

# PARTRIDGE LAKE PROPERTY OWNERS ASSOCIATION

*A Lake Preservation Group*

Spring 2015

## How is Our Water Quality?

During the summer of 2014 Tom Norris and Dayton Goudie sampled water quality monthly for the State's VLAP Program. In March of this year DES provided us with the Partridge lake VLAP Report from that collected data.

### Paraphrasing from the report's OBSERVATIONS AND RECOMMENDATIONS section:

**Chlorophyll-A:** Chlorophyll-A levels were elevated significantly in June indicating an algal bloom had occurred. These levels began to stabilize during July and August. Historic trend analysis indicates highly variable Chlorophyll-A levels since monitoring began.

**E. Coli:** Inlet #1 E. Coli levels were slightly elevated in June and further elevated in September following a storm event. Levels did not, however, exceed the State's standard for surface waters. This data suggests a localized source of E. Coli such as domestic animal waste, wildlife or a small agricultural operation.

(Presently PLPOA samples for E. Coli only at Inlet #1 which enters the lake near the Warden camp.)

**Total Phosphorus:** Mid-lake epilimnetic (surface water) phosphorus levels were relatively low in June and July and increased only slightly in late summer. Historic trend analysis indicates significantly decreasing (improving) epilimnetic phosphorus levels since monitoring began. We hope to see this continue! Hypolimnetic (deep water) phosphorus levels were elevated and increased greatly as the summer progressed. This, along with very low hypolimnetic oxygen levels, further indicate the previously identified problem of internal phosphorus loading.

**Recommended Actions:** The early summer algal bloom could have been caused by winter dissolved oxygen depletion. If winter anoxic conditions do exist this could cause a release of phosphorus from bottom sediments similar to what occurs during internal phosphorus loading. If possible measure dissolved oxygen levels under the ice (this is being completed as this summary is being written.) The improving epilimnetic phosphorus levels are a great sign and are likely the result of watershed management efforts to reduce nutrient loading. Keep up the good work! Further improvements may occur with additional watershed management techniques installed, especially in Inlet #1's sub-watershed.

## Summer at Partridge Lake Kicks Off with the Annual Volunteer Day, Saturday, June 6, 2015



Neighbors come together to clean the roads of sandy residue, to help elderly residents with annual repairs, and to clean up the shoreline.

Summer chores, done with camaraderie and cooperation, bring results that mean much to the lake community. The roads are a mess after the winter; dust flies, so clean-up is needed, even after the town road-sweeping is completed. New volunteers are needed; all volunteers are appreciated.

If you or a neighbor might profit from some extra help this year, contact Dave Ernsberger with your suggestions for a project. It need not be limited to Volunteer Day itself.

Many Thanks to ALL our Volunteers - Left: Paul Burdette ▲ Below: Steve Hight, Glen Hadwin, Tom Allen, Lisa Morello, Paul Goodrich, Susan Walters, David & Cheryl Merrill, Dave Ernsberger, Quinton and Greg Eastmen, Wayne Morello, Dayton Goudie, Tom Norris, Bob Butson, Tom Berry, John Maclver, and many others who were not present for our photo and went straight to their assignments.



Contact Dave Ernsberger at [dave@ePartnerships.net](mailto:dave@ePartnerships.net) or call him at (603) 444-7269 or cell (210) 387-4627 if you want to be part of the Volunteer Crew... or just show up at 9:00 a.m. Saturday morning in front of the Warden camp.

**It's Your Watershed! Get Involved Today!**

# Join Us on Saturday, July 4, 2015 at our Annual Partridge Lake Association Picnic



## 2015 Schedule of Events

**Saturday, June 6, 2015**  
 Lake Volunteer Day  
 Meet at Warden Camp 9:00 a.m.

**Saturday, June 20, 2015**  
 Spring Board of Directors Meeting  
 Berry Camp 9:00 a.m.

**Saturday, July 4, 2015**  
 Annual Lake Association Picnic  
 Goodrich Camp 11:30 a.m.

**Saturday, July 25, 2015**  
 PLPOA Annual Meeting  
*Open to all members! Please join us!*  
 Ernsberger Camp 9:00 a.m.  
 Speaker, Joe Homer, a "Soil Scientist" will discuss our lake and surrounding area.

End of Summer  
 Board of Directors Meeting  
**Date to be announced**  
 Warden Camp 9:00 a.m.



**Construction on Partridge Lake Road beginning from Pam Parker's to Herrick Point Road took place in September 2014. A long overdue paving project. Thanks to Central Paving and our Town of Littleton Road Crew.**



## Let's Talk About Septics...Again

The largest single source of water quality problems is septic system management. The primary focus of the association is the betterment of water quality. We need to keep a major focus on upgrading and maintaining our septic systems on the lake.

### What are the costs?

Typical costs for septic service are:  
 Dye trace test . . . . . \$75 - \$100  
 Sludge/scum test. . . . . \$75 - \$100  
 Pump out tank . . . . . \$150 - \$300  
*Depending on tank size.*

Once an owner decides his/her septic system may well need replacing, what next? There are system design considerations and contractors to be hired. First, talk to Albert Howes or neighbors who have gone through the process. **Lynn Mayo (603) 787-6458**, a DES-approved septic designer, has designed many systems around the lake. One could hire Lynn directly to discuss individual needs. In most cases, she is retained by a full-service septic system installer, who also needs to be DES-approved.

### We have two local septic tank service companies:

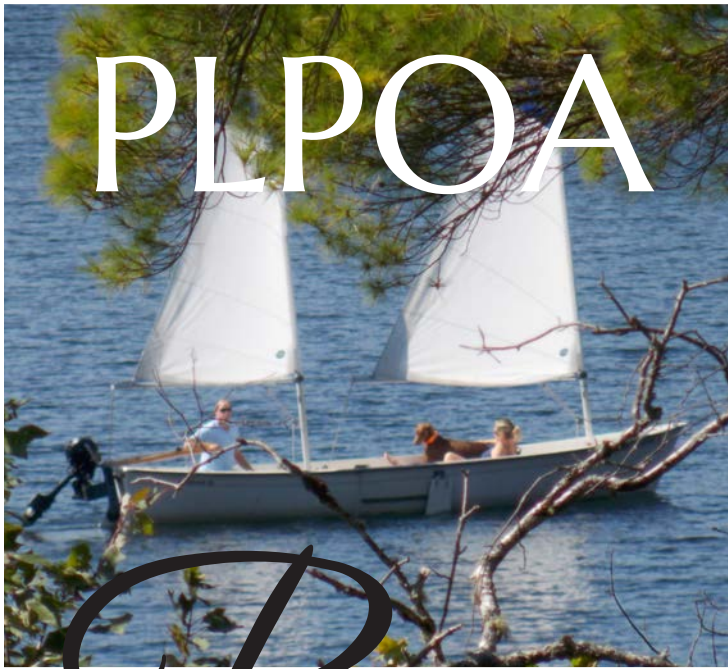
**Schofields Septic Tank Service, Lisbon (603) 838-6028**  
**White's Septic Service, Dalton (603) 837-2728**

The health of the lake depends on actions taken by the association. It is vital to the health of our membership that as many members as possible take part in decisions affecting its future. Let any of the board members know of suggestions you might have on this issue. We will discuss your thoughts at the June Board Meeting and then will review it at the PLPOA Annual Meeting on July 25.



We note the loss of **Earl Ellingwood and Patricia Eastman**, who spent decades at the lake. With deepest sympathy, our condolences go to their families and friends.

# PLPOA



# Remembering

# 2014



# A year in the life of Partridge Lake Residents



# WE LOVE OUR LAKE



# Kids Korner



## Growing Up at Partridge Lake



### Four Seasons at Partridge Lake

I have lived on Partridge Lake my whole life! I enjoy every minute of it and I am eleven years old! I have learned so many things that I wouldn't have learned if it wasn't for the lake.

Every season is great and I always do a lot of fun stuff. In the summer, I like to go swimming. I love to go tubing with my brothers and push them into the water when we are going full speed. I also LOVE waterskiing at the same time as my brothers, the three of us behind the boat, wind in our hair! How could you ask for more?

In the Fall, all of the leaves change color on the trees and it is so beautiful! In the Spring, I always love watching the ice on the lake melt. Wintertime is my favorite time of the year. I love spending Winters on the lake. A lot of cool stuff happens. I go skating and snowmobiling. There is something called Winterfest. You do a lot of awesome stuff like turkey bowling and broom hockey. I always have so much fun!

Growing up on Partridge Lake has definitely impacted my life!

**Rochelle Eastman, 11**

*Daughter of Greg and Tonya Eastman*



**A great catch** by Regan Hadlock with Canaan Demers



**Thanksgiving 2014 Snowstorm**  
Grady & Cole Hadlock, Keegan Demers, Canaan Demers



**Fishing Buddies**  
Addison, Cole, Keegan, Grady, and Canaan

## Back In My Day by Dayton Goudie

As a young boy I dreaded my Grandfather beginning a conversation with, "back in my day." I had convinced myself that his day would have been boring! Eventually I learned that his day was really interesting. But now, just to keep the family tradition alive, let me bore you with a few memories of a boyhood here at the lake.

The years I'm remembering were of a different time. They weren't better or worse than today, but the 1940's and 50's did have a different feel to them. A war, that affected nearly all our families, had just ended triumphantly. Those that returned brought with them a sense of relief, optimism, new beginnings and change. Even another war on foreign soil and a "cold war" here at home couldn't snuff out the optimism. It was an especially good time to be young and have a whole lake to explore with your best friends. It was both carefree and exciting at the same time. The only cares I remember were that an atomic bomb might annihilate us all and that I should be especially careful not to step on rusty nails. I couldn't imagine the first so I didn't worry about it. I was, however, scared to death of rusty nails.

I'm not alone with these memories. There are a number of us "kids" still here at the lake. I like to think we were all smart enough to realize a good thing when we saw it --- and we never left!

It was a good thing to have a little boat and a fish pole; to live in our bathing suits and to be off the lake only when a bell rang or a horn blared telling us it was time for lunch or supper. Frogs on the lake hated us; we waded through the muck in relentless pursuit of them. Once caught, they were prodded with sticks to jump the farthest in quickly improvised frog races. Most often they were let go after our entertainment --- but not always. The only meal of frog's legs I've ever eaten came from my Father's charcoal grill here at the lake. The construction of Moore Dam, going on during that time, provided an endless supply of huge truck inner tubes for our swim floats. Also, because of the dam's construction, there was no end to the number of sand pits providing free material for everyone's beaches!

There were more boat houses around the lake at that time. Their roofs were good to dive off and fish from. Inside provided concealment where we could smoke an illicitly obtained cigarette. At least they did until a few of us nearly burned one down. With smoke pouring out, our Mothers responded both as fire department, AND as police interrogators and enforcers! Our property had an abandoned camp



L-R: Culver Choate, Dayton Goudie, Bob Butson, Nancy Choate



L-R: Tom Sawyer, Huckleberry Finn, Dayton Goudie



L-R: Jere Eames, Dayton Goudie, and Culver Choate

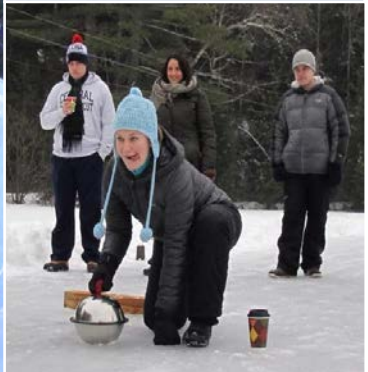
up in the woods; the "Little Camp" became our private hide-away. **We even let the girls use it once in a while. I'm sure that's where I learned that knotholes were ideal for peeking through.**

Sunday was the only day that my father, and most of our big circle of family friends, took off from work. Their "relaxation" began on Saturday night, usually with a late night game of penny-ante poker. All of us youngsters were sent to bed way too early but we always listened to the adults downstairs till we fell asleep. One of my family's friends happened to be my third grade school teacher then. At some point during their card game she became upset over the hand she'd been dealt and she uttered a mild swear word. Shocking! I almost wished for school to be back in session so I could tell my classmates all about it. Sunday mornings we were rewarded with popovers from the wood stove's oven, and for the older kids, coffee boiled in a pot with a cracked egg thrown in to settle the grounds. The youngest of us were always made to feel important too ---- we had to bring water in from the well out front. Eventually we pumped water up from the lake. But that was used only for washing dishes and flushing the toilet. Putting a toilet in the camp was a big event. Before being able to flush we had to trudge way up hill, back of the woodshed, to the outhouse. Can you imagine how steep that hill seemed to little legs in a hurry?

After breakfast our day was filled with a Red Sox baseball game playing on the radio, horse shoes ringing in the pits out front and serious adult discussions over whose shoe was closest to the pin. For the big meal there was always a slab of meat from the grill, salads and desserts from the kitchen and an endless supply of soda pop for us kids. The adults had their own beverages. After lunch, when we had got pretty well stuffed, we laid down and lazed. (In the words of Huck Finn.) But the highlight of the day was when it became time to go down to the beach and aquaplane behind Buster's outboard motor boat! As youngsters we began by standing on the board in front of our parents, though very soon we became convinced that we should ride by ourselves. I remember feeling that way till I tumbled off and got snarled up in a patch of pond weeds thinking I might drown! I didn't drown, but I did grow up, too soon, and moved on to summer jobs and other big people's pursuits and was away from the lake more than I liked. But, as those of you who have taken time to read this far might agree...

...you can take us away from the lake but you'll never take the lake away from us!

# Winterfest 2015



## Good Times to Remember!



Photo by: John MacIver

The photo to the right was taken at "Jack's Point" as our camp is named. My father, John B. "Jack" Eames, purchased this property in 1931. In the photo is Jack Eames, the third generation of our family that has called Partridge Lake "Home" and Carson Eames, age 9, a member of our fourth generation at the lake. Carson's catch is a Northern Pike, a species that was not present in Partridge Lake when I was his age.

*Jere Eames*



## 95 Years Ago . . . things were different for kids . . . and the same.

Written By: Jackie Gillies Armstrong, 1998

In 1920, when I was two years old, my father rented English Cottage, now the Eames property, on Partridge Lake. Our winter home was in the Fort Green section of Brooklyn, NY. During the summer, Brooklyn was very hot, so, on the recommendation of friends, the Alders and the Thayers, who had cottages on the lake, my family came to Partridge Lake for the summer.

We rented English Cottage for several years, but it was not for sale so my father bought **LAKESIDE** on the other side of the lake. He had extensive remodeling done on the main house and fixed over a small storage shed for a playhouse for me.

The day the large black trunk was brought up from the basement storeroom and put in the corner of my parents' bedroom, I knew it was time to go to the lake. We never said go to a summer home at Partridge Lake; we said go to the lake — that said it all.

The trunk was packed and sent off. One evening the car was brought from the garage and parked in front of the house. During the evening, the car was loaded. Even the side running boards held two or more suitcases. The car, a 1920s Studebaker, was ready for the trip!!

We left Brooklyn the first week in June. The wisteria over the fence in the back yard was heavy with blossoms, the large magnolia trees were loaded with heavy white flowers. The grape vines held clusters of purple grapes to come, and my mother's roses had buds. Inside the house the heavy velvet draperies had been taken down and sent to be cleaned and stored. There were only lace curtains at the windows. The living room and dining room furniture had summer slipcovers. The house sounded empty and footsteps echoed on the bare floors

The morning we left was the most exciting day of my life. My father drove. My grandfather and my brother John sat in front. My mother, in back, wore a silk dress, coat and straw hat and white gloves. I wore a cotton dress, knee socks (I did not own shorts or sneakers) and Bass shoes with rubber soles. The Bass shoes had been purchased the summer before at Gould's Shoe Store in Littleton, to be worn only at the lake. My cousin Bobby went with us and sat in the back with my grandmother and me.

The trip took two days and we stopped overnight at the Northampton (MA) Inn. The second day, as we crossed, the line that said NH, Bobby and I screamed with joy and assured the family that the air was different and better now than any place on earth. We were in New Hampshire!!

Arriving at the lake, we went straight



to the house. It had been opened for us by Charlie Higgins, a nearby farmer who looked after the place for us and who had everything ready. The only phone in the area was at Higgins farm. He had put a large block of ice in the ice chest. There was wood for the range and kerosene for the cook stove and lamps. After unloading the car, the first thing I had to do was to sweep all the bedrooms. Lots of spiders and dead bugs from the winter. Next I had to help make all the beds. Then I could go swimming — what a joy!! Being the children, Bobby and I didn't have other chores. A fire had to be made in the big wood stove, the kitchen pump primed so the cold clean water would come gushing out, oil lamps filled with kerosene, a fire laid in the fireplace. The porch furniture had been stored in the living room, so all that had to be moved to the porches. Supplies had to be put away and suitcases unpacked. The big trunk would be delivered as soon as it arrived in a few days.

Although we had a car and often went to Littleton to shop, town was 6 miles away. We had home delivery of many things. The laundry from town was picked up and delivered once a week. If there was ironing, my mother used flat irons heated on top of the stove. A horse-drawn wagon came by with fresh vegetables, and the bakery came once a week, too. Of course we had rural mail delivery — the car, a Ford coupe. The mailman, Mr. Marshall, let us children ride down the hill standing on his running board. That was a treat.

We had plenty of fresh fish as my father and brother went fishing every day. They caught beautiful big bass and some pickerel, which were too bony and not liked. My brother went trout fishing in nearby streams.

Every day we went swimming. My parents and Bobby and I would walk down to the Eaton cottage ("Hatetoquitit") at 11 a.m., and we would visit with the Alder family [Winnie Alder, her friend, was and is Winnie Savage]. We all swam from that beach, sandy underfoot and quite shallow. Once in a while, the two families would walk to the beach at Point Comfort (now Cove Point).

The daily swim was a ritual

After supper, my brother and I had to do the dishes. The hot water was heated on the wood stove in a large nickel tea kettle. The adults sat on the porch watching the sun set. When it was dark, the kerosene lamps were lit and, sitting around a large round table in the living room, my mother read to us. There was no TV or radio. Our favorite books were the Dr. Doolittle stories. Before bedtime we had to go outside to the outhouse. Ours was special; it had three hinged covers on the long seat. Everybody had a flashlight; mine, small and shiny silver, was one of my most prized possessions. Only the grown-ups were allowed candles in the bedrooms. We all had heavy wool blankets on the beds, which were single white iron frames with hard mattresses and pillows filled with feathers that sometimes stuck through the heavy stripped pillow ticking.

We did not know the town people, only the store keepers where we shopped. Magoons supplied all our needs with excellent food. There was the annual trip to Gould's Shoe Store and Mathes Drug Store, where my brother went to buy a Coke — a special treat. We did not buy ice cream in town. It would have melted on the way home. But we did buy the most wonderful ice cream from Chaffee's farm on a hill overlooking the lake. On Sunday morning, Bobby and I would row across the lake, tie the boat to a tree, then walk up a dirt road to Chaffee's farm. There we bought a quart of whatever ice cream Mrs. Chaffee had made. It was always delicious, made from unpasteurized cream in a hand-cranked churn.

A special treat was when I was allowed to go with my brother to the Littleton Depot on Saturday morning to meet my father. He commuted from Grand Central Station in New York, taking the sleeper on Friday and arriving in Littleton about 7 a.m. Then on Sunday night he had to take the sleeper back to the city.

The summer always went too fast and it would be time to return to the city and school. I have a picture of my parents and me on a day that we were leaving. My father wore a three-piece suit and a straw hat, my mother in a silk dress, a coat with a fur collar and a wide-brimmed felt hat. Bobby in a shirt, tie, knickers and knee socks, I was in my cotton dress and knee socks.

*Jackie Gillies met Charlie Armstrong, a Littleton "townie," in college—he at Hobart, she at William Smith College. They lived in Littleton, where she was a school librarian. Charlie, a NH representative and state senator, was the founding president of the Partridge Lake Property Owners Association.*



## Spotlight on Volunteers

Current officers and board members are listed below. New board of directors and officers will be elected at the annual meeting from a slate offered by the board. Nominations should be forwarded to nominating committee members Kate Vaughan, Judy Warden, or Dave Ernsberger before the first board meeting, June 20, 2015.

### Board of Directors


Tom Allen	<i>President</i>
Tom Norris	<i>Vice President</i>
Paula Berry	<i>Secretary</i>
Jill Corey	<i>Treasurer</i>
Jeanne Burdette	Jim Hutchins
Tonya Eastman	Jayne Johns
Florence Fogelin	David Merrill
Eileen Goodrich	Pam Parker
Glen Hadwen	Kate Vaughan
Albert Howes	Judy Warden

Ex-officio: Jerry Eames, Dayton Goudy  
Lake Quality Committee Chair: Dave Ernsberger

Thanks to our 2014 Annual Lake Association Picnic Hosts: Glen and Sharon Hadwen

Thanks to everyone who provided photos and articles for this issue of the PLPOA newsletter and insert. We greatly appreciate all your help.

If you would like to contribute to future newsletters please contact Jeanne Burdette.

Connect with us: 

Thank you Jeff Corey for the excellent job of cleaning and restoring the 1927 Fire Siren to its former beauty!

Located on the pole across the street from the "Red Sails" (Murphy) camp. You might hear the siren (which will only be in 30 second durations) for Fire, Emergencies, Annual Family Picnic and Annual Meeting.



## Boats

After nearly 50 years of marriage, we have had many boats. Different sizes, different colors, no engine, multiple motors, but they all had our love. From 10 feet to 40 feet, with fly-bridges, some even with missing oar locks! We spent time cleaning, equipping and running our many water crafts. You may wonder why I share this with you, but the most important boat, is the one we now have. A 12 foot aluminum boat with a 4 horsepower motor! She is easy to go out in and provides us with the sun, some rain drops, the lilting laughter of children, splashing and being towed, and much appreciation of Partridge Lake. The quiet beauty, the loon, the fish, the turtles and even the fallen trees. We try to get out every day and "putz" around the lake, and wave to our new and very valuable neighbors!

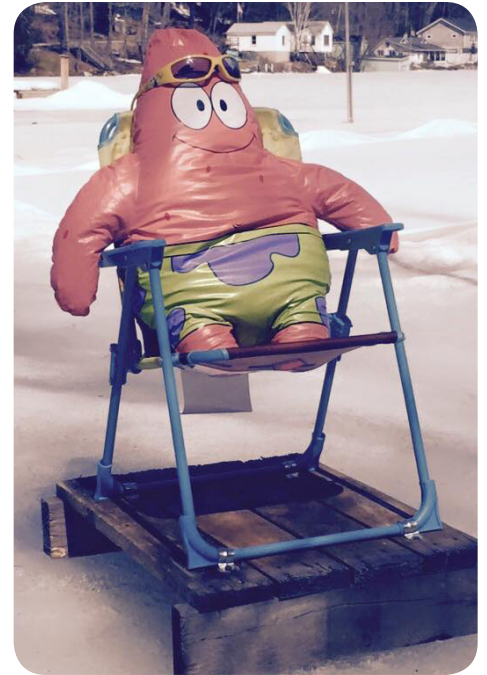
Thank You~

Tom & Paula Berry  
"The Berry Patch"

Win or lose, my parents always brought the whole Little League team out to the camp, after a game. For swimming, canoeing and eating! As I grew, our waterskiing tricks became bigger and braver, not necessarily smarter! Does anyone else remember a blue wooden kitchen chair, sitting on a snow toboggan? Dick Weeman on the chair! Many, many spills and laughs. Still here to tell about it!

Now I am happy and content to take a ride in the canoe with Paula, sit in the back of the Hadlock boat and watch the children or "toot" around the lake in our little boat.

Have a happy & safe summer!  
Tom Berry



## The Inaugural "Official Partridge Lake Ice-Out Contest"

... was conceived this year by the PLPOA board to raise some funds for the Lake as well as to generate a fun event to keep tabs on. The rules of the event were to guess the closest time and correct day of the "ice out" from the cove near the Hadwen/Farquharson camps. The time is determined by when a lawn chair with Patrick the Starfish falls through the ice, thereby pulling on a piece of rope that in turn pulls the power from a clock that is located in the Chum Bucket. The person with that guess will be given fifty percent of the money of tickets sold.

The official clock that was purchased for the event was generously donated by funds from Tom and Dawn Norris. Jill Corey was responsible for getting tickets made and ticket sales. We hope that this will be a larger event every year.

The first documented unofficial "Ice Out" occurred last year when a group of people in the Chum Bucket recorded their names and dates of ice out on a paper plate that is now on display. Lisa Morello was the winner of the "winner take all" event.

### And we have a winner!

**Urbain Routhier** from Allen Lumber  
Patrick took his plunge at 2:39 am 4/30/15

Urbain's time was 10:00 am 4/30  
which is the closest time.

The prize is \$180

**Thank you to all that participated.**