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Stories of the Wawbeek and Merrymount Shores Tuftonboro, New Hampshire

written by
People Who Have Summered on These Shores
These stories were first read at the meeting of
the Tuftonboro Historical Society, July 24, 1960.



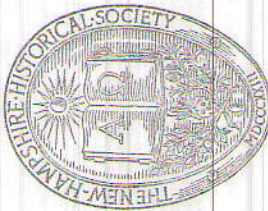
Melvin Bay and Hull Hill area before Wawbeek and Merrymount were developed. Picture taken from the Ledges about 1890 by Charles H. Shepherd. House in foreground is occupied by Mrs. Edna Cellarius. (1960)

This program proved to be so interesting to those present and there were so many requests for copies of the stories, it was decided that they deserved to be preserved in printed form. Leigh S. Hall was in charge of procuring the materials. He discovered that some information since 1900 was very difficult to obtain. This proves that it is not too early to make records of recent happenings.

The articles have been arranged according to their location, beginning at the earliest southern settlement and progressing along the Wawbeek shore, around Litchfield Point, along the Merrymount shore, and ending at Copp's Brook.

There has been some editing of the material in order to save space and avoid repetition.

Marion Horner Robie and Margaret E. Hunter
Editors



Wawbeek History

by

Chester C. Fernald

Historians tell us that the Indians originally used the area where the Inn now stands as a camping ground. There is even a hollowed stone on which rests one of the porch supports, which is presumed to have been used for a mortar for grinding corn. Of course, many artifacts have been found approximately 300 yards south of the Wawbeek property, which area was presumed to have been used by the artisans of the tribe in making stone knives, arrowheads, and other implements.

Later, the back land became farm land, as witness the stone walls which run thru the woods. Apparently a belt of pine trees was left near the shore, perhaps for windbreak purposes. The soil must have provided very poor farming as there is comparatively little topsoil, and a great many rocks (Wawbeek means "stony ground" or "stony place" in Abenaki Indian language). The subsoil is marl, and we will never forget the remark of Chuck Hoyt, who was digging a drain for cement footings in the kitchen area. Quoth Chuck, "I don't mind shoveling this stuff, but a fella' gets a shovel full and he can't get shet of it!"

In 1895, Henri G. Blaisdell, Mrs. Blaisdell, and their two sons, Victor and Carl, arrived in Melvin Village with their steamer "Troquois" and a houseboat. They went to my dad's store in Melvin Village and inquired about the Wawbeek property. My grandfather, Hollis E. (Ed) Fernald, who was the blacksmith, farrier, and one of its leading hunters and fishermen, volunteered to drive Henri G. down to the Wawbeek property, resulting in the sale of approximately 400 feet of lake front.

By the following season a two-room cottage had been built at the location of the Inn.



Henri G. Blaisdell, who built the first camp on these shores in 1895. The photograph was taken about 1900, when he was conductor of Blaisdell's orchestra, well known throughout New Hampshire.

Henri G. was a short, stout musician and teacher of considerable ability, with a wide musical acquaintance, who also had his own orchestra. He had many musical friends whom he invited over to Wawbeek, and apparently Mrs. Blaisdell decided that entertaining should be put on a paying basis, and so the Wawbeek was turned into a summer boarding house. (We have always described its physical expansion as being like that of Topsy, "it just grewed.")

An amusing incident recounted to me by Joshua Quincy Litchfield a few years before his death, concerns Victor Blaisdell and the "Iroquois". Uncle Josh said, "Chester, did I ever tell you about the remarkable voyage that Mrs. Litchfield and I had to Wolfeboro and return on Captain Blaisdell's steamer? Every two weeks or so we would go to Wolfeboro for major shopping with Captain Blaisdell, who would set the time for departing for home.

"On this particular day Mrs. Litchfield and I were aboard with our purchases at the Wolfeboro dock, when Captain Blaisdell and Engineer Kimball showed up very much the worse for wear. We immediately perceived that they had found some alcoholic beverage. Engineer Kimball was of no use in the operation of the vessel, and Captain Blaisdell was very busy firing the boiler and steering. When we rounded Sewall Point we ran head on into a northwest blow which had just sprung up.

"Captain Blaisdell said, 'Mr. Litchfield, have you ever steered a steamboat?' I replied 'Oh no, no, no, Captain Blaisdell, no indeed.' He said, 'Well, today you are going to learn!' So I steered for the Barber's Pole.

"Our progress was very slow against the wind and the high waves. We were fully a half mile from shelter when Captain Blaisdell came topside and announced that we were out of fuel. Needless to say, I was most concerned for Mrs. Litchfield's safety and all I could think of was drifting down on the rocks of Tuftonboro Shore.

"Captain Blaisdell, however, was resourceful and laid about him with an axe, demolishing the pilothouse which he fed into the furnace, providing steam enough to get us into the shelter of the Barber's Pole, where we went ashore and secured additional wood for the voyage to Wawbeek. My, that was an exciting time!"

In 1914, my uncle, Chester I. Campbell acquired property to the north of the Blaisdells, and built the Campbell Cottage which is now one

of the Wawbeek guest houses. This was used by Uncle Chester, Aunt Alice, along with their daughters, Edna, Margaret, and Alice until 1939, at which time it was sold to my father and mother, Walter and Emily Fernald.

In 1920, the Blaisdells were anxious to sell the Wawbeek, which by this time had seventeen guest rooms, and a dining room seating approximately fifty, indoor and outdoor plumbing, five garage stalls and numerous buildings. "C. I." (Chester I. Campbell) purchased the property, and installed my dad as manager starting the season of 1921. I remember that during that summer my mother was running the Fernald House in Melvin Village, so at the age of six I was back and forth between the two places. Probably the outstanding event of that summer, as far as my memory is concerned, was the night when Tim Harrington, who was washing dishes, got drunk on bootleg moonshine and was propelled down the hill from the garages on a wheelbarrow by Jim Trumbull, the outside man, who was bigger, stronger, and could handle his liquor better. The following morning Tim had to be tied to the sink to make him do the dishes. They hustled me out of the kitchen, and I spent the day at Melvin.

In 1926, under the partnership of Uncle Chester and my dad, the Hoagland Cottage (which is now The Lodge) was purchased. Also, several new single and two-room cottages were built. The Inn was enlarged to thirty-two rooms, and the dining room could now seat approximately ninety-five.

For seventeen years we had the same cook, Mrs. Margaret Trenholm, a wonderful short, stout, English woman, who was every inch a lady. She presided over a huge, wood-burning range and one of my first tasks at Wawbeek was keeping her supplied with properly split and fitted wood. Each layer had to be put into the wood box just so, that she would have the right mix of large and small wood for various phases of cooking. She put out excellent meals over the years, and I think one of the greatest joys of my young life was to go into the pantry when she had taken out homemade oatmeal bread and would slice the heel off, dose it liberally with butter, and hand it to me for my approval, which was always "the best slice of bread I ever tasted."

Another employee of many years' standing was Don Mugridge, who was with us as maintenance and boat man for thirteen seasons. Don now lives on Tuftonboro Neck with his wife, the former Eleanor Howe.

During the years many present owners of property in the area were guests at Wawbeek. One of the Fernald mottoes is that we would rather gain a good neighbor than keep a customer. Among them have been Mr. and Mrs. Lucian Moffitt, Eben Hitchings, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Gould, Mr. and Mrs. George Ficken and Mr. and Mrs. Dwight Taylor.

From 1921 to 1959 Wawbeek was run on the American Plan, but due to the change in vacation living, the help situation, and the fight against obsolescence in general, it was decided to convert the majority of the units to housekeeping cottages.

During the years 1959 and 1960 thirteen units were converted, and more important from an economic standpoint, the staff was reduced from seventeen to five, plus the family efforts. Wawbeek still operated its dining room on a much more moderate scale for those who were occupying guest rooms at the Inn or Lodge, plus cottagers who would like an occasional meal.

A small commissary at the Inn provides fresh dairy and bakery products, frozen foods, etc., and improved dock facilities service boats of the guests and cottagers with gasoline and oil.

One of the real satisfactions of running an operation such as Wawbeek is that the bulk of our guests become our friends and recommend others who "speak the same language". It is interesting to note that the majority of the Wawbeek guests are in supervisory, executive, or professional fields. Our most senior Wawbeek alumnae is Mrs. A. B. Chamberlain of Wollaston, Mass., who has missed but one season since 1921. During and immediately after World War II, she was Hostess.

We hope that there will be Fernalds at Wawbeek for generations to come!

The Haven, Bartlett and Two White Camps

(Named for the Original Owners)

by

Susannah Schofield

The Schofield family came to the Wawbeek shore in 1912 when they rented the Brower cottage for the season for \$100. Two years later, they wanted to return but the Brower house was to be occupied by its owner. However, Mrs. White, who lived on the shore for six months of each year, wrote that the cottage she had for rent was available and so we took that, paying \$150 for the season.

The Whites and the Blaisdells were the first families on the shore. Mr. White was a traveling salesman who was on the road all summer. His wife and her mother, Mrs. McKinley remained here. Mr. Blaisdell went regularly to Laconia where he gave music lessons. Each family had a horse and buggy. The Whites had a small vegetable garden behind their house, and the Blaisdells a much larger one on the top of the hill.

When we occupied the White cottage in 1914, 15 and 16, living was not easy, and the mothers of that day had no vacation. We had a hand pump in the kitchen and cooked on a wood stove. Our lights were kerosene lamps which had the happy faculty of burning out in the middle of the evening. When we left the house at dark, we carried kerosene lanterns.

The two stores in Melvin, owned by Mr. Horner and Mr. Stackpole, alternated in delivering our food supplies. A small one-cylinder-engined boat called at the dock in the morning to take the order and in the after-

noon returned with our food, kerosene and ice. The butcher, Mr. Will Severance, came down the back road twice a week with his horse and wagon. Mr. George Welch brought us eggs, chickens and cream twice a week. Later Dr. George W. Copp brought us our milk, eggs and vegetables daily.

In the early days no one had a car but depended on the boats entirely. The "Belle of the Isle," which docked for the night at Winnepesaukee Landing, called at Wawbeek about 6 a. m. for passengers bound for the Weirs and Laconia. It returned at 6 p. m. During the day the "Governor Endicott" stopped at 10 a. m. and 2 p. m. If you went to Laconia to shop, the orders were delivered to the "Belle". Captain Leander LaValle was a most accommodating shipowner. Later the "Marshal Foch" and the "Hattie" were added to the service.

Vic Blaisdell owned the "Troquois" which was moored at the Wawbeek dock. It took the shore people on excursions and picnics. The sheds on the Wawbeek dock were originally used to store coal for the boat.

Once a week the "Belle" ran a moonlight excursion to Lake Shore Park. It stopped at all the landings picking up the young people, and then met the "Governor" that had covered the Weirs end of the route.

When we wanted to go to Melvin we rowed or paddled our canoe. On Sunday we went to church the same way. The young men from Sandy Island and the boys from Tecumseh went the same way, and the congregation always overflowed into the church yard.

When we came back to the lake in 1921 we stayed at the hotel. We found many changes along the shore. Mr. M. R. Williams of Muskogee, Oklahoma, brother-in-law of Mr. John Blount, had bought the cottage the Whites had rented to us and had annexed the land beyond the cottage that had belonged to Mrs. Richardson. In 1921 Mr. Williams sold one half of this land to Mr. Harry Haven who built a house on it. In 1922 we came back and bought from Mr. Williams the house we had previously rented from Mrs. White.

In 1922-23 the Abenaki Tower and Trail Association was formed by Chester Campbell, Frank Speare, John Blount and Joshua Litchfield. The tower was built by Lewis McIntire, assisted by Arthur Bean and dedicated in the summer of 1923. The entire shore attended the ceremony at which Mr. and Mrs. John Edgerly presented and raised a flag. This Association has grown as the years have gone by. It now numbers over a hundred members, and has knit the communities of Merrymount and Wawbeek closely together.

In 1923 the George Irving Brigdens bought their house from the Harry Whites. The Brigden family with children and grandchildren still enjoy New Hampshire each summer.

In 1957, after thirty-six years, the Havens sold their cottage to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Earley.

The Jackson and Sliter Families

by

Ion Stanton Jackson

In 1904, my father, Dr. Ion A. Jackson, came to sing in a concert at Weirs, New Hampshire, directed by Henri G. Blaisdell. After the concert, Henri invited him to visit his camp, Camp Wawbeek, and he was so taken by the sunsets, the lake, and the fishing, he decided to spend summers there.

In the summer of 1907, my mother and dad, Florence Sliter Jackson and Ion A. Jackson, with her mother, Mrs. Sarah Sliter and her sisters, Saran and Ethel, went to Camp Wawbeek. After a short stay there they moved to the John Collier camp which they rented. In 1908, the Sliters bought the camp north of the Collier camp owned by Mrs. Kellogg. This camp is now owned by Mrs. Ruth Collier Straight*. In 1913, the Jacksons bought the camp south of the Collier camp, owned by Mrs. Bartlett, now the property of Lucian Moffitt.

Those were memorable summers with congenial people along the shore. I remember especially "Uncle Jake," (Joshua Q. Litchfield), who taught us wood lore, Indian history of the region, and the enjoyment of mountain climbing and camping.

Then the service we had! Will Severance drove down once or twice a week, with fresh meat, probably fresh because it was a cow killed yesterday. George Welch delivered unsalted fresh butter, and cream so thick you had to spoon it out of the bottle. Alfred Watson, our general factotum, could do anything that needed doing, from being an excellent fishing guide, to building a camp, garage or icehouse, without benefit of blueprints.

In the year previous to 1912, transportation to the Wawbeek shore from New York was by sleeper direct to the Weirs. Another way from New York was the Fall River Line boat (a night trip) to Providence, then by train to Boston and the Weirs. At the Weirs we rented a "Buffum" boat which took two hours to "putt" across the lake to the Wawbeek shore. (Rental charge for the boat was \$75 for the summer).

It was great planning, as related by Saran and Ethel Sliter, when getting ready to go back to New York to catch the 7 p. m. train at the Weirs. Since you had to get on your knees to crank the boat, and they were dressed for the city, one of the men who was closing the camp would come between the Bartlett and Litchfield cottages in 1906 and used it for themselves in the spring and fall of the year.

*Mr. and Mrs. John Collier of Pawtucket, Rhode Island had built a cottage between the Bartlett and Litchfield cottages in 1906 and used it for themselves in the spring and fall of the year.

Later the Colliers and their niece, Ruth, arrived with the swallows and stayed until Jack Frost drove them home. Mr. Collier was an ardent fisherman and knew all the "secret" places. He was especially fond of the hornpout which he caught across the bay at "my stick".

Ruth came to the lake as a wee baby. She is now Mrs. Arthur Straight and has a daughter of her own. When "Uncle and Auntie" Collier passed on Ruth inherited the Collier Cottages and bought the Sliter Cottage. *Editor's Note.*

down, load the boat, start it, then stay and close the house. They'd begin the two hour trip to the Weirs and the 7 o'clock, providing the weather was good; otherwise they'd postpone the trip until a good day.

We used the lake steamers about once a summer on a shopping trip to Laconia. That was a day's outing. From the Weirs, there was an open streetcar that went to Laconia. The ride was along a sandy road (now known as Weirs Boulevard) with only two or three camps on the shore of Paugus Bay.

Speaking of shopping, Henri Blaisdell would rent us his horse and open two-seated carriage. We'd drive to Wolfeboro, the bony horse walking there and back, to do extra shopping, including a bag or two of feed for the horse. This twenty-mile trip with a walking horse was again a full day's jaunt.

After 1912 my father had a Model T Ford. We drove from New York to the lake, taking three days. We'd have at least six flat tires during the trip. The roads were sand, mud or gravel, with only about 50 miles of paved road in the 350 mile trip from New York. By the time we reached Melvin Village we felt like pioneers who had found home.

Feeling like pioneers was the charm of that spot, which to this day attracts people who love the lake and the woods. Even the superhighways and the now six-hour trip from New York haven't changed it.

The Brower Camp

by

William L. Brower, Jr.

Fifty years is a long time—that is except to those of us who have been fortunate enough to have been coming to "The Lake" and more particularly Melvin Village.

As a matter of fact it is more than fifty years since the first Brower came to New Hampshire. Being the youngest of the "Original Browners" I'll endeavor to give some highlights that may, I hope, be of some interest to the Tuftonboro Historical Society.

My father, William L. Brower, better known as Will, met James Sleigh in Jamaica, B.W.I. on one of his trips during the winter of 1902. Mr. Sleigh had been coming to Lake Winnepesaukee for fishing, and the following summer Will Brower, George Sleigh and two or three other men spent a couple of weeks at Horace Walker's Bay-View House in Melvin Village. Shortly thereafter Mr. Sleigh bought land and built a camp on the Wawbeek shore in the cove behind Store Island to the south of the point.

My father spent a week or so with Mr. Sleigh for several summers, and bought the adjoining land in 1906. The land, as I recall, was purchased from Dow and Richardson and consisted of approximately six acres of pine and 300 odd feet of shore front.

A camp was built by John Stackpole. Will Brower, and his two oldest boys, Charlie and Dick, were there in 1907. During the winter Will and the two boys talked of nothing but the camp on the lake at Melvin, so—

The next summer (1908) the whole Brower family descended upon the camp, and all, or some, have been coming ever since.

For the record I may say it was quite a large family even for those days: William L. Brower (Will), C. Helen Brower (Mom), Alice Brower (now Dellinger), Helen I. Brower (now Ariztia, called Tot), R. Charles Brower (Charlie), Richard L. Brower (Dick), Dorothy Brower (Doll), and William L. Brower, Jr. (Bill).

When we would come early in the season before the boats ran, we would arrive on the B & M in Wolfeboro. Jack Straw or Wesley Johnson would meet us with two teams, one for the passengers and the other for the baggage. After a luncheon at the Sheridan House in Wolfeboro we would start our trip to the camp. It was not unusual for one or two of us to walk up Wolfeboro hill, Edgerly's hill and Dudley's hill to help the horses.

Our summers at the lake would start the middle of June and end the middle of September.

We all remember with pleasure the Melvin Fairs, and the dances that Vic Blaisdell had at the Wawbeek. Moonlight sails on the "Iroquois," mountain trips up to the "Crow's Nest," (now Plant's Castle) are things we talk about when we get together.

For many years we had a power boat ("The Billy") and after lunch each day Mother would invite friends to go for a ride. It was a big day for me when I could run the boat, but after a while I knew why Charlie or Dick would let me. The novelty wore off, and I soon did as my brothers did, have a hard time starting the motor or be concerned about the wind or dark sky so that I could have more time for swimming and loafing with my friends.

We all agree that we remember most our Sundays at the Melvin Church, going to the Village for the mail, seeing all the folks, and maple ice cream at Haley's.

The Brower family, like all families, increased. As the boys and girls married, their children would spend part or all of the summer with Grandpa and Grandma. As the Good Lord calls us all to rest, Will died in 1937, Mom in 1939, Charlie in 1952, and Dick in 1958.

The "Brower Camp" was sold to Mr. Robert Dawson in 1959. Alice lives in California, Tot in Chile, and Doll in Ohio. We all remember with a great deal of affection our many friends and the wonderful times we had through the many years at New Hampshire, which we knew as "The Lake" or "Melvin."

Even so, all of us—children, grandchildren and even great grandchildren—return when we can. You can be sure that one of these days there will be another "Brower Camp" near Melvin.

So mote it be!

The Sleigh Family

by

Robert C. Sleigh

Before telling you something of summer life along the Wawbeek shore in times past, it might be of interest as to how my family happened to build a cottage in this area.

In the late 1890's my grandfather, with his family, spent his summer vacations at the old Winnecott House near the Weirs. Being an avid bass fisherman, he was continually searching for more productive fishing grounds, and as a result later transferred his vacation site to one of the hotels on Long Island. In 1902 he rented a camp at Garnet Point and while fishing in this area he saw the property in shore from Store Island which he later purchased. One lot was bought from Joseph I. Stewart and the second from Orlando Richardson. In later years my father purchased additional lots. The only structure on the property was an ice house so my grandfather contracted with Mr. Stackpole to build the cottage which was completed in 1903.

My first trip here was for four weeks during the summer of 1908. A trip in those days was an elaborately planned safari with no details omitted. My mother, two brothers, William and Donald, and I left our home in Springfield, Massachusetts by railroad at 6 a. m., headed for Worcester where we had a two-hour wait for a train to Nashua, New Hampshire. Each one of us had an assignment, one was responsible for a handbag, another the fishing rods, another the lunch, another a younger brother, etc. Changing from train to train we had to see that our particular responsibilities were not forgotten. At Nashua we had one minute to cross the station to the train headed for the Weirs. It was always a relief to detrain at the Weirs from the soot-filled cars in hot July weather, knowing that we had ahead of us a cool boat trip across the lake.

Captain Charles Corliss, Captain of the "Belle of the Isle", a steamer somewhat smaller than the present Mt. Washington, but larger than any other boat now on the lake, took us on a winding route through the islands depositing us at Wawbeek Landing. Following the narrow paths through the woods, we arrived at our cottage at 6 p. m., after a twelve hour trip (about 3½ hours today by automobile).

The steamer trunks carrying our clothes were left on the wharf at Wawbeek. When we were big enough to handle the trunks my brother and I would row over to Wawbeek for them. Twice I recall that the space between the boat and the wharf widened to a degree that caused the trunk to fall into the lake. In those days of starched white frocks and no steam irons, this was a major catastrophe.

Without means of transportation other than by water, you may wonder how we obtained supplies. This problem was solved by two enterprising business men from the village—Mr. Walter Fernald and Mr. George S. Horner. On alternating days they would visit the cottages by motorboat taking orders in the morning and delivering the goods in the afternoon. As motorboat rides were rare but exciting experiences for youngsters in those days, I still recall the pleasures of riding with them from one cottage to another. Mr. Fernald's store is now the Village Dining Room and Mr. Horner's is still Marion Horner Robie's. Incidentally, I recall that the Post Office moved from one store to another. The basis for its location (so I was told) depended upon whether the Democrats or Republicans were in power in Washington.

How were we able to move around with our limited transportation? We had two choices—we could walk or we could row a boat. If we wanted to fish at Long Island we rowed to Long Island and back. If we wanted an ice cream cone we rowed to Melvin and back. If we wanted to spend a night camping on Mt. Shaw we rowed to the Melvin wharf, walked from there to the foot of the mountain and then climbed the mountain, carrying our food, cooking utensils and blankets. If we wanted to go to Wolfeboro we walked to Wolfeboro and returned on the mailboat. We were too tired to become juvenile delinquents.

We ate a lot of fish, raspberries and blueberries. We had the same congenial neighbors year after year. On the shore, the Guckers, the Browns, the Litchfields*, and on the hill the Reids, Woodwards and Van Horsens.

In the past fifty-two years I have missed only one summer at the lake and I hope never to miss another. My son, his wife and two children spend their vacations with us at the camp. Hence you can see that a fifth generation of Sleighs is enjoying the cottage which my grandfather built in 1903.

There have been a lot of changes in people, in cottages, in fact in everything, but the beauty of the woods, the water, and the mountains remains the same. Lake Winnepesaukee still retains its name, "The Smile of the Great Spirit."

*Mr. and Mrs. Joshua Q. Litchfield built their camp on the point south of the Browsers in 1905. Mr. Litchfield ("Uncle Josh") was headmaster of a Boston school. You will note that many of the writers of these stories have referred to him with affection. He was a student of the Indians in New Hampshire. He was also an avid mountain climber and had maps to all of the trails. In 1956 Vice-Admiral and Mrs. George C. Dyer bought the Litchfield camp. They have become interested members of all the community activities in Tuftonboro. *Editor's Note.*



Melvin Bay from Litchfield's Point, showing Store Island and Page's Point (on the right).

The Page, Gucker and John Blount Camps

by
Frank T. Gucker

My family first came to Melvin Village in 1903, after my grandmother, Caroline Gibbons (Mrs. Robert H.) Fulton recovered from a second attack of pneumonia and her doctor told her that if she wished to escape a third and final attack, she should stay away from Philadelphia in summer—all summer. She and my father and mother decided to try New England, and picked Lake Winnepesaukee and Melvin Village from vacation information in the paper. In those days we took the train from Philadelphia to New York, which was ferried across the Hudson river, and arrived finally at the Pennsylvania Railroad station. After a cab ride to Grand Central, we then took the night train to Boston and the Boston and Maine to Weirs, whence we crossed the lake by the "Governor Endicott" or "Belle of the Isles". Sometimes, by way of variety, we went by ship from Philadelphia, down the Delaware River, and up the coast to Boston. This took two nights and a day, but gave us a wonderful glimpse of light ships, coastal steamers, and the sailing ships, which became rarer as time went on.

For two summers we stayed at the Walker's Bay View House. Then, we returned in 1907 and rented the Haley cottage near the Melvin wharf for two years. By that time my sisters, Caroline (now Mrs. Howard L. Fry) and Louise (now Mrs. R. Alan Page) had arrived, and I have pictures of the family at the Haley cottage. During those days we all became well acquainted with Marlon Horner and my other contemporaries in the village, since we took our meals at the Bay View House and visited

the stores, the old Bennett grist mill, and the Fernald blacksmith shop. The high points of the social life of each day were the arrival of the boats at the Melvin wharf when everyone came to greet the new arrivals or say good-bye to friends. Even then some complained that it was less exciting than the earlier days when the "Eagle" and the "Cyclone" made a race of it from the Weirs every evening.

We had known the John Blounts when we all stayed at the Bay View House, and when they bought a lot on the Turtontoboro shore from J. MacKenzie Haley and built "Eastwood" in 1908, my family followed suit and bought and cleared a lot on the shore next to them, on which we built our present cottage and boathouse in May of 1909. Charles Hoyt of Moultonboro was in charge of the construction, and did an excellent job of it. What I remember especially was the fact that every spring, for many years, he sent us a big box of real maple sugar, which endeared him to us children.

When we built our cottage by the lake my father was an independent contractor and planned to spend a large part of each summer there with us. Soon afterward, however, he became president of a quarry company near Philadelphia and felt that he could only spend a few days here at the beginning and end of each summer, when he brought us to and from the cottage. The rest of the time I was man of the house, and had the responsibility for running the boats and keeping the water pumps in order. Fortunately, whenever a mechanical emergency arose, I found an expert adviser in John Blount, who always knew how everything worked and was glad to help. In the early days he had boundless energy, and he and his son, Gardner, spent many hours moving boulders, leveling the land near their house, and even bringing in topsoil and planting a flower and vegetable garden. He was a leader in the community and "Eastwood" was always in apple-pie order. After Mr. Blount's death, when the family no longer came up to the lake, in 1949 Admiral Thomas and his family bought "Eastwood" and have kept up the same traditions.

From 1907 on, our 18-foot Truscott motorboat was the chief family recreational facility, and we cruised all over the lake at a reliable six miles an hour, except when water softened the leather disc which drove the magneto from the flywheel, and we had to stop for emergency repairs. Many an evening we would take a picnic supper out in the boat and go up to Greene's Basin or around Long Island, and come home by moonlight with the younger children rolled up in blankets so sound asleep that they were never awakened when we reached shore and my father carried them up to bed. In 1912, my father had a new boat, "Tinker Bell", designed by a naval architect and built in Camden, N. J. After trials on the Delaware, she was shipped by rail and put in the water at Lakemport, to fill with water and sink overnight because the builder had not told anyone he had put a drainage hole in the bilge so she would not fill with rain water on the railroad. However, this was soon remedied and she was housed in our boathouse, with the slip cut out further to accommodate her 25-foot length. She could go anywhere on the lake in an hour or less, and we used her for shopping at the Village and at Wolfeboro and for

carrying crowds of young people of high school and college age to parties all around Melvin Bay, and on trips all over the lake. During the Second World War we sold her, and for all I know she may be sailing on the lake to this day.

One of the great social events of the Melvin summer season was the Willing Workers' Fair each August, for which my mother and grandmother worked. I can remember one year when they spent all the day before the fair making candy. Since the candy did not harden properly it was spread over the dining and living room tables to dry over night. Lo and behold, in the morning we discovered that "Sparkie", our dog, had helped himself to most of the sweets.

My grandmother was coach and impresario for a play presented several seasons and was successful enough so that the rumor went around the village that she was an actress. She certainly had the presence for stage or platform, but she had acquired poise as a minister's wife. Later Chester Campbell organized a series of very successful minstrel shows which were great fun for all of us who participated.

This was the era when most of our travel was by boat—motorboat, rowboat, and later canoe. We paddled as far as the Weirs on one or two occasions, and made several expeditions to Squam Lake, portaging from Salmon Meadow Cove to Long Pond, Round Pond, and finally Squam, and camping out for several nights on the way, without benefit of motel or marina.

The boys from Camp Tecumseh came to church on Sunday in their war canoes, until once in a west blow a canoe capsized. That was too much like a Baptist ceremony for my good Episcopal friend, Alex Grant, and the boys came no more.

We came by boat from the Weirs or Wolfeboro each spring and left the same way in the fall, either in "Tinker Bell", when we put her up in a boatyard over the winter for painting, or in one of Dana Durgin's boats. One fall I remember we had train reservations via the Weirs and had planned the trip in "Tinker Bell", trunks and all. However, on the appointed morning a heavy west blow started, and would have made the trip across the Breads wet if not hazardous. We quickly changed our plans, hoisted the boat up in our boathouse, and arranged with "Piccolo" Colby to take us to Meredith in his truck. We took our trunks by wheelbarrow over the trail to "Eastwood," loaded them into the truck, and my mother and grandmother shared the front seat with the driver while my sisters and brother and I sat on the luggage in the rear. "Piccolo" had qualms about the legality of his carrying passengers in his truck for hire, so he carefully instructed us to say, if questioned, that he was hired to transport the luggage and had picked us up as hitchhikers whom he was taking along out of the kindness of his heart. We had over two hours to make the train, but needed every minute of it, since his motor was anemic and he was so eager to ask my grandmother about her recent Broadway appearances that he was in no mood for undue haste. Time dragged on and our requests for more gas went unheeded, but he evidently judged his re-

sources to a nicety. On the last hill he let her out to fifteen miles per hour, and we breezed into the station just before the train.

One day when I was in college my sister Louise, about thirteen, my brother Alex, about ten, and I set out to climb Mt. Whiteface. The family gave us a good start in "Tinker Bell" to Lee's Mills, and then we were on our own. We hiked the eighteen miles of road with packs of bedding and food, climbed the mountain, and spent the night in one of the shelters. Next day we came down the mountain and started home, and the clouds turned darker and darker in the west. We had planned to camp on the way, but did not relish a night out in the rain, so we walked the rest of the twenty-five miles home, arriving about 10 p. m. and really ready for sleep.

In 1949, Louise and Alan Page bought the point behind Store Island from Mrs. Jackson, and built their cottage on it. When our grandchildren are here with us, the fifth generation enjoys the lake and trees, the hills and skies of Melvin.

Early Remembrances of Lake Winnepesaukee

by

John M. Collins

My first glimpse of Lake Winnepesaukee was early in July of 1899 when, at the age of nineteen, I was invited to be a member of a fishing party with Mr. J. B. Sleight and his two sons, George and Walter, also Mr. Ellsworth Fisk of Boston. We all looked forward to a wonderful trip, especially the unusual fishing afforded. Small-mouthed bass were in abundance and several five-pounders were not unusual to have in a day's catch.

We left Springfield, Mass. early in the morning for Worcester where we changed trains, taking the B. & M. for New Hampshire. After a tedious journey, we finally reached the Weirs where we were met by Mr. Leon Shepherd whom Mr. Sleight had hired to guide the party. Mr. Shepherd lived in Melvin Village and had the use of a gasoline launch loaned by a friend. After introductions we loaded the baggage in the launch and started across the Lake toward Melvin Village, passing Long Island, through the Gut and around Melvin Island. After leaving this island we headed for Black Island and the upper end of the lake to Langdon's Cove. Mr. Shepherd had arranged for us to use a camp while at the lake. We spent two weeks of the best fishing I had ever experienced. We fished almost every day and always caught our limit. We used helgramites for bait, which we had previously purchased from a place in Philadelphia, Pa., and we paid \$3.00 for 100. It was a most enjoyable time.

The camp was about the size of a piano box. The whole side of it was hinged on the top and when swung out it formed the top of the porch. When Mr. Sleight and Mr. Fisk went to bed, we had to move the dining table out on the porch to make room for their cots. We boys slept under the eaves and got up there through a trap door in the roof. We couldn't stand up, and had to sit on our cots when changing our clothes! Leon slept with

us in the camp and guided our party each day to different fishing areas.

While there we received notice that Teddy Roosevelt, who was running for President, was going to visit New Hampshire and would stop at the Weirs. We boys decided we would like to see Mr. Roosevelt so we arranged to tow Mr. Fisk and Mr. Sleight to a good fishing spot, then we took the launch to the Weirs. It was a great day. We had a feast at the Hotel, which has since burned. It was like the \$100.00 dinners they now serve except it only cost us 50 cents for all we could eat. After Mr. Roosevelt's speech we all lined up to shake hands with the President-to-be. Leon led the group, and when he got to Mr. Roosevelt, he laid his hand on Leon's shoulder and said, "If you grow up to be a good man and always tell the truth, you may be President yourself someday". We finally got started for the camp to pick up the fishermen. They were nowhere to be found, so we went on. When we arrived, the two men didn't seem very cordial, and met us with the words, "Where have you been all day?" They had caught their limit in a short time and had to row about a mile or more back to camp.

In 1919, I took my family to the Lake and rented Mrs. Bartlett's cottage for two weeks. We gathered frequently at the Wawbeek for events, both varied and interesting. For several summers a swimming meet was held with children and parents participating. One summer we all decided to have a boat parade, and boats of all sizes and descriptions were entered. All the boats were decorated with Japanese lanterns. We all started in procession, going along the shore from the Wawbeek to Merrymount and return. Victor Blaisdell led the parade, playing on his violin for the entire distance, "How Dry I Am".

Just south of Merrymount colony was a cottage owned by a Mr. Westcott of Providence, R. I., which we purchased in 1920. With the cottage we inherited a launch called the "Hope". It took the entire efforts of all the men on the shore to ready it for the Lake. It was a two-cycle engine and let out frequent blasts and sputters. I recall that we could go to Melvin wharf in about ten blasts and pops. Everyone knew we were coming. Some one once said, "Where there is life there is Hope."

We were separated from the Merrymount cottages beyond us by a rather high board fence erected by Mr. Speare. The only way anyone could go on the other side was through a small opening a little more than knee high. Mr. Litchfield named it the "See More Fence". This was the first change I made when we arrived. I tore down the fence.

Mr. Speare owned Store Island (which is still owned by his daughter.) At one time he had a small camp on it. During the winter one year he had this camp moved over the ice to Little Bear Island, and it is still there. Surprisingly enough it is owned by some friends of ours in Springfield, Mass. Mr. Speare had a pleasure boat about 20 feet long. He bought a second-hand steam engine from a Stanley automobile and decided to install the engine in his boat. It was quite a job. A number of us had collected to watch the proceedings from the old Melvin wharf, just across the street from the present-day parsonage in Melvin. Mr. Speare finally reported

that the job was completed and invited us all for a ride. He lighted the burners and we waited, for it took a little time to get up steam. We all watched the gauge. We saw the pressure go to 70, then to 80 points. (At that time 75 points was the regular pressure for steamboats.) Up, up, went the gauge to 100, still going up until it reached 125. The men pointed to it as it climbed to 150. That was enough! Panic seized the group. Someone shouted, "It's going to blow up." And suddenly without a word, out of the boat dove the men. A few of us who had been told in advance that the pressure might go up to 200 pounds, stayed on board. The poor, bedraggled swimmers made their way slowly to shore, weighed down by all their clothing.

There is one trip I don't wish to overlook, that of going up to Green's Basin. We would usually go with the Sleigh family and my mother, who summered at the Wawbeek. It would take a good share of a day, as we had only a Sears Roebuck outboard and would be towing a couple of rowboats. At that time there wasn't a camp beyond the area now owned by the Bald Peak Club except one lone place which had a rustic sign hanging over the door which read, "September Morn". The house and sign are still there! On this particular occasion we started out and chugged slowly to our destination. We finally reached our favorite picnic spot, built a fire to cook some fish chowder and heat our coffee. Because the wind was blowing the sand in my mother's direction, she decided to move. As she did so, she tripped over a basket, overturning the contents onto the sand, landing near enough to the fire to knock over the coffee pot. Despite all this, the picnic wasn't a complete failure until someone suddenly realized that some fish had to be caught before we could eat. That was a day never-to-be-forgotten.

Here, I would like to leave the shore for a few remarks regarding the residents of Melvin Village whom we have met and enjoyed very much. Mr. William Severance came by twice a week with meat. It seemed to some members of the family that they spent countless hours sitting at the top of the hill waiting for him. His route was long and there were always delays. Many times his supply was fairly well exhausted before he reached us. But we were always rewarded by fresh, delicious meat. Very often we would drive up the Mountain Road to Mr. Welch's for strawberries and rich, thick cream that had to be spooned from the bottle. The finest of maple syrup and maple candy were but two of the many attractions at the farm of our good friends, Margaret and Bill Hunter. Eggs and fresh vegetables and raspberries were always available at Edith and Chet Gilman's where cordiality was and still is uppermost. Horner's Store has always been a landmark and an institution which no one could do without. First with Mr. Horner, then with Marion in charge, it has the atmosphere of a fine old country store where friends meet for pleasant chats while shopping or waiting for the mail to be sorted.

When we first bought milk, we would leave our milk order at the top of our hill with the empty bottles for the next delivery. One day we chanced to arrive just as the local milkman was pouring milk from a large can into our not-too-well-washed milk bottles. When we remarked that we thought he always brought us clean bottles full of milk, he laughed

and said he didn't think a few little germs would hurt us.

One of the men who did some of the more menial tasks along our shore had a number of interesting events transpire in his life. There was the time that he and his wife were arguing quite bitterly. Suddenly he threw something at her. Then he became frightened. He was heard to say, "I don't know if I killed her or not, but if I did, I'll give her the gold-darndest funeral they've ever had in these parts." After his wife died, years later, of natural causes, he advertised for a housekeeper and said he'd pay her \$5.00 a week or marry her. One day a lady appeared in Melvin and inquired at the store for directions to his residence. She took one look at the place and left on the next train from Wolfeboro.

I don't wish to overlook an event about Mr. John Stackpole who owned a store now occupied by the Village Dining Room. Occasionally, Mrs. Collins and I would get a meal at Mrs. Fernald's boarding house next door, and then we would go in for a little visit with Mr. and Mrs. Stackpole. On this particular evening there was great excitement. Mr. Stackpole had bought a keg of molasses and it suddenly began to work and blew out the bung, flooding the store. As fast as he got one foot out of the molasses, the other one was stuck. In a short time all the flies from all points around the Lake congregated at Stackpoles Store for the rest of the summer.

Our life in Merrymount over the years would have been less pleasant were it not for the Alfred Watsons. For over thirty years Alfred and Edna have watched over us and our property. In the early days Alfred had the job of filling all the icehouses during the winter, as well as countless other tasks. The Watsons are as much a part of our life at Merrymount as the view of the Ossipees.

We always enjoyed the auctions with Mr. Frank Bryer of Sandwich as auctioneer. At one auction there was a set of very pretty bottles which Mrs. Frank Spence said she would like for their newly-acquired "Wingate Farm". So I bid on them and gave them to her. Later in the day I heard my name called and it was Mr. Bryer saying he had another similar bottle, so I bought it. When I went to get my purchase Mr. Bryer turned it around and it said, "Souvenir from Coney Island." It wasn't worth a nickel. Mr. Bryer said I had bought several good things very cheap and could afford to get "stuck" on one piece.

Many are the good times that we have all had on the shores of Lake Winnepesaukee. It is a wonderful place.

"When memory keeps me company
And brings either smiles or tears,
A series of the pleasantest thoughts
Looms through the mist of years."

The Merrymount Group

by

Leigh S. Hall



Mr. Frank Palmer Speare in his "Merrymount" attire.

As no doubt many of you know, this group of cottages extends along the extreme eastern shoreline of Melvin Bay for a distance of about 1500 feet from the northern boundary of the John Collins property to within a few feet of Copp's brook. It includes one of the finest bathing beaches to be found on the Lake. From what we have heard from the previous speakers, I think I can safely say that as a group we are the "baby colony," and for the most part comparatively new comers.

It is my understanding that at one time this entire property was owned by John Stockbridge who lived in the house now occupied by your very efficient secretary, Marion Robie, where the Post Office is now located. He sold the property to Everett Piper, and at his death it was inherited by his son, Mr. John Piper, who in turn sold it to a Mr. Whiting, the father of Dr. Speare's first wife, May. This was in 1901, and John Piper tells me that the price for which it was sold was \$600.00, which not only included all the lake frontage, but also several acres of timberland running back to the main road, then known as "Hull's Hill". Mr. Whiting then had "Bob" Hunt (father of "Phil" Hunt, now living in Melvin) build the four original cottages, which were named in order from south to north—"Sunset", "Echo", "Starlight" and "Shadow". A few years later Dr. Speare had two other camps built to the north, one called "The Casino" which was a sort of recreation room with a piano where Frank often entertained with music and some of his original songs. I presume two of these songs were "Cow Island" and "So Very Near It", which I well remember in later years! Then there was the cottage named "The Papoose" which he originally built on Store Island, then moved to Merrymount, and later moved across the ice to Little Bear Island, where it is still occupied under the same name. (At that time Little Bear Island was known as Samoset Island.)

The original four cottages were rented down through the years from 1903 to several different parties, but I believe the most permanent one was the Fred Sawyer family, who now have a cottage on the Lake at Caverly Point, and who gave me much of my information about this group, as he rented the "Echo" cottage (now owned by the Georges) for a period of nine summers. The price then paid was \$150.00 for the season!



Cottage on Store Island

The first permanent settlers were the Hall family from Concord in 1920. By that time the automobile was pretty much established as a means of transportation and as the trip from Concord was a short one, there was no great problem in making the trip. For a few years, however, we did have some of the "inconveniences" you have heard the others mention, such as the kerosene lights, ice from the sawdust in the ice house, and the little "green house" up back, with the plank walk leading to it! These things were gradually replaced until today we now have even the most modern of dial telephones—but how we miss that informality and the little chats with Marion whenever we put in a call!

How did the Hall family happen to locate in this spot? "The story is one of those coincidences" that so often shapes one's destiny! My sister, Ruth (now Mrs. Ralph George) attended Lasell Seminary and had as a roommate a young lady named Katherine Vinton. A few years later Katherine became Mrs. Frank Speare, and through this acquaintanceship we learned of these cottages which, during the intervening years, had been inherited by them. We met with the Speares up here one day, and Ruth purchased one of the cottages and my brother, Carl, and I purchased the one beside hers and next to the Collins property. In 1938 Carl sold his share in this cottage to Lieut. Gen. and Mrs. Edward H. Brooks, the latter a sister of Mrs. Hall's. As the demands by the children and grandchildren increased and the desire by the "old folks" for more "peace and quiet" increased, the ranch-type cottage on the same lot was built by Hall and Brooks. This was built in 1948.

Previous to our purchase in 1920, the "Sunset" cottage was rented for several reasons by a Mr. George Meheffey who was the General Secretary of the Boston Y. M. C. A. of which Dr. Speare was the Educational Director. It was in this capacity that Dr. Speare founded and became the first President of Northeastern University, serving as such for a period of forty-three years of phenomenal growth. Next to the north of "Echo"

was the cottage occupied by Dr. Speare up to the time of purchase of the "Wingate Farm". It was later rented to several different parties, one of which was the Philip Cristals, then living in Cleveland, Ohio. They purchased the property from Dr. Speare in 1939. During the years from 1925 to 1930 and for the first week in September, it was our custom to invite a group of my M.I.T. fraternity brothers and their wives for a house party at our camp. "Phil" and "Rom" Cristal were always among those present, and it was their enthusiasm for the place that led to this purchase. In fact, their love for New Hampshire was such that they purchased a home in Manchester, where "Phil" now has a responsible position there in one of our largest banks.

Next on the north was the cottage then often referred to as the "Tramp" cottage, as each year it was occupied by a different family, until about 1930 when it was purchased from Dr. Speare by the Albert Gordon family. In 1934 it was purchased by the Eugene Jones family who have occupied it ever since. How they happened to come here is another interesting story. Mr. Jones was an executive in New York City with the International Shoe Company. He was a friend of Mr. Eben Hitchings, who was also with the International Shoe Company in Boston. (As many of you know, Mr. Hitchings is one of the "old timers" who still lives in his cottage just to the south of the "Wawbeek.") Mr. Jones was an ardent fisherman and at Mr. Hitchings' suggestion he came to the "Wawbeek" in the summer of 1931. Immediately thereafter, and as a result of this trip, he rented the "Haven" cottage (next to the "Wawbeek") for the seasons of 1932 and 1933. In 1934 he bought the Merrymount cottage from the Gordons. This camp has been enlarged several times to make room for the three generations which still occupy it.

Going north, we now come to the beach and the first of the newer cottages which was built for the Rev. Allan Lorimer in 1940. The Jones family were now living in Manchester, where the Rev. Lorimer was their minister, and it was through this acquaintanceship that the Lorimers became a part of the Merrymount colony.

When the Lorimers moved to the West Coast in 1944 they sold this property to Dr. Joseph Warren Barker, who was at that time the Dean of Engineering at Columbia University. He also was one of our house party guests (previously mentioned), and I might add that his daughter, Betty, is now our daughter-in-law. Mrs. Sidney Hall, who with their five children are one of the occupants of the "Sunset" cottage. In 1946 the Barker cottage was sold to the "Alec" Haskells from Farmington, New Hampshire. Mrs. Haskell being a sister of Mrs. Cristal's. We were all saddened by her untimely death last Fall.

Continuing north along the beach, we now come to a stretch of between 400 and 500 feet of land that many of us first settlers considered to be practically waste land that never would be suitable for permanent use for cottages. It was low land and often filled with backwash from the Lake even to a depth of nearly four feet in places. Part of this land was purchased from Dr. Speare by Ralph and Ruth Sparks of Winchester, Mass.

in 1927. The recreation building previously referred to was located on the most suitable part and, with certain improvements and additions, was used by the Sparks as their cottage. In 1932 it was destroyed by fire, but replaced by a new one the same year. A few years later another part of this land was bought from Dr. Speare by the Ward Hubbards of Terre Haute, Indiana. How Messrs. Sparks and Hubbard came to locate here is another interesting story. At one time they both were associated with Mr. Tom Dreier (whom many of you knew) in the employ of the Bay State Street Railway Company in Boston. It was as Tom Dreier's guest one week-end that Mr. Sparks made his contact with Dr. Speare that led to his purchase, and a few years later, as a week-end guest with the Sparks, that Mr. Hubbard made his purchase.

The task of reclaiming this land was a big one. It required several thousand yards of fill and grading, and the transformation was almost unbelievable. In fact, upon his first viewing this transformation, Dr. Speare came forth with one of his characteristic witty remarks. He scratched his head for a moment and said, "Well, now I know how the Indians felt after they sold Manhattan for a jug of whiskey!" After still more improvements on this land, the Ward Hubbards built their cottage on it in 1940. This is another camp that is being enjoyed by all three generations.

A few years later a lot to the north was bought by Miss Betty Meese, a part of which was sold to her by Dr. Speare and part by Mr. Hubbard. The father of Miss Meese was a business acquaintance of Mr. Sparks, and had in previous years rented the cottage now owned by the Cristals. In 1949, she and her husband, Mr. Richard Stewart, built their cottage on this lot. Because of a serious illness, Mrs. Stewart was able to occupy their cottage for only one season before her death. Since that time it has been rented, for the most part.

The last cottage on the northern boundary of the Merrymount land was built in 1947 for the Rev. Fred Buschmeyer of Washington, D. C. He was first introduced to Merrymount through his friendship with Rev. Lorimer. They were both ministers of Manchester, N. H. churches.

Between the Stewart and the Buschmeyer property is a small piece of beach frontage which Dr. Speare reserved for his personal use after his purchase of the "Wingate Farm" property. Certain restricted rights to this frontage a few years later were transferred to Mr. Earle Anderson with his purchase of the "Farm" property from Dr. Speare.

In 1941, the "Merrymount Associates Incorporated" was formed. The "Articles of Agreement" and "By-Laws" were drawn up with the legal help of the late Judge William Britton of Wolfeboro. Its principal purpose was for a better joint control of the property rights, water system, private roads and the wharf. Due to the many friendly and cordial neighborly relations always enjoyed with the John Collins family, we had always considered them as an integral part of the Merrymount group, and at the time of forming this Association they became formal members

with the same rights and privileges as the others. In fact John was, and still is, our first President.

I hope in the above remarks that many of you have found something of interest. There are many other things I would like to mention, but time does not permit. However, I'm sure there is one thing we all have in common. We all love the Lake and the Community in which we are privileged to live at least a few weeks in the year. This is plainly evident by the fact that in practically every instance our families have been coming here for at least three generations! And let me say that this third generation is doing right well, as the latest count shows a total of fifty-three youngsters in this prolific Merrymount Colony! I shudder to think of the future problems, as, if they follow in the footsteps of the two previous generations, they will not be satisfied with anything less than the wonderful opportunities for vacation activities and community fellowship which we now enjoy in and around this beautiful village of Melvin in the township of Tuftonboro. We thank the Tuftonboro Historical Society for the privilege of telling you our own story this evening.

Addenda

If you should take a boat ride, starting at "Wawbeek", and proceed northerly to Copp's brook, you would pass buildings in the following order. In each case the name of the 1960 owner is mentioned first. The name of the camp is in quotation marks. In parenthesis is given the name of the original owner if the camp has changed hands and the date the camp was built. For more detail read the text.

1. Mr. Walter E. Fernald, "Wawbeek", (Henri Blaisdell, 1896).
2. Mr. Walter E. Fernald, "Wawbeek guest house", formerly "Marg-Ed-AI, named for three daughters, Margaret, Edna and Alice Campbell, (Chester I. Campbell, 1914).
3. Mr. Walter E. Fernald, "Wawbeek recreation hall", (Chester I. Campbell).
4. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Earley, (Mr. H. M. Haven, 1921).
5. Miss Susannah Schofield, (Mrs. Sarah White).
6. Mr. George I. Brigden, (Mrs. Sarah White, 1901)
7. Mr. Lucian Q. Moffitt, (Mrs. A. A. Bartlett, 1907).
8. Mrs. Ruth C. Straight, 'Collier guest house', (Mr. John Collier, 1920).
9. Mrs. Ruth C. Straight, (Mr. John Collier, 1906).
10. Mrs. Ruth C. Straight, (Mrs. Kellogg, 1905).
11. Vice-Adm. and Mrs. George C. Dyer, (Mr. Joshua Q. Litchfield, 1905).
12. Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Dawson, (Mr. W. L. Brower, 1906).
13. Mr. Robert Sleight, (Mr. James Sleight, 1903).
14. Mr. and Mrs. R. Alan Page, "Endrock", (1949).
15. Mrs. Louise O. F. Gucker heirs, "Kabeyun", meaning Westwind, (Mrs. Caroline Fulton and Mrs. Louise O. F. Gucker, 1909).
16. Rear Adm. Lloyd H. Thomas, "Eastwood", (Mr. John G. Blount, 1908).
17. Mr. John M. Collins, "Mortowese", named for son, Morton and daughter Louise, (Mr. E. T. Westcott, 1910).
18. Mrs. Marjorie Hall and Mrs. Beatrice Brooks, "Sunset", (Mr. A. J. Whiting, 1904).
19. Mrs. Marjorie Hall and Mrs. Beatrice Brooks, "new camp back from shore", (1951).
20. Mrs. Ruth George, "Echo" (Mr. A. J. Whiting, 1904).
21. Mr. Phillip Cristal, "Starlight", (Mr. A. J. Whiting, 1904).
22. Mrs. H. E. Jones, "Shadow", (Mr. A. J. Whiting, 1904).
23. Mr. Alex Haskell, (Rev. Allen Lorimer, 1940).
24. Mr. Ralph Sparks, (1932).
25. Mr. Ward Hubbard, (1940).
26. Mr. Richard L. Stewart, (1949).
27. Rev. Fred S. Buschmeyer, (1947).