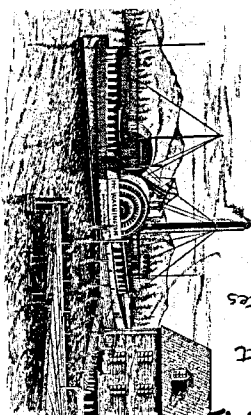
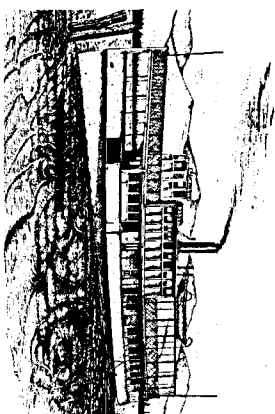
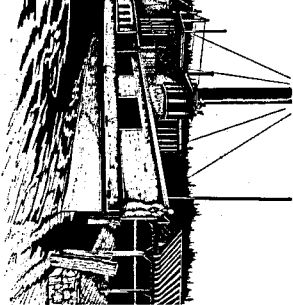


Boats 'n Ports I
Lake Winnepesaukee
New Hampshire
Bruce Heald
1989

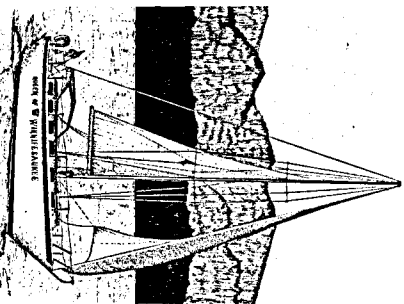
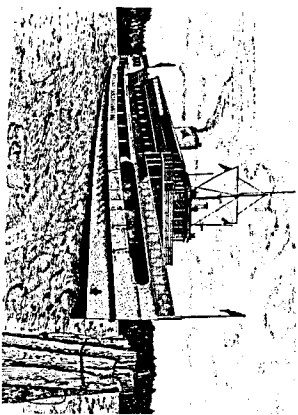
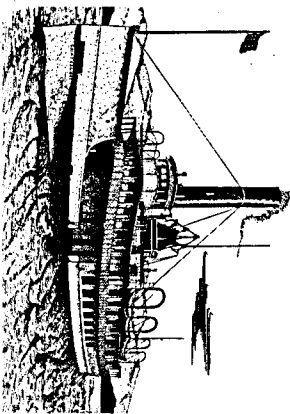
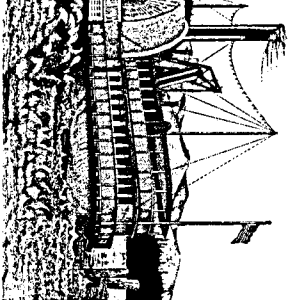
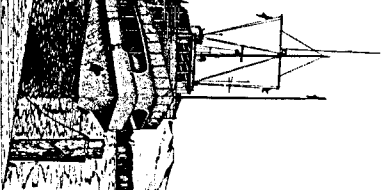
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BOATS 'N PORTS I

LAKE WINNIPESAUKEE
 New Hampshire



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BOATS 'N PORTS I

**LAKE WINNIPESAUKEE
New Hampshire**

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Beauty abounds this magnificent lake. It is easy to give a general description of the character of the shores of Winnepesaukee, to count its islands, and to enumerate the mountain ranges, with their names and height, that surround it. It is not easy to convey any impression, by words, of the peculiar loveliness that invests it, and which lifts it above the rank of a prosaic reservoir in Belknap and Carroll Counties in New Hampshire. This Beautiful water, rising 504 feet above sea level, is an impression of devine art which is renewed each season by the Creator.

The surroundings are scarcely less wild then they were in 1652, when Captain Edward Johnson and Simon Willard carved their initials on Endicott Rock near its outlet at Weirs Beach in Laconia. The straggling parties of the Indians who pass by it on their way to trade with the visitors at the Flume House in Franconia, see it but little more civilized in expression than their forefathers did, whose wigwams, before Massachusetts felt the white man's foot, spotted the meadows of the Merrimac below.

It is not a sense of seclusion amid the forest, of being shut in by untamed hills amid the heart of the wilderness, that Winnepesaukee inspired. Indeed, the lake is not shut in by any abrupt mountain wall. Its islands and shores fringe the water with winding lines and long, low, narrow capes of green. But the mountains retreat, gradually back from them, with large spaces of cheerful light, are vistas of more gentle sloping land between. The whole impression is not of wild, but of cheerful; and symmetrical beauty.

We will abide the judgement of any tourist as to the extravagance of this quotation, if he has an eye competent to look through the land to landscape, and becomes acquainted with the lake from the deck of a steamer, on the auspicious summer day. The sky is clear. There are clouds enough to relieve the soft blue and fleck the sentinel hills with shadow, and over the wide panorama of distant mountains, a warm, dreamy haze settles, tinging them, as Emerson says the South Wind, In Mayday,

Tints the human countenance
With a color of romance.

Perhaps there is, at first, a faint breeze, just enough to fret the water, and roughen the reflections of the shore. As we shoot out into the breadth of the lake, and take in the wide scene, there is no ripple on its bosom. The little islands float over liquid silver, and glide by each other silently, as in the movements of a dance, while our steamer changes her heading. All around, the mountains swelling softly, or cutting the sky with jagged lines of steely blue, with the molten mirror at our feet for the privilege of holding the eye. The sun sparks blaze thick as stars upon the glassy wrinkles of the water. Leaning over the side of the steamer, gazing at the exquisite curves of the water just outside the foamy splash of the wheels; watching the countless threads of silver that stream out from the shadow of the wheelhouse; seeing the steady iris float with us to adorn our flying spray. And then looking up to the broken sides of the Ossipee Mountains that are rooted in the lake, over which huge shadows loiter, or back to the twin Belknap Mountains that appeal to soften our sensibilities with their vertured symmetry. Further down, upon the charming succession of mounds that hem the shores near Wolfeborough; or northward, where distant Chocorua lifts his bleached head, so tenderly now touched with gray and gold, to defy the hottest sunlight, as he has defied the passage of the Psalms is fulfilled before our eyes, "out of the perfection of beauty God hath shined?"

The lines of the Sandwich Mountains, on the Northeast, of which the lonely Chocorua, who seems to have pushed his fellows away from him as the Northerly summit, are the most striking features of the borders of the lake. An American artist, who was a native of Massachusetts, came to our lake with two friends from this state. He was greatly impressed with the charms of this region as seen from a steamer as she left Wolfeborough landing. He had not supposed that any water view in New England was bordered with such a mountain frame. Before the steamer had shot

The clouds are but sailing foam-bells
Along thought's causing streams,
And take their shape and sun-color
From him that sends the dream.

Only they do not sail, they repose. The quiet of the water and the sleep of the hills seem to have the quality of still ecstasy. It is only inland waters that can suggest and inspire such rest. The sea itself, though it can be clear, is rarely calm, in the sense that a mountain lake can be calm. The sea seems only to pause; the mountain lake to sleep and to dream.

There is one view which, though far less lovely, is more exciting to one who has been a frequent visitor of the mountains. It is where Mount Washington is visible from a portion of the steamers track, for some fifteen or twenty minutes. Passing by the westward declivity of the Ossipee Ridge, looking across a low slope of the Sandwich Range, and far back of them, a dazzling white spot, perhaps, if it is very early in the summer, gleams on the northern horizon. Gradually it mounts and mounts, and then runs down again suddenly, making us wonder, what can it be? A minute or two more, and the unmistakable majesty of Washington is revealed. There he rises, better than forty miles away, towering from a plateau built for his throne, dim green in the distance, except the dome that is crowned with winter, and the strange figures that are scrawled around his waste in the snow.

Why should all the nearer splendors affect an old visitor of the hills less than that spectacle? Why should Whiteface, which seems, at a careless glance, much higher by its nearness, of the haughty Chocorua, move less joyous emotions than the tinted etching on the northern sky? Why will not a cloud, thrice as lofty and distant in its outlines, suggest such power and waken such enthusiasm? Is there a physical cause for it? Is it the volcanic power expanded in the upheaving one of supreme summits;

When with inward fires and pain

It rose a bubble from the plain.

It is suggested to the mind whenever we see even the outlines in the distant air, making it represent more vitality and force than any pile of thunderous vapor can? Is it, perhaps, explained by the law of association because, we know in looking at those faint forms, that their crests have no rival in the northern latitude this side of the Rocky Mountains. That the pencilled shadows of their foreground are the deepest gorges which landslides have channeled and torrents have worn in New England. That from their crown a wider area is measured by the eye, then can be seen this side of the Mississippi?

Think what it must cost to arrange a landscape which we can see from this little steamer, as she glides from Wolfeborough to Centre Harbor. Think of the mad upheavals of boiling rock, to cool and harden in the air. Think of the centuries of channeling by torrents and frost to give their nervous edge to distant ridges and crests. Think what patient opulence of creative power wrapped their sides with thickets that grew out of a mold of pre-adamite moss and fern, and spotted their walls with weather stains in which the tempests of many thousand years ago took part. Consider too, the exquisite balancing of widely sundered forces, represented in the clouds that sailed over the Sandwich chain and cooled their cones with shadow. Perhaps the mists that sometimes creep up their slopes and twine around their brows or in their streams, those grandchildren of the ocean, that revel in their ravines. Keep in mind what delicate skill is exhibited in the mixture of the air through whose translucent sea we catch their mottled charm. How the huge earth spins on its axis without noise or jar to give the ever shifting hues that bathe them from golden dawn to purple evening. When we remember that all this is only the commencement of an enumeration of the forces

Copple Crown Mountain, not difficult to ascend, and above five miles from the hotel, furnishing one of the best general views of the lake, and shows, besides the hills, some thirty other sheets of water that enliven the outskirts of the mountain district in New Hampshire and parts of Maine.

The velvet grass seems carpet meet
For the light fairies' lively feet;
Yon tufted knoll with daisies strewn
Might make proud Oberon a throne.

What a rare joy, when in some warm summer evening, we can sail on the lake while the moon is still full in the double sense, and seems to pour out in larger liberality than usual from its fountain. Its beams do not rain in silver streams, but gush from all veins of the air. One can hardly help believe that Gunstock and Ossipee enjoy their anointing, after the withering heat of the day, with such cool and tender luster. How still the lake lies, to have its surface burnished by it into liquid acres of faint golden splendor.

The beauty of the lake, however, cannot be judged from a point so high as Red Hill or the Belknap Mountains. Its varied charms are not to be seen from one spot on its shores like Centre Harbor. They must be sought along all its intricate borders. It must be along its three hundred or more islands, and in boats upon its bosom. This is the way to find the most delightful single picture. This is the way to study, as did I, the landscape, which the swift steamers allow you to see, but a moment. This is the way to find delicious bits such as artists love for studies; the jagged rocks, shaded beaches, coy and curving nooks, or the limpid water prattling upon amethystine sand. At a point, perhaps, a group of graceful trees on one side, a grassy shore in front, and a rocky cape curving in from the other side. This composes an effective foreground to a quiet bay with finely varied borders, and the double-peaked Belknap in the distance. What could be more charming than to sail slowly along and see the numerous islands and irregular shores change their position and weave their features?

Many tourists suppose that they have seen our lake? Which lake? There are thousands! It is a Chameleon. It is not a steady sapphire set in green, but an opal. Under no two skies or winds is it the same. It is gray. It is blue. It is olive. It is azure. It is purple, or at the will of the breeze, the clouds, the hours. Sail over it on some afternoon when the sky is leaden with northeast mists, and you can see the simple beauty of form in which its shores and guards are sculptured. This is the permanent lake which our bubbling springs have fed for you and I to enjoy. This is the "Beautiful Water in a High Place."

the foot draft. The construction of the LADY, along the more conventional lines of side-wheelers, marked the end of the scow-shaped steamers on the lake. But like the horseboats, a few of these old timers remained in service with their use confined to infrequent passenger service and freight trips.

Some years later, the LADY was sold to the Boston, Concord, and Montreal Railroad where she proved to be quite profitable to her new owners. However, on the advent of the railroad through the mountain region, the financial exhibit went the wrong way, and it was estimated that the vessel had run behind in excess of some thirty-thousand dollars.

Along with Mr. Walker, as the LADY'S first Captain, was Eleazer Bickford, the first pilot, and after about ten years succeeded Mr. Walker as Captain. Then followed Captains Winborn A. Sanborn, James Beede, Stephen B. Cole, Captain Sanborn, again, and finally John S. Wadleigh, who retired at the close of the season; after twenty-three years of service. It was John M. Lovett who was pilot of the LADY during her last twenty years of operation.

Throughout her colorful career, the LADY underwent numerous repairs and changes, until it was a standing joke that every part of her had been rebuilt several times. But, like the school-boy's knife, which had a new handle and blade, she was still the same old boat. The most extensive repairs were made in 1882, when the hull was almost entirely rebuilt at the Weirs. The LADY continued in service until September 14, 1893.

On September 19, 1893, she was towed to Lakeport where she was dismantled and her machinery removed. The hull, with deck and cabin intact, was taken to Glendale in 1894, where it was tied up on the shore of the lake, and used as a boarding house for the workmen engaged in the construction of Kimball's Castle. When the work was completed, the hull was towed to the middle of Glendale; holes were bored below the water line, and the LADY found her last resting place in forty-five feet of water. There she lies today. Divers tell us that she is still well preserved due to the very active spring which she is sitting upon.

The figurehead, which adorned her bow, a lady with a paddle in hand, was removed and placed on top of the boathouse of Col. Charles H. Cummins on Spindle Point. However, in recent years it was removed and may be seen at the State Historical Building in Concord, where it is resplendent in gold and white as it was for forty-five years of the LADY'S career on Lake Winnepesaukee.

PLATE TWO - The GOVERNOR ENDICOTT was launched in 1905 and was owned by the Winnepesaukee Transportation Company. She was one hundred feet long with a beam of nineteen feet. She was built in Lakeport to supplement the steamer BELLE OF THE ISLES on the Melvin Village run. Her first captain was Leander Lavallee. In 1922, Captain Lavallee sold the vessel to his son Edward who operated it until 1927, when he sold it to Reddington Interests. After two years of service, she was dismantled.

PLATE THREE - The Sidewheeler MOUNT WASHINGTON docked at Wolfeborough, New Hampshire. Circa - 1880. Built in 1872 by the Boston and Maine Railroad at Alton Bay, she was considered to be the largest, fastest and most beautiful vessel ever to sail on Lake Winnepesaukee.

The MOUNT WASHINGTON, a steamer that would outlive her builders, competitors, and three generations, was destined to become a veritable Winnepesaukee tradition; as famous a sidewheeler as was ever launched in America.

Her length, of one hundred and seventy-eight feet, was slightly greater than the renovated competition, the CHOCORUA, but her forty-nine foot beam and draft of twelve feet far exceeded any of her predecessors. The engine was four-hundred and fifty horsepower; its cylinder had a diameter of forty-two inches with a stroke of one of ten feet; low pressure boiler of thirty-three feet long; a single-cylinder engine with a forty-two inch bore developed four-hundred and fifty horsepower. The engine was built by William Wright and Company of Newburgh, New York, pro-

During her early days, the following crew members were employed: Augustus Wiggins, First Captain; Harry L. Wentworth, Purser and Second Captain; Alonzo Leighton, Chief Engineer; Fred Leach, Engineer; John M. Lovett, Pilot; Mrs. Elizabeth Ferry, Food Service.

Even though the MOUNT outclassed the LADY OF THE LAKE, their rivalry continued unabated for eighteen more years. The captain and the crew of the LADY pushed themselves even harder in their efforts to regain some of their lost business. By 1890, the steamer was running three round trips daily from June 4 through October 20. Even with all the efforts of the great LADY, she could not withstand the losing battle against the MOUNT WASHINGTON. The MOUNT was left alone and crowned the Queen of the Lake.

In the year 1922, the Boston and Maine Railroad sold the MOUNT to Captain Leander Lavallee. This ended an even half Century under the service of the railroad. The vessel had flourished for the next several years with Captain Lavallee as its Skipper. In 1932, Captain Lavallee sold the MOUNT to Sidney Baker of Lakeport, and he operated it with some success during those depression years. In the year 1935, Captain Baker sold the MOUNT back to Lavallee, who resumed operations as before.

On December 23, 1939, a little after 8 P.M., a woodstove in the Weirs Railroad Station overheated, and live sparks flew onto the oil-laden wooden floor starting a fire which engulfed the station in flames. The MOUNT was docked at the Weirs for the Winter, during the time of the fire, and Captain Lavallee made every attempt to save her; his efforts became fruitless and the MOUNT was lost.

PLATE FOUR - The sidewheeler MOUNT WASHINGTON leaving Wolfeborough during her last years of service on the lake.

PLATE FIVE - The CHATEAUGAY (1888-1939). This vessel was larger than the old MOUNT with an overall length of two-hundred and five feet and a gross tonnage of seven-hundred and twenty-four. The vessel was originally built at Shelburne, Vermont by the Harlam and Hollingsworth Company of Wilmington, Delaware. She was powered by a one-thousand horsepower Fletch Beam Engine of 44-inch bore and ten foot stroke. Her steam was supplied from two boilers, and propelled her at a speed of twenty miles per hour.

The CHATEAUGAY operated as a very successful passenger vessel on Lake Champlain as a member of the Champlain Transportation Company. Later, in 1925, she was converted into an automobile ferry between Burlington, Vermont and Plattsburgh, New York. At that time her superstructure had been removed, both forward and aft, thus leaving only a large square box amidship. All that appeared to remain was her tall stack, walking-beam, and wheelhouse. The CHATEAUGAY operated as a ferry, under diesel power, until 1936, when she was finally tied up in Burlington and used as a clubhouse by the Burlington Yacht Club.

Illustrated is the CHATEAUGAY as she appeared during the 1920's on Lake Champlain.

Steamer CHATEAUGAY stands victim to become the new MOUNT on Lake Winnepesaukee.

Directly after the fire of '39, Lavallee began his search for a new vessel that might replace the old sidewheeler MOUNT WASHINGTON. His search took him over New England and most of the East coast until he finally spotted the old sidewheeler CHATEAUGAY at Burlington, Vermont. Here stood the iron-hulled steamer, built in 1888, as staunch as the day she was launched.

A purchase was made and on April 3, 1940, the new owners began the task of transporting her overland by rail to Lakeport. Her hull was cut into twenty sections, loaded on railroad flatcars, and carried over to Lake Pausus

In 1951, the MOUNT goes through a second major conversion. The Boat Deck is removed and a section of the third deck is replaced and remodeled with a canopy. The overall result of this sleek craft profiles the MOUNT with a length of two-hundred and five feet, a thirty-five foot beam; a draft of seven feet; tonnage of six-hundred, and a passenger capacity of twelve-hundred and fifty.

The MOUNT, at this time, was under the ownership of Mr. N. Scott Brackett. He continued major refurbishing, and on October 31, 1982, instituted a significant rebuilding program by cutting the MOUNT in half just forward of the Engine Room bulkhead. A prefabricated hull section was set in place, extending the vessel's length to two-hundred and thirty feet. Several other prefabricated pieces, which made up the various sections of the deckhousing and the main body of the ship, were then put in place; fully enclosing the interior of the ship. This was the first time the MOUNT'S hull had been cut since it was brought over from Lake Champlain in twenty sections in 1940.

Just six months after she was separated into two sections and lengthened by twenty-four feet, she was ready to be recommissioned. On April 30, 1983, the M.S. MOUNT WASHINGTON, in a ceremony at Centre Harbor, New Hampshire, was recommissioned and launched.

During the Spring of 1986, the Winnepesaukee Flagship Corporation went through a transition of new ownership with Mr. John Lowell as its new President. Today, we see new and fresh ideas emerging in this corporation with a complete redesigning of the ship's interior.

In this illustration, we see the MOUNT approaching Wolfeborough, a daily port-of-call to the Dockside and Bailey's Restaurant.

PLATE EIGHT - The QUEEN OF WINNIPESAUKEE. Here we see the Queen sailing on the west shore of the lake with the Belknap Mountains in the background.

The Queen, owned by G. Lawrence and Therese S. Tanner, sails out of Weirs Beach daily for both private and public excursions.

The craft has an overall length of 45'6", draws approximately 4'10", a beam of 13'7", main sail height above DWL: 58', with a sail main of 451 sq.ft. This vessel is equipped with a 62 hp four cylinder diesel, fresh water cooled, 2:1 reduction gear box; S S shaft, three blade prop, fifty-five amp alternator. Arrangements for sailing this vessel can be made through the Winnepesaukee Flagship Corporation.

- PLATE ONE The LADY OF THE LAKE (1848-1895)
- PLATE TWO The GOVERNOR ENDICOTT
- PLATE THREE The Sidewheeler MOUNT WASHINGTON docked at Wolfeborough, New Hampshire. (Circa 1880)
- PLATE FOUR The Sidewheeler MOUNT WASHINGTON leaving Wolfeborough dockside. (Circa 1880)
- PLATE FIVE The CHATEAUGAY during the early 20th Century on Lake Champlain, Vermont.
- PLATE SIX The Motor Ship (M/S) MOUNT WASHINGTON approaching Centre Harbor dock.
- PLATE SEVEN The (M/S) Motor Ship MOUNT WASHINGTON approaching Wolfeborough on a daily summer schedule.
- PLATE EIGHT The QUEEN OF WINNIPESAUKEE

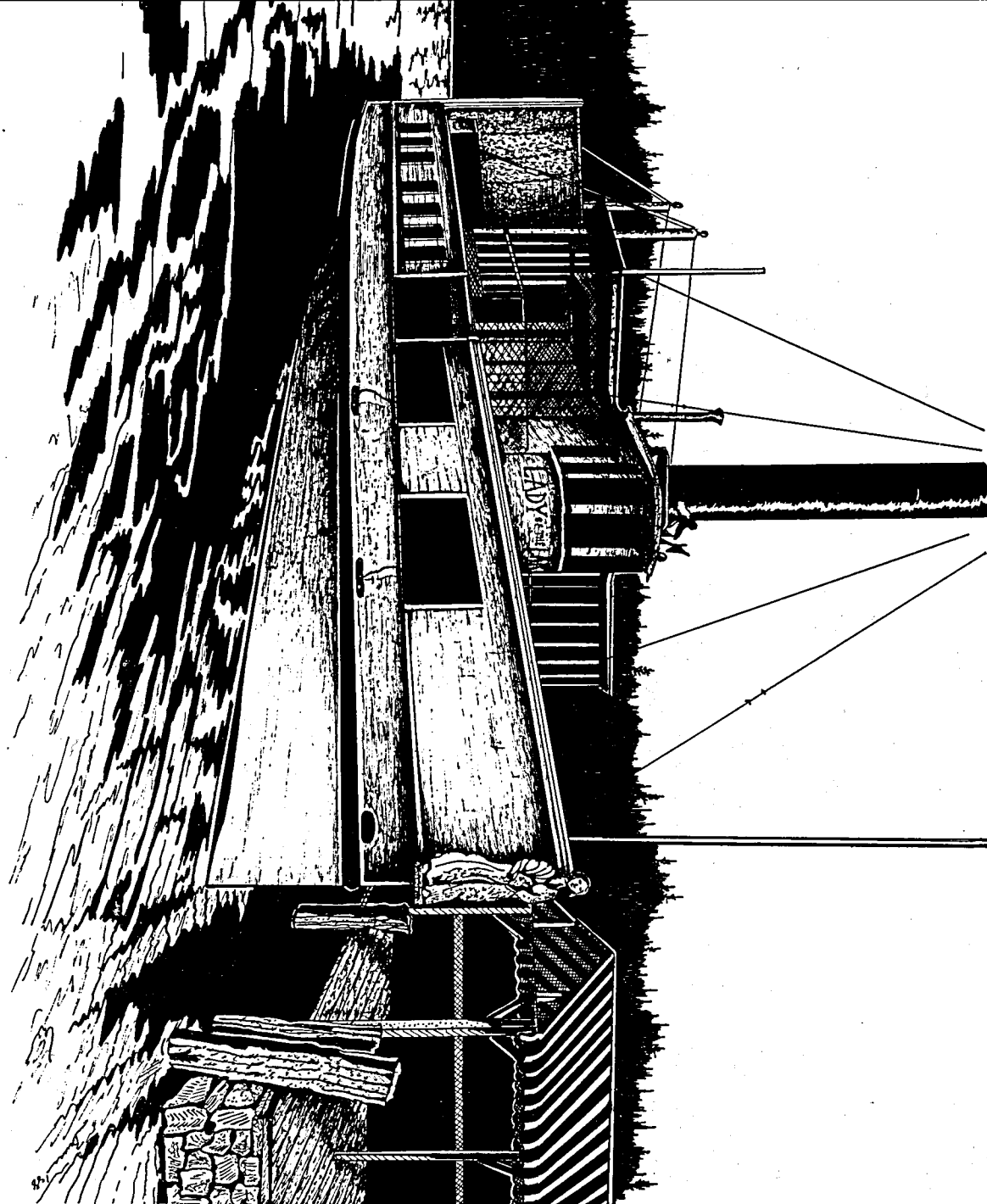
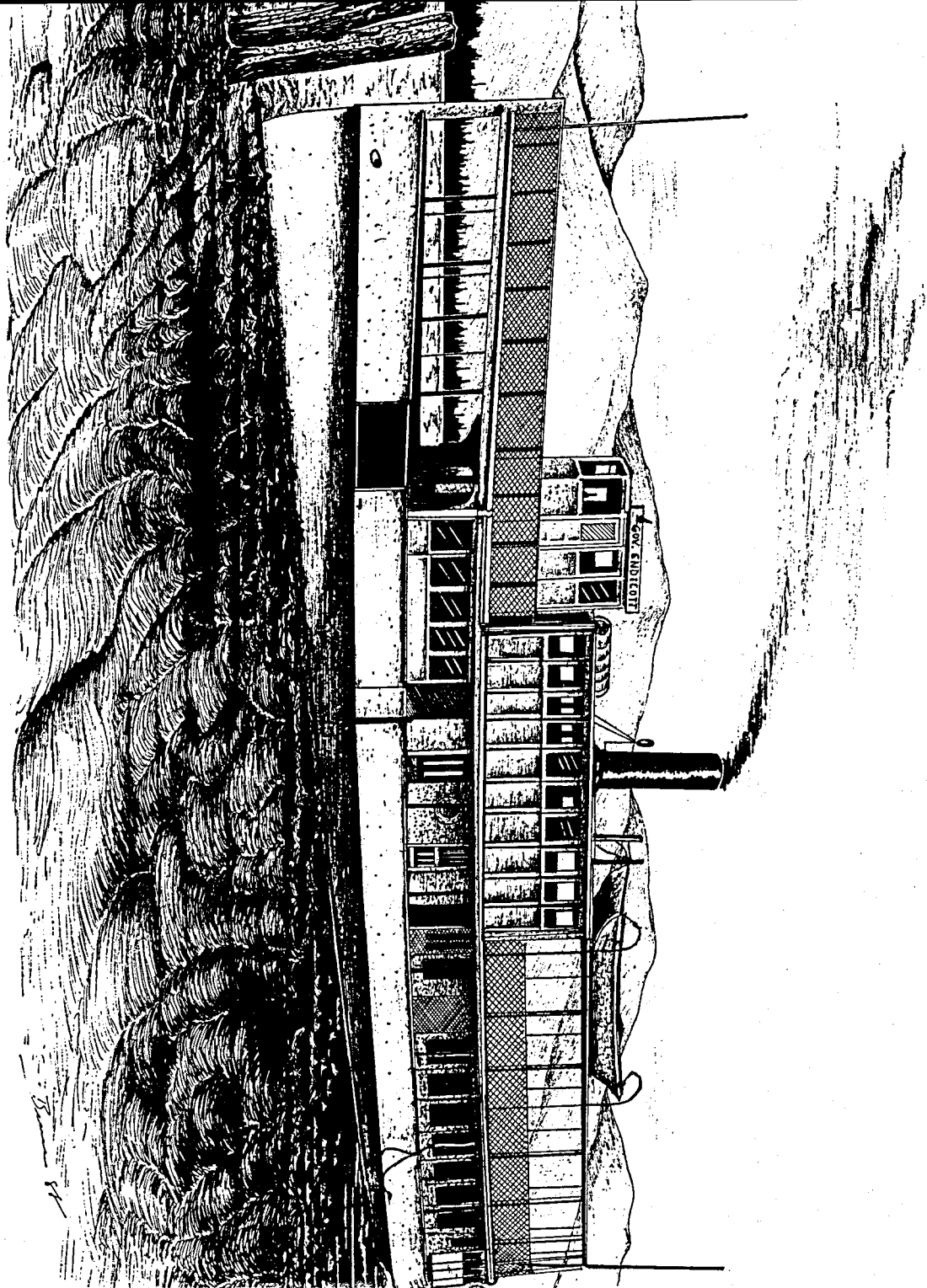


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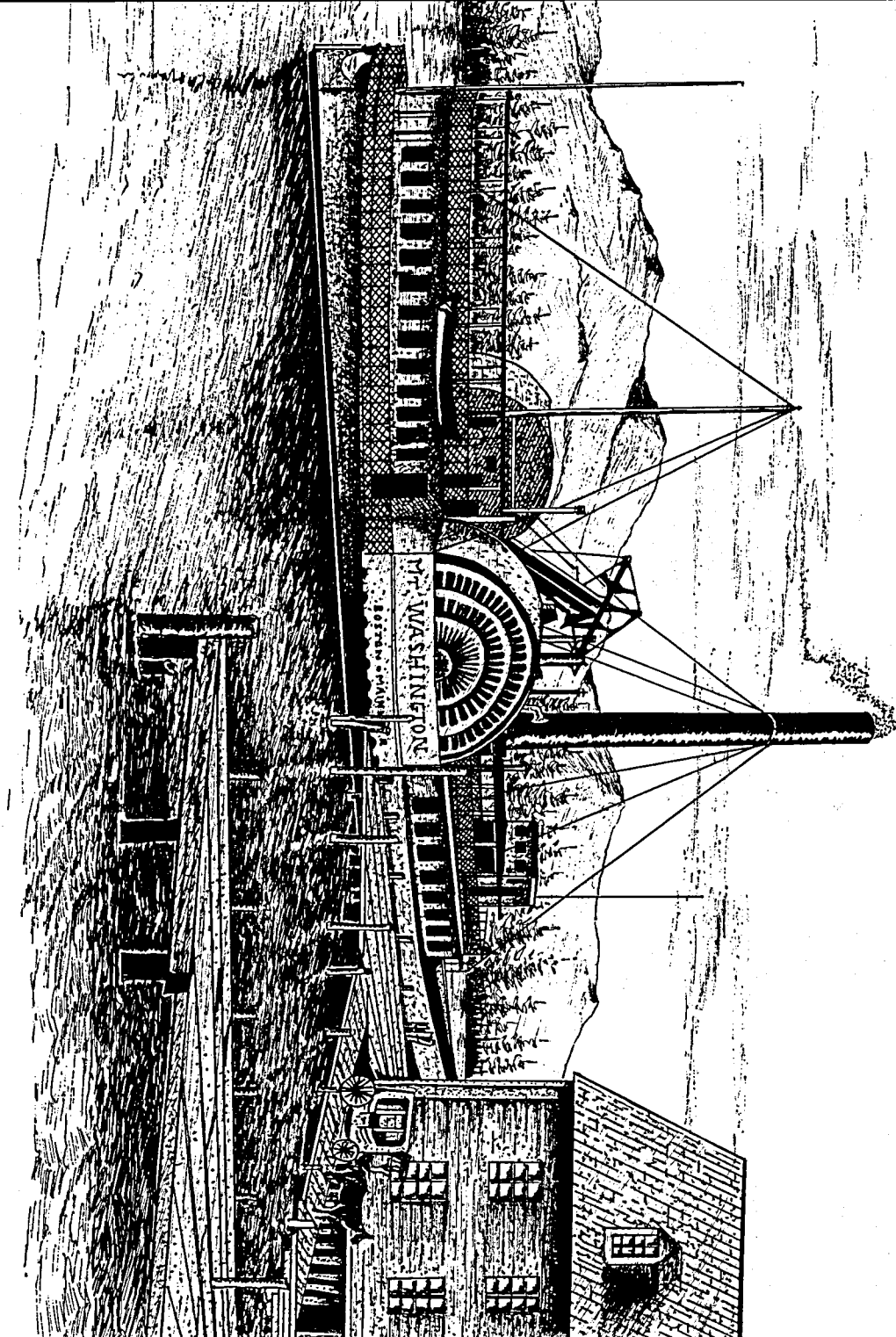


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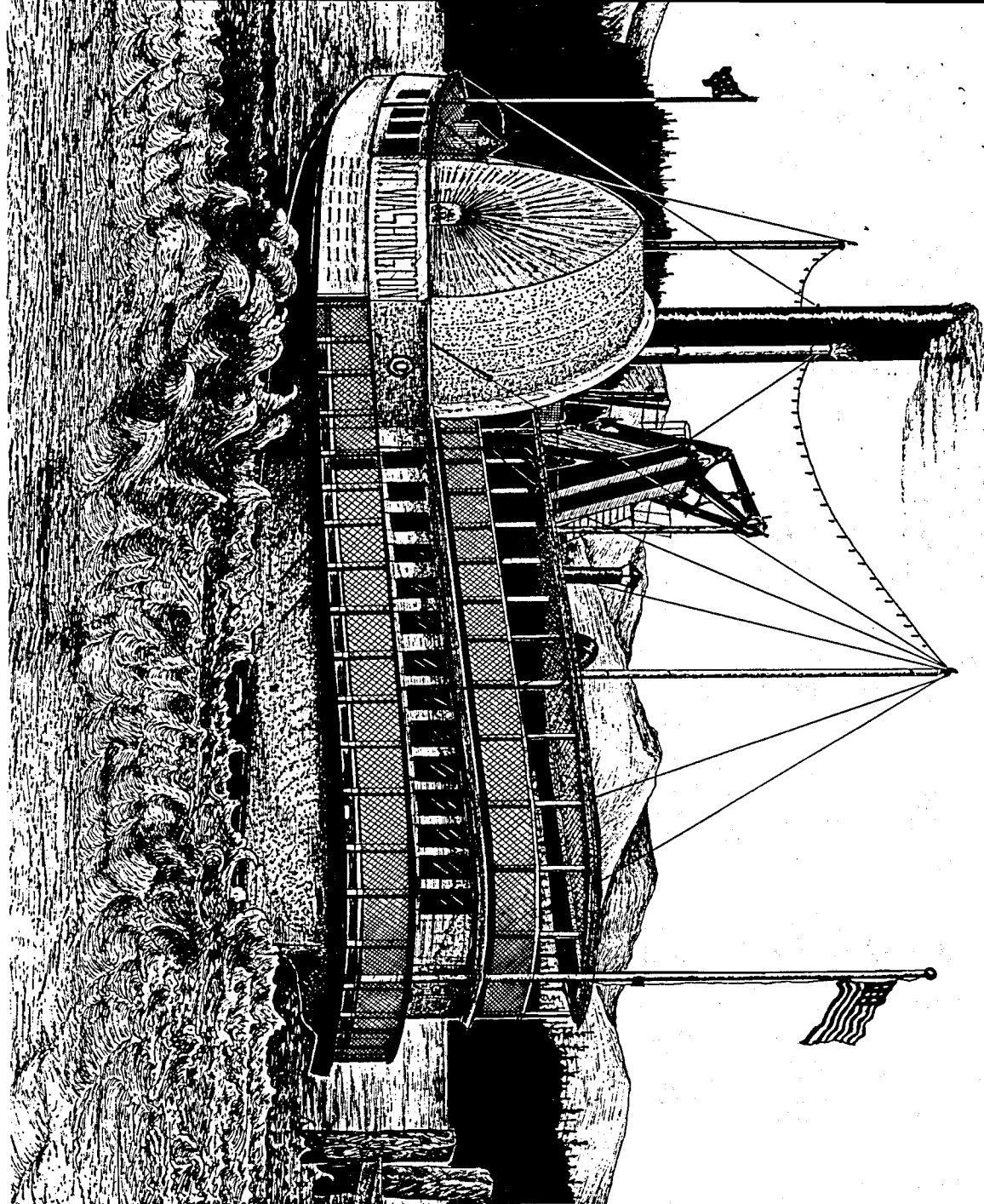


PLATE FIVE

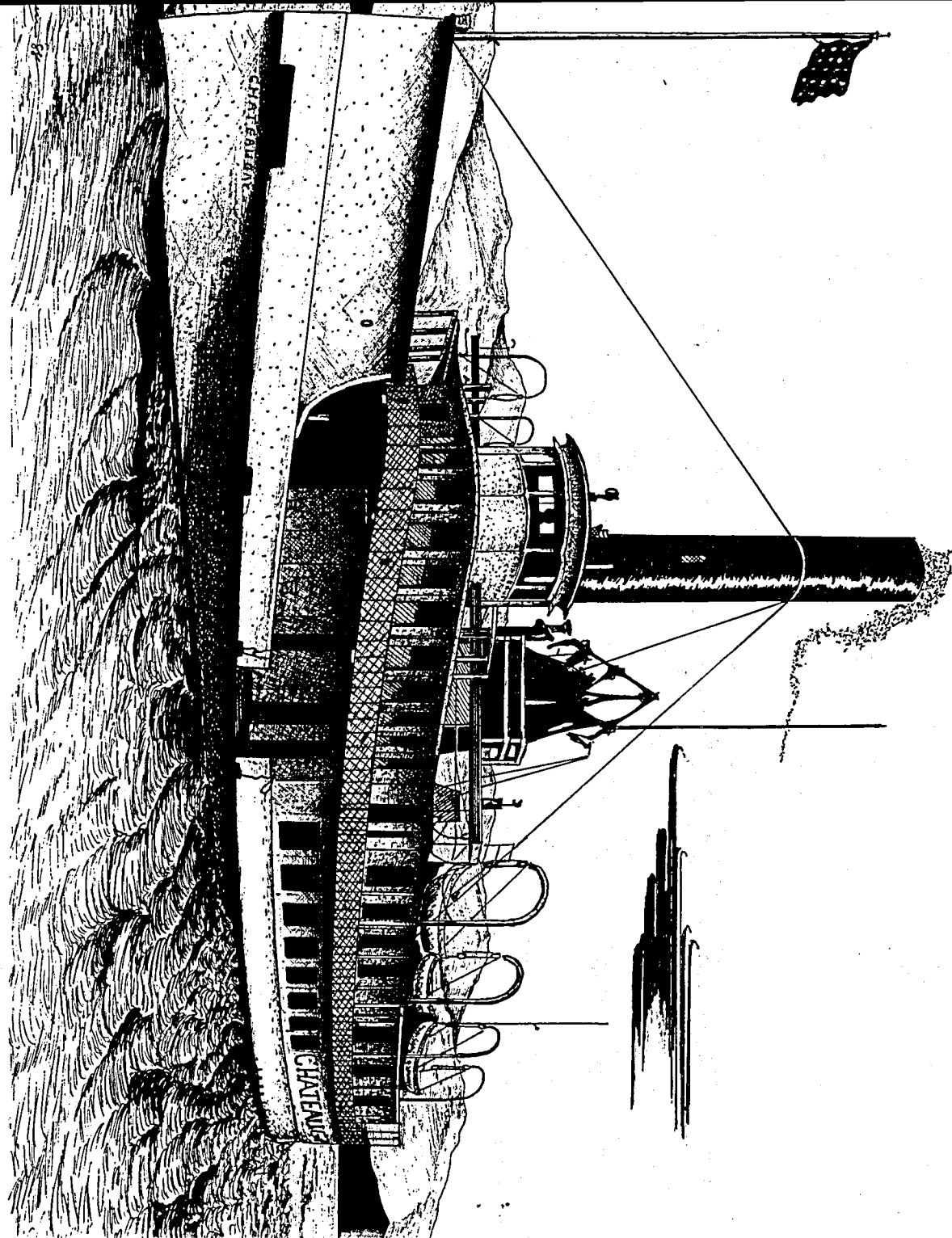
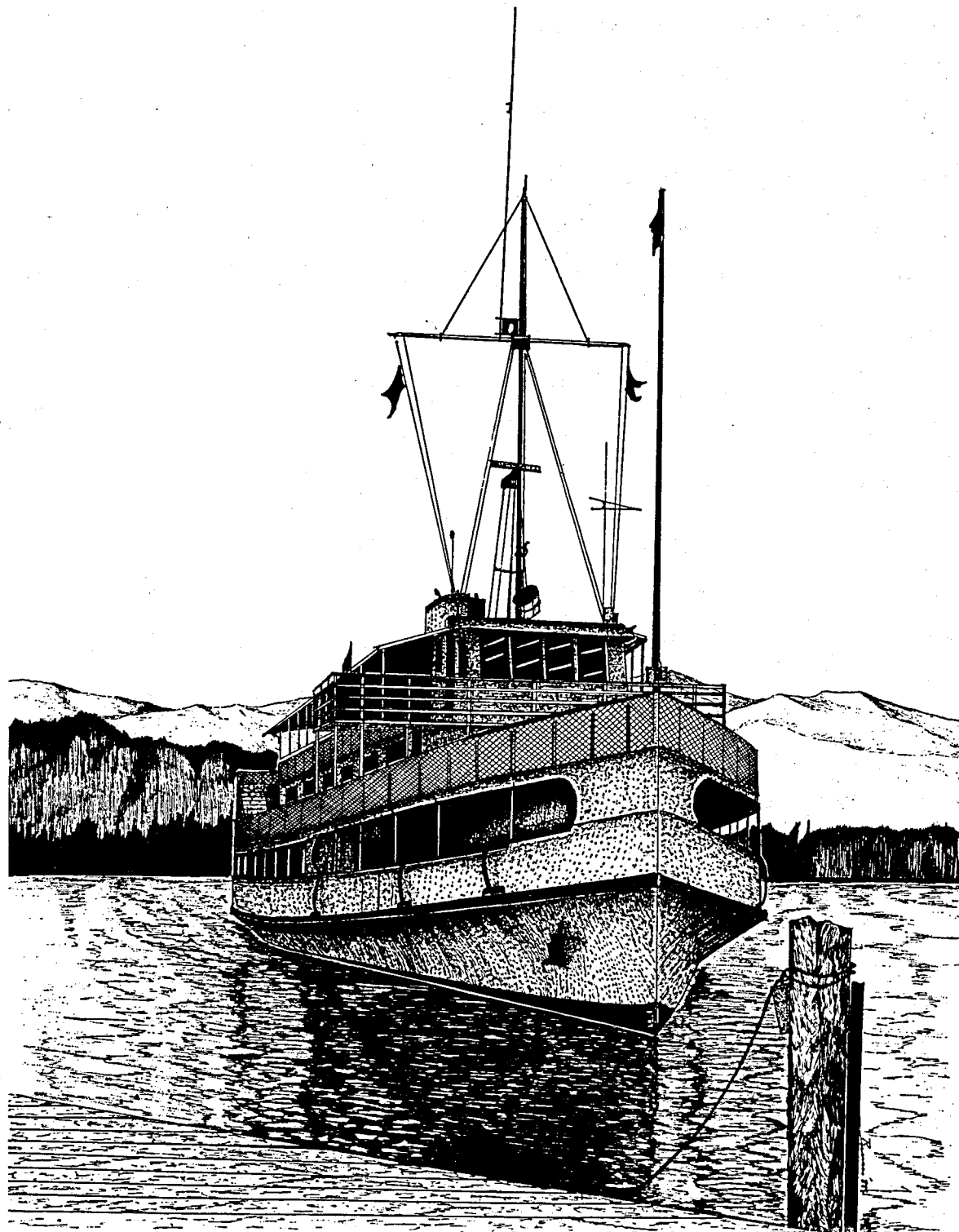


PLATE SIX



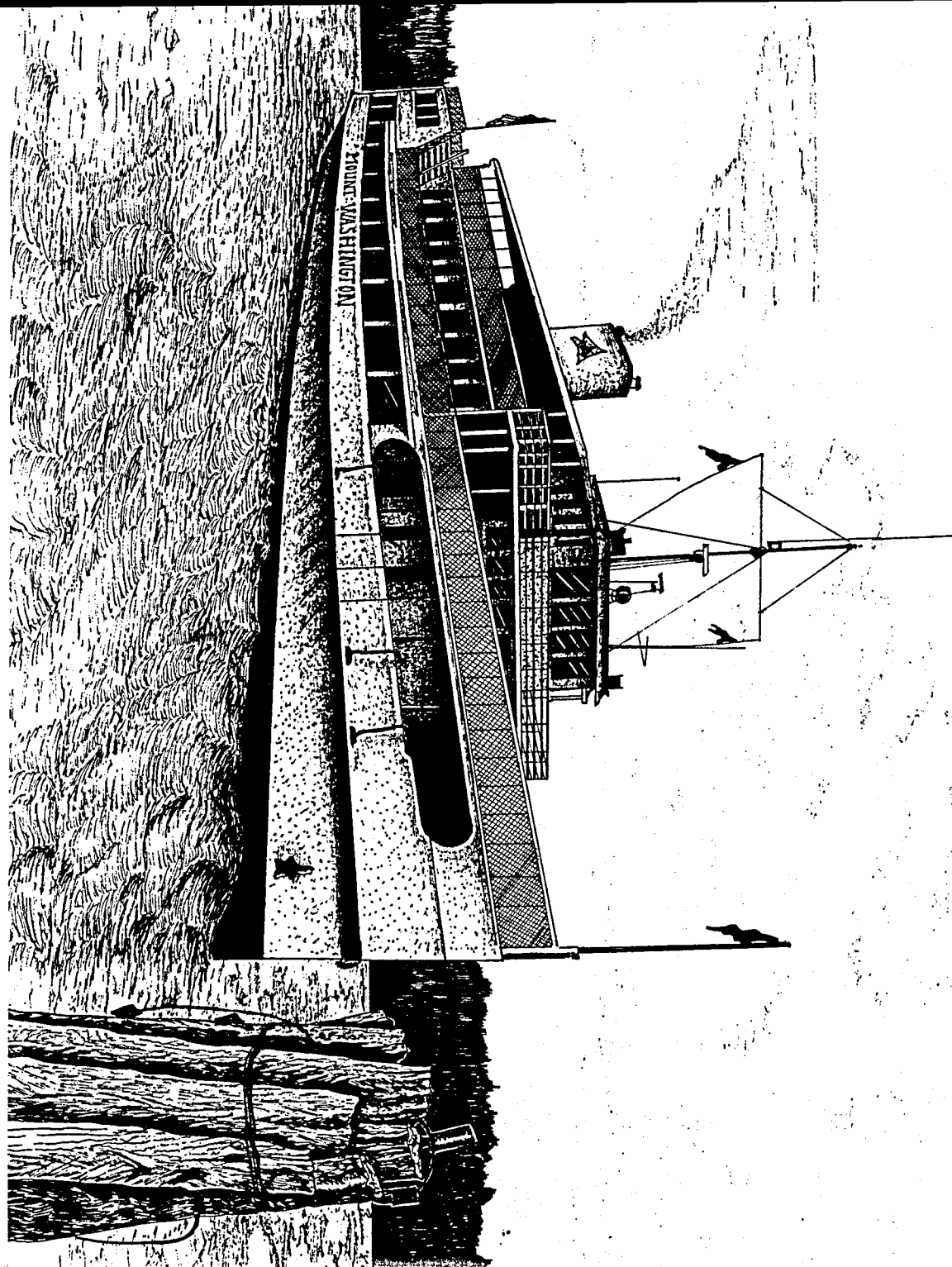


PLATE SEVEN

PLATE EIGHT

