

# NEWSLETTER



Holderness Historical Society

Summer 2019

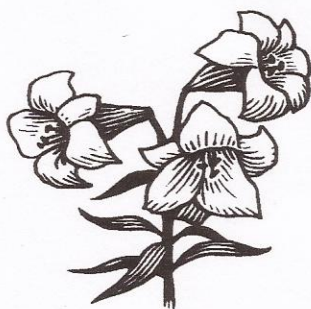
Volume XXXVIII

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HAPPY SUMMER

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[www.holdernesshistoricalsociety.org](http://www.holdernesshistoricalsociety.org)

The Lovetts have been coming to Holderness for 95 years and more. The following is an excerpt from "Summers in Holderness, New Hampshire, 1924 - 1978" by Eugenia Lovett West and Sidney Lovett which details their parents' joy in Squam summers.

## Summers in Holderness, New Hampshire, 1924 - 1978

They were made for each other, the Lovetts and *Five Chimneys*. Together, in 1924, ASL and Esther found and bought an old brick farmhouse and surrounding land which had once been a girls' camp. This was familiar territory; Esther's younger sister had been a camper there years before; Winchester (Massachusetts) connections, the Meads and the Mains, were already summer residents on the winding dirt road that drew uphill from central New Hampshire's Route 3, south of Squam Lake. Coxboro Road is a back road---a connector in the midst of other back roads. ASL and Esther had discovered it while visiting Esther's closest friend, Alice Main, shortly before announcing their engagement to be married. In 1921 they first walked by the chimney brick house whose front door faced the road and opened to a peerless view of the Squam interval. Chocorua's granite peak rose in a sharp point twenty miles to the northeast. Then, moving closer to the west, came summits of over four thousand feet: Osceola, Tripyramid, Passaconaway, Whiteface, Sandwich Dome and, still nearer, the Squam Range and Rattlesnake Mountain bordering Squam Lake, its waters glimpsed in early years before the pines excluded it from sight. In the foreground at *Five Chimneys*, a field sloped down to a white, simple New England farmhouse and barn where neighbors John and Addie Ladd farmed and raised their family. Farther along, the road dropped down to White Oak Pond, to Shepard Hill, then disappeared in a steep ascent to the town of Holderness.

The view was impressive, surprising, changing in color and mood, awesome in sunlight or cloud cover. ASL kept his eyes on the hills and over the years he climbed every mountain in sight and most of the Presidential Range beyond. Each hike was associated with close friends who shared the trek. It was a custom to direct mirrored flashes from the various summits to home base. Always, home base was the first and most important priority. It meant family, and *Five Chimneys* was the family place. John Greenleaf Whittier's words: "O Sabbath rest by Galilee, O calm of hills above," expressed it all.

Daughter Eugenia (Jeannie) was followed by two sons, Richard and Sidney. The house was filled with a steady stream of visitors: Mount Vernon church groups, and relatives from the large Parker tribe, as a succession of guest books testifies. The original property included a small barn and an open-sided platform known as the Playhouse. Soon the brick house was expanded by the addition of a white clapboard kitchen, sleeping porch, and an upstairs bedroom cherished by ASL for purposes of study and reflection. An artesian well and a tennis court were subsequent additions, as was a small shingled building known as the Hotel Statler, located beyond the tennis courts. Also, ASL's closest friend, Morgan P. Noyes, of Pine Island Camp, Yale and Union Theological Seminary connections, was urged to build an "apple's throw distance" on the hill. Thus commenced a happy confluence of children and dogs---spaniels provided by Aunt Violet Thomas' kennels.

During the 1930s many clergy and professors planted their family roots near Squam Lake, freed by long summer vacations from congregations or campus. ASL gently encouraged such migrations... The children learned early to address all of these in the "Uncle" and "Aunt" vernacular. The tennis court became a theological Wimbledon; ASL and Esther were strong players. ASL is best remembered for his flat serve, which was delivered facing the net and

continued on page 2



## The President's Corner

Partnered with the Holderness Library we presented two programs, "Robert Rogers of the Rangers" and "The Making of Strawberry Banke". Two more programs will be presented this year; they are listed on the next page.

Our special exhibits this summer are **Art & Memorabilia of Helen Nicolay**. (The paintings are on loan compliments of Patty Sue Salvador.) and a **dugout canoe** which was discovered in Squam Lake in 1939.

We are wishing Cynthia Murray well as she moves into a new phase of her life. She has been a long time board member and served as our secretary for the last few years, as well as, her projects - Flowers on the Bridge, membership committee, and newsletter mailings. Filling her shoes is going to be a tough job, if not impossible.

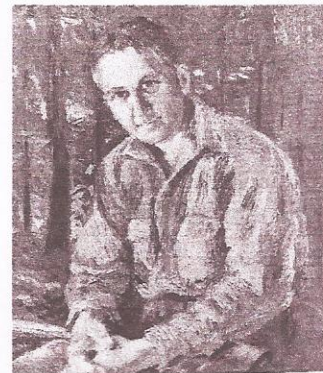
An ongoing project is a collection of pictures and stories of Holderness historic buildings. Does your home or building have a story? Please share your story with us. If you have any information that you are willing to contribute to this collection, it would be most welcome and will serve to preserve 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 several DVD's including 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 2019, please use the enclosed envelope to do so. Please join us this year. Your ideas, suggestions, and help will be enthusiastically welcomed. 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](mailto:FPLinda@aol.com) (603) 968-7487 mid April to mid November or (561) 279-9720 mid November to mid April.

Continued from page 1

and always after a ritual of touching the back tape with his racquet head, then tossing the ball. As the years went on, the tennis court became a focal family place. Adolescents attempting to demonstrate prowess usually fell before seasoned canny wisdom. A simple grandstand seating six was constructed by veteran player and visitor, Everett Baker, shortly before his untimely death in 1950--an event which brought great sorrow to our family. His ashes are lovingly attended



ASL aka Rev. A. Sidney Lovett

with cairn and fern in a pine grove across the road from the brick house. As the number of grandchildren grew to a total of twelve, ASL put aside tennis playing for watching; he would join the gallery with regularity and quietly, pipe in mouth, view the intense struggles. Gradually, the physical pursuits, climbing and tennis, were replaced by filling the woodbox, brushing, cutting the grass and, later, producing a supply of wood via a double saw or bucksaw. When the children were young, ASL would do chores in the morning, write or study into the midafternoon, then share in games and family life. There was no telephone; messages came by courtesy of one of the Jack Taylor daughters who lived on the back side of the hill. Use of their telephone was only one evidence of neighborliness shown by the Jack Taylors; there was also conversation, new kittens, and cool water from the kitchen pump.

ASL was rarely interested in lakeside activities, but one annual high point of the summer was his unrehearsed and totally unpredictable "fall in" in full dress. To the dismay of a child rower, ASL would roll out of a boat, or perhaps teeter off a dock, but the finale was always the same: with pipe tightly clenched, clothes hanging limp, hair parted in the middle, he would surface to the accompaniment of laughter, and retire shyly homeward as if the whole incident had been an accident. This streak of horseplay would emerge in the theatrical productions in the Playhouse. They featured slapstick comedy interspersed with high drama created around the theme of the fictitious Cuxboro Fire Department which inevitably arrived after the fires had done their worst. Formal productions gradually gave way to more informal gatherings, often around the piano where, in one key and with a thumping rhythm, ASL would sing out the Pine Island camp favorites: "Casey Jones," "In my Castle on the River Nile," and "Joshua Fit the Battle of Jericho." A collection of ASL hats, largely acquired by Esther and friends, became a regular part of spirited social gatherings---police hats, derbies, training caps---available for any and all whims. In fact, mock parades and marches would be instigated at the putting on of a hat. The Boston Red Sox cap was a particular favorite in his eighth decade. As the Sox dissolved under late-season pressure, he would announce grief over each loss by wearing the cap backward and visiting Louie's Bowling Alley for his midmorning banter session, spiced by an extra doughnut, or better yet, a blueberry muffin. His summer costume hardly ever varied; grey flannel trousers and seersucker jacket, replaced on cooler days by one of worn Harris tweed.

Undoubtedly, ASL's greatest props were an old red rocking chair and a costume which featured his father's Grand Army of the Republic coat and

Continued on page 9



## The Collection

Cynthia Murray has given us a slide projector. Some of our old pictures are in that format.

Tink Taylor continues to provide us with books and magazines.

We were notified by Jeanne Gordon Demers of an East Coast Books auction of Shepard papers. We did win the auction and now have assorted land deeds dating to the 1830s, IOU receipts and other papers from the Shepards of Shepard Hill. We also have a picture of Edna Shepard, the last descendant of the original settlers carrying that name in town. Edna's mother Nancy was also a Shepard whose family owned land all the way from the lake up Shepard Hill. The Manor was built on land known as "Edna's pasture." Edna sold the remaining land she inherited from her parents George L. and Nancy Shepard in 1923. We have an abstract for the property which begins in 1783 with a transfer from Andrew Smyth to James Smyth and ends in 1923 when it was subdivided as Holderness Park which ran from Curry Place east to Piper Lane and beyond.



Mr. R J Auslow and Edna Shepard taken in October of 1907.

Happy Birthday to **Harold Webster** who gave us an old map of the first Holderness land divisions. He was 100 in May.

## Town's New Look

The townhouses rising where the Smith Piper store stood are making progress. They appear to have a view over Little Squam. If anyone is interested, the Historical Society has many old ledgers from the Smith Piper Store which operated from 1888 to circa 1980.

Ward D'Elia's architecture firm has bought the old Holderness Inn building for its offices. With its new windows and stain, the Inn looks beautiful again. Central House had been located there but burned in 1895 and was rebuilt by owner John Davison. His daughter Ruby later operated it. The Inn was bought by the Science Center in 1967. The Science Center will continue to run Kirkwood Gardens. The Historical Society has several old pictures, sketches and postcards of the Inn in its heyday as well as a guest register for 1920 to 1924.

Curry Place has a new look, too. Owner Rob Haskell is adding both apartments and office space to the complex. He has done research on the Curry family which we will run in a future newsletter.

## Cynthia Murray

Our long-time secretary has sold her home and moved to a retirement community in Concord. She has served on the Board for many years and worked on all projects from *Flowers On the Bridge*, to newsletter mailings. We will miss you, Cynthia!

Cynthia's new address is: Heritage Heights, 149 East Side Drive # 147, Concord, NH and her new email address is: [cynmurray1@comcast.net](mailto:cynmurray1@comcast.net).

Upcoming Programs will be at the Library at 7:30 PM

August 21 - New England Lighthouses and the People Who Kept Them - Jeremy D'Entremont

September 11 - (Not So) Elementary My Dear Watson: The Popularity of Sherlock Holmes - Ann McClellan

Squam Lake

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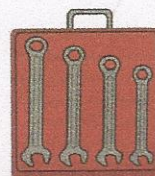
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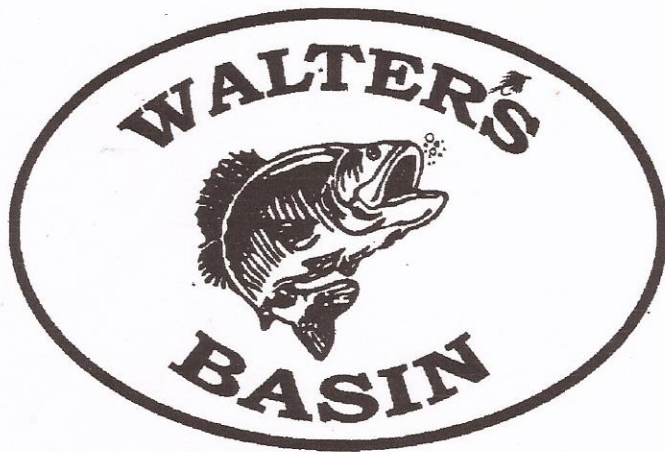
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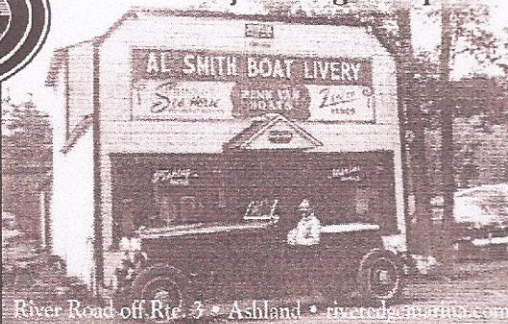
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## Treasurer and Building Report

We have no major plans for the building but we will be installing some new insulation in our utility room. Thanks to members' generosity, we have funds to do that. We are also looking at solar-based flagpole lights.

We are requesting donations for *Flowers on the Bridge*. We would like to thank Liz Greason, Cynthia Murray, and Dodie Greenwood for doing yeoman's duty by watering plants daily last year after our irrigation could not run during the Curry Cottages construction project. This year Tom and Sally Daigneault of Squam Boat Livery have generously volunteered to have our irrigation controls attached to their building. This requires some re-wiring and the installation of a pump to draw water from the Channel. It's an expensive project and will require all of our funds except those we use for Profusion Double Zinnias. The Boat Livery and Squam Lake Marketplace will keep an eye on the flower boxes but we are still looking to put in place a team of volunteers to look out for problem dryness or mold and insects. Please call Missy Mason, 968-3334, if you can help.

## Many Thanks

To Gary Cripps for repairing our lamppost after it was damaged by a falling pine branch in a windstorm.

## Special Summer Exhibit

Helen Nicolay art returns for our summer exhibit. As many of you know, John Nicolay and John Hay were Abraham Lincoln's secretaries while he was president. Nicolay and his daughter Helen built a summer home in Holderness in 1895 called Tannenruh (Peace in the Pines). The house is on Shepard Hill just below St. Peter's in the Mount. Helen Nicolay who was both a writer and an artist was a friend of the Nielsen family and our board member Patty Sue Nielsen Salvador owns many of her paintings. Patty Sue's sister Ann Marie and her nephew John Maguire have written a book called "Lincoln's Secretary's Secretary" about Helen who helped her father and John Hay produce their ten-volume history of Lincoln. She also took painting lessons from Champney and other artists. She painted Holderness sites, the American West and European and Egyptian scenes.

Patty Sue is lending some Nicolay paintings for an exhibit at the Historical Society. We have a Nicolay Corner this summer displaying her paintings and other artifacts.



## Summer Celebration

The fate of the end of summer event is still uncertain. There is some question about the harm fireworks may do to the lake, however exciting and beautiful many of us find them. In addition, donations were way down last year and the year before. Last year's event was underwritten by just 45 taxpayers and businesses despite an appeal to all. (The Historical Society has acted as fiscal agent for the Summer Celebration Committee).



## Dugout found in Squam Lake in 1939

On August 18, 1939 Harold B. Smith, James King and Horace Wheaton, three fishermen from Tilton, New Hampshire found a dugout on one of their fishing trips to Squam Lake. This old dugout canoe was found in 14 feet of water. They successfully brought the canoe to shore and exhibited it at a garage in Tilton.

A newspaper clipping dated Aug. 18 said "The canoe is 14 feet long and 3 feet wide. Expert treemen believe the tree from which it was made was at least 300 years old when cut."

Four days later another news release stated "The old canoe found on the bottom of Squam Lake is one of the best preserved relics of its kind brought to light in years. James King and Horace Wheaton consulted authorities on the best course to pursue in preserving it. The Smithsonian in Washington advised that the wood be allowed to dry in a cool place so that it would not decay." Other suggestions were also received as to how to preserve the wood which had been water soaked for hundreds of years.

Mr. Wheaton, a former member of the Canadian Mounted Police, dove into the lake 15 times to remove the stones which held the craft to the bottom. Theories, estimates of age, the type of wood, reasons why the boat was filled with stones and other matters were discussed for many years since that time.

The dugout eventually found a home at the Shelburne Museum in Shelburne, VT for the past 75 years or so. Several years ago while visiting the museum Tink Taylor heard the history of the dugout and made it his mission to bring it back home to Holderness. Last winter the Historical Society was approached by the Shelburne Museum who wanted to transfer it back to where it originally came from. The Historical Society has added the dugout to our collection and are proudly displaying this treasure. There will be costs involved because the proper temperature and humidity needs to be maintained. We are asking for donations for this purpose.

Transferred from Shelburne Museum, Shelburne, VT 6/28/19.



## 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.

## Museum Hours

The museum is open on Saturdays thru September 7th from 10 AM to 12 noon. Please come visit and explore the museum.

## 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

## Search for Asquam Lake RPO Cancelling Stamp

Tink Taylor would like to find the cancelling stamp used on the Squam Lake mailboat from 1901? to 1968. The Holderness Historical Society has the postal carrier's badge provided by former postmaster Larry Mowbray but there is no sign of the cancelling stamp. Can anyone give us a clue? Does anyone have an envelope where the stamp was used? We'd be happy to have a copy of that, too.

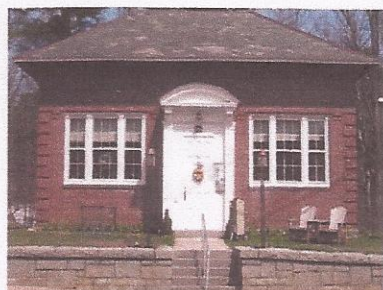
## In Memoriam

**Laura Greenleaf Heath** who served many years as Historical Society secretary died in December. With her husband Harry, she catalogued all Town-owned cemeteries in 1976. The lists are available here and at the library. Several donations to the Society were made in her name.

**Patricia Ford** who with her son Ed worked to establish the Holderness Honor Roll now next to the Library, died in March.

**Justice William Batchelder** who served on the NH Supreme Court died in May.

**Norman P. Smith**, who still lived on the family land on Mt. Prospect, died in May. He and other local residents are featured in SLA's "Voices of Squam" exhibit on view in their lobby. If you haven't seen it, visit and have a look.



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campaign hat. Seated on the front lawn, smoking a pipe and holding a stuffed elephant of childhood acquaintance under his left hand and the American flag with his right, he would quietly wait to entrap the expected guest or unexpected stranger. The sight of the ancient veteran, sandwiched between senility and devotion, was enough to stop the most casual passerby. It still remains vintage, never-to-be-forgotten ASL. The humor was so seldom hidden that it came to be taken for granted. Who would expect that a formal sign titled "Chaplain's Office," with arrow, would thrust a visitor into a tiny "one holer" near the side door of the barn? Reportedly it was used only by Uncle Reeve Chipman trying to read the Boston papers and escape from the children.

ASL's respect and affection for the year-round residents resulted from over a half-century of acquaintanceship. He had come to a rural community and knew full well how hard the people worked to make a living. He also knew that character is never concealed by lack of privilege. Few realized at the time how much visiting took place on the front porch or at hospital bed. For ASL made pastoral tracks without benefit of collar or professional call. He swapped stories and listened so attentively that many sermon illustrations came from these visits. On one occasion he sought instruction in the proper use of a chain saw, lethal under any conditions. The salesman lifted up the saw, held it before ASL and stated, "You kin shift your grip, but you mustn't loose your holt." And therewith was born a magnificent illustration shared with many a congregation.

The extent of the shepherd's journeys and the depth of personal ties as friend and kindly encourager became clear in the 1960s and 1970s. He was asked yearly to provide the talk at the annual meeting of remembrance of the Holderness Historical Society. There he rendered a well-researched account of some of the early townfolk. Indeed the Bicentennial sermon at the Holderness Community Church entitled, "Hats off to the Past, Coats off to the future," was a typical earthy ASL punch line.

ASL possessed an erratic bouquet of practical skills. In this field he was outmatched by Esther, and as a result he abdicated to her control all matters of carpentry and mechanical work. After all, she had taught him to drive and he commemorated his first solo trip to Ashland by forgetting the brake system of the Model T Ford. After circling the town square he returned sheepishly to Cox Hill and stopped the car by running it into the rear wall of the garage. ASL's midcareer in driving was his finest. In the last two decades, with visual impairment due to glaucoma and cataracts, he gaily referred to

Esther as his co-pilot, intimidated grandchildren by asking them to spot the side roads, and cajoled his children by announcing that in the good old days the motto for speed was "drive your age," which he did until over 80. When a truck driver screamed some unprintable at his performance on a main street in nearby Laconia, ASL reported with glee that his rejoinder was, "Would you repeat that, please? I'm a bit deaf."

For years ASL worked effectively with bucksaw and ax, except when it came to beheading chickens. The latter were part of a small egg-producing venture, no doubt to introduce the boys to the free-enterprise system. At summer's end the layers, named after recalcitrant parishioners known only to ASL and Esther, were clumsily dispatched. The advent of the chain saw permitted ASL to relegate the wood cutting to his sons and concentrate on his finest outdoor skill: brushing or clipping. There persistence paid off. Unencumbered by technology, ASL would take to the roadside and work against the tide of weeds and saplings. He grubbed hardily, convinced that he was immune to ever-present poison ivy. He never tired of the battle, often working for several hours a day in the final summer of his 88<sup>th</sup> year. So familiar was he with this discipline that the first plank in his perennial gubernatorial campaign was, "Cut back to the stone walls." Always this was met by responsive laughter. It should be noted that embarrassment for ASL did occur by reason of having to call the local volunteer fire department when a brush fire got beyond him. He paid the usual tribute--a case of beer--at the next departmental meeting. Another occasion, memorable by reason of its uniqueness, was ASL's discomfort at being identified alongside a dear friend, Alfred Bellinger, Yale '17. Friendship notwithstanding, ASL thought it unbecoming to be seen at the summit of Mt. Washington, with its record wind velocity, next to a man equipped for and intending to catch butterflies. Friendship and loyalty won out, yet for a painful moment...

During the 1930s the family gratefully expanded to include Julia Ambrose, a Lithuanian immigrant who managed the kitchen with high distinction. No one could have worked harder to benefit all comers. "Boolie" was a master berry picker. ASL would accompany her on berrying projects and regale the family with his version of Boolie encountering a small bear, each picking feverishly on the same bush. Boolie reigned supreme in the kitchen until supper was over. Then ASL would take over at the dishpan while children and guests wiped the spotless results of his very careful ministrations...

...During the war years family gatherings at



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Holderness were limited, due to Yale's three semesters, summer jobs, and military service. It was only at the close of the war that ASL resumed a characteristic summer stay in Holderness. Beginning in 1946, and continuing until 1960, twelve grandchildren arrived for long visits. The brick house became the center of children's holidays. ASL and Esther graciously opened the home to the extending families who will never forget the warm welcomes and supportive farewells. At the height of the crush a small frame building, formerly Alice Main's music studio, was purchased and moved several miles up Coxboro Road; it was situated in a pine grove across the road from *Five Chimneys* and became Esther's favorite retreat and abode. ASL, however, preferred the familiar brick house. In 1960, when Jeannie settled in at the West's lake camp and young Sid began to build farther up the road, the Lovetts returned to their own house. It was in the construction of young Sid's camp that ASL proffered one of his rare demands. One end of the large front deck featured a twelve-foot drop to hard ground and granite boulders. ASL, expressed his anxiety: "I can't bear sitting over at the brick house thinking of these five youngsters (two in diapers) pitching off this porch." His vigorously stated concern was so unusual that ASL promptly erected a unique safety net which was never in reality used.

As the years passed, ASL had a more leisurely schedule in which to enjoy his grandchildren. In the late afternoons he would establish himself on the front porch with pipe and bourbon, content to reflect and study the mountains, yet ready to greet any visitor with serene humor and quiet welcome. Whimsey, the fable, a comic touch, all wove a net of deep affection. Each youngster received encouragement and a ready ear. Training and discipline were left to the parents, but Gramp introduced the world of good and bad with the coinage of "gooies" and "oogies." An oogie might reflect an oversight or something impolite. There was never was an attempt to keep score, but these were personal markers that could be accumulated and confessed by any and all, even Gramp, who periodically acknowledged his status.

ASL was a master of surprise. The children early realized his gift for bringing the unexpected into their world and had a ready ear for his high, musical one-note call, lifted periodically in search of a response: "Poop poop!" still rings in the region. They received letters that reported local news with an eye to the comical: "There is a little glow in the dump tonight." Each day before the rural free delivery truck appeared, ASL would solemnly carry out the handful of neatly penned letters which flowed from his writing table in the bedroom dormer.

Traditional birthday letters, encouragement, sympathy, news reports---the daily transactions were so simply managed that no one except the recipients could have ascertained the full range of ASL's network. There were stories: how Sabagi got its name, early childhood mischief in Brookline. At the end of summer came the traditional opportunity for Gramp to provide verbal wreaths and, in particular, the "Pet of the Summer" award. His judgement, jokingly disputed, was irreversible. Horses, dogs, cats became candidates for this highly sought honor.

ASL was a regular preacher at three places of worship: the Holderness Community Church, St. Peter's on the Mount (an Episcopal summer chapel now defunct), and Chocorua Island, known as Church Island. A distinguished procession of clergy would take their turn on Sundays and ASL enjoyed being thus connected. His sermons were always carefully written out, blending biblical insights with practical everyday wisdom. His encouragement was for persons to glimpse the possible and strive toward it. He took the commonplace and by gentle discernment revealed its hallowedness...

... Somehow, in his public and private counsel, he encouraged persons of all ages to see themselves in a greater light and to gain in self-esteem. Then, along with letters, sermons, and counsel came the season for a disciplined, scholarly treatise: ASL, was invited to provide the preacher's exposition for the *Book of Amos* in the *Interpreter's Bible*, a major twelve-volume biblical reference work. Many a summer neighbor was likewise engaged. ASL was not unprepared for the task. He had honed out a full year's worth of lectures in biblical literature in a course familiarly known as "Cokes and Smokes" by Yale undergraduates who appreciated the informal setting and rules. The prophet Amos was clearly a favorite son, permitting ASL to present the prophetic tension existing between a morally soft, national establishment and God's call for justice and righteousness. There was many a groan uttered as the exposition of Amos became the order of the day, the week, the summer, with little sympathy and much friendly abuse on all sides. Because the length of the article had to coincide with the translation and exegesis, the end came prematurely. It was a black day when he received news from the editor that five thousand additional words were required to get Amos to fit neatly within the work. Needless to say, ASL's modesty almost concealed from his family and friends his significant contribution to this mid-century reservoir of scholarship and Prophetic insights.

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### In Memoriam: Mary Elizabeth Nielsen

A Mayflower descendant and direct descendent of the Pipers, first settlers of Holderness, Mary Elizabeth was born on March 28, 1920 on her grandparents farm just beyond White Oak Pond. Her early years were spent on the farm, while her father built their home close to town. She attended East Holderness School in a building that is still standing. Her father, R. Tolford Piper ran the mail boat on Squam Lake for many years, delivering mail and groceries. Her high school years were spent in Connecticut and summers were at Squam. She earned her teaching certificate at Wheelock College in Boston and later her B.A. from Plymouth State College. She first taught at the two room school house in Dalton, NH, until her marriage in 1941 to Knud B. Nielsen, the proprietor of Carey's Furniture Store in Ashland. They made their home on Highland Street in Ashland, where they raised their family of six children.

Mary Elizabeth later became a well loved elementary teacher in the Ashland school system, eventually teaching the grandchildren of her first students. When her mother Pattie Piper died, they moved back to her childhood home in Holderness, where she spent the rest of her life. At home in Holderness she was very involved in the library, church, science center and historical society where she was a board member and contributed much of her time and energy. She enjoyed her chickens and garden and spent many happy hours on the lake. After her husband died, her little dog Sunny was her favorite companion.



### 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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As children became more involved in their particular family requirements, ASL enjoyed his rounds. Every nearby home received a daily visit, then the sick and weary, then the local paper store. He was intrigued by the summer bookstore venture of young Sid and Joan and offered to sit in the window, rocking and reading as a lure for prospective customers. Jeannie's accomplishment in publishing a novel *Ancestors Cry Out*, brought deep satisfaction. Dick became an increasing source of steady strength in the management of the place. A lifelong habit of quiet solitary meditation continued. The words of the prayer of committal well described ASL at day's end, sitting in a rocker at the end of the porch, pipe aglow--"the shadows lengthen and the evening comes and the busy world is hushed and the fever of life is over." There were times in his so-called retirement when ASL wanted less quiet and more activity. He would depart Holderness for New Haven and a week's appointments. A regular preaching stop at Fenwick, Connecticut, was a high point of the summer. There were happy trips into nearby states to visit a dwindling number of classmates, driving the old Dodge known as the *Gray Elephant*. Yet the shadows lengthened. A few modest physical problems were shaken off with the help of dear medical friends who were not put off by the ASL maxim: "Never unbutton your shirt in the presence of a doctor." A mid-September departure was the plan in 1978. ASL and Esther looked carefully at the mountains just prior to the final closure. Each privately said to their son that this might be their last look, a benediction. In the process of locking up, ASL came to the back door carrying a case in one hand, a cane in the other. Young Sid stood aside in order that the master of the house could attend to the details. Up went the crook of the cane. The door slammed shut. Then they set off on ASL's final trip from Holderness to New Haven.

In July of 1979, the following summer, the family placed ASL's ashes in the pine grove across the road from the brick house. Against a granite boulder, in company with a beloved friend and with his pipe and pouch, there he has found a "safe lodging, a holy rest and peace at the last. Amen."