



## Washington Historical Society Newsletter

A Newsletter for Members and Friends

FALL 2009 EDITION

### PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

As the temperatures are dropping we know that the 2009 season for your society is drawing to a close, except of course for the winter projects at the museum and barn with the continuing efforts of the Gaskells. It was another great year both financially and activity wise. We met our budget and the monthly programs drew more than 350 people. The biggest turnout was for "Beer Making in NH". Was that history or were people hoping for free samples? We had nearly 400 visitors to the barn, museum and school including students and special guests.

We are fortunate to have received a donation to allow for the finishing work in the museum basement. It will include more shelving for displays and wall space for various photos etc. It should be completed before Christmas and open for viewing in the spring. The annual "Sidewalk Café" at the Rhoades farm as part of the Wool Arts Tour was successful. All the serving and cooking and cashing was done by five families. We thank them and all our volunteer bakers and vegetable cutters. Next year we will need more folks to help at the farm. It is an enjoyable day working for the society at the farm greeting visitors and sharing with them Washington NH. Although the Ham and Bean Supper was not a huge financial success we are grateful to the many volunteers who participated.

An item of discussion within the town involves the preservation of the Town Hall. Nothing has raised such intense support and opposition. Last year there was a warrant at the town meeting to expend \$80,000 to hire an architect to get further input and prepare architectural plans. These plans could then be used to get actual cost estimates and more importantly to seek various grants to lower the net cost. The warrant was not approved.

This year the society was asked if it had a position on whether the Selectmen and The Committee on the Future of the Washington Meetinghouse should make an application for a planning grant for funds to the town to assist in the planning stage for preservation. In October the Board approved a letter to the selectmen which stated that "we fully support the Selectmen and the committees in the planning and grant-seeking for the preservation of the Town Hall." This specifically did not support any particular project as some have stated but only future planning. There will be a warrant at the town meeting in March to match the \$25,000 requested grant if received. Since the total cost of an architectural/engineering plan is estimated at \$80,000 a future Town Meeting vote would still be required to approve any balance necessary to receive the grant and start the actual planning. The planning would take a year and any final plan would be subject to approval of the voters. As you can see it would be several years in the future before any work could start, let alone be completed. Our letter to the Selectmen also stated that "Our experience is that for a building to be preserved it must be used and therefore whether or not additional space is needed, at this time preservation should be the priority. The preservation should consider the current needs of the Town as well as serving the Town needs for another 200 years." As an historical society seeking support from a diverse group it was not our intent to get involved in such a controversial issue. However, if we cannot get involved in preserving the 1787 Town Hall, which is the heart and soul of Washington, in what do we get involved?

We look forward to next year and welcome any comments or suggestions you might have. Many thanks to all who helped us in any manner this past year. I would like to wish everyone a happy and healthy season.

Sincerely,  
Jim Crandall, President

## Washington's First Snowmobile

*By Dick Hall*

*Brother of member Ron Hall*

*Submitted by Gwen Gaskell*

The year was 1950 or '51.

"Ducky" Rice and I were councilors, under Earl Holstrom, in the Lumber Jack Village of Camp Morgan YMCA. Somehow we heard of the upcoming auction at Young's store and it included an old Model "T" Snowmobile. Ducky and I went in to inspect it before the auction. We decided the max we could bid was \$75.00 total which would take a pretty good chunk of our councilors' summer pay.

We both went to the auction and when the snowmobile came up we bid \$50. Someone upped it \$5, I think it was MacNeil that lived on the hill- you could see his house when you made the curve after passing Drew's place and before getting to the Y ball field. We were told later he wanted to use it in mud season to get to his place. The bid by MacNeil got to \$75.00 our agreed max, I looked at Ducky and bid \$76.00. It went back and forth and we finally got it for \$93.00.

It was near the end of the camp season and Earl talked to Don Perry, the camp director, to see if he would let us borrow the camp stake truck. He did and we loaded the snowmobile and drove it down to Auburn, MA. I can't remember how we ever got it loaded or unloaded.

That fall Ducky came out to my house in Auburn and we proceeded to tear it all down, including the engine, in our barn. When it was completely torn down and all the pieces neatly laid out on the barn floor, I remember my Dad coming out, taking a look and saying we would never get it put back together again.

Since neither Ducky nor I had any money to speak of the only restoration would consist of the minimum parts to get it running again. The snowmobile had a starter but we couldn't afford a battery, so at the appropriate time we would jump it from a car battery. It did have a crank- but I think we were only able to start it by cranking a couple of times. We painted the firewall in the engine compartment fire engine red, reupholstered the badly deteriorated leather seat with some white oil cloth Mother had. I think we did put all new wiring in and of course cleaned everything up including the planetary transmission (shifted by a pedal on the floor) and greased and oiled as required.

Test day arrived (it must have been a Saturday as Dad was home), we had the front wheels on and had removed the track and the extra set of rear wheels that were there only so you could put the track on. We jumped it and it started right up WOW! We drove it up to the village to drive it around a parking lot and saw Dad running toward us waving his arms wildly telling us to stop. He could see oil pouring out of the engine area. We immediately knew what it was. The planetary transmission had a loose fitting bolted-on cover and required caulking with oakum (similar to a caulked joint on a cast iron sewer pipe). We went back to the barn, caulked it up, refilled the oil and went back to the parking lot where it performed well enough so that we could drive it back to camp.

We got it all loaded up with skis, extra wheels and track. It was decided to drive it up at night as there would be less traffic. [A trip of over 80 miles!—ed.] The headlights were too much drain on the magneto, so the plan was that I would drive in front of Ducky's car and see where to go from his headlights and his tail lights would protect me from a car coming up from behind. All went well until we got to a little town before Peterborough and in town, for some reason, Ducky turned off. It was a moonlight night and I could see well enough to keep going and let Ducky catch up. The next thing I knew there was a big flashing red light coming up behind me so I pulled over. The local officer came up to the snowmobile and asked what the H— I thought I was doing. Incidentally there were no license plates on the vehicle since we couldn't afford antique plates. About then Ducky pulled up behind us and the police started asking questions about the vehicle and after about  $\frac{3}{4}$  of an hour explaining everything he told us to go ahead but admonished Ducky to

be sure to stay behind me. The rest of the trip was uneventful. Earl had previously made arrangements for us to store the snowmobile in Drew's barn free of charge.

Ducky and I were at camp and decided to take the snowmobile for a ride. I knew there was a road down to the Seventh Day Adventist Church that was supposed to come out on Rt. 9 (the road from Keene to Hillsborough).

Before making that long trip we had to go to Barker's store to get gas. As we were gassing up Abner came out and said "I see you don't have a license plate". I replied that we only drive it in and out of the woods and didn't need one and with that we drove off. I found out later that Abner was the Washington police officer!

We started the snowmobile with a jump and since it had been running so well decided not to take the battery out of Ducky's car and put it in the snowmobile. Everything was going fine until we got a little past the church and the 2 rut road began to deteriorate. We finally came to a 2-3inch sapling in the middle between the 2 ruts. I didn't want to pick up speed to bend it over- not knowing what damage it might do underneath- so I edged up to it and tried gently pushing the sapling over (with Ducky out watching) and the engine stalled. Now we were in a pickle! Try cranking or walk back to get Ducky's car, drive to the church and carry the battery to the snowmobile. We decided to crank first and after each of us cranking for about ½ hour it caught and started. We were able to get out of the 2 ruts and go around the sapling, out to Rt. 9 and up Rt. 31 to Washington and back to Drew's barn for storage.

Several years went by and the folks got a phone call from Earl, I can't remember the reason but the Drew's wanted the snowmobile out of the barn. I was either in the Army or at Buffalo Forge Co. and had long since lost contact with Ducky. I told Earl to sell it or give it to someone. I guess it was the latter as I never got any money. Bad ending—I don't know what ever happened to it. Perhaps someone reading this will know. If so please let the Washington Historical Society know and they will tell me for old time's sake.

*Thank you Dick for this interesting adventure!*



*An example of a snowmobile conversion from a Model T Ford. Reproduced from a photograph loaned by K. Lightbody of the NH Antique Engine Club. In the early 1930s a company in Ossipee, NH, sold conversion kits and occasionally there is a rally of these contraptions.*

*To see some of them in action, go to the web site: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=-9CgOhj0HP0>*

*Note: The O between g & h is a capital O, the two 0s in the four letters at the end are numerals.*

## THE MAX ISRAEL TRACT

*By Phil Budne*

The Max Israel Tract lies deep in the “Mountain District” of Washington, including the northern ridges of Lovell Mountain. The tract, comprising more than 600 acres, is separated from Pillsbury State Park by Kittredge Hill and the southern foot of Mount Sunapee. Along the west side is the old Highway between Washington and Bradford (now Half Moon Pond Road). It starts at the gate just north of Martin Road, encompasses the triangular piece of land between Half Moon Pond road and Ayers Pond Road and ends at “Ed’s Corner,” where the Old Bradford Road meets Ayer’s Pond Road. More about Ed later. The altitude ranges from under 1600 feet along the Bradford Road in the south, to over 2000 atop one of the southern ridge tops. This article is divided into several sections: first an introduction to Max Israel himself by the way of a biographical sketch, followed by an account of the various owners of the land and its uses and, finally, the way it ended up as part of a State Forest with Max’s name attached.

### THE MAN

Max Israel was born Yitzhak (Isaac) Mordechai Ezroch on September 15<sup>th</sup>, 1886, the eldest child of Getzel and Annie Ezroch in Ponodel, Imperial Russia. He had grey eyes and auburn hair.

Ponodel, now Pandelys in northern Lithuania, was part of the “Russian Pale of Settlement”, outside of Russia proper where Jews were allowed to live. Opportunities were limited. Unlike their Christian neighbors, who had their own fields and pastures, Jews could not own land, and could only live in small provincial towns, called “shetls”, for “little towns” in the Yiddish or “Jewish” language. Opportunities for civil education were limited as well, unless they converted to Christianity. Most Jews in Eastern Europe made their living in the marketplace, many as middlemen, buying from producers and selling to consumers. When railroads opened up distant markets for producers, life became even harder, and many emigrated.

“Max Ezrock” arrived at Deer Island, Boston, in November 1905 with only a dollar to his name, and knowing only one word of English: “cheese”. He was met by a cousin who took him to the home of his mother’s sister in Worcester, MA. For a while he worked in a chair factory in Gardner, and within six months had paid for his sister Ruchel’s passage to the U.S. But he had a painful memory of working unprofitably for an uncle in Lithuania so he soon heeded his father’s parting words: “Don’t work for others; be your own boss.”

Borrowing money from relatives he started peddling socks and shoe laces from a pack before he knew much English. And he took on a new name, one people could pronounce: Max Israel. The wares he carried soon grew to include “Yankee Notions” and he still travelled by foot, or by train to visit fresh territory. He once spent a tearful night in a Wilton, NH jail cell after being locked up for not having a peddler’s license until a cousin from Worcester could come to bail him out. In spite of his run-in in Wilton, Max was drawn to New Hampshire.

Jewish peddlers were welcome guests at the Mittleman family home in West Henniker, bringing stories from the road and news from the big cities. But Max Israel first came to their door looking for work. Moses Mittleman was so impressed with the young man’s ambition that he lent him \$10 to buy stationary to sell. Right from the start, he showed that he was an entrepreneur, and soon became known throughout the area.



*Reproduction of Max’s business card when he was a peddler in Henniker. Courtesy of the Henniker Historical Society.*

Max worked hard, rain or shine, collecting junk with horse and wagon. He would say “Save it for me. Drop me a line when you clean your attic.” He took night classes with a local teacher, and wanted to take more classes, but his brothers wanted to come to America, and Max gave up on his education to save money for their passages. A June 1907 newspaper article mentions that “Max Israel the junk dealer who makes his headquarters at Moses Mittleman’s in West Henniker ... says he has been doing a pretty good business around here because he deals on the square.” Honesty would be a hallmark of Max Israel’s life. Max’s brother Sam came to work for him in Henniker in October of that year. The Henniker Historical Society has a wooden Max Israel business sign on display, dated 1906.

In November 1909, Max, now 22 married Dora (Devorah) Shanker, age 21, a dressmaker, in Worcester. In August 1910 Max and Dora were renting a house and barn in Henniker, next door to the Mittlemans. Max became a citizen in Concord, NH in 1911. In the next decade the Israel clan grew: Max’s brothers Milton and Manuel came over, joining Sam, now in Alabama. Max and Dora had a daughter Mildred, twin boys Earl & Samuel, then two more sons Eli and Louis.

As soon as feasible Max diversified, investing in potatoes, poultry, cattle, farmland, wood lots, anything where he could see an honest profit. He once wrote that “he had graduated from the overalls and jumper of the junk man into the ranks of the big dealers and was proud of it.” Max’s first wood lot purchase was a piece of scrub land with some cord wood, but not much lumber on it. He later admitted it wasn’t good for much except holding the world together, and that it had probably cost him something like \$1,000 an acre to hold it through the years. With tutoring from experienced lumbermen, Max was able to do well, buying and operating larger lots. He usually hired a mill owner to manage the operation; The mill owner brought in his own choppers, swampers (who cleared the way to the felled trees) and other workers. If the operation proved difficult, and Max figured the mill man was unable to make any money at the agreed price, he often voluntarily raised the price he paid per thousand. “This is the first time anybody paid me more than I asked,” one of them said. In the 1920 census Max described himself as a “trader-lumber dealer” for the first time.

On summer Sundays the family enjoyed visiting the pine grove on Lake Massasecum, where they played under the trees on the sandy beach, and in the shallow water. In 1920 a friend who had come along said “I wish I had a bathing suit” and Max replied “You come back in a couple of weeks, and I’ll have some here to rent!” From this inspiration Max and two partners invested in “The Grove” and soon had a pavilion, a bath house, and a store to sell sandwiches, drinks and ice cream as well as a place to park cars. In 1922, additions to the “Casino” included an electric lighting plant; There were motion pictures on Tuesday and Friday and dancing on Wednesday and Saturday. Max purchased the eastern shore of the lake and sold lots for cottages. Every year there were new attractions at the Massasecum “Casino”: an arcade, a shooting range, boats and canoes for rent, bowling alleys, and a dance hall. The fourth of July always included fireworks.

Arthur Kendrick of Henniker who described Max as “stubby, with a bulbous nose”, remembers Max speaking Lithuanian with Kendrick’s parents in their butcher shop. He also remembers



*A portrait of Max Israel taken in 1945.  
Courtesy of the Henniker Historical  
Society.*

playing penny slot machines in the 1930's at the "Casino," with Max as proprietor walking the floor wearing a change apron. Arthur put me in touch with Richard "Dick" MacLeod of Bradford, whose father worked for Max and remembers working as a kid, setting up bowling pins for four cents a string. On Sundays there were always special events, including Hot Air balloon rides and Richard drove a Ford Model A truck to chase down the balloon. Richard worked for Max, and remembers many business maxims he learned from him:

"A quick dime is worth more than a slow dollar."

"If you want to buy something, carry cash; no one knows if your check is good."

"Nothing comes out even"—If you're selling, never give "round numbers"; If you ask "about \$20" for a chair people will think you don't know what you're talking about, but if you ask for \$18.73 people will think you're an authority!"

Max set up Richard in a used furniture business with Dick Withington.

Max was always giving business advice—"do this you'll make money" he'd say. One suggestion was to go into fluorescent lighting. On Max's suggestion, Richard opened a laundromat in Henniker for students at New England College. He once offered Richard lumbered land for free.(NEC was established on lumbered land donated by another Henniker lumberman)

The "Lake Massasecum Casino & Park" is now the "Lake Massasecum Campground." It offers many of the attractions it had in Max's day: Swimming, Fishing, Horseshoes, Boating, Game Area, Recreation Hall and Picnics. The old Casino building is still standing.

During the first World War, Max's home town of Ponodel had been reduced to ruins. In 1919 he contributed to war relief, and in 1920 the Israel brothers unsuccessfully tried to get a visa for their parents and remaining sister Ida, so they could move to Worcester to live with Max's mother's sisters. So in 1924 Max did something almost unheard of; he took a trip back to the old country, visiting his family in the newly independent country of Lithuania.

Max got involved in the real estate boom in Florida, buying land enthusiastically in St. Petersburg, and advising friends to do the same. There is some evidence that he took the family south with him. When the Florida land boom became a bust, Max lost heavily, like many others; but unlike many speculators, he felt responsible for the losses of the friends he had encouraged to invest. By careful maneuvering he salvaged something out of the wreck, but it was heavy going. He made restitution to the friends who had invested on his advice, narrowly averted bankruptcy and was able to make a fresh start.

A 1929 article mentions that Max "... recently drove his Packard to a small town in the southern part of the state and introduced himself to the police officer who many years ago had placed him under arrest for peddling without a license, when he was unfamiliar with our language".

Max realized that the companies that bought his lumber profited by manufacturing useful items, so he decided to become a manufacturer too! In 1936 he started the "Henniker Crutch Company", which also made back rests and bed-tables. It was a thriving business, but when an interested buyer came along, Max decided he needed his time more for his other endeavors and sold the business.

As a junk man Max had learned that some items were worth more than others and became interested in antiques, which became his hobby. He once said: "If someone tells me he has a lumber lot to sell, I say I'll come next week to see it; but if anyone mentions an old chest, I'll tell him I'll come right over" Max's collection grew to include all sorts of Americana. He sold antique furniture right out of his house, meanwhile using it for every day use. If someone bought a chair, he'd get out another from the barn out back.

Max had terrible asthma and couldn't drive a car for fear of an attack. One day Richard MacLeod's father was driving Max in Concord, near School Street, when Max yelled excitedly "Stop the Car! Stop the Car!!" Max hurried to a house occupied by an old woman and asked "Do you have an old sofa you wanted to sell?" The woman replied "No, just an old bed, but my dog Fanny sleeps on it". Max offered her \$500 on the spot for the bed!

From a 1942 newspaper article:

#### THE SUCCESS STORY OF HENNIKER'S MAX ISRAEL.

The July issue of the "Nashua Cavalier," edited by Thomas Dreier, contains an article written by Winthrop L. Carter, president of the Nashua Gum and Coated Paper Co. on "Keeping Your Customers Satisfied," which is about Max Israel of this town, and contains the secret of his success in business. Among the one or two incidents Mr. Carter recalls at Mr. Israel's famous antique auction are the following: "One time I offered a pressed glass pitcher. It wasn't an antique and I told them so. Worth probably 75 cents, I tried for a full minute to get a bid but nobody would start it, so I said all right, I'm not going to lose any more money on this pitcher, and smashed it on the stone step at my feet. That woke everybody up and from then on the bids came in almost faster than I could handle them. The sale was a success." Mr. Carter has heard him say when offering a piece, "Don't bid any more; you've got the price up now to more than it's worth" or "this looks like a real antique, well part of it is but the rest has been fixed up. You'd better not bid too much." Mr. Israel explains "that's only good business. You can only trim a fellow once. When he's trimmed he gets sore, and won't trade with you again. There's more money in keeping him satisfied so he'll come around again and again."

From a 1942 newspaper article:

Mr. Israel takes an interest in young people and talks to them about making good use of their opportunities in life. Bill (a young man in the service) wrote: "You always gave me pretty good advice, so I am writing you a letter to tell you I appreciate your interest in me; and I can tell you that your efforts have not been in vain. I recently received a raise in pay and a specialist's rating along with it.... So you can see your talks did have some effect on me after all. I have kept my mind active since I've been gone and it has paid me dividends." This appreciation of his interest was to Mr. Israel as "Bread cast upon the waters" and the letter is among his most prized possessions.

1943 newspaper articles:

Corporal Eli S. Israel, 23 of Henniker, member of a military police battalion stationed in Great Britain [since December 1942] has been accepted by an examining board for training at an M.P. Officer's Candidate School. While waiting for his OCS call-up Corporal Israel is continuing his job in charge of patrols at a town in England.

#### LETTER TO MAX ISRAEL FROM AMERICAN RED CROSS

Max Israel has recently received the following letter from the American Red Cross, somewhere in England. "Dear Mr. Israel,

It is a pleasure for me to bring you greetings from the American Red Cross Club, which your son, Eli, visits quite regularly.

Just recently he did something of which I am sure you would be proud if you could have seen him. Another soldier had carelessly left an amount of money on his bed. It was his first visit to this city and he was much concerned. Eli took him under his wing and brought him to my office, and tried to be of assistance to him in an advisory capacity I assure you that the manner in which Eli cared for and advised

this man was a credit to himself and to you. He is in fine physical condition, and appears in very happy spirits. I know that you look forward to the time that he will return to you, and he shares that feeling.

Both Eli and Louis returned home safe from the War. On VE Day; Max gave his visiting granddaughter a cowbell, and she led an impromptu parade up and down Maple St, ending in the “Knotty Pine Club” behind Max’s house where the drinks were on Max. Disappointed there was no welcome home party for returning servicemen, Max invited local WW I & WW II vets to a big dinner and entertainment at the local academy building.

Max championed the establishment of a visiting nurse, even though a local doctor opposed it. When Concord Hospital was in trouble he planned the campaign that resulted in having the town of Henniker vote funds to support it, and gave generously himself. When New England College was founded in Henniker, Max was an early supporter loaning use of a building for the college bookstore. He helped the College often, both with funds, and with sound business advice.

Tragedies:

[ First daughter was still born in 1910. ]

After the War, Max learned that his Mother and other relatives and many friends in Lithuania had been slaughtered in the Holocaust. 94% of Lithuanian Jews perished, a higher percentage than any other country. Max and Dora’s twin sons both died in their thirties, within 11 months of each other from their lifelong struggle with diabetes.

When William Neidner, owner of the Rosewald farms in Hillsboro died, it’s storied that Max beat out his sometimes rival, sometimes partner Joe Garafoli Sr. to purchase the farms; Ruth Gerini remembers both Max and Joe as “Wheelers and Dealers”. Max arranged the huge undertaking of an auction of the dairy herd that drew cattle men from far and wide, an auction for the contents of the beautifully furnished homestead, and the sale of the farms.

Ennio Gerini once told me a story of how Wally Chamberlain had closed a road for work on it, and Max wanted to get through. Heated words followed, but alas, nobody remembers who won!

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Max was a “soft touch” for people in trouble, but never let anyone know how many people he had helped. “Do you know,” an old friend of his said, “when I came home from the hospital he called to ask how I was.”—“Feeling better,” I told him. Max replied “I don’t mean that, though I’m glad to hear it. I mean do you need help?”

Max died on April 10, 1951, during a visit to Phoenix, Arizona, after his lifelong struggle with asthma. He had been a 32<sup>nd</sup> degree Mason, a member of Bektah Temple, Order of the Mystic Shrine, and was buried with Masonic committal services at the Manchester Hebrew Cemetery, along with his wife and two sons..

Of his antique collection Max had once mused: “What an auction there will be here when I’m gone. I’m sorry only that I won’t be here to see it”. That auction was run by O. Rundle Gilbert from Fifth Avenue in New York, lasted four days, and included furniture by Townsend, Dunlap, Simon, Willard, Seymour and Duncan Phyfe; paperweights, blown overlay and lacy glass; Currier & Ives prints; Staffordshire and Lustreware.

At his death Max was director of the New England Lumbermen’s association, as well as New England College and Concord Hospital. He was a member of the New Hampshire Historical Society, and of The Club in Hillsboro. He left money to Concord Hospital, as well as each church in Henniker. Here is a summary of some of the statements published about him from the major charities he supported:



From New England College:

“one of the most active and enthusiastic supporters of every progressive move made in the college”

From the Board of Directors:

“The college was one of his deep interests; it is going to be exceedingly difficult to replace him”

“deeply devoted to education and interested in helping young people get along in the world.”

From the Concord Hospital:

“one of the most sincere members of the Board”

“His loss is a deep blow to the entire board”

“In the short time he was a patient at the hospital recently, he made a host of new friends”

[Many Yiddish words have such subtle meaning that only a story can suffice to truly define them—

“Chutzpah” or nerve is best illustrated by the story of a child who murders his parents, and then begs the court’s mercy as an orphan.]

Learning about Max I was reminded of the Yiddish word “mensch” from the German word for “man”. A Mensch is a “truly caring human being”—an ideal to be strived for; someone who gives without any expectation of return.



*Max’s family gravestone in the Anshe Sephard Cemetery, in Manchester, NH. Photo by the author. Inscription relating to Max is at the far right.. The little pebbles on top of the stone are left by visitors as a show of respect. Translation of the Hebrew on the stone reads:*

*Isaac Mordecai son of the honored*

*Getzel Israel*

*Died 4 Nisan 5711*

*The last line is an acronym (TNZBH) in Hebrew for I Samuel 25:29 “May his soul be bound up in the bonds of the living.”*

## THE LAND

The old 1886 History of Washington mentions the “Mountain District” frequently and has this to say:

“Settlers had located on the west side of the mountain, and a new neighborhood of well-to-do farmers lived there. Among them were the Dinsmores, Eliphalet and John, who came from Littleton. Also Lieut. Ebenezer Wood, the Davises and Voses, all well known and influential citizens.”

The cellar hole of Captain Moses Dinsmore’s home lies behind the sign at Ed’s Four Corners, just outside the tract. Many members of the Davis family of Harvard Massachusetts came to Washington; among them were brothers Ebenezer and Timothy, who both built farms in the tract. Both Davis brothers married sisters of Simeon Farnsworth, Jr. (a signer of the petition to incorporate the town of Washington), who also came from Harvard. Timothy Davis had acquired land from Proprietor Reuben Kidder in 1787.

By the 1830’s it seems all of the Davis family had left Washington. Ebenezer Davis may have left as early as 1804, when he sold his farm to his brother. In 1834 Reuben Davis was living in Dedham, MA when he sold his father Timothy’s 160 acre farm to David Cooper of Sutton. Two years later Cooper also acquired the adjoining 150 acre Samuel Davis farm.

## DEXTER SWEET FARM

The farm of Dexter Sweet is also one at the heart of what became the Max Israel Tract. The Old History says Dexter Sweet was born in Attleborough, Mass;

“He came to Washington in 1806, and settled in the Mountain District, on a farm which he purchased of James Steele, and which was situated on the high land, south-east of Capt. Moses Dinsmore’s. Capt. Sweet, as he was called, was one of the most substantial farmers of Washington, and in his day, that part of the town in which he lived was not excelled in productiveness by any other part of the town. To-day most of the farms are deserted and used as pastures.”

In 1834 Isaac Proctor married Dexter Sweet’s daughter Mehitable (from the Hebrew Mehitable, meaning “God rejoices”). Two years later, Dexter Sweet and Dexter Sweet Jr sold the farm to Isaac. In 1843 Isaac Proctor sold the farm to Moses D Proctor and Israel Proctor Jr. When Mehitable Proctor died in 1845, Isaac married Mehitable’s older sister Salona, and Isaac and Salona named their first child after Mehitable.

On the 1860 map of Sullivan County, which hangs in our museum, the only inhabitants left on the old Bradford Road are those on the farm of Henry Crain, whose story was told by his great-great-grandson Stephen Crain in our Spring 2005 newsletter. Henry died in the swamps of Louisiana from malaria during the Civil War.

In 1873 Israel Proctor sold the land to Hiram I Hoyt from Bradford, who had wed Moses D Proctor’s daughter Lucinda Achsah Proctor. “Portrait of a Hill Town” has this anecdote about them:

“While living at the former Burdick [now Chase] farm, during the last seven years of their lives, Mr. and Mrs. H. I. Hoyt never spoke to each other, but addressed all communication through their cat. For instance: “Cat, tell the old woman I’m going to Hillsboro and ask if she wants me to bring anything back.” To which Mrs. Hoyt would reply: “Cat, tell that old fool, I need a bag of flour.”

Many of the properties in what became the tract were owned at some point by Hiram or his brother George A Hoyt, and their sister Irvilla Elizabeth Hoyt married Henry Crain’s son, Harvey B Crain.

An 1892 map of Washington shows no inhabitants left in the area.

## PASTURELAND

The Jagers' "Portrait of a Hill Town" calls the period 1876-1900 "The Age of the Abandoned Farm", and the first chapter is entitled "Farming on Rocks". Washington had been far from ideal farm land, and here, as in Europe, the railroads changed everything. When cheaper goods from richer land out West became available, the first farms to go were those on the highest elevations;

"They had also been among the first to be settled a hundred years before, being drier, less brushy, and easier to clear. Many of them it turns out, more encumbered with stones, rock outcroppings and ledges" In 1878 James Farley of Hollis purchased 135 acres of the "Dexter Sweet Farm plus 7 ac conveyed to Israel Proctor by Harvey B Crain" from the Hoyts. Period deeds refer to the "Farley Pasture".

"Portrait" continues;

"From the 1890's onward there was more pasture land in Washington than the year round cows required, so there were multitudes of summer boarders fattening on the town's surplus. They came in droves, and by the hundreds ... Ernst Cram, whose father frequently drove cattle to Washington, recalls that one of the major pastures here was on the southwestern slope of Lovell Mountain, where hundreds of cattle grazed each summer — a pasture reported to be "the best pasture in New Hampshire" by many drovers of the that time. The droves petered out by the 1930's; for by that time automobiles had monopolized the cow paths between Washington and Boston. ... Small droves continued to walk into town from Hillsboro until the late 1930's when the last of these was driven by Abner Barker and Fred Otterson"

The primary value of the land was now as pasture. When James Farley died, the land passed to his son Elbridge and his wife Robena "Bena" Farley. Elbridge and Bena had no children, so in 1899 they gave a half interest in the Washington pasture to Bena's nephew Lester Hayden, also of Hollis. In 1904 Lester Hayden acquired an additional 160 acres of what had once been a Davis farm. Lester then purchased three other lots totaling 172 acres, and in 1911 received the second half interest in the Farley pasture from his aunt Bena, completing his ownership of a total of 474 acres.

We might know nothing of Lester Hayden, had Tom Talpey not thought to type his name into google, and found genealogical site created by the Helena Heyden, the wife of Lester Hayden's grandson, Robert Newton ("Bob") Hayden III.

Bob Hayden wrote:

We are really into genealogy and land transactions. I feel a real connection to my ancestors when I am working my farm, which was my great great grandfather's land. It's almost like they are here directing. I work full time as an Automation Engineer, but my real heart is here on the farm! Dad stopped farming in the early 1950's and leased out the farm. I and my sister, and later my brother had 4H projects into the 60's and beyond.

I remember my dad and his middle brother talking about cattle drives to Washington, and about the episodes of trucking the cows after they got an International Truck. It must have been quite a process to drive the cows the 45 to 50 miles from here. The Milford Cabinet had some articles about the drives a few years ago.

I'm not sure when they had the last drive from here. I know that the farm had a 1928 International 6 Speed Special, probably in the 30s. My dad told of losing cows over the side of the truck when someone hitched them too high. I think 1942 was the year my dad took over the farm here. Lester was in failing health, and his two brothers had farms or businesses of their own.

Another property in the tract is the “Conn and Brockway Lands” In 1877 Himan Averill Brockway of Hillsborough married Miss Elsie Hoyt-Conn, daughter of Joseph and Melissa Hoyt of Bradford. Joseph Hoyt had died in the Civil War, and the Hoyt’s children were adopted by Charles W. and Lucinda Conn of Hillsborough. Both the Conns and the Brockways raised and dealt in cattle.

## ABANDONED FARMS

Pasturing cattle from out of town appears to have been a phenomenon of the thirties. “Portrait” goes on to say: “A good many Washington pastures grew up first to pine and then to spruce and fir trees.” As the abandoned farms of Washington became overgrown, their value was measured only in the lumber growing on them. In 1942 Max Israel’s son Louis purchased Lester Hayden’s 474 acres, and in 1945 passed the property to his father.

After the War the State Forestry Division started a program of selling smaller holdings and using the money to buy property adjacent to its larger holdings. The State purchased 266 acres in Hillsborough next to Fox Forest, and the 474 acres in Washington near Pillsbury State Reservation from Max Israel’s Estate and then added “Conn & Brockway lands” that had been taken by the town in 1941 from Mary Esther Hoyt for past due taxes, for a total of 628 acres. The new property was managed as a Tract of Pillsbury, hence the moniker “The Max Israel Tract”.

The 1950’s and 1960’s saw pulpwood harvests in the tract. Washington Historical Society founder Phil Barker worked there summers doing “chemical debarking” using arsenic.

## A LOCAL STORM

In 1964 the state held a public hearing in Washington to present a plan to add to 3,200 acres of available forest land – including most of Lovell Mountain to Pillsbury’s 3,700 acres. The additions would have joined the Max Israel Tract to Pillsbury.

“Portrait” reports:

Twenty-two residents turned out and greeted the plan with what the *Hillsboro Messenger* termed a “storm of local opposition.” According to the *Messenger* the chairman of the Board of Selectmen said: “The Board of Selectmen goes on record as opposing any taking of additional land by the state. We prefer private ownership of land. We don’t feel we’re getting a fair break.” Another resident reportedly accused the State of “bad logging practices on its own land. Let them develop what they’ve got before they go grabbing another 4,000 or 5,000 acres.” The protest was effective, and the money designated for the project was spent elsewhere.

This response was in marked contrast to the reaction of the Washington Selectmen some years earlier when Henry I. Baldwin arranged the transfer of the Max Israel Tract to the State. Then taxes on abandoned farm land were so hard to collect that the State Forestry Department seemed to be a more attractive landholder.

In 1972 herbicides were used to “release” old apple trees from overgrowth in the stone fenced farm yard with twin cellar holes atop one of the southern ridges.

In 1974 the State started a more modest version of the Pillsbury expansion contemplated a decade earlier. Pillsbury was expanded by more than 2000 acres, including a narrow corridor connecting Pillsbury State Park to Sunapee State Park. In 1975 the revived Monadnock Sunapee Greenway trail was routed over

Lovell mountain, cutting through the tract, and running right between the two cellar holes. The “Max Israel Campsite” was established not far from the old farm.

A 1987 timber sale in the tract yielded 265 cords / 193,000 board feet of soft wood and 111 cords / 3,000 board feet of hardwood. That year the state purchased Lovell Mountain from the Forest Society, which became the Lovell Mountain Tract.

In September of 2001 a platform was built at the Max Israel Campsite. On September 19, 2009, the platform at the Max Israel Campsite was upgraded to a shelter.

After several false starts, in 2004 and 2005 the State purchased Conservation Easements for the “Sunapee Highlands” Project, ensuring the ridges south of Mount Sunapee will remain open space forever. Included in the easements was the forest land between Pillsbury and the Max Israel Tract, and a small connection between Max Israel and Lovell Mountain, a final echo of the plans forty years earlier for a “Greater Pillsbury”.



*The Max Israel Campsite in the Max Israel Tract of the Pillsbury State Forest, along the Monadnock-Sunapee Greenway trail. Author at work taking notes. Photo by Tom Talpey*

## TODAY

Today the two tracts are the Max Israel State Forest and the Lovell Mountain State Forest, under the Division of Forests and Lands. Ingeborg Seaboyer, State Field Forester for management and sales in the southwest part of the State describes Max Israel Forest as a microcosm, because of its topography, and mixture of deep and shallow soil, growing a little bit of everything. If a tree species grows in Washington, there’s probably some in Max Israel Forest. Because of this variation, management in the forest has developed using practices that now have fancy names like “Timber State Improvement” (TSI), and “Uneven-Aged Management”, terms for the removal of inferior trees, and the harvesting of mature trees.

Ongoing activity in Max Israel Forest includes a study of the effectiveness of TSI’s on the growth of maple trees when “released”. This fall interns again freed the 400 apple trees along the greenway, dropping other trees with chainsaws in a “Habitat Improvement Project” so the apples can better provide food for wildlife large and small, including deer, bear, porcupines, grouse, hare, black racer snakes, wasps and others. Future plans for the forest include continued TSI’s and a timber sale, probably along the “Ring Road” that cuts through the forest east to west.

## ED

Another mystery which puzzled me was the naming of “Ed’s Corner.” Local residents had either no stories or too many on how the name came about. A story that came up more than once was that the intersection had been named “on a lark”. Tom Talpey persisted, asking anyone who might know, until he talked with Lynda Roy, who knew immediately that it was Ed Dunleavy. Lynda’s husband, Ron, is related to the Dunleavy family, who owned property in the area, and says that the name dates from somewhere in the early 1950’s. Ed was the brother of Steven Dunleavy who married Katherine Sargent and she is the one who originated the Old School House #5 Trust. Jim and Gwen’s son Larry Gaskell, president of the Washington Snow Riders snowmobile club confirmed the story:

“Ed’s nephew is a snowmobiler and said it was named Ed’s Corner after his uncle, just because he liked going out there so much. Ed’s Corner is a very busy place in the winter as it is a major snowmobile trail intersection and you can often find snowmobilers stopped there, talking, eating (occasionally we take out the club’s snow coach cafe and cook burgers and dogs with homemade snacks and hot coffee and soda), and just looking at the night stars. Sometimes there are 20 or more there at the same time. Moose, deer, rabbits and other wildlife are frequently seen there”

I would like to thank Tom Talpey for getting me started, not once, but twice, urging me to finish, and taking hikes, both in and around the Tract with me, Max’s cousin Michael Pertain for sharing his research, Martha Taylor, the Henniker Historical Society, Arthur Kendrick and Dick MacLeod.



*Snowmobile trail signs at Ed’s Corner, a major junction above the northern boundary of the Max Israel Tract in Pillsbury State Forest. Photo by Tom Talpey*

## TWINS IN WASHINGTON

*By Tom Talpey*

The article in our Spring 2009 Newsletter about the Walker twins set me to wondering just how many multiple births there had been connected to Washington over the years. By studying the Town archives, the 1886 Washington Town History book and the more recent Annual Town Reports, I have been able to come up with a list of 45 sets of twins and one set of triplets closely connected with Washington’s past. Although it is too long to publish here, I will be glad to share my results via email with anyone who may be interested. I consider it a work in progress. I am sure there are omissions, corrections and anecdotes that should be added and would appreciate hearing about these from any reader who has something to add. My email address is: [ttalpey@gsinet.net](mailto:ttalpey@gsinet.net) or you may drop me a note at our P.O. Box 90 in Washington.

### **A Few Interesting Observations**

The earliest record connecting twins with Washington which I have found is that of Robert & Thomas Carr, born in 1757 in Litchfield, NH, both of whom settled just south of the Washington town line near East Washington. Their connection to Washington is through Robert’s son Caleb, who married Mary Brockway—the fourth child of the centenarian, Mary P. Brockway, discussed in our Spring 2009 Newsletter. Caleb’s son, Mason H. Carr, was a prominent mill owner in East Washington. The interesting fact about the Carr twins is that they married another set of twins, Abigail & Elizabeth Jones of Hillsborough, on the same day, Nov. 25, 1789, in a double wedding! The Carr brothers were 32 years of age and the Jones sisters were 17.

Sadly, especially in the early days of our town, many of the twins died shortly after birth which I assume indicates something about the medical care which premature or very small babies received back in those days.

The Rufus Severence, Sr., family in East Washington produced two sets of twins, interspersed among ten other children. All but two or three of these children grew into adulthood, married and had children of their own, but I found no record of any further twins in the family.

Some of the interesting combinations I ran across were: Jessie & Bessie, Solomon & Simon, Edward F. & Elizabeth F., Calvin & Luther, Frank & Fred, Maria & Mary, Patty & Polly, Nellie E. & Ella N., Herbert & Herman.

The most recent set of twins born to a couple in Washington was in 2006. With 45 sets born over a period of somewhat over 200 years, that amounts to a little less than five years between pairs. So, perhaps, we can be expecting another set in the next year or so!

## **From the Museum**

*by Gwen Gaskell*

The museum committee thanks all of the volunteers who hosted the museum this summer, your willingness to help is sincerely appreciated. We also thank Cassie Bachand for her help at the District 5 School house. It would be nice to have other young people interested in helping and learning too. Perhaps we will have some as the Washington Elementary School has an enrichment group, who last year while studying about Washington interviewed a few people and made a game called Washington-opoly. It is at the museum and will be available to play next summer. This year's group will be doing some oral histories and they plan to share those with us so perhaps we have some young historians in the making.

"Skip" Moore has been a very willing helper this summer when an odd job needed to be done. Phil Barker has donated many feet of boards for shelving in the basement so that we are gaining much needed space to store items. My Jim has been a huge help in sealing cracks to keep moisture out and waterproofing the basement walls and floor after securing a donation to fund the project, as it was more than we could do in the regular budget.

Richard and Rachel Crane filled many of the days hosting at the barn when Phil or Skip or others were not there.

Next summer's display will include memorabilia from Old Home Days Past and many pictures and albums. We look forward to breaking this year's record number of visitors.

Many thanks to all who help in any way. Happy Holidays to ALL!

## **Montfort Retreat in Washington**

Information taken from "The Center" a newsletter of Saint Benedict Center

Montfort Retreat is on [the south side of] Lake Ashuelot in Washington, by way of King Street. It is a branch of The Slaves of the Immaculate Heart of Mary of Saint Benedict Center in Still River MA. This summer boys participated in boating, hiking, swimming and religious training, keeping to the theme "To Jesus through Mary" at the Montfort Camp for Catholic Boys. Later in the summer Camp Morning Star for Catholic girls was held and for 2 weeks their activities included speakers which enriched the girls with a deeper understanding of their Faith as well as basic first aid crafts, canoe and kayak trips, basketball and volleyball, hiking. Two afternoons of each week were highlighted, for about 15 girls each time, with trips to the Washington Historical Society's Museum and Barn. They enjoyed walking through the town center and learning about the Lovell Hotel, the town pound, the Civil War Monument, the old black smith shop and lots of unusual and interesting tools and gadgets at the museum and barn.

## **NOTICE**

We have learned that the date now set for the 2010 Old Home Day Celebration is July 30, 31 & Aug. 1. We will do our very best to have a program schedule for the Spring newsletter so that you will be informed of the events.

## GENEALOGY CORNER

*By Gwen Gaskell*

We have had several inquires recently on assistance with searches for ancestors. One person suggested that perhaps family members might be able to supply information about names missing from our records if we had a genealogy corner in our newsletter, so we will give it a try.

<u>Family name</u>	<u>e-mail contact</u>	<u>Town</u>
Ames, Augusta	<a href="mailto:elileon1@yahoo.com">elileon1@yahoo.com</a>	Peterborough
Nichols, Samuel	<a href="mailto:pcol@sover.net">pcol@sover.net</a>	Lempster & W.
Carey	<a href="mailto:pam546a@gmail.com">pam546a@gmail.com</a>	Washington
Dinsmore	“ ”	“
Tabor,Church	<a href="mailto:kjlksl@verizon.net">kjlksl@verizon.net</a>	Washington
Healy, John	“ ”	“
Powers, Henry J.	<a href="mailto:jepstarkey@comcast.net">jepstarkey@comcast.net</a>	W. Marlow, Concord, Woodford Vt.
Powers, Arabella	<a href="mailto:lspryor@att.net">lspryor@att.net</a>	“ ” “ ”

We have supplied these inquiries with all the information we have. Perhaps there are family members reading this that could make contact and answer more questions or supply pictures. We would love to have copies of information to add to our files. if possible. Please send to Archivist Gwen Gaskell at [jjmgwen@gsinet.net](mailto:jjmgwen@gsinet.net).

## ANOTHER CENTENARIAN

It has come to our attention recently that there was another centenarian with passing ties to Washington that we missed in our article in the Fall 2008 issue of our Newsletter. He was Rev. John Henry Sargent and came to serve in the Washington Congregational Church in 1916 for his first pastorate after graduating from divinity school. He lived to be over 102 years old.

While here, he met and married Violet Viall, who was then a teacher in the school next to the church, as well as the organist at the church. The story of their first meeting is memorialized in a quilt square made by Gwen Gaskell for a quilt presented to him when he was named pastor emeritus of his church in Vermont. It depicts their first meeting here in Washington when he was hit in the eye with a baseball, while playing with the young people on the common, as he was distracted by “a very pretty young lady walking down the street.” The couple celebrated their 75<sup>th</sup> anniversary in 1992.

Their first home was the little red house called locally “The Parsonage,” which used to stand across the road from the Shedd Free Library. It was recently moved (See story in our Spring 2005 issue) to the western side of the present library parking lot and sits there waiting to be renovated once again as a small cottage.

See: “Breaking News (Beede House Move)” at  
<http://www.ultimate.com/washington/whs/newsletters/2006spring/>

And: “A *Cloud of Witnesses*” by Ronald Jager & Grace Jager, published on the 225<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the founding of the Washington Congregational Church.



## Historical Society Barn Museum Report

*by Phil Barker*

As chairman of the Barn committee, since the resignation of Jim Gaskell for health reasons, I feel that it is time to emphasize to the membership the valuable work and time all of us have put into the barn project. This does not mean that we are done, as it is a work of continual progress. But I do need some help. Richard & Rachel Crane have been invaluable as hosts over the years. Richard's motivation has led him back through his old friends and acquaintances for information and in doing so he is continually adding more artifacts to the collection. Jim Gaskell just seems to be untiring in his efforts to be everywhere doing whatever. And in his retirement from the committee he is still working for us although he doesn't want us to know it. (See the profile below.) I had some brief assistance from Skip Moore this summer for which I thank him. On my part, to make my job easier, I just hope that some of you are interested in the barn collection and will help us out next season. Training is provided so please don't be bashful.

### **JAMES "JIM" GASKELL**

**ALL-AROUND HELPER, FUND-RAISER AND BUSY LITTLE BEAVER.**

Jim Gaskell was a Congressional Aid, Teacher, and Store Owner. He is easy with people and tough at times, but he is not bashful and knows how to talk with people. He thinks nothing of coming right out and asking for donations. And many fund raising ideas have come from Jim. Thus he has been the "chief fund raiser" for most of the major goals of the WHS. He has a knack for obtaining large anonymous donations. He has been a doer at the Annual Flea Market, managed the WHS spring food booth at the Sheep and Wool Festival at Hopkinton, and was the instigator of the WHS Sidewalk Cafe for the Wool Arts Tour. The Barn Quilt which brought in over \$4,000 was Jim's brainchild.

In the 1990's Jim was in the position to spend many hours with Edward Bruen and instigated the discussions with him about his barn, which eventually led to Jim's negotiations with Mr. Bruen's daughter Marian and our eventual acquisition of "The Barn." Jim then led the charge of the Barn Brigade to stave off the negative opinions and to prove that we could turn a dilapidated barn into a beautiful Museum, the envy of the region, which won a citation from the NH State Senate in 2005 as well as the top annual award from the NH Preservation Alliance in 2006. .

Jim served as Chairman of the original Barn Committee consisting of himself, Richard Crane and Phil Barker. Jim with help worked steadfastly, and tirelessly, to clean out the by products of 150 years of various uses. He worked along with the committee to locate and hire a Barn Restoration Contractor to bring the barn back into shape. Jim and others (including Gwen!) assisted Phil in sawing out the various lumber products needed for the project. He removed old clapboards and stained new ones right alongside the younger volunteers. When it was finished, he organized a Barn Dance to celebrate the fact that it would never be empty again. Jim also organized the successive barn dances as fund raisers. The wonderful Country Kitchen display was Jim's idea as well.

Jim Gaskell's drive and devotion has helped put the Washington Historical Society on the firm and substantial ground that it is today

**THANK YOU JIM ! And keep the inspirations coming!**

Watch for our Spring 2010 issue to see whose profile may be next.

# ITEMS FOR SALE

## FEATURING FAVORITE LANDMARKS OF WASHINGTON, NEW HAMPSHIRE

Please order by mail, purchase at the Museum or contact:

Tom Talpey (603) 495-3284. [ttalpey@gsinet.net](mailto:ttalpey@gsinet.net) or Gwen Gaskell (603) 495-3231 [jimgwen@gsinet.net](mailto:jimgwen@gsinet.net)

Visit our website for pictures of these items: <http://www.ultimate.com/washington/whs/>

ITEM DESCRIPTION	PRICE
<b>Afghan.</b> Savor the rich history and the enduring legacy of Washington. Layered, jacquard woven, 100% cotton assures lightweight warmth and year-round coziness. Machine washable, 50" X 65" and fringed all around. Available in cranberry only.	\$44.95 plus shipping
<b>Tote Bag.</b> This custom designed tapestry tote bag depicts the much-photographed buildings on our Town Common. Jacquard woven in an array of beautiful colors, it measures a generous 17-½ inches square. Long 25-inch handles are easy on the shoulders. Lined with inside pocket.	30.00 plus shipping
<b>Pillow.</b> Featuring the East Washington Baptist Church, the pillow is covered in tapestry woven in an array of beautiful colors. It measures a generous 16" X 16" and is offered with hunter green backing.	\$25.00 plus shipping
<b>Puzzle.</b> Our 494-piece, 14" x 19" puzzle is an aerial photograph of the Washington town center by Bill St. Pierre. As a limited edition collectible, each of the 200 puzzles is individually numbered.	\$5.00 plus shipping
<b>Mug.</b> White ceramic mug with sketch of the three steepled buildings in the center of Town. They are 11 ounce and can be used in the microwave and dishwasher. White mugs with black print.	\$5.00 plus shipping
<b>Trivet.</b> A 6" by 6" ceramic trivet, suitable for hot or cold, with a leather backing, featuring a color photograph of the Three Steeped Buildings in the center of town. Gift boxed.	\$15.00 plus shipping

*Shipping Charges: Because of recent changes in postal shipping rates, it has become necessary to raise our shipping charges. It will be necessary to contact Tom Talpey at the telephone number or email address above, to ascertain the amount required. Generally it will be in the range of \$4 to \$10 per item, depending on the zone to which it will be shipped.*

<b>President:</b>	Jim Crandall	<b>Barn Committee:</b>	Phil Barker Skip Moore Grant Cole
<b>Vice President:</b>	Ray Clark	<b>Museum Committee:</b>	Ann Lischke Sue Horner Joan Sheehy Evie Boyce Charlotte Treadwell
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Email: [washingtonhistoricalsociety@hotmail.com](mailto:washingtonhistoricalsociety@hotmail.com)

Yes, we have an email address and would like to hear from you about any issue that you feel concerns the Washington Historical Society. We are always open to suggestions for programs that would be of interest for future meetings or things that would enhance our purposes.

Also, we would like your email address so that we might send notices of upcoming programs or events. We are considering sending future newsletters by email to make things easier and less expensive for us and quicker for you. The best way for us to get your accurate address would be for you to send us an email, Thanks for doing so.

*ANNUAL MEMBERSHIP DUES are \$5 for an individual and \$10 for a family (including children under 16). The membership year is August 1, 2009 through July 31, 2010. If you haven't sent us a payment since last June, your membership may have lapsed. A red mark next to your name on the address label means that our records indicate you have not yet paid for the membership year 2009-2010. We appreciate your continued interest and support of our projects. New members are always welcome. If you would like to join us as a member, please complete the form below and send to THE WASHINGTON HISTORICAL SOCIETY, P.O. Box 90, Washington, N.H., 03280. If you know of someone who might be interested in our newsletter, please let us know or pass this one on to them.*

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Participating family names: \_\_\_\_\_

Mailing address: \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_ Zip Code: \_\_\_\_\_

Phone No. Winter: \_\_\_\_\_ Summer: \_\_\_\_\_

Email \_\_\_\_\_

**PLEASE NOTE:** As a non-profit historical society, we qualify with many companies for matching grants provided the company you work for, or are retired from, supports such benefits.

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*Happy Holidays*

