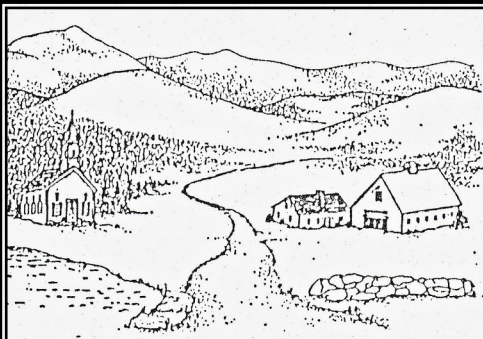




Chatham Times

Past and Present

Apple Memories & Recipes

Dick Hill: Across the road from the Pitman Farm in South Chatham in front of the house was a row of apple trees. As I recall, there were Red Astrachans - a late-June apple, flavorful but a bit mushy; Nodheads - an ugly apple but crisp, firm, and a good keeper; Macintosh, a tasty, crisp summer apple but not an especially good keeper; Northern Spy - tasty crisp, firm and a good keeper; and Blue Pearmain - a summer apple the size of a small grapefruit, a sweet pear-like flavor, but not a good keeper.

George Kitz: I remember hearing about a freeze in 1938 so cold that it split a lot of apple trees, killing them. There used to be an orchard of apple trees just north of Bald Face Farm.

Olin Lusky (in 2021): Will Bryant had a cider press. He would take some cider as payment for pressing cider for neighbors. There were still barrels of cider in the "cider cellar" when C.N. Brown owned the place. Cider was a necessity for making vinegar to preserve food, such as cauliflower, fiddleheads, and watermelon rinds. "Wild" apples were good for cider vinegar. At the Hanscom farm was a Dutchess apple tree, and another tree with two kinds of apples grafted on.

George Perry: There were apple orchards on Toad Hill Road, a big one up on the old County Road (Bryant's Orchard) and a smaller one owned by Fred and Hilda Lusky. Also an orchard at Rollins Pasture and by Birdy Barnes' place.

Frank Eastman: Rounds' orchard was at the start of Butter Hill Road. Another orchard across from Jean Eastman's, one on Custer Ledge, and Bill Barnum had a big orchard. Millard Chandler wrote in his diaries about taking apples to Will Bryant's cider press at Deep Meadow Farm (1028 Main Road). Will would bury barrels of cider in sand to make hard cider.

Ed Jones (in 2017): There were orchards at the bottom of Evan's Notch, the McKeen orchard, and where the Cold River Campground is now. Everyone had apple trees.



Herbert Wilshusen enjoying the apple harvest at Twillingate Farm,
North Chatham, 1950

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Notes from the President

You will notice a new column, "The Peddler's Pack," which I hope will be a regular thing. It includes little bits of assorted things that I hope you'll find interesting. I'd love to have members contribute to this column, as the peddler often collected interesting items as well as news to share as he traveled from farmhouse to farmhouse along the rural roads. Frank Eastman remembers the "ragman" driving in the yard, calling out, "Any rags, any bags, any bottles today?" Besides collecting these items for "recycling," he had an assortment of clothes to sell. Lincoln Garland remembers that the peddler usually arrived at supper time.

Welcome to a new Life member, Shawn Hobbs. And thanks to Tina Woldow Rutan for a donation of several antique school books.

Many thanks to everyone who has helped us in a variety of ways this summer, as their talents and time allowed. A special thanks to Barry Hollis who accomplished some small carpentry projects and the installation of lights in our display cases.

Our schoolhouse is gleaming with its new coat of paint, thanks to Larry Butters and his bother, John. Larry was not satisfied with two coats of paint on the roof, so he applied a third coat. And the brothers went above and beyond all expectations, waiting until dark (9:15 PM) to make sure any flying squirrels had left the building before blocking their hole near the peak of the roof.

We hope to see you at our October 15th History Walk on Little Chatham Road to explore the site of the Chatham Woods girls camp and the old mill sites. Plans are in the works for a late fall event to open our exhibit of "Old Houses." Also in November (13th - 20th) there will be an online auction. We are collecting items and services, such as a painting of the Chatham Church by Diane Scott, a yoga class, an oil change for your vehicle, a pumpkin pie, farm produce, a night at a Chatham cottage, a holiday wreath..... If you have something you'd like to donate, please let us know. Some items will have higher value, some lesser value, which will ensure that there is something for everyone to bid on! Information will be coming about how to participate in the bidding.

We are grateful for an anonymous member who has purchased raffle tickets for someone less fortunate, paid for a seat at Paint Night for an aspiring student artist, and paid for a membership for a local young person. These thoughtful acts of kindness help us to extend awareness of our Society and our mission out into our community.

Thanks for your continued support! Be well!

Jeanne Eastman



Fun at Paint Night

Seven folks gathered on June 8th to learn to paint. Maryann Eastman led them, step by step, in painting a lilac branch. While paint dried between steps, everyone enjoyed the beautiful and delicious wraps made by Judy Bailey and cookies made by Jane Nesbitt.

Maryann said, "I think it was a success! Everyone had a good time, and they asked for another one...soon."

The Peddler's Pack

From Jonah Hill, Jr.'s 1872 diary: September 8, Very warm indeed. Thermometer 104 in sun, 94 in shade.

From David Crouse: My 4th great grandfather, Jacob Kraus (1752-1842) was a German soldier with the British General John Burgoyne who in 1777 led an army of about 8000 (nearly half of which were Germans) from the St. Lawrence River near Montreal south by way of Lake Champlain, Lake George, and the Hudson River. Burgoyne first defeated the American Colonists at Fort Ticonderoga, New York, but suffered a serious setback at Bennington, Vermont, and was finally defeated by the Americans, led by General Horatio Gates, at Saratoga, New York, in October 1777. Burgoyne's army was marched back to a prison in Cambridge, MA, and many of the German prisoners were paroled out to work on farms throughout New England and stayed in this country. Jacob Crouse eventually ended up in Waldoborough, Maine, where Germans had settled in the 1740s. The term "Hessian," which is often applied to all German soldiers that served under the British in the American Revolution, comes from the fact that the majority of those Germans were from Hesse Hanau and Hesse Cassel in the west central part of Germany.

From Paul Lusky: Fred Meader had a goat that walked everywhere with him. I remember when I went with my mother to visit Gerty Haley about the Garden Club, Fred took me to see his goat which was tied up in the barn.

From Barbara Eastman: I remember Fred Meader and his goat too. He and the goat would walk past the Stow Corner School, and the kids would crumple up paper to feed the goat.

From Dick Hill: I remember when my brother, Ron, and I were boys before mechanical corn pickers were invented, the men used to pick corn by hand into bushel baskets and throw the bushel baskets up into the truck. We would dump the baskets and throw them back down to the pickers. When the truck was full enough of corn, the pickers used to toss up a frog or a little green grass snake now and then. Once the truck was full enough that we could see the pickers we would ding ears of corn back at them. Later when the silage choppers blew the silage in to the silo, we used to wear WWII helmets as we were inside the silos leveling out the silage. I remember that both Chandler Farm in North Chatham and the Pitman Farm in South Chatham had indoor silos.

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Business meetings April – October, 3rd Tuesday, 6:30
PM

Open Hours: Tuesdays 9-Noon
We look forward to seeing you!



Wanda, Mona and Sunya Monroe in an apple tree behind the home of Fred and Lyndall Fernald on Green Hill Road, circa 1950

Becky Knowles: My husband, Jim Coogan, and I own the old Andrews Farm (now Notch View Farm, 2427 Main Rd) where Harold Andrews also had apple trees. I have been told that Harold did some grafting to try new varieties and to share the ones he had. Varieties on this farm were Nodhead, Gravenstein, Pumpkin Sweet, Macintosh, Rangle Sweet and Roxanne. There is a very old and extremely productive tree near the road which members of the Andrews family tell me is an “American Beauty.” This apple is a late variety, picked in October and makes amazing pies and cider. Since not all of these varieties still exist here, we have started a small heritage apple orchard including Nodhead (which we grafted onto a wild tree), Red Gravenstein, Granite Beauty, Orange Pippin, Black Oxford, Moses Wood, Pumpkin Sweet, Northern Spy, Blue Pearmain, Westfield Seek-no-Further, Yellow Transparent, Roxbury Russet, Esopus Spitzenburg, Pound Sweet, Wealthy and Grimes Golden. These varieties were chosen by tasting apple samples at the Maine Apple Day several years ago.

Apple Cider Sauce, remembered by Paul Lusky

The cider was boiled, like for maple syrup, until it became syrupy, and then further until it was like a sauce. It is really good on Suet Pudding.

Apple vinegar

Fresh cider is put in a barrel where vinegar has been made before so the mother is present. Over time, it turns to hard cider, and eventually to vinegar

Apple Pudding, from Tina Woldow Rutan

Mix together in a Dutch oven: 1 knob of butter diced, 2 cups stale bread chunks, 1 cup dried apple slices, 1 cup chopped apples (skins on), 2 cups fresh apple cider, and 1 cup apple butter. Place over a large pile of wood coals. Place lid on oven and shovel more coals on top. Cook two hours, stirring every so often, until cider is mostly absorbed. Serve hot with raisins or grated horseradish strewn on top.

Dried Apple Pie

Pour 2 ½ cups boiling cider over 3 cups of dried apples; let stand until the apples have absorbed the cider and are tender. Add ¾ cup sugar, ¼ cup flour, 1 tsp cinnamon. Bake in pie crust: Mix 1 ½ cups flour with a pinch of salt; cut in ½ cup leaf lard; stir in 3-4 T cold water, just enough to hold it together. Roll out to fit pie pan.

Dried Apple Pies

author unknown

I loathe, abhor, detest, despise,
Abominate dried apple pies,
The farmer takes his knarliest fruit
That's wormy, bitter, and hard to boot.
They leave the hulls to make us cough
And don't take half the peelings off.
Then on a dirty cord they're strung
And from a chamber window hung.
And there they serve as roost for flies
Until they're made up into pies.
I like good bread; I like good meat
Or anything that's good to eat.
But of all poor grub beneath the skies
The poorest is - dried apple pies.

In Memory

Our deep sympathy to the families of these loved ones:

Paul Christner III, 76; passed away March 16. Paul was known for his quick wit, his love of hiking, and his German shepherd dogs. He was a professor, and loved the German language and culture.

Norman Eastman, 93; passed away June 8. Norman was born in Chatham. He was a heavy equipment operator involved in the construction of the interstate highway from Connecticut to Canada. He built and maintained many miles of snowmobile trails in Vermont. He moved to Alaska where he and his wife, “Libby” (Smith), built houses, and enjoyed hunting, fishing, and hiking.

Andrea Wheaton, 69; passed away June 20. Growing up, Andrea spent time in Chatham with her grandparents, Loren and Mildred Andrews. She had a long career in the nursing profession. She was known for her out-going personality and generous, caring nature. She was a member of the Chatham Historical Society.

Ted Barrett, 92; passed away August 10. Ted began working at the AMC Cold River Camp as a teenager during WWII. He served as Chairman of the CRC Committee and President of the Chatham Trails Association. Ted had a PhD in engineering. He worked for the Naval Research Lab in Washington, D.C. and for American Science & Engineering at Cambridge, MA. He loved the outdoors and climbed several mountains in Alaska. Ted was a Life Member of the Chatham Historical Society.

Paul Lusky: Memories

recorded by Jeanne Eastman

On July 25th, I sat down with Paul Lusky at his home in Stow to learn some more about Chatham's history.

In 1918 Paul's father, Fred, with a brother and sister, had been sent from New York City to live with their Uncle Fred and Aunt Genevieve Lusky at the farm in Chatham which they had just purchased from Chester Eastman. Uncle Fred was German, and had previously lived in Ohio where he was a brewer. Aunt Genevieve was French Canadian. Paul has her "alien citizen" card, signed by post mistress, Ethyl Byant.

Paul also has photos of the family taking salt to the heifers which were pastured in Rollins Pasture, west of the property.

Paul's mother, Hilda (Hanscom) comes from a family that has lived in Chatham since 1817. She grew up on a farm at what is now 1407 Main Road. By 1936, Hilda had married Fred Lusky and they lived just up the road at 1535 Main Road. They had a dairy farm with thirteen or fourteen milkers.

Paul remembers that his father grew corn for Baxters Corn Shop in North Fryeburg. After it closed corn was grown for the Burnham and Morrill Cannery in Center Fryeburg. The Corn Shop hired people to pick corn so they'd have a steady supply daily throughout the season. Paul's grandfather, Olin Hanscom, (1891-1963) was a very fast picker, so he'd pick ahead of the truck as it drove down the field of corn. He picked into a bushel basket, and then dumped the basket into the truck. Unloading at the Shop was done by connecting a chain which was tied to each side of a false headboard to a "dead man" in the ground. When the truck drove away, the load of corn was pulled back, causing the front end of the truck to rear up and come down with a bang when it was empty. Anyone who supplied corn to the Shop could receive back the husks and corn cobs (waste) created from the canning process based on weight of corn delivered. By agreement, additional "waste" could be obtained from growers that had surplus. You had to be ready, day or night, to receive back a load of cobs and husks, which were blown into a silo for silage, cattle feed for the winter. Many people worked at the corn shop as the extra money for school and Christmas was needed. Many were also necessary because of the short harvest season (4 weeks) with workers needed both in the field and at the cannery.

The land below Olin Hanscom's home was rather wet, but it could be worked with horses. Ditches were dug to keep it from getting too wet. The story has passed down through the generations that a dugout canoe was found while digging ditches, likely from the Native Americans when it was much wetter there.

Paul's great-grandfather, Seth Hanscom, (1853-1935) served as land manager for N. T. Fox in the Chatham area. He also worked for Ithiel Clay (1819-1901) keeping his books of loans and payments relating to logging operations, granite quarrying, and mortgages that he held. Because of his extensive knowledge of land ownership in Chatham, he worked



Above—Uncle Fred and Aunt Genevieve Lusky salting the cattle at Rollins Pasture, 1918

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for the U. S. Forest Service with acquiring land to become part of the White Mountain National Forest. When his work required him to be in South Chatham, he would stay at Perley and Amy (Hill) Head's house traveling via Robbins Hill Road from Chatham Center to South Chatham.

Seth's wife, Estella (Cobb) had been a school teacher. When she was just a child, her father, Albion, at age 48, mustered into the Third Regiment of Maine Volunteers (August 21, 1863) to fight in the Civil War because he needed the money. His letters home, which Paul has, inquire whether the money had arrived yet. Albion was wounded during the Lead Mine Campaign and died December 2, 1863 at the Division Hospital, Brandy Station, Virginia.

Paul remembers walking with his brothers to school at the Eastman School. Recess games were often played in the middle of the road. His teacher, Keat (Lucretia Chandler) was dearly beloved by the townspeople, and she did not have to worry about discipline. Word of any trouble at school would reach home before the students did, and the family would provide the discipline. Susie and Alice Charles were also loved teachers in Chatham. Paul remembers carrying wood into the second-story home for them.

Chatting with Lincoln Garland

by Jeanne Eastman

Beverly Aiman and I sat down with Lincoln Garland on August 12th to hear his memories of Chatham. Lincoln was born in what is now 1234 Main Road, Chatham. His family moved from Chatham in 1941 when he was 8 years old.

Lincoln walked with his siblings to the Chatham Center School, which sat on the hill beside the Town House. One morning they felt an earthquake as they walked, and in the winter it was very cold. His siblings and Everett Eastman's children were the only students. Lucretia Chandler, known as Keat to her students and everyone in Chatham, was the beloved teacher. After Lincoln and Dick Eastman, the only students in first grade, had finished their lesson, they were allowed to go outside to play.

Lincoln's family grew corn for the corn shop in North Fryeburg, and his mother and sisters worked at the corn shop.

Lincoln's job in the hayfield behind the house was to rake up scatterings with the loafer-rake, after the grass had been cut with the one-horse mower and raked with the dump rake. He worked bare-footed. Mother made the load on the wagon, and Lincoln always had a ride on the load back to the barn. One time on the side hill, the wagon tipped over, leaving Lincoln under the load and Mother with a broken ankle. "It was very dark," Lincoln remembered. The horse lay on its side while Father dug Lincoln out.

Lincoln's first time driving the horse was while helping his father fence along the brook. Lincoln would drive the horse ahead a little at a time between each post. At one point he turned the horse too sharp and the front wheel came under the cart, nearly tipping it over. Father quickly came to the rescue.

In the winter, Lincoln would go with his father to the grove of yellow birch on the hill across the road to cut wood for the kitchen stove. Father would build a fire so Lincoln could keep warm. Lincoln remembered burning his mittens. Rabbit tracks were all over, and Father would set a snare. On their way home there would be a rabbit that Mother would make into stew for supper.

Lincoln's grandparents, Bill and Eldora (Grace) Stone lived at 1930 Main Road. At Christmas, Father put bells on the sleigh and they'd go visit the Stones.

The Stones had dairy cows, and sheep that grazed across the road. Grandfather also made a lot of maple syrup and held an annual sugaring party with sugar on snow. People would come from as far away as Fryeburg. Lincoln remembered falling asleep on the horse blanket that was draped over the wood pile in the

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Continued from page 6—Garland

saphouse and a snowstorm so big that it took the older siblings all day to shovel off the snow so the sap gathered with the horses could be unloaded.

Lincoln's family also had eight or nine dairy cows. Two years they raised one hundred turkeys. On Saturdays, Mother made butter; Lincoln turned the crank. They had no cream separator, but the milk was set in pans in the cellar way. Mother also made cottage cheese, and ice cream (grape-nut was the favorite). The ice had been cut on the Lusky's pond (1535 Main Road), and stored under sawdust from the pile by the portable mill across from Frank Eastman's (1209 Main Road). Heifers were pastured on the Stow Road, behind where the Nesbitts now live. Once bears had scratched the cattle, so Lincoln and Father took peroxide to put on the scratches. As it got dark, Lincoln imagined the bears coming back and was scared.

There was a nice MacIntosh apple tree across the road (by 1311 Main Road), and Father would buy apples from Bill Barnum on Butter Hill Road. There were Baldwins and Pumpkin Sweets. Lincoln remembered hearing that great-grandmother Abbie (Bean) Grace, who lived at a lumber camp on Robbins Hill Road when Lincoln's grandmother was born, had strings of drying apples across the ceilings.

Lincoln remembers his grandmother made mittens and stockings for Lincoln and his seven siblings, and Mother sewed a lot of their clothes.

Lincoln's oldest brother, Clyde, worked on the crew that brought electric power to Chatham in 1938, and he worked on a crew marking the State Line all the way to Canada. In 1940, Clyde and his new wife, Shirley (Emerson) bought the house where Chester Eastman's family and then Fred and Genevieve Lusky (1788 Main Road) had lived. Shirley's father lent them a horse to start working the fields, and a year later when Clyde's parents moved to Dover, NH, he was given their horses and cattle. Clyde and Shirley operated a dairy farm until 1965.

Lincoln and his wife, Bonnie, moved back to Chatham in 1984 and live on property that was owned by his Grace ancestors in 1800. It is clear that Lincoln loved his early years in Chatham.

Ice Cream Social

Our August 19th Ice Cream Social was a great success. More than 60 people purchased custom-made sundaes and received a small vial of bubbles too. The Four Stringers, a local ukelele band, was playing a fun selection of popular songs for nearly an hour. When they played "Tiny Bubbles" the air filled with bubbles. Magical! There was a lot of socializing and many folks visited our museum.



Chatham Historical Society
1061 Main Road
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