

PERIPATETIC WOLFEBOROUGH

**WRITTEN AND COMPILED BY ALTA B. MEADER DURING
THE FALL OF 1951 AND THE SPRING OF 1952.**

REVISED IN 1954 AND 1955.

**AN OUTGROWTH OF MAKING AN INDEX OF
PARKER'S HISTORY OF WOLFEBOROUGH.**

Can a town have as its two outstanding characteristics such completely antagonistic tendencies as permanence and change? Possibly Wolfeborough's tendency to change is permanent. Anyhow, it began at an early date and it still persists. If the town had a coat of arms, it should show somewhere a building, rampant, en route to a new location.

Peter Livius, a member of Governor Wentworth's Council, was the first daring man to plan a mighty change. He had settled near a body of water which he called Livius' Pond. It is a question why he bothered to name it, for he meant to drain it. Possibly it was only after felling trees and digging out stumps that he thought of making the area a mowing field. It would surely be possible to drain a shallow pond more easily than to clear the same acreage of trees and stumps; so he dug a channel at the western end. There was more water in the lake than he thought and more barriers to its flow. It was too great a task to get the mowing field in that way, and he failed of his object; but he did make a new outlet, through which Mirror Lake has drained ever since, instead of by the old one at the Narrows, near the Libby Museum.

Fresh water fish are small, compared to the salt water varieties; and the early settlers came from the sea-coast region. So Jotham Ringe, a factotum of the Colonial Governor Wentworth, put salt water cusk into Lake Wentworth, then Smith's Pond, as an experiment. The cusk adapted themselves to the new conditions, came down the river to the larger body of water; and Winnepesaukee is the only fresh water lake to offer cusk to the fish-men as a stock for other lakes. (There is a common fresh-water variety.) Whether the clams of Mirror Lake are due to Peter Livius, Jotham Ringe, or natural development is not recorded. They are no cause for pride on the part of anyone. They are simply nauseous. I tried them.

If outlets of lakes could be changed by a little labor and salt water fish would live in fresh, then if town lines did not suit, just change them. When roads did not run advantageously, influential men could get them altered. Buildings have wandered around in a way absolutely unknown to any other village of my acquaintance. The size matters not; if the structure is too large, cut it open and move it in sections.

Of course fish-houses come and go each season; their locations must, of necessity, be transitory; but it is rather unusual for a village, duly and legally incorporated by the state Legislature, to appear each Fall and be removed each Spring, as is the case with Fisherville. Moving a one-car garage is a mere nothing, unless it makes a long trip; and, of course, there is no insuperable barrier to the removal of a wharf and the relocation of it elsewhere, though it is expensive and toilsome.

But when one realizes that Wolfeborough churches, the town meeting-house, school houses, and the Academy, together with more than a hundred and fifty houses and barns, have changed

position, some more than once, and one has stood in four locations, he wonders if the town is not unique. I shall make no attempt to give these changes in chronological order. At this time it would be impossible.

The first important one that I find, after Peter Livius' activities, was in 1779, the change in Miles Road North (the present North Main St.,). As the early maps show, the surveys provided for many so-called "range roads" between the proprietors' lots; these roads were straight, except where there were insurmountable difficulties, and sometimes they were built over heart-breaking routes. Miles Road (1765) was fairly straight, except where lakes and ponds intervened. It was laid out at the expense of the proprietors before anyone lived in the town, but by 1779 people had built along it. When Ebenezer Horne and his sons came to the Goose Corner region, Miles Road led along the northeast border of his land and was an easier road to travel than the present one, which has a mean curve over Meserve Brook at the foot of the hill beyond Keewaydin Road. Ebenezer Horne desired the road to curve southwest, so that he might have farm lots for his family on both sides of the road; and the town fathers obligingly complied. That accounts for the curve at Ivan Piper's and on the hill beyond. Waumbeck Road, past Carl Shannon's and the large house now owned by Mr. James Meister, was part of the old road which came out by the red house owned by Harry Libby (1955), in a practically straight line with no bad hill on it.

In 1800 the people on Brown's Ridge in Ossipee wanted to be a part of Wolfeboro, because they were more closely associated with it than with Ossipee. There was a road of sorts over the mountain to North Wolfeboro at the time. And so the General Court was petitioned to make the Wolfeboro Addition, and granted the request, providing that nothing should be so construed as to prevent Moses Brown from living in Ossipee, if he chose. He was

evidently the first of the uncompromising citizens of Ossipee.

In 1858, Benjamin Wiggin, who lived where Bernard Cram does now, then just over the line in Tuftonboro, preferred to send his children to the nearer Wolfeboro school at Goose Corner instead of to the Tuftonboro school on Blake Heights; and the authorities moved the town line over to include him in Wolfeboro.

Moving a town line, which, physically speaking, is only an imaginary one, does not involve much muscular effort. The Miles Road of 1779 was probably a mere cart track over fields and through woods, with, here and there, a rough culvert or a bridge; and, doubtless, Ebenezer Horne and his stalwart sons helped to lay out and smooth the new track. They should have, certainly, in gratitude for the added value of their land. Today a man would stand small chance of putting two curves and a bad hill into a main road already straight and fairly level, merely to give himself house lots on both sides of the road.

The moving of buildings is not so easily accomplished. It takes money, muscle, and know-how, today. Even when the village of Hill was relocated on higher ground because of the construction of the Franklin Dam, only one house was moved from the old village; instead, new ones were built. A hundred and more years ago in Wolfeboro, when a man planned to build a new house, he looked about for a desirable location, occupied or not. If there were a house there, it was moved to another lot and became a home for someone else, leaving the site free for the new house. Sometimes a man had a place for his house and then acquired one already built and moved it. The neighbors all came with their oxen and equipment and the job was soon done.

The next time you drive to Wolfeboro Center, look carefully at the white house in the corner on the right as you turn if bound for Sanbornville. You will notice that one front window is smaller than the other. The end containing the small window was once about twenty rods from the nearby shore of Lake Wentworth. It was the two-story section of the residence of Ebenezer Allen, the first town minister, and was built sometime between 1792 and 1796. The original Minister's Lot contained three hundred and fifty acres of the rugged terrain around Upper Beech Pond, a most inconvenient location for a parsonage, as the Church, or meeting-house, was located near the old cemetery, not far from the curve approaching Goldthwaite Manor, but nearer the Lake; and, moreover, there could have been no direct road from the Minister's Lot to the Center at that time, and no road some of the way.

So the Reverend Mr. Allen made an exchange for another lot in that part of town and built his house on the main road, which then ran south of the meetinghouse to the shore of the lake, then to Willey's Mill (near the first house across the present railroad track), thence to College Road, near the first house on that road, going east, which was once an Inn and still stands.

The building on the left corner of the Sanbornville Road at the Center, the old Nudd house, did not just grow there naturally; it was transplanted from a position not so very far from the saw-mill near the Lawrence-Maxfield house. The Pike home, a dark red house that stood on the right of the road from the Center to Stockbridge Corner, was moved to Factory Street, beside the Graham house, I think. The Pike barn, much later, apparently started for Wolfeboro village to join the house. It got a little way beyond Goldthwaite Manor and stopped in a grove on the right of the road to become the basis of the house owned by Frank Bickford and his wife, Eleanor Kenney Bickford. The Kenneys long owned the farm and the house now called

Goldthwaite Manor. The blacksmith shop that once was on the very corner, long since departed, and the small house that more recently stood there, with the rebuilding of the road in 1952, has been moved over to Mr. Dalphond's wood-yard, on the right near the railroad crossing. The wheels were under it for a long time. It might have been a good thing to have left them there, to be ready for the next move. Construction has always been decidedly ambulatory in the town from very early days. The inventor of the trailer should have been a native. Wheels beneath, as standard equipment, would have materially aided the frequent activities of the inhabitants.

The house that is nearest the railroad crossing is composed of disjecta membra of the old George Nute residence which was beside the road just south of Mrs. Fernald's. After the Nutes built the larger house which we know as Ross Fernald's, the old house was moved in part and torn down in part, and the Palfrey home is the result.

There have been two School houses at the Center and both have been moved. One stood beyond the cemetery. It was moved down the hill and across the road, and, later, became a dwelling house. The other, the Maple Grove School-house, was located just below James Tutt's, at the foot of the hill. When it was no longer used for its primary purpose (no pun intended), dances were held there; and finally it took its last step, we hope, in its degradation and came over the road to become a part of the cider mill.

Mr. Bourdon's house, next to his store, came, some years ago, from Pork Hill across the Brook, on the right of the road. And the new one, lately built across the road, has already gone farther away to another

foundation, as has the "Ike" Albee house, to sit in the proper relation to the revised position of the highway.

The old Fernald railroad station at the Center is a guest-house on the point beyond Wentworth Beach.

The original Governor Wentworth barn was cut open after the Mansion was burned in 1820, and a part of it, until it also burned, was the barn of the Charles Whitton place, on the right beyond Lake Wentworth, just past the cemetery, as you go toward Sanbornville. The other part went to Thomas Whitton, in the left hand corner of the road to Cotton Valley, where it still stands, or leans. The Dickson (Dixon?) barn on College Road (the other buildings are now gone), went to Henry Clow's, the place opposite to the entrance to the Wentworth Farm, to replace a burned one.

The barn on the Lester Chamberlain farm on College Road, started life as two separate units, far away from each other. One, to the east, was Nutt's, on a now abandoned section of road leading to Nute Ridge; and one to the west, the Gerald barn, over the hills toward Beech Pond. Both had big doors on the side which were transferred to the ends.

Below Stockbridge Corner, toward Wolfeboro, down the first steep hill, on the right, are the foundations of the old Hyde place, now used as a garbage dump. Part of the house was moved nearer town to the top of the next hill, and some new building added to it. This residence was once painted white. The ell looks very old, and must be the section that came from the Hyde foundation.

The old building at the junction of the College and Ossipee roads puzzled me a little. I knew it was old but the map of 1860 did not recognize its existence. I should have guessed the explanation, an old house moved to a new spot. The Thomas Stevenson house had been across the road

and down the hill a little way upon a cellar hole still visible. It was finally divided, a part moved up and across the road to become a home for somebody and, later, Kingdom Hall; and the rest was made a hen-house in another location.

Wolfeboro Neck was once a farming community but many of its buildings were moved to the village, because of New England thrift, probably. Most of the structures came over the ice. Ralph Horn's horse-barn, now Norman Hill's, came from there, and so did the barn back of the Hattons, the former Folsom house. Another of the Horn barns was moved from Tuftonboro, on the road beyond Wingate Farm. The former Charles Doe house on Pleasant Street next to the Irish house, was the Ayers' home at the end of the Neck. "Thirty-two oxen pulled it across the ice." (The number depends on the narrator; from thirty-two to one hundred and fifty.) ("Seventy-five yoke" the last one told me.) It came ashore where Doctor Dunham's house now stands, and the building is said to have buckled as it came up on the land. The former Warren house on South Main Street, once John Brown's on the Neck, stood near the airport, it also came over the ice. Another immigrant from this same area is the house now known as Brightwaters. It, too, rode over the ice and was refurbished to become the home of Nellie Graves' father and mother, the Moses Thompsons, (There were five Moses Thompsons.) Leonel Copp's radio shop and the rooms above it and the next building north were barns that came from the Neck. I am told also that the house left to Miss Willand by Josephine Rust came from there. No wonder that Wolfeboro Neck has nothing but cellar holes to indicate its past settlement. When the Wolfeboroites began moving buildings around they, quite literally, went to town.

Pleasant Valley never depopulated itself entirely as did the Neck, but one wonders what a metropolis Brackett's Corner

must have been before the great migration. The dwelling on Brewster Hill, once occupied by Nathaniel Brewster, then by Frank McBride, and now by Albert Haley, was once in Pleasant Valley, on the right going East, a little beyond Neal Morgan's home; and the former bobbin factory at South Wolfeboro started life as a store nearer the foot of the Dick, in the right hand corner as you turn to go south at Brackett Corner. Mr. Tabor, who lived in the large house on the bank of Mink Brook, on the main street in South Wolfeboro, had a pipe factory farther down the brook on the same side of it. When the Springfield Company established the large woolen mill in the village, Mr. Tabor sold his factory to it, thinking to retire. He soon wearied of inactivity, so he moved the old store to a nearby location and began making pipes again, in what later became a bobbin factory and is now Fred Varney's storehouse.

The second house below the store on Center Street was the Charles Warren home from Pleasant Valley. I have found one record of a building moved into instead of out of this locality. A shoe Shop and shed were moved from Brookfield to be the ell of the Daniel Gate (Charles Stevens) house. Probably they came from the Neal Gate place, now Rockwell's. There was some relationship between the families, I have not found out exactly what it was.

The people of the town were by no means satisfied with moving structures into the village from out-lying sections; they moved them around quite freely within the village, or what has since grown to be the village. Joseph Varney bought eighty acres on the northeast slope of North Main St. hill, above the present Friend St., and erected buildings upon it; but, alas, he needed a bark mill and a stream of water to turn it, so he moved his plant to the valley below, near the present Sawyer place of business, where there was a sufficient brook to turn his machinery.

One is constantly amazed at the use of water power from these small streams where there now seems to be almost none. The explanation must be that there was much more water before the trees were cut off; and, too, many of the little mills ran only in the Spring when the melting snow caused high water, and after Fall rains, when they were lucky enough to get them. Probably the use of the under-shot wheel is also a partial explanation.

Jesse Whitten, who in early Wolfeboro days settled on Whitten's Neck, at first built a house on a point of land extending into Crooked pond; but for some reason he moved his buildings to the site of the present Zulauf property.

One very early removal, so early that it is almost lost in historical dust, was the removal of the Charles Thurston house to become the ell of the Thompson house, now occupied by Mr. Dealy. "Stephen Clow always said", according to my informant, "that it was the oldest house in town." Thurston's cooper shop became the ell of the Dixon-Alonzo Avery, now the LeCony, house. No one whom I have asked can tell me where Thurston lived. There is an idea on the part of some that his house preceded the Cook house, which stood second beyond the monument. That seems plausible; the house and the cooper shop would have had to be moved merely across the street; but to one who has been studying the permutations and combinations of buildings in the town, a former location need not be at all "plausible".

Do you remember the two two-story houses on the left, below the corner at South Wolfeboro on the road to Alton? They once were in the town of New Durham, on the road from East Alton to Merrymeeting Lake. Turn right at the Church at Gilman's Corner, try to make your way past Devil's Den to the Lake, and see how "plausible" that story seems. Elizabeth Brewster told me that one of the houses was her great-

grandfather's (Chesley) and it came from there. She is a truthful woman.

Albert Elliot's house, or a part of it, once stood near the Devil's Den.

When I was in the southern part of the town inquiring about old buildings, a woman said "A small house used to stand over there."

"What became of it?" I asked.

"Oh", she replied nonchalantly, "they moved it around to the other side of the mountain".

The old Avery house that once was close to Mink Brook at South Wolfeboro (You could see the site before the playground was graded) was moved to the Springfield Woolen Mill to become the office. When the mill was burned, it was saved; and Everett Rich had it hauled across the lake to his lot on Sewall Road, where it was transformed into the main part of his cottage, "On-a-Cove". He had all the partitions removed, built book-cases around the sides and a fireplace at one end made it a delightfully attractive library-living-room. Another building saved from the mill fire made the other section of the house.

Down back of Lake-View Cemetery, in the woods, is an old cellar hole, where once was the Samuel Fox house, which was moved up to North Main St., and is now the ell of Ivan Piper's house. At first it sat in what they call the garden lot, to the south of its present position. Later, Jonas W. Piper bought the place, moved the old house again, and finally built the main part of the house, probably in the 1870's. At a later date, after the Piper barn burned in 1942, the smaller barn was moved across the field from the next house, a very simple operation compared to bringing the old house up from the woods; but even that was a minor affair compared to some of the changes.

The old Bassett house, the really old one, not the one next to Piper; was built originally well down the hill to the east, near where the Bryant house now stands, on the hill at the end of Varney Road, and, at that date, nearer to the center of the farm. Look at the Parker house on North Main St; see how solid and permanent it looks, fairly rooted to the spot. Does it look as if it could be pushed around? Well, it has been; for this same old house is the old Bassett house, which came up the hill about a hundred years ago, leaving behind the ell, which is a part of the Bryant house.

As you drive about town, you cannot safely say, "How much a part of the site that house has become. It must have stood there for a hundred and fifty years." You may be partly right. The age of the house may be correct; but the chances are that it was not built where it stands. If your idea of the permanence of the location of old residences has not been sufficiently jarred by the tale of the Parker house, here is another. The Richard Bowe house at the top of South Main St. hill looks as fixed and inevitable as any other one of its age. But listen. That house was built on the west side of the bay, moved across the ice, and pulled up the hill. The ell is the very old Newell house, built by the sand-bank on Sewall Road. It almost makes one wonder if the earlier inhabitants of the town moved the Belknap range from somewhere else, because they thought it would improve the view.

When the Meader family, who owned the present Melanson farm (now owned by Norman Langdon --1957) before the Revolution, was ready to build a large house, about 1800, the small old house, which stood almost due west of the present one, was moved to the upper side of Varney Lane (Friend Street) and half-way down the hill. At the time it was burned, a hundred years later, it was owned by Levi T. Haley, father of

the late Abel Haley, and a peculiar and irascible man. Here is the story of the fire.

On the present Brewster campus, opposite the Lakes Region office, once stood a large wooden hotel, the Pavilion. When it was torn down at the turn of the century, Levi T., who possessed a sentimental streak in spite of his crabbiness, bought the port-cochere and parked it on the upper corner of Lake St., where Nelson's store now is, or partially on the lot beyond. It perched there in a dilapidated condition, entirely unconnected with anything else; and one Fourth of July, some of the boys, wishing to have some fun and plague the owner, decided to pull it down. Levi got wind of the plan, moved a rocking chair over, and took up his station there with a gun across his knees. When the boys strolled past that night, ready for mischief, Levi said, "Git along now; don't stop, or I'll fill yer full of salt."

They got, but held a consultation, and went up the hill to Friend St. where the old house, for some time inhabited by slatternly tenants, now stood empty. So they set it on fire. Then they went back down the hill in haste.

"Your house is afire, Mr.Haley."

Levi looked across Lake Street toward the house where he lived, Abel's recent home, and said, "'Taint nuther; I'll keep a-settin'.

"No, no, Mr Haley, -- The old Meader house up the hill."

To which Levi tartly replied, "Let 'er burn." And so the house burned, but the port-cochere still stood.

The story goes that this same Levi Haley laid claim to the land now occupied by a part of Railroad Avenue. I presume that he had done some filling there. Men acquired a good deal of land in the old days, especially around the present business section, by filling in the river and the lake. The land was wanted for a street but the price was too high and the town threatened to take it by eminent domain.

"Take it, will they?" said Levi. "We'll see." So he built a rather flimsy building right in the middle of it. A violent storm and wind came one night and blew the unfinished structure down; it lay in a heap for some time before the matter was finally settled. This is not a mere legend. I have seen a picture of the wreckage. The lumber was finally hauled up to the corner of Friend St., and there rotted into a shapeless pile.

Church congregations move in and out fairly easily, but the church edifices are usually stationary. This generation knows well that the old Parker house is the Episcopal Chapel. The former Dr. Dowlin-Emma Bassett house became the Christian Science Church. It may have forgotten that the Masons' building (Temple Auditorium) was the Unitarian Church. Goodwin and Doe removed as many of the objectionable architectural features as possible. This particular Unitarian group grew out of services held by the Unitarian Minister from Laconia on the deck of the Lady of the Lake while tied up at her wharf here in the summer of 1882. Initially inspired by the great out-of-doors, Wolfeboro Unitarians exhibited the usual tendencies of that body to build large, barn-like structures, probably in the serene confidence that the congregations would grow to fill them, which, apparently, they seldom did.

All such Churches that I ever knew have disappeared or been turned to other uses. The parent church in Laconia long since gave way to a First National Store, and that, in turn, has been removed.

The original meeting-house at the Center, where Ebenezer Allen once preached, was reduced, in 1840, to one story, from the two which it had at first, when the tide of population unmistakably turned toward Smith's Bridge and there was no longer a town minister. It was moved nearer to the cemetery when the road was changed to follow the range lines straight to the Center. The early road had gone almost straight to the lake, and the meetinghouse had been a little distance to the

southeast of the present road. The upper floor, still a town-house, was abandoned when the new town hall was built in 1890, and now stands back of the Clark factory on Factory St.; Greenleaf Clark bought it after it had served the town for ninety-eight years, for the sum of \$62.50. He then took it down and re-erected it behind his factory as a stable for his operatives' horses. After many vicissitudes and at least one fire, it became a grain warehouse, and now shelters the Carroll County Tire Company, a tire recapping concern.

The Christian Church was built in 1838, between Robert Hale's and John Will's houses on North Main street near where the road came down from the "Poor Farm". In twenty years it was no longer a convenient place for meeting. After much acrimonious discussion and ill feeling which cost part of the congregation, it moved to town, where it now stands. Helen Goodwin says that her grandfather, Benjamin Wiggin, always a regular attendant until then, never went to church again; and the Fullertons joined the Congregational Church.

The Friends' Meetinghouse, that once occupied the corner of Friend Street, went down the hill and was made a house. The Pike family now lives there.

Mrs. Nathaniel Rogers tells me that the house she owns was brought from some location in Goose Corner in 1848, but she does not know from what spot; no one ever thought to ask during the life-time of those who knew. The original Rogers house stood where Fred Stackpole lives; then the present Carr house was built and later the home of Mrs. Rogers was moved in.

The former Catholic Church almost made a trip over Main Street, past the Christian Church, across the fields, and on to where the Grange had bought some land, hoping to use the former church for a hall. Only the exorbitant demands of the telephone company (\$1400) for cutting the wires, with the temporary installations

entailed, prevented the removal; and the building still sits on the accustomed spot, though it has become a dwelling; and the Grange has contented itself with making over the old Hayford house for a hall and the old Hayford house was once removed from Rattlesnake Island to its present position as that house was occupied by ???

But that church, moved there from Beatrice Street and enlarged, owed the possibility of its being there at all to the removal of its predecessor. The large barn that stretched its length along Sewall Road behind the Rogers-Carr House and across the church lot was cut into three pieces and moved, cupola and all, to the Center and up the hill toward Stockbridge Corner. How they did it, I don't know, but there it stands. And the two-family house at the corner of Mill Street, was the old carriage house, and is owned by Andrew Doe.

This is not Wolfeboro history, but did anyone ever tell you that the Church in Melvin Village was once a Quaker meeting house beside the cemetery; just beyond "Hardscrabble", in Moultonboro, on the right of the road? Other buildings have been moved into Melvin, too; one house from Tuftonboro Neck.

When John Brackett moved up to town from the foot of the Dick, he built a house on the site of the present Texaco station. He must have surely wanted a new and perhaps a larger dwelling or he would have brought the old one with him, as a matter of course. In time, John Peavey wanted the place for a home, so he moved the ell over to the lot where he later built a house for his son, Forest, by building a main part onto the ell. According to Zaida Hobbs, who is his step-granddaughter and has an accurate memory for history, he moved the old Brackett main house around behind the barn, where it became a two-story apartment house on Union Street; but

his grand-daughter, Mrs. Corinne Hardonm who has lived away from town much of her life, says that John Peavey merely renovated the main part and built a new ell. Take your choice. I am inclined to believe that the house was moved. The Union Street building is old, far older than the street. The new house must have been a fine one; for, with Blake Folsom's beside it and the Parker house next to that, it was called "Bankers' Row" -by people who lived elsewhere. Anyway, it was torn down for a filling station, although his initial, "P", still graces the weather-vane on Roy's store and taxi office. And the Folsom-Horn house has come down for a supermarket for the A&P.

Perhaps you have walked or driven down Brewster Lane past the small cemetery, to a part of the golf-links near Crescent Lake. You may know that a large, two-story house that stood there was torn down for the golf links, but did you know that the one that preceded it is now the first house on the left of Center Street and is the original Daniel Brewster residence?

The old school house that was in the corner by the Brewster cemetery on King Hill was moved to South Wolfeboro to become a blacksmith shop, near where now stands Weston's garage. The Goose Corner school house whose convenient location was the cause of moving the Tuftonboro town line was, for a time, an adjunct of the house on Waumbeck Road currently owned by Arthur Haskins. Originally, it had stood beside Starlight Hall, a sort of community house, now a dwelling; at the corner of Locust Lane. At present the one-time school-house is at the corner of Keewaydin Road and is the home of Ella White Glidden. The Blake school house, which was older was moved to about the site of Albert Stevenson's house when the Goose Corner one was built.

The Pork Hill school house went on up the hill, across the road, and took to the woods, to serve as a sugar-house. The North Wolfeboro school house has departed to be a cottage on the shore of Lake Wentworth, the Hodge shore, I believe. The flag-pole is on the Mount's wharf. It was promised to me but I did not find transportation soon enough.

Someone ought to have made use of the materials of the old North Wolfeboro Church. I am sorry that the building had to be demolished. Old New England churches with sloping floors are not common, and this one should have been preserved as an early example of anticipation of future trends in church architecture.

The former Dr. Libby house, now the home of James Kalled, was moved from Keewaydin point on the ice. It was the John Horn, Jr., house. Dr. Libby married one of the Horn family, a granddaughter of said John, and, evidently, took not only a wife but a house, too. The original house was the end farthest from town, about two-thirds of the present structure, a five-room, central-chimney house, a type most common because it was convenient and could be heated by one chimney. Then Dr. Libby, with Frank Godwin as carpenter, added the east third of the house, long dormers, and piazza, and put a fine cellar under the whole of the sixty-nine feet plus of its length.

On the shore opposite the Libby Museum, once stood a large boat-house that gave shelter to the steamer, MOHAWK, which was Dr. Libby's boat. After the boat was sold, to clear the view, it was moved into the grove at the western end of the Museum and made into a cottage. In 1949 it was sold to be moved to another shore of Mirror Lake just north of the

Tuftonboro line. Because one tree was not allowed to be cut, much of the building was taken down and moved piecemeal.

The germ of the new residence of Harry Nickerson on Lee's Hill was the boat-house and garage of John Thompson at Mirror Lake.

The original part of the former home of William York came from Tuftonboro Neck. It was built by Charles Meader as a garage and sat at the left of the house now owned by Mrs. Henry Hayes. The house opposite, occupied by Mrs. Elvie Goodwin, once stood on the cellar-hole just above Clayton Moody's residence.

The late Anson Smith lived in the last house on Endicott Street; which building was moved from Goose Corner where the home of Paul Snow now stands. The lower floor was a store, once kept by John Peavey, and the second floor was the Masonic Hall.

Mrs. Goodwin's cottage at Carry Beach was moved from the B.F.A. shore. Two other of her cottages were not built where they stand; one was on the point now owned by Calvin Childs, and the other on the one-time Crabbe property on Sewall Road.

The house that preceded Eliot Wyman's present home was moved to Varney Road and inhabited for some time by James Clough; it has since been torn down.

The old Durgin blacksmith shop was moved from about the location of Mixer's Real Estate Office to the end of Glendon Street and still used for its former purpose until Orville Porter took it over for a plumber's shop.

The barn of the late Jesse Snow, just below the hospital once, but now torn down, came from the On-a-Cove property on Sewall Road.

There has been some shifting about of buildings at the Falls, too. The Parsons house, where Sherman Parsons

was born, between the Prindle-Abbott house and Carl Young's, was moved up the hill and across the road to Mrs. Leavitt's to serve as an ell and shed; and the Henry Trafton house beside it went farther, up Pine Hill Road. It stands about opposite the town land where snow fences are stored.

The garage at the Falls has had quite a history. (Torn down, June, 1957. R. F. W. Meader,) It started life as a part of the "Mill" barn, and so must be one of the oldest buildings in town. The foundations of the "Mill" house can be seen among the trees back of the Frank Hutchins house. It was situated only a little way from the early road which turned left near the site of the gas pumps at the laundry, then right along the back of the lots that face the present Center Street to the Berry house. In 1857 a part of the barn was removed to the location later occupied by the railroad station, and became a blacksmith shop. In 1872 the railroad officials wanted the site for a station, and the shop was moved across the street to its present position. The G.S.N. of 1904 says: "This is considered today one of the best, blacksmith stands in the town, and the ding of the hammer is heard from early noon (probably should be "morn") to late at night."

The Stackpole house, Fred Stackpole's father's, was moved from somewhere and was proceeding up the hill on Elm Street, when it encountered a boulder beside the road too large to pass; so a plot of ground was bought near where the building was then, and the Stackpole house has been a permanent fixture there ever since.

The Marden residence on Center Street was moved from farther along the road to take the place of an ice-house that preceded it; and part of Ernest Jones'

house once occupied the site of the Baptist Church across the street.

"The Little House" beyond the Palls, belonging to the Chellmans, is a newcomer that was not built there, but was moved from Center Ossipee beyond the railroad station and across the tracks.

Cottages have not been quite so transitory in their locations as fish-houses but they have been by no means stationery. Fred Stackpole's, on Lake Wentworth, was in two locations on the opposite shore before it crossed to where it now sits,

A cottage that Dr. Meader used to own, on Sewall Point, was moved after he sold it, to make a part of another. Even he could not be sure just which part it was, because there had been so much change.

When they were the Burton houses, the one nearer the village side of Ralph Carpenter 1st's, was close beside the latter, connected most intimately with porches. Later it was moved to insure more privacy when the houses were sold. Just last year a house was transported from the shore across Sewall Road to the landward side of the street.

Uncle Joe Meader's cottage and boat-house made a winter trek over the ice from Tuftonboro Neck. The cottage went to Sewall Point, and the boat-house came to Forest Road to serve as our original one-car garage.

Speaking of garages, Harold Hart's extra one went to South Wolfeboro; Joe Melanson's was taken through the back lot to the other end of his buildings; and one of Horace Rust's garages that used to stand back of Eliot Wyman's present home on Sewall Road, is down by the town skating-rink on the causeway.

The present Wolfeboro Garage is the second one that Mr. Auderer has occupied on that same site. The

first one is now the long, low part of Horne's garage. I have seen a picture of it on a barge in the middle of the river in the process of moving. Mr. Auderer built a larger one where the Market Basket stands, at the top of Brickyard Hill. Later he decided to return it to his former strategic location. The garage was too large to move in one piece, and the street was not wide enough, so it was cut open and made the trip in two sections. Now, if a car is once on the Main Street for over a mile in either direction, If it has wheels that can turn, it can roll to that garage, whether it has an engine or not.

One hardly knows where to begin with the shuffling about that has taken place in the more thickly settled parts of the village. A small barber shop, once about where the flat-roofed section of the Brummitt "Block" now stands, is on Factory Street, near the entrance to the "dump", and is owned by the Water Department. The little Melton store beside it became Emma Ward's henhouse at the Falls.

The store once occupied by one of the five Moses Thompsons and later owned by Mattison and Lewando, on the site of the Peavey Block, was moved toward the wharf when the block was built in 1890, and was burned in the wharf fire of 1899.

There were two, two-story houses on Main Street, across what is now Railroad Avenue, which the railroad company moved back beyond the freight house when the road came through to the town in 1872. They have been torn down in comparatively recent years. An old woman who had lived in one of them as a girl told my informant that they had almost no back yard, as the water came so near. The building where Mr. Pollini kept his shoe store was moved in later, after some more

filling was done; it had stood on the site of Horne's garage and was moved to Railroad Avenue to make way for Mr. Auderer's former garage, when the barge with it aboard should arrive.

William Fox's law office, that once was on the corner of his lawn, next to the Rogers house, was bought by Blake Horn in the 1890's and towed down back of the Paper Store, where it was a fish market for years, and now it is near the freight station and serves as a small store-house for Mr. Haskins.

The so-called Mason house was partially on the site of the Durgin and partially across the entrance to the garage and the Dime Store. When Stephen Durgin built his mansion, with its black walnut doors and casings, with silver hinges and knobs, the old house was taken to the corner of Glendon and School Streets, where it still stands next to the Masonic Temple. The Durgin had its individual water system, with wooden conduits, and a gas lighting-plant. Mr. Durgin was a lover and owner of horses, hence the large barn, now a part of Horne's garage. There was also a larger one about on the site of Lawrence Wood's house, close to a trotting track on which the horses were exercised. This barn was moved to the Brewster Farm in the fall of 1896 to replace one that had burned the previous winter. This in turn was burned later. One barn was burned on that site about 1940, but whether it was the former Durgin barn, I am not sure. I think there was another fire between.

Mr. Durgin possessed a second private trotting track which lay between the narrow road on the far side of the Allen A Resort and the sandy road which joins the main road a little way beyond, thirty years ago

mayflowers and blueberries grew there; now there are probably trees.

Between the Durgin and the Sheridan house, a wall of brick two stories high and two feet thick was erected. You can see the bottom of that "spite" wall today. If the story told me by one who pretended to know about the reason for the wall was true, I do not blame Stephen Durgin for building it. The two structures were rather too close together and perhaps the people in the hotel resented the magnificence and size of the new house, anyhow, the chambermaids at the hotel used to open the windows and throw the slops out against the side of Mr. Durgin's house. The wall put a stop to that, and, also, provided excellent protection against the frequent fires that broke out over the years.

When the house opposite, until lately in the Carroll Piper family, now Kelly's, was renovated, the front section, once a store, was removed for the new front and is now on South Main Street and is owned by Murray Fuller. (In the winter of 1956 the Piper house was moved back to accommodate the new Gulf filling station. R. F. W. Meader.)

Mr. Huggins came to the village from Cotton Mountain and bought and made over the later Edwin Furber house for himself. The old ell is now Oscar Clark's house off South Main Street. Mr. Huggins wanted a place to build for his son-in-law, James Martin, so he acquired the Hanson house and moved it to Glendon Street. It stands opposite the Auditorium, and the Richard Libbys live there. The house built for "Uncle Jim" Martin is now the Catholic Rectory.

When Miss Chamberlain, in the 1870's, wished to build a fine summer home, on the general lines of a

union station, in the style of that day, she bought a house and lot next to the Pavilion, of which her father had been the first manager, before he went to the Adams house in Boston. The old house was moved across the Academy lawn (Union Street was not formally built by the town until 1891) to its present location at the corner of Union and School Streets. The latter street had been laid out at an earlier date, but was not really built until 1884. The Hildreths have owned the place for the past thirty years. Mr. Hildreth was for a long time the teacher and Principal at the Pickering and Carpenter schools. (This is the house that the Coffins now live in, as All-Saints Rectory. H. L. F.)

When Dr. Fred Tobey was ready to leave the place he rented on Lake Street (now the Wallace house, which, by-the-way, was occupied also by Dr. Cotton and by Dr. Clow before they built houses for themselves) he purchased land with a house on it, the old John Lucas home, then occupied by a Mrs. Davis, nee Getchell, George Carpenter's aunt. The house went to Clark Road and was for years the residence of John McHugh. His son-in-law, Frank McBride, lives there.

Two men who have bought and moved many buildings were Greenleaf B. Clark, who early advertised himself as a building mover, and Sherman Brummitt. Clark's family was on the ground early and lived on the farm around the Clark house, which he bequeathed to the town and leased to the Historical Society for ninety-nine years. So there was plenty of land to which houses could be moved. Then, too, he acquired property here and there by the good, old-fashioned method of loaning money on a mortgage. He bought lumber, too; and they used to say that if Green Clark picked up a board that

held together he sold it; if it fell apart he used it to rebuild or remodel a house.

Sherman Brummitt came from Pleasant Valley, originally from the far end of the New Garden Road, and later from the Percy Clark place, with no lands in the village. He married a Brewster and acquired the Rollins house, once the Daniel Pickering Tavern. Gradually the land behind it became dotted with houses moved there. He first bought the General Hersey house and moved it from the Academy campus; then he took the cow barn from the end of his long barn, placed it down in the field, and made a two-apartment house of it. A building sheltering the Rollins Hose Company used to stand on Center Street, behind the French Gas Station (Cate Block). The building of a central fire station had made this unnecessary, and when the Cate Block was razed, this structure was in the way, as well as useless. Mr. Brummitt bought it, and brought it down behind his barn. His son-in-law, Wayne Parkhurst, enlarged it and made a good residence of it.

Wolfeboro and Tuftonboro Academy used to stand on the parking lot at the rear of the Town Hall, before the latter was built. It was a dignified building with columns and a Revere bell in the cupola. When John Brewster's legacy had made possible a new campus and buildings, the old institution was renamed Brewster Free Academy. In 1887, it was moved to the new site, and the building was given to the town for a grade school house, (provided they would move it, level the ground, and make a street). School Street was extended, and the old academy was moved to the end of it. The porch was enclosed, to make a larger building; and it served as the Pickering School until the erection of Carpenter School in 1924. Then Greenleaf Clark bought it, pulled part of it over toward Brummitt Court to some land he

owned, and it was used for basket-ball games, as the Clark Gymnasium, for a few years, until it was torn down. Thus passed an old landmark.

John Brewster's money built the town Hall and Library on the former academy grounds, Union Street was laid out, and the Revere bell which had topped the Academy was hung in the Town Hall Tower and the hammer of the clock strikes the hours upon it. I have not been able to find out how the bell was acquired in the first place. A letter to the Revere Company which has kept a record of all its sales says that they have no record of this bell. It is a Revere bell, for the name is cast in it. It must have been "bought second-hand".

Back in 1766 one George Meserve was to have the Mill Lot at the Falls and Mill Island (now Stamp Act) in Lake Wentworth, on condition that he have a saw-mill in operation "by November of 1766, and a grist mill by May of 1768." He was to pay for any excess of land over one hundred acres on the island and "give the proprietary a bell when it should be of use in the township." Meserve failed to keep his contract of having the grist mill ready on time and the proprietors took back the land. Thus I doubt if Meserve presented them with a bell.

Brewster Campus has been the scene of almost numberless changes. The houses were bought for the school, but the owners had life-tenure in some cases. The Sanborn house, next to the Monument, was rented to Mrs. Sanborn for years, until her death fifteen or twenty years ago. Since then it has been used much of the time by teachers at the Academy. Between that and the Kimball house was a long, two-family house owned by Mrs. Cook. The Academy had been expecting to get it almost any time for years, but Mrs. Cook lived to be

ninety-four. No repairs had been made on it since its sale; and, as it crowded other houses, it was taken down about 1926, for it was not worth moving; but Dolph Lewando assembled parts of it into a cottage on the lake shore.

The General Hersey house, now in Brummitt Court, was moved to its present location to give more room for the Kimball house. It was turned a quarter of the way around when it was set down; so, in order to get the sun, the living-rooms are now bedrooms, and vice versa.

The prize wanderer of this group, indeed of any dwelling I ever knew, is the second house on the left on Crescent Lake Avenue, now owned by Bronson Garner. From the campus next to the General Hersey house it went to Green Street, where it sat for a time on the site later wanted for the Carpenter barn. Then it was moved to Main Street, and was, for some years, between the present Parsons house and the nurses' home. It rather crowded the first house where Miss Brewster and Mrs. Llewellyn Wentworth then lived.

When Lt. Wentworth retired from the Navy, he wanted more room; so he bought the next place and built a living-room wing. His brother-in-law, Sherman Brummitt, who bought everything movable that Greenleaf Clark didn't, acquired the house and moved it to its present location. Not many houses can boast of occupying four sites and still hold together to be livable, it is really quite a house still.

One more house stood in the row on the campus, next to the Sargent house. It was known as the Carter house. The ubiquitous Greenleaf bought that and took it to the corner of his land next to the Harry Meader house, and set it nearer the street than the others so

that he could see both ways. He lived in it himself, Later he built the Harry Meader house and the Nurses' Home of really good materials. He must have run out of the old stock. He attempted to give away some of his houses to the various churches, but most of them were refused, because the churches were ashamed to own them as they were, and could not afford to remodel them. At the time of his death, he owned so much real estate, good and bad, that Howard Avery came home to help create the J. C. Avery Company, which served as executor of his will.

Greenleaf had also bought the Phillips house, Mrs. Everett Albee's girlhood home, which stood on the left, below Lee Cunningham's on Green Street, and moved it to Clark Road, where it was the Landman home for thirty years.

The large barn on Clark Road, now owned by the Carpenters, used to stand behind the Goodwin-Hayward house, next to Brewster Campus. I saw it moved across the fields toward the lake, in front of Cobham Hall, and back to its present position. The other Carpenter barn at the foot of Green Street, was the large barn behind the Clark house; and the other Clark out-buildings made up the house and barn that practically fell down where Ransome Goodrich's house is today, and there is still some barn left. No wonder that there is a Clark Road East and a Clark Road West.

The small structure on the campus, by turns a chemistry laboratory, ice-house, art studio, and general catch-all, was brought there from the shore where it had been a boat-house. The barn of the Sargent house, moved when the erection of Brewster Academy caused such a migration of previous occupants, was turned into a cottage below Herbert

Tinker's home on the road to the shore which turns off South Main Street between "Well-Sweep" and the Bowe house.

The rows of trees on the campus were set out to border future streets which have not been laid out because of the use of the land as a campus. While the Pavilion Hotel was in existence, a street between the row of trees behind it led down to a wharf where the Lady of the Lake used to make her landing when the site of the present wharf was a mere sandspit. The wharf and the street are now gone. In 1899, some years after Brewster Academy had bought the Hotel, it was torn down to make a proper campus; and thus was removed what would have been a great fire hazard. Part of the lumber went into Shore Acres on Tuftonboro Neck; and the kitchen wing was moved to the causeway and became the Al Mason store and residence, which stood on the left, close to the street, just before the turn into the laundry driveway. Water was close around the back of it most of the year. It burned in the early 1930's. I should have thought it would be too wet.

Wolfeboro has been very fortunate in the safe destruction of some large buildings, which had become undesirable, before dangerous fires occurred: Within the past thirty-five years, I remember the demolition of six of them.

The red brick Cate Block, built about 1860, at the corner of South Main and Center Streets, in place of James Lucas' house with its five tall poplar trees in front, where the Socony station now stands, as I knew it, looked like a mill tenement house, two stories high with roof windows, and, I think, five front doors. At the time of its passing it was owned

by Greenleaf Clark, it certainly had some characteristic make-shift arrangements.

During the tearing-down process, I looked it over a bit, and found the toilet economically located at the end of the kitchen sink, with no partitions. Thrifty, but socially unacceptable in most circles.

On the opposite corner was the yellow brick Pickering Block, built in 1830, formerly a store, and, toward the Scott house, a long, three-story wooden wing that once contained stores, offices, a photograph studio, and the Congregational Vestry. This block came down for another gas station, and the Scotts saw the morning sun for the first time from their own windows. Their house, by-the-way, was built for a Bank in 1834, and I am told that the old vault is still there behind the room on the west end. It served until 1856, when the present bank building had been erected and the new bank bought four rooms in it,

"Sam" Avery's barn, behind Howard Avery's house, a more than hundred-foot structure, old, massive, and dry as tinder, was dismembered, and part of it travelled to Moody Mountain Farm over Pork Hill, there to be re-erected for someone who wanted a hand-hewn barn to match the house, which is one of the oldest in town.

Ann Inn, built by Gilman Cooper in the 1840's for a home, together with the large barn which had been made into a restaurant for the hotel, was demolished for an Esso station and the Cate Park.

The Elmwood (1874), once Hobbs-is-Inn, or the Glendon, a long, three-story hotel with French roof, piazzas, and verandas, and together with the bandstand, filling most of the space between the streets, was removed for the Post Office.

And the ancient Sheridan House, (1795) once the Lake Hotel, with the barn and long wing containing Union Hall, gave place to another Socony Station. Gas stations are not usually beauty spots, but in this town they are better and safer than the potentially dangerous structures they replaced.

In the Carpenter School area I have seen many changes. The first removal I did not see. The house next to the Library was Dr. King's, later Sewall Abbott's. Look closely sometime as you enter the Library and you will see cut stone posts that marked the walk to the rear door. Beyond it had once been a large house known as the I. B. Manning house; once it was Pickering's store, before he built the block, then a boarding house, run some of the time by the Mannings who had stores in various places in town, from time to time. This large house, known since as the Beehive, had been moved to Union Street, opposite the Advent Church, to make room for the Joseph Varney house, later Fred Hersey's, the house that now stands with its end toward the east entrance of Carpenter School. It was moved when the school-house was built, and so, also, was the Abbott house, which now stands on the lake shore, down Janric Lane, and is now owned by Dr. Furfey. (And now, summer of 1957, owned by Dr. Postance.H.L.F.) Dr. Keigwin, a minister from New York, who spent much time here, had it moved and owned it for some time. When Dr. Keigwin bought the house, he also purchased the lake end of the Congregational parsonage lot to which it was moved. The parsonage is the aforementioned Abby Chamberlain summer home, which she left in her will to the church. The barn went along to be Dr. Keigwin's garage, and the former carriage house remained to shelter the car of the Congregational

minister. Miss Chamberlain would not be pleased with the appearance of the street between the church and the parsonage, which was her old driveway. They tell me that after every trip with the carriage, the coachman had to rake the driveway, so that there should be no trace of the trip in the surface.

Some years ago, next to the Bridge, there were two identical stores, side by side. The one next to the bridge shows in a picture taken in the middle nineties; Piper (C.F.) and Morrison had a store there. Thirty-five years ago, Abel Haley owned the store next to the river and conducted business there; Carroll Piper owned the other which he rented to Charles Horne for a dry-goods store; but Abel Haley owned the land under both stores. How this came about I do not know. Years later, with the expansion of the chain grocery stores, the First National built what was Herbert's (now Dick White's -H.L.F.) restaurant; and, after a few years, found itself cramped for space. What to do? Across the street was ground already occupied, but the owner thereof liked a good bargain, and almost anything in Wolfboro could be moved. The chain store offered a large ground rent for an encouraging length of time, at the end of which period the building would revert, to Haley if rental were not renewed. Naturally, in such a good bit of business what his friend, Piper, would do with his building was none of Abel's concern. Something must be done, and so Piper pulled his store a short distance to the corner of his lawn; and now the First National store sits between Corkum's and Detscher's.

Across the street things had been happening, too. The increased use of gas and oil was producing something beside pumps along curbs. Two white houses,

once residences but degenerated to the demands of commerce, were united by moving the second one, originally from Tuftonboro, just opposite Union Wharf, nearer the corner and roofing the space between. The Ossipee Oil Company office shows no trace, outwardly, of its origin; and the most curious antiquarian would be hard put to it to reconstruct the past from the present. Some old framework must be all that remains, after the several renovations it has undergone.

In the course of my inquiries on these changes, I came across an odd inconsistency on the part of the citizens. I wondered about the position of the soldiers' monument relative to the old Congregational Church. Answers were vague about the matter, and no one I found seemed to know. Finally someone said "Why, it wasn't there then. "We did not have one until later."

"But it is a Civil War monument, and the new church was not built until 1912 and '13."

Then I was told that the town had waited half a century for that monument "because the people could not decide where to put it. Meantime, memorial services were held around a wooden, makeshift affair, usually in Lakeview Cemetery, Why did they not buy a real one and move it about? They moved everything else. It wasn't because they had begun to change their habits.

Listen to these items about more recent adjustments.

From the G.S.N., December 28, 1936.

"Edwin C. Moody shifted the landscape about a bit Thursday by moving the old Smith blacksmith shop from the vicinity of the round-house to his ice-houses at the falls. The building completely filled the street as it went along, leaving it to motorists to seek some secluded spot wherever possible when they met it."

From the G.S.N., January 8, 1937.

"Wolfeboro has reverted to its old-time custom of moving houses these days. Ivan Piper, champion house-mover, has already moved sixteen houses since last summer, and his horses are still going strong. This week the Tree Company's green-house was moved to Mr. Clough's residence."

Green-houses must be delicate objects to handle, but Wolfeboro movers will tackle anything but a cave. When Dr. Gregory bought the Welch property, he gave the green-house to Edward Gridley if he would move it; and now it sits part way up a steep hill, behind his house at the Falls, the site of Ed's "Green Thumb" labors.

One of the most remarkable removals of any time or place was not exclusively a Wolfeboro project, but it so intimately concerns the town that I may properly record it here. The steamer, Mt. Washington, built by the Boston and Maine Railroad, and a part of life here since 1872 when the railroad began business, burned at the Weirs when the railroad station there burned, December 22, 1939. It was a stunning loss to the whole lake population. Captain Leander Levallee, who had owned the old side-wheeler, was largely responsible for replacing it. Everyone wanted a boat for the following summer, -- but one could not be built in time. Nothing but a side-wheeler would look right, and they were no longer made. On Lake Champlain was an old iron, not steel, steamer, the Chateaugay, and it was a side-wheeler of about the age of the Mount. Stripped of its machinery, it had been tied to the pier at Burlington as a floating clubhouse, for two or three years. Captain Levallee bought the boat, undaunted by the problem of getting it from lake to lake. Boats of nearly two hundred and fifty feet offer a problem of

transportation on land. Buildings can be cut up and moved in sections. Could boats? Why not? So the Chateaugay was cut into twenty-four sections appropriate for carrying on flat-cars. Meanwhile it was learned that engines for side-wheel steamers must be made to order in the mid-twentieth century, and that was too expensive, so the two slices that fitted around the paddle-boxes were omitted, and the others brought to Lakeport, on the shore of Lake Paugus, to be welded together again into a twin-screw steamer. The hull was towed under the Weirs Bridge and to Center Harbor, where a superstructure was added. The Mt Washington II made its first trip early the following August. This was a veritable triumph of experiment and daring. Compared with this journey, the trip of Champlain's other steamer, the Ticonderoga, during this past summer of 1955, seems pathetic. It was merely travelling on a specially constructed track to be a specimen in a museum a few miles away. Better that than dismantlement; but the old Chateaugay is still living, though under another name, and carrying crowds of people.

And still the migrations go on, in spite of wires and traffic. Only a very few years ago, four fairly sizeable cottages came on trucks from the east end of Lake Wentworth and have taken up positions in the Narrows, just beyond the Museum.

The home on East Clark Road, beyond the Harry Meader garden, was brought there recently from just off South Main Street, and the Stenburg dwelling on West Clark Road is a comparatively new importation from Tuftonboro. Mrs. Estabrook's barn has been detached, moved toward the lake, and made into an attractive house by our fire-chief, Guy Foss.

That there is no end of these peregrinations in sight or in the foreseeable future is indicated by an item recently in the classified advertisements in the G.S.N.

"For Sale. A seven room house
with bath-room.
Can be moved."

And more recently this appeared. "House for sale. To be moved." We, who are familiar with the Wolfeboro of the 1950's, might be as amazed by its appearance in the year 2000, as the makers of the map of 1860 would be to see it today. The first impulse would be to greet a familiar house with "When did you get here?" The people of the past, who used to tie their boats to rings in the wall under the projecting roof of the predecessor of the bank building or Porter's store, would wonder a little about the foundations of the Peavey Block and the road-bed. And those who lived here between 1872 and 1924 or '25 would wonder what had become of the railroad that used to cut across Main Street and run to the wharf between the Peavey Block and the Wolfeboro Hardware store. A busy railroad there now would further complicate an already involved traffic problem. Perhaps it is fortunate, in one respect that the railroad succumbed to the automobile.

Some of the large elms along the street have died and been removed. Others have lost many long, swaying branches that have been cut off from time to time to permit passage of the large objects that have been moved up and down that street. More stationary buildings might have saved some trees. Perhaps a covetous telephone company would have put a damper on the chess-game that the people of the past have played with their houses.

If you are tempted to complain of the slowness of the town to adopt new ideas and make changes, I should like to show you some pictures of the streets and buildings, and, even the land itself, a hundred years ago, sixty, or even thirty years ago. Seldom has a town changed more. The land on which some of the changes have been made has been created from water, sand-spit, and swamp, by hauling endless loads of gravel. When we say that the town will never get around to re-arranging and improving the business section, we may be mistaken. It has been rearranged several times, since it was created from nothing in the first place. They might even put the north side of the bridge a few feet upstream, where they say it used to be, and so help to remove the bottle-neck at that end of the street. The Brummitt Block has been moved back twice to flatten the curve at the south end of the compact section.

There is no historical characteristic that should hinder the citizens of the town from moving anything they wish to any place they desire. Just wait awhile and see what happens. The beautifully sketched ideal may be realized sooner than you think.