

SNOW VILLAGE SKETCHES
ENDS SEASON

The last program offered by MHS was an hour with two of the William Ford Manley radio programs, set in semi-fictitious Snow Village a hundred years or so ago. We listened as Daniel and Hiram made a visit to a new widow in the hills - one of the more serious sketches, and another about money left to the town for purchase of a stained glass window for the town hall - to honor the deceased himself.

See article by William Ford Manley, page 2.

OUR CHANGING TOWN

Population - increasing. Rural space - increasingly taken up with new homes. The Conservation Commission can only advise and recommend - and inform. We cannot stop growth. We can try to make it happen in an orderly and thought through process. House and land prices are hitting new highs - so much so that many of our local people cannot afford to buy. And some of these same people are unable to resist the large offers to sell. Madison's past gets farther IN the past, not only in time but in values and concepts. The Commission has offered informative programs to the public - and found that the most interested people are those

who have been in town less than ten years. Read the enclosed piece on Open Space. We face challenges unimaginable to our forebears.

our descendants will live in a Madison shaped largely by what decisions we ourselves are making.

SILVER LAKE

Mrs J. C. L. Wood of Conway was a guest, Tuesday of Mrs. Samuel J. Gilman.

Mr. H. N. Drew who has been home with family for a short time has returned to his work for the Maine Central, R. R.

The Souter family of Winthrop have arrived at their summer home on Deer Hill.

A house has been erected on Chocorua Mt. on the site of the one blown down in the severe gale Sept., 1915. The present house which is not as high, covers the same site and it is hoped will receive the same patronage.

The annual church fair of the Madison Baptist Church will be held August 17th, both afternoon and evening, on the lawn of the Silver Lake House at Silver lake. A pleasant day is hoped for and a good crowd is expected. Fancy articles, aprons, cake, home made candy and ice cream will be on sale. Don't forget your pocketbook.

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Reprinted in the Albany Historical Society Newsletter 2003 - from the Reporter Press July 27, 1916.

CRAFT FAIR DECEMBER 6

Visit the MHS booth at the Madison Gymnasium. Books, cups, pamphlets and information available.

THE DOLLARS AND SENSE OF
OPEN SPACE

Recent studies shed new light on the economic impact of land uses. A comparison of tax bills in towns in New Hampshire found that, on average, property taxes are higher in towns with: a larger tax base, more taxable property, more residents, more commercial/industrial development. It also found that, in general, *property taxes are lower* in towns with: more open space per year-round resident.

Studies show that open space brings in more revenue to a town than it requires in services. Less development means lower taxes!

Reprinted from a publication of the Society for the Protection of New Hampshire Forests.

EDITOR'S CORNER

Memories stored up over a lifetime resonate with the data provided by our five senses. We have a certain visual recollection of a room, of the shine of new paint on woodwork; our ears picked up the hoot of an owl when we were walking across a meadow as a child. And the taste of Father John's medicine or a spoonful of castor oil lingers on the tongue for years. The sense of smell has also captured a dimension of the past. Close your eyes, stop your ears, and you can still remember the church kitchen from the aroma of hot yeast rolls. The new linoleum on the livingroom floor is

pungently catalogued in your early memories. Wet sawdust, moldy straw, and, for myself, the musty odor of a great aunt remind me of a long ago time. and I remember two young fellows who arrived late at a Methodist church social affair, smelling of gasoline. Did your father smoke a pipe? If so, its odor evokes old memories associated with house and home.

In the last twenty five years we have smelled new odors unknown to an earlier generation. Even new cars have a different smell than the pre-World War Two models. With the invention of synthetic material polymers, the powder of expended airbags, the odd mix of computer innards with copier paper, motel rug molds, and even chemically created smells of raspberries and carrots, we are assailed with life as we never remember it. Your great-grandchildren will likely have the smell of rocket fuel by which to remember their first trip to Mars.

Meantime, our museum carries the odors of its contents - a pleasant mix of decay and history!

CASCADES UPDATE

You will soon be hearing about new plans to save this 30 acre property from logging and development. If we all help, we can save this historic site for future generation.

UNCLE DAN'L LIVES!

By William Ford Manley

This piece appeared in The Reporter, Thursday, January 26, 1933.

In the course of a career which has pretty nearly covered the most active years of radio's span of life, I have written I do not know how many programs; to try to remember would be a little frightening. I have run the gamut, from the old Biblical dramas, through melodrama, musical comedy, and wise-cracking farce. Because it is the fate of the radio dramatist that, unlike the playwright for the theatre, he cannot always follow his whim or inspiration. What he writes much more often fits in with the advertising policy of a great industrial corporation; must please not only himself and his audience, but a board of directors, and their wives.

And I wanted to write the chronicle of a New Hampshire village because it is the soil from which I came; they are the people I know best. Why, Uncle Dan'l still lives, not two miles down the road from me! Time has dealt gently with him, as it has with all of Snow Village.

I suppose that is why I like to set down their story. There is something timeless and eternal in a village which in the rush and chaos of 1932 still preserves within the quiet boundaries the slow moving pace of the last century. It has few houses, but how they have resisted the encroachment of the years! New York has leapt skyward in turrets of steel; to the west

cities have been born on the empty prairie, and where fifty years ago there was nothing but a huddled collection of dingy shacks you can now find a Chamber of Commerce, a Radio Station, and an Art Museum. And in all that time Snow Village has seen two or three houses burn down, two or three houses built; and a Rip van Winkle, coming down to the village from a fifty years' sleep on Foss Mountain would see no particular change in the sleepy little village street.

A restless people, we cling to the few things in life that do not change; and I imagine that is why I love Snow Village, and hope they never lay concrete between the elms on its only street.

So if you set forth to find Uncle Dan'l's home, you will have to look for Snowville. You will find it, looking as it has for a hundred years, on the edge of the White Mountains, in the town of Eaton, halfway up the State of New Hampshire, almost on the Maine border. And if you are not able to get there for another fifty years, I am sure it will still be there, and still unchanged, a back-eddy and a refuge in the remorseless sweep of time.

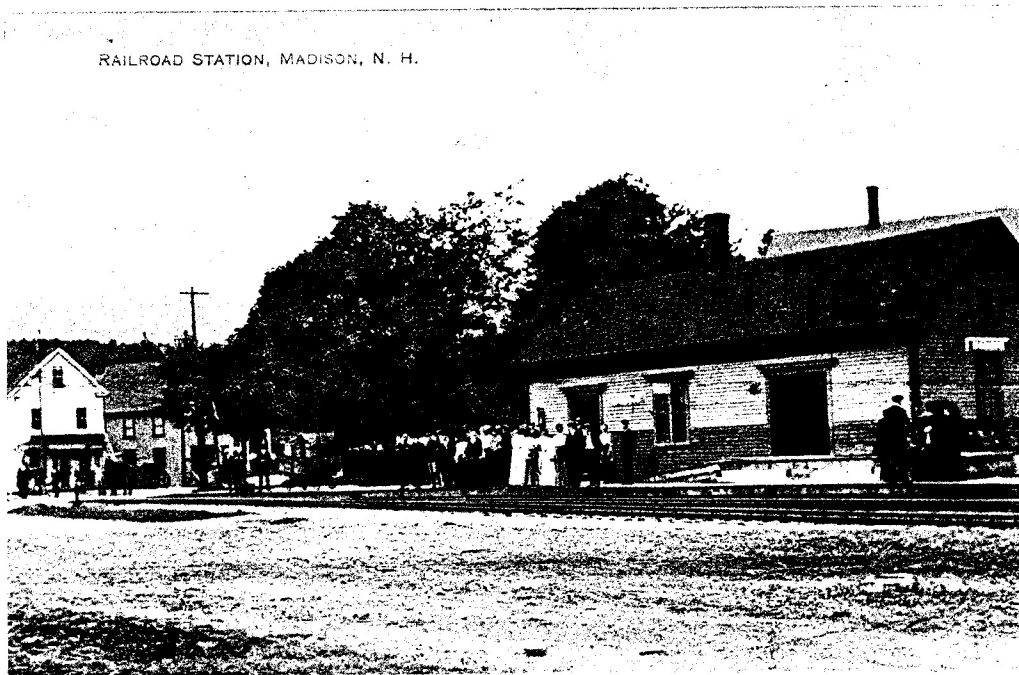
The actual writing of a Snow Village story is a matter of some excitement to me, and sometimes it is excitement that becomes apprehension. Sometimes they leap to mind full formed, with a beginning, a middle, and an end, and the work begun at morning on my ancient typewriter is finished by night. At other times they have the elusiveness of a half

remembered phrase; by evening there is nothing on paper but a dozen false starts and a hopeless feeling that the Mss. is due on Monday. Because we people in radio are always writing against time, like the columnists in the newspaper. And the Snow Village stories are material that refuses to be rushed.

Fortunately for me there is no great rush. For

the last three years I have never done more than two in any month, a tremendous contract to the pace necessary when turning out a five-a-week program! I am thus able to let ideas lie fallow, until they are ready to be written, until some little incident that I remember, or some character, assumes proportion and dramatic meaning.

(Editor's Note: Several of the sketches have been specially transcribed from original studio disc records on to tapes by the Smithsonian, as reported by David Emerson, Curator at the Conway Historical Society, which now has them.)



This postcard photo has a 1908 postmark. And doesn't the look of the Silver Lake Post Office newly roofed and painted, with the lighted signal make you think the train is due any moment!

COMING IN 2004

Plans are being made for next year's programs. One of them will feature old gospel songs and will be presented in the Madison Church.

In 1968-70, performances were given of "Madison-Our-Town." Probably the most ambitious program ever presented by the Madison Historical Society, the play included parts acted by several men and women long associated with Madison. Few of them are still alive, but we hope to reconstruct a version of the presentation. Bruce Acker, who worked with his father, Ralph Acker and others more than thirty years ago on developing this history based "drama," and Ray Stineford are collaborating on the project.

GROUNDKEEPING AT THE MUSEUM

Thank you, William Park, for cutting the hydrangas along the roadside at the museum. They were overgrown, choked with dead stalks and past the thinning stage. Bill meticulously snipped them down, allowing new growth in the spring. Now who trucked away the pile he made? Ray asked Henry Forrest to help, but Henry arrived to find the pile was gone. Was it Billy Chick's crew? Was it ----?

TREASURER'S REPORT As of 9/18/03

Bank Accounts	
MHS Checking	\$1,1412.31
MHS Saving	<u>673.96</u>
Total Bank accts	\$2086.27
Liability Accounts	
Anonymous Loan	\$1,000.00
Peggy Hoyt loan	<u>0.00</u>
Total Liability	\$1,000.00
<u>OVERALL TOTAL</u>	<u>\$1,086.27</u>

POSTERS DISPLAY

The Madison Library and the Berlin City Bank, West Ossipee, are displaying some of our World War I posters.

Discussions are presently underway for a summer, 2004 showing at the Salyards Museum, Conway.

OFFICERS OF THE MADISON HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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Roger Clayton
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with appreciation to
William Park, Jr.
Typist: Peggy Hoyt

DUES

\$5 individual or
\$10 family

Your address label indicates your membership expiration date.

MAIL ADDRESS:

P. O. Box 505
Madison, NH 03849

PROGRAM SITES

Madison Historical Society
Museum, and Red School
House, Route 113.

The Madison Historical Society is a contributing member of the Pequawket Historical League and a member of the New Hampshire Historical Society.

IN REMEMBRANCE OF
KAY HOCKING
Long time member and friend
of the Madison Historical
Society