder: Annual dues (\$10 per member) are due by our Annual Meeting in May. Check your address label to see if it's time for you to renew. Thanks!

Jeanne Eastman

Sale Items

Antique Milk Crate- \$10
Boot Jacks - \$10
Coverlet - \$50
Book: History of Chatham - \$35
T-shirts - \$12

Welcome To Our New Members

Bert Weiss
Tom Hennessey

Wish List

8.5 x11 copy paper
Gas-powered rotary push lawnmower in good condition

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Barnum's House

damage to Aunt Georgia's fields (2062 Main Rd). Sand Hill road washed out 5 feet at upper end."

In Chatham Center there was damage too, as noted in an Advertiser Newspaper column by "old Bill of Stow" (Bill Sanborn). He wrote "been looking over the damage caused by the recent high water and it is hard to describe. It should be seen to be understood....estimated to cost thousands to clear Evans Notch road, and their new bridge over Cold River was four feet under water....Ames bridge at one end swung downstream, pier at Ezra Heald's bridge (Deer Hill Rd) went out & broke up some of the covering....At Saunder's Mill (in field behind Royce House) water came down the mill yard and across the road." He wrote about the ice coming down against a Mr. Steeve's camp and water into the camp and he had to travel out a window as the door wouldn't open. He wrote,

"Everett Eastman got caught out at the Center and couldn't get home for two days. The brook came into the road at foot of Meader's Hill and ran all the way to the Loren Eastman bridge (Butter Hill Rd) four or five feet deep."

He describes the land slide on Butter Hill: "At Bill Barnum's (near 341 and 395 Butter Hill Rd) in Chatham a slide of snow, rocks, and trees came down above the house and across the road. It split above the house. One branch took the ell, kitchen, & wood shed...down through the orchard, mowing off trees a foot through for nearly half a mile. The other branch took the hen house, garage (actually the barn which was across the road from the house) and sap house; the garage had the car in it and the whole thing went down through the orchard, over a stone wall and the car sitting right side up and didn't break the glass."

"Old Bill" noted also, "Mr. Barnum was in the hen house when it collapsed, killing his dog and eleven out of twelve hens, but he crawled out some way but don't remember how. It hurt his back badly....then when he looked up and saw the house gone he got a shock for fair....The first they knew about it (the slide) in the house, Charlie Keefe, (Mrs. Belle Barnum's brother) saw the cook stove start to go by the door, he got hold of his sister and dragged her into the main part of the house just as the kitchen disappeared."

I couldn't find any info on how much rain fell. The high water caused ice from rivers to go downstream and a big ice jam was formed on the Old Saco River in the Fryeburg Harbor, causing water to back up. The Harbor and North Fryeburg were badly flooded causing most Harbor families to leave their homes. They put their valuables into the barn hay lofts along with livestock and left. My grandparents lived in the little cottage by the Harbor dam, and water rose to the eaves of the house. They left and stayed with my parents at Union Hill.

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I remember Dad telling how Lightning Hill & Erlon Jones rowed a canoe from near the current fire house at North Fryeburg to the foot of Shave Hill through the Harbor where the road is. Weston's Bridge Rd in Fryeburg had water all the way up to East Conway Road. Part of Swan's Falls Dam washed out where the power plant was so there was no electricity for the whole area. No mail was delivered for many days as the flood caused so much damage all the way to Portland. Much damage was done to houses around Lovewell's Pond.



Evans Notch Road 1936

More info and photos are available for viewing at our museum.

Evans Notch Road

What I Love About Chatham

by Susie Eastman

written for our Bonfire Raffle in February 2018

I loved North Chatham from the first time I went there in June 1966. I used to brush my teeth everyday staring out at the pond...first mallards after the ice left, a bittern swallowing a frog, deer sipping,.....so happy to be in the country. The people were real hardworking, kind, and friendly. Lovely old farmhouses with ells attached to barns...two were still active dairy herds. Town Meeting was heated by a wood stove. Most of the men sat on benches along the side and women on chairs in the middle, knitting away.

A drive up the valley on a summer's eve meant you would see Millard and Anna Chandler resting from the day's labor, sitting on chairs in the open barn doorway. You'd stop and visit and buy fresh butter and eggs. To have known Millard and Anna, Harold and Winnie Andrews, Auntie and Uncle Nod Hill, Walton Charles and family, June Emerson, the Laynes...the list goes on...was a privilege. Today the spirit is the same – friendly, caring people, an active Historical Society to remember what went on before cell phones and the internet.

I was there many years too late to go to the grange dances next door or in the dance room at Uncle Nod's (the band platform was big enough for about four people, and there was a handy second floor 'outhouse'), too late to see the horses pull the snow roller or the horse that walked across Uncle Nod's roof when the snow was really deep.

I have hiked Baldface, refreshed in Emerald Pool when no one else was there, done the Blueberry and White Cairn trails, made maple syrup many years - first with Nod and then at home, cross country skied daily from the driveway across the back field, up the valley via old logging roads and later snowmobile trails, watched friends marry at Baker's Bump, gone to Christmas Services at the Center Church when it was lit by the tree lights and only candles (pure magic), sewed for Kenyon's Log House Designs, had a summer craft shop in the sugar house "The Apple Basket," and another one in the barn "Cold River Craft Barn" and then "Cold River Designs" weaving and making Chatham Vests and Chatham Jackets.

Chatham offers so many opportunities to be in nature, with friends, and create a new niche for those who want to live in the country, who are willing to travel for purchased needs and wants, but then come home to a very special place. Living in Chatham left an imprint on my heart forever.

Gramp and Gram at the Old Homestead

An excerpt from an article titled “Gramp and Gram at the Old Homestead,” written by Frances M. Hill for the Lewiston Journal Illustrated Magazine Section, Saturday, April 27, 1940

Frances (1893-1985) is remembering her grandparents, Dana, (1839-1923) who owned and operated in South Chatham “the only wool-carding mill for miles around” and Emily(Lang) Hill (1843-1918).

Gramp's April Fool

One April 1st, I remember, Gramp decided to fool Gram. He was going to the store and she had made out a list of groceries for him to buy. Among the articles was “a dollar's worth of sugar.” Gramp took the list and chuckled. Gram didn't see the “twinkle in his eye.” He harnessed up Old Satan and jogged the few miles to Mud City where there was one country store. Mud City was so named because it was such a mud hole each spring, but the real name of the settlement was North Fryeburg. It was on the Maine side of the border. At the store you could buy almost anything – safety pins, molasses, pump handles, cheese, boots and shoes, nails, grain, kerosene – a salesman once remarked that one could buy a church pulpit there.

Well, at any rate, Gramp came home in due time with the groceries, and Gram decided to fill the sugar bowls for the supper table. Dipping into the bag with a cup, she ladled out sand and gravel and a few small stones – right into her glass sugar bowl. Gram's mouth flew open and just then she heard that familiar chuckle behind her.

“Did you forget what day it is?” asked Gramp, shaking all over. “Oh, you Old Sip,” retorted Gram. “April Fooling at your age. Here you are, one foot in the grave and the other no business out!” After thinking it over, she planned how to get even with him. At supper that night there was a covered vegetable dish on the table. Gramp forgetting his visit to the gravel pit, reached for the dish and removed the cover. There was nothing in it. “April Fool,” said Gram, with one of her wise looks.

Dana Hill



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Contact us : 1061 Main Road,
Chatham, NH 03813
chathamnhhistoricalsociety@gmail.com
www.chathamhistoricalnh.org
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Open Hours: by appointment
Please call or email,
We'd love for you to visit!

In Memory

Our sympathy to the families of our friends who have departed

Beatrice Head, 92; d. Jan 5, 2020. Life Member of Chatham Historical Society. Survived by children: Terry, Clara, Debbie, Earl, Dwight, Perley.

Mary Dysinger Perry, 77; died January 16, 2020. She is survived by her husband, Lawrence, and his children.

East & West Royce Mountains

As Steve and I sat at the top of Evan's Notch, looking across at the Royce Mountains, I wondered where the name of Royce came from. Here is what I have found:

Captain Vere Royce was born to a noble family in Ireland in 1733. He joined the army with the commission of ensign and came to America with Gen. Braddock's army in 1755. He was in the Indian War in the attack on the French Port Duquesne in the Philadelphia wilderness. While Royce was an engineer in the army, he commanded an infantry company in the Battle of the Monongahela. He was acquainted with Colonel George Washington, who was attached to Braddock's staff, and this anecdote is told of them:

After Gen Braddock was killed, Colonel Washington was riding along the front, trying to bring some order out of the chaotic condition into which the loss of their general had thrown the army, and he came upon Capt. Royce's company, still engaged. The captain was directing the fire of his men, when Washington came up.

"Why haven't you retreated, Captain Royce?" asked Washington.

"I have had not orders to retreat, sir. Steady men, Load, Aim, Fire!" said the Captain.

"But this will not do, Captain Royce, you are exposed here to a severe fire. I order you to retreat, sir!"

"Right about face; forward march, and double-quick!" came the prompt command, and the company made a precipitate retreat from the field, that was already too hot.

Captain Royce met Major Joseph Frye during the second attack on Louisburg. In the 1760s, after he'd resigned from the army, he went with Colonel Frye into the Pequawket wilderness to help survey Frye's land grant. Royce was an accurate surveyor and was employed for years by the state of New Hampshire in surveying the new lands. He was such an accurate surveyor, tradition has it that "he ate, drank and slept according to the rules of arithmetic." It is said that in 1783-1784 he had an old Indian help him survey the State Line over the difficult Royce Mountains which look down on Chatham from the north. West Royce (3202 feet) is actually in Beans Purchase, NH and East Royce (3114 feet) is in Batchelders Grant, ME. Royce surveyed land throughout the area and made the original plan for the township of Chatham.

Royce was granted a tract of land of 2,000 acres on the banks of the Saco River, which became Bartlett, NH. In 1785 he was living in Fryeburg, in what is now East Conway, not far from the "Union Hall" where a great freshet brought the water of the Saco up around the house in the night. "Mrs. Royce being disturbed by the sound of the flood awoke and waked her husband. He listened, and then said, 'Lie down Mrs. Royce, nothing will harm thee.' Mrs. Royce was not so easily satisfied, and putting her foot ankle-deep into the water which had come into the cottage, she immediately informed her husband of the situation by letting out a yell that, it was said, was heard at Colonel Webster's which was below the Woodward farm. The Captain decided then to act promptly, and make known the situation so that soon people in boats took them and others along the street to more comfortable locations." Later he lived with his daughter and son-in-law, John Farrington, on the North Fryeburg road until his death in 1810.

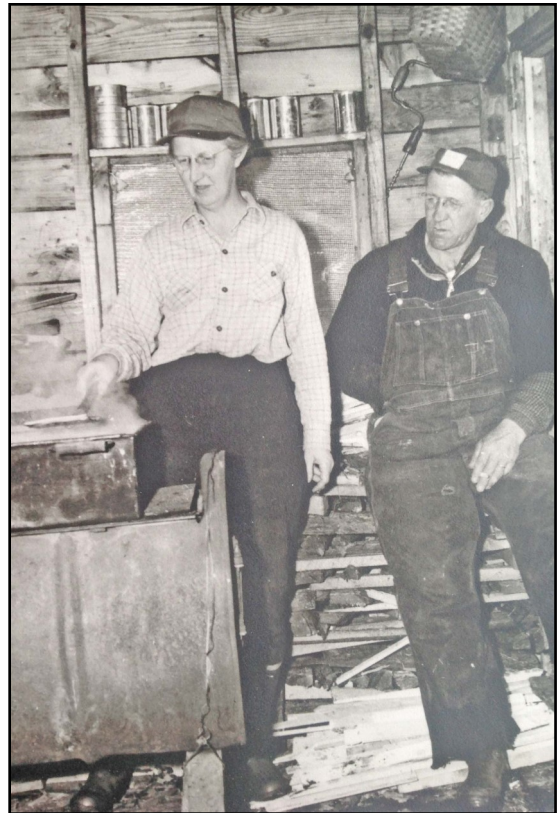
This information is from the following sources: Fryeburg, An Historical Sketch, by John Stuart Barrows, pg 232-233; "Geographical Features, Place Names, Public Buildings, etc. in & around Stow, Maine & Chatham, New Hampshire: A compilation of Geographical & Historical Information," compiled by David A. Crouse, 2011-2018; and "new Highway Through Evan's Notch," in the Sunday Telegram, Sept 10, 1936.



Looking at Laughing Lion on East Royce from the Evans Notch Memorial



Steve and Jeanne Eastman hiked to the Errold Donahue Memorial at the top of Evan's Notch



Anna and Millard Chandler in the sap house



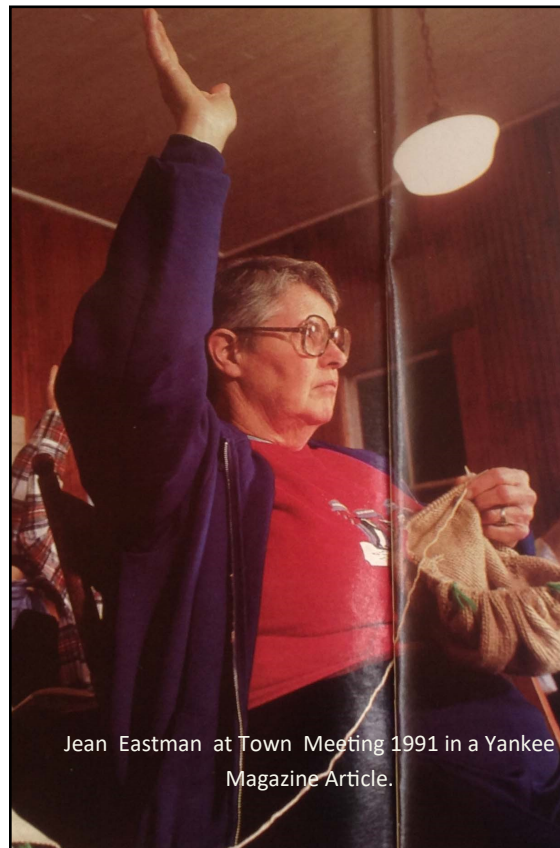
Seth Pitman and Patti Barnett in front of Chatham Boulder in South Chatham

Upcoming Events

March 21 & 22, 2020
Maple Weekend at Nate & Kate's Maple
2102 Green Hill Road, South Chatham
CHS will be selling chili & hotdogs
10AM – 4 PM

April 21, 2020
Potluck Supper for Members
6:30 at our schoolhouse
Civil War theme
followed by our monthly meeting

May 19, 2020
Annual Meeting of our Membership
6:30 PM at our schoolhouse



Jean Eastman at Town Meeting 1991 in a Yankee Magazine Article.

Kenyon King Tells Story of Log House Designs

Kenyon's story of his business, Log House Designs begins with a one-inch ad for a camp. His parents came to check out the camp in the early 1960s. The neighbors' (Everett and daughter Jean Eastman) welcome and offer of biscuits and gravy seemed to be the deciding factors: the King family bought the camp in Chatham.

In 1970 Kenyon and his wife, Joy, moved to the family property and decided to build a log house. Kenyon and Joy began to sew outdoor clothing for Campmore, EMS, and several other companies. The story includes many local folks who helped build the house and then the factory, as well as all those who sewed, including Laurie Crouse, Speedy McAllister, Gwen Tarbell, Claire Perry. (If you remember others who worked for Kenyon, we'd love to hear!)

For a time, Log House Designs was the largest employer in Chatham since the days of the portable sawmills in the early 1900s. Business was booming, when suddenly, the wholesale buyers found they could get the products much cheaper from Asia.

This story was audio-recorded and will soon be transcribed. If you'd like to listen or read the whole story, please stop in at our museum.



Kenyon King

Membership Form

\$10.00 /person/year

Name	
Address	
Email	
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Donations are gratefully accepted for :

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Thank you!

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