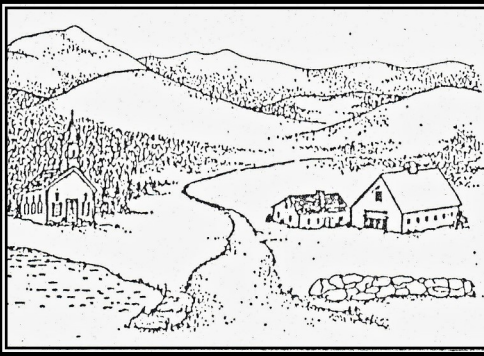




Chatham Times

Past and Present

The Chatham Congregational Church has been added to the NH State Register of Historic Places!

By Doug MacPherson

Boasting many of its original features, the Chatham Church is a natural to be included on the State's Register of Historic Places. Construction of the church began in 1870, and was completed in 1871 at a total cost of \$3,600.00 – which included the purchase of a 900 pound Paul Revere bell. Chatham-born Ithiel Clay, a wealthy farmer and logging magnate, donated the land on which the church sits, as well as making a large monetary contribution for construction expenses. The bell, one of the largest ever cast by the Paul Revere Company, was hauled to Chatham by six yoke of oxen in the dead of winter.

The church is in the Greek Revival style, with some Victorian elements (such as the tall windows) creeping in – as was typical of the period. Although there have been some renovations made to the sanctuary, and a washroom added in the 1980s, the church still retains its original 9 over 9 windows, shutters, siding, doors, pews, and granite foundation. Unfortunately, the balcony (choir loft) is currently not accessible due to the steep and narrow staircase that doesn't meet modern standards of safety.

In the 1980s, the exterior of the church was used to film a short special (“O Holy Child”) for the Johnny Carson Show, which featured local five-year-old Kelly Muse running through the snow to the church, and home again. The church was chosen because of its “quintessential” New England character.

The church is still in use in this, the 150th year after being built. The bell rings for services Sunday mornings from June through September, with special services for Thanksgiving, Christmas, and Easter. I wonder what Ithiel Clay would think about that!

(Editor's note: “O Holy Child” can be seen at <https://cccnh.weebly.com/> under the “History” tab.)



Notes from the President

We have had another busy summer. Many thanks to those who have contributed monetarily, and to those who helped “with boots on the ground.” Also, thanks to the Stow Corner Store for a gift card and to Marty Hamlin for a “rocking moose.” These donations have been added to our raffle items. The drawings will be held at the Town Picnic, September 11th. At the Picnic we will also start the auction of a painting, “Gateway to Chatham,” which depicts the Weeks barn and Pitman house by the end of Hurricane Mountain Road. It was painted and donated by Diane Scott. The auction will begin during the Picnic, and continue as an online auction on our Facebook page, with the final bid at 6 PM September 19th. Anyone not on Facebook who would like to participate, please email or call (see our address and number below) and we will keep you abreast of the bidding. Diane is a local, professional painter, and we are so grateful for her beautiful donation.

We have postponed our October Tour of Little Chatham and Chatham Woods Camp until 2022. We plan in 2022 to also tour the mill sites on the brook between the Kimball Ponds.

In July we held a tour in our schoolhouse classroom for two students interested in history. We were so glad to share our history with such interested young folks. We hope this will be the first of many!

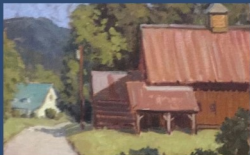
We will hold open/work hours Fridays, 10 AM to noon, at our schoolhouse starting in September. We are glad to help you find information, and will do our best to answer questions. We will be following current CDC guidelines.

As always, we welcome your submissions to our newsletter. You could share Chatham memories, family history, or explorations of historic sites. Let us know what sorts of past events about which you would like us to report.

As members, you are welcome to attend our monthly meeting on the third Tuesdays, 6:30 PM, April through October, at our schoolhouse. If you are not getting email reminders of meetings and events throughout the year, it is because we do not have your email address. Please let us know if you'd like email or phone reminders.

Be well!

Jeanne Eastman



GATEWAY TO CHATHAM
Framed Oil Painting is 11 inches X 14 inches
valued at \$800.00
Donated by: Diane Scott
NEW ENGLAND PLEIN AIR PAINTER
Local Professional Artist
more information about the artist including
her education, experiences, and awards can be
found at:
<https://www.dianescottartist.com>

FUNDRAISING AUCTION

Starts: 9/11 at 12 pm at the town picnic
Ends: 9/19 at 6:00 pm on FaceBook
All proceeds support Chatham
Historical Society and its mission

◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆

Bids can be placed:

1. At the town picnic via silent auction
2. On our Chatham NH Historical Society FaceBook Page
3. Email bids to: chathamnhhistoricalsociety@gmail.com
4. Call the Society at 603-307-0783

** Include your name and bid amount**



Rocking Moose by Marty Hamlin



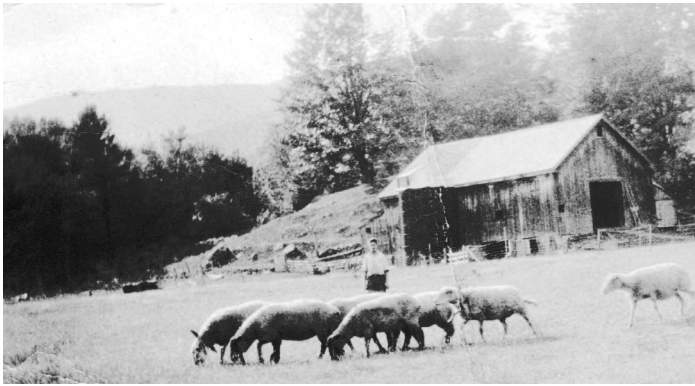
“Gateway to Chatham” by Diane Scott

History Hike at Andrews Farm

by Jeanne Eastman

On June 26th, a group of twenty gathered at the old Andrews farm, currently owned and farmed by Becky Knowles and Jim Coogan, in North Chatham, for a history hike. On hand to share the history was George Andrews who grew up there where his father (Harold), grandfather (Herbert), and great-grandfather (George) also had lived.

The original farm was 15-20 acres when it came into the family in 1874. Sheep were the cash crop. The barn originally had a big ramp up to the main floor.



Andrews Farm 1923



George Andrews

Horses used for logging near the Stone House were stabled here. Great-grandfather George had a blacksmith shop and was skilled at making any tools he needed.

It was around 1906 that Herbert and his brother, Ernest, discovered a big pocket of topaz and smokey quartz on Baldface. A very large smokey quartz crystal, that was at the time the largest gem quality smoky quartz crystal yet found, was donated to the Smithsonian.

The rest of the crystals were sold, and with the proceeds, the Andrews were able to purchase three other farms for a total of about 200 acres. They purchased the first tractors in Chatham and were one of the leading farms. The foundation of the barn was dug out to make a dairy barn for a small herd of cows. After electricity came to Chatham around 1940, it was easier to keep milk cool. In a pit in the milk house, six 10-gallon milk cans would sit in chilled water until HP Hood collected it. After about twenty years, HP Hood had more regulations on barns and water sources, and many local families, including the Andrews, got out of the dairy business. They kept only a couple cows and milked them by hand. George remembers his mother using “aged” cream to make butter, which she sold.

Also with proceeds from the crystals, Herbert went to Boston to buy a new 1906 Dodge dump truck for use on the farm. He came home with a truck and the girl who would become his wife, Margaret Irvine, who had immigrated with her sisters from Northern Ireland. Her sister, Jane, married Ernest Andrews.

Ernest, as the older brother, was supposed to inherit the farm. But, seeing how Ernest much preferred to hunt and fish, Great-grandfather George left the farm to Herbert.

In 1960 Harold bought a Belsaw portable mill which he first set up across the road, then moved it to a gravel pit north of the house and finally moved it 150 yards closer to the house and put

Continued on Page 4



Tractor Crawler

a roof over it. When George was in high school he built an extension for the mill so it could saw 26-foot logs. Harold harvested his own logs, hauling them out with an after-market Brady winch which was mounted on a 1953 John Deere MC mini bulldozer equipped with an Isacson after-market dozer blade and a tow-behind logging arch Harold and George made from an old truck rear end, a roller that was once the cable drum on the Chatham town crane, and timbers sawed on the sawmill.

As we walked along the trails that Becky and Jim maintain for the pub-

lic to walk or snowshoe, Becky shared recent history with the front hikers, while George shared his memories with those at the back. We passed a place with some old truck chassis. They had been saved for useful parts. We came to what is usually a small stream, productive for 6-8 inch trout according to George. The woods had been recently logged selectively, and George said it looked much like the woods did when he hunted and trapped there. A Mr. Harriman had a portable mill here at the edge of the field in the early 1950s. George remembers that as a little boy trucks kept him awake when he was supposed to be napping. A large sawdust pile remained for years. Sawdust was used by other local farms. The pile eventually became dangerous as it decayed from within, making big holes that one could fall into.

We came to the remains of the old sap house. Sap was gathered into a 300 gallon gathering tank, stored in a 1000-gallon tank in the corner which fed into three pans on the arch over the fire. Syrup was put in glass gallon jugs.

We came to a gravel pit where gravel had been removed for various farm projects. George explained that this was evidence of the Cold River Valley being a lake bed during the time of the glacier melt. There is six feet of gravel over sand.

George remembers an apple orchard with Macintosh, Winesaps ("sweet eating apples"), American Beauties ("would last the whole winter") August Transparents, Roxannes ("good for pies") and Pound Sweets. Herbert had a cider press, and would age the cider in wooden barrels, sometimes buried, sometimes frozen. Although he liked his hard cider and apple jack, he also made his own home brew which was a type of malt liquor, and he consumed about 2 quarts of the home brew each day throughout his senior days instead of water. George remembered, "He sincerely believed that pure water was not fit to consume. I remember an incident when my grandfather claimed he would probably become ill because my mother had given him some plain water to wash down some pills he needed to take."

Many thanks to George, Becky, and Jim for sharing the farm, the history, and the morning with us!

My Grandfather and I Go to Church

by Florrie N. Hill Locke (1874-1961)

Among my most cherished memories are the days when I went to church with my grandfather (Jonah Hill, Jr.).

Our church was in Chatham Center. My grandfather had helped to organize and build the Congregational church there in the center of the town. The fact that it had a Paul Revere bell did not mean much to me in those days but to know that my grandfather owned a pew was a different matter.

I can see myself now, dressed in my "Sunday go to meeting clothes" marching down the aisle ahead of my grandfather and entering our pew. To defray some of the expense of building, different members of the society paid for their own pews. My grandfather owned his.

I do not think I was more than eleven or twelve years old when my grandfather began to take me with him to church. From that time on, where my grandfather went, I usually went too.

When we go to Chatham Center now, we go through North Fryeburg, but in my youth my grandfather and I went over Robin's (sic) Hill. My grandfather always walked up the hill and I drove the horse. Then as we rode along over the ridge he would tell me about the people who once lived here.

As I remember it, there was just one house standing there at that time, but there were a number of places where people had once lived. On each side of the road, what had once been fields were now pastures for cattle. At one time I noticed a little enclosure on one of the pastures. When I asked my grandfather about it, he told me it was a pound in which to keep stray cattle until their owner claimed them. I had never heard the word pound used with that meaning before.

I think we rode for nearly a mile over the ridge and then the hill descended abruptly and we found ourselves close to the church. Horses were tied. The church bell was ringing, and we were just in time to enter with the congregation.

A few years ago, Leon and Margery (Florrie's daughter and son-in-law), Ran (Florrie's husband, Ranford Locke) and I came to this church to a candle-light service. It brought back vivid memories of my grandfather and the many times I had attended church services here with him.

In Memory

Dr. Alfred Hanscom, 95; passed away July 1. Alfred attended the Eastman School in Chatham, and Fryeburg Academy. He served as a naval medic during WWII. He worked nearly 50 years as a caring and skilled doctor. He has been buried with his relatives in the Chatham Center Cemetery.

Christopher Logan, 72; passed away July 4. Chris had been a resident of Chatham since 1974. He was a veteran of Army Intelligence and served in East Germany. He had worked locally in maintenance, and then as a teacher in the local elementary schools.

Donations

Susan Logan: a scholar's bench from a school taught by her grandmother, Mildred Andrews

Al & Jacky Stearns: a 'walking' spinning wheel and farm tools

Becky Clements: Town Reports from 1887 and 1888

Barbara Eastman: a collection of books published prior to 1968

A History Hike
by Anoush Gandhi-Zadeh,
Great, great, great-grandson of Chester Eastman

We set off early in the morning to hike Baldface, up to the clearing to find the old granite quarry. On the way, we saw bear claw prints in the bark of some beech trees. When we got to the clearing above the shelter we saw some grasshoppers and only a few blueberries. Then we bushwhacked to the side to find the old granite quarry. My dad and I went up the hill, while Aunt Jeanne went down, looking for signs of quarried granite with drill marks. Jeanne called up to say that she found some. We hurried down and on the way, I caught the lace of my shoe two times on the bushes. There we found several drill marks in big chunks of cut granite. Then my dad and I hiked up above for more of the view, while my mom and Aunt Jeanne waited below. After ten minutes, we all joined up and had lunch. Aunt Jeanne then said, "Let's bushwhack all the way down to find where they would carry the cut granite to the valley and to discover the new backcountry ski trail." Our plan was to join up with the Slippery Brook trail. The bushwhack was rough going. On the way, we looked for chaga which grows on yellow birch trees and makes for good fire tinder, but instead we found lots of other fungus. The forest floor was filled with hobblebush, trillium, Indian pipe, lots of fallen trees, mud, and several brook crossings. I cut both of my hands on the way, caught up in all the hobble bush. We kept heading southeast looking for the trail, but only found it after hours of walking. By then, Uncle Steve had driven over, looking for us. He was worried, because we said we would be back by noon, but it was almost four o'clock. Though we were late, it was really a fun adventure. During the bushwhack we found bear scat and at the Slippery Brook trail we saw more, with lots of berries in it.



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NH 03813

chathamnhhistoricalsociety@gmail.com

www.chathamhistoricalnh.org

603-307-0783

Open Hours: Fridays 10am-noon

Or by appointment

Please call or email.

We are happy to help you!



Harrison "Micky" Hoyt IV used feathers and wedges to split a piece of granite to make a raised flower bed at our school-house. One final piece is ready to be split during the Town Picnic

Ice Cream Social 2021

by Judy Bailey

On August 14, on a lovely evening, members and Chatham neighbors gathered outside the schoolhouse for our annual Ice Cream Social. Sundaes with vanilla, chocolate or strawberry ice cream bases were \$4 each (regardless of how many scoops - such a bargain!) and hot fudge sauce, caramel, whipped cream and sprinkles were available as toppings. Sue Crowley and Paul Loscocco served.

While we ate our ice cream CHS President Jeanne Eastman introduced the discussion topic of the evening: how we managed during the pandemic. We held a moment of silence for all those lost to Covid, and then began our "oral history" of the last 18 months.

I have been saving various artifacts during the last 18 months. These included: a 2020 calendar; a 2020 election mat (for city folks I guess - we didn't use them); DIY hand sanitizer ingredients which I had made for my family and then couldn't send - 70% alcohol!; my vaccination sticker; a chart showing how long the corona virus can live on various surfaces; a bag of rice and a bag of beans; 6 daily self check wellness questions (e.g. "What expectations of 'normal' am I letting go of today?"); and dehydrated sourdough starter!

One member shared by letter how she had remotely taken care of aging parents who had been separated for the first time - later reunited in a sister's house. Another recalled his father's passing, and how he had resettled his mother with him and his family in Chatham. Two school age children who had experienced in-person, remote, and hybrid classes talked about missing friends. One of us confessed a brief, clandestine visit with her son from away. Out of sight behind the barn!

We talked about how the elbow bump had replaced the handshake, and recalled the 2020 toilet paper panic. We talked about giving (or receiving) a hug from the back. One member who commutes around Boston reminisced about the nearly empty (and under-patrolled) highways. We complained about our ZOOM freeze ups, but were also happy ZOOM visits were a social (and work) option.

We shared the pain of separation from loved ones, alternative holiday celebrations, and our feelings of anxiety. Everyone seemed to agree that the pandemic had deepened and strengthened our appreciation of family and friends, and of all the small things we usually take for granted. Neighbors helping neighbors was the rule (as it usually is here in Chatham). Everyone expressed enormous gratitude for living in Chatham, for its relative isolation and physical beauty, which can be great solace in hard times.

Chatham Historical Society
1061 Main Road
Chatham, NH 03813

Dues and Donations

Chatham Historical Society is a non-profit 501(C)3 Charitable Organization

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