



Madison Historical Society Museum - 1884

Madison Historical Society

S U M M E R 2 0 1 0

P R E S I D E N T ' S L E T T E R

W I S H L I S T

1. An extra Board member or two.
2. Donations toward the Building Restoration Fund.
3. Donations towards expanding the Tool Shed for more exhibit space.

Executive Board

Mary K.W. Lucy
President

Linda Drew Newton
Smith
Vice President

Patricia Ambrose
Recording Secretary

Robin M. Tagliaferri-
Ferreira
Publicity Secretary

Penny Hathaway
Treasurer

Becky Knowles
Curator

It's been a glorious summer thus far. A bit hot, but great for relaxing at the shores of Silver Lake, or any of the beaches here in Madison. Unfortunately, our wild blueberries are few and far between this year. This is most probably due to the two post-blossom-set frosts that we had in May.

Thank you to Historical Society member Doug Haver from Cormack Construction Management, Inc., for graciously donating materials, his

time and talents for the construction of the steps and railing at the back door of the museum, and also the railing at the tool shed, for the safety of all who visit the museum.

The old school bell should now be placed in front of the Madison Corner School as I write. Again, thanks to Chucky Lyman, Roger Clayton, and also Wayne Jones, who dug the hole to set the post on which the bell sits.

Bob Nipher is pulling together the help needed

for our annual Blueberry Fest on August 8th, during Old Home Week. Thank you in advance to Bob and all those who donate their time and expertise, be it donations of baked goods or whatever is needed to make the event our most successful every year. Come and support us on Sunday, the 8th of August from 6 to 7 pm.

Keep cool through these dog days of summer,

Mary K.W. Lucy

B L A S T F R O M T H E P A S T

This is taken from one of our old Secretary's meeting minutes notebooks. These meeting minutes are dated July 19, 1961.

Our annual and regular monthly meeting was held on Wednesday July 19, 1961 at the Historical building with 24 members and 4 visitors present. Meeting opened with pledge to the flag, followed by Secretary's report and Treasurer's annual report. Herb Weston gave us a report of proceeds from Hil-billy show, and also a report of his joint trip recently with the Conway Society, which

was quite interesting.

Thanks were voted to Miss Helen Nute of North Conway for the gift of an original Howe sewing machine. This machine is in excellent condition and is much appreciated. Thanks also to Mrs. Carl Lundwall of Silver Lake for the gift of a velvet beaded purse, which was made by Mr. Malcolm Bail's mother, and which is, indeed, a rare piece of handwork.

The new slate of officers for the coming year, brought in by the nominating committee was voted as follows; President, Percy Blake; Vice Pres. George Shaw Jr.; Secretary,

Lucinda B. Gilman; Treasurer, Leon Gerry; Auditor, William Kennett; Member of Executive board for one year, Harry Harmon.

Program for Old Home Week was discussed, and it was voted that the regular meeting would be combined with Old Home Week program on Wednesday evening August 9.

Our speaker for the evening, introduced by George Shaw was Mr. Harry Smart of Center Ossipee, N.H., who gave us a very enlightening talk on the Mt. Washington Cog Railway. Highlights were as follows; Mt. Wash-

ington, 6288 feet high, was originally 1000 feet higher according to geologists, but worn by three ice flows during the ice age, 2 to 4 miles thick. The average rainfall on the mountain is 71 inches annually, and the average snowfall 177 inches. Highest wind ever recorded was in 1834 and was 231 M.P.H. There are 63 specimens of flowers, herbs and mosses, many of which are native of Labrador brought there with the ice flows. There are two flowers there, not found anywhere else. The carriage road and railroad were built during the period 1850-1860-1870. The carriage road, built in 1851 was four years in the building and the cost was seventy thousand dollars. The cog railway was conceived by a retired meat dealer who first had a 17 lb. model locomotive built at a cost of \$500.00, tested same on tracks laid on similar grades, and discovered that this type of engine would push 5 to 6 times it's own weight. He secured a permit from the State Legislature in 1858 to build the railroad. Setting up a sawmill, roughing out roads, and having the original vertical boiler locomotive built at a cost of two thousand dollars took much of his time, as the locomotive had to be transported in parts and under great difficulty from Littleton, the nearest railroad. Given great publicity in the newspapers, much of which was ridicule, the first half mile was built in 1867. In 1868 the railroad was pushed as far as Jacob's Ladder which is about a mile from the top. Work was then stopped for another year by a big snowstorm in August. The road was completed in 1869 and the first train reached the summit on October 3.

Five engines were finally purchased, the first two of which were vertical boiler type and the last three of horizontal type, as the vertical type with upright flues would burn out flues due to the steep grades changing the water levels and leaving dry tubes.

President Grant drove a two horse team to the base station on August 26'th the following year and rode to the summit, being greeted there by a salute from cannons and many people. In 1877 President Pierce, accompanied by many of his cabinet made the trip. P.T. Barnum, the famous showman made the trip and called it the second biggest show on earth.

Mr. Marsh, the original investor, never took stock for his investment, we are told, and never realized much of the credit for

the accomplishment.

The original cost, we are informed, was \$139,500.00.

We are indebted to Mr. Smart for his very interesting talk, which was much more detailed than possible to list here.

Refreshments were served by Mr. and Mrs. William Kennett, and Mr. and Mrs. George Shaw Jr., climaxing a very enjoyable evening.

Next meeting a week earlier than usual, Wednesday August 9 at 7:30 pm. Program will not start until 8:00 pm due to a Little League baseball game being held at the ball field at 6:00 pm.

Percy Blake, Secy.

DUES

Please take a moment to review your mailing label. The due date of your membership appears above your name. We would hate to have you miss out on an issue of our newsletter. Thank you to all who have already renewed their memberships.

POETRY CORNER

This book of Albert Watson's poetry continues to be on loan from Linda Drew Smith to share with our readers. The book is entitled, Ledge Farm, by Albert L. Watson, Copyright 1977 by A. L. Watson, printed by asc Creative Printing, inc., Hagerstown, Maryland. On the inside cover page it is inscribed, *to Ernest Meader of Madison, New Hampshire, who was valiant enough not to decline this dedication.*

ONE HUNDRED TWENTY-NINE SANDWICHES

My trees don't bear, or what they do bear is hard and sour. I've seen deer turn away from them, not eatin. Last spring my bear did come and lay under the tree in front of the house. I call him *my bear*, like a pet. He stays close by here in the woods and on this farm, what aint woods. Last spring he lay and ate drops that passed the winter under the snow. He ate till he was sick. I watched him from the

porch.

And when he got up to go he wasn't steady. You could tell he was sick. If he'd had a paw to spare getting back to the woods he'd have held his stomach with it.

Only producing orchards left in this town are on the next hill, Grafton Ward. He has two one some bigger than the other a half mile apart. Grafton and I are *us* Wards.

We can't tell whether those other Wards in town and our family is related.

Our family has been in this house hundred fifty years. This may be the oldest house in this town, this and the farm up the road.

This part of town was cleared first.

My grandfather come here to live with old Mason who had the house built and cleared the land.

When Mason died he had no one to leave to. My grandfather stayed on and farmed the place.

He lived to ninety-two. My father was late comin

but he stayed on to past eighty.

I'm not eighty. Sometimes I do feel seventy.

Grafton Ward has macintosh and delicious and some baldwins. They was once big apples here.

sent out all over, Concord and Boston.

Women used baldwins for cookin and puttin up.

Baldwin makes a sweet pie.

Grafton will let you pick up drops.

Some are as good as on the tree, or better, sweet from bein close to the ground sun.

No, he don't sell cider, not lately.

Cider's against the law here, always exceptin the first week or two after you bottle it. Just when it starts workin and comin good in the jug it's too good to sell legally.

We used to keep cider down in the cellar most all winter.

Kept cool it would work slow in the jug.

I've drunk it as late as March.

In warm weather it will blow its cork.

Better to get it right downstairs.

When we had the big fire here

it was in fall and had been awful dry.

Snow came late that year.

I was a young boy.

The fire started down by the lead mine.

No one ever knew how.

It worked it's way up here.

Headed straight for Stacy Mountain
as if it knew where there was timber
and where the wind would likely come high.

We hitched oxen and sledged dirt around the
houses
to keep the fire from getting to them.
Not a farm burnt.
But the woods was too dry.

Most all the men from Madison Corner to here
come out all day and all night
workin to stop the fire.

This farm was headquarters.

One day my mother put up one hundred
twenty-nine sandwiches. I took them
up Stacy's road up on the mountain.
Smoke came down and lay around the low
places.

You could always smell smoke them days.
There was a sickly glow at night
up the side of the mountain.

I hitched up the cart.

I was only a boy.

It had been dry since August.

My father looked down the well
and he said, "We aint enough water
for all them men.

Perley, you go in the cellar and take
up three jugs of cider."

I did and I went up in the cart.

Reverend Drown was up helpin
and he'd frowned on cider.

I don't know what he hadn't preached
against it.

But you get awful thirsty close to a fire
and he had his share.

I saw him drink, likin it.

Them sandwiches didn't last either,
but that cider was gone before them.

We got rain the third day and the fire went out.
No one was hurt and no farm burnt.
But it was hard on everyone, sleepin
in the woods or at home and knowin
the town was burnin.

And that glow you can see at night
from your window when you're half sleepin.

The fire over to Brownfield burnt more.

There almost wasn't any town left.
They had to start the town from fresh.

You know the funny part was
when the fire was over Reverend Drown
come down to speak to my father,
quiet, as if he's lookin around to make sure
no one sees or hears him that oughtn't,
specially the women.

He says to my father, "I'll buy some of that
cider.

My wife has took an awful fancy to your cider."

Well, we put up more the next year.
Every week the Reverend would come for his
gallon.

You could say he was a regular customer.
Or his wife was.

Yes, you go to Grafton Ward's and ask to pay
for drops. You'll save and you'll get good
fruit.

I believe he's stopped his cider mill for good.
Some men from the state come in there every
year
two three times. Grafton's been fined.
No one here will buy till it's ready.
Then it's not legal.

And stop to see my pet bear.
He hasn't been in the house.
But he'll lie under that apple tree and eat.
Then after he's well enough he'll come back.
Bear's is like people, at least in this:
they'll do as they like and get sick,
and when they've forgotten
they'll come back to do it again.
Or maybe he knows
I like to see him get good and drunk.

Madison Historical Society 2010 Meeting Programs

Meetings held at the Madison
Historical Society Building at
7:00 PM unless noted. Read the
"Conway Daily Sun" for no-
tices and any changes for each
month's program.

Old Home Week:

**August 8 6 – 7 PM
Blueberry Fest**

**August 10 Tues. 2-4
Museum Open House**

Final programs for season:

**August 19 "Bundles, Gut
Robbers, and Beans Everlast-
ing"**

Presented by Dick Fortin

**September 16 "Ranger Com-
panies of Colonial New Eng-
land"**

Presented by Adam & Mary
Spencer



**From the files: Parade years ago. My mother and a friend visiting us
decorated this wagon and mother drove it in parade.
Written by Carrie Chick Dummer. Date unknown.
The Odd Fellows Lodge in Silver Lake shown in background.**

MAILBAG

Editor's note: We welcome all stories and memories, long or short to add to the newsletter. Please e-mail to Mary Lucy at:

ghostduster@roadrunner.com

Or, by mail to: Mary Lucy, 534 Moores Pond Rd., Silver Lake, NH 03875.

MADISON'S SUMMER RESIDENTS

Editor's note: This news clipping came out of a local paper c. 1936. More will be published in later issues.

The journalism class of M. H. S. under the capable direction of Miss Priscilla Noddin, is starting a feature column with this issue. They say, by the way of introduction:

"Madison is the summer home of many noted people. We feel that it would be of interest to all to know who these people are, what they have done, and what they are doing. We have written to as many of them as is possible, and the material we are publishing is taken from their replies, and with their consent. We wish to thank them for their cooperation.

MRS BLANCHE CARSTENS

By Thelma Leavitt

Mrs. Carstens was born in Maquoketa, Iowa. She attended the Maquoketa High School and Grinnell College in Iowa and took her B. A. degree. Her profession is a homemaker and Camp Director. She married C. C. Carstens and has three children; Carol Carstens, singer; Candace Carstens, Smith B. A.; Columbia M. A.; Radcliffe, Ph. D.; and Cedric S. Carstens, Insurance, New York City.

Mrs. Carstens spent the year of 1913-14 with her three children in Europe, traveling during the two summers in England, Scotland, France and spending the winter months in Germany at Dresden, Berlin and Munich, traveling through Switzerland and Italy and leaving on the last boat from Naples before

the declaration of the Great War. Since she has visited Cuba, Puerto Rico, Panama Canal, Hawaii, and the Gaspé Peninsula. Different journeys have taken her to all but three of our own states.

She chose Madison for a summer home because she wished to open a camp for girls for the benefit of her own children and others. In 1918 she searched Vermont and New Hampshire for a site possessing three advantages which she considered necessary - an excellent natural situation for water sports; location with fine drainage for tents and bungalows; and a spot for a recreational building with fine scenic outlook. The Vermont State Dept. sent her a number of addresses of lakeshore properties, but on visiting them not one was found to have the points deemed necessary. Much discouraged they consulted Mr. Phillip Ayers, Secretary of the Society for Protection of New Hampshire Forests. He said, "Why don't you try New Hampshire - the mountains are higher, the blueberries bigger and the people better." They asked him for some specific location with water frontage and he directed them to Lake Iona and Silver Lake. Lake Iona had no openings at all and Mrs. Bucher of Pine Knoll Camp, already located there, thought one camp was quite enough for the size of the Lake. Their first trip to Silver Lake took them down the eastern shore in sight of Hurricane Point, which to their distress they found could not be reached except by boat. Later Rev. Cummings directed them to what was then known as Grand View Point. Here they found a location meeting the three requirements and more. There in the succeeding years, they have built up a camp which can accommodate fifty campers and a staff of fifteen to twenty trained and experienced leaders in land and water sports, mountain climbing and canoe trips, riding, with work in music, dramatics and crafts to give their program a cultural balance. Perhaps the staff member becoming best known to the community was Rev. Woodman Bradbury, who

for sixteen years was their chaplain and trip leader. He loved our mountains, knew all our trails intimately and the points to be seen from our peaks. A mountain climb to him was not only a physical but a spiritual accomplishment. He often spoke in churches in Chocorua and Madison and was most generous in his gracious and able way. His loss last year was deeply felt.

Mrs. Carstens says, "Our relations with residents of Madison, Silver Lake and West Ossipee have been most friendly and helpful. In the development of the property we have had the help of your carpenters, your farmers, masons, foresters and garage men, as well as your store-keepers and dairymen, ice-harvesters, your post-masters and hotel proprietors, laundresses, and cooks - also excellent banking service, all have given us friendly co-operation. We have endeavored to so conduct the Camp that none of its activities should disturb the residents in any way. We have tried to keep picnic grounds and roadsides neat and orderly and never to deface or injure in any way any property that we visited on trips. Hundreds of Wament girls now scattered from Texas to Canada, from Maine to California, remember with joy expeditions in your mountains and on your streams, and in times of stress often turn in thought to the quiet and peace of your beautiful views. We have tried in our building and landscaping to add to the scenic beauty of Allegro and Madison, and during the years have set out twenty to thirty thousand pines and spruces, which we hope will beautify the place long after we have left it."





Photo of Willow Farm taken on February 3, 1937. This photo along with others were sent to the museum collection this past winter from Lois C. Jenkins. Willow Farm once stood where Jinny Currier's home now stands on the Conway Road (Rte. 113). Several majestic willow trees still stand proudly on the property, along with an old barn and chicken house.

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View of Silver Lake Village from the lake.
 Date unknown.