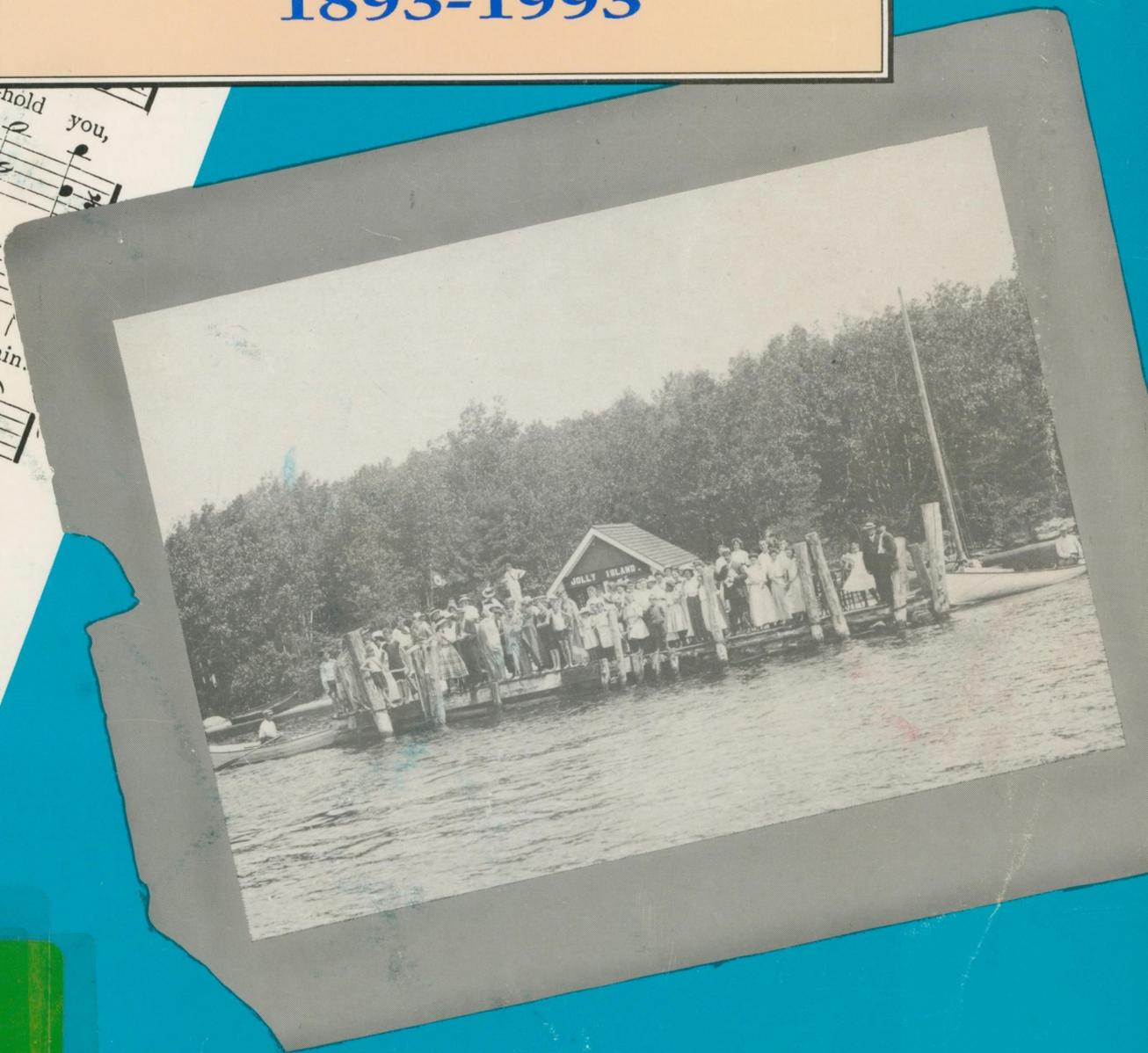




JOLLY ISLAND

ONE HUNDRED YEARS 1893-1993

With Refrain
With
his coun-sels guide, up-hold you,
you till we meet a - gain.
sus' feet;
Till we meet!
A-MEN.

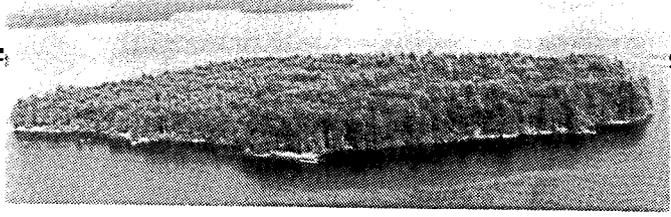


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PUBLISHED BY THE JOLLY ISLAND CENTENNIAL COMMITTEE
ON THE OCCASION OF JOLLY ISLAND'S 100TH ANNIVERSARY

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ONE HUNDRED YEARS
1893-1993

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JUNE 1993
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ON THE OCCASION OF JOLLY ISLAND'S 100TH ANNIVERSARY

One Hundred Years on Jolly Island

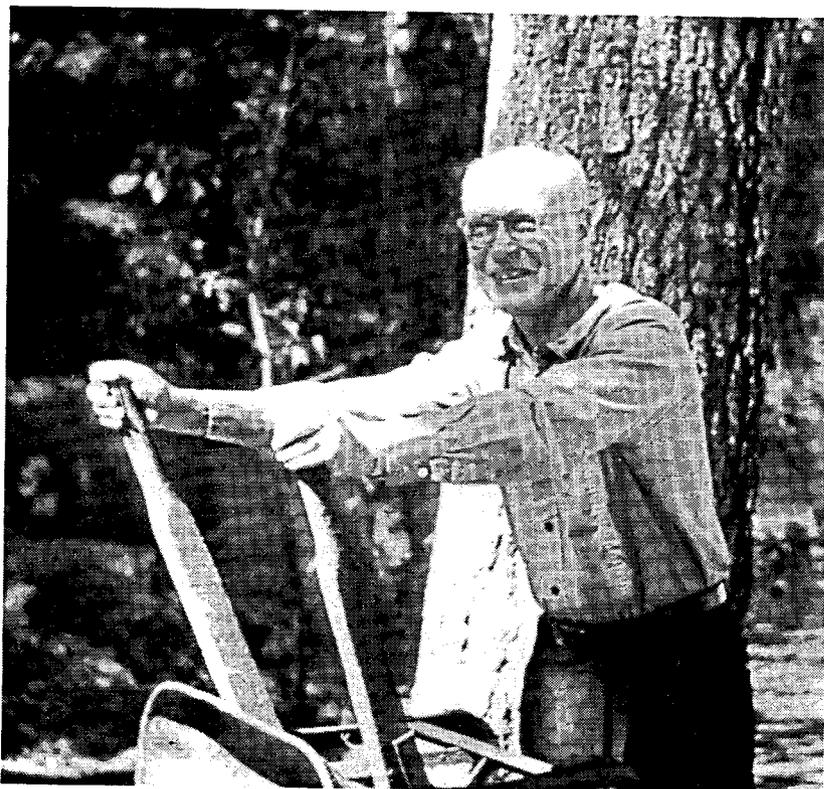
Table of Contents

	Page
Dedication	1
In Memoriam of Stephen Habbe	3
Acknowledgements	5
Chapter 1 History of Jolly Island before 1891 - by Grace W. King	7
Chapter 2 Writings by Early Jolly Islanders.....	17
Report of Island Activities by Augustus Holmes.....	17
Vacation Experiences by Walter Ela.....	22
<i>"A Winter Trip to Jolly Island"</i> by Augustus Holmes.....	24
Early Days on Jolly Island by Josephine Bartholomew Ingalls.....	28
Excerpts from Calvert's <i>Weirs Times</i>	28
1892 Map of Jolly Island.....	30
As I Remember It by Katharine Fairman.....	31
<i>"Jolly Island"</i> by Walter P. Stoddard.....	46
<i>"To Lake Winnepesaukee"</i> by W. F. Davis, Jr.....	46
Letter from Ella Bartholomew to Evelyn Brann.....	47
Chapter 3 Jolly Island Photo Album with Commentary.....	49
Early Mail Service at Jolly Island by Mabel Borden Wade.....	49
The Channel Lanterns.....	51
Mailboats and Jolly Island Wharves.....	52
Early Boats.....	57
Remembering Ernest Abbott.....	58
Four Original Boathouses.....	59
Jolly Island Nature.....	60
<i>"Winnepesaukee"</i> by Emery L. Bradford.....	63
Island Fun and Activities.....	64
The Tabernacle and Religious Services.....	69
Chapter 4 Present-day Families	
1993 Map of Jolly Island.....	73
Borden.....	74
Fox-Silver.....	79
Fairman.....	84
Slade-Conrad.....	90
King.....	95
Mantecon - O'Malley.....	100
Hall.....	105
Hefler.....	110
Habbe.....	114
Miller.....	119
Afterword	125

DEDICATION

*This book is dedicated
to those generations who loved
The Lake long before we were
born and to those yet to come
who will love The Lake for us
when we are gone.*

IN MEMORIAM
Stephen Habbe (1903-1993)



On the occasion of our Centennial the Jolly Island Association wishes to honor Stephen Habbe. As one hundred years from the early events of Jolly drew near - the purchase of the island by the Davis brothers in 1891, the building of the first four cottages in 1892, and the formation of the Jolly Island Association in 1893--Steve constantly reminded us of the approaching centennial. Without Steve's gentle prodding and persistence we may never have come together to plan the events and this commemorative book.

Though he was not able to meet with the committee, there was no one who was more involved and interested than Steve, showing the same kind of interest and love of Jolly Island that he and Karla have demonstrated throughout their nearly fifty years on the island. In honor of Jolly's 100 years, and to celebrate his 90th birthday, Steve bought a flag to be installed on the mailboat dock and arranged for the preparation of a plaque honoring the original settlers of Jolly Island. It was Steve's plan to raise the flag and dedicate the plaque as the kick-off event of the Centennial.

Sadly, on March 7, 1993, Steve died. As the flag is raised on July 3 we will pause to remember Stephen Habbe - a kind, gentle, concerned, and much-loved citizen of Jolly Island.

Grace W. King, President
Jolly Island Association
June 8, 1993

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The Jolly Island Centennial Committee is grateful to all those "campers" who have so generously submitted photos and writings to help us produce this book. We hope you are happy with the result.

We also wish to acknowledge and thank those tradespeople and others who have served us throughout the century, and who have helped make life on Jolly Island proceed so smoothly. Among those who have long since departed for the great beyond are George "Spinach" Greene, Ernest Abbott, Wilbur Fay, Edward Lavallee, Wilbur Bigelow, and all those other skippers of the steamers and mailboats which serviced the Island during the first half-century.

Among the services that have kept us going in the last half century is Fay's Boatyard. Wilbur Fay opened the boat yard in the mid-forties, but before that time he delivered ice and groceries. Upon his death his son Merrill took over the yard, and in the four or more decades that he has been in business, he has been a constant mainstay to many Jolly Islanders. Not only have several of us rented slips for the summer, and had Merrill service our boats and store them in the winter, what we have appreciated the most is his quick response to emergencies. No matter what the weather Merrill comes to the rescue. And though the yard keeps him extremely busy especially in the summer he always has time for a kind word.

We are also grateful to Earl Bagley, who has been the caretaker for the island for many years. Earl tends to the circulator in the winter and checks several times during off-season to be sure the camps are all okay. Earl has also been helpful to many of us in opening and closing camps, and helping with repair work.

Others that we want to acknowledge are:

Katharine and Dick Eaton and the staff of the Panoramic Publishing Group

The owner and crew of the *Sophie C.*, especially Capt. Jerry Ingham and the postmaster, Bud Grant

George Sawyer, who delivered milk, bread, and eggs for many years to the island, and whose restaurant provides a welcome place (plus the best onion rings) to stop before taking the trip back out to the island.

Marine Patrol and the Auxiliary Marine Patrol, especially Frank Conrad, who protect us on the Lake and provide emergency service when needed.

The Jolly Island Centennial Committee
Faith Conrad, Co-chair
Katharine Fairman, Co-chair
Bruce and Joyce Borden
Stephen Habbe
Grace King
Lauder and Estelle Miller

Chapter 1

HISTORY OF JOLLY ISLAND BEFORE 1891

by Grace W. King (1923-)
(with appreciation for the help of Merrill Fay and Jack Boyd)

When I started to look into the history of Jolly Island in the period before 1891, I soon realized that it was necessary to get an understanding of the history of the region surrounding Lake Winnepesaukee. This then led me to researching the history of the State of New Hampshire. The history of New Hampshire is interesting because of the many conflicting claims and boundary disputes during the colonial and provincial periods. One of the disputed boundary lines went right through Lake Winnepesaukee. Much of the controversy was related to the 1621, 1629, and 1635 charters granting territory to John Mason. John Mason probably never lived in New England, but it is largely due to his efforts, those of his heirs, and later the activities of the Masonian Proprietors, that the New Hampshire we now know came into existence. The Lake Winnepesaukee region was very much affected by decisions made on behalf of the Masonian interests. This account will start with the early colonial history of New Hampshire, and then in later periods, I will concentrate on the history of the region around the Lake, and finally narrow down to Jolly Island.

Colonial Period (1620-1679)

Several explorers--Martin Pring (1603), Samuel de Champlain (1605), and Capt. John Smith (1614)--had sailed along the New Hampshire coast and explored some of the bays, but it was not until after 1620 that settlement of the region began. In 1620 Sir Ferdinando Gorges, who had been interested in the New World since 1605 and was eager to encourage colonization, as well as fishing and trade, obtained from King James I a charter for the formation of a Council with the authority to grant land, control trade and administer the colonies in New England. The Council, known variously as the Council of Plymouth, since it was established in Plymouth, England, or the Council of New England, was composed of forty dignitaries most of whom lived in Plymouth, Exeter, or Bristol. The land it embraced in the New World went from the 40th to the 48th parallel and from sea to sea. ^{1,2,3,4}

The Council of New England began almost immediately to make grants. Gorges very soon issued the Pierce Patent to the Mayflower Pilgrims when he learned that they had settled in territory under Council jurisdiction. ² A second patent was issued in 1621 to John Mason, a London merchant, and later a sea-officer and Governor of Newfoundland, for land extending from the Naumkeag (Salem) River around Cape Ann to the Merrimack River; this was known as Mariana. In 1622 Gorges and Mason received land, the Province of Maine, between the Merrimack and the River of Canada." The "Great Lakes" could be Lakes Champlain and Winnepesaukee; the "River of Canada" is the St. Lawrence. The St. Lawrence and Lake Champlain had been explored by Samuel de Champlain and were known in 1620, but whether Lake Winnepesaukee was known then is questionable. ^{1,2,3,4}

Gorges and Mason sent agents to New England, and in 1623 fishing settlements were established at Rye and Dover. Walter Neale established a settlement at the falls on the Newichawannock River (Salmon Falls River), and was sent on an exploration to discover the Lake of the Iroquois. He apparently did reach a lake; a note on p. 14 of Volume 1 of the N.H. Provincial Papers reports that the lake was probably Winnepesaukee. ^{1,2,3}

Because of legal technicalities and limited finances, Mason was not able to take up Mariana, and he lost control of it to the Massachusetts Bay Colony. However, on November 7, 1629, Mason was granted the western part of the Province of Maine. This territory, which he called New Hampshire, extended from the mouth of the Piscataqua to sixty miles in the course of the river, and sixty miles from the mouth of the Merrimack, and thence to cross overland to the end of the sixty miles along the Piscataqua. Much dispute resulted in later years because of uncertainty as to whether the line overland was a curved or straight line. Finally in 1788 the General Court confirmed that the curved line represented the boundary of the Mason claim, thus including all of Lake Winnepesaukee and its surrounding territory in the Masonian claim. ^{2,4}

Later in 1629 the Council gave Gorges and Mason a charter for the Laconia Company, an enterprise for promoting trade in furs. They had jurisdiction over the land between the Merrimac and the Kennebec "in Ye Country of New England together with ye lakes and rivers of ye Iroquois and other nations." Later the Laconia Company turned to fishing, since the fur trade was not very profitable, and in 1634 it became bankrupt. ^{2,4}

In early 1635 the Council of New England surrendered its charter to the King, since royal officials wanted to assume direct control of the New World settlements. Patents that had previously been issued remained viable and much of the remaining land was divided among the councillors. Mason's grant was confirmed by the Council on April 22, 1635 and by royalty on August 19, 1635. Mason also sought abrogation of a Massachusetts Bay charter which included territory in his 1621 patent, so his 1635 grant included territory to the Naumbeck River. He also acquired additional territory on the eastern side of his grant. Unfortunately in December, 1635, John Mason died, leaving only a daughter and two young grandsons. ^{2,3,4}

During the colonial period there was relatively little activity in the territory near Lake Winnepesaukee. In 1632 agents were sent from Portsmouth to explore the area, but no settlements were started, though the explorers reported the land to be valuable for supposed minerals deposits. ⁵

In 1638 the General Court of Massachusetts ordered surveyors to locate the northernmost part of the Merrimack in order to determine the northern boundary of Massachusetts. The charter issued to the Massachusetts Bay Colony in 1629 stated the northern boundary to be "three English miles to the northward of the said river Monomack, alias Merrymack." The language in that patent and the one issued in 1629 to Mason was confusing, and it could be interpreted that the same territory was included in each of the patents. In 1629 the interior had not been explored, and it was assumed that the Merrimack ran an east-west course. It was discovered later that it makes a right angle turn and heads north. ^{1,3,6}

The explorers sent out by the General Court stopped three miles north of the union of the Winnepesaukee and Pemigewasset Rivers (at Franklin) at a large pine tree, which they named "Endicott's tree," and determined that to be the limit of the Massachusetts charter. In later years "Endicott's tree" could not be located, so in 1652 Governor Endicott ordered Commissioners Symon Willard and Edward Johnson to "procure assistants as they shall judge meet, to go with them to find out the most northerly part of the Merrimack River." The Commissioners obtained the services of John Sherman, a surveyor, and Jonathan Ince, a student at Harvard College. They took with them Indian guides and when they arrived at the junction of the two rivers the Indians were asked which river was the Merrimack. The Indians pointed to the river coming from the East, though it was the smaller of the two rivers. Thus the men followed the Winnepesaukee River and determined the headwater of the Merrimack to be the outlet of Lake Winnepesaukee at Aquaodocan (The Weirs). ^{1,3,5,6}

Sherman and Ince cut the name of Governor Endicott, their own initials, and the date into a stone, returned to the Commissioners, and on October 19, 1652, made a report as follows: "John Sherman and Jonathan Ince on their oaths say that at Aquaodocan the head of the Merrimack where it issues out of Lake Winnepesaukee, upon the first of August 1652, we observed, and by observation found, that the latitude of the place was 43 degrees, 40 minutes, 12 seconds, besides those minutes which are to be allowed for the three miles more north which run into the lake." The three miles north of Weirs goes out to the expanse of lake between Bear Island and Meredith Neck. The east-west line from this northernmost point runs from Portland, Me, in the East, to Lebanon, NH and beyond, in the West. Thus, Massachusetts was claiming a large part of New Hampshire. The stone lay forgotten until 1833 when a laborer found a rock with "queer marks" on it. This stone, Endicott Rock, is now protected near Weirs Beach. ^{1,3,5,6}

By the mid-1600's there were settlements at Portsmouth, Dover, Hampton, and Exeter. These four towns were in territory claimed by the Mason heirs. Unfortunately, when the early grants were issued no form of government was established. When Mason died the settlers grabbed whatever they could and this led to disputes with the Mason heirs. Exeter was founded in 1638 after John Wheelwright purchased land from the Indians. Many of the settlers in the four towns were Puritans who came from Massachusetts, and they felt more allegiance to Massachusetts than to New Hampshire. There were religious differences as well as political, and disputes continued well into the 18th century. ^{2,7}

The Masons were concerned about the inroads that Massachusetts was making in their territory, but since John Mason and his heirs were mostly absentee landlords little could be done, especially during the Cromwell period. When Charles II resumed the throne in 1660, Robert Tufton Mason*, the grandson of

John Mason petitioned the King setting forth the "unjust and illegal encroachments of the Massachusetts Bay Colony over his property." Robert was a minor when he became the owner of the patent; he claimed that agents took advantage of his youth and sold his "stock and effects" and put themselves under the government of Massachusetts. The Attorney General in England reported that Mason had "a good and legal right and title to the lands." Since the Crown had received a number of other complaints about Massachusetts a Commission was appointed by the King to hear and settle the disputes. In 1664 the Commission declared that the northern boundary of Massachusetts was an east-west line three miles north of the mouth of the Merrimack, not as the General Court had declared, three miles north of the headwaters at the outlet of Lake Winnepesaukee, a decision that Massachusetts rejected. Because no progress was being made, Mason petitioned again in 1676. This time Massachusetts was asked to send agents to England to answer Mason's complaints. Mason was primarily concerned about his title to the land included in the original Mason grant, and his right to demand payment for land illegally seized in the four towns. The court decided it was a matter between Mason and the tenants, and it had to be determined by local courts. ^{1, 2, 3, 4}

*Robert Tufton Mason was the son of Ann Mason Tufton, the daughter of John Mason. The terms of John Mason's Will required Robert and his brother, John, who died early, to assume the name of Mason in order to inherit.

Provincial Period (1679-1761)

In 1679 the land claimed by Mason was established as the Province of New Hampshire, to be governed from England, and Mason's right to the territory was finally recognized. He was not allowed to collect back rent, though owners of improved property were to pay six pence per pound of annual income to obtain title to their land. The Massachusetts Bay Colony had to give up its claim to some of the property in the four towns. Robert Mason died in 1688, and his sons John and Robert Mason sold their rights in 1690 to Samuel Allen of London for 2,700 pounds. In 1691 Allen filed a suit against the inhabitants in possession of the land he claimed to be his, but the verdict went against him, since there was some doubt whether John and Robert Mason had a clear enough title to sell the territory to Allen. In 1702 Allen appealed to Queen Anne against the Court for the right to be put in possession of all "waste land" and in 1703 the Attorney General reported that Allen had a good title to the "waste lands," but it was necessary to determine the territory considered "waste lands." ^{2, 4}

On May 3, 1705, the inhabitants of the four towns at a General Meeting in Portsmouth resolved that they had no claim to any part of the province outside the towns of Portsmouth, Hampton, Dover, and Exeter, and the hamlets of New Castle and Kingston, and that Samuel Allen and his heirs might peaceably hold and enjoy "the great waste"; they agreed to pay Allen 2,000 pounds upon receipt of Her Majesty's confirmation of the agreement. The next day Samuel Allen died. His son, Thomas Allen, petitioned for a right to the land but the Attorney General said "by the Plaintiff's death the writ of Error was abated and could not be revived." Thomas appealed to the Queen but before the appeal was considered, Thomas died leaving two infant sons. ⁴

As already mentioned, New Hampshire was set apart as a separate province in 1679. It consisted largely of land included in the Mason grant, which due to the failure of the Allens to acquire title, reverted to the Masons. Although New Hampshire and Massachusetts were then separate provinces, they were overseen by the same governor until 1741. A Lieutenant Governor, who served under the authority of the Governor of Massachusetts, was appointed to oversee New Hampshire. ²

During much of the colonial and provincial periods boundary disputes were long and bitter. The two provinces were making grants of the same land in the disputed areas. The matter came to a head in the late 1720's when Massachusetts established a town west of the Merrimack near Concord. New Hampshire responded by making overlapping grants. Houses were pulled down, there were fights and skirmishes. The King became concerned and in 1730 sent a message that "the affair of the line between this Province and the Massachusetts Bay Colony I think ought to be our first and especial care." He suggested the formation of a commission composed of "discreet and indifferent persons out of neighboring Colonies." A commission was jointly selected, but there were delays in it getting underway, due to Massachusetts stalling. In 1731 Lt. Gov. Belcher wrote to the King praying that "New Hampshire may be no longer under the Governor of Massachusetts Bay," and he pressed for a resolution of the "Divisional Lines." The Governor considered Massachusetts to be culpable and that they "have thrown unreasonable obstacles in the way of any

settlement." New Hampshire insisted on a southern boundary from the mouth of the Merrimack, and in a vote in the House of Representatives said they know nothing of "Indicotts tree as a bound mark between the Provinces." ^{2,4,8}

While this was going on, New Hampshire residents were concerned that John Mason, the grandson of Robert Mason, was considering selling the Mason claim in New Hampshire to Massachusetts, since he had sold territory between the Merrimack and the Charles Rivers to the Bay Colony. In 1738 a group of investors in Portsmouth signed an agreement with John Mason to purchase his claim, but they wanted the border dispute to be resolved before proceeding with the purchase. The agent for the investors, John Thomlinson, a merchant in London, who had also been delegated as a representative to the Crown on behalf of New Hampshire in the boundary disputes, petitioned the Crown, playing on the growing power of the Bay Colony, and proposing that the boundary line be drawn due west from the southerly curve of the Merrimack. ^{2,4,7,8}

Meanwhile in 1737 King George II had appointed a commission to settle the boundary problem. The eastern boundary was easily determined, and in 1741 the King established the southern boundary to the satisfaction of New Hampshire. He approved the line suggested by John Thomlinson, i.e., a line drawn due west from a point three miles north of the southerly curve of the Merrimack. His Majesty also sent word that he was "pleased to separate the Government of this province from Massachusetts Bay." ^{2,4,8,9}

With the border dispute resolved, the Mason patent was transferred on July 30, 1741 for a sum of 1500 pounds to the twelve Portsmouth investors, known since then as the Mason Proprietors. ^{2,4,9}

The western boundary was not established until much later. In 1764 New York, which was claiming the land west of New Hampshire, obtained a royal order declaring the western boundary of New Hampshire to be the Connecticut River. ²

By the end of the seventeenth century settlements were spreading away from the coast. In 1722 a blockhouse was built at Merrymeeting Bay (Alton Bay). The first town grant in the area of Lake Winnepesaukee was for the town of Gilmanton in 1727. A royal grant, its charter was signed by Lt. Governor John Wentworth, and it was later confirmed by the Masonian Proprietors in 1752. The territory included present-day Gilford, Gilmanton, Belmont, and part of Laconia. The conditions of the Gilmanton charter were that 70 dwelling houses were to be built within three years, but if there were Indian wars, building could be delayed up to three years after the end of the wars. There were no permanent settlements made in the area until 1761, thirty-four years after the charter was issued, because the region south of Lake Winnepesaukee was a rendezvous area for the "enemy's scouting parties." In 1727 the extent of settlement in New Hampshire was more or less on a line from Rochester to Concord to Hillsborough to Keene, and the settlers along that boundary were continuously under attack by the Indians. ^{5,10,12}

The Indians ^{2,13}

At this point I should turn my attention to those inhabitants in the Lake District who were present before the white settlers appeared on the scene. The tribes in New Hampshire were members of the Algonquin culture. The Penacook tribe, which occupied the upper Merrimack Valley, was the biggest and most powerful tribe in New Hampshire. In 1616 their chief, Passaconaway, formed a confederation of thirteen tribes, or more appropriately, bands, since they were subordinate to the dominant tribe, the Penacooks. Some of the bands of the Penacooks in the area were the Winnepesaukees at Aquadoctan, the Ossipees north of Lake Winnepesaukee towards Lake Ossipee, the Pemigewassets in the Pemigewasset Valley, the Souhegans and Nashuas (or Nepmucks) to the South, the Squamscotts near Exeter, and the Piscataquas in the Piscataqua Valley.

The area around the Lake was very important to the Indians. The land was good for growing corn and beans and the Lake was used for transportation in the summer and winter. A stone weir for catching fish was built by the Indians at the outlet of the Lake, at Aquadoctan (The Weirs). Because there is relatively little rising and falling of the water level at that point the weir remained in place for many years. (There is some dispute whether the stone weir was built by the Indians or by white settlers; some scholars believe the Indians constructed weirs from brush). The name of the Lake came from Algonquin words; "winne" - beautiful, "nipi" - water, "kees" - high, "auke" - place, or "Beautiful water in a high place."

The Indians had suffered two disasters shortly before the English settlers appeared on the scene. Early

in the seventeenth century the largest Penacook village near Concord was attacked by the Mohawks from New York, with whom the Penacooks had had a long-standing feud. The Mohawks were repulsed but both tribes suffered badly from the raid. Then from 1615-1620 the tribe was struck by a serious epidemic--the nature of the disease is unknown, although it is conjectured to be diphtheria--which wiped out about one third of the Algonquins in the area from the Narragansett to the Penobscot. (Fergguson's "History of Carroll County" says that nine-tenths of the Indians were exterminated.) At any rate the Indians in the area were very weakened when the white settlers arrived.

The arrival of the English was initially welcomed by the Indians. They liked the trade and were eager to acquire things such as guns, metal hooks, knives, pots, etc. They didn't feel threatened by the newcomers, since the English mostly settled along the coast leaving the interior for the Penacooks. Until the end of the seventeenth century the Indians in New Hampshire felt more threatened by the Mohawks than by the whites. However, as the settlements of the English began to spread inland, more problems developed between them and the Indians. The Indians in New Hampshire were relatively peaceful, especially those at the village of Aquadoctan. Passaconaway submitted to English jurisdiction in 1642, and at the time of King Philip's War in 1675 many of the Penacooks retreated to the north. However, the Lake region continued to be an assembly area for Indians from throughout the region, and the hills provided good observation points. It was not until after 1760 when the French and Indian wars had ended that the area was safe for settlement.

Town Settlement in the Lake District

The boundaries of the town of Gilmanton which was incorporated in 1727 were Lake Winnepesaukee on the north, New Durham Gore (Alton Bay) on the east, Barnstead to the southeast, Canterbury on the southwest and Winnepesaukee River and Bay to the west and northwest. The land was surveyed in 1731 by Edward Gilman and lots were laid out in the southern part of the town. A blockhouse was built in the southeastern part of the town in 1736 and in that year approval was granted to build a blockhouse "at the Wares" and to lay out lots fronting on the Merrimack River, running southeastward towards the Canterbury line. The first dwelling was built in the first division in 1761 and the first town meeting was held in 1766. By the time of the 1790 census the population of Gilmanton was 2,610, the second largest town in Strafford County after Rochester. (Belknap and Carroll Counties were not split off from Strafford County until 1840.)

5, 10, 12

While settlement was getting underway in Gilmanton, other towns in the area were also being settled. In 1748 the Masonian Proprietors issued a grant to Samuel Palmer and others in Meredith (known variously as Palmer's Town, New Salem, or Second Town); the town was incorporated as Meredith in 1768. In 1754 the Proprietors granted land in New Durham Gore to Clement March and others; the town of Alton was incorporated in 1794. The Mason proprietors made a grant to Col. Jonathan Moulton in 1763, and in 1765 the town of Moultonborough was incorporated. Part of Moultonborough was split off in 1777 to form the town of New Hampton, and in 1797 Centre Harbor split off from New Hampton and was incorporated as a separate town. John Tufton Mason received a grant in 1750 and the town of Tuftonboro was incorporated in 1795. Wolfboro was once a part of a town chartered in 1737 as Kingswood, which besides Wolfboro, included Middleton, New Durham, New Durham Gore (Alton), and Wakefield. In 1759 a grant from the Masonian Proprietors was issued to William Treadwell and others and in 1770 the town of Wolfboro was incorporated. Laconia (originally Meredith Bridge) was not established until 1855, when it was set off from Meredith and incorporated as the town of Laconia. In 1876 Laconia annexed part of Gilford, and in 1893 it acquired more of Gilford and became incorporated as a city. 5, 10, 11, 13, 15, 16

Gilford and Governors Island

The first permanent settlers in the "Upper Parish," or "Gunstock Parish," of Gilmanton were James Ames and Capt. Samuel Gilman in 1777. Capt. Gilman homesteaded near Lily Pond and James Ames settled in what in 1962 was known as the William Watson Farm near Clay Bank. During the next 15-20 years many others followed, including Eleazer Davis who purchased Governors Island in 1799, at which time it was annexed to the town of Gilmanton. 5, 15, 17

In 1811 a group of the settlers in the "Upper Parish" petitioned the selectmen of Gilmanton requesting incorporation for the part of Gilmanton "that lyeth on the northerly part of the eleventh range of hundred acre lots, from thence eastwardly in such direction as to follow the ridge of mountains to the Alton line, Winnepeseogee River to the said eleventh range including the islands in said pond belonging to

Gilmanton..." The petition was forwarded to the Senate and House of Representatives of the State for a session of the General Court convened on June 5, 1811. The incorporation was approved by the House and Senate and signed by the Governor on June 16, 1812. ¹⁷

The name of the town was originally planned to be Guilford, since the oldest and most famous inhabitant, Capt. Samuel Mason, had fought in the Battle of Guilford, South Carolina, in the Revolutionary War. However, the name of the town was spelled "Gilford" in the petition for incorporation, so Gilford it became. ¹⁷

Governors Island was an important part of the "Upper Parish" even before incorporation of the town of Gilford. It was included in the Gilmanton charter in 1727, but a condition of the grant was that "500 acres and a houselot" was to be reserved for Governor Shute--then the governor of Massachusetts, and an "equal reservation" for the Lt. Governor, the first John Wentworth. Both lots were to be on the "southerly shore of Winipeseokee Pond." At that time Governor Shute was in England and he never returned to New England. Governors Island was reserved for the then Acting-Governor John Wentworth at his request. The island remained in its natural state until the second John Wentworth became Governor of New Hampshire in 1767. This Governor John Wentworth ordered the first survey of the Lake and its islands to be made, made plans for roads to be built, and started the first organized movement to encourage settlement in the region. He received a grant of land on the northeasterly shore of the lake and a large reservation on the north shore of Lake Wentworth; this grant was called Kingswood--later part of it became Wolfboro. ^{13, 17}

The second John Wentworth applied for the transfer of the title of Governors Island, originally granted to his grandfather, the first Governor John Wentworth. At that time the Masonian Proprietors claimed possession of all of the islands in the Lake, but in 1772 it was determined that the first John did have a valid title to the island, and the Proprietors passed a measure giving the second John clear possession of Governors Island. However, John Wentworth was a royalist and in 1775 his property in New Hampshire was confiscated and taken over by the State. Later it was transferred to Joshua Pierce, one of the fifteen Masonian Proprietors, who sold it to Eleazer Davis in 1799. ¹⁷

Eleazer Davis's son, Nathaniel (Natt) Davis, had been in trouble in the South for killing a slave, so his father put him to work clearing Governors Island. He cleared the island, built a house, and started farming. Sometime before 1820 he built a bridge to the mainland. Natt was a Millerite and in 1834 when the world was to come to an end, the take-off point was to be Governors Island, known then as Davis Island. The Island was later sold to Ike Morrill, who purchased it for \$5,000. He used it as pasture for cows and piled brush on the bridge to keep the cows on the island. In 1880 it was sold at a huge profit to Stillson Hutchins, a politician and newspaper publisher. Hutchins built the "Mansion House," where he entertained Presidents Grover Cleveland and Theodore Roosevelt. The Mansion House was leased to the German Embassy as a summer retreat before World War I. It later became an inn, but burned down in 1934. ¹⁷

Lake Winnepesaukee and Its Islands

Lake Winnepesaukee occupies 72 square miles and is roughly 19 miles long and from 1 to 8 miles wide. There are many bays--three sizable ones, Meredith Bay, Moultonborough Bay, and Alton Bay. It is reported that there are 365 islands in the Lake, although throughout much of the history of the lake mention is generally made of 267 islands. The lake has no inlet of any size, but it maintains its depth. The outlet of the lake is through Paugus Bay, Lake Opechee, and Lake Winnisquam, into the Winnepesaukee River, which runs into the Merrimack River at Franklin. The Lake district is normally a plain with three isolated mountain ranges--the Belknaps, the Ossipees, and Red Hill. ¹³

Most of the grants around the Lake issued by the Masonian Proprietors included land only to the shore. On December 3, 1750 the Proprietors voted that all of the islands in "Winnipissoke Pond" be divided among the Proprietors in equal shares. A survey of the lake and its islands was ordered; the survey was done by Walter Bryant and the map he prepared in 1761 is very crude. Nothing more was done about the division of the islands until December 24, 1781, when at a meeting of the Proprietors the islands were divided among the fifteen Proprietors by the drawing of lots. Each lot was assumed to include more or less the same acreage. The larger islands were distributed to two or more Proprietors and smaller islands were combined to make a lot. Jolly Island was a part of lot No. 9, drawn by John Rindge. A map, certified in 1818 to be a "true Copy of the original plan of the Islands in Winipiseokee Pond" as "numbered and Coupled in 1st Plan Dec. 24, 1781," is in the New Hampshire State Archives. I have a copy of the map which has notations in the margin of later transactions concerning some of the islands. ⁴

The distribution of the islands in 1781 included only 35 of the larger islands, not including Governors Island which had been given to John Wentworth in 1772. The Proprietors must have sold the remaining islands before April 15, 1812, because on that date Samuel Abbott sold to Josiah Sawyer, as recorded in Belknap records book 13, page 517, "a certain lot of islands in Winnepisogee Lake so called being the Forty Islands and Witch so called together with all the islands in said lake that was not numbered in the original plan of said lake." Throughout the nineteenth century there were several transfers of this group of islands which had not been included in the 1781 distribution. On February 14, 1912 Fullerton Wells of New York City acquired the unnumbered islands, excepting several islands in the Forties, and three other small islands--Dolly, Pig, and a small one near Bear that no longer existed because of the raising of the lake level when the dam was built at Lakeport in 1852. Fullerton Wells's purchase consisted of 213 islands, which are shown on a map prepared in 1912 and titled "Map of Property Owned by Fullerton Wells Lake Winnepesaukee." Fullerton Wells established The Lake Winnepesaukee Island Co., which proceeded to market and sell the islands. A few were sold, but in some cases the company met resistance because persons occupying the islands claimed they had already purchased the property, or they were squatters and felt they had the right to remain where they were. A small number of sales were recorded in the files of Belknap and Carroll Counties, including Dollar Island; by 1921 the Secretary of State considered The Winnepesaukee Island Company dissolved. ¹⁸

After the Revolutionary War, when the pines no longer needed to be saved for the King, many of the islands were burned off to make them suitable for grazing. The larger islands were inhabited early in the 1800's and were used for farming and the raising of sheep and cattle. Cattle were brought to Cow Island, and later the Derby family were raising horses there. By 1820 there were four farms on Bear Island and a hotel at the northern end, and until the 1840's hay was being cut on the northern end of Rattlesnake Island. In the 1880's there was good grazing on Locke's, Timber, and Mark Islands. A guidebook put out by the Boston and Lowell Railroad in 1886 said that several of the islands had excellent farms of 200 to 500 acres. There were also buildings by mid-century on some of the smaller islands, as well as the large islands; these include Welch and one of the Forties. ^{5, 13, 19, 20}

In 1823 two brothers-in-law, John Brown and Robert Lamprey, visited Long Island. They liked it so much that they applied for and received grants of land on the southern end of the island, and started farming. The Brown family later built a dock along their waterfront looking out over the Broads, where many boats stopped during the steamboat era. Joyce Chandler Borden, a resident of Jolly Island, is a descendant of the Brown family. ¹³

Many of the islands were annexed to towns early. Governors island was annexed to Gilmanton in 1799 and in 1826 Gilford acquired six more islands. A tax receipt from the town of Gilford for payment of taxes in 1815 on Locke's Island, Mark Island, "ditto small island no. 9" (Mink?), and Timber Island would indicate that those islands were already a part of Gilford before 1826. Stonedam and Bear Islands were annexed to Meredith in 1799. Tuftonboro took on Cow Island in 1799, Little Bear, Whortleberry, Birch (sic), and Farm Islands in 1858, and Sandy Island in 1863. Other islands were probably annexed to towns early, but I have no records of them. ^{5, 13, 16}

By the middle of the nineteenth century tourism was becoming popular in New Hampshire, including the Lake region. This activity increased after the arrival of trains. The first train in New Hampshire was built in 1837 between Nashua and Lowell, Massachusetts. By mid-century three trains served the Lake Winnepesaukee area: the Boston and Maine to Wolfeboro, the Cochecho Railroad to Alton Bay, and the Boston, Concord and Montreal Railroad to Lakeport, the Weirs, and later to Meredith. These trains connected the Lake to Portland, Boston, and New York. A common route to the White Mountains in mid-century was to take the train to Alton Bay or the Weirs, take a steamboat to Centre Harbor, and from there go by stage to the White Mountains. A book, "Routes to the White Mountains and Lake Winnepesaukee," written by George K. Snow and Silas W. Wilder in 1851, serves as a guide book to the two regions. They write about the Lake--"its noble expansion, its mirrored shores, its beautiful islands, its distant views, and the villages seated upon its margin, will afford pleasant enjoyment to thousands." ²¹

With the proliferation of steamboats after 1850, summer activity increased rapidly. The first steamer was the "Belknap," launched in 1833 but wrecked in 1841 when it piled up on the rocks off Steamboat Island. The first large steamboat to carry passengers was "The Lady of the Lake," which started service in 1849 and continued service until 1893. The "Mount Washington" was launched in 1872 and provided passenger service around the lake until 1939, when she caught fire and burned to the water while moored at the dock at

The Weirs. By the end of the century there were many hotels around the Lake--Senter House at Centre Harbor, Hotel Weirs, Kingswood Inn at Wolfeboro, Long Island House, Bear Island House, and probably many more, bringing people from around New England and further points to visit the beautiful lake. My mother, Sara Taudvin Wentworth, was one who traveled by train and steamer at the turn of the century to tent-camp on Long Island, and I expect several of the ministers who settled Jolly Island had probably visited the Lake before making the purchase of the island. By the end of the century farming and grazing were being replaced by summer colonies, along the shores, on the necks--such as Meredith Neck, and the islands.

15, 16, 20, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27

Jolly Island

Lot No. 9, which included Jolly Island, as well as Locke's, Round, Birch, and Mark (and probably Mink since it was not included on the list of islands not numbered), was drawn by John Rindge. John Rindge was the son of a John Rindge, who came to Portsmouth from Ipswich, in 1700. The first John Rindge was a well-to-do merchant in Portsmouth. He was appointed as a Representative to the Crown during the time of the boundary disputes, but since his business interests didn't make it possible for him to stay in London for long, he delegated John Thomlinson to act on his behalf. He died in 1740, so the John Rindge who was a Masonian Proprietor in 1781 has to be the son. At the time of the distribution Jolly Island had no name, but was designated by its number and the acreage, No. 9, 28-1/4 A. (The acreage determined in 1781 was clearly incorrect.) ^{4, 8, 28}

Locke's Island was sold in 1817 to Thomas Thompson, and Round Island was sold to Samuel Thompson in 1819. George Sanders bought Mark Island in 1823. In 1837 George Saunders of Gilford offered to buy the remaining Lot 9 islands--Birch and Jolly--for \$40, and two years later Mr. Davis of Governors Island offered \$60 for the same two islands. I have not found evidence that the offers were accepted, but on April 23, 1846, Joshua Winslow Pierce, a relative of John Rindge, sold Winborn A. Sandborn "Foley Island so called in right No. 9. Jno Rindge Marked No. 9. 28-1/4 near the south end of Bear Island." ⁴

Joshua Pierce's grandmother was Ann Rindge, a sister of John Rindge, the Masonian Proprietor. Joshua was prominent in Portsmouth and it seems reasonable to believe that the property came to him, possibly through the probate court. Joshua's wife was Emily Sheafe, whose mother was Anne Wentworth, a niece of Governor John Wentworth, and she was also a descendant of John Rindge, through another sister of John Rindge, the Masonian Proprietor. I hope that further research can clear up any uncertainties about the ownerships of the property during the early part of the nineteenth century. ^{28, 29}

Winborn A. Sandborn was a very interesting person. He was born in 1810 and grew up on a farm in Gilford. Throughout his lifetime he went from job to job but always came back to Winnepesaukee. For a while he sailed on an East India trading vessel, but in 1833 he was back on the Lake as captain of the "Belknap." After two years of that he decided to travel out West, but he returned and resumed command of the "Belknap" for a few seasons. After a spell as a "country trader" in Alton Bay he went to Boston to study machinery, and became an engineer on a harbor steamer. He was back in 1851 superintending the construction of the "Dover," which was being built in Alton Bay, and became its first captain. He continued to live at his farm in Gilford. He was one of the stockholders of the "Lady of the Lake" and in 1863 became its captain. He left in 1869 to pursue interests in Florida, but in 1878 he returned and continued as captain of the "Lady" until his death in Florida in February, 1882. In 1880 he conceived the idea of building a hotel at The Weirs. A hotel was moved from Diamond Island, and enlarged. For a while it was known as Hotel Sanborn, but most of the time it was known as Hotel Weirs. Winborn served several terms as a Representative. He died in 1882. ^{5, 26, 30}

The property was conveyed to Winborn's daughter, Ellen, whether at the time of his death or earlier still needs to be determined. Ellen was married to Captain John S. Wadleigh, who became the commander of the "Lady of the Lake" in 1885 and continued as such until the "Lady" was retired in 1893. Captain Wadleigh's family was among the early pioneers in Meredith. He lived at The Weirs. ^{16, 26}

What use was made of the island throughout these ownerships is uncertain. It is quite likely that it was used for grazing as was common during the nineteenth century. The rocky terrain would appear to discourage farming.

On October 27, 1891 Ellen Wadleigh sold Jolly Island to Charles S. Davis. The rest of the story will be told by those descendants of the nine families who settled on Jolly in 1892 and 1893, and by the other newer families who have lived on the island for many years. I have enjoyed looking into the history of New Hampshire and the Lake region, and as a result have found I have more ties to the island than I knew before, because I discovered I have common ancestors with Joshua Pierce, his wife, Emily Sheafe Pierce, and Winborn A. Sanborn. My only disappointment is that I didn't discover when and why the name Jolly!

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(My research was done in the New York Public Library, New Hampshire State Archives, The New Hampshire Historical Society, and newspapers in the New Hampshire State Library.)

Chapter 2

WRITINGS BY EARLY ISLANDERS

The Jolly Island Centennial Committee has been very fortunate to acquire writings made during the early years of life on Jolly Island. We have a report written by Augustus Holmes, a second-generation founder, ten years after he began vacationing on Lake Winnepesaukee, and another report written in 1902 by Walter Ela, the father-in-law of Augustus Holmes and a first-generation founder. Though life was very different in those first ten years, after reading the reports of Augustus and Walter it is amazing how many of the things our founders experienced are not much different from those we experience today. How many of us have raced thunderstorms, enjoyed the sunset, relaxed by lounging in hammocks, taken moonlight trips on the lake, enjoyed the social activities at the main wharf, and undergone the round of chores needed to keep life moving smoothly--all things described in these early reports.

We also have the recollections of Josephine Bartholomew Ingalls, who came to Jolly Island as a young child in 1892. She wrote about the original owners and the early days on Jolly. Katharine Fairman, a third-generation member of the Bartholomew family and the oldest descendant of the original settlers who still visits Jolly Island, has contributed her recollections of the settlers and their families in a section titled, "As I Remember It...."

JOLLY ISLAND LIFE by Augustus Holmes (1861-1947)

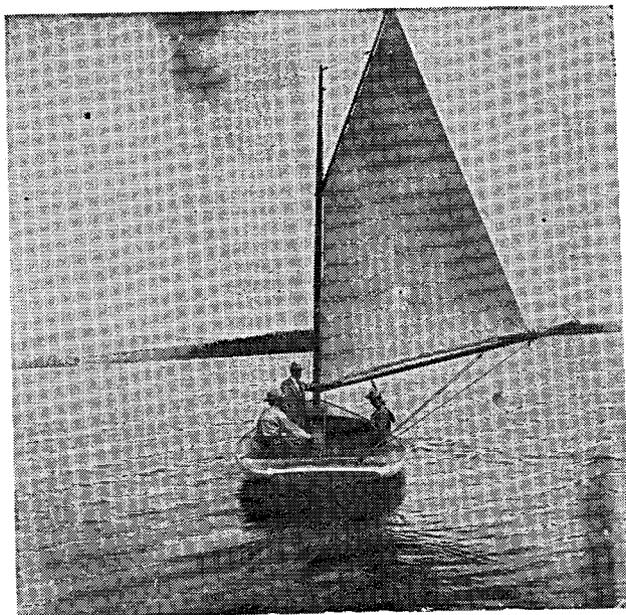


1939 Augustus and Susan Holmes

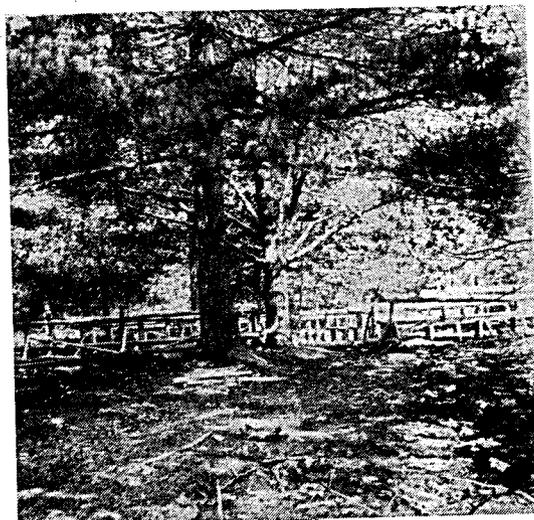
For ten successive years we have passed our vacation upon an island in the centre of Lake Winnepesaukee. The first three years we hired a cottage and as each year ended we felt an irresistible longing to be in the old place like the weird music of Pied Piper's strains. Not to be resisted we concluded to locate permanently.

A party of us consisting of nine families purchased an island of forty-five acres, called Jolly Island, which was divided among the nine families, with certain restrictions, the most important of which were that there should be only one cottage built on each and that there should be one common lot upon the island reserved for common service, such as Sunday School, preaching services, etc.

Before that time we had camped out in regular camping style, bringing all our canned goods from



1899 Holmes Catboat



1908 Religious Services

away stands out alone in its isolation, while peak after peak, range after range meets the eye, like the undulations of the waves of the sea. It is a wonderful view of lake and mountain scenery.

After lunch we reluctantly turned our feet homeward, we reached the foot of the mountain at four or half-past. A fresh wind was blowing, and we hoisted the sail greatly to my mother-in-law's fear, and we almost flew over the waves home, with lasting impressions of the beauty and grandeur of the lake and mountains.

(A trip up Mt. Ossipee has been omitted.)

Sundays we usually had Sunday School. We met at the cottages, but as our members amount to about seventy, it was difficult to find accommodations. So this year we have rustic seats, the regular old-fashioned camp-meeting style, seating about one hundred and fifty, in the common lot at the center of the Island. In the evening we meet to have a sing. All of our boats gather together on the lake and are fastened, so we are as one boat.

The lake is about six hundred feet above sea level, and one of the charms is that the air is so dry there is no danger of catching cold. One can sit out in the evening without any covering with perfect immunity, the children can tumble into the water and no cold will result, and there is another charm which those who haunt the seashore for their rest have often longed for and vainly sought - there are no mosquitoes. You can sit out of an evening without being annoyed by these insects that take the edge off every enjoyment. There are so many little excursions in and out among the islands, the shades upon the mountains ever changing. In our little boat we can thread narrow channels and come upon such picturesque and charming scenes as shall fill the memory with pictures that will live for years in our imagination.

There is one aspect of this lake that the lover of nature must not ignore. There is a fascination of moonlight trips upon the water, and whether you are in a boat by yourself or one of a party on a barge or steamboat, the sounds of revelry by night fill the air with wild merriment. There is a fascination at this hour for most persons, in which there is a kind of supreme contentment. There is nothing like it for making impression upon the soul and so we always plan to go upon the full of the moon, and this year we hired the little steamer and we thread among the islands by moonlight until full twelve o'clock, children and all. We allowed them to sleep out in the open air knowing full well they could sleep in perfect safety. On such a moonlight night as this Whittier wrote these lines:

*"Yon mountain's side is black with night,
While broad-orbed, over its gleaming crown
The moon slow rounding into sight,
On the hushed sea looks down.*

*The vague vast grouping of a dream,
They stretch into the solemn night."*

*How start to light the clustering isles,
Each silver hemmed how sharply show
The shadows of their rocky piles,
And tree tops in the waves below.*

*How far and strange the mountains seem
Dim looming through the pale, still light*



1904 Holmes children rowing

I have not said much about myself and children because my wife read her experiences a year or two ago, but the children learned to row and became accustomed to the water, learned to tie knots, etc., accomplishments that will be useful to them, and for a nerve tonic I know of nothing better than camper's life on Lake Winnepesaukee. We have moved tons and tons of rock from our place and there are tons and tons to be moved. We have blasted tons and tons and there are yet tons and tons to be blasted, so that we are not alarmed that we have nothing to do for years yet to come. My wife says next year she would like a wood house and the next year a bath house and the next after a boat house, so that I have no fear but what we shall have enough to occupy our hand and attention for years to come.

My dream of an earthly heaven is a steam launch on Lake Winnepesaukee but I do not see it in the immediate future. Usually we all come home together, this year the ladies wished to stay up a couple of weeks longer so Mr. Ela and I came home and performed our daily tasks until the last of August, when we went up to pack, which is one of the most exciting times of camp life. The tent has to be taken down which we use for a store house, the hammocks have to come in, everything must be put into the cottage, except the boats which are put in the last thing. This takes up the greater part of the afternoon. For ten years the males have had an argument with the ladies in regard to the necessity of sweeping out. The ladies insist upon sweeping out the last thing before going away and the first thing when we open up, while we insist that once is enough, that they are losing labor by sweeping twice. They insist upon sweeping and everything is packed except what we need for our meal which is very frugal and the necessary clothing. The next morning two of the other campers are over to help us carry the boat. They haul the boat up and into the cottage, lock and bolt the door, and our vacation is over.

VACATION EXPERIENCES

by Walter Ela (1833-1914)



Three Fishermen
John Arnold, Walter Ela, Gus Holmes

Experience I. Something of a hustle to complete packing and be ready for Mr. Bailey's team at 7:30 o'clock on the morning of Aug. 4, 1902.

Ex. 2. A comfortable ride to Boston, where I arrive at ten o'clock.

Ex. 3. Another hustle to do errands and be ready for dinner at 11:30, where we met two friends from Colorado, one of whom was a fellow camper 13 years ago.

Ex. 4. Meeting with daughters and grandchildren at North Union Station at 1:15, then a 3-1/4 hours' ride on the cars to Weirs, N.H.

Ex. 5. A pleasant 1/2-hour ride on the steamer Eagle to Jolly Island, where we arrived at 5:30, and found our cottage open and well aired by the kindness of a friend who preceded us. About the cottage we found everything as we had left it 11 months before, except that the trees and bushes had perceptibly grown, and the grass which we had left trampled beyond all hope of revival was in appearance as though it had never met with opposition.

In a short time we were settled as though we had been there for months. Then commenced the round of camp life, so regular that a record of the doings of successive days would be monotonous, yet so varied in detail that we never thought of monotony.

The hour of rising in the morning varied according to the inclinations of the various members of the family, but generally ranged between the hours of 4:30 and 8:30 a.m.

I am often asked what we find to do there to take up our time. The question we ask is, "How shall we find time to do the many things that we want to do?" My son-in-law and myself have three or four ladies to wait upon, no small task in itself, as the married men present can well understand. There was wood to be prepared for next year's use; there were stones to be removed to give a softer landing place to one falling from a hammock; there was a pump to be installed, and a hundred feet of pipe to be laid to the lake, so as to bring abundance of water into the cottage; there was a break-water to be prepared so as to give our boats a

safe harbor in rough weather; there was the clearing out of under-brush, to enlarge the prospect in the rear of the cottage; there were rowing and sailing excursions to other islands for berries or fresh vegetables; and more attractive than all these, there lay the broad lake, a constant invitation to fishing; though in this case the oft debated question, "Does anticipation furnish more enjoyment than realization?" had to be decided in every instance in the affirmative, as either because of the cool weather and the abundance of rain, or the unusually high water in the lake, or some other unknown cause, the fish showed a strange disregard for even the most tempting bait. There was but one exception to this within my knowledge. One of our fellow-campers went out one afternoon and in less than two hours caught with a trolling spoon four bass which in the aggregate weighed more than twelve pounds. The largest one weighed six pounds and the next in size four pounds.

One of the interesting incidents of my vacation was a race with a thunder shower. We had heard of a spot, about four miles from our cottage, where perch of a large size were to be caught almost any time; and an old resident on the mainland nearby had promised to point out the spot to us. So one afternoon a party of four of us started out with high hopes of bringing back with us fish enough to last our family for a week. We had gone about half the distance when we noticed clouds gathering over the mountains at the north of us. There were three of us rowing leisurely - for there was no wind for sailing. We soon noticed that the clouds were spreading and drawing nearer towards us; then we began to speculate as to whether they would spread out so as to reach us. Soon we saw that rain was falling at the upper end of the lake; then our cottage was reached by it. The race was now on, and it was a question whether we could reach a friendly boathouse, a mile away, before the shower would reach us. Our boat impelled by three pairs of oars, was passing through the water at a rapid rate, but the rain was coming on the wings of the wind. The outcome reminded me of the experience of the farmer's fast colt. The farmer said that one day chain-lightning chased the colt round the lot three times, and the last time the lightning rather gained on the colt. So the shower gained on and even overtook us a few rods from the boathouse, but we reached it so speedily that we were not wet so much on the outside by the rain as on the inside by perspiration. The shower was of short duration, and after it was over a deputation was sent to our friendly farmer to ascertain the exact spot where the mammoth perch were eagerly waiting to be caught. The farmer was busy caring for his hay, which had been wet by the shower with which we had the race, and could not leave. He however gave directions by which the exact spot might be found. But these directions were delusive; for after reaching the supposed spot not even the most tempting bait could induce a single nibble. After many futile attempts to attract the attention of these denizens of the deep, the aid of the farmer was again sought. This time he was induced to accompany us, and after rowing about a mile, and feeling about for some time by the medium of a piece of iron attached to a long line, he at last informed us that he had found the desired ledge, at a depth of about fifty feet. Anchor ropes were spliced and anchors were thrown out. Tempting baits were impaled on our hooks and they followed the anchors to the bottom. Soon a magnificent perch was landed in the boat. But now the day was far spent, and as these fish will only take the bait by daylight, only a few young and reckless fish could be induced to bite. So winding up our lines, and pulling in our anchor, a favoring breeze took us home with little effort on our part, having as the result of the expedition an exciting race, a fine sail, a lot of experience, and one large perch to show what we might have obtained under more favorable circumstances.

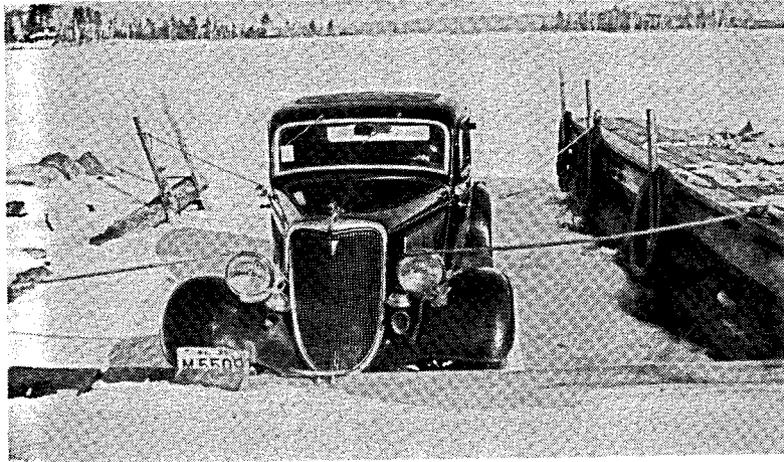
One of the experiences which lingers most pleasantly in my memory occurred one Sunday evening in connection with our vesper service. About fifteen boats, containing about seventy-five people, were moored together a little way offshore to the north of our island for our evening service of praise and prayer. The sun, which was near its setting, was hidden behind thin clouds which it illumined with crimson and purple tints of vivid hues. Turning to the east we saw there the reflections of the western clouds in almost equal brilliancy. The singing passed; all eyes were turned to the skies, and as we gazed a [words obliterated - perhaps a rainbow?] above the eastern clouds, though so far no rain was falling. After watching this scene a while in silence a voice started the hymn, "The heavens declare thy glory, Lord," in which all joined in subdued tones, a tender prayer was offered, the boats were unmoored from each other and quietly took their ways to their respective landings, while all hearts were responsive to the hymn:

*"Day is dying in the west;
Heaven is touching earth with rest;
Wait and worship while the night
Sets her evening lamps alight
Through all the sky.*

*Holy, Holy, Holy Lord God of Hosts,
Heaven and earth are full of Thee.
Heaven and earth are praising Thee,
O Lord most high."*

A Winter Trip to Jolly Island

January 27, 1931
by Augustus Holmes (1861-1947)



1940 Winter Walter Holmes' Car
Tied up at Holmes' Dock

*Twenty years ago, Dear Friends,
Upon this very date
Unto our Isle of Eden
Did we a journey take -*

*A covered old time mail sleigh
Brought us to Jolly shore
Slick navigating on the lake
We'd never done before.*

*The snow shovel, where is it
Cried Gustus as he sought
Said wife, we never had one
Said she, one must be bought.*

*The walk around the island
With foot tracks round each camp
Looked to our keen-eyed agent
To be a robber tramp.*

*The fire on hearth was lighted
Yes, wood was freely used
And by its warm and glowing blaze
We sat and talked and mused.*

*The night grew cold and windy
But what cared we for that
Blankets there were a plenty
And for each foot a flat -*

*With morning came a snowstorm
Then sunshine and a blow
The man was late in coming
We feared we could not go.*

*The ride back to the mainland
Was cold yet funny too
The Madonna face of Gustus
Was all of him in view.*

*That winter trip to Jolly
Will aye fond memories bring
But truly let me tell you
We'd rather go in Spring.*

EARLY DAYS ON JOLLY ISLAND

by Josephine Bartholomew Ingalls (1884-1972)

(The following recollections of Josephine Bartholomew Ingalls were penned on paper by her at age 83 and edited by a granddaughter for this centennial book. She was the daughter of J. I. Bartholomew, an original founder of Jolly Island, and mother of Katharine (Ingalls) Fairman.)

In 1892 William and Charles Davis bought Jolly Island, Town of Gilford, New Hampshire, for \$800. In April they arranged for two of Charles' classmates at Wesleyan to buy lots for \$100 each, and in June the four and J. I. Bartholomew went to Winnispeesaukee to build cottages. Charles Davis brought a gang of carpenters from the Cape. The five preachers and the carpenters put up four cottages.

The first evening there they rowed around the Island and when they returned to the Davis tent each wrote his choice for a site. Will Davis chose the southwest point for the breeze; Charlie the one next to it to be near his brother. Andrew Coultas chose the lot with a pine tree, on the point where he could see Mount Washington; Bennie Simon the shorefront point with a view on two sides; and J. I. Bartholomew the one with a growth of young pine trees.

In July the men came up with families and furniture and settled in. Charles Davis had a large cottage, with the rest a cottage with one room down stairs and one up. Because Walter Ela had rented a cottage on Birch Island for several years, this year, 1892, the ministers and their families gathered there on Sunday for worship.

By August, Charlie Davis had joined on an ell for a kitchen with a stove at one end, at the other a long table for his family and guests. Each camp had a round bottom boat. Milk and mail and, I suppose, some food came from the wharf at Long Island - two miles to row from Jolly.

The Bartholomews boarded three weeks with the Mark Wentworth family on Long Island. They hired an old row boat and Mrs. Bartholomew had her first experiences on the lake. She expected to drown. She enjoyed Long Island and picked berries to her heart's content - caught a bass by trolling and, as often as could be persuaded, went with her husband to Jolly Island to visit his friends. On the way they sometimes stopped at Steamboat Island where Walter Yates and family had a cute camp. The Charlie Davis camp was their goal on these trips. J. I. admired him extravagantly and, naturally, Charlie reciprocated, - besides J. I. might buy a lot.

One day while calling on the Davises a southwester blew up, and Mrs. Bartholomew was too timid to go on the lake back to Long Island so the family stayed the night. There were six Davises, three Bartholomews, five carpenters, and enough pancakes for the Davis family. Mrs. Bartholomew fried - and, how they ate! When the batter was gone there was nothing left in the house and Mrs. Bartholomew went to bed hungry. The next morning the wind had gone down and the Bartholomews got to Long Island in time for breakfast - a meal Mrs. Bartholomew talked about all of her life.

In August the men hired the Mineola for a day's trip. The Mineola was a wood-burning steamer with an engine on the middle and wide gunwales. The lumber for the cottages had been brought to the island by the Mineola - usually it was used for freight but it made a satisfactory boat for our excursion. The six families all went. The men stayed in the bow with the big boys, the Ela daughters and Mrs. Coultas and sister - maybe others. Mrs. Yates and three girls, the Davis women and children, Mrs. Bartholomew and daughter and others in the stern. Mr. Yates, Charles Davis and J. I. went back and forth from the bow to stern and Mrs. Ela came back to see us. We ate lunch on Cow Island, reaching shore over a log boom. In 1893 the island excursion was on a larger boat and lunch at Alton Bay Camp Ground. These annual excursions lasted until the day of the power boat.

1893 saw two new camps - John Arnold, on what had been called Maple Beach between the Davis cottages, and Charles Stenhouse, on a cove the other side of the Will Davis cottage. Mr. Stenhouse was a classmate of Charles Davis, A. J. Coultas, and B. F. Simon.

On Jolly in 1893 there were 3 William Davis children, 5 Charles Davis, 3 Stenhouse, 2 or 3 Arnold, 2 Coultas boys and a niece, 3 Simon, and 3 children at the Ela/Holmes camp. That camp cottage was completed during the summer. Mr. Ela and Mr. Holmes rowed to Long Island each day for milk for the 3 babies under 2 years.

J. I. Bartholomew cleared the ground for his cottage, built the next year. In 1894 Harrison Borden from New Bedford built a cottage on the Island's last beach. The 9 families mentioned above lived here for many summers and the children all grew up together.

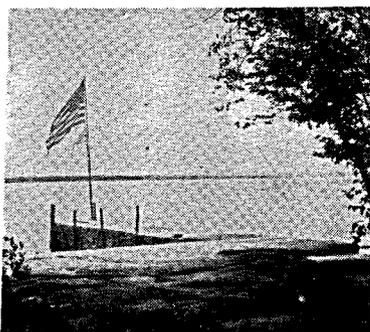
All hands cleared a six-foot path from the Will Davis camp to the B. F. Simon camp. Individual owners cleared paths to the central path. Special mention should be made of the generosity of W. F. Davis. On his land was built the first wharf at which a steamer could land with milk and groceries. On his land the ice house was built and by his efforts it was filled and packed with sawdust. In his yard the children gathered to await the boat. He made the first arrangements for a daily boat and for the filling of grocery orders in Lakeport.



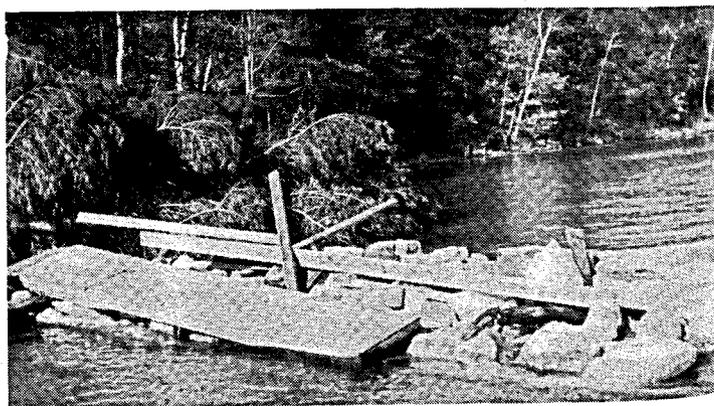
1890's Docking "The Eagle"
Rev. Ela assists

Mail for Jolly Island was addressed to Lakeport, care of E. L. Cram, put in a padlocked cake box and put on the boat with the groceries at Lakeport. Milk was delivered on the morning boat in two-quart tin milk cans - without benefit of ice. Usually it came from Melvin, but on some years from Wolfeboro and either at Melvin or some other island transferred to the boat. I never knew that any mail was lost. On the island, Harold Simon opened the cake box with his key and read our names so we could grab. No box for undelivered letters (We were right there!) The milk delivery was not so satisfactory; sometimes it was sour when we received it and more often than not milk from several of the cans had been sampled and the cans refilled with lake water. As long ago as 1892 teenagers were mischievous and hungry!

Fishing was good! One year the Simon boys and Gene Coultas each caught more than eighty pounds of bass and put back any which did not weigh at least three pounds. J. I. B. could always get a mess of perch and pout for breakfast.



1911 Holmes
"Permanent Dock"



After the '38 Hurricane

For the most part, each member worked on "the wharf" - especially Mr. Ela and Mr. Holmes. Each winter the ice destroyed their loving labor but for a decade that wharf was rebuilt in front of their cottage. Eventually they knew just how to build, but, no matter! The ice and wind knew how to destroy it next winter. At length they gave up and built it in the cove.

Of the ministers who worked on the cottages in 1892, no one acquired much wealth during their lives, but all were well educated. J. I. Bartholomew received his Ph.D. in 1895 as did B. F. Simon and Walter Yates before 1907, and, within a few years, C. S. Davis. Andrew J. Coultas, the first President of the Island Association, was awarded a D.D. from Wesleyan University of Middletown, Connecticut, because of his fine success as a pastor.

Among the children who were growing up between 1892 and 1907 there were 1 doctor, 1 dentist, 5 Phi Beta Kappas, 1 art school graduate, choir directors, 9 teachers, 2 ministers and 1 successful businessman. No one of us, so far as I know, became wealthy either, but by and large we have had intelligence and character.

In 1907 Josie Bartholomew was married to Noah Ingalls on the island - Everyone on the island cooperated to make it a lovely wedding. The camps gave the couple a generous gift in a birch wood box which Rachel Arnold had prepared. All children worked on the decorations for the tabernacle. Rachel bossed the work; ground pine and pond lilies were used profusely. The bride's father had pulled over 300 for that purpose and the bride's bouquet was of the lilies, too. All very rustic and home-made. V. C. Simon and Mae Stenhouse acted as ushers.



Josephine Bartholomew Ingalls

Before 1900, William Davis sold his place to Rev. Schuh. It changed ownership after that several times. The Charles Davis place has changed hands twice and the A. J. Coultas place at least three times. At one time a most lively family, the Thomases rented the Davis cottage for at least two summers. They rowed everywhere and climbed all the mountains - finally even Mount Washington!

"EXCERPTS FROM CALVERT'S WEIRS TIMES"

August 1, 1891

Rev. G. H. Bates of Rockville, Conn., with his wife and children, are encamped on Belknap (Steamboat) Island.

The Rev. W. J. Yates, of Fall River, with his wife and children, are occupying the lodge on Belknap Island.

Rev. Walter Ela and family, of Fall River, P. E., of New Bedford District, N.E., Southern Conference, will be at the cottage on Birch Island, about August 15. Rev. C. S. Davis, of Wellfleet, Mass., and family, will probably join the above party about the same date.

July 30, 1892

Jolly Island, which was sold by Captain Wadleigh to Boston parties, bids fair to perpetuate its name. Three cottages are going up and more to follow. What jolly times those cottagers will see the chronicler will probably not be able to record.

July 8, 1893

The camp builders are as busy as the proverbial mound builders. Wherever the steam launches and yachts ply their aquatic avocations between the islands the sound of the camp builders' tools is heard.

The Maid of the Isles is proving quite a valuable and appreciative consort to the royal Lady of the Lake. This boat lying at Centre Harbor all night, leaving at 7:15 and getting to The Weirs in time for the down mail, is a great convenience. Another welcome innovation by that progressive corporation, the Concord & Montreal railroad.

Rev. A. J. Coultas, the popular pastor of St. Paul's Methodist Church, Fall River, Mass., expects to spend July and August at his new summer house, "Washington Cottage," Jolly Island: named for the fine view it commands of Mt. Washington.

Mr. John P. Arnold, principal of the Middleboro (Mass.) Grammar School, will build on Jolly Island, early in July, "Maple Beach Camp," which will command the North mountains and a wide sweep across the "Broads."

August 19, 1893
Jolly Island

Cottagers and families--Belknap cottage, near the wharf, Rev. W. F. Davis of Middleboro, Mass. wife and two children.

Maple Beach Cottage, John P. Arnold, principal of schools, Middleton, Mass., wife, and two children.

Ossipee Lodge, Rev. C. S. Davis of New Bedford, Mass., wife, and five children.

Oak Lodge, Rev. B. F. Simon, of New Bedford, Mass., wife and three children.

Washington cottage, Rev. A. J. Coultas of Fall River, Mass., wife and two children; Mrs. S. Rhodes and one child; Rev. C. A. Stenhouse, wife, and three children; also mother of Mrs. Stenhouse.

Rev. W. Ela of Fall River, Mass., will next week occupy his cottage, now building by Mr. Blake of Meredith. Mr. Ela's family consists of his wife and two daughters, also son-in-law, Mr. Augustus Holmes of Attleboro, and three children.

Occupying tents are Rev. J. I. Bartholomew of Cambridge, Mass., wife, and daughter; he will build on the north side of the island next summer; Mrs. Snell of New Bedford, Mass., and two children.

Guests at the cottages include Mr. B. Frank Jones and Elmer Penley of Middleboro, Mass.; the Misses Billington and Peck of New Bedford, Mass.; Mrs. Strafford of Fall River, Mass.; Misses Simon, Bell, and Milner of Long Island city, N.Y.; and Miss Matson of Brockton, Mass.

Mr. Markham and Rev. C. W. Holden of New Bedford, Mass., stopping at Long Island, spent a portion of several days at Jolly.

The new wharf enables Dr. Greene's boats to land at the island, bringing daily supplies. Among the cottagers are eleven boats which have assisted in capturing a few bass. We know where there are many more but they are not hungry.

All the cottages are receiving additions in the form of piazzas, ells, and other comforts.

By mutual agreement only two more cottages can be built and the site for one of these is already appropriated.

Sunday morning the islanders assemble for a Sunday School service.

July 27, 1895
Jolly Island

Two cottages are being enlarged.

A few cottages to let would be readily hired if situated near some steamboat landing.

The wharf is being lengthened thirty feet for the accommodation of the steamer Roxmont when the water is low or rough.

Birch Island (or Steamboat) is rapidly being settled. One new cottage is being completed for Mr. Luce, of Niantic, Conn. Other buildings are expected in the near future.

So excellent was the law and order on the lake that each cottage was found precisely as its owner left it ten months ago. This is an important item in securing new camps on the islands and shores of the lake.

Jolly Island became a bustling place July 1 and remains so. Messrs. Stenhouse, Davis, Borden, Arnold, Coultas, Carter, and Simon, with their families, all from Massachusetts, have occupied the cottages. Mr. Ela and family, from Connecticut, are expected this week.

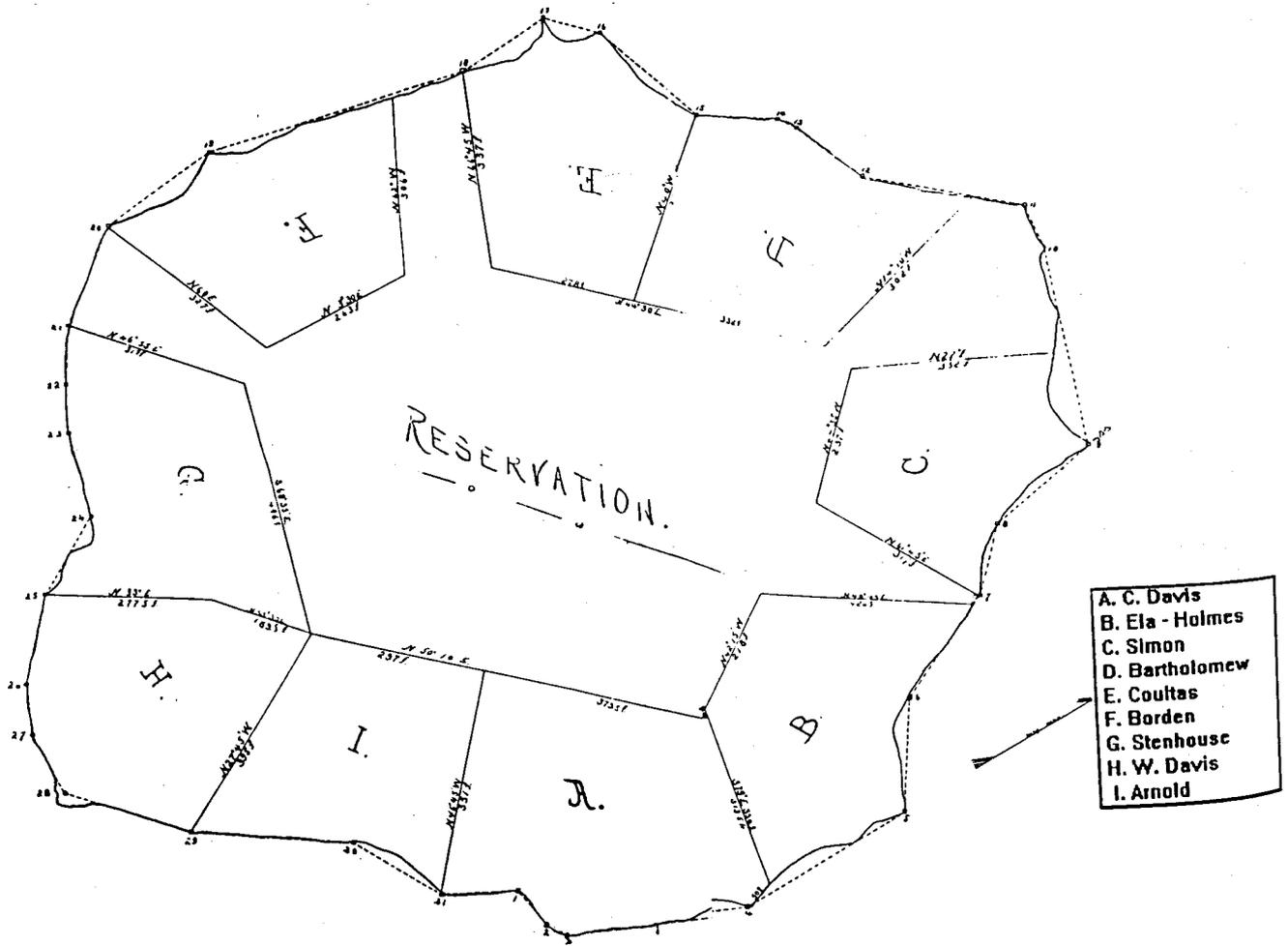
B.F.S.

July 11, 1896

Jolly Island campers arrived early this season. Only one of the nine families is not represented. Fishing, boating, picnics at neighboring islands, singing on the water in the evening, and all phases of the beautiful outdoor home life of this island are already in vogue. Capt. Hudson with his "Eagle" furnishes the usual steamboat accommodation.

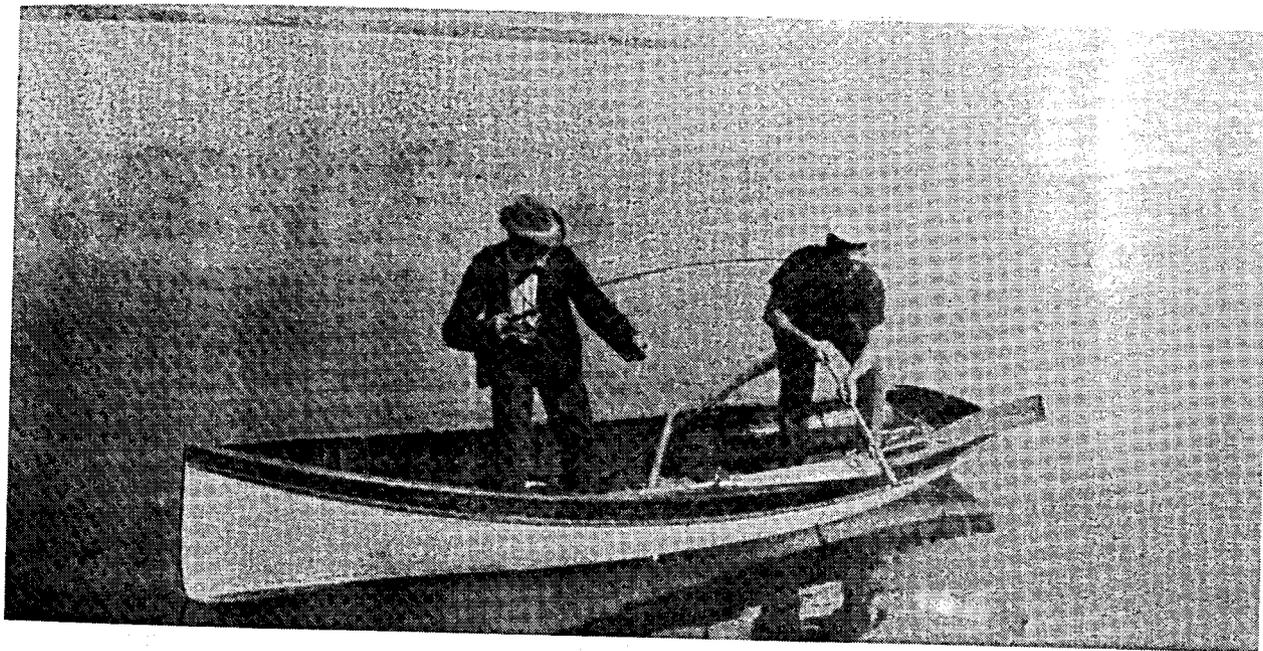
B.F.S.

JOLLY ISLAND ORIGINAL PLAN 1892



"AS I REMEMBER IT . . ."
by Katharine Fairman (1909 -)

In July 1993 the owners, extended families, and friends joined together to celebrate the founders of the colony known as the Jolly Island Association. Jolly Island, situated in the middle of Lake Winnepesaukee, has 46 acres, lying south of Birch Island and east of Bear Island.



1906 William Davis and friend fishing

In 1891 two brothers, Charles and William Davis, ministers from southern New England, bought Jolly Island for \$1,000. The following year the Davis brothers brought Andrew Coultas, Benjamin Simon and James Bartholomew to admire their island. Charles Davis also brought carpenters from Cape Cod to help build their summer cottages. Everyone pitched in and in a week the island was surveyed by C. S. Ellis of Bourne, Massachusetts. Lots were chosen, land cleared, and four dwellings were erected (Simon, Coultas, W. Davis, C. Davis). Meanwhile, while the building was going on, the wives and children boarded at a hotel on Long Island and lived in tents on Jolly.

In 1893 John Arnold, James Bartholomew, Charles Stenhouse, and Walter Ela, with his son-in-law, Augustus Holmes, bought lots and built cottages. Harrison Borden purchased the ninth and last lot in 1894. The remaining land was common property owned undivided by all of the above nine lot owners.

In 1924 Evelyn Simon Brann purchased a piece of common property plus one hundred feet of shore front from Ella Bartholomew. In this way a tenth lot was established.

Excepting for Mr. Ela, all of the men were robust and vigorous and in their thirties with younger wives and children.

Sunday afternoons they all gathered in one camp or another for church services. As the families grew no cottage was large enough. A spot was selected on the common property, a pulpit built, and on pleasant Sundays church was held there. Everyone brought chairs, pillows, or something to sit on. In 1907 benches were built. In 1916 these were replaced with new benches with backs. The chapel seated over 150. Here two weddings were celebrated--Josephine Bartholomew and Noah Ingalls in 1907, and Evelyn Simon and Bertrand Brann in 1916. The chapel was abandoned during the nineteen thirties as there was no money for repairs.

In the eighteen nineties these hardy souls enjoyed physical exercise. Each summer mountains were

climbed, berries picked, and group trips taken. Usually these trips started before sunrise. Row boats with two or more rowers would leave Jolly--a 3-5 mile trip to shore, then a 5-6 mile hike, back again to port, and the row home. Arriving well after dark was to be expected. Hopefully no bad wind had blown up. Often these activities were shared with Birch Islanders.

Fishing was also popular. The number, weight, and length of the catch were duly recorded. Races were also enjoyed. Much discussion took place on whether a round bottom, flat-bottom, or V-bottom boat was the fastest. Of course, the winner was the strongest rower and was credited, not the type of boat.

The high point of each week was the Vesper Service. This was held an hour before sunset on Sunday in the lee of Jolly. In the early years the rowboats were held together by hand. By the 1920s forty to fifty boats from all over the lake were tied together with two or three anchors thrown out. Some were large Gar Woods or Chris Crafts, and there were canoes, rowboats, and small outboards. The service ended with "Taps," followed by "God Be with You Till We Meet Again," as the anchors were pulled up and the boats separated. For many years this vesper service raised money for a mission in China. The chapel was called "Smile-of-God Chapel," referring to Lake Winnepesaukee, "The Smile of the Great Spirit." The missionary involved was Ned Smith, who married one of the Thomas girls. The Thomases rented on Jolly for a year or two, but then bought a place on Birch Island.

Six of the ten camps are still owned by descendants of the original founders. The other four have been owned by the same families for two or more generations.

Let us all give thanks to our founders for their foresight and progressiveness in establishing a community such as we all enjoy.

My remembrances of the individual founders follow. In some cases descendants have contributed interesting facts.

THE BORDEN CAMP

The last of the settlers of Jolly Island was the Harrison (Harry) (1867-1947) & Lizzie Borden family who bought the last lot in 1894 (Book 96, page 549, Belknap County Courthouse, Laconia). They named the place "Crescent Beach." With them came Carlton, Milton, and soon, Mabel, and in 1902 Edna arrived.



1890 Harrison T. Borden
Lizzie Tripp Borden

On their property was built a badminton court which could also be used as a croquet court. They had the first motorboat on the island, named "Victory." This was about 16' long with a raised pointed bow and stern. The boathouse built to keep it in was very low. To enter you raised a section of the roof, crouched down, and stepped into the boat. Remaining bent over you found a seat. Shortly after this boat was purchased on coming into the boat house Edna reached for the post to stop the boat. Her thumb was crushed between the boat and post. For the rest of her life she carried a Jolly Island mark.

Edna was flower girl for Josephine Bartholomew's wedding.

Carlton, a student at Yale University, joined an ambulance corps in France before the U.S. entered the fray. He was wounded and returned to Yale. On graduation he taught French. He married and had one daughter, Priscilla.

Milton served in WWI and WWII in the navy, married and had two sons, Milton, Jr., and Bruce. Mabel married twice, taught for years but had no children. Edna stayed home and nursed her ill mother for years. Later Mabel and Edna made a home for their father.

Milton, Jr., had two daughters and one son. Daughter Amy and son Carey are very much a part of Jolly Island society, but Susan lives at a distance.

Bruce married Joyce Chandler from Camp Island. They had two boys and one girl. Bruce and family are still a part of Jolly Island life.

In the 1950's Milton, Jr., & Bruce built a lovely up-to-date cottage on the Borden property.

THE COULTAS CAMP

In 1892 Andrew Coultas (1853-1920) visited Jolly Island with the intent to purchase a lot. He chose the only one where he could see Mount Washington and immediately named it Camp Washington. In 1892 he and his wife, Rachel, built a simple house--one room downstairs, one up. The house was enlarged about 1913 and a porch was built across the front side. The kitchen was enlarged. At this time the cottage was renamed Glow Mont.



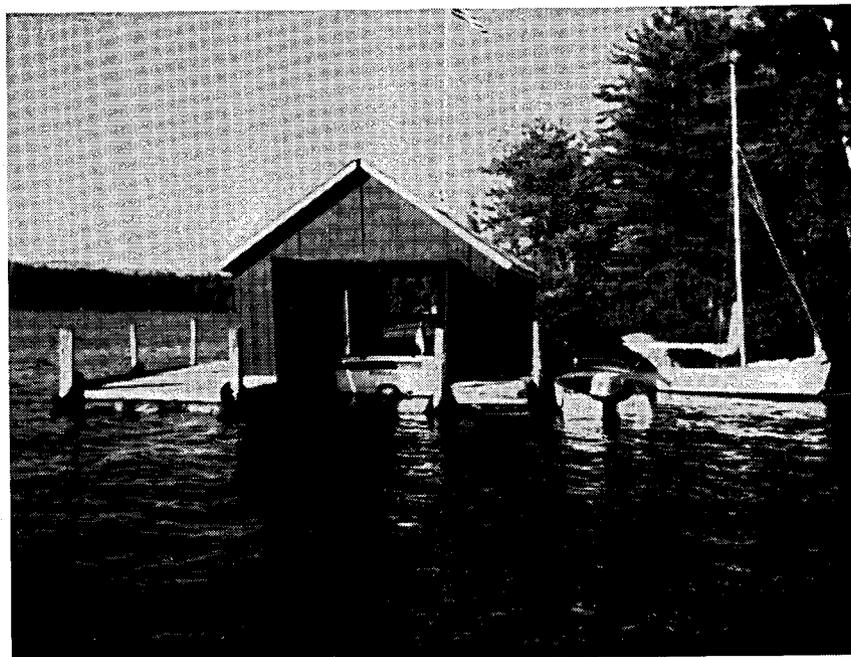
Rev. A. J. Coultas



Mrs. A. J. Coultas

Early in 1900 Andrew built a boat house. It still stands and is used yearly. In it he garaged a steam boat. Like Charles Stenhouse he spent many hours getting it going each year. About 1918 he replaced the steam boat with a fast motor boat. It was about 25' long and had a beam of about 6'. In a high wind it rolled and

was frightening to the passengers. This was not the first power boat at that camp. In 1914 or 1915 Eugene, Andrew's son, built a flat-bottomed boat and installed an outboard motor. This type of motor was the first of its kind on Jolly Island, and possibly on the Lake.



Fox Boathouse with "Jimmy Boat"

In addition to their two boys Mrs. Coultas' niece, Pearl Rhodes, spent every summer on Jolly until about 1910. Each summer Mr. Coultas organized his sermons for the coming year. He wrote them and read them, practicing daily, pacing back and forth on his porch, declaiming loudly for the Bordens and Bartholomews to hear.

Mr. Coultas was the first President of the Jolly Island Association, serving from its organization in 1893 to 1920 when he died.

Mrs. Coultas was a heavy, slow moving, kind woman. She feared the water, the woods, and small rodents. The only time she was known to move rapidly was one day when she was having tea with Mrs. Bartholomew. A mouse ran into the house and across the floor. She jumped up screaming, jumped up onto the table, pulled her skirt over her head, and jumped up and down. Around her waist was a belt with a bag of money hanging from it. As she jumped and screamed the money bag bounced up and down. Eugene yelled, "Put your skirt down, Ma, put your skirt down." To this four year old present, it was very funny.

Mrs. Coultas sold the cottage in 1924 to Mr. George Wyman. In 1936 Mr. Hugh Hartshorne bought the camp from Mr. Wyman. Mr. Hartshorne had an ill son and he had high hopes that a summer on Jolly would cure him. Unfortunately it did not. In 1945 Mr. Hartshorne sold Glow Mont to Mr. Fred Ghibellini. His wife didn't like the water, boats, or Jolly. He was very disappointed! In 1951, Mr. Ghibellini sold to Urban Lauber, who died in 1952. In 1956 James and Edna Fox acquired the property.

The Foxes had two children, James III, and Phyllis, who married Ronald Silver. Following their parents' death the property is now shared by Jim and Phyllis. The Fox family has been on Jolly Island for nearly forty years--they have earned a permanent place in the social life of Jolly Island.

THE BARTHOLOMEW CAMP

James Bartholomew (1857-1953) came to Jolly Island in 1892 and helped Charles Davis and some of the other ministers build their houses. His wife, Ella, and their eight year old daughter stayed on Long Island at the "Tip Top House." Mrs. Bartholomew was very afraid of the water and would go to Jolly only on a calm day. She also had a horror of getting tanned. Whenever she traveled on the Lake she always raised an umbrella if it was sunny.

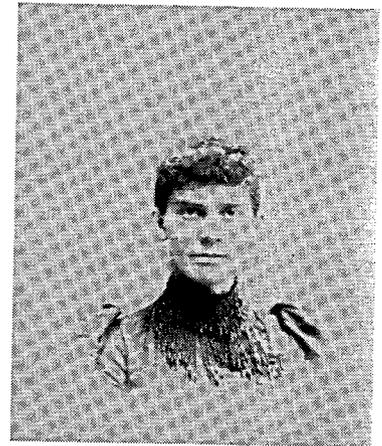
In the summer of 1893 the Bartholomews built a small cottage on the lot between Simon and Coultas. A small kitchen was added in 1900 and a dock built in 1905. Mr. Bartholomew preferred August for his vacation, because he thought there were too many thunder storms in July.



1890 Rev. James
Bartholomew



Josephine Bartholomew



Mrs. James Bartholomew

In 1907 their daughter, Josephine, married Noah Ingalls in the outdoor chapel in the center of the Island. Dr. Bartholomew officiated. All the people on the Island celebrated. The "Uncle Sam" was new on the Lake that year and Captain Louis agreed to pick up the bride and groom in front of the Bartholomew camp. The couple was rowed out to the "Uncle Sam" by her father. When the bride turned to wave good-bye she dropped her handkerchief. It immediately sank. The next morning J. I. cut a tall, slender tree, imbedded a spike in one end, and went out to retrieve the hanky. It was down 23 feet, but the water was so clear and clean that it was easy to see. Without any trouble the hanky was retrieved.

1911 was a year of very bad thunderstorms. In one the cottage was hit, as was Mrs. Bartholomew; J. I. was out tending the tents. Granddaughter, Katharine, was with Mrs. Simon, who rocked her throughout the terrible storm.

Although Katharine was not quite two she could follow a path. Mrs. Simon couldn't, so Katharine would go alone to the Simon camp and guide Mrs. Simon. Katharine was very tiny for her age. Mrs. Simon was a round lady and for years the islanders talked about the picture the two made.

Mr. Bartholomew enjoyed fishing. Before dawn he would arise and go forth to fish. Incidentally he also took paper and pencil with him and while waiting for a nibble he would organize his sermons for the coming year. He only made notes--he did not write his sermons or memorize them.

Granddaughter, Katharine, spent every summer with the Bartholomews, tagging along after grandpa. Mrs. B. often said, "I brought up our daughter to be a lady but Katharine is Jim's right hand man." This was true. Very early in her life she learned that if she sat quietly and didn't wiggle, she could sit on grandpa's lap and listen. She heard and remembered many grown-up stories, which stand her well today.

In 1923 "J.I." and granddaughter and the Oldham girls from Birch climbed Mount Washington. They took the Tuckerman's Ravine trail. About a mile from the top it started to storm. In the morning there was 6"

During the '40s and '50s the Branns invited friends to use the "old camp." These included the pastors of their church in Orono, Maine; the families of Rev. and Mrs. Herman Berlew, Rev. and Mrs. Gordon Buzza, and the Rev. and Mrs. Chauncey Wentworth, the parents of Grace King.

In 1968 following Evelyn Brann's death the Simon lot and buildings were passed on to Edward and Grace King. Grace King became a permanent property owner on Jolly. She has been a great addition. She is an enthusiastic and consistent worker as Secretary, Agent, and, at this writing, is the first Woman Jolly Island Association President.

THE BRANN CAMP

"Late Comers" - that was what we might call Bertrand and Evelyn Brann. True - Evelyn was Evelyn Simon as a child - daughter of Benjamin and Charlotte Simon.



1966 Bertrand and Evelyn Brann
Golden Wedding Anniversary

In 1923 Evelyn convinced the Jolly Association to sell her the sluiceway between her parents' property and Ella Bartholomew's. I guess this makes her one of the original owners. She also bought 100 feet of shore frontage from Mrs. Bartholomew.

In 1924 she built the present cottage and in 1927 the sleeping cottage was built by her brother, Dr. Harold Simon, as living, dining room and kitchen for him and his wife.

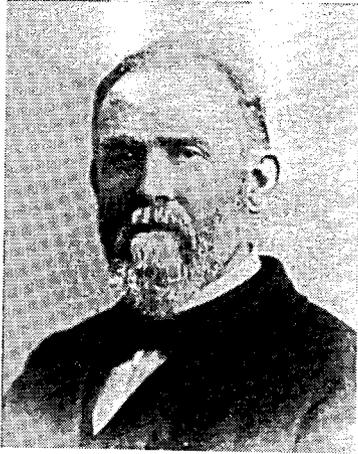
This property was given by Evelyn and Bertrand Brann at her death to John and Faith Slade - Faith was the great-granddaughter of James and Ella Bartholomew.

Evelyn Brann was a very generous person, both of her time and her possessions. This was in her genes; a giving and sharing person just like Ben and Charlotte Simon.

THE HOLMES CAMP

Walter and Fanny Ela and family camped on Birch Island during the summers of the late 1880s and early 1890s. In 1891 their daughter, Susan, married Augustus Holmes.

In 1893 Walter Ela (1833-1914) and his son-in-law, Augustus Holmes (1861-1947) bought the lot on the northeast corner of Jolly Island, located between the lots of Charles Davis and Benjamin Simon. Appropriately they named it "Rocksmere." (The deed is registered in Book 90, p. 283, in the Belknap Co. Courthouse, Laconia).



Rev. Walter Ela



Mrs. Walter Ela

The Elases had two daughters, Susan and Fanny. Susan had married Augustus Holmes, and later Fanny married Mr. Inman. As long as Mrs. Ela lived, Fanny Inman and daughter, Emma, summered at Jolly Island, as well as the Holmes family. Mr. Inman and Mr. Holmes were reportedly not congenial, and anyway Mr. Inman was too busy to take vacations.



Augustus and Susan Holmes
1945



Fannie Inman, Evelyn Brann
Susan Holmes, Edna Holmes

Augustus and Susan Holmes already had a son, Maurice, when they settled on Jolly. Edna was born in 1893, and in the early summer of 1902 Helen was born, a tiny premie. The doctor told Mr. Holmes that she might survive if the air and water were pure. Helen was too small to dress, so she was wrapped in a light blanket, put into a shoe box -- under her was a hot water bottle. Holes were punched in the top for air, and she was taken on the train from Boston to Jolly Island. Helen survived, and lived into her seventies. She was a kindergarten teacher.

Walter arrived in 1907. In his teens Dr. Tucker, who owned the "Old Camp" on Birch Island, removed Walter's appendix on his kitchen table. Elizabeth Oldham enjoyed nursing him. Some years later Elizabeth and Walter were married - a true bonding of Birch and Jolly.



**Maurice Holmes
with Birch/Jolly Island
Swim Trophy**



**Baby Helen Holmes
with Nurse**

Maurice was at Harvard when World War I started. He with many of his classmates enlisted in the Army. When they called for volunteers to "swim the Marne" Maurice raised his hand. The river was filled with barbed wire. He was seen climbing out on the other side, but then he disappeared. "Missing in action" read the report. Maurice and Edna had a special tune they whistled to call one another. Fifteen and a half months after his disappearance on Christmas morning Edna woke at dawn to that call. Maurice never recovered his health, but he married, and had two boys and one girl. He died during an appendicitis operation.

Edna was a trained singer. She led the evening song services for many years. It was she who introduced closing the service with "Taps".

Mr. Holmes had the first true "Laker" on Jolly. It had a McDuffy engine and was bought in 1908. He built a boat house to keep it in. The boat house suffered frequent damage from the wind and ice. It was destroyed in the 1938 hurricane and was never rebuilt.

That storm was something else! As it was late in the season, only Mr. and Mrs. Holmes and Mr. and Mrs. Bartholomew were on the island. All four were between seventy and eighty years old. The two couples had a luncheon date the next day at the Holmes. This took place on schedule, though all had stayed awake all night - the Holmes on a couch in their living room watching the lake waters flow in the front door and out the back, and the Bartholomews on their couch expecting a tree to come through the roof. Because the water drained away and the trees fell on each side of the cottage no one was hurt.

Mr. Holmes died in Florida in the winter of 1946-47 and a year or two later Mrs. Holmes followed. The property was then transferred to Walter. Walter served in the Second World War. Walter and Elizabeth spent many long summers on Jolly until Elizabeth's death in 1981 or 1982 and Walter's death in 1983. Walter and Elizabeth had two daughters, Valerie and Jeannie. The property went to Valerie, and though she lives in California, she tries to get to Jolly each summer. Valerie has two children; sometimes one or the other or her husband accompany her. Jeannie and her family also come when possible; she has three boys.

THE CHARLES DAVIS CAMP

Charles and Fanny Davis built their camp in 1892 and 1893. (Book 86, Page 343 - Belknap County Courthouse, Laconia, NH - bought 1891.) It was the largest camp built for many years - a real show place. Inside Charles and J. I. Bartholomew built a stone fireplace, Charles doing the mortaring and J. I. lugging the stones.



Rev. C.S. Davis



Mrs. C.S. Davis

They had three girls and one boy, all very bright; the boy, a great tease. Young Charlie and Gene Coultas liked to row around the island with only loin cloths on, playing at being Indian braves. The time they would do this was tea-time in the afternoon. The women and girls would be out front and the boys would come along quietly, then suddenly shout, one rowing, one jumping up and down on the back seat of the boat. Of course, the shocked mothers would grab their daughters, cover the girls' eyes and shoo the girls into the houses. It was great fun for all the kids! (Young Charlie died in World War I.)



1899 "Ossipee Lodge"
The Charles Davis Camp

In 1905 the Charles Davises, having moved to the west coast, sold their property to Ernest and Harriet Burch. She feared the water but loved the quiet and views.

Soon after they arrived a southwester blew up. It blew and blew. The waves really began to roll. The moon was full, a warm and beautiful fun night on the lake. At 9:30 or so in the evening Mr. and Mrs. Burch were getting ready for bed. They heard voices, singing and shouting. Mr. and Mrs. Burch got down on their knees and prayed for the poor souls who had to brave the storm, might they please find land safely! The next day at mail boat J. I. Bartholomew spoke of the wonderful time he and his wife, daughter and boy-friend and another young couple had rowing around the island. Shortly thereafter Mr. and Mrs. Burch arrived. Immediately they inquired if anyone knew if those poor people out in the boats ever reached shore? On hearing J. I.'s tale, they laughed and retold that early night introduction to Jolly over and over again.

Mr. Burch died in 1933, and, in 1939 Mrs. Burch sold to Edward Hall all of her interest in the Island.

Ed Hall, Sr. was Treasurer of the Island Association for many years. He had two sons, Edward, Jr., known as Jimmy, and Winthrop. Winthrop and his family came regularly to Jolly and Winthrop has been very helpful in Island affairs. He followed in his father's footsteps, serving as Treasurer for some years.

THE ARNOLD CAMP

In 1893, a year after the first five ministers arrived at Jolly, John and Eleanor Arnold arrived. They chose the lot between Charlie and Will Davis' camps. (Book 98 Page 95 Belknap Courthouse, Laconia, NH). With them came three daughters, Rachel, Sarah and baby, Anna.



1898 Llynholm Campers
Mr. and Mrs. Holmes, John and Elinor Arnold
Rachel, Sarah and Anne

John Arnold was a teacher which meant two plus months vacation time. The ministers had only one month. This worried the pastors and so they invited Mr. Arnold and family to join the Jolly Community, charging him with the responsibility of assisting the women in heavy work, etc., when the men were away. He filled these shoes well. He also was the first volunteer Postmaster, meeting the mailboat and distributing the mail. He seldom or never missed the mail boat. He served until he died. He served as Island Agent for many years.

In the early 1920's he bought a beautiful Laker. It was about twenty-five feet long and had a covered bow. This made it different from the first Lakers. It also had a self-starter.

About 1920 Anne was married on the front porch of their cottage. Unfortunately, she died within a year.

Rachel Arnold married George Hefler and soon had a son, John. John came to Jolly beginning in 1914. Each year he spent with his grandparents. It was evident he worshipped his grandfather and it was very evident they were very close, John assisting his granddad always. Today, John Hefler comes up as often as he can. His son, John, great grandson of John Arnold, and wife love the place and are in residence as often as possible.

Rachel's husband served in the Canadian Army in WWI. Sarah worked with the Red Cross abroad in the same war.

THE WILLIAM DAVIS CAMP

William (1853-1927) and Clara Davis bought their land in 1891 (Book 86, page 343, Belknap County Courthouse, Laconia). They had two boys and two girls. Their cottage was built in 1892.

Will Davis was great with young people. He was by nature an organizer, very kind-hearted and generous. He also was a good business man. His wife was a real helpmate and basked in his shadow.



Rev. W.F. Davis



Mrs. W.F. Davis

On his property the first wharf was built. Even today the remains of that first crib are visible in the water off the point. Each year the ice took the dock away. He'd rebuild it. In the end the main dock was moved to its present place. The association "Ice House" was also built on his land. It was later converted to a building on the property.



1919 Clara Davis, Jennie Gillett, Edward Gillett
Will Davis, Jr., William Davis

In 1897 William Davis sold to Richard and Emma Schuh, who had two teenage children. William bought land on Welch Island after leaving Jolly. His grandchildren and great-grandchildren are still there. Three years later Emma Schuh sold the property to Sarah L. Arnold, a sister of John Arnold. She and other members of the family often visited Jolly for several years. Then it was unused and became quite run down.

In 1934 Sarah Arnold passed the property on to her niece and namesake, Sarah Louise Arnold, the daughter of John Arnold. Improvements were made on the camp. In 1946 the camp was sold to John Gray and Stephen Habbe; a few years later the Habbes became the sole owners.

In August, 1993, Mr. Habbe, who died in March, would have celebrated his 90th birthday. He has given a flag and flagpole to Jolly Island for the mail boat wharf, and at his suggestion a plaque commemorating the original owners will be mounted at the base of the flagpole.

THE STENHOUSE CAMP

In 1893 Charles (1850-1927) and Rachel Stenhouse purchased the lot on Jolly just to the right of the common property where the Main Wharf is now located. (Book 98, Page 87 Belknap County Court House, Laconia, NH). In late fall or early spring of 1894 a good size house with a front porch across the front was built.



Rev. C.A. Stenhouse



Mrs. C.A. Stenhouse

In 1892 Mr. Coultas, a close friend and associate of Mr. Stenhouse was deeply concerned over Mr. Stenhouse and his family. Understandably so, as they had recently lost two sons within a few months of each other and, very recently, a daughter, Josephine, at age seven. Mr. Coultas suggested that he visit Jolly which he did and purchased his lot. Everyone knew about this and hoped and prayed that the peace and quiet would restore their suffering spirits.

In the summer of 1894 Mrs. Stenhouse and three daughters, Mae, Daisy, and baby Lillian arrived. Born some years later, youngest daughter, Grace, joined the family.

Mr. Stenhouse was a stern, intellectual, hard working, quiet man. His sermons were long and well organized; his vocabulary, extensive. He did his share of God's work and held office often in the Island Association.

About 1900 he bought his first power boat, the first powerboat on the island. It was a two seater steam boat. The same year a large two-slip boathouse was built in the cove to the east of the house. Soon a larger steamboat arrived to occupy the larger slip. These two boats had to be tinkered with yearly. Mr. Stenhouse enjoyed doing this. Each year he came up alone, opened camp, took part in island chores and got his boats running. A trip or two around Jolly and/or Birch and he'd put them away, content with his vacation and his



1900 The Stenhouse Family
 Charles, Rachel, Mae, Daisy,
 Lillian, and Baby Grace
 Dorcus Byers (Rachel's Mother)
 Boys unknown

mind cleared. On returning home his wife and daughters arrived at Jolly. The work of keeping the house in order was up to them. They were a fun-loving, musical group and a great addition to the activities of the young people. Mr. Stenhouse often returned in late August and he and his family took part in Island trips. Mr. Stenhouse believed that the pastor's family should live an exemplary life to the community.

Mae Stenhouse and Josephine Bartholomew Ingalls formed a close friendship lasting as long as both lived.

The Stenhouse estate passed to Charles Stenhouse's four surviving daughters, three of whom shortly passed their inheritance to Mae. She, in turn, left the property to the four children of her sister, Grace, with whom she had lived for many years; the children being Roberta, Madeline, Robert, and Lauder. Today, the property is held by Robert and Lauder.

CONCLUSION

It is interesting to note that each camp has its own personality. Each has developed its own customs. The importance of preserving nature was established early. This is shown in actions taken at Association meetings, also in some of the original deeds. The forbidding of cutting healthy trees, of defacing trees by driving nails into them, of strewing papers, bottles, cans or rubbish are spelled out in some deeds and action recorded. These things are important today.

Our grandparents felt that the great and beautiful outdoors was the true home of God and should be so honored. Here on Jolly, by the large, these principles still endure.

It seems at present that Jolly Islanders still endeavor to preserve the beauty and peace that the "old settlers" enjoyed 100 years ago. They passed it on to us. Let us do likewise. In 2093 it is hoped that Jolly Island is as unspoiled as it is today. May the next five generations still appreciate it and care for it as we in 1993 try to do.

JOLLY ISLAND

by Walter P. Stoddard (a guest of the Simon family)
August 6, 1894

*In the Granite State's fair highland,
There's a Jolly, Jolly Island
Resting beautiful and green in lake so clear;
Where a lot of noble fellows,
Whom this balmy climate mellows,
Meet together for an outing every year.*

*In this goodly band are preachers,
And a bevy of school teachers,
Who are here for rest and recreating ease;
How they pomp, and row, and "holler,"
Never wear a cuff or collar,
Spend the hours exactly doing as they please.*

*Children sport among the breakers,
Free as any other "lakers,"
Yell and gambol on the rocks or sandy beach.
Warm the suns that kiss the water!
Bright the smile of son and daughter!
Fair and beautiful the mountains distant reach.*

*Oh, I love this easy sitting,
Butterflies and "hoppers" flitting,
While from Far View point I can scan the waters o'er;
We are all contented, waiting,
Every care and ill abating,
Unconventionally resting by the shore.*

TO LAKE WINNEPESAUKEE

W. F. Davis, Jr., Brooklyn, N.Y.

From the Zion's Herald, June 22, 1931

*I know a lake amid yon hills,
A pleasant, beauteous span,
Where wind and waves and water clear
Bring joy to wearied man.*

*I know a lake whose placid face
Oft speaks of quiet rest,
Where too the raging, rushing winds
Make sport with wave and crest.*

*A sparkling laughing source of joy
Well loved by hills and isles,
A home for beasts; a haunt for birds
On whom the Spirit smiles.*

*And there when tinged with varied hues
The sun sinks to its lair,
Shadows and lights play back and forth
On Gunstock's summit fair.*

*Smile of the Spirit, Great, Divine,
Thy sunset speaks of night
As, tinged with varied hues of heaven,
Our soul takes outward flight.*

*I know a lake where mountains stand
Like sentinels above,
'Mid shifting changing winds and clouds
Pictures of constant love.*

*Oh, may thy blue and tossing waves
Or distant purple skies
Long tempt the weary wanderer's feet
To where thy beauty lies!*

LETTER FROM ELLA BARTHOLOMEW TO EVELYN BRANN

(written September 1938 after the hurricane)

Saturday

Dear Evelyn,

I have just returned from your house. The house stands just as if no tornado had passed over it, but the trees in the rear and extending past Lillian's cottage is just a fallen mass of wreckage - trees and branches all an indescribable tangle. I just could not get from your house to Lillian's on account of the wreckage. I shall land at the old beach and see how things are there. Mr. B. went that way to the Holmes camp but has not returned.

On Wednesday Mr. B. went over to Mr. Holmes's camp to listen on the radio to the ball game. Mrs. H. came over here for a call. She said there was a 0 (force?) 6 wind and the waves on her shore were very high. In fact, the mail boat came direct from Birch here as the waves were so bad they did not like to cross the Broads. She left about five and the wind was rising. Mr. B. got home about half an hour later. Then it was raining hard as well as blowing. Soon the branches from the trees began to fall and the waves were tremendous. Wind from the S.E. but there was such a backwash that the waves were much the highest that we have ever seen. Mr. B. rescued his boat from the rocks and got it on shore so that it is as good as it was before.

It soon grew dark and the branches fell all around. For several hours the falling branches sounded like hail on the roof. Soon the trees began to crash - a large tree fell just north of the house, a larger one fell just south but the ones in the rear stood firm. They would have fallen on the roof of the kitchen. We ate our supper and played anagrams while the wind roared and the trees crashed. Our watch was an hour slow and we thought we lay down about half-past ten but it was really half-past eleven. By that time the wind had somewhat abated but we did not undress and kept our coats within reach to be prepared for any emergency.

We lost eighty or ninety trees but they are somewhat scattered and no great tangle on our lot. The two beautiful pines which your mother set out in front of the old camp are down. The birches back of the old camp fell on the chimney and knocked that to pieces. Lillian's house is not injured and Vincent's escaped ham.

The Holmeses lost heavily - about forty large pines around the house are down. The veranda roof and also the house roof slightly injured. Also the "Carol" broke her moorings, went on the rocks and smashed a hole in the bottom. I feel awfully bad for them. Mrs. H. looked terribly the next day.

Mrs. Burch's place (is) a mass of tangled wreckage and her boathouse in splinters. House not much injured. The Arnolds lost many trees. The beautiful pine grove in rear (is) a mass of tangled wreckage. No serious damage to Sarah's house or the Stenhouse's, the Borden's, or Hartshorns'. I think probably there can be some salvage of the pine trees for lumber if someone looks after it carefully.

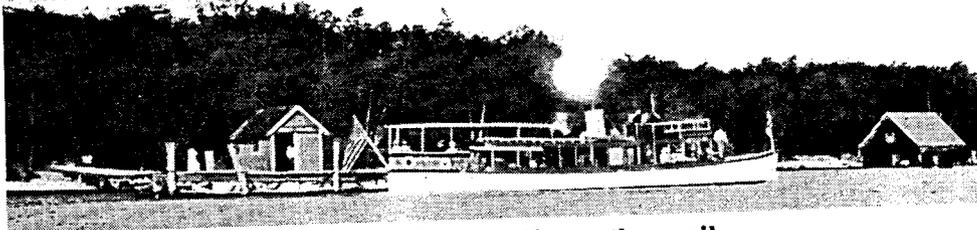
I began this Saturday. This is now Monday afternoon. This morning was beautiful and Mr. B. and I went over to Bear Island and the Newland camp. Her lot is a perfect mass of wreckage. We counted six immense trees in front of the house one on top of the other. Mr. B. climbed over them and reconnoitered. Four large trees on top of house, 2 on veranda. Roofs on both broken. I could not get over the wreckage. Their wonderful grove of huge pine trees in rear of house flat for quite a long distance back. I imagine she can get something for the logs for lumber but the beauty of the place is gone.

Birch Island is indescribable. The Bucks, Dr. Tucker, Thompsons, and Lymans have all been up to look over the situation. They came Sunday.

We hope to go home Thursday but of course the roads are not yet very good. We are both well and have stood the racket better than could be expected. Fay's iceboat went on the rocks and smashed to splinters. Two of his other boats injured. He saved the fourth by risking his life, but came through all right. If I can explain anything better, write and I will try to answer.

Yours sincerely,

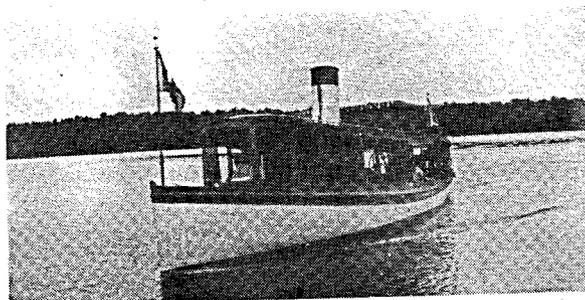
Ella Taber Bartholomew



"Uncle Sam" delivers the mail

After the mail service was begun, Dr. Saltmarsh had another boat built, the Dolphin. She was 42 feet long and had a glassed-in forward compartment for the mail and express matter, and a sheltered place for passengers in the stern. She carried thirty passengers. The Dolphin went into service in August, 1902. Captain Lewis bought the Dolphin from Dr. Saltmarsh in May, 1903. She carried the mail until he had the Uncle Sam built in the winter of 1906, and put her into commission in June, 1907. Service by Captain Lewis continued until 1933 when the contract was given to Mr. Claude Dame. Mr. Dame hired the Marshall Foch to carry him to deliver the mail to the islands. The Marshall Foch was formerly the Windermere owned by Mr. Greene of Long Island and now owned by Leander Lavallee and captained by his son, Edward.

Upon Mr. Dame's retirement, Joseph Lavertue had charge of the mail service on the Uncle Sam for a short time. He was succeeded by Edward Lavallee, the present postmaster. Others who have helped make the mail service to the campers a successful venture are Vernon Cotton, who was often at the wheel, Mr. Stephen Crowther, a Laconia teacher, and his son, Tommy, who worked as deckhands during their summer vacations, and John and Allan Perley. During July and August the mail boat runs twice a day regardless of the weather. Once in September Mr. Lavallee even ran through a hurricane to make the one delivery.



1904 "The Dolphin"

The men in charge of the mail delivery to the campers have always done many favors for the islanders whose welfare they always had at heart. When Mr. and Mrs. Holmes who lived at the far end of Jolly Island from the boat landing were alone on the island in October for several years, Mr. Dame use to run the Uncle Sam past the Holmes' shore, blow his whistle, then tie up at the boat dock, and wait for them to walk through the woods to the wharf in order to take their outgoing mail.

For years the mailboat brought bread, milk, candy, groceries, freight, express parcels, and loads of passengers, many of whom came miles each year to have a ride on the Uncle Sam, and see its unique way of delivering mail.

After over 50 years of service by the boat, the inspector pronounced the Uncle Sam unfit unless her hull and decks underwent extensive repairs. To the regret of all, she no longer sails among the islands delivering mail. Another boat brings the mail but the Uncle Sam will, in memory, remain the mail boat to the campers whom she served for so many years.

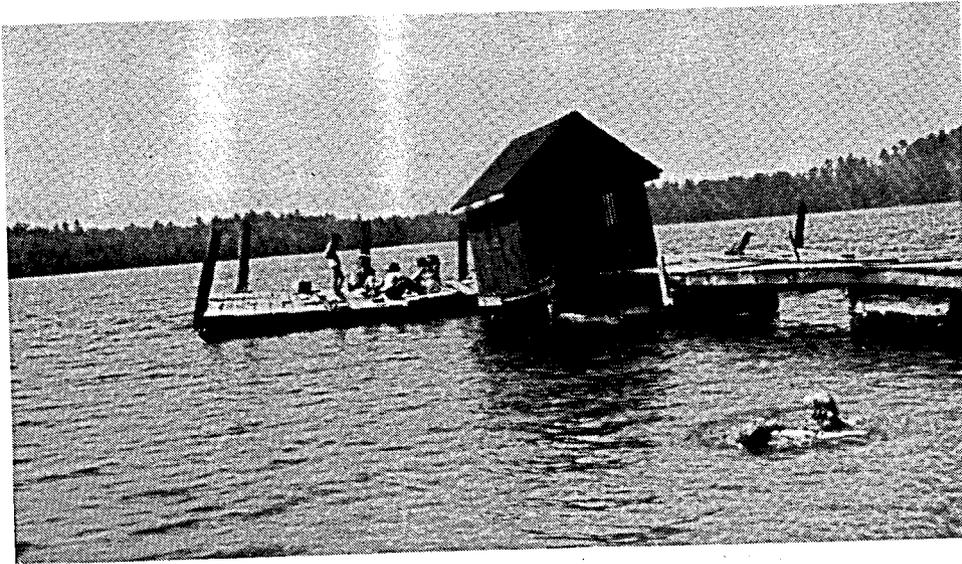
(NOTE: The "Sophie C" continues in service in 1992, although visits to the islands have been reduced to once each day.)

THE CHANNEL LANTERNS

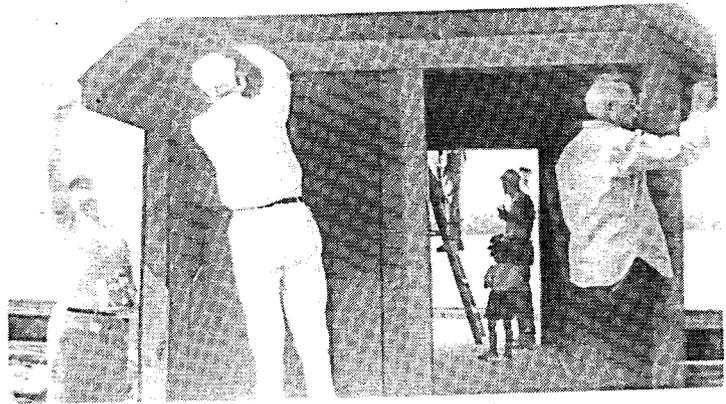
From the papers of Mabel Borden Wade Spaulding - 1894-1982



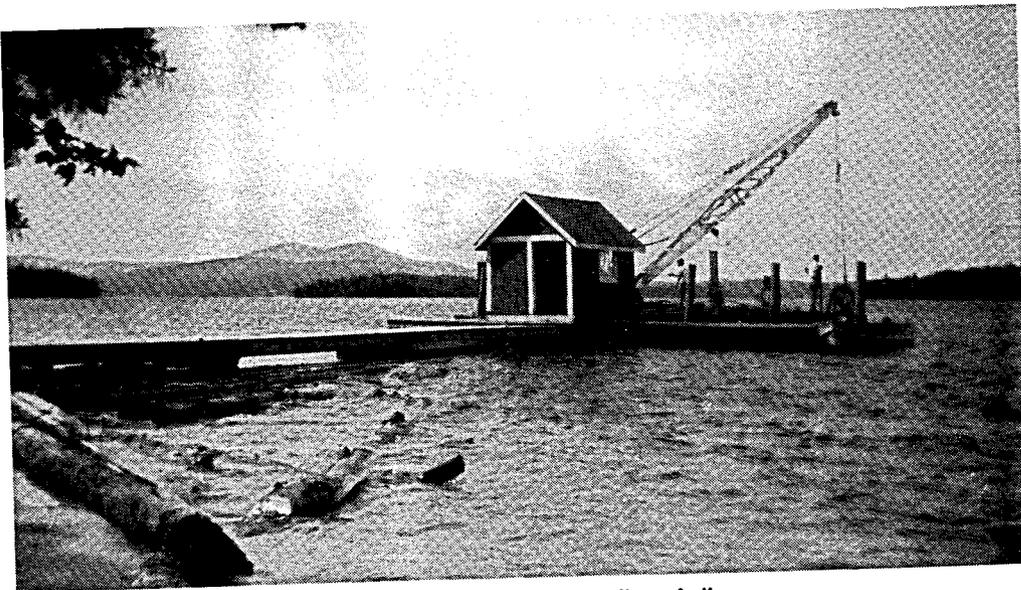
These lanterns are given to the Gilford Historical Society by Miss Fay H. Newland of 321 West Clinton Street, New Bedford, Mass. who spent many pleasant summers with her parents at their summer camp on East Bear Island. The lanterns were given to her father, Rev. John H. Newland, by George W. Green, a neighbor, who worked his farm on Bear Island during the summer and among many other activities changed the lanterns on three of the buoys that marked the channels among the islands before the present system of flashing lights was installed. A pile was driven close to each buoy and the lanterns were hung on iron rods projecting from the pile. They were changed every other night. Mr. Green serviced the lights near the north end of Sandy Island, at the Barber's Pole near Tuftonboro Neck and Melvin Island. He often took a group of young people from East Bear, Birch or Jolly Island with him in the evening and many of those who are still privileged to return to the islands each summer recall with pleasure the moonlight sails with Mr. Green to "light the lights."



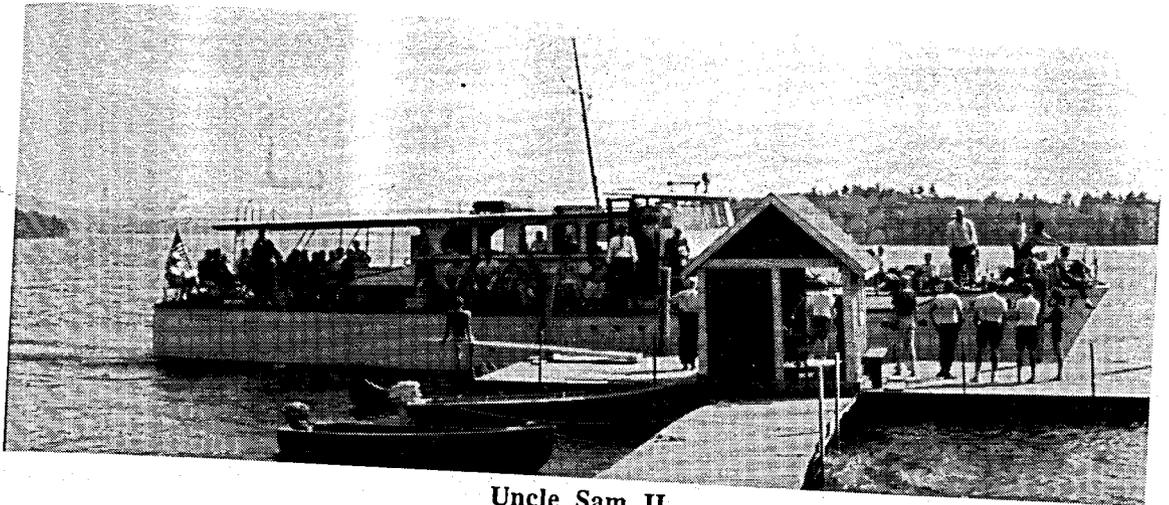
1947 Main dock in need of repair



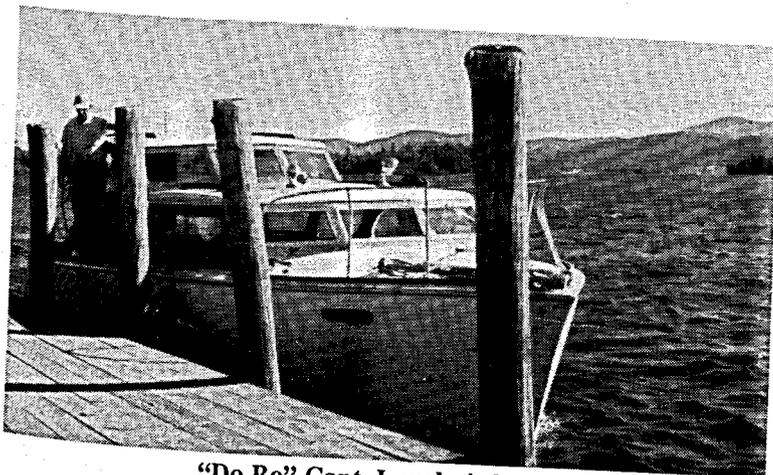
Vincent Simon, Milton Borden
Bernie Wade working together



Getting the job done "again"



Uncle Sam II
1963-1967 Mailboat



"Do Bo" Capt. Lavalee's boat
served as mailboat in 1962 and 1968



"Sophie C" mailboat
1969 to present



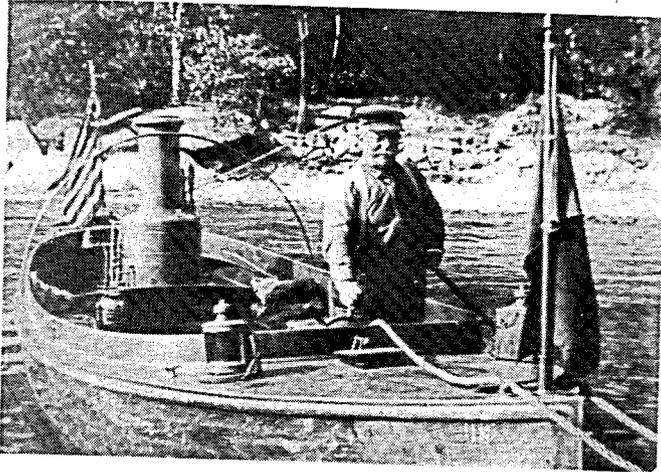
1969 Captain LaVallee
Mailman on the "Sophie C"



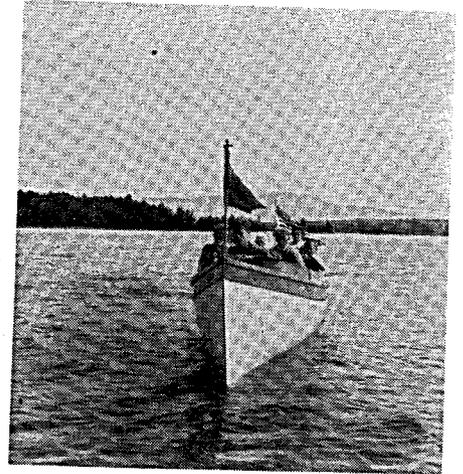
1992 Jolly Island celebrates
100 years of mailboat service



EARLY BOATS



"Electra" with Charles Stenhouse



"Northfield" Holmes Boat



"Orion" Borden Boat

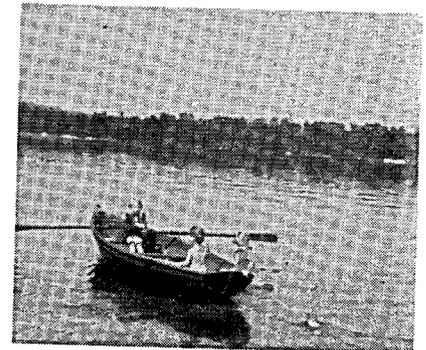


1947 Going to town
Mabel and Bernie Wade
Vincent Simon, Bruce Borden



Lemonade?

1950s Alan and Peter Habbe

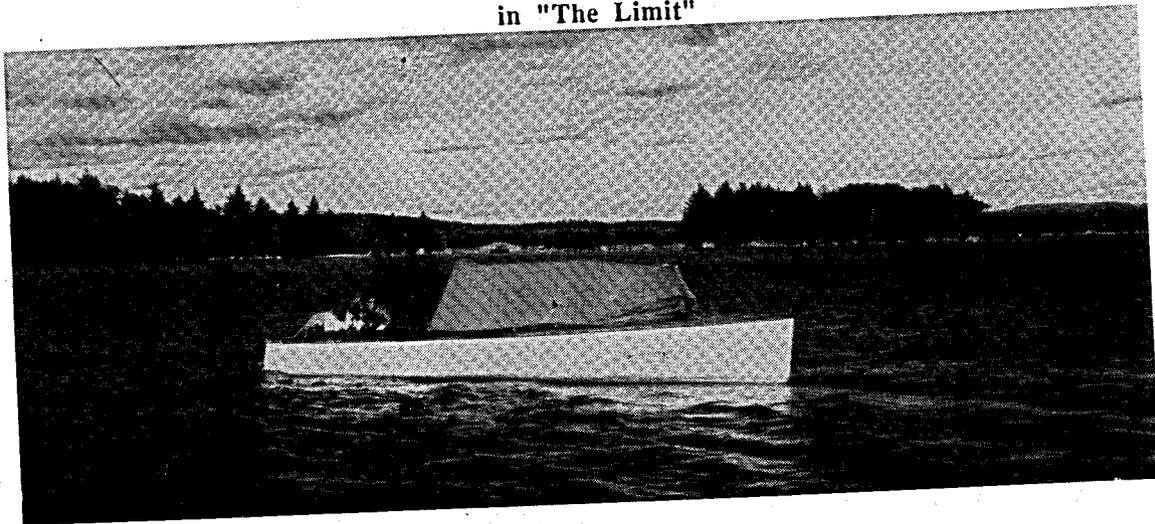


Fairman rowboat
Faith, Ray and friend

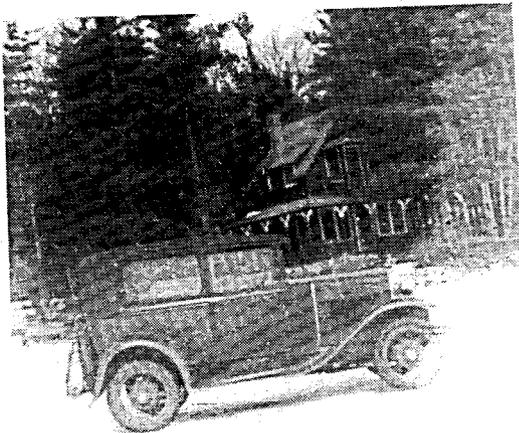
REMEMBERING ERNEST ABBOTT



Ernest Abbott
in "The Limit"



Abbott's "The Limit" with storm canvas up

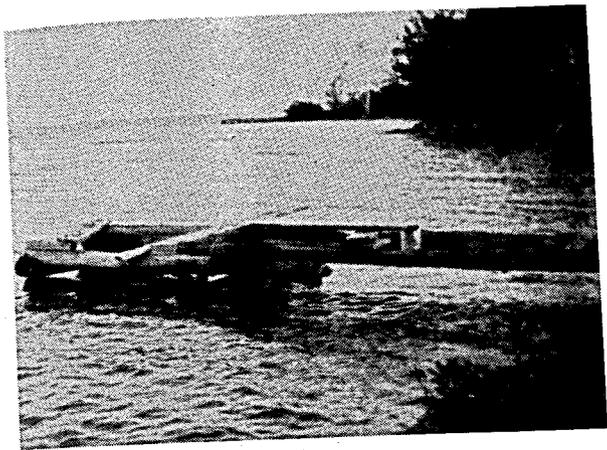


1947 Abbott checks
Habbe Camp



1904 "Spinach Green" and his Milkboat

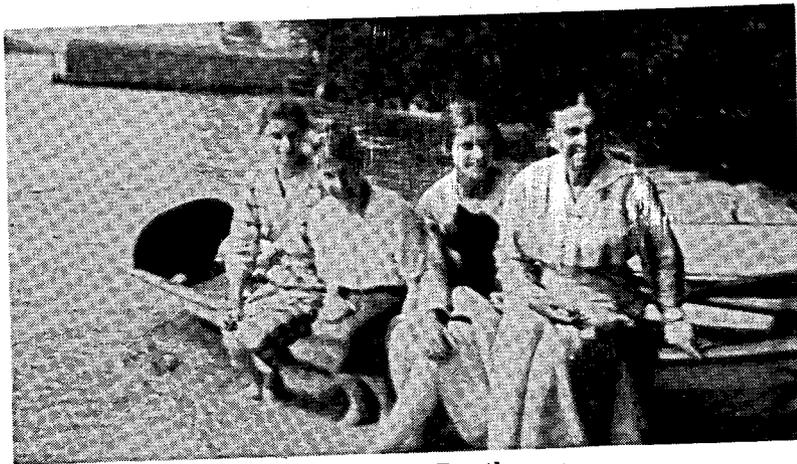
FOUR ORIGINAL BOATHOUSES



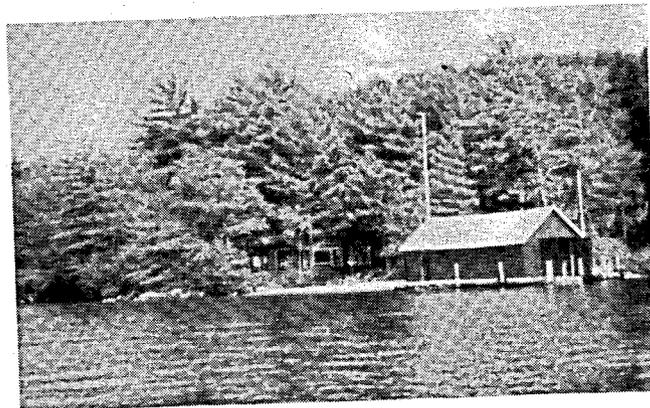
Holmes Boathouse
Destroyed in '38 Hurricane



Stenhouse Boathouse
Destroyed in '38 Hurricane

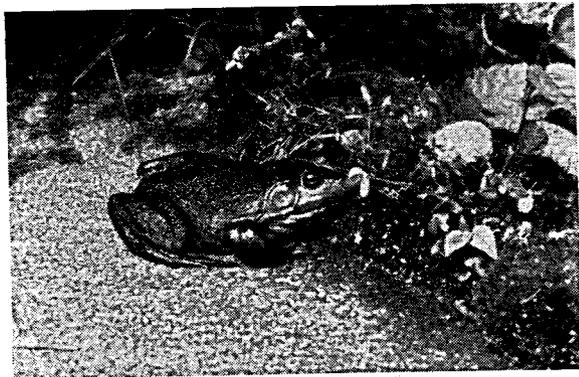


1915 Borden Boathouse
Destroyed in '38 Hurricane
Edna, Mabel, Florence and Lizzie

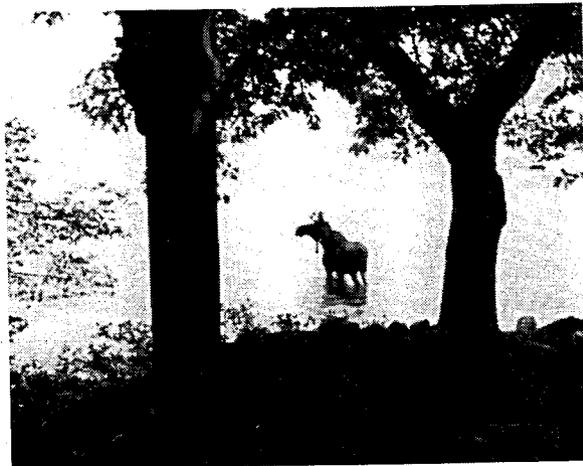


Fox Boathouse
Still Standing

JOLLY ISLAND NATURE



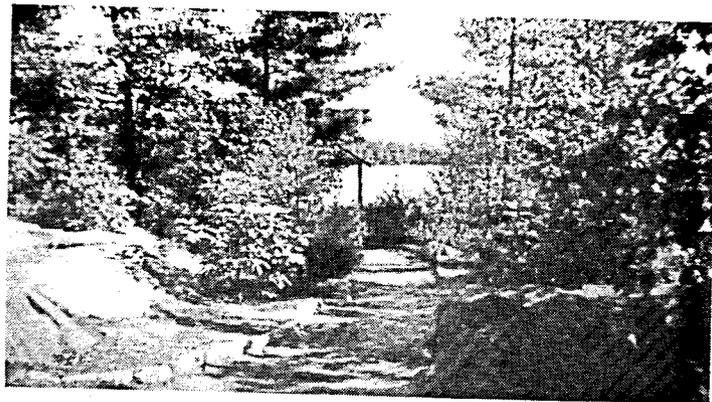
Bullfrog by King's Wharf



1981 Bullmoose visits
Jolly Island



Lauder Miller
feeds the deer



1943 More Undergrowth
before the deer



Adorable, but not
in the house!



Lunchtime for the ducks



Feeding the deer



1941 Very low water



1938 Hurricane
Simon's beach



1938 Hurricane
Simon Camp

WINNIPESAUKEE

by Emery L. Bradford

*Have you seen the "Smile of God,"
girt about by mountain shores
With its Islands, Hills, and Silence;
and eternal out-of-doors,
Where the verdant round of forest
meets the coming of the day,
Where the fleecy clouds of Summer
on the sky-line melt away,
And there's not an ounce of trouble
Anywhere?*

*Where the loon-cry in the morning
will be sounding at the door,
With the whisper of the west wind,
and the swish along the shore;
Where the mighty voice of thunder
rumbles down the valley dim,
And the beauty of the sunset
leads our tranquil thoughts to Him.
Where the stars are shining brightly—
Me For There!*

Rev. Emery L. Bradford,
Birch Island

ISLAND FUN AND ACTIVITIES



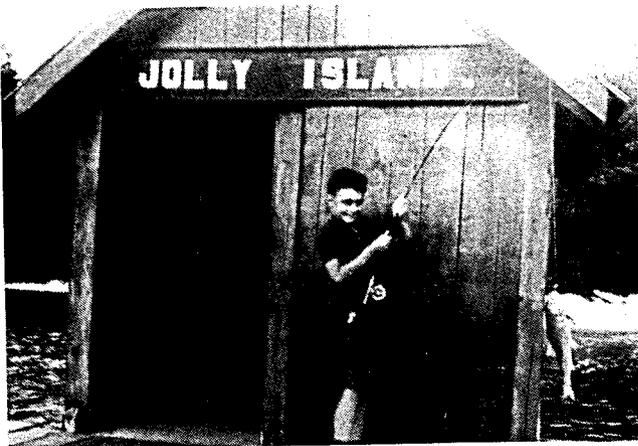
1923 Milton, Jr. and
George Borden



1905 "Jolly Campers"
Holmes Camp



1920s Grandpa Borden



1936 Bruce Borden



1933 Bruce & Elwood Borden & Cousin
Diving off Main Dock



1912 George, Edna
Florence and Mabel Borden



1947 "Rummy 500"
Florence, Milton, Ed and Ruth



1947 Making Ice Cream



1956 Bernie Wade



1933 Milton Borden
cooking dinner



1986 Tara Slade
"Time for a bath"



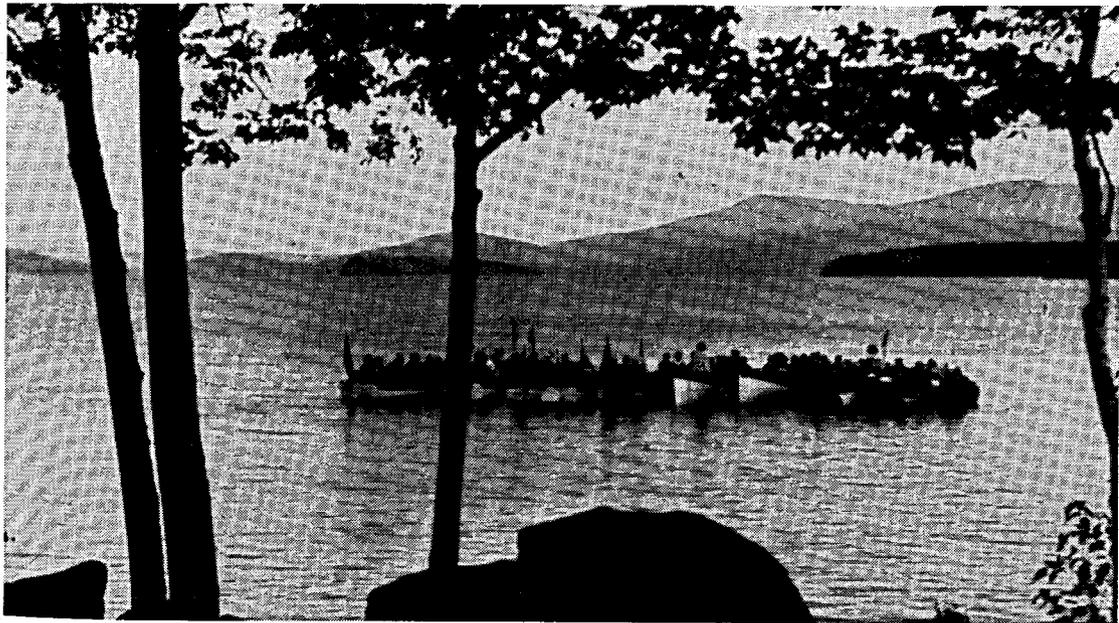
Backyard Showers

THE TABERNACLE AND RELIGIOUS SERVICES

Religious services began on Jolly in 1893. The current Sunday School lessons were discussed. Birch Islanders were invited to join. The services were held at different camps at first, but as the group began to outgrow space available in individual camps a pulpit and seats were built in the center of Jolly Island. Birch Island people rowed over and landed on the Simon beach and walked up the path from the shore. In 1904 the Sunday School lessons were dropped and regular church services were held with a different minister preaching the sermon each Sunday. For a while the children separated from the adults during the singing of the hymn before the sermon, and one of the adults (in later years Helen Holmes) had charge of them and taught the Sunday School lesson.

Later in 1926 Birch Island built a sanctuary and services were held alternately on the two islands. Because of a lack of transportation for many of the Birch Island campers and due to the difficulty Rev. Bradford, the church leader for many years, had walking through the woods to the Jolly chapel, all of the Sunday services were eventually held on Birch.

At one of the Sunday afternoon services in the summer of 1909 Rev. Edward H. Smith, at home on furlough from his missionary work in China, told the congregation of his work in that great country. The interest was great and a movement was started to provide financial support for a chapel in Dai Kau, in Foochow of which Mr. Smith had charge. At the suggestion of Judge Raymond from Birch it was named the "Smile of God Chapel." Once a year Rev. Smith sent a letter to the islands telling of his work and a collection was taken up not only at the afternoon service but also at the evening song service. One hundred dollars or more was collected and sent to Rev. Smith for his work. On subsequent furloughs Rev. Smith returned to the lake to tell of the successful work being done.



1900 Early Vesper Service Hymn Sing Off Hall Shore

In 1897 a service of song, using the Methodist hymnal, was initiated one hour before sunset on Sunday evenings. Captain Luce, from Birch, would often carry on his cat boat a small organ and anchor in the lee of either Birch or Jolly Island. Others came in row boats which tied together. With a leader standing in the cat boat the campers joined in singing the old hymns, anyone who wished calling out the number of his or her favorite hymn. A prayer was offered at the end of the service and as the boats untied to return home at sunset, "God Be With You 'Til We Meet Again," was sung. After the motor boat came to the lake, people came from more distant islands to the song service, and at the peak of the vacation period as many as 150 attended. Mr. Frank J. Scoby and Mr. J.R.D. Oldham of Birch Island, and Mr. Vincent Simon and Miss Edna Holmes of Jolly Island were frequent leaders.

(This report was found with papers of Mabel Borden Wade Spaulding. It has been edited by Grace King.)

The Christian Life

564 GOD BE WITH YOU 9. 8. 8. 9. *With Refrain*

WILLIAM G. TOMER

1. God be with you till we meet a - gain! By his coun-sels guide, up-hold you,

With his sheep se - cure - ly fold you; God be with you till we meet a - gain!

REFRAIN

Till we meet! . . . Till we meet! Till we meet at Je - sus' feet;
Till we meet! Till we meet a - gain! Till we meet!

Till we meet! . . . Till we meet! God be with you till we meet a - gain! A - MEN.
Till we meet! Till we meet a - gain!

By permission of J. E. Rankin

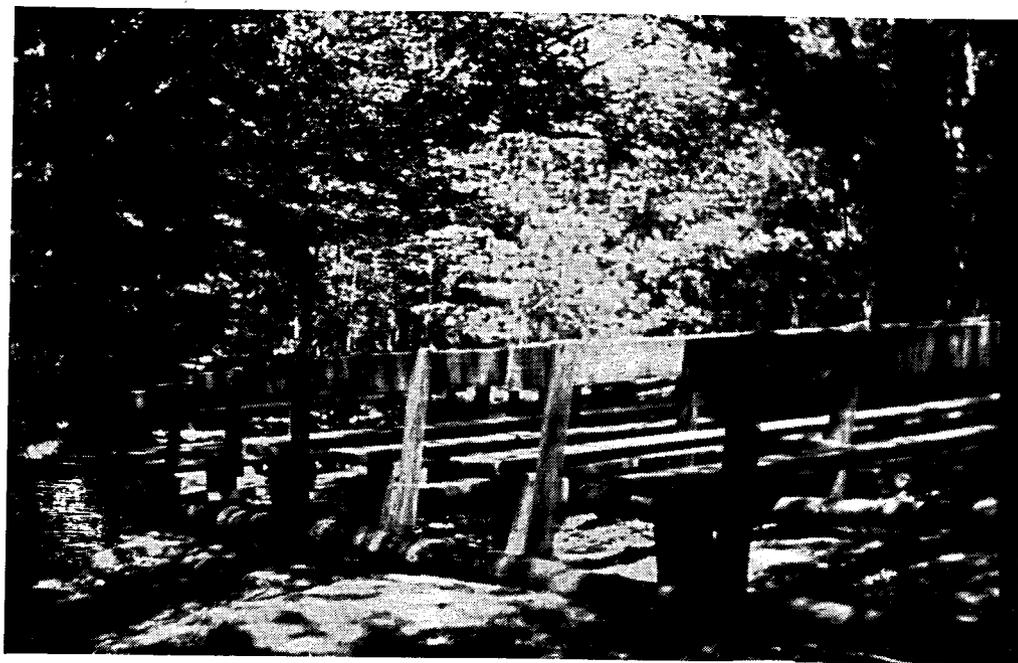
2 God be with you till we meet again!
'Neath his wings securely hide you,
Daily manna still provide you;
God be with you till we meet again!

3 God be with you till we meet again!
When life's perils thick confound you,

Put his arms unfailing round you;
God be with you till we meet again!

4 God be with you till we meet again!
Keep love's banner floating o'er you,
Smite death's threatening wave before you!
God be with you till we meet again!

JEREMIAH E. RANKIN



**Jolly Island Chapel
Rebuilt in 1912**

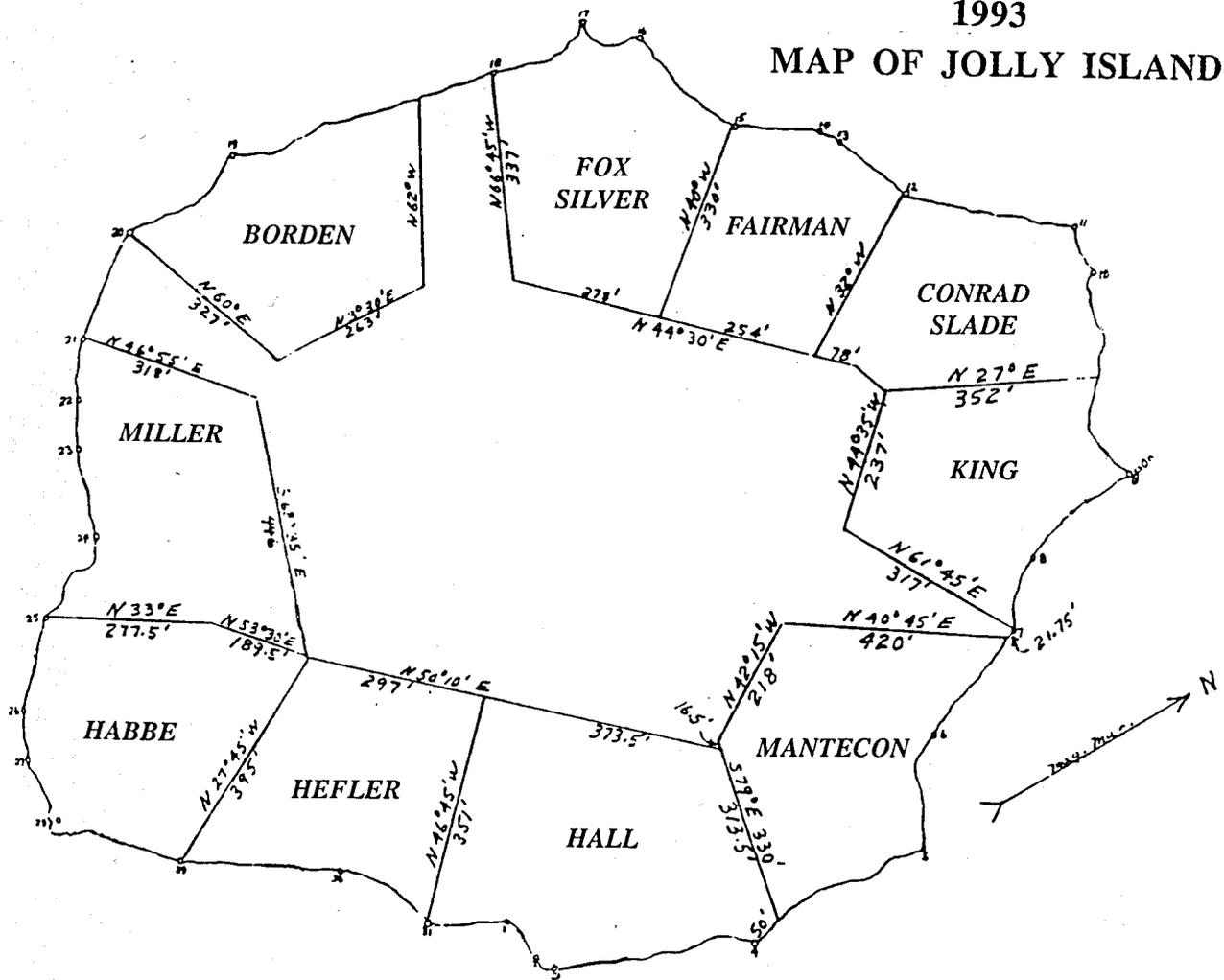


**1941 Jolly Island Wedding
of Edna Holmes and Kenneth Rogers
From left: Walter Holmes, Kenneth,
Edna and Elizabeth Holmes**

Chapter 4

PRESENT-DAY FAMILIES

1993
MAP OF JOLLY ISLAND



The remaining pages in this commemorative book consist of contributions submitted by the 1993 inhabitants of Jolly Island. The contributions are varied. They include family histories, reminiscences of earlier days, reflections on the beauty and loveliness of the Lake and the Island, reports of changing traditions and practices. Some have demonstrated their love of the lake through poetry. In some cases several family members have written. The contributions are as varied and exciting as our people who make up the population of Jolly Island.

The headings for each property show the chronological changes in ownership throughout the past one hundred years. A slash (/) in the heading represents a change of family. Names separated by a hyphen are all within the same family. The order of presentation of the family reports is clockwise around the island starting from the mailboat dock, following the order of the family reminiscences written by Katharine Fairman in Chapter 2. The accompanying map shows the ownership of property in 1993.

BORDEN

by Joyce Chandler Borden



The Borden Camp

The large boulder in front of the Borden camp is inscribed "July 2, 1894". Harrison T. Borden heard of Jolly Island from his friend, Reverend Bartholomew, who presided at the wedding of Harry Borden and Lizzie Tripp in 1890 in New Bedford, Mass. The lot he purchased was the last available on Jolly Island, and it is situated just north of the present main dock, provides a fine view of the Belknap Mountains, beautiful sunsets, and, from the Borden dock, the stretch of the Lake north to Red Hill and the Sandwich Range.



1914 Mabel, Edna, cousin George & Milton Borden



Edna and George Borden
Mountain Climbing

There was a generous beach in front of the newly built two-large-room, two-story cottage with front porch. A few years later a lean-to kitchen and dining room were added to "Crescent Beach". Guests and children slept in tents and the large boat house to the north.

Early photos picture boating, swimming, visits from relatives and friends, and play with pet dogs and pet crows. Snapshots show many smiling Jolly Island young people on mountain climbing trips, and riding in the large boat of George Greene (who sold fresh fruit and vegetables to the islanders) when at evening time he lit many of the buoy lights on the lake.



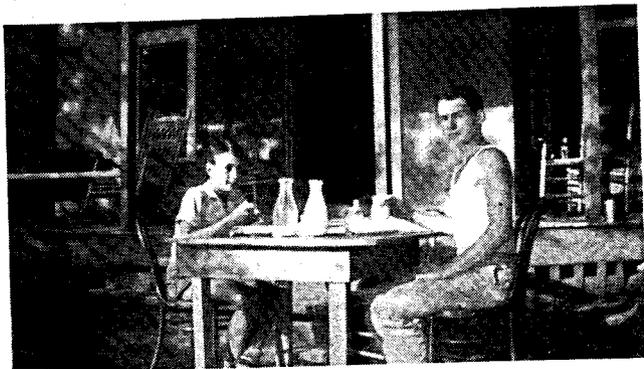
1922 Lizzie Borden
and grandson Milton, Jr.



1938 Bruce and Milton, Jr.

Harry and Lizzie brought their four children up to Jolly Island from New Bedford, Mass. every summer. At first they traveled by train, with their trunks in the baggage car, and later they came by auto. Either way, the trip took from dawn to dark. Carlton was born in 1892, Milton in 1893, Mabel, 1894, and Edna in 1902. They joined in all the island social life of daily mailboat visits, Sunday evening vesper services, and other island events.

Later, Carlton and Helen's daughter, Priscilla, and Carlton enjoyed annual lake visits and mountain climbing together. Milton and Florence's two sons, Milton, Jr., and Bruce joined Mabel and Bernie Wade, and Edna and Grandpa Harry during the twenties and thirties for summer vacations.



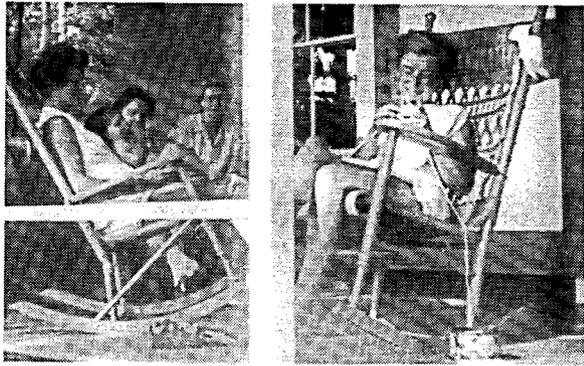
1938 Elwood and Bruce
at supper time



1950 Bruce as a patrol officer



1943 Bruce Borden



1953 Joyce holding Nancy, Mabel
and Edna, Rose knitting

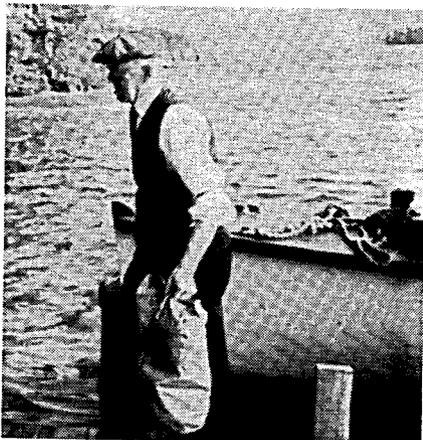


1947 Mabel and Bernie Wade

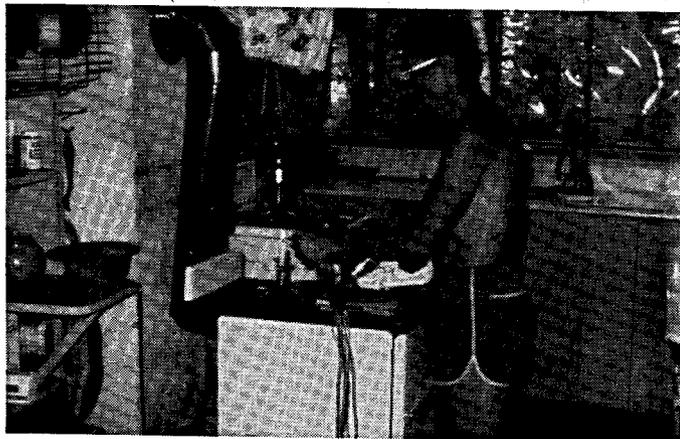
After WWII, Bruce married Joyce Chandler from nearby Camp Island. Joyce's great-grandfather, Charles F. Brown, born on Long Island, was owner/captain of three successive lake steamboats (*Naugatuck, Mineola, and Eagle*) engaged mainly in the business of freighting and towing on the lake, from the early 1850s for the next forty years. Joyce and Bruce spent part of each summer at Jolly, and part at Camp Island with their three children, Nancy, Richard and Jonathan.

Milton, Jr. and Rose Borden were at Jolly Island with their three children, Amy, Susan, and Carey, each summer. Priscilla Borden Sperry and husband Bob also spent time on Jolly Island when their two sons, Tim and Nathaniel, were small.

All of Harry and Lizzie's children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren have had a great love for Jolly Island, and have many memories of happy times together. From early times until the late fifties, George Borden, nephew to Harry, was invited each summer for several weeks. He looked after Milton, Jr., when he was small, and also joined in the mountain climbing, and, with all the others, helped chop wood for the stoves, lug pails of water, and helped carry groceries or luggage from the boat to the camp.



1942 George Borden



Milton E. Borden, Jr.

In 1949, Milton, Jr. ("Elwood") and Bruce built a large sleeping cabin south of the main camp. Snapshots of Bernie, Milton (Sr.), and George wielding hammers at the new cabin show that all pitched in, with Mabel and Edna providing delicious hot meals for all. Milton and Florence thought a second kitchen would help out with kitchen duties, and about 1964, a kitchen was added to the sleeping cabin by Elwood, Bruce and a carpenter. In 1992, a carpenter added a new deck to the front and back of this cabin.

A badminton/croquet court, large and level, built long ago, provides good opportunity for basketball and volleyball as well, and has been enjoyed by all for many decades.

In 1988, a new breakwater and wharf to moor two boats was built to replace the ragged remains of the old "new" wharf built following the 1938 hurricane.

In 1993, there is a new generation of children who each year look forward to summer sunny days at the lake. Amy (Borden) Marquis, husband Roger and their two children, Aaron and Kara, arrive frequently, accompanied by many pets.

Nancy (Borden) Ingersoll and her husband, Jon (our best windsurfer), bring Tyler, Jenny and Anne for several weeks each year.

Jon and Kathy Borden's two small children, Andrew and Leanne, also have spent each summer at the lake since they were babies.



Amy and Roger Marquis
Kara & Aaron



Carleton Borden
age 91



1983 Carey Borden



1989 Joyce and Bruce's children
and grandchildren



1983 Priscilla and Bruce

Priscilla Borden Sperry's son, Tim, and wife, Lynn, are looking forward to sharing Jolly Island fun with their son, Matthew. Priscilla's son, Nathaniel, and his wife Teresa, live in Eugene, Oregon, and are the proud parents of a daughter, Elta Rose.

BORDEN CAMP MEMORIES

by Nancy Borden Ingersoll (1952-)

As a child I remember pot roast dinners with Aunt Mabel (Wade) and Aunt Edna (Borden). There were many pleasant evenings sitting out on their porch talking, and watching the sun set and the stars come out. I remember my grandfather, Milton Borden, splitting firewood behind the woodshed and the squeak of the pump as someone filled a bucket.

I remember having the best time swimming with the Silvers, the Slades, the Millers, the DeVivos and our cousins, the Bordens at the mailboat, and jumping off the dock and into the wake of the mailboat after it left. We loved playing around the dock, carving our initials in the wood and dodging the swallows who were protecting their nest in the wharf house. On cool days we would spend hours building forts in the woods with fallen branches. Our children have enjoyed doing these things, too.

I remember reading in the hammock with no sounds except the wind blowing through the trees and across the water.

I loved it when everyone on the island gathered twice a day at the mailboat dock for picking up the mail, newspapers, and milk. Aunt Enda always brought a basket for her milk. It was fun to see who came to the mailboat each day and hear the latest news on the island and stories of the day.

The main house of our camp was named "Crescent Beach," which always confused me as a child, because there was no beach in front of the house at the time, although one is there now. This and the date, 1894, chiseled in stone in front of the house made me realize that I was only one member of a generation continuing in traditions begun by my relatives many years ago. Jolly Island has given our family roots and a place we can come back to year after year and it will almost always be the same. It is a place where time stands still in an otherwise rapidly changing world. Opening the cabin in the spring for the first time confirms us each year that although branches may have fallen and mice may have had their fun in the kitchen, the mountains and the islands have not changed. The water is still blue and the swallows are still building a nest in the rafters of the wharf house.

JOLLY ISLAND MEMORIES FROM MOSCOW

by Richard (Dickie) Borden (1953-)

From here, Jolly Island seems less a faraway place than an improbable dream. The thought of Lake Winnepesaukee amid the slurps and snuffles in this smokey Moscow cafeteria awakens at first not so much a stream of sun-dappled pictures as a sort of twinge and tingle, a sad and sweet, nameless sort of thing probably having something to do with having, once upon a time, been a regular visitor to an enchanted place, a fantastic, timeless garden that some Conjuror somehow managed to reproduce faithfully year after year to our sustained amazement...whereas nowadays, willy nilly, one's always ending up in these very time-bound, lumpy sorts of places.

Given another chance, however, the thought of Jolly Island still sprouts a fair array of bright snaps: old Ernie Abbott, all calluses and cloth cap, tucking sleeping bags and sleeping kids under the tarp of his wonderfully long and skinny, impossibly capacious boat, which bangs and tosses, champing at its bit, as the last luggage is loaded for the final leg, on the last day of summer, to Glendale; the raccoon that holed up in the wharfhouse and kept us all, scared, from meeting the Mailboat for what must have been, in childhood, weeks; diving all day for clams, for no purpose whatsoever; mining that smooshy gray clay--as precious as lake clams--which, on the hottest days of August, beckons with a ghostly kind of white from down around the pilings, gloomy and deep beneath the dock; building a play house on the upended oak, and finding it still there the next spring; wrestling unruly propane; block and tackling the refrigerator; sweeping October pine needles from the eaves spouts, surprised yet again by how strange it all looks from up here.

Most insistently, however, returns a different moment, from twenty nine or thirty years ago, when silent and sleepy I sit in the gray wicker rocker on the front veranda of Crescent Beach, long after dark, with the only two lights in sight tracing a slow, monotonous path of white and red just off Bear Island, the latter, carmine fellow apparently destined to steady, but futile pursuit of his more brilliant buddy, until, as they round the Camp Lawrence buoy, red makes a crazy, desperate dash, the two embrace, and the low drone fades away...and in the silence we await those four measured, sibilant sighs that brush the shore as soon as you forget. Auntie Mabel is keeping her own, quiet counsel, except to opine now and then, in well-worn apothegms, on the weather to Mommy, who's agreeable to even the most severe doctrine on this matter. Auntie Edna is humming to herself, lost--or travelling happily--somewhere far away (the early years at Jolly Island, I always thought), but always game to rehearse for the hundredth time a particular childhood favorite: rowboat, Mr. Greene, Red Hill, blueberries. And from nowhere rushes an unfamiliar intensification, an insistent presence, an unbearable jolt of being Something. But it dissolves in an instant, replaced by the smell of pine and the rocking of chairs and a melting, snuggled sense of belonging to special people and a special place.

FOX-SILVER

Coultas/Wyman/Hartshorne/Ghibellini/Lauber/Fox-Silver

by Phyllis Fox Silver

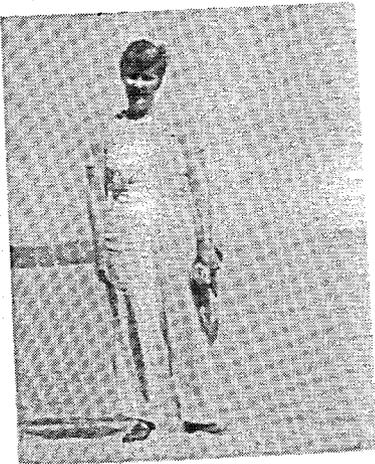


1951 Mary Lou Lauber and daughter, Mimi



1992 Fox Camp showing picture window

After WWII the camp was bought by Urban Lauber. The first improvement was made by replacing the wood burning stove and icebox with propane stove and refrigerator. Coworker James Fox and family rented the camp for the month of August each summer. A few years after Urb's death in 1952, the camp was purchased by James and Edna Fox. Gas lamps were installed in the kitchen and living room. Reading or knitting under these lamps was quite an experience as the bugs that flew into the flame fell down your neck and into your hair. The comfort of indoor plumbing was installed in the early '50s, thanks to much digging in the rocky soil by Jimmy Fox and Ron Silver. A large water barrel was installed on the second floor for



1951 Edna Fox



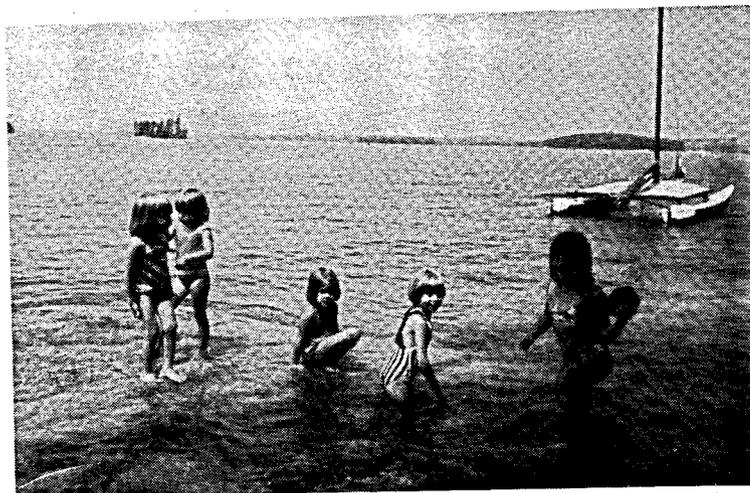
1992 Fox Camp

gravity feed to the kitchen and bathroom. Getting the water up to the barrel was part of daily chores. Each person pumped 50 strokes with the hand pump. The replacement of that pump with a gasoline pump was welcomed. The first electric lights in the camp were made possible with the addition of an Army surplus generator, and shortly after, a second Kohler gasoline generator. By the 1960s, Jim Fox had retired, and he and Edna were spending up to 4 months most comfortably on Jolly Island. A guest house with two bedrooms and a bath had been built to accommodate family and friends. At the same time the living room was extended several feet using the west section of the porch, a picture window included, and a larger and safer fireplace with heatilator was built. Running telephone and electric lines from Bear Island made the final creature comforts possible, and we all appreciate the dependable electrical appliances and especially the lights in every room.



1954

Ron, Phyllis and Judy Silver



1989 Little Silver granddaughters at play

A trip or two to meet the mailboat was part of the daily routine. Judy remembers Mr. Wade doing magic tricks for the kids. Food orders were delivered before Merrill Fay and then George Sawyer started the thrice weekly food deliveries in the '50s. I remember Mr. Wade and the Borden sisters, Edna and Mabel, coming for tea following afternoon mailboat. The ladies wore white gloves and flowered hats and Mr. Wade wore a tie and jacket as always. Miss Arnold exchanged visits and the children enjoyed collecting pine cones for her to use to start her stove.

For children practicing water skills, first being able to swim to the Big Rock, and years later to swim and canoe to the mail dock and eventually around the island were great achievements. Judy and Bill fondly remember those fabulous two Jolly Birch Days and canoeing around Bear Island with Nancy, Dick and Jonathan Borden. Two generations of Silver children remember playing on Spider Web Tree, the root system of the tree felled by a storm behind the Borden camp and picking the now dwindling blueberries and huckleberries for cobbler. The deer have eventually destroyed all the blueberry bushes.



1968 Jim Fox, Jr. and Edna Fox
Jim III, Phyllis and Ron Silver
and grandchildren



Spider Web Tree

For Judy the scariest memory was the fire behind our house. While Jim, Judy, Bill and Phyllis tried vainly to beat it out and rake a break in the leaves, Edna ran through the woods to get the neighbors and all their buckets. A bucket brigade was quickly formed and a fire break raked to quench a rapidly growing threat to the entire island. All of us at the Fox Camp were so grateful for the efforts of all the Islanders young and old (er). When Jim Fox died in 1975, the Islanders gave a beautiful blue spruce tree memorial which was planted near the front porch. Such a nice remembrance. We also planted flowers and tomatoes from time to time. The deer enjoyed these too. One of Judy's fondest memories was July 20, 1969, sitting close to the radio, listening to the first moon landing with Granddaddy while most of the world watched on TV.

Among the books on the shelves in the living room, there is a small notebook containing an "accurate" record of fish caught by one and all anglers at the Fox Camp. Fishing--a favorite past time of all generations, the results enjoyed for breakfasts and dinners. Bob witnessed the "big one" caught in the Broads. When Ron's line eventually took off into the air, he realized he had caught a seagull and cut the line as close to the bird as he could safely get.



Ron Silver with a 1992 catch

Two members of the Fox Camp spent May honeymoons with their brides on Jolly Island. Jimmy and Betty in 1963 and Bill and Robbie in 1978. May nights are cold, but the days were great for canoeing around the quiet and peaceful lake. They remember their badly sunburned thighs. Wouldn't you know the hot water heater broke, so brisk bathing in the cold water was a necessity.

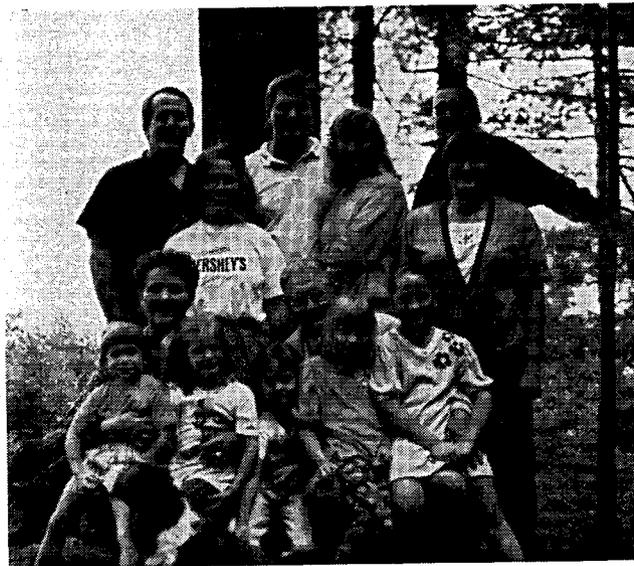
The only time any member of the Fox Camp has braved the winter elements was in February of 1984. Judy, Alan, Bill, Robbie and dog, Chelsea, skied across Bear Island from Meredith to spend a weekend ice fishing. They drilled thru 12" of ice, set their tip-ups, dragged mattresses onto the living room floor, tacked a blanket to cover the archway to the dining room creating a cozy nest once the fireplace was ablaze. For 4 hours they played Monopoly while keeping an eye on the tip-ups. Two fish cooked quickly in the kitchen were enjoyed for dinner.

Summer vacations and Jolly Island are synonymous to the Foxes. The Fox and Silver cousins annually got together on Jolly, at least for a while.

As the Silver family grew, so did the miles between our homes. The last 40 summers we have gathered at Jolly except for 1955 and 1967. All too frequently it is the only time all 13 of us can make it to be together. Oh, the swimming, canoeing, sailing, water skiing, fishing, horseshoe games, constant dock repairs, star gazing wrapped in blankets, moonlight canoe rides, and endless bridge and Risk games. A bit of heaven here on Earth with our favorite people.



Fourth generation Silver granddaughters



1993 Three generations of Silvers



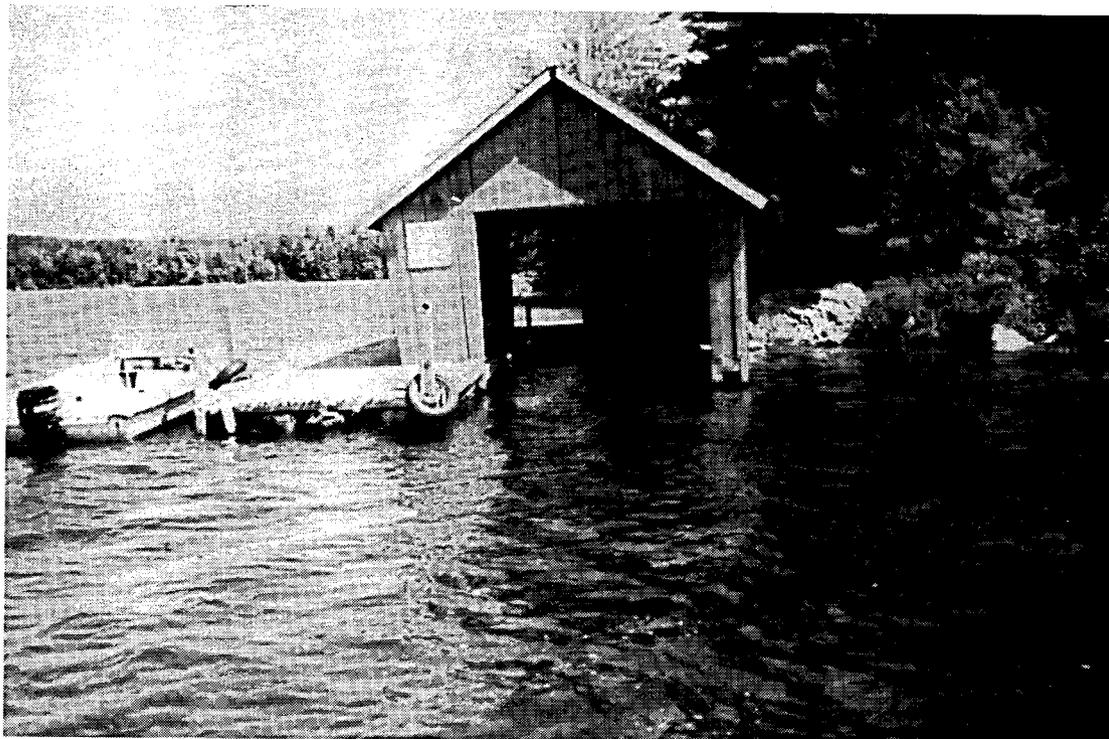
1950 "Jimmy Boat"
Jim, Jr., Edna, Jimmy III, and Phyllis



"Mumsie"

NOTES ON FOX-SILVER CAMP

by Ron Silver



1992 Restored Silver Boathouse
Built Circa 1920

On the inside, original wall of our main house, built in 1892 or 1893, are pencilled in the annual fish catches for several years during the 1890s. For example, 1894 would show 150 lbs. of bass; 1895, 134 lbs., etc. This was not continued after 1899.

Andrew S. Coultas' Jolly Island hymnal was discovered in a public library's used book sale (in CT) many years after leaving the Island. Coultas sold his place in 1924 and may have taken the hymnal away then. It is clearly signed and dated, including "Jolly Island," and is in excellent condition. Robbie Silver found the hymnal and returned it to its proper home about five years ago.

We had hoped our boathouse restoration would not be too noticeable and it appears we have been successful. The inside decks are all new and last summer we accomplished the tough job of returning the boathouse to vertical, with new main supports in place. If it stands up to this first winter it should be good for many years to come. As for dating the original, I think it may have been sometime in the late 1920s that it was built, probably by Mr. Ghibellini, who purchased our camp from Coultas. However, I have no hard proof of this.

FAIRMAN

Bartholomew-Ingalls-Fairman

JOLLY ISLAND - A PLACE AND TIME TO RELAX

by Katharine Fairman (1909-)

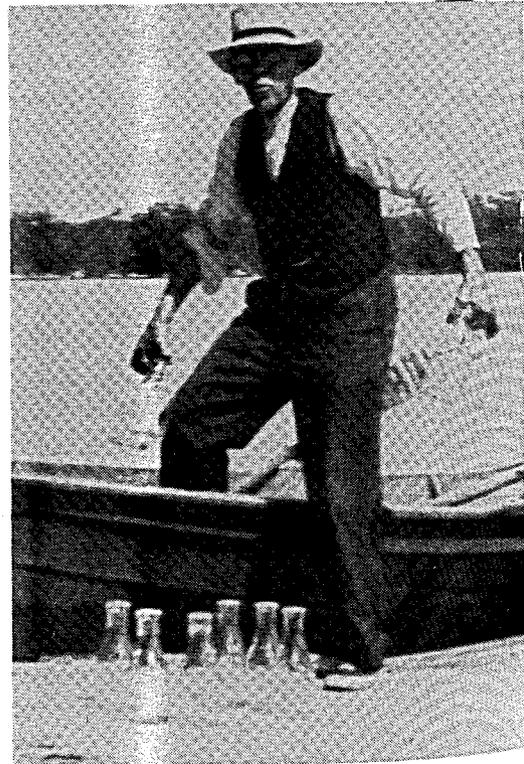
"Jolly Island", a place and time to relax and enjoy one's family. Eleven months of the year these men worked ten to twelve hours a day serving the public. This left little time to help or enjoy family. Jolly Island fostered family togetherness.

I was privileged to become part of Jolly Island eighteen years after the first settlers arrived. For eighty-three years it has been "home". It is the constant in my life. I am sure this is true of others on the island today. I dream it will be to my children and my children's children ad infinitum.

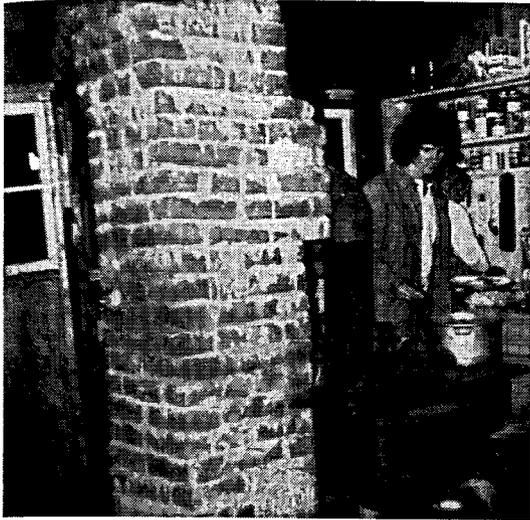
Jolly Island was my first love. At ten months I loved my play-pen. It was a packing box, large enough to afford security but shallow so that I could see over it. I loved the evening rows, snuggled in Grandmother's arms, smiled upon by Grandfather.



1914
Three generations
The Rev. James and Ella Bartholomew,
daughter Josephine, granddaughter Katharine Ingalls



1942 Rev. Bartholomew
at the Main Dock



Serving dinner
Chimney still in use was
built in 1899 by Rev. Bartholomew



1989 Katharine and George Fairman
build an extension on the kitchen

As the years passed, Grandfather taught me to row and care for the boat; to swim, but to always swim toward something solid; to love the simple life; to be inventive, using whatever was on hand to do a job; to have fun; to help others; to live a good life.

Growing up, Grandfather and I rowed to mainland at Long Island on Moultonboro Neck two or three times each summer. We bought vegetables. On the way back I trolled for fish; I don't remember ever getting any. Once or twice a year Grandmother, Grandfather, and I would go berrying. Grandmother canned the berries and vegetables in jars, packed them in a barrel and, on closing camp, would freight them to Massachusetts to be enjoyed all winter.

Every evening, weather permitting, all three would go for a row. The remembrance of the peace and quiet, the beauty and wonder of the sunsets, have made my life richer.

Sundays were different. In the morning we froze ice cream and Grandmother baked cake. At 3:00 we went to church either on Jolly or Birch. One of the resident pastors would conduct the service and Helen Holmes would teach Sunday School. Following church one or two families would join us, the Bartholomews, for ice cream and cake; a bit of visiting, and then the vespers service.

I married George Fairman in 1929. In 1931, we brought our first child to Jolly. For the next fifteen years I brought our children and their friends to Jolly, George joining us weekends. Often I met him at Weirs on Friday after midnight. I'd have rowed over, and together we'd row back. Those were fun years for all concerned.

The grandparents opened camp in early June and closed it in late October, staying thru June, September, and October. In 1945 and '46 they spent July and August with us. They never came to Jolly again.

In the following years the Bartholomew camp was mostly unoccupied, the fourth generation of children coming up with their children whenever possible. Beginning in the late fifties, two weeks were allotted to each of them and late-comer, Kathy, began to visit Jolly with them.

In 1968, Faith was given the portion of the Brann camp and property which borders our Fairman camp. Shortly thereafter Ceegie and his wife, Bobbie, bought a camp on Camp Island. In the late eighties Ray purchased a camp on Rattlesnake.

The upkeep of camp is done by those using it. In the late sixties, George Fairman designed and built a commodious seasonal dock. Twenty years later, George and I doubled the size of the kitchen, doing the work ourselves. Because it is no longer possible to get chunks of ice or groceries delivered, an electric refrigerator seemed necessary; hence, more room was needed.

At present, the possible residents of the Bartholomew camp include George and Katharine Fairman, age 83; six children and spouses; twenty grandchildren and spouses; 26 great grandchildren, no spouses yet. So far as I know, they all feel very close and possessive of our camp. They enjoy it, each in his or her own way.

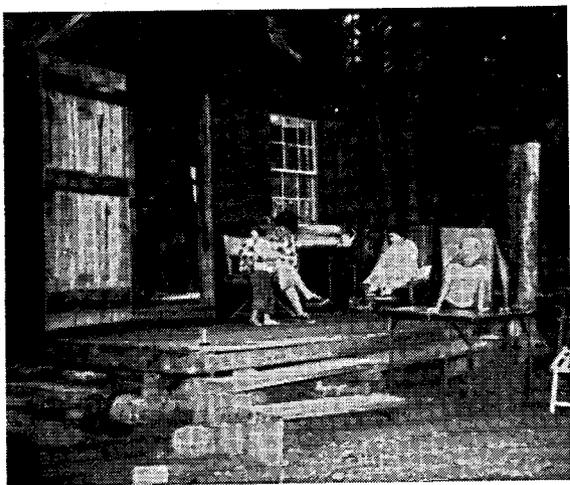
Another hundred years will see many changes. Probably some camps will become year-round places; some main residences, some vacation homes. No matter how these dwellings are used, I believe and hope that love and responsibility for "God's World" will keep Jolly uncommercialized.

SOME THOUGHTS REGARDING A PRICELESS HERITAGE-- JOLLY ISLAND

by Faith Conrad (1931-)

My basic philosophy and faith in an almighty and all loving God are rooted in my forefathers' beliefs as they enveloped me on Jolly Island as a small child. That deep rooted, gut-level feeling with which church services and hymn music surrounded me out of doors in boat and woods became the foundation upon which to build a durable life.

George and Katharine Fairman had six children over a period of 23 years. I was the eldest, born in 1931. Rosalie (Lee), and Raymond followed in 1933 and 1935. In 1941 and 1942 C. G. (Charles George) and Judy-Beth (Judith Elizabeth) were born and while I was 23 Katharine (Kathy) was born. Mother, Lee and I were all pregnant together that year of 1953-54. So, although all six of us grew up experiencing Jolly Island summers, our recollections are probably different.



Original cottage with porch



The Bartholomews with
Faith, Lee and Ray Fairman

Our parents brought us here with our Great Grandparents, Jim and Ella Bartholomew. Mr. and Mrs. Brann lived next door. We lugged water from the lake in buckets, kept food cool in a well near the shore, cooked on the wood stove only, lighted the cabin evenings with kerosene lamps and slept in tents complete with wooden floors and protective flies to keep everything dry. I remember well the feel and sound of the tent floor under my foot as I would step in with a good book in hand for "quiet time" during afternoons. During rainfall the tents were especially cozy for one, nestled in covers, listening to the soothing pitter-patter of raindrops on the fly above.

Weekends, when Dad would arrive in Emie Abbot's boat--sometimes alone, other times with friends or extended family members--were looked forward to as a contrast of social excitement against the rhythm of



1940s George Fairman
with son Charles



1940s Katharine Fairman
with daughter Judy

soothing, slow paced, lazy summer days. On a few of such memorable weekends every bed, hammock and even a mattress spread out on the front porch under the stars, would sleep a happy camper.

Mother assigned us children with chores to be completed before the morning mailboat: our own laundry (washed in the lake!), dishes, bedmaking, cabin sweeping, water lugging and kindling boxes to fill. She and Great Grandmother tended to the cooking. Great Grandmother used to make donuts on that old wood stove! She also made delicious chocolate cake which she called "black angel food" because she wouldn't say "devil" and peanut butter cookies. We brought up enormous 5-pound buckets of peanut butter for the summer. After chores were completed we'd go to the maildock where the island children would gather, watching mothers on the shore, to swim, dive, boat, or raft in the mid-day sun. Then, home for lunch and "quiet-time" for napping, reading, puzzle making, etc. Some playtime for rock climbing, badminton, searching for crayfish, fishing, woodworking, and picking berries to sell to Mrs. Brann might happen before afternoon mailboat and more water sports. Evenings were short because we didn't use lamps all that much.--A little reading under the covers by flashlight might be stolen before slumber overtook us.

Sometimes one of us became sick or injured ourselves on the island. I remember Dr. Tucker on Birch Island tended my cases of tonsillitis and stitched up Ray's leg when he cleaved it with a hatchet. I have heard that he took out Walter Holmes' appendix on his kitchen table also.

As we passed through our teenage years, Lee and I began daydreaming of boys. We communicated evenings, signaling by flashlight, with Betsy Cramer and Mary Canterbury on Birch Island and Counselors at Camp Lawrence. Then the sound of oarlocks and paddles would come through the night for talk and eats provided by Mom. We also had friends come to the lake with us sometimes. We sewed new school dresses, with Mom's help, on the old treadle sewing machine. One summer we had a grand dance on the badminton court by the water to celebrate Lee's birthday on the 23rd of August. Counselors from Camp Lawrence provided the Ice Cream. Chocolate cake came out of the wood stove and music piped forth from the hand cranked victrola brought over from Birch Island. We had strung kerosene lanterns around the court on the trees.-- A never to be forgotten affair!

During these years Lee and I used to take the A.M. Mailboat over to Weirs, on alternate weeks, buy a list of groceries and return on the P.M. boat. We also spent one summer taking turns staying home with Dad alternate weeks to keep him company.

When the second world war was ended, we were there at the lake. Great rejoicing burst forth in a raucous boat parade around the island providing as much noise as yelling, whistling, singing and banging pot lids could rouse. We were thrilled! Uncles, Dads, big brothers, and family friends would be coming home again!

Those long, healthy, barefoot summers came to a close for me when my college years began and the Great Grandparents grew older. The time came when the care of the Bartholomews and my younger siblings, my Uncle Lonnie, and my Dad laid heavy on Mom's shoulders. It wasn't possible to keep up the long summers here. Mom stopped coming. Lee, Ray, and I, one by one left home to work summers through college and then to begin our own families. Of course we continued to escape here whenever possible and C. G., Judy Beth, and our "little sister," Kathy, came with each of us, often, until they were old enough to come on their own.

Mom and Dad so missed the lake that they bought Miramichie Hill in Alton Bay where Great Grandmother Bartholomew spent her last two years after Great Grandfather died. They have never returned to spend a whole summer here, but have made overnight visits as we have continued to vacation and raise our children on Jolly Island.

The last rather lengthy stay my parents made at Jolly occurred in 1989 when they, personally, dug three hundred feet of ditch, doubled the size of the camp kitchen, and installed electricity. They used lumber made from Miramichie Hill trees for this project. Mother said that she hated to see the way of life on the island changed; but, the bottled gas we kids (now ranging from 35 to 60 years old) were using worried her and the change would be somewhat easier to take if she and Dad did it themselves. We were not allowed to help. At the age of 80 she and Dad independently completed the entire job with minor help to lug materials from main land and top off the chimney carried out by others. A pictorial review of this occasion is recorded elsewhere.

Our Jolly Island camp has had a very powerful influence on my family relationships. It has served to help hold us together: a strong bond for my parents' growing family to share in love and, yes off-times, in conflict too. I suspect it means different things to each family member. To me it has meant a constant source of strength and renewal.

Perhaps Jolly is a forecast of heaven on Earth with its radiant sunsets, warmth and light of sun, scent and sound of sweet rain, crows in the morning and loons in the evening. It has represented faith, love, and hope in my life. Love of God, strength in the laughter and support of my ever increasing family, and hope which sustains us all through the winters into the springs of our lives. This is the priceless heritage bequeathed to me by my preceding family, and I am very grateful.

I REMEMBER ABOUT JOLLY ISLAND

by Emily Anne Burgess, (1988-)

I remember going and starting to swim by crawling in the water. I remember the star watching. We would go on the dock and lay down and watch the racing stars. We'd say "star light, star bright, first star I see tonight, I wish I may, I wish I might, have the wish I wish tonight." I think wishes come true.

I want to go to live at Jolly Island 'cause I keep wanting to go to Aunt Faith's. We'd have to push the boat across the ice in the winter. My favorite thing to do is get a cup of water and brush my teeth outside.

I remember the big storm when Grammy Lee's boat sank and the (Fay's) Big boat came to rescue it!

FAITH'S LANTERN

by Lee Jones

*This kind of lantern was our only light
From camp to tent in the dark of the night.
When we were children.*

*It was these lanterns we hung on trees,
And danced and sung in the evening breeze.
When we were teens.*

*This is the lantern we set on the dock
To signal a boat, or just to talk
When we were twenties.*

*We used this lantern as evening begun
To tuck in the kids, (and spoil their fun),
When we were thirties.*

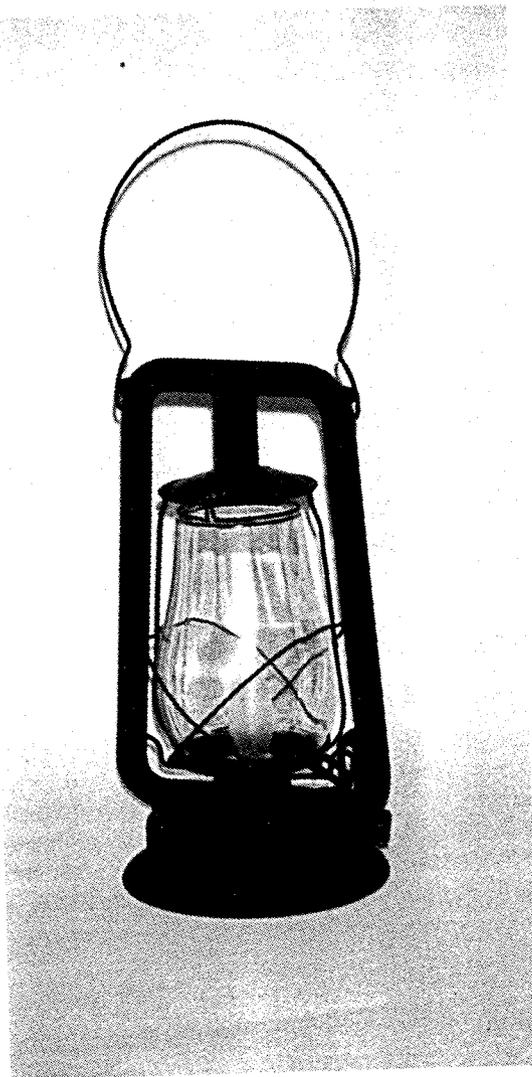
*I remember the nights that we often spent
Carrying the lantern, checking teens and the tent
When we were forties.*

*Sadly this lantern developed a leak
So was hung on a nail to become an antique,
When we were fifties.*

*So - thinking of you I became inspired
To polish it up, get it fixed and wired.
A new life has this lantern, not a rusty antique,
A new way to shine--something unique.*

*It's ready to hang by your camp at night.
A beacon to all, quite shiny and bright,
To tell to all who come your way
Your light Shines Brighter Every Day!
Now that you're sixty.*

*To Faith with love,
Lee and Larry*



SLADE-CONRAD
Brann/Slade-Conrad
LIFE ON JOLLY CONTINUED...
FROM EARLY YEARS AT FAIRMAN CAMP
 by Faith Conrad (1931-)



James and Ella Bartholomew, Evelyn Brann,
 Vincent Simon, George and Katharine Fairman
 Faith, Lee and Ray Fairman

Great Grandfather Bartholomew (James I.) died of natural causes at the age of 97 in May of 1953. He was with us at our home on Cedar Park in Melrose, Massachusetts, taking a nap with Ella, his wife of over 72 years. He was a man of strong faith and good humor who once said to me, "I'll be glad to move on from this body. It keeps falling asleep during baseball games, now. I'll never miss out on a game after I'm free of it!" He has never really seemed to be out of my life; but rather has seemed to be watching over us from afar off and enjoying our pleasurable renewal at his Jolly Island retreat. Each of his Great Grandchildren have brought their children to summer there.



1965 Bertrand and Evelyn Brann



Slades with "Heidi-Ho"
 and "The Surprise"



1965 "Rip Van Winkle" with Slades



Faith and John Slade
Heidi, David and Ron

Over a period of 18 years my first husband, John Slade, and I spent vacations with our three children, David, Heidi, and Ronald on Jolly. First we stayed at the Bartholomew Camp--now known as the Fairman Camp and, as the years passed, Evelyn and Bertrand Brann became an active part of our summer days. They invited us to stay at the Old Simon Camp as much as we could manage, so they could have steady and loving companions in their elder years. By that time John and I had acquired two boats. Our first, in 1960, which served us well while the children were little, was the SURPRISE, a 12 1/2', high sided, wooden boat with deck, windshield and 18 horsepower outboard. While staying at the Old Simon camp, we purchased the HEIDI-HO, a 19' wooden lapstrake type boat with a 60 horsepower outboard. When Evelyn died in 1968 Bertrand gave their camp to our little family. It was an unbelievable and priceless gift as only a bit of heaven could be.

David, Heidi, and Ron grew up doing the same things that I had done--with a few changes after we began staying with the Branns. Both the Simon and the Brann Camp had water pumps in their kitchens. We learned how to take the pipes in at fall and put them back in spring. We also got used to a gas light and stove in a kitchen and to sleeping in a house. I have always missed the tents and we have continued to have one for extra sleeping quarters and just to make the place seem "complete" somehow. The best thing about this arrangement for me was that I was able to be at Jolly with my own family independently while at the same time enjoying my younger brothers and sisters with their families next door.

Sadly, after 18 years together, John and I decided to branch out again in separate directions. Our divorce took place on December 7 of 1971. Never the less, John and his wife, Gail, have always continued to make a day trip or two a year to the island and continue to love the lake.

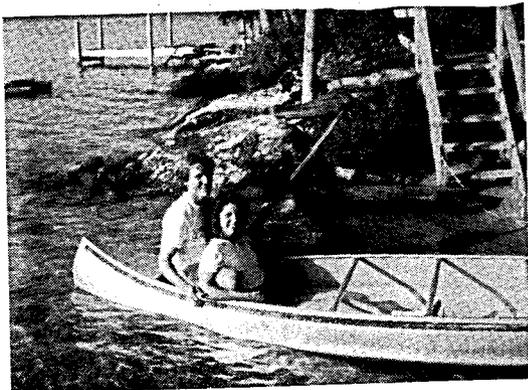
David spent one summer on Jolly, alone, with a friend, the summer after his high school graduation. My brother Ray sponsored this experience and on weekends he supervised the boys' experiment with setting up rubbish collection and odd job services to Islanders. They used Ray's boat and equipment for work and our SURPRISE boat for transportation. It was a rough summer on the equipment and Ray went in the hole, financially, but Dave had the learning experience of his life! I think that Heidi and Ron have envied him that opportunity very much.

In November of 1975, Frank Conrad and I were married. Although Frank was raised in Beverly, Massachusetts, and loved being on the salt water, he eagerly adapted to the waters on our Lake. In the Spring of 1979 we purchased The Restall place, Tupelo Cove Lodge, on Birch Island. Having the two places allowed room for both of our families to have space and their own summer experiences. We have been twice blessed!

Frank and I have enjoyed 18 summers here together on Jolly with many slow but lasting changes. First "lift-up" docks and then permanent docks have arrived. When we began to have grandchildren I lamented the fact that our camp is not a safe place to teach them how to swim. For 7 years I enjoyed playing with a pick ax and "Come-along" to move rocks and expose a sandy strip along the water's edge while "Little Folks Beach" evolved. We have an improved "shop" now, built by Dad and Frank out of Miramichie lumber. Mom and Dad, with Frank's encouraging support, generated the change to electricity and phone in their camp in 1989 and in 1990-91 Frank wired our camp for the same treatment. That's a BIG change, which I'm not used to yet. The wires are not pretty to look at and I'm sad about the loss of past habits but my older

eyes love the light and I'm glad that I can reassure myself via the phone regarding the health and welfare of my parents, my children, and grandchildren now.

In 1989 Frank became involved with the origination of a volunteer Marine Patrole Auxiliary group. He enjoys the opportunities which this organization provides for him to help educate young lake users regarding environmental preservation, safe boating and water use. Frank's children, Frank, Jr., Judith, and Jennifer, David and Heidi all have married and have had 12 children among them. Ron was the last to be married on 8/11/90. He and Gail have not started their family yet. All of our children and grandchildren enjoy visiting the islands and vacationing with us.



Ron and Gail Slade



1985 Heidi Slade Costigan Westhoven

Life offers great challenges to each of us in our own time. Heidi's untimely death on May 21, 1987, provided me and my whole extended family with such a challenge. Kathy's son, Alec, spoke of her passing, "The only twig on the family tree to break off early." That's another story--how it came to be so--and not for the telling now. Her special resting place is here on the Island we have all loved so well. It seems appropriate to me, now, since this spot has become the enduring thread in all our lives. David's daughter, Tara, in a short piece she wrote for this Centennial Celebration, described Jolly as "the place where all her dreams come true." She is right, for all during the long, hard laboring months of my New England winters I dream of the coming spring, summer, and fall days in the beauty of Jolly. It's here that I stop to think about the REAL issues of life and why we live, where we're going when we leave and what's beyond the sky: here that I stop to appreciate God's greatest works, and seek to find peace.

WHAT BIRCH ISLAND MEANS TO ME

by Ara Yapejian (1981-)

Birch Island is a place where you can have lots of fun. On Birch Island they have a rope swing. There's a lot of trails on Birch Island and one of them leads to the main dock. At the main dock a big boat comes to bring mail but it also brings ice cream and candy. The other trails lead to different places like the tennis court or the boat house. At the boat house you can catch a lot of big fish. I hope we go to Birch Island next summer, because Birch Island is a place where our family can spend time together. I feel that Birch Island is one of the funnest places on the Earth.

JOLLY ISLAND LEGEND

by Tyler James Slade (1981-)

From my earliest memories I recall my father recounting to me the legend of Jolly Island. It goes something like this.

Once upon a time, a hundred years ago, there was a captain, and his name was Cpt. Jolly. Cpt. Jolly had a steam boat, and one night he was out on Lake Winnepesaukee in a very thick fog. You could see nothing but you could hear his engine going "Putt, Putt, Putt." And then suddenly there was a "Crash!"

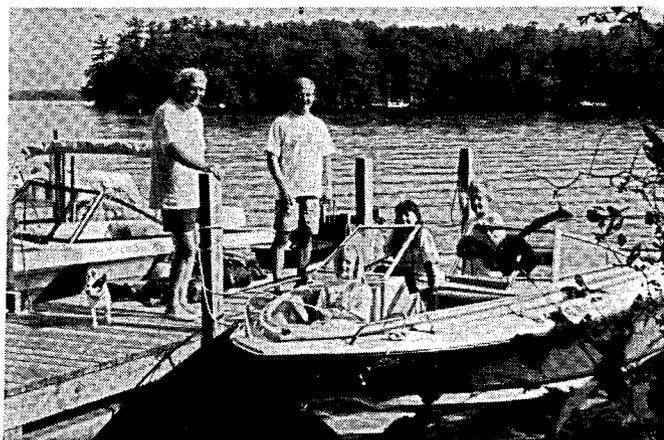
Cpt. Jolly had landed on an island, and being something of an immodest man he named it "Jolly Island." He built a small cabin on the island, and lived there by himself for many years happily rocking in his chair and smoking his pipe. One cold night as he puffed at his pipe he heard a "knock, knock, knock" at his door.

He opened the door and to his surprise found nine ministers standing in a row. At their head was a tall, handsome man who announced "Cpt. Jolly, sir, we are nine good ministers who would like to buy your island for ourselves and our families. If you will sell it to us, we will promise that the island will forever be known as "Jolly Island" named after you.

The man at the head, said my father, was my Great-Great-Great Grandfather, James Bartholomew, from whom I received my middle name. And the fun I still have at the island is proof that his family and descendants lived there happily ever after, as the island's name would promise.



1986 Conrad/Slade Family



Frank Conrad, David Slade
Marilyn, Tara and Tyler Slade

ISLAND PARADISE

by Tara Fairman Slade (1984-)

To me Jolly Island is like a magical place. It is a place where all your most wonderful dreams and wishes come true. On Jolly Island you experience things you have never experienced before.

Every year all the cousins of my extended family, my brother and I write in our Jolly Island journals. Sometimes, I don't get to it, but where ever I go I never forget my "Jolly" memories. Ever since I was born, entries have been written in my book.

Jolly Island is a place for laughter and happiness. What ever happens to it, it will always be a very special place for anyone who sets foot on it in any way (like in a wheelchair or even some kind of sickness). I am sure that any creature who passes by it will see it sparkle in some way. Jolly Island is plain paradise!



Faith & Frank Conrad 1991



The Conrad Family on Birch Island

REFLECTIONS OF MY ISLAND EXPERIENCES

by Frank Conrad

Aside from two brief visits to Lake Winnepesaukee during my teenage years and a few more as an adult, my experience at the Lake did not really begin until my marriage to Faith Fairman Slade in 1975. Having been brought up in the coastal city of Beverly, Massachusetts, my love of the sea began at an early age; but, my love for my wife led me to a different water.

Listening to my Winnepesaukee friends and relatives I have been finding myself on the fringes with no parents or ancestors on the Lake to hark back to. In this lonely state I have been feeling like a beginner of a new group joining in with these fascinating people in a fascinating atmosphere of recall - joining in with the long line of generations who have enjoyed and dedicated themselves to the preservation of seventy-three square miles of crystal clear water three times the size of the city I grew up in.

In 1979 a miracle occurred in which my wife and I became owners of the property on Birch Island previously owned by the Restalls. It is so situated as to be separated by only 1/4 of a mile of water from our place on Jolly and in full view of it. A perfect place to allow for a growing family.

Having already been elected to the office of President of the Jolly Island Association and, it being the custom of the Birch Island Camp Company to elect newcomers as their President, I served as Vice President and President over a seven-year period of one or both of the two associations.

During these busy years the fifteen acres of commonly owned center island property on Jolly was officially designated in 'Land Use,' a government program to protect and prohibit development and allow it to exist at considerably reduced taxes.

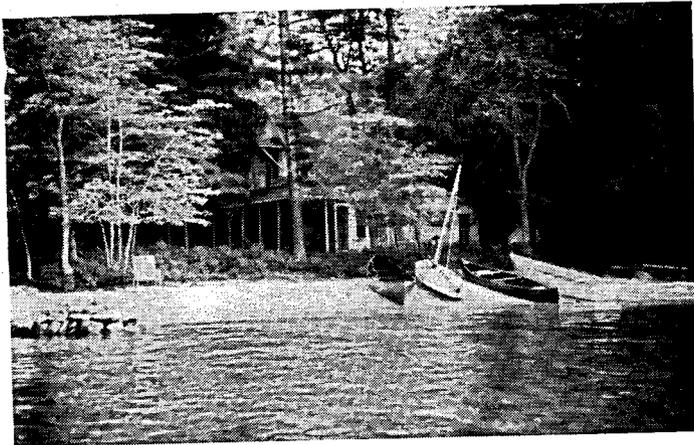
Many projects were accomplished at both islands as the years unfolded. A way to satisfy my yearning to explore this vast and beautiful lake was found in 1989 when the State of New Hampshire legislated the N.H. Marine Patrol Auxiliary. Cruising the lake and inspecting vessels as a courtesy has provided a means that has been most satisfying and worthwhile. My coincidental membership in the United States Coast Guard Auxiliary has provided me with additional education and tools to help make the N.H. Marine Patrol Auxiliary work. I am dedicated to educating the boating public in safety and environmental protection. Even though it is but in a small way, and at times seems like shoveling sand against the tide, I thank my dear wife for helping to provide a way for me to accomplish this.

KING

Simon-Brann/King

by Grace Wentworth King (1923-)

Though Edward and I acquired the Simon property in the fall of 1968, and thus were the most recent owners on Jolly Island, our ties with the Lake and Jolly Island date back many years before that. In fact, when I was doing the research on the history of New Hampshire and the Lakes Region, I discovered that I share common ancestors with three early owners of the Island--Joshua Pierce and his wife Emily (Sheafe) Pierce, and Capt. Winborn Sanborn. It may be that the love of Lake Winnepesaukee is genetic! My mother, Sara Taudvin Wentworth, camped with her family on Long Island on the shore of Mrs. Wentworth's property for several years. My mother's family knew the Simons, so in 1907 when my grandmother was expecting a new baby, Mother spent the summer with the Simon family and slept in the back bedroom upstairs, where my son, Andy, usually sleeps. By the next summer her mother had died of meningitis so she and her sister spent another summer with the Simons on Jolly. Mother spoke of the Stenhouse and Arnold girls.



1988 King cottage and beach



1988 Back of King cottage

She apparently convinced my father that Lake Winnepesaukee was a great place, since in 1922 when they married they spent their honeymoon at Mrs. Wentworth's (no relative) inn on Long Island. (I'm glad they never knew about Jonathan's Landing). During my childhood we took several trips to Winnepesaukee: I remember one trip when we went to Long Island and we walked down to the shore where she had camped as a child. It was located a bit around the bend as you head towards the bridge. When mother visited us on Jolly we usually went on a long row so she could check out the shores of Long Island.

In 1941 my father, Chauncey Wentworth, was assigned to the Methodist Church in Orono, Maine, which was the home of the University of Maine, where I had already started college. Bertrand Brann was a chemistry professor at the University so my mother was able to renew her acquaintance with Evelyn Simon Brann. Evelyn invited my parents to visit them at Jolly and they did so in 1944, 1945, 1946, and 1955. We were able to join them the last three of those visits and through those visits I became really hooked on Jolly Island. From 1956 through 1968 we rented the Simon's main camp, usually for a month, though we had the privilege of using the camp as much as we wished in June and September, and we took advantage of it as much as possible. Our usual month was August.

Ed, a chemistry professor at Barnard College, was a workaholic, so during the period we rented, he felt he couldn't spend the whole month with Andy and me, since he needed to be in the lab or have access to the library. He did manage to write several successful textbooks, which made it possible for us to do traveling when he was on sabbatical. Andy and I came alone, although we usually had the company of one or more of



**Ed and Andy King
1964 Lunch outdoors**



**1962 Wentworth Family
celebrates 40th Wedding Anniversary
Sara and Chauncey Wentworth**

my sisters or brother and their children. However, in 1969, when the property was ours, Ed's attitude was very different. We bought a boat (book money helped!) and Ed started to paint our buildings, which had become somewhat run down. He took a great deal of pride in the place, although he couldn't bring himself to stay throughout the entire summer. Fortunately he enjoyed five years of ownership.

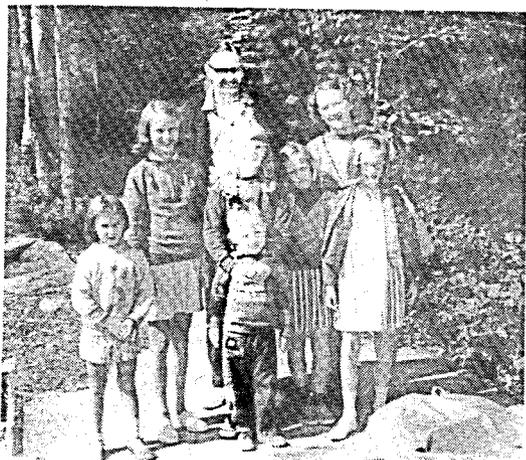
In the winter of 1970-71 we arranged for Ed Lavallee to enlarge our small housekeeping cottage, so that we had an adequate place for our guests to stay and to be independent (and to free me from the extra cooking, etc!). We still call that cottage Vincent's, since it is the house that Vincent Simon built for himself, though he would no longer recognize it. We installed the telephone in 1973, and made plans to install electricity, but decided to wait until after the sabbatical year of 1973-74. Unfortunately in November of 1973 Ed died of cancer in England; his illness was brief, though for several months he had not been up to par.



1992 Vincent's cottage with new porch

Every summer Ed and I had to get on the kitchen roof to patch leaks, so after his death I had Ed Lavallee put on a new roof. In the following years other roofs were reshingled or reroofed, to reduce the amount of yearly maintenance that had to be done. I installed electricity in 1976. In 1992 we had the porch on Vincent's camp enlarged, so except for the painting that seems to be an ongoing project, we have the place more or less as we want it.

Fortunately we have space, so that I can share Jolly with my sisters, Ruth Gilchrist and Dorothy Fickle, and my brother, John Wentworth, and their families. The third generation has now become hooked on Jolly, and the summer is not complete without a visit to Aunt Grace. I have also enjoyed the regular visits of the Smiths (Thelma Smith was my college roommate), and the Petrie and Blanchet families, whose ties to the Island and love of the Lake go back further than my own.



1968 The Smith Family



1961 Andy and Cousins

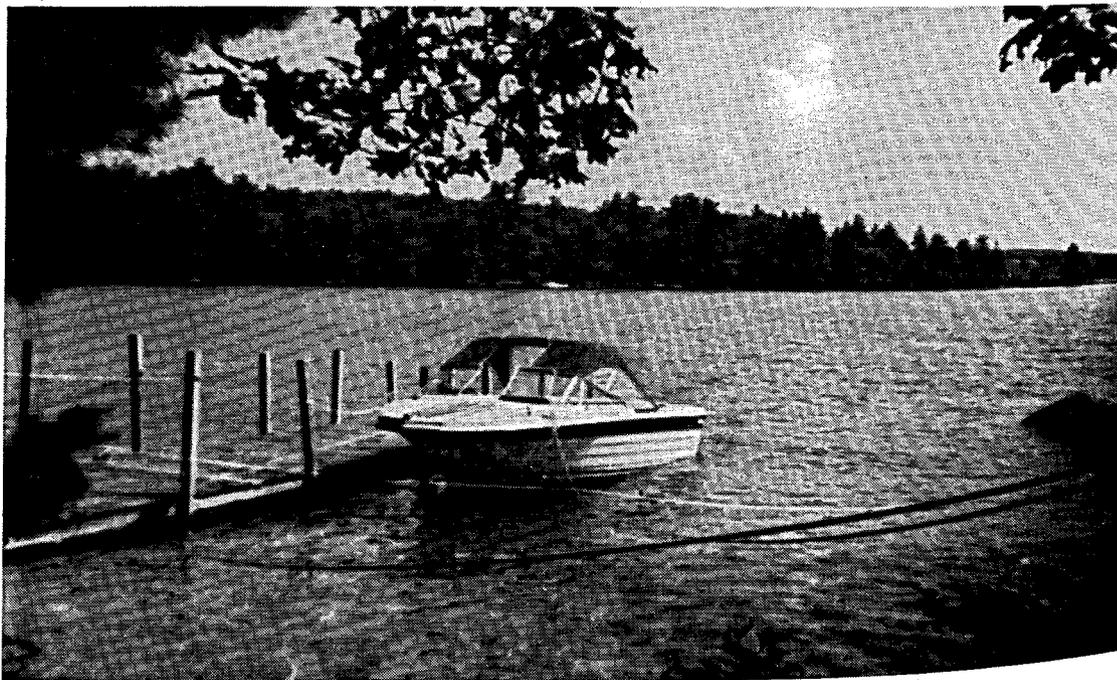


1990 The Blanchet Family

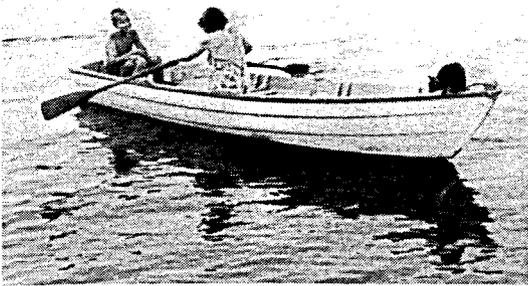


1992 Joyce and Bob Petrie

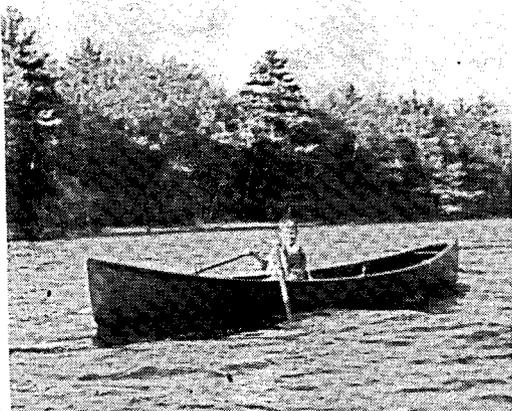
For Andy and me Jolly Island has provided us with the roots that are hard to establish in a New York City apartment. My summers on Jolly renewed my spirits and gave me the energy and strength to face a busy school year at Barnard College, and the same has been true for Andy, though his work schedule has not allowed him to spend the length of time that I could. Now that I am retired I am looking forward to longer summers, including a stay into the fall. In the winter I can bring back Jolly Island by closing my eyes, and I see the light sparkling on the blue water, the wind blowing through the pines and hemlock on the point, and I hear the lines of the boats squeaking through the pulleys and the singing of the song sparrow early in the morning and the call of the loon at night, and I can hardly wait for the summer to come.



1991 "Jasper IV"



1961 Grace, Andy and "Smoky"



1960 Andy in Old Town Canoe



1970 Mr. Brann's Old Town boat



1979 Andy King



1975 Andy, Cousin Beth, and Wesley in "Lizzie"

MANTECON & O'MALLEY

Ela-Holmes-Mantecon-O'Malley

THE LAKE

by Valerie Holmes Mantecon (1941-)

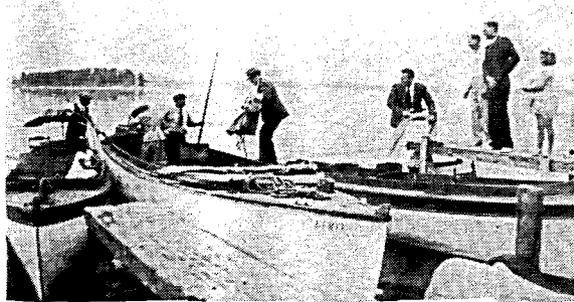
*I am the Lake. Winnepesaukee
The Indians named me.
Smile of the Great Spirit.
The ancients' "Home of Wisdom."
But I was here before then.
Before them.
I have been here.
Ever.*

*I am the Lake. I am water.
Glacial gash in maternal Earth.
Damp wound. Healing moisture.
Body of water. My water body.
Transparent and opaque.
Foaming and still.
I am here.*

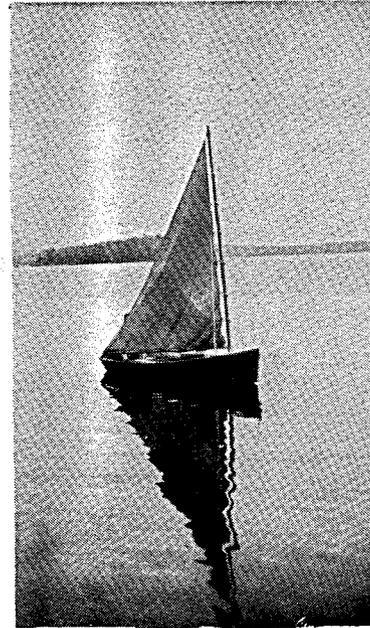
*I am the Lake. I am energy.
Restless, resting.
Lively, languid.
Fluid field of chaos, calmness.
Contained and containing.
Lightly shallow.
Profoundly
Deep.*

*I am the Lake. I reflect. Primordial mirror.
Faces, smooth and lined.
Sifting shades of bright and dark.
Joy and sorrow.
Swells and ripples.
Textured shadows of the Mountains,
Painted patterns
Of the Sky.*

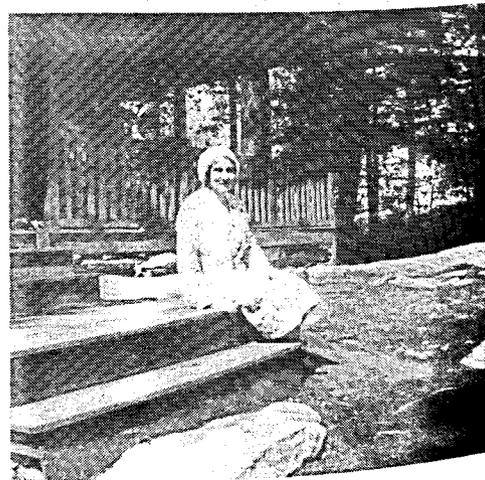
*I am the Lake. I change.
Shifting moods in elemental dance.
Stormy steps. Moonlight moves.
Rocking rhythmically through seasons.
I change, and change again.
Back to who I was.
Who I am.
Who I will be.
Again.*



From left: J. I. Bartholemew's, Ernest Abbott's
and Augustus Holmes' boats



1929 "Wee Filigi"



1931 Edna Holmes

*I am the Lake. I give life.
Others live within me.
Creatures of the water. Islands.
The sand and granite ledges
Of my deepest chambers.
I encompass, surround,
I support and connect
All the living things
Beneath, within,
Before, above . . .
Me.*

*I am the Lake. I speak.
I play my rhythmic pulse against the shore.
I splash. I roar.
I swirl soft slivers of sound
Round a canoe's silent paddle.
I rush. I gurgle.
Living cadence of
Watery words.*

*I am the Lake. I hurt.
The sickness of pollution seeps inside me.
Pregnant with waste,
Stillbirth of "progress."
I fight to survive.
I purify. Regenerate.
Transform.
I live.*

*I am the Lake. I rage.
I hurl myself before unfurling gales.
Screaming fury with the wind.
Clashing loudly with the land.
I leave boats swallowed in my wake
Chewing them up with frothing wave teeth.
I crush, at icy Solstice -
Docks, breakwaters, boathouses -
Harsh intruders.
I destroy, devouring
With my power.*

*I am the Lake. I feel.
Gentle and strong.
Smooth and rough.
Water birds that slide on slippery skin.
Human bodies
Dive and play and swim.
I enclose them.
Cleansing salty sweat and stains
Of living
On the Earth.
I embrace them for a little while.
And then
I let them go.*



**Susan Holmes
Main Dock**



**Grampa Oldham
with Marcia and Valerie**



**1941 Valerie Holmes
has a bath**

*I am the Lake. I listen.
 To the wild, haunting cry of the loon.
 To the sighing of the winds. The songs of birds.
 To the trees, the rocks.
 To the landsounds. The animals.
 To the children.*

*I listen.
 I catch the echos. They live within me.
 Around the secret soundings
 Of my depths.
 I hold them in my body.
 In the wetness of my body.
 In my liquid soul.*

*I am the Lake. I watch.
 The people on the island shores.
 They come. They go.
 Through the corridors of time.
 They are born. They die.
 In between they live.
 I watch the children. Generations.
 They bring their friends.
 Later, lovers, partners.
 Then children of their own.
 Who bring their friends.
 To me.
 I am here.
 I am "place."*

*I am the Lake. I remember.
 Circles.
 Lives begun, lives lived, lives ended.
 Ancestor spirits.
 Wisps of interwoven webs of caring.
 Souls connected, souls eternal.
 I remember. Families.
 Broken bonds, re-united.
 Children lost, children found.
 I remember.*

*I am the Lake. I flow.
 Like Earth's blood.
 Cycles turning, returning.
 Bearing life, bearing death.
 Bearing love.
 I bear witness.
 Always.*

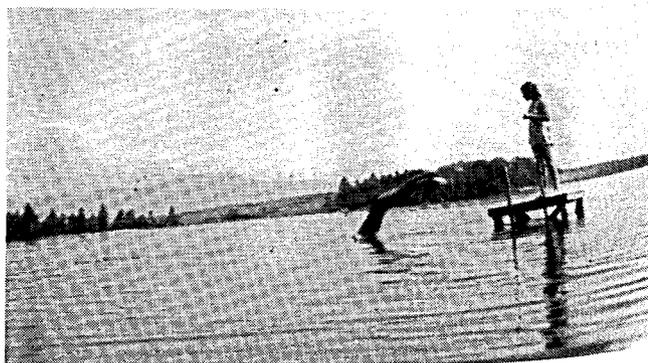
*I am the Lake. I endure.
 I will be here.
 Ever.*



Valerie and Charles Fairman



1992 The Mantecon Family



1952 Raft at ROCKSMERE

REFLECTIONS ON WINNIPESAUKEE

by Brian O'Malley (1970-)

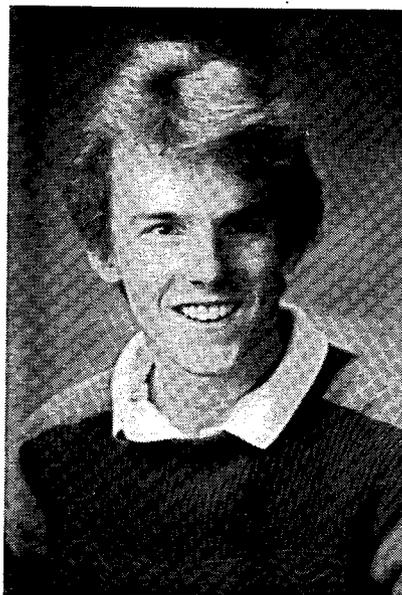
There was once a time when coming to the lake was like entering a fairy tale or a mystical land. Everything was special, even the automobile journey was filled with the anticipation of those familiar sights and smells of the Lakes Region. William Wordsworth once wrote that "The world is too much with us", prophetic dialogue for our larger society, but when I come back to the lake I am apart from all the decadence. Our spirit shines through both night and day.

*Children running, dancing, playing,
listening to the call of the great lake,
swaying about the soil curiously,
wondering how close the stars would get.*

*Family together, fire ablaze,
talking, telling of the days;
how they change.
A new-found tribe
Together
An Island
sharing communion with,
the Earth.*

*Scattered people disembark;
come as one
and sing through the dark
the tales and testimonies
of a People,
evoked by the Great Spirit,
harmonious steeple.*

*An abode of peace within us all
for this, we shall stand tall.*



Brian O'Malley

The lake is still like a fairy tale, but now it feels as though I play a part in the scenario. Here we disregard time, money, and convenience, to feel the roots of the past, present, and future claim a bond. Watching the sun go down easy and slow, bearing down for a "nor'easter", of seeing the stars come out vividly into the night. There is a piece of all of us here, left behind year after year; and when this piece is put back in place, it seems our stand in this world is more than commonplace.

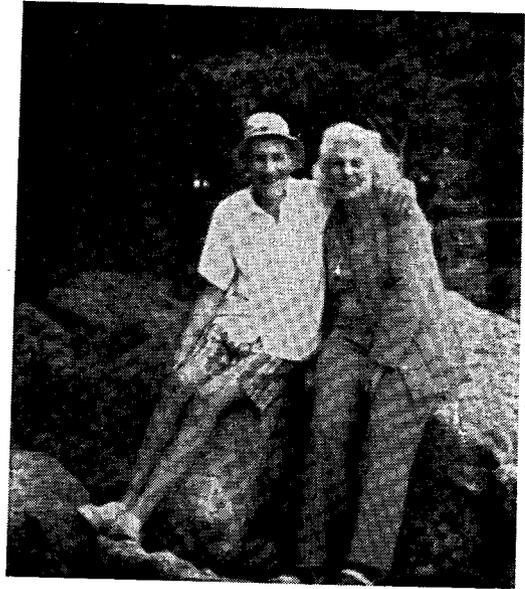
*Dedicated to Camp Rocksmere and the Centennial, also to all the
native and pioneering spirits of New Hampshire.*



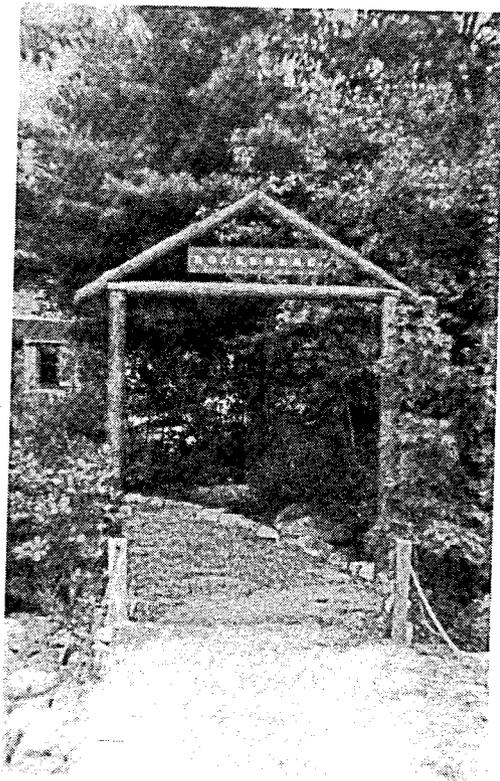
The O'Malley Family



1933 Elizabeth and
Walter Holmes



1980 Elizabeth and
Walter Holmes



Archway to Holmes Camp

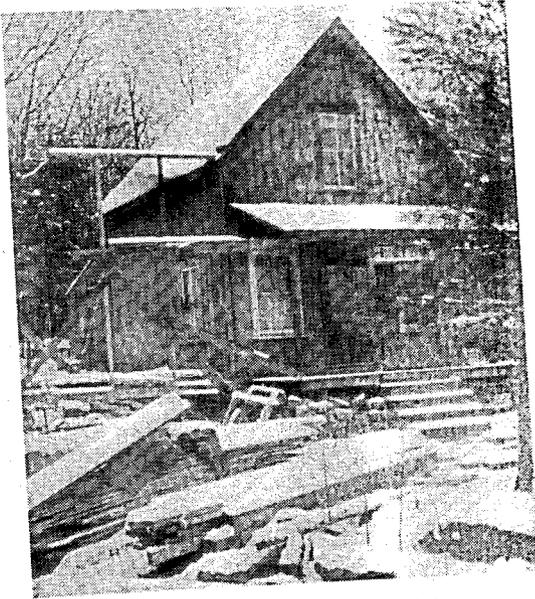


1943 Helen Holmes

HALL
Charles Davis/Burch/Hall

TRANSITIONS OF ISLAND LIVING

by Winthrop, Sandra, Carolyn, and Meredith Hall



1908 Building an addition



1911 "Ossipee Camp"

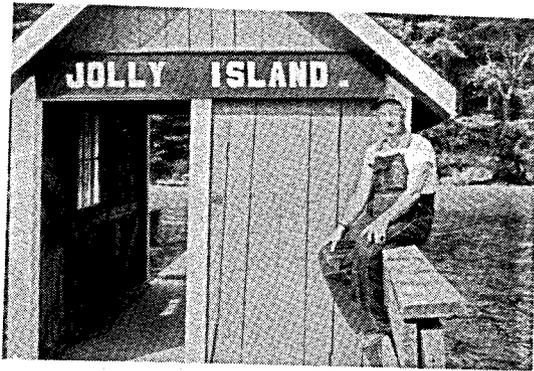
For the Hall family, the Jolly Island story began in September of 1939, when Edward and Marguerite Hall purchased the cottage named Pen Craig (Rocky Point) from Harriet S. Burch. Edward Hall had been coming to Lake Winnepesaukee for salmon fishing for several years. The Holmeses and the Halls were neighbors in Melrose, Massachusetts, and after Walter Holmes informed Edward of the availability of the Burch property, they became neighbors on Jolly Island, also.



Edward and Marguerite Hall in 1950s



Skip and Jimmy Hall



1955 Edward Hall
Jolly Island Treasurer



1965 Early Crib Dock

In the early days, islanders depended almost entirely upon a native taxi-boat driver and handyman, Ernest Abbott. July was our vacation month at the Lake. We would leave home in the morning, have lunch in Hooksett, New Hampshire, and arrive in the early afternoon at Weirs. Each summer, Dad rented a garage owned by a local store there for the month, and Ernie would meet us at the dock with his boat, *The Limit*, to taxi us over to the island. His boat was entirely open, so when it rained, we hovered under tarps to keep dry. Ernie would install our wooden dock with rock cribs, set the pump hose in the lake, and prime the pump. He also did whatever carpentry was needed; one year he built a frame for a boathouse so that we could complete the job ourselves with pride. In addition, we hired him annually to take the family on a trip to a mainland attraction such as Center Harbor or Wolfeboro. On other occasions, he would take us to see name actors perform at the Glendale Playhouse, which burned down and was replaced by a restaurant, B. Mae Denny's. Basically, when we needed work done, Ernie knew who could do it if he could not, as he knew all things pertaining to the Lake.

Island life was simple and uncomplicated. Island transportation was limited to a standard wooden rowboat. We had an outhouse behind the main cottage. We used kerosene lamps, since we were without electricity. Without a telephone, we relied upon others on the island to pass messages along for us. Clothes were washed in a large basin and were wrung out in a hand-turned wringer. The old-fashioned wood stove served for all of our cooking. We depended on Merrill Fay to deliver our groceries, along with a cake of ice for our ice box refrigerator. One year, Stephen Habbe actually delivered the Boston Herald newspaper right to our dock.

As the years passed, we acquired a refrigerator and a stove which were run by bottled gas, delivered to the islands by Ralph Smith Co. of Laconia. In 1949, we purchased a 14- 1/2 foot, wooden, canvas-covered Old Town boat with a 6-1/2 h.p. Evinrude motor. The crated boat was delivered to the main dock, straddling the back of the U.S. Mail Boat! This purchase greatly increased our mobility, allowing us to travel freely to the Glendale public docks where our car was parked in the public lot.

When Ernie Abbott passed away, Island life changed dramatically. We lost an invaluable handyman, an important communication link, and most of all, a wonderful friend. No longer was the dock ready when we arrived, or the hand pump ready to use. Gone were the days when we were driven to the cottage, filled in on all the latest news, and assisted in carrying our bundles to the cottage.

Without Ernie, we had to work together to complete the chores he had once done for us, especially when it came to opening and closing the cottage. The most memorable tasks were the annual ceremonies of installing the wooden dock and taking it down at the end of the season. Our children and their cousins had so much fun balancing on the floating dock sections and rowing them to shore with oars!

In 1969, The Foxes brought electricity to the island. A few years later, the New Hampshire Electric Cooperative offered to connect our camp for a fee of \$14 per month over a four year period. We agreed to the terms and have never regretted our decision.



Bring in the dock

1983 left: Shed (original camp) damaged

During August of 1983, our shed (believed to have been the original cottage) was destroyed by a huge tree downed in an electrical storm. The walls of the shed had caved in, and it was a miracle that no fire resulted, for the light bulbs in the shed and cottage were blown from the electrical surge.

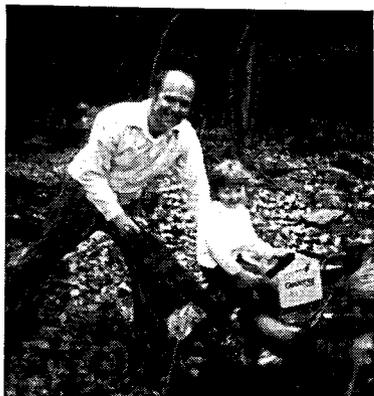
In spite of this drawback, we have continued to make improvements over the years. We had a rock breakwater dock installed in 1983, which shelters our boat wonderfully through rough waters and heavy storms. The following year, we built a cabin in a clearing toward the Holmes' cottage to give the girls more sleeping room. After attempts at trailing the boat, renting a slip, and storing the boat, we purchased a boat slip at the Glendale Yacht Club in 1986. A few years ago, we constructed a workshop on the site of the original shed. In the summer 1992, we even added a hot water system to the main cottage and installed an outside shower.



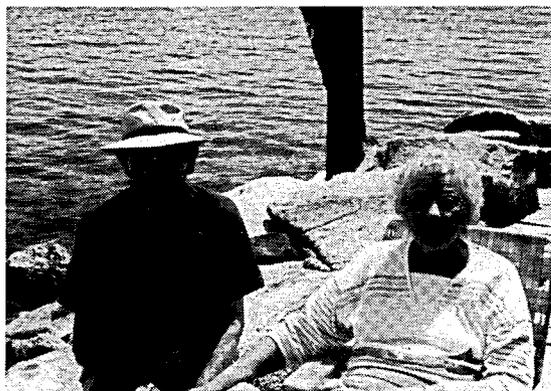
1984 Hall's new dock

Times have changed considerably. When Edward and Marguerite originally purchased the property, taxes were approximately \$50 a year. Nowadays, taxes are equivalent to a year-round home. While we once relied solely on a single rowboat, we now enjoy several kinds of boats. In the early days, island life was quiet, while Lake Winnepesaukee is now a popular attraction with heavy boat traffic. Nevertheless, in spite of the many changes over the years, we still walk (or run) down the little path leading to the same old outhouse.

We have many wonderful memories of Jolly Island, and we only hope that the generations ahead will maintain the property with pride, continuing to realize the true joys of island living.



Win Hall and Carolyn



1990 Grampa and Grammy Brown



Meredith Hall, age 3



Sandy Hall and Carolyn



Carolyn Hall and "Lassie"



1979 Carolyn and Meredith Hall



1979 Waiting for the Mailboat
Carolyn and Meredith Hall
Rob and Cindi Brown



1979 Marguerite Hall's
73rd birthday

REMINISCENCES OF JOLLY ISLAND

Excerpts from Letters written in July 1992

by Marguerite Hall (1908-)

Hymn Sings -- At four in the afternoon (on Sundays) boats met on the channel between the islands. Benediction was announced with a song service; few stayed in their cottages. It was inspiring to sing the lovely old hymns, "God of our Fathers", "In the Garden", "Love Divine", "All Love Excelling", "Faith of our Fathers". All sang and sang these hymns until one boat pulled away, starting homeward. Still singing, all the boats were soon seen wending their way back to their camps.

Trip to the Mailboat -- Jimmie Hall loved to go to the mailboat. At eleven his father called out, "Are you ready? We're going to the mailboat early." Both boys dropped whatever they were doing. Out they started down our path to the main path and to the main dock. Sometimes there were deer in the middle of the island. Raccoons rushed by...and squirrels were in many of the trees. Wild flowers grew all about; Indian pipes did come up on unprotected places.

Squirrels -- From out the grassy land above the beach pointed rocks of granite just stand--to become the resting place of a squirrel. He can call and sing to you in his impatience to drive you away. The beautiful pines are also resting places--with the hemlock close beside it. These trees welcome the squirrels. Their food is the acorn, their water the lake, and their bushy tails and strong claws carry them up the pines.

Trees -- Trees are the greatest inspiration to a Jolly Islander. More beautiful than all our other white pines stands the largest--out front of the cottage, Pen Craig. Blackbirds use it for a resting tree as they fly onto Jolly from Birch. Their screaming voices echo through the woods. All below this tree runs a variable cluster of wild blueberries. Here nests the sparrow and now and then a scarlet tanager calls...as it flies up into the pine.

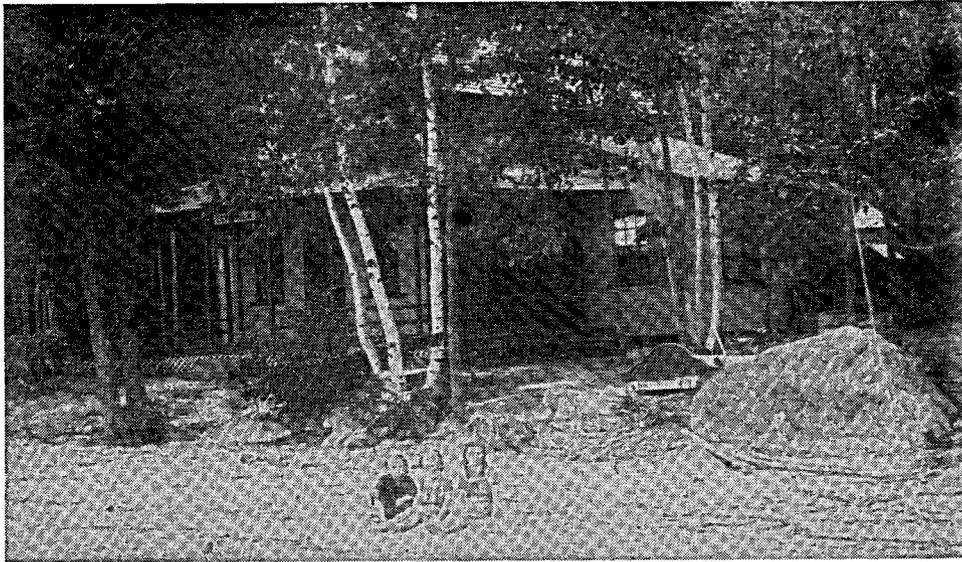
Sunrise and Sunset -- No wonder ministers wished to preach (on Jolly). The colors thrown by the sun were blue, purple, yellow, lavender, red -- the unsurpassed beauties of dawn and sunset. In the gloaming, at twilight, glows Lake Winnepesaukee.

Hurricane -- Late one September, Edward and I decided to stay a little longer. A hurricane came across the lake, bringing waves eight feet high crashing against the rocks near the shore, also carrying great winds which toppled small trees on the right hand side of the house. No large trees were affected on our property. Small maples were uprooted--going over to see them I saw that they could be straightened up, by stamping the loam back into place. They kept right on growing. I had left a small tablecloth on the back line; and upon going after it, found the wind had wound it around so many times it clung to the line no larger than a fifty cent piece.

HEFLER

Arnold-Hefler

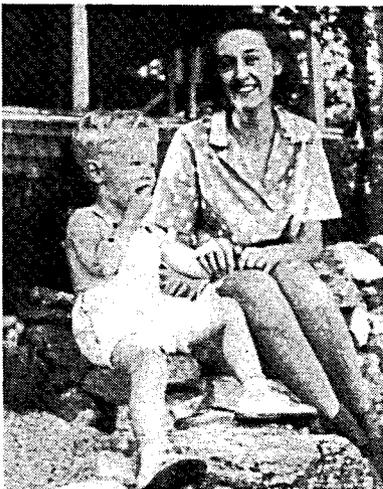
by John Hefler



Circa 1896 Llynholm Camp
From left: Ann, Sarah and Rachel Arnold

My first summer at Llynholm, Jolly Island, was in 1914. I was less than a year old crawling and hitching around the living room floor in a lively fashion according to my grandparents, John and Elinor Arnold. My favorite accomplishment was to go backwards under the living room table, which had a lower shelf for magazines and games about a foot above the floor. As the table legs have been cut down there is no longer clearance for safe infant locomotion.

I can barely remember Mr. Greene and his heavy launch that brought fresh milk and garden vegetables from his farm over Moultonborough way. He had a full black beard like General Grant and was completely bald. In years before he had made "lighting trips" at sunset to light the lanterns to mark the channels at Sandy Island and Mark Island, etc. Most of the Jolly Island children of my mother's time had enjoyed these trips and singing in the evening as they went from light to light. There were several children at each camp and they had great times together in the nineties and turn of the century.



1937 John Hefler
with mother Virginia



Mr. Greene and Jolly Islanders

When I was growing up in the twenties there were hardly any children my own age. Walter Holmes was older than I and had a girl friend on Birch Island and spent most of his time over there. When I was in high school at the end of the twenties, the Yateses who owned Steamboat Island came up for several summers. They were friends of my aunt, Sarah Arnold, from Bradford, Pa., and they had a son and daughter about my age. I went over to Birch those years swimming in the afternoon at the main wharf.



MISS SARAH LOUISE ARNOLD, dean of Simmons College, whose work for food conservation is known throughout the entire East, gives this message:

"Let the meal be simple, but the love be great. Food is sacred now; it means life. Nations are begging for bread, and we have abundance.

"To all women of America this is a new Christmas, different from any that we have known before. Things which seemed as permanent as the everlasting skies are changing from day to day. Plans are shattered; families broken; new problems face us on every side. Whichever way we turn we face the deep tragedy of the war.

"On Christmas Day let us all share with those whose need is great. Some of them are across the seas; some are in our midst.

"In many cases this will mean the sharing of food, and this will mean that what remains will surely be blessed with the Christmas flavor. Let the meal be simple, but the love be great."

PHOTO BY NBTMAN

Miss Sarah Louise Arnold

Sarah Arnold

My grandmother was very fond of Mrs. Holmes, and her father (Grandpa Ela); her husband and my grandfather were good friends.

About the time I started school after World War I, my Aunt Anne had her wedding at Llynholm. She married a Cornell classmate, Walter Stainton, a simple wedding. I remember it was on the front porch with evergreen trimmings around the roof supports. We searched the woods for the decorations. I can't remember the year and haven't any snapshots of the affair.

Back in the twenties there weren't many motor boats on the Lake, it was easy to recognize nearly all of them. On the island the Bordens had a launch, "Orion". Simons had "Nomis", our own was the "Sally 4th". My grandfather had a sister, a niece, and a daughter all named Sarah. I don't know if the Holmeses' boat had a name. The Stenhouse camp had a huge boathouse and launches which I think the hurricane must have destroyed.

The church on the island wasn't used very often that I recall in the twenties. The original group of ministers had gone except for Rev. Bartholomew, but I recall very fondly the Sunday evening vesper services when the family launches rafted together in the lee of the island. There was generally a prayer and the singing of numerous hymns--everyone's favorites. Edna Holmes was very musical, had a fine clear voice, led the singing, and always ended the service by singing "Taps". Then all sang "God Be With You Til We Meet Again" as the boats unrafted. Mostly the boats were from Birch and Jolly, but East Bear and sometimes Dollar and Mark Island also attended. These Sunday vespers had originally been all row boats and I was told the Holmeses' boat had a harmonium to play the hymns.

As far as I can remember the mailboat was the "Uncle Sam"...[a line at the bottom of the page seems to be missing from the copy I am using (GK)]... postcards and make two stops a day. A first class stamp was two cents then. In the thirties the "Marshal Foch" became the mailboat, also carried passengers and took orders for milk and bread for the islanders.

Also, as far back as I can remember, Ernest Abbott was general handyman, caretaker, and boat livery back and forth to Weirs or Glendale and our part of the Lake. Ernest had an overnight camp in the Forties and was on the lake all hours of the day and night and from ice out to freezing. He and his boat, "Limit", were very reliable, never late, always ready for any emergency. Another boat service that plied back and forth from Glendale years ago was run by Mr. Bates.

During my college years in the summer I cut wood for pocket money for the Branns and for the Millers. Robert, Roberta, and Lauder were youngsters then.



1937 Rachel and
Virginia Hefler

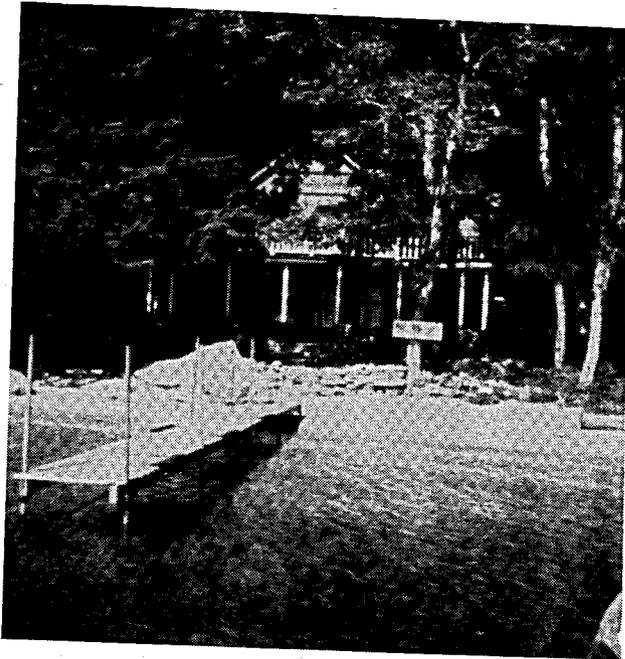


1942 Rachel Hefler

In the summer of 1938 my mother and grandmother were at the Lake and my aunt was on a trip to Hawaii. The night before I got to the Island my grandmother had a stroke and was taken to Laconia Hospital, where she died later without regaining consciousness. Sarah returned as fast as she could, but her mother had passed away. My grandmother's sister, Julia Peckford, had a camp at East Bear and had died under almost similar circumstances several years earlier.

That year in the fall, the '38 hurricane devastated the Lake. At our camp we had many trees down, fortunately not much harm to the camp. The Holmeses were still at their camp on September 21 and saw their motorboat, boathouse, and dock demolished. Sarah and I came up to see if there was damage at Llynholm. There were so many trees down that going through the woods was impossible. For years the downed trees and the underbrush that grew up covered acres that had been open wooded parkland before.

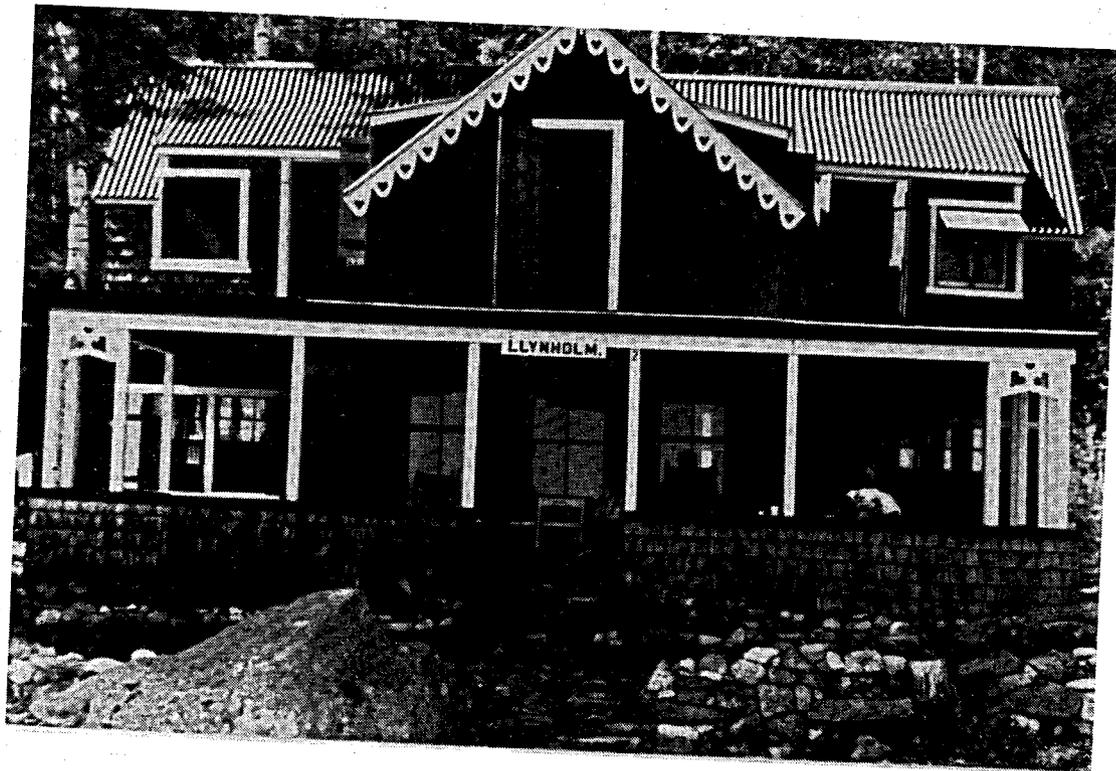
After World War II I visited irregularly as often as I could get away. Aunt Sarah went up regularly during August. It was a family rite, her mother's and father's anniversary and both their birthdays had been celebrated for years during August and in their memory she tried to be there if she could. Her broken hip made it difficult. Mr. Hall very kindly brought her mail and checked that she was getting along. My mother spent time with her and my son during his school years made repairs to the camp, put in the dock, and so on. After his marriage in 1977 he and his wife began rehabilitating the camp and this is still going on. My wife and I visit them at Llynholm whenever possible. Now it is I with the broken hip, but it has mended better than my aunt's.



Circa 1978 Llynholm
before roof and porch repairs



Ellen and John Hefler
son and daughter-in-law
of John Hefler



1992 Llynholm 100 years after first construction

HABBE

William Davis/Schuh/Sarah Louise Arnold/Gray and Habbe

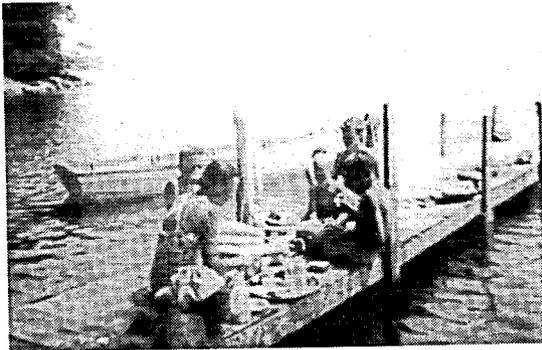
REMINISCENCES

by Karla Habbe

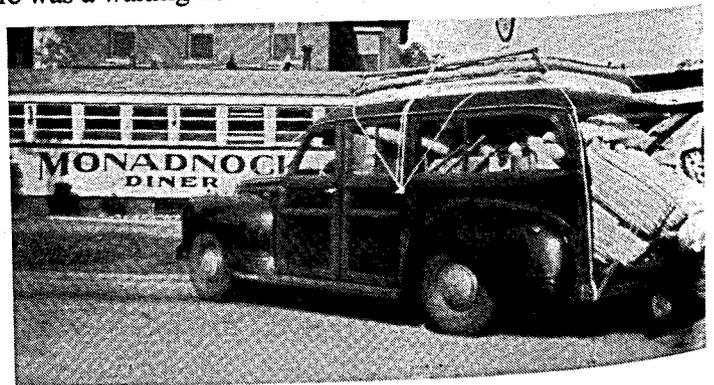


I want to speak first of my gratitude to my school-age friend, Barbara Tinker, and her family for putting up with me and other teenage friends when we said we HAD to find out what she was talking about....WE didn't have summer houses. Then the next critical step was to interest my husband in Lake Winnepesaukee. Fortunately he had already been exposed. But it wasn't until VJ day that we found ourselves on the train headed for Weirs. Barbara, 6, became wearied of restless Alan, 4, and told him to go down thru the RR car and make friends. He did. Peter was only 2 and took the trip for granted along with all the rest of life's strange events. At 6 p.m. Ernest Abbott met us, in the Bradfords' boat, for the ride to the Tinkers' cottage (on Birch which their scattered family was willing to rent to us. Alan did not approve of the boat ride;...how he has changed - wish there were room for pictures of him sailing, skiing, etc.

We joyfully left our camping things in the cottage, when we left, because to our delight the Tinkers were willing to sell to us. But we found out there was a waiting list.



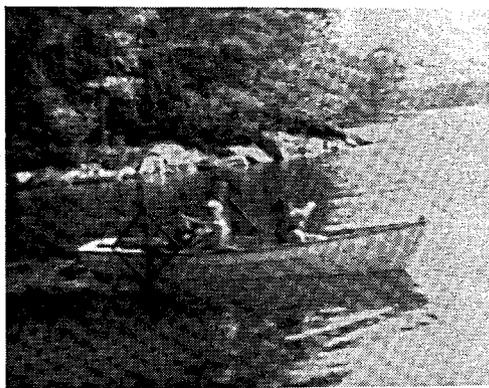
1955 Lunch on the dock



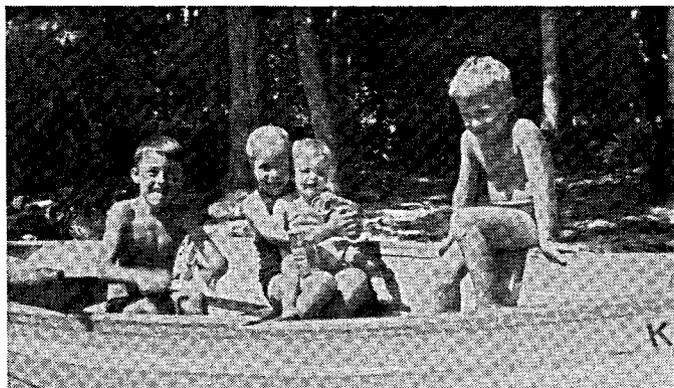
1946 First trip to camp

Our next debt goes to Ernest, who dropped in on us in the midst of Peter's (February) birthday party. We were impressed that we had been "accepted" and rated an Emie Abbott winter visit; and there was more to come: he put us in touch with Sarah Arnold.

By luck our neighbors, the Jack, Norma, Carole, Barbara and Ricci Grays, had just lost out on their summer plans and became partners in the purchase of "Killooleet." The first Sarah Louise Arnold named the camp after the song of the song sparrow which the Indians said meant "Happy Voices" (as we occasionally reminded our children).



1950s Boating



1948 Alan, Barbara, John and Peter Habbe

As for interesting memories:

- 8-year-old Barbara racing down to the dock, when she saw her grandmother arriving in a taxi boat, and shouting (to all those strangers as well as her grandmother), "Mother's going to have a baby!"

- The time that 6-year-old Alan went off the side of the dock and wasn't prepared to find the surface of the lake. His brother, 18 months younger, calmly dropped the toy bucket, that happened to be tied to the dock by a little string, into the water beside Alan. That was all that Alan needed.

- Barbara's misstep was off the side when she had gotten herself all beautiful for the trip home and was headed for E.A.'s boat with her favorite doll in hand. How does one ever live that down?

- Perhaps as did the Rev. who was studying his sermon while waiting to be picked up, and walked right off the end of the dock. I believe that account came via the Branns.

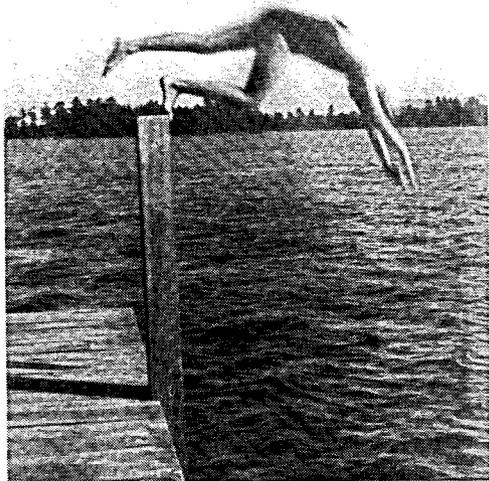
- Roberta's children selling old magazines (like hot cakes) from the mail boat dock to the people aboard the "Uncle Sam."

- A rainy day made exciting as we watched the grocery boat drifting toward our point; our youngsters jumping into the lake to join the grocery boys in redirecting the boat to our beach and the fun our children had with "the older boys" while they dried their clothing and awaited rescue. Wilbur Fay had little appreciation for the beach side superintendents (the senior Messieurs Borden and Holmes) while he dug out the beached boat!

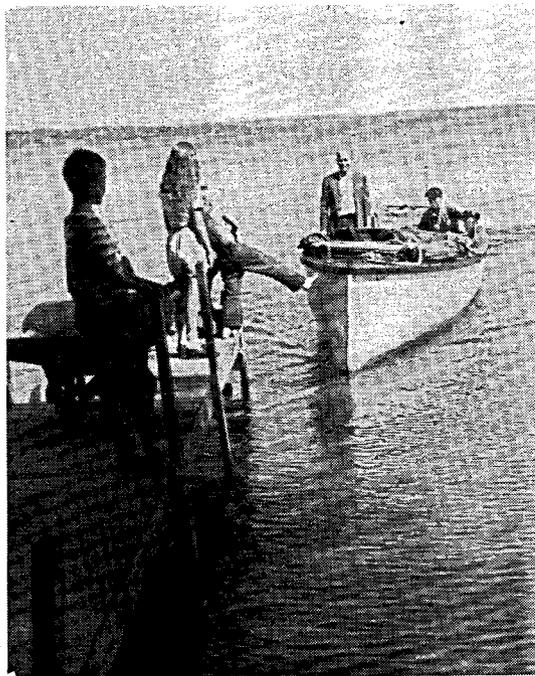
- Our boys helping Bruce (Borden) discover just the right stones for building his chimney.

- The luxury of a grocery boy who picked up my next order when he delivered and even put perishables on ice while I was at the beach or mail boat dock.

- Finding lady slippers and trilliums and raspberries, a mink, a fox, baby raccoons, a pileated woodpecker, a tiny bird's nest with 3 eggs secreted behind a log in the woods, the phoebes that nested in the porch rafter annually, baby bats behind the shutters and watching the bats soar and dip catching mosquitoes at dusk - and when my mother, Katherine R. Collins, was there....loons on our beach.



1950 Barbara Habbe
diving at Main Dock

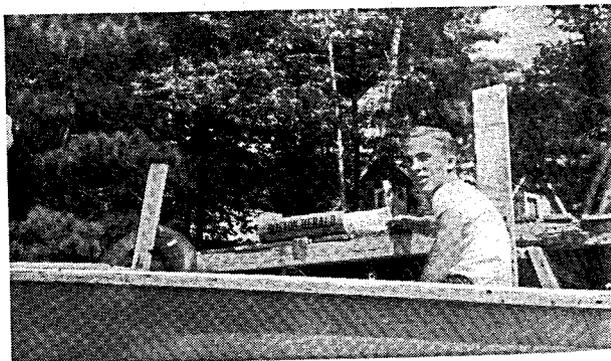


1950 Steve Habbe
arriving with Ernest Abbott

WINNIPESAUKEE
Boston Traveler
BOAT DELIVERY
SERVICE

Tel. Glendale 2121

MERRILL FAY



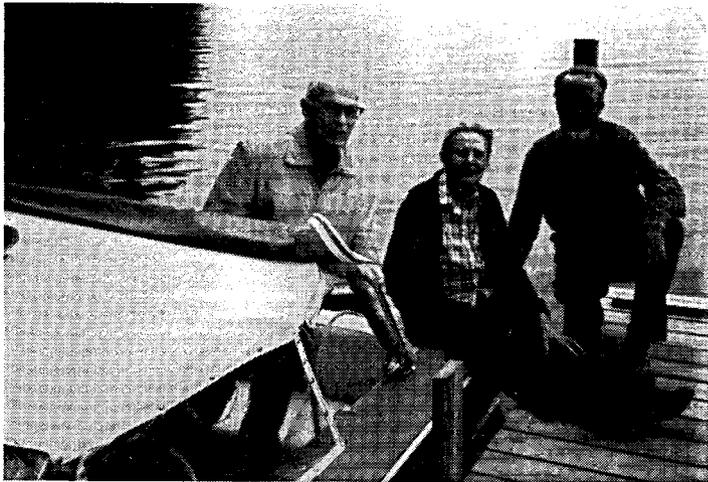
1958 Peter Habbe delivering newspapers



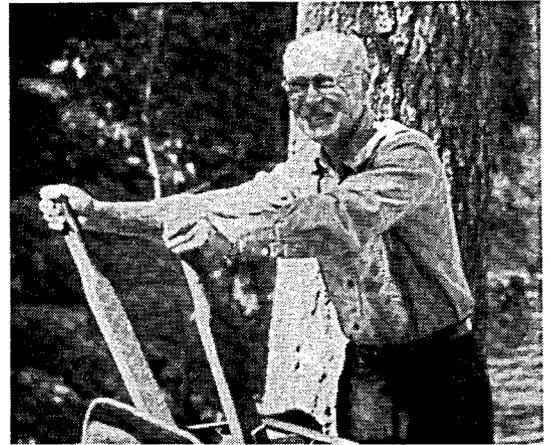
1991 Alan and Caroline Habbe



Island Transportation (Habbe)



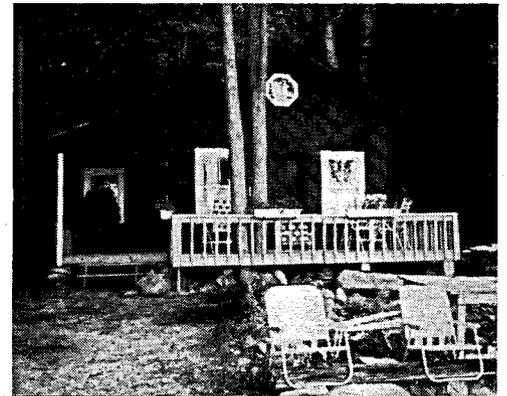
1990 Steve, Karla and Peter Habbe



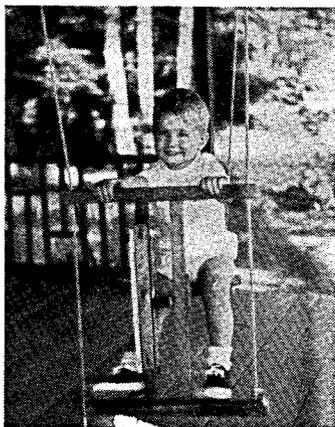
1983 Stephen Habbe



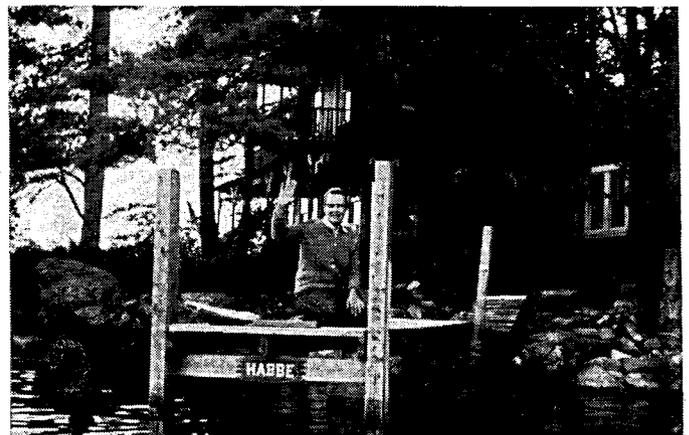
1990 Karla Habbe
repairs a chair



1988 Now a Habbe guest cottage
Once the island icehouse



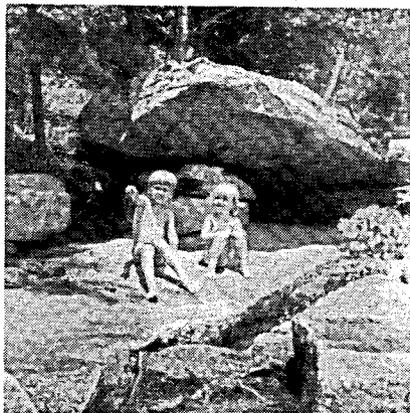
1970 Steve Habbe
Third Generation



1975 Karla Habbe
on the dock

A SPECIAL PLACE by Maria Habbe (1968-)

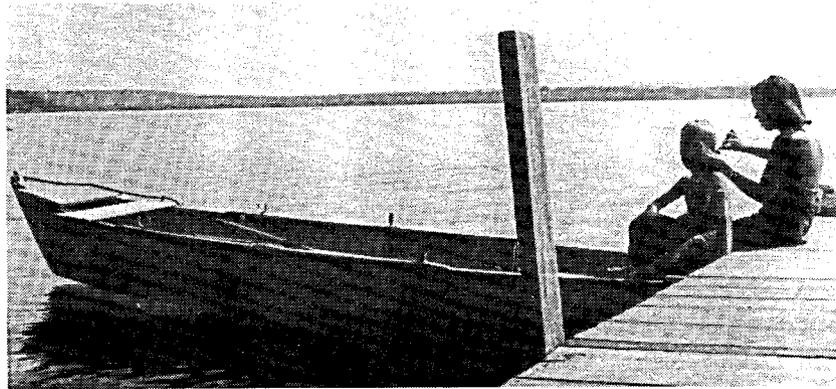
I always used to think that Jolly Island was my very own special place. I thought I was the only one who knew how peaceful and free you could feel there. I thought I was the only one who got up early enough to watch those awesome sunrises or stayed on the dock long enough to catch all those shooting stars at night. It was the only place that I could spend hours without a companion, just enjoying the friendship that nature offered. I would play on the rocks, creating an imaginary home from the boulders and branches. I could swim in the water until my lips turned blue and my mother yelled for me to get out before I caught pneumonia. It didn't bother me to run around the island barefoot in search of deer families or worthy climbing trees. I had the ability to befriend the ducks as I tried to tame them with the offer of stale bread. I was always completely content on the island, feeling as though I had discovered a well-kept secret and I wasn't going to share it with anyone.



1971 Stephen and Maria Habbe



1977 "Cindy" and Maria Habbe



1952 Barbara Habbe cuts brother Peter's hair

It wasn't until I was older that I realized that Jolly Island is not only special to me, but that it enters the hearts of everyone who experiences life on "our" island. Over the years I decided to share my "well-kept secret" with friends. I would invite them to the island, in hopes that they might feel even a small part of the peace that grew inside of me each summer. Never did I expect them, some of whom are born city dwellers, to truly appreciate the beauty of an island. But I found them falling in love with the place in just a day, dreading their return to the "real" world and hoping to be invited up again next year.

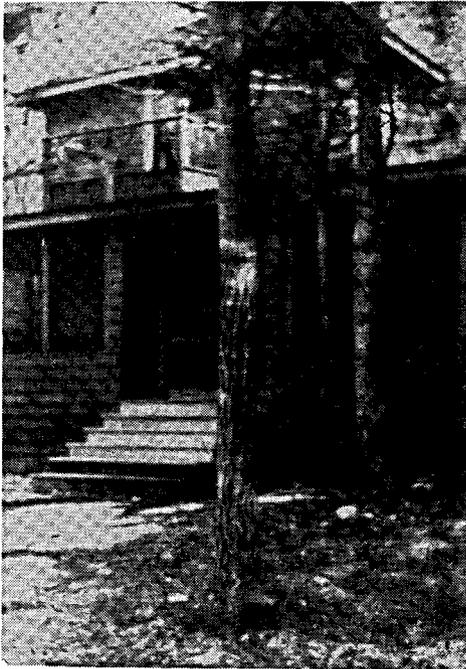
For a small group of my closest girlfriends, a weekend on the island each summer has become a tradition that they look forward to almost as much as I do. Seeing this joy in others has taught me that Jolly Island is meant to be shared. It is a place for families to come together, friendships to grow and strengthen, the young and old to share nature and, most of all, for lasting memories to be made. Jolly Island is still my special place, but I no longer want to keep it all to myself. If only for a day, everyone should be able to escape everyday life and enjoy the feelings of tranquility and security that only simple, island life can provide.

MILLER

Stenhouse-Miller

by Lauder and Estelle Miller

The Rev. Charles Alford Stenhouse (1850-1927) and his wife, Rachel Agnes Stenhouse (nee Byers) (1854-1926), had eight children: Josephine, Merritt, George, Charles, Mae, Daisy, Lillian, and Grace. Four of the eight survived into adulthood.



Circa 1915 Stenhouse Camp



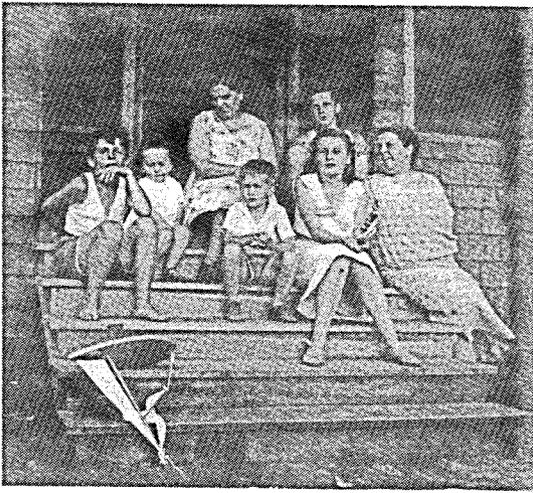
Circa 1910 Summer House
Charles Stenhouse

Aunt Mae, the eldest of Charles Stenhouse's children, and owner of the camp from the time of his death until 1962, her time of passing, told us many times of her recollections of Indians paddling around Jolly selling baskets. She also traveled to Mt. Washington on a stage coach while summering on Jolly.

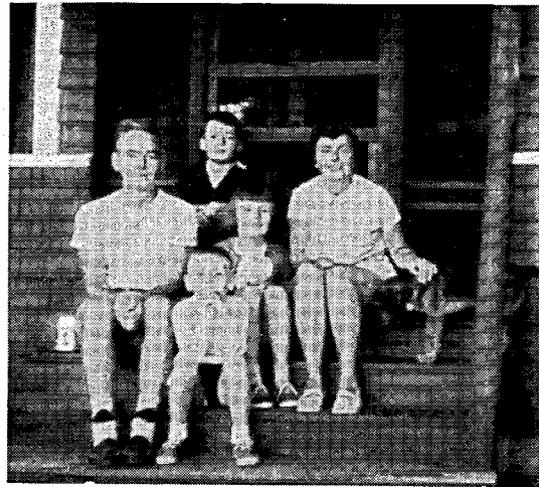
At the time of C. A. Stenhouse's passing, the property passed to four daughters, Lillian, Daisy, Mae, and Grace. Three of the sisters, for small considerations, sold their portion of the inheritance to Mae who maintained the camp until her death, enjoying the company of her sisters and their families as well as many friends.

When Aunt Mae passed away, she left the property to the children of her sister, Grace, with whom she had lived for the major part of her life. Robert Miller inherited property measuring 200 feet shore frontage starting at the mailboat wharf, Roberta Miller McAskill and Madeline Miller the next 150 feet shorefront and main cottage, and Lauder the "lodge" on the last 150 feet shorefront abutting the Habbe property, and including the beach and wharf area.

Grace Stenhouse Miller, Aunt Mae's youngest sister by twenty years, told us that the little shed, "Library" as it was called from earliest times, was the first permanent building on the property and was used for many different things at different times, including a honeymoon cottage for herself and Robert Miller. It has held many collections, but became mainly the holding place for books, magazines and notes, and as time passed also a "tool and hardware store" of sorts.



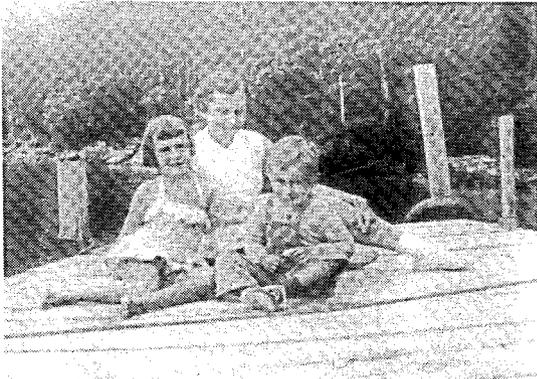
1933 Mother Miller, Alford Peckham,
Aunt Mae, Roberta, Robert,
Lauder, and Madeline



1958 Norman and Roberta McAskill
Kirk, Wendy, and Scottie

The main structure was built in two stages, the large bedroom on the first floor being a building standing by itself until into the early 1900s when the larger two story structure joined it as well as an ell serving as a delightful kitchen with screened exposure on two sides and side porch holding the ice box.

The property also included a two slip boat house where the dock is now located but we understand that the boathouse fell victim to the infamous hurricane of 1938.



1956 (Aunt) Madeline Miller
Wendy & Scott McAskill



1929 Oakcroft Boathouse and Beach
Robert, Roberta, Lauder Miller and Alford Peckham

As this book continues to document early life on Jolly Island towards the end of the 19th century as well as update it into the late 20th century, it is fitting to note the changes in our way of life, in particular at the Stenhouse camp, also known as "Oakcroft" for its proliferation of oak trees, a mixed blessing as it is the presence of these that makes us probably by far the worst hit at times of the Gypsy moth infestations.

Our founding settlers and the generation following largely received supplies by way of the steamers then traveling the lake. Ice was harvested and stored in our own ice house on Jolly for a time and then supplied by boat from Fay's Bear Island ice house. We well remember Merrill Fay as a young boy in the late 40s, and his brothers running up from the ice boat at the dock to deposit ice in the ice box on our back porch. At this time, we also used kerosene and wood stoves for cooking and heating.

During the 50s bottled gas stoves and refrigerators replaced the kerosene, wood and ice in the kitchen with the advent of gas service and supply being maintained by R. H. Smith Co. - how luxurious this change

made life for the women of the island! The old form of lighting still existed, kerosene lamps primarily, and some modern day innovations in the form of gasoline lanterns, noisy and dirty as well as dangerous at times. We almost had a fire at the lodge started by a gasoline lantern malfunction which caused some very anxious minutes until Lauder was able to get the fire under control with the use of a fire extinguisher.

The hand pump and outhouse continue in use to this day as they were used by our ancestors. However, striving to be the elite of the island, Lauder built a two-seater outhouse, to the envy of everyone (or so he thought). Our original outhouse faced the lake, had no door, and was so shallow, that while enthroned, one's knees extended past the wall and out the door.

Electricity arrived on Jolly Island, the cost of the cable being absorbed by Jim and Edna Fox, the owners of the old Coultas property. They were replacing an old Navy generator which had earlier been used. Very slowly, some of the fellow islanders began to make use of this modern form of energy. It was feared by some, including Lauder, and with some good reason, that this major change in our way of life on the islands could force the loss of some of the wonderful benefits that life without electricity had held. Simplicity had truly been wonderful and being forced to live with basics had some wonderful advantages for ourselves and our children who were bombarded fall, winter and spring by all of the complexities of life including those brought by electric power. When R. H. Smith Co. no longer had his gas boat on the lake, many of us had to resort to electric power and had found it (once again by the housewives, primarily) to be not as detrimental as we had anticipated! The same can be said for the telephone which made its arrival on the island at the same time.

Not all have availed themselves of these innovations, and we admire those islanders and at times perhaps envy them.

Many of the steamers left the lake, and the islanders became very reliant on the friendship, capabilities, and wonderful taxi boat, "Limit", of Ernie Abbott. As we began to travel more frequently to and from the island rather than stay for complete summers as our forefathers had, it became necessary to maintain a power boat of our own and still Mr. Abbott was our friend and helped us to know a good lake boat from one not so good when the time for purchase came.



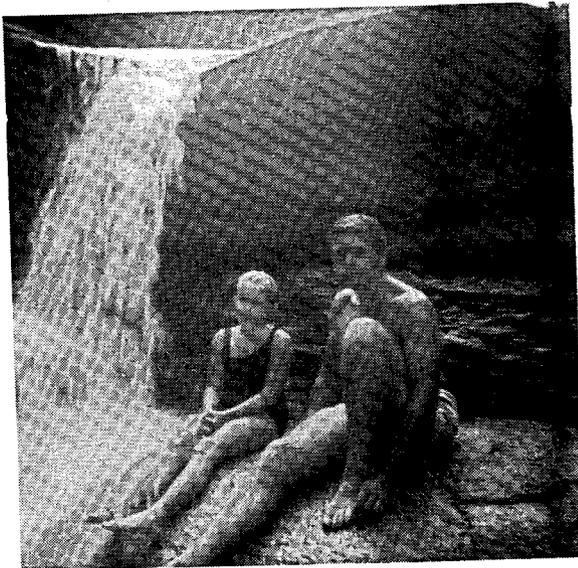
1958 Mr. Abbott delivers, Robert helps unload
Roberta and McAskil children watch

A fire station of sorts, consisting of a shelf of large water buckets was installed at the main wharf with the two fold purpose of reminding us all of the ever present danger of fire for which we have virtually no protection, and the storage spot known to all of large buckets should the need arise. It did arise one morning when Edna Fox came running through the woods calling for help. Charcoal, presumed to have been rendered dead by a night immersed in water, had been buried only to start a fire in the peat layer, traveling up a few trees on her property. Islanders were quickly summoned, the buckets distributed, and a line of

campers, old and young, formed a line from the water to pass bucketsful to those in the woods at the Fox property. The fire was quickly brought under control and we all felt very self-sufficient and proud of ourselves.

In 1949, we remember still calling to each other to come and see a power boat going past the camp and on down the lake. Today we look forward to early and late season and to the departure of tourists and "fair weather boatmen" so that we can enjoy the return of quiet and calm to the lake and listen for the loons in the silence.

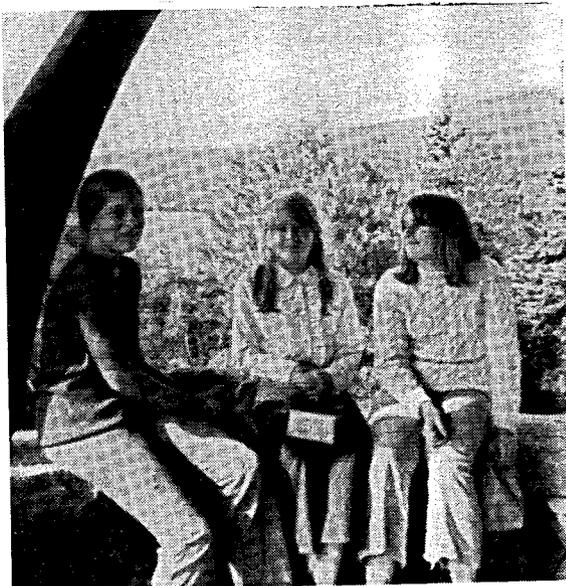
Hopefully, this beloved camp will remain always within our family. My mother, Grace Asbury Miller (nee Stenhouse) always looked on the Island as her true home. As a minister's daughter she was brought up in many different parsonages and the Island represented a constant in her life. I understand her feeling towards the Island and the Lake. It's Home.



1963 Lauder and Jessie Miller
A day trip to North Conway



1992 Miller girls, Jessie Hollins
Rachel Wilensky, Rebecca Beane



Circa 1969 Jessie, Rachel
and Becky Miller
At Castle in the Clouds



Becky and Rachel Miller



1991 Estelle Miller



1987 Simon's Birthday Party
Vanessa, Simon, Arie, Chelsey
Joe Ranieri, Spencer, Amanda, Rachel, Erin



1992 Rebecca and Jessie replace the footings



1968 Jessie and Becky with "Mate"

WRITINGS FROM BEHIND THE DOOR

The following was found written on the wall behind a door in the cottage called Oakcroft. Mae Stenhouse, my aunt, was the authoress. She was the eldest daughter of Charles A. Stenhouse. It gives a limited idea of some of the many activities Aunt Mae and the family were involved in.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. July 15, 1909 2. August 2, 1909 3. August 19, 1909 4. August 27, 1909 5. September 2, 1909 6. September 8, 1909 7. May 14, 1910 8. July 29, 1910 9. July 31, 1910 10. August 11, 1910 11. August 20, 1910 12. August 20, 1910 13. August 29, 1910 14. June 26, 1911 15. August 3, 1911 16. August 4, 1911 17. August 5, 1911 18. August 12, 1911 19. April, 1912 20. July 1, 1912 21. July 18, 1912 22. 1913 23. July 31, 1913 24. August 21, 1913 25. 1920 26. September 2, 1920 | <p>To Ossipee Mt. Park
 A day in Boston with Marlin and Tabbie
 First night in new house
 First family meal in new dining room
 Severe thunderstorm
 Found a letter from Tabbie dated August 5th -
 replied
 Trip to Red Hill - great day
 Sailed for France
 Paris
 Started for Switzerland
 Oberammergau
 Cologne on Rhine
 Sailed for home
 Arrived home
 Arrived at Island
 C.E.M. arrived
 <i>Mt. Washington</i> around Lake
 Moonlight trip to Melvin - C.E.M. left
 Seawall finished
 Moved to Edgartown, Massachusetts
 Appointed to Rogers High School, Newport, R.I.
 PaPa and I came here for 10 days
 Year in Newport High School - Appointed
 Directed and soloist First M.E. Church, Newport
 Recital in Edgartown
 PaPa and girls came for week
 Spent 10 weeks, 3 days
 Motorboat stalled in Northwest storm</p> |
|---|--|

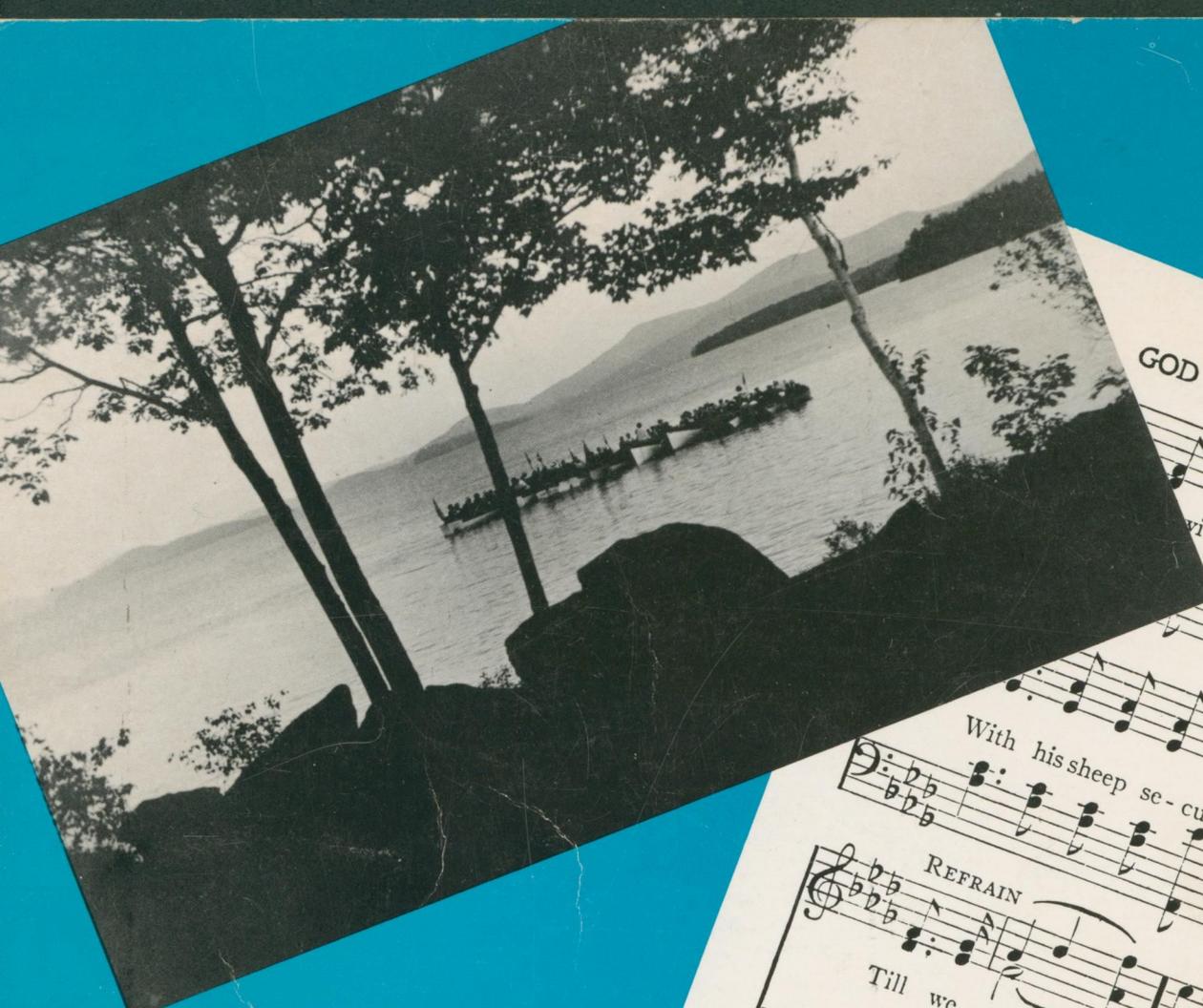
Afterword

In summary, the Centennial Publication Committee would like to thank all the Jolly Island Campers who have shared their memories, poetry, and photos with us.

We are impressed with the way this island life has so deeply touched the hearts and imaginations of all, young and old, who have had the good fortune to summer here.

We hope future generations of campers will continue the stewardship and treasure this special place.

The Jolly Island Centennial Committee
Faith Conrad, Co-chair
Katharine Fairman, Co-chair
Bruce and Joyce Borden
Stephen Habbe
Grace King
Lauder and Estelle Miller



GOD BE WITH YOU 9. 8. 8.

with you till we meet a - gain

With his sheep se - cure - ly fold you; God be

REFRAIN

Till we meet! . . . Till we meet! Till we meet!

Till we meet! Till we meet a - gain! Till we meet a

Till we meet! . . . Till we meet! Till we meet a - gain!

Till we meet! Till we meet a - gain! God be with you till we meet a

- 2 God be with you till we meet again!
'Neath his wings securely hide you,
Daily manna still provide you;
God be with you till we meet again!
- 3 God be with you till we meet again!
When life's perils thicken confound you,

By permission of J. E. Rankin

- Put his arms unfailing round you
God be with you till we meet again
- 4 God be with you till we meet again
Keep love's banner floating o'er you
Smite death's threatening wave before
God be with you till we meet again

JEREMIAH E. RANKIN