It's a privilege to be here tonight, although as I look out over the audience, I see an awful lot of people that probably know much more about the history of Moultonboro, and probably Lee's Mills, and so forth, than I ever will, or ever have. I'll tell you what I know.

I have done no historical research. Everything I say will be from things that I remember, and things that were told to me by people that had lived here for many years, particularly Mrs. Myra Carter, who was originally a Brown, and lived in the farm across from the Woodshed. And Mrs. Carter was an old family friend, and she had told me many stories about Lee's Mills and about the lake. I haven't researched any historical books, so if anybody wants to argue about points, and so forth, I'm open for argument, but remember, a portion of the audience is my family! They will agree with me.

The McKinneys started to come Lake Winnipesaukee in the late '20's. The Carters that I spoke about already owned Camp Inwood, which is if you stand on the town dock and look straight down the lake, you'd be looking right at their camp. We came up from New Jersey. We used to leave, I was maybe five, we would leave at four or five o'clock in the morning, and get up here around midnight. So, it was about 18 hours on the road. And of course, in those days a lot of them were dirt roads, even up this way. We'd drive down to the dock, and blow the horn, and Mr. Carter would get the boat, and drive up the lake and pick us up. So, that's when I first started remembering things about the lake and about the area.

(Question from audience) - We brought our canary in a little wooden cage, my two sisters and myself, and before we left home in New Jersey, the goldfish went down the toilet.

I guess one of the early things I remember is the house that was Catnip Lodge. How many of you remember George Fales? When George lived at Catnip Lodge, and when we'd come up in the summertime, George would come running out the door, he always had a Panama hat on, he was always glad to see somebody. And that really struck me when I was a child.
And right next door was this old, run-down, and I mean, run-down, house. I never paid much attention to it, but that was Lee's Mill. And it would probably, some time in the late '30's, around '38 or sometime around there, that my father bought the property. And he bought it from Bill Raymond, who lived across the street here. And, as I recall it, the purchase price was $600, and it was about 12 or 15 acres of land involved, which included the dam, and at that time the old mill was still standing. It was pretty much run-down, it wasn't safe to go into, but the timbers were there and so forth.

My father did two construction projects. I have a picture here of the old house, you really have to see the old place to get a good idea of what it was like. And by the way, I'll donate this to the Society. My father basically duplicated the old house. There was a barn there, and he tore that down. But the basic house, which was originally the superintendent's house of the mill. And he duplicated it, in that the house consisted of three rooms. There was a living room which is as it is today, and a bedroom, and a bathroom on the first floor. The second floor, well not really second floor, it was an attic area, with a very steep set of stairs going up to it. And then there was an ell off of one side that was the kitchen, and that was the original old house when he bought it. I have no idea how old the house was. But I've been told by Mrs. Carter, whose father worked in the mill, that the mill itself was built sometime in the late 18th century, or early 19th century. He added a porch along the back of the house, and then at the end was kind of a kind of a long walkway, actually, and at the end was a porch. And that was the original house as he renovated it.

We didn't do much else to the property right away, but in 1940, about 1940, he decided that the mill was unsafe, that somebody was going to get hurt in there, and that we really should do something with the mill. He contracted with Bill Raymond, who at that time owned the floating equipment on the lake, which by the way, we owned, eventually. They brought the crane up,
how many remember the old steam crane that used to be on the barge that came into the landing down there. And they brought the old crane up in there, and they tied onto one of the timbers, they just figured they'd rip it apart, and pile it up to one side. They took a good, steady tug on it, and the crane almost went over. Because the timbers were just as solid as the day they'd been put in. All pegged, and they didn't give a little bit. So, they had to really tear the mill apart, and pile it up on the shore, to one side. And the only thing that was left when they got through was a granite wall. And about that time, in the winter, we burned what was left of the old mill. All the lumber that was piled up, we just burned it to get rid of it, because there was nothing else you could do with it.

Shortly after that, probably sometime around late '40's, 1941, in that period of time my father decided that he would expand the house, and enlarge it, and make it a permanent residence, so that eventually, we could come up there and live at Lee's Mills. And he added the second floor, which really consisted of just a very large bedroom that overlooked Lee's Pond out through the back. There was a small dressing room upstairs, and then where this porch ran down the back of the house, that became an inside corridor, and off of that corridor was a dining room, and then another kitchen. The house eventually had two kitchens, and then the porch on the end. That's the way the house is today. That's basically what the inside of the house looks like.

It was complete. All the electrical fixtures were in place, the plumbing was in place, everything was there, but we had no electricity. We were a mile from the nearest power lines. You have to appreciate my father to know the real story, but he started negotiating with the electric company to get electricity down to his house. And they said absolutely no, because he was the only customer on that line, and they weren't going to bring electricity down for one person. That wasn't going to stop him. He really went after them like a bulldog, and kept at it, and at it, and at it, and finally through some friend of his there was a lot of pressure put onto give him the electricity, but he was going to
pay a premium for it. Well, he didn't care, he just wanted the electricity. They finally agreed they would do it, and the crew came in, and they put the poles in all the way down the road from by the Woodshed, all the way down to the house, and at that time Emerson George lived on the road, but he didn't want anything to do with electricity, and George Fales, I don't think George exactly knew what electricity was, but he didn't want it either. So, the McKinneys had to pick it up. They put the poles in in about two days, which was good time, and then the third day the line crew showed up, my father went off up the road, and he came back and he said, "They think they're going to take maybe three or four days to put electricity in." And I said, "That sounds reasonable to me, its a lot of work", and he said, "Not to me." And he went off, and he came back, and he had maybe four or five bottles of whiskey, and some gin, and beer, and he brought the line foreman down, and he said, "See that sitting on the wall? You get me power tonight, and that's yours." We had lights on that night. They had a drunken line crew. They didn't go home.

Again, before the outbreak of the war, we decided that we needed another building. And we built what we call the Barn, which sat just to one side towards the old mill. It was a good-size building, it was a two-car garage and a big workshop, and a room downstairs. There was about a six-room apartment on the second floor, and again, my father was a great collector. He'd collect anything, basically, that wasn't nailed down, that he thought looked pretty good. He got going out of the shipyard one time with the figurehead off of Admiral Byrd's Arctic exploring ship. The head was sticking out the rear window. But he did get all the furniture off the "Bear", of Oakland, that was Byrd's flagship when he went to the Antarctic, and it was in that building. There were compasses in there from old cruisers, there were engines, there was everything that you could think of in that building. You couldn't move in it. A lot of collector's items. And it was in 19...well, that was before the war. And then of course, during the war years, everything slowed down, there weren't too many of us around when I came back in 1946, he had purchased the floating equipment from Bill Raymond. So, we decided to go into business on the lake, doing piledriving, and dredging, and all the things that
had to be done for everybody around the lake. So I came up,
and at that time my sister was living up the road, where the
Woodshed is now, it was her house, and I stayed there with them
in the spring, and Bill Glidden and I caulked one of the old barges
and we got all the equipment ready to go for the spring. And
we had a lot of tools and things that we got from the old barn;
well it wasn't old, but the barn, and it was a year later, in
1947, when we were working down on the waterfront, doing something down
there, I don't know what it was, and I went back up to get some
tools, and as I approached the barn I could feel the heat. What
had happened was that we had a cast-iron stove, and it blew up,
blew apart, went into pieces and set the building on fire. We
still didn't have telephones. I had to get in the car and come all
the way up to the post office, drive up from Lee's Mills to let
them know we had a fire, and you can imagine by the time the
people and the fire engine got back down there, it was pretty
much gone. So, that's why you don't see that building there
anymore. We did put up a two-car garage afterwards.

Voice from audience-You forgot to mention that the
fellow who drove the fire engine down didn't know how to operate
the engine. John-Well, the problem, Don, was that the fellow
that drove the fire engine down was not a volunteer fireman.
And the second man that came down was a volunteer fireman, and
they got into an argument over his right to drive the fire engine
to a fire, and they stood in the yard and argued about it for
quite a while. It was gone, anyway, so there was no sense getting
excited. Try to keep the forest from catching on fire, by that
time. Anyway, that's what happened.

My father died in 1948, and then my mother sold, I
guess sometime in the '50's, because I wasn't around then, but
she sold the house sometime in the '50's. And we just found out
recently that Bob had bought the property. Historically, most
of the things that I know about from a history standpoint, as I
said, was that it was constructed sometime in the late 18th
century or early 19th century, and it was a main employer for
the area. This is bits of information that I picked up from this
Mrs. Carter. Her father worked at the mill. Mr. Brown, he was
one of the people that worked in the mill itself, and she told me,
and again, you know, it's hearsay, but she said that that was the first place in this area that actually generated electricity. And there are still, or were still, insulators up on the trees, so that may be true. But it was an ideal location for someplace to generate electricity. The old pit, or opening for the wheel, was still visible, I don't know whether it still is today, but the three stone walls, three granite walls, if they're still there, are sitting on a floor. In fact, we were going to make a boathouse out of it until we started trying to clear the stones away and found out that there was a floor underneath those walls when they built the mill. So that, you couldn't really do anything with it. The dam looked pretty much the way it does today, the old raceway, the first opening had started to fall in, and we had planned to rebuild that, but it was one of those things we never got around to doing. The sluiceway, which was the second opening, was in pretty good shape, and the spillway, the last opening, was again starting to fall in, it was in bad shape.

In the old days, they would bring the logs in from Lee's Pond, on this end, and also bring them in from the lower end. And of course, in those days you could dump all the sawdust right into the bay, and years ago I can remember that there'd be sawdust just below the surface of the water and you could take a long pole and stick it down, it would go forever, and there was nothing there but sawdust. And there are a lot of logs in that bay down there.

Those are some of the things I've remembered about Lee's Mills. Oh, I know a couple of other things that I've heard, in fact Bob (Lamprey) and I talked about it. The area from the house, where the house is now, all the way down to the landing at the end, used to be stacked with lumber, that had just come out of the mill. It was stacked with lumber, and it was my understanding that there was another mill in that lot, and it was a shook mill. Some people have said they thought it was a flour mill, or something like that, but from all the reports I've heard, and everybody that I've talked to, it was a shook mill. A shook mill was a mill that made barrel staves, and it makes more sense to think that that's what was there, rather than a flour mill right in the midst of a lumberyard.
Another interesting thing about this, and I have seen it, years ago, the property, the boundaries of that property were identified by some really peculiar things. There was, if you go out across the dam, and go into the woods, there was a large rock with an "L" cut in it, and I have seen that stone. And that was one of the property lines. From there, the line ran down, and this is the one I have a hard time believing, to an oak tree way across the bay, so that if you lined yourself up with the rock and that oak tree, that was the property line. If anybody ever cut the oak tree down...

The other thing I wanted to touch on was, I mentioned this to Bob and he said, "They might be interested to hear something about that, too," was that we were the last people to own a large steamboat on the lake, and that was the old tug, "Moultonboro".¹ I don't know how many of you remember seeing that, but again, that was owned by Bill Raymond, and it was originally built sometime a long time ago. And it was used principally to tow rafts of logs to Lakeport, down to the mill, they would raft the logs all around the lake, and then they'd haul them down. There were two boats, one was "Black Brook", and the other one was originally the "Center Harbor", and was renamed the "Moultonboro." But those were two sister tugs that used to haul the logs down the lake. When that business kind of died away, Mr. Raymond had bought a steam crane from the railroad, and he moved the crane from the railroad car and put it on a barge, and went into the contracting business. At that time, he was the only one on the lake doing it. When I was working on the lake, we'd go to Rattlesnake Island and pick up stones, and likewise, we'd take sand from Sandy Shore Park, offshore, and load up the barges and haul them and build beaches. We'd drive piles, build docks and everything with it. My father had bought that right before the war, or after the war, I wasn't around here at that time.

I want to back up a minute. One time, I ran into this tug, when the "Mount Washington" was built, in Lakeport and that was the first full-time job I ever had. I was fifteen years old; they brought the hull down here in 21 pieces from Lake Champlain, and put it together next to the old icehouse down in Lakeport. And of course, there was a big push to get the boat in the water, and get it going, we worked seven days a week, twelve hours a day, to put it together, and we put all the hull
together, and then we built a superstructure on top of that, and one of the jobs I had after she was launched, was dragging a firehose out to the boat so that we could put a lot of water in it, to lower it to get under the bridge at the Weirs. And the old tug was there that day, and of course, we had no power in the "Mount", so the tug pulled it up through. We got to the bridge and got stuck. And there were maybe 20 or 30 people that jumped from the bridge onto the Mount, and that was surprising, just enough to lower that little bit to go under the bridge and on over to the dock at the Weirs. To finish up on the Mount, she first went out I'm sure a lot of you have been on her, but when she first went out on her maiden trip, we left the Weirs and we went down as far as the end of Rattlesnake Island, and we were gone most of eight hours, because they were having a lot of problems with the power and things like that, so it was kind of an interesting trip.

To get back to the tugs, we used to tow the barges around the lake, and whenever the wind came up and we were out on the Broads or someplace like that, we were in trouble. The old boat would creak, and groan, and you could actually see it moving like this, it wasn't very solid. We used to bring her back up, we'd come up and we'd run her up on a sawdust bank at Lee's Mills, and we'd sit there all night with the power turning over, stirring the sawdust up and lily pads and things like that, and somehow they'd all get filled up in the cracks and if it was calm, we'd take off the next day, going back down the lake. It was kind of an interesting experience to be working on something like that, that had to be very ancient because we had a little pump on there that pumped water, I never could figure out what for, but we wrote to the company to get a couple of parts, and they sent a vice-president of marketing up, he wanted for us to give it to him, and he'd give us a brand-new one, because that was one of the first ones they ever made.

The old boat, we used to pull them up across the bay, across from the town dock, pull that one up and try to fix it for another season, but it was too far gone, the keel was broken and we just couldn't stop it from leaking, so we had to give up, and from that point on, we used to use a boat which is now the "Doris E.". It doesn't look like the Doris E., but it was built like the Doris E. I have some photographs here that I wish you'd take a look at, the old tug, because she's something really classic.
One other thing that was an item of interest too, is that when the people that built the Mount Washington, it was the General Ship and Engine Works, and they were also the people who ran it for many years. The corporation that had them build it was Jim Irwin and Leander Lavallee, who had been on the lake a long time, but they, either mismanagement or what have you, went bankrupt, so the boat had to be sold. Having so much money invested in it, the General Ship and Engine Works couldn't just let it go anybody, the thing to do was to buy it themselves, but I guess according to the rules and regulations, they couldn't do the buying, so they asked my father if he would buy it, act as a front, which he was glad to do. So, he bought the Mount Washington, and it was in all the papers—"John S. McKinney of Moultonboro, New Hampshire Buys Mount Washington" We had more relatives that we never knew we had. We had them coming from all over the country, They heard about this McKinney that was very wealthy and had bought Mount Washington, either looking for work, or wanted to cement old family ties.

Well I guess that's about some of the things that I remember. I'm not organized as a speech, I just wanted to go through some of the highlights, and if anybody has any comments or wants to add anything to what I've said, I'd be glad to hear it.

Excuse me, I have a question for the general audience. I'm Sally Carver, and my husband and I live on Sheridan Road, and our only claim to fame is that we're Martha Oliver's neighbor. We are living in Moultonboro, but have a Center Harbor address. My husband tells our friends that we live in Moultonboro Falls, Moultonboro, and I was just wondering if anybody here knows if mail was ever addressed in our area, or Sheridan Road area, to Moultonboro Falls. (Answer not clear.)

Frank Greene—What was the name of the tug that you owned?

John—The one that we owned was the Moultonboro. Although, it originally could have been called the Center Harbor. I think my father renamed it the Moultonboro, and licensed it that way. The Black Brook, was smaller but was supposedly the sister ship. And it was captained by Bill Raymond's son-in-law. He did something wrong, either he was drinking, or they passed each other out on the Broads in a snowstorm, and he told him, he said, "You get that boat back into Lee's Mills, and you run it up on shore and get out of here." And that's where she rotted, right there on the shore.
When I was a kid I used to walk around the decks, and she was right in the sawdust pile.

Question-What happened to the Moultonboro?

John-The Moultonboro was left over on the far side of the shore. Is it still there? John-No, it's all rotted and gone. I'm sorry, because there were a lot of things I wish I had the engine out of it, it was an old steam engine and I had retubed the boiler myself, and the only thing I have left from that is the engine-room bell, which from the pilot-house to the engine room, one bell meant stop, and two meant back up, and so forth. Bill Raymond, or Raymond Husband, who just died a little while ago, worked on the lake. And Bill Glidden was the engineer. He operated the crane, and he also operated the engine on the tug. And Bill was an interesting person, in that, they'd be coming into the dock, or coming in to somewhere, with the barges in tow and the engine bell would ring from Mr. Raymond, or Mr. Husband, saying, "Stop the engine", but Bill looked out there, and he'd say, "They don't want to stop yet, it's not time", and he'd keep right on going, and they'd keep ringing away, and he'd say, "No, not yet," and they'd want Full Speed Astern, and Bill would wait till he thought it was full speed astern, and when the barges came up against the back of the tug, the stern of the tug would actually accordion about a foot. It would just go way in like that, and come right out again. It was frightening when you first saw it, but he'd been doing it for years, and it didn't bother them. That's what we used to go across the lake in. Sometimes you'd wonder if you were going to make it.

Question-Is the present Mount Washington the one that you worked on? Yes, it is. Is that the sister ship to the Ticonderoga? Yes, that was the Chateaugay. She was the Chateaugay on Lake Champlain, and they stripped her down, and just cut the hull up in 21 pieces ten feet long, brought them down on flatcars and they built a railway at Lakeport, right by the icehouse, and they slid the pieces back on the railway and welded them all back up. That's a wrought-iron hull. It's an old wrought-iron hull that goes back to the late 19th century. (Voice from audience)-Not much original left? John-The only thing original is the hull. (Voice)-Not much of that left, either. John-They cut it open, and put a piece in. I worked on it when she had the original engines, they were Herreshoff yacht engines, and they were very undersized...
for a ship of that size. The engines were removed during the war and I don't know where they went, and after the war they put in Enterprise diesels. I was a pilot on the Mount for one summer, and then the next summer I was captain of the Sophie C. I was a replacement for the pilot who suffered a heart attack in June, and I was the only one that was qualified to go up in the pilot house. I had worked around the lake and knew a little bit about it.

(Question-partly inaudible)-I was with my father when they were building it, ... and he said, when they get it together they're going to take the band out from the Winnipesaukee Gardens and have dances on it, and he was right, that's just exactly what they're doing. John-The people that owned General Ship and Engine Works weren't doing the things that these people are doing now, that own it today. I mean, they've really made it into a big business. And I think that the people then were just interested in running the boat. When they owned it is when we built the marine railway over there to pull it out, and I dredged all that area out for them. That would have been interesting to some of you people, the debris from one of the old hotel fires, from the big hotel up there in Center Harbor, there were dishes, and cups, and old vases, and everything else that came up out of there. Completely buried. They just hauled them to the lake and dumped them in. We pulled them all out. Question-Round-bottomed wine bottles? John-Yes.

Question-Now in the story of the guy who invented the whistle...John-Anybody here remember Oscar York? He was something to remember, wasn't he? Oscar had a piece of property in Wolfeboro Bay; if you stand on the dock in Wolfeboro and looked out on the shore, there's all these beautiful homes, and right smack in the middle was Oscar. And Oscar had a good piece of property, and he loved to have junk around. He had everything you could imagine; he had old lumber piles, he had a sawmill going there, and he liked to work at night, so he'd get up at midnight, go out and start the sawmill, and they tried everything to get rid of Oscar, and they just couldn't do it. He was really entrenched. He was a very clever man, he made the whistle for the old tug, the Moultonboro. And if you heard that whistle with your eyes closed, you'd swear the Queen Elizabeth was coming up the bay. We'd lose about 20 pounds of pressure on the boilers we blew the whistle.
(Voice from audience)—During the war, you couldn’t get gas, so he built a tank on the side of his car, and he went to California once or twice with it, but he finally ran out of tires. (inaudible) I’m sure he went to California twice with it. John—I know that he had built or refurbished an old small steam launch, and he and somebody else went out on the Broads one day, and the friend was sitting down there, feeding the boiler wood to keep it going, and they were way up, probably by Welch Island somewhere, and the guy said, “You know something, Oscar, we’re out of firewood; and Oscar said, “Well, start taking the boat apart.” And they did; they started tearing the boat apart, to fuel up the boiler to get back to Wolfeboro. He was quite a character.

Question—We own Camp Inwood at the present time, and on the floor, there is a floor covering, a rather thick linoleum-type covering, and my mother, who was Maxine Lively, you may remember her as Maxine Weeks, (John—Oh, sure). She tells me that the floor covering came from the ship, the Leviathan.

John—That’s right. That was my father. I told you he collected things. My father served on the Leviathan when she was a German ship that was taken over by the American government at the beginning of World War One, the first trip she made overseas, my father went with her, they got the wrong person, it could only happen to him. They got the wrong guy, and he never got off, they turned around and sent him back, he was in charge of all the shipbuilding in Hoboken, New Jersey, he was a major in the Quartermaster Corps, and he was in charge of all shipbuilding. And apparently one of these trips the Leviathan was there, and they put big chutes off the ship, and they just dumped all the stuff off, the draperies and everything. And all the shipyard workers could take whatever they wanted. So, that’s where it came from, it came from the Leviathan.

(Voice)—It’s still there and it’s still just like it always was, I imagine. John—We liked Camp Inwood. We had some wonderful times there. Blueberry pies, and oh, boy. When I was a youngster,... Friday afternoon I used to wait all afternoon to hear that steamboat coming back up the lake, and they’d come home every Friday night, and leave every Monday morning, and they lived out on the lake, they never came back, they didn’t have cars like we do. And I’d sit there and wait to hear that, you know a steamboat doesn’t make a lot of noise, it just appears, and once in a while it would stop at Camp Inwood to say hello. (From audience)—My mother used to work packing
the food and the lunches for the crew. Question about the Carters—voice in audience states that the Carters were Millie Larson's mother and father.

Applause. End of tape.