

NEWSLETTER



Holderness Historical Society

Summer 2016

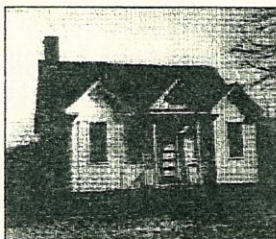
Volume XXXII

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School Days at Squam Bridge School

My school days actually began before I attended any school. They were simply my own imagination.

When I was quite small, I envied my two brothers so very much. They could go to school, and besides that, they could ride with the teacher. I watched them go in the morning and then in the afternoon I waited to see them come home. I can vividly see them in my mind and remember just how

I felt, over eighty years ago. The school was Carr School and the teacher was Susie Piper Hall. She was a plump, robust lady and there was only room on the buggy seat for one boy. My other brother sat on the floor.

I have never known the reason why the boys went to the Carr School. When I started, the rule was for me to attend Squam Bridge School. My brothers also went to the Bridge School at that same time. In some of the old Town Reports, my oldest brother Leon, was listed on the honor role of Bridge School for the school year ending August 1, 1901.

Mar. 1, 1914 was a red letter day: "I am six years old, so am old enough to go to school." But my parents wished to keep me at home for various reasons. One was if I was to go to school, I had to be vaccinated for small pox which was a dangerous, contagious disease, many times deadly. My father said, "Never!" He thought the vaccination was also very dangerous and he was definitely against my getting it. Maybe he was slightly protective of his little, only daughter.

Perhaps because I was very desirous of going to school, maybe I did not stop talking and "fussing" about it. So, in 1915, when I was seven, my parents agreed to let me go to school. So we went to town to a quite elderly and kind doctor. ("I can't recall his name, maybe Cheney") and I got a "false" vaccination. This seemed to look O.K. and was bandaged just like the "real thing". I was accepted. I liked the doctor.

The distance from my home to school was nearly two miles so my folks were trying to get permission for me to have a ride. This problem seemed to go on for a long time. Several people came and measured the distance several times. They got different answers but, "I'm still walking in good weather or my folks drive me when it storms." Some days I missed school during this time. It was finally decided that the trip was not quite two miles so the Town did not have to provide transportation.

My dad made a path through the pasture so we "kids" could walk across the valley and come onto the road which is now Rt. 175. We did not have quite as long a walk and it was fun going through the woods, crossing Evans Brook. All sorts of adventures occurred.

One memory comes to mind. A day when I happened to be alone coming home, through the woods, just before getting to Evans Brook, I met a nice big mother skunk. I was greatly surprised to see her five cute little striped kittens in single file following her coming along my path. I quickly moved several feet out of the path so that they might have plenty of space to go about their business-all with tails straight up! What an interesting adventure, that was! My heart was certainly pounding, wondering what she might decide to do. Maybe I took the long way around by road for a few days after that. I can still see the skunk parade, but I have never seen one again like that.

Going to and from school in winter was really enjoyable in spite of storms and cold. The snow roller made a very wide and safe place to walk on top of the snow. The traffic was almost none. The horses pulling sleighs all had beautiful, musical bells which we could hear from quite a long way from us. There was no other sound with which to compete. It was really nice as the short

Continued on page 2



HAPPY
SUMMER

Route 3 * Curry Place
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www.holdernesshistoricalsociety.org

The President's Corner

Partnered with the Holderness Library we will be presenting three programs this year, which you can find listed on a separate page of the Newsletter. We look forward to seeing you in attendance at these programs.

Our special exhibit this summer will be **School Days** featuring pictures of Holderness schools of yesterday and class pictures as well as artifacts from the era of one room school houses. If you have any photos or other articles that you would like to have on display for this exhibit, we would be happy to include them. We can scan the original pictures and return them to you.

An ongoing project is a collection of pictures and stories of Holderness historic buildings. Does your home or building have a story? Please share it with us. If you have any information that you are willing to contribute to this collection, it would be most welcome and will serve to preserve our town's history and give it perspective. The work of cataloging our books and pamphlets to make research simpler continues. Our library area allows people to research families, cemeteries, camps, historical events and places. You can view a preview of the documentary and memorabilia of Holderness 250th in the museum on Saturdays this summer.

Thank you for your continued support by way of membership dues and contributions. If you have not renewed your membership for 2016, please use the enclosed envelope to do so. Please join us this year. Your ideas, suggestions, and help will be enthusiastically welcomed, especially on the Publicity, Museum Docents and Curators, and Program committees. We are a small group of active members and we could use some help. Please contact me or any other board member if you can help or for more information.

Linda Foerderer

FPLinda@aol.com (603) 968-7487 mid April to November 1 or (561) 279-9720 November to mid April.

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Continued from page 1

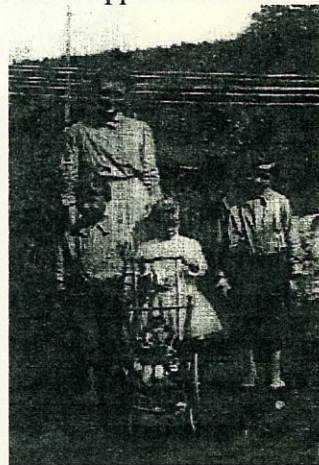
winter days were nearly over when we left school at four o'clock in the afternoon. The bells seemed especially nice at the sunset hour. The notes seemed to echo.

There were several hills where we could slide to school and then slide down the other hills coming home. My brothers, especially Tom, took sleds and had fun with me. The snow was very hard after a thaw or some rain.

Snow rollers were the best means of making a road passable for horses and oxen in winter in those days. Of course, almost no one used a car during snow times, perhaps before 1920. The horse and oxen walked in the center of the road and there was a few feet on each side where the roller went but didn't pack the snow as hard. I recall seeing the roller being pulled by three or four pairs of horses along Howe Road and Rt. 175. When they arrived at our driveway at the foot of Howe Hill, my father hitched his horses on too. Major was a dark, reddish brown big-boned horse with quite good sized feet. I did not enjoy getting very near him. He seemed too powerful. I did like Nell, the other member of the team. She was a pretty horse with nice rounded sides and "hips". Her color was about the same as Major's but her mane and tail were darker. I dared to brush her mane as she acted gentle for me. I never harnessed those horses.

When the snow was several feet deep, after a heavy storm, the horses and drivers were gone overnight, sometimes two nights. Then they would stop at one farmer's barn and leave his horses and hitch on the next pair at the next farm for a way. They traveled quite a few miles to go all over the Town of Holderness. The Town was divided up into several districts so most of the time one group took care of his district or area. Occasionally the drifts of snow were greater in one area so the neighboring group would go to that area to help. They were really neighbors quite often. Possibly a week would pass before all of the roads were rolled. When the horses and drivers needed rest, they stayed at a farmer's house and barn overnight. Our barn did not have space for several more pairs of horses and no one was interested in climbing the steep Howe Hill. So we didn't get "roller guests". My mother did pack food for the men-meat, bread, cookies, hot coffee and tea.

Sometimes the snow drifted and the men had to shovel enough so the horses could get through while pulling the roller. It was quite hard work and pay was very small during the years before 1918-1920. The roads needed to be passable because people sometimes needed a doctor or to get a few supplies. No one wished to leave a family absolutely isolated.



Rear: Mrs. Allen L. Howe

Front L to R: Thomas R age 6?, Doris I. age 4?, David P. age 9? on Howe Hill
Taken by Aunt Edith (Mrs. Marshall Evans) circa 1912

My first teacher at Squam Bridge School was Isabel Smith and she was just wonderful. She was a young lady, a native of Holderness. When she grew up she married Julius Smith of Sandwich so her name remained Smith. I am not sure if she was married at this time. But she seemed great to me. I was in sub-grade, then first grade, then second grade. I think all in my first year.

I don't remember much about my other teachers. However, Miss Ruggles seems quite outstanding in my memory.

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The story that I remember was that the school board had hired her expressly to teach discipline. Maybe some of the older boys had been disorderly at times. I can't recall any really bad things which had happened but I do not always remember everything which I should.

Miss Ruggles seemed determined to turn Squam Bridge School pupils into "good little soldiers". We lined up outside and marched into the school in correct formation. We were supposed to keep in step. Then when we were beside our seats --- "Sit Position". The order was given. This meant sit with feet flat on the floor, back erect, hands folded on top of the desk. Face front with eyes straight ahead, not moving.

We all practiced marching every day. We had no guns for our shoulders but the big boys were sent into the woods in the rear of the school house to cut small branches, which we used as guns when we drilled. Remember this really was "war time". We really carried the "guns" on our shoulders and marched correctly. It was a serious activity and quite appropriate. At this time in the 1990's, it seems a sensible thing to learn even in grade school. Pupils could gain much respect and patriotism which is also needed in these difficult times.

Maybe there was a mini-rebellion as some children and parents were upset or at least disturbed by all the military aspects of the regimen at Squam Bridge School. A few times the older boys got "switchings" with our "guns", for misbehavior. Harold took the switches from Miss Ruggles and broke them so she had to use several. Then, I believe other boys did the same. When recess time came, the teacher sent the boys after more "guns" so we could practice our marching.

Some other trouble developed and the school became quite notorious. It was "the talk of the town." I was in a lower grade so do not even know everything which may have happened. Guy stood up and said "I won't, I shant and you can't make me." I do remember that incident very clearly.

Discussions must have been going on at home. My dad said "Do not stay after school. Come right home." So one day I stood up to march out when school was dismissed. Miss Ruggles said, "Sit down, Doris, you are to stay after school. You were not singing." I really had been singing, so when the march began, I quickly got in line and went out fast. Outside, and I ran---Miss Ruggles was running too. We went down Boynton Hill and I jumped over the chain at the gate of the Hooper property, ran just as fast as I could and Miss Ruggles could not catch me. She did not make it over the chain.

When she started back to school, Tom was coming on his bicycle down the hill. She grabbed his bike and it threw him off the road into the ditch which was quite deep. He had brought my sweater and lunch box and was coming to help me. He must have gotten away from her somehow. We finally went home and I cried, telling the story.

Note - In later years when Ethel Piper became Town Clerk, and I bought my first car, a 1929 Ford Coupe, green, with rumble seat, I went to her to get my permit for registration. She told me she had watched me running away from school, with Miss Ruggles running after me. Also the episode with Tom and his bicycle.

Whatever else happened that day, I did not witness. But Hilda got her new sweater torn and all the buttons off. Also there were other incidents and I recall school was closed for several days. When we went back, we had Mrs. Johnson as a teacher. She lived next door to the school. No more military regimentation. She was a good teacher but for some unknown reason I never liked her.

Guy was transferred to Pease School and his folks paid tuition to the Town of Ashland.

Some of our teachers seemed quite sympathetic with children and games. We had long, long recesses in winter so we could skate on the swamp which was just behind Squam Bridge School. I think Smith Piper owned the land but no one told us not to play or skate there. It was great fun and we all behaved well during school time so we would not be punished and be deprived of the chance to skate or play with our sleds on the ice. I dimly recall at least one teacher join the fun occasionally. She was young too.

One of our favorite games was "war". Across the road from school was a crooked tree - oak, I believe. It had grown horizontally for several feet and then grew up as it should, toward the sky. It made a perfect fort. The other fort was heaps of leaves. I'm not sure but we must have had something for "bullets" - maybe acorns. They were very plentiful. The same tree which furnished "bullets" is there now in front of Holderness Community Church. I don't remember joining the war but maybe it was for boys only. At least I watched.

One day as some boys were crossing the highway a car did not stop. It went completely over Melvin. This was a frightening happening. I think I just froze and could not move for some time. Finally, Melvin got up with help. He didn't seem to be physically injured, maybe he had some bruises. He may have stayed home for a few days.

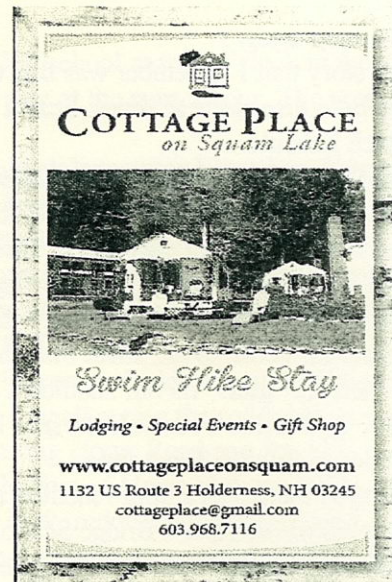
Another game was "Hide and Seek" at our farm. It was great fun in Spring before garden time. I remember all the boys..came and we could hide outside the house and barn. There were many spots in which to hide and we had to run fast to get back safely without being tagged. That was one game which my brothers would let me play too.

Another fun activity which, once in a while, we were allowed took place next door at the horse sheds which were behind the church. These sheds were closed in the rear and open most all of the other areas. There were timbers between stalls which made good seats where we could sit and study and read all of the very colorful posters of the coming circuses. They were very nice action pictures of some performances and lots of animals.

The circuses were in big tents on the Holderness Intervale. In the 1990's Plymouth State College owns that area. The circus arrived at Plymouth on the train. They always put on a good parade of most of the animals and performers from the station to the tent area on the intervale. The Pont Fayette between Plymouth and Holderness sometimes presented a problem. I remember one year while watching the parade, Jumbo, the big elephant, refused to...cross the bridge. He really felt it was unsafe for him. So he was left back on the train.

In 1959, my husband Milton S. Graton removed the horse sheds to make room for a new addition on the church. Some of those historic timbers are a part of a small shed which Milton and his father built in our back yard.

All though my years in grammar school, my favorite subjects were arithmetic, spelling, and geography with maps. The large geography books had lots of nice maps - all colored. I was fascinated with them. Maybe I should have become a world traveler. Also, I remember a globe. Whether it was at school or some other place, I'm not sure. That was even more interesting than the maps. We had "spelling bees" quite often and I think I won some of them-mentally all of them. I cried when I didn't win.



When we began to have geometry and algebra in seventh grade, I was thrilled. We had a contest at the blackboard. The eighth grade was also in the class and there was Ted, the smartest boy, I remember. He knew everything. When the others in the class had been eliminated, Ted and I were alone at the board. The teacher gave us our equation to solve. I finished first with the correct solution. Everyone in school was watching. Was I proud and the other scholars considered me really important! I was blown up for weeks. "Wish I could recall the equation."

1918

The eleventh month, the eleventh day, the eleventh hour.

I remember very clearly the day The Armistice was signed. World War I was ended. "The Great War" School was dismissed early - just as soon as someone came to the Squam Bridge School, Holderness, New Hampshire and told us that the Germans had decided to sign the surrender papers! What a great relief! Everyone became happy and felt like celebrating. My brothers and I hurried home and about...half way there, we began to hear Dad's mill whistle. It was loud and melodious. He very seldom blew the whistle because it used lots of steam. Then the cider mill could not run until more steam was made. That took a while for the wood fire to get hot enough again. Of course, we had to stop at the mill to get some fresh cider. Boy, was that stuff good! Maybe we had "tummy aches" from drinking so much but it was hard to stop. Sometimes we were allowed to help by pushing the apples down the chute to be ground. We checked them as they came up on the belt - to be sure they were good and would make good, sweet cider. It was hard to keep up with all the apples, but we liked that job.

The surrender meant the end of many shortages, especially food - white flour, sugar, meat, peanut butter are items I remember. My mother made rye biscuit which no one liked. We must have eaten some but when Dad threw one across the kitchen floor, our dog, Jack ran away and hid, he didn't even eat it. We were very happy to get a new barrel of wheat flour and have good biscuits.

There were public activities also at school. Prize speaking was one which I liked. I learned a poem and practiced it so I could repeat it absolutely perfect, with emphasis in the correct spots. Also, I spoke very clearly and loud enough to be heard. The Town House seemed a huge place for me to be able to be heard all over.

Then, the "bombshell" came. The teacher changed the poem which I was to speak. I can't remember the poem which I had prepared but the one I was told to repeat was "Seven Times Seven". That's all I know - each verse ended "Seven Times Seven". I was very disappointed and I think heart broken. I hated that poem. Also, there was no more love of the teacher and prize speaking. You see, I had planned to win the contest! I knew I would win! And get the prize. Now, all was lost. I must have been

in second or third grade.

Christmas was a holiday which was a pleasant and happy time. At school we had plays, recitations and lots of singing. Santa always came along too, with his bag full. There were many visitors, parents, friends, and others. The large tree was decorated and each child received a net bag of popcorn and goodies from the tree. We made paper chains of red, green and white for the tree with a big star on top. Even though I almost froze, it was nice to ride home "in a one-horse sleigh" with a long string of bells, jingling around Fanny's "Tummy".



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Children's Day was a very happy and exciting affair for all the children in Holderness. We had plays, songs, recitations and fun skits, at the Town House. Everyone came to see and hear us. I had a new dress every time. My mother made them. Then we all had ice cream and dancing. It was so much fun.

Then, at the end of the Spring Term--Graduation, everyone in school took part. We decorated the Town House and hung a huge "Motto" over our stage curtain. All the graduates went picking flowers and beautiful ferns. That was very exciting and lots of fun, we hung up crepe paper streamers and made bows in many places in the hall. It looked festive.

Some years all the children in town joined together for a grand show. Other years each school put on a special, and then the graduates got diplomas and honor roll certificates. We sat on stage and some important person presented the diplomas. Each graduate had written and memorized a speech. We were dressed in new clothes - boys wore suits and neck ties; girls had white, fancy dresses, some starched and ruffled. I sent to Sears, Roebuck and got a white organdy dress, with three front loose panels which were edged with light blue narrow ruffles. Of course, I felt as if I were a queen. I spent a long time ironing those cute little ruffles.

I wanted to get to the graduation early because I just could not wait! So I walked by myself. It was a damp Spring evening and my pretty new dress became limp. Another disappointment! But I soon composed myself and had a great evening. The affair ended with ice cream and dancing. Harrison Sargent played a violin and there was someone playing the piano and maybe another instrument for the music.

Oh yes, I got my eighth-grade diploma from Squam Bridge School, Holderness, New Hampshire on a lovely June evening in 1922. And I got a crush on Louis Zarelli.

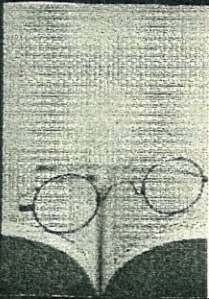
After Thoughts

There seems to be almost an endless stream of memories---here are a few:

1. Riding to Old Man of the Mountain and Flume with Mrs. Tobey.
2. Getting a ride home from school with Guy Davison's driver in one of his big cars.
3. Unhitching Mr. Johnson's calf.
4. Going to Sayford's through the woods for water.
5. Using church out-house in horse shed to get away from boys.
6. Two entrances - one for boys - one for girls.
7. Sitting in school - all boys on one side, all girls on the other.
8. Reading names of our "famous predecessors" from big old dictionary.
9. Finding names on desks.
10. I'm in second grade, Mrs. Meakin asking me to look after Jack and Lawrence. They were bigger than me but new at the Bridge.
11. Playing marbles.
12. Sitting on church steps talking confidentially with big girls---Hilda, Vina, Esther.
13. My brothers fighting on way home.
14. Getting new books.
15. Wild flowers contests.
16. Meeting my "cowboy hero" on my way home.

SCHOOL DAYS

at Squam Bridge School
Holderness, New Hampshire
Written by Doris Graton
1997



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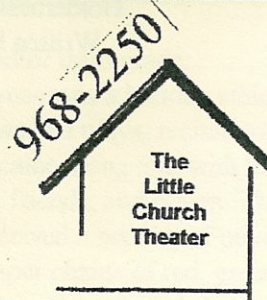
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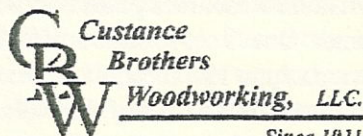
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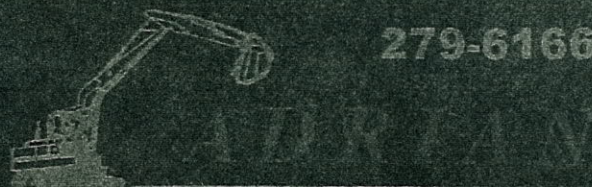
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Having a Gathering?

The Holderness Historical Society Meeting Room is available for gatherings of up to 50 people. There is a fully supplied kitchen and two restrooms. The rental fee varies between \$80 and \$155 depending on the number of guests. Local civic groups may use it without charge. For more information or to reserve, please contact Linda Foerderer 968-7487 or Missy Mason 968-3334.



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Special Exhibit

Our special exhibit in the museum this summer is *School Days*, featuring pictures and artifacts of the Holderness schools of yesterday.

Visit the Squam Bridge School

You will be able to visit the Squam Bridge School located next to the Community Church (across from the Fire and Police Station) on Rt. 3 during the Rummage Sale which is generally held Thursdays through Saturdays, twice a month.

Donations

We wish to thank the following people:

Harold Webster for a wonderful map which has been in his family for many years of the first division of 100-acre lots, dated 1771.

Bob Tuveson for copies of the 1860 Grafton County Gazetteer map of Holderness as well as of the 1806 survey map of Holderness done by surveyor and long-time town clerk, Samuel Sheperd, to be submitted for the Carrigain Map.

Tink Taylor for a copy of his 2015 publication, *A Timeline of New Hampshire Railroads*, and for the 2015 annual report of the Sandwich Historical Society.

Tink's Notes:

****DIGS--**The NH Division of Historic Resources plans two Native archaeological digs for this summer. One is set to start near to last summer's Nielsen dig in our town on June 19. Then at Livermore Hollow, site of a 19th century mill town down river of the Falls. Archaeologists will set about to unearth what remains of the community of once over 100 residents and workers. While the dig at Livermore Falls is not primarily to unearth Native artifacts but rather to reconstruct 19th-early 20th century life at "The Hollow" mill community, Native artifacts will undoubtedly be discovered as well for we know that they fished there in large numbers. The investigation on the site of New Hampshire's newest state park starts July 18. Students and volunteers are signing up now. (271-6433)

It's turning out that the gently sloping riparian lands on either side of the Squam River between the two lakes was once a seasonal home to large numbers of Native Americans. Seems everywhere one digs there arrow heads, other projectiles and shards of pottery are unearthed. This evidence of occupation date back to 2,000+ years BCE, during the so-called late Archaic and Woodlands Periods. Recall that in 2001, on the grounds of the Science Center, artifacts and human remains were uncovered during construction; one of the state's most significant archaeological finds since Weirs Beach.

According to state archaeologist Dr. Richard Boisvert, "Look anywhere the fishing would have been good and you will find Native remains." Squam River and Livermore Falls more than qualify.

****Your society was represented at the June 4 opening and rededication of Plymouth's Historical Society following their collapsed ceiling and other emergency repairs made during last winter. Board member Tink Taylor went dressed as Squire Samuel Livermore speaking to the crowd of over 100 about Livermore's role, as a delegate representing New Holderness, Campton and Thorton, in ratification of the new federal Constitution, making New Hampshire the ninth and deciding State, and of his close ties with Plymouth. His mansion was where Holderness School now stands and he is buried directly behind Trinity Chapel.**



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Booklet Available Soon

Tom Stepp has taken the time to copy and scan a book of Holderness Town Records as selected by late historian Doris Smith Tatham and given to HHS by her family in 1998. From early Town Meeting minutes to Town censuses and inventories, from perambulation reports to family genealogies and vital records, the booklet has topics to interest everyone. This will soon be available at the Library and Historical Society in booklet form and online.

MEMBERSHIP REPORT

A friendly reminder to all members who have not paid this year's dues **NOW** is the time! Please take a moment to renew using the enclosed envelope. Your support is much appreciated; it enables your society to preserve the history of Holderness as well as present programs.

Hope to see you at the museum.

Cynthia Murray

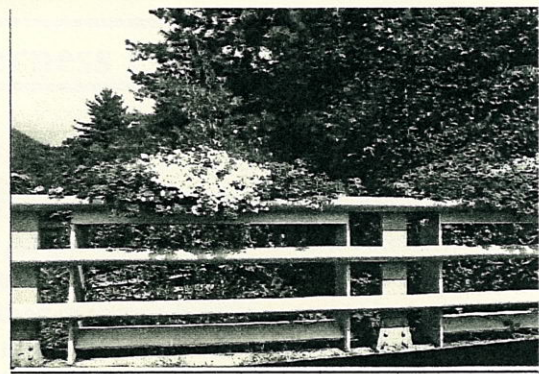
Membership Chairman

MAPS FOR SALE

1903 Map of Squam Lake 36" X 31"

Plain paper \$35 laminated \$40

Concord & Montreal Railroad Map of Squam Lake and Vicinity
20 1/4" X 15 1/2" \$15



FLOWERS ON THE BRIDGE

It is that time of year again and within a few weeks red Zinneas and white Lobularia will be decorating the bridge boxes. Hope you enjoy the new look!!

As always, we thank you for your contributions these past years to help support this project. Any amount, however small, helps to purchase the plants, planting soil and other expenses. A contribution can be made to Holderness Historical Society, PO Box 319, Holderness, NH 03245.

In the memo line of your check, please indicate **FLOWERS ON THE BRIDGE**.

Thank you!!

Liz Greason and Cynthia Murray

Prescription for Joy:

Smile, Breathe Deeply, Relax, Enjoy, Be at Peace, Trust, Be Trustworthy, Bend, Plant a Geranium, Stick it in your Hat, Have Patience, Love Yourself, Love Others, Sing and Dance, Make Music, Slow Down, Stay Balanced, Laugh Heartily, Have Compassion, Skip, Count Your Blessings, Bless Others, Have Fun, Read a Good Book, Write Your Story, Nourish your Body, Mind and Spirit, Twirl, Stretch, Experiment, Learn a Lesson, Grow and Change, Be aware of your Thoughts, Have Good Ones, Choose Happiness, Smell the Flowers, Be of Service, Give a Gift, Be a Blessing, Really See, Listen, Feel, Touch, Snuggle, Be Still, Hum, Appreciate Solitude, Commune with God, Walk in Nature, Live in the Moment, Giggle, Release Judgments, Let Go, Move Forward, Touch, Hug, Be with a Child, Be a Child, Be Adventurous, Take a Chance, Be Happy, Grin, Embrace your Journey, Have a Vision, Be a Friend, Make a Friend, Stay in Touch, Celebrate, Whistle, Be Grateful, Cherish Life.

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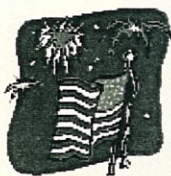
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MUSEUM SUMMER HOURS

The museum will be open on Saturdays from June 25th thru September 10th from 10 AM to 12 noon. Please come visit and explore.

Our special exhibit this year will be School Days. Come visit the museum and find out what school was like in Holderness 100 years ago.



Summer Celebration 255th

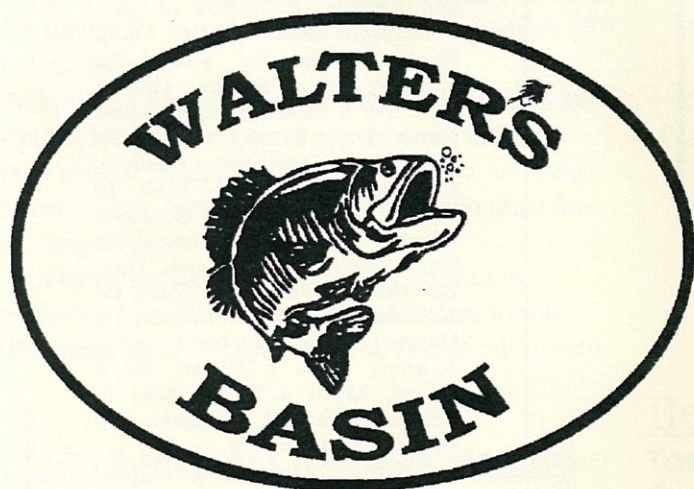
As Holderness celebrates the 255th year of its founding, there will be a street parade and an antique boat parade on **August 6**. The Mattatuck Fifes and Drums will be returning to participate in the boat parade as it travels down the channel between Big Squam and Little Squam as they have in the past for both the 200th and 250th celebrations. They are America's longest continually serving band, having played during the British surrender at Yorktown on October 19, 1781.

Fireworks and music by the Baker Valley Band on Little Squam are scheduled for **September 2nd**. Fireworks barge provided by Squam Docks and band ferried by Science Center.

Please support this celebration by sending a donation to the Holderness Historical Society. Please write *255th Celebration* on memo line of check to direct deposit into the 255th account.

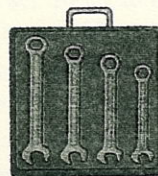
In Memoriam: Rick Fabian

Rick, who with his wife Georgene, was a staunch supporter of HHS died February 21. Rick spent summers in Holderness while he was young and had resided here permanently since 1975. His Gallaudet ancestors built a lakeside home which is now on the National Register of Historic Places. He and Georgene own the adjacent home where Winthrop Talbot, who founded Camp Asquam in 1887, once lived. Rick wrote an article for the Spring 2012 Newsletter about the P/R Water Ski School on Little Squam which he ran with his brother from 1957 to 1962. "Learn Quick with Pete and Rick." He was active in many local organizations and was a permanent trustee of the Chocorua Chapel Association.



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Treasurer's Report/Building Report

Thanks to all who have sent in dues and donations! Because of relatively inexpensive oil, we are in the black to date. We have filed all reports due to the IRS, the NH Attorney General's Charitable Unit and the Town of Holderness. Please patronize our advertisers because their ads allow us to print and mail the Newsletter. Our major expenses for the coming months will be for insurance and utilities and a new computer. We are saving for a new roof as well.



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In Memoriam: Peggy Burke Howe

Peggy Burke Howe, mother of member Margie Emmons, died on May 15. Margie, her family and their forebears have been at Rockywold-Deephaven since its beginning in 1897. Margie is the president of the Chocorua Chapel Association.

Holderness Historical Society & Holderness Library 2016 Programs



*****June 23 7:30 PM**

at Holderness Historical Society

"The Ballad Lives!"

John Perrault

Murder and mayhem, robbery and rapine, love that cuts to the bone: American ballads re-tell the wrenching themes of their English and Scottish cousins. Transplanted in the new world by old world immigrants, the traditional story-song of the Anglos and Scots wound up reinvigorated in the mountains of Appalachia and along the Canadian border. John Perrault talks, sings and picks the strings that bind the old ballads to the new.

*****August 4 7:30 PM**

at Holderness Historical Society

"Discovering New England Stone Walls"

Kevin Gardner

Why are we so fascinated with stone walls? Kevin Gardner, author of *The Granite Kiss*, explains how and why New England came to acquire its thousands of miles of stone walls, the way in which they and other dry stone structures were built, and how their styles emerged and changed over time and their significance to the famous New England landscape. Along the way, Kevin occupies himself building a miniature wall or walls on a tabletop, using tiny stones from a five-gallon bucket.



*****September 8 7:30 PM**

at Holderness Historical Society

"A Visit With Abraham Lincoln"

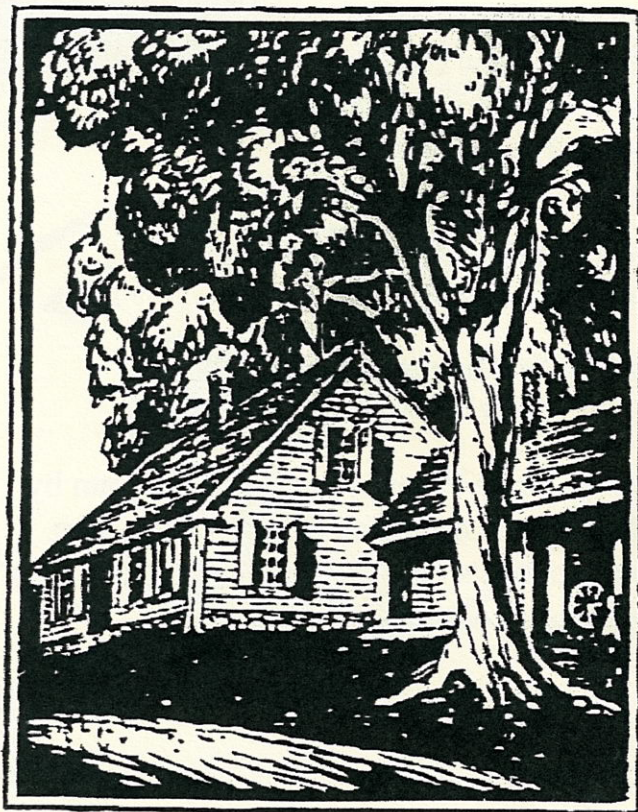
Steve Wood



Abraham Lincoln., portrayed by Steve Wood, begins this program by recounting his early life and ends with a reading of the "Gettysburg Address." Along the way he comments on the debates with Stephen Douglas, his run for the presidency, and the Civil War.

***Sponsored by the New Hampshire Humanities Council





Does Your Building Have a Story?

We have started an ongoing collection of pictures and stories of Holderness historic buildings. Do you have any information that you would be willing to add to this collection? Any and all contributions are welcome and will help to preserve our town's history.

If you have contributions, please call
968-7487 or 968-3334.