



KEY DATES:

- Monday, October 12: Winter lake drawdown begins and continues through December.
- Saturday, November 20–21: N.H. Joint Water & Watershed Conference. Grapone Conference Center, Concord. Info @ 603–228–6472.
- Thursday, November 5: Road Salt BMP workshop for watershed area town officials and interested residents. Runnels Hall, Chocorua, 6–8 p.m. Info @ 603–539–1859.

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OSSIPEE LAKE REPORT

Volume 8, Issue 4 • October – December 2009

NATURAL AREA PLAN IS WORKING

OSSIPEE — As the boating season draws to a close, DRED's working group of advisors for Ossipee Lake Natural Area is planning to meet and conduct a formal assessment of how the management plan fared during its first year.

In advance of the meeting, however, there already is positive word of mouth about the inaugural season, both in Concord and around the lake, with most observers concluding that a balance of managed recreation and preservation can work at the unique state-owned site.

"Since this is largely a stakeholder-implemented plan, the key was to engage the

boating and surrounding community from the start and obtain their cooperation," said DRED official Don Kent, who added "we definitely saw a lot of cooperation."

Kent singled out the three members of the boating community who serve on the working group - Richard Lover, John Panagiotakos and Allen McKenney - for what he said was a tireless effort to communicate the plan's goals to boaters.

He also cited a fourth volunteer, boater Dennis Gould, as an outstanding member of the public who has worked closely with the advisory group as a volunteer.

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Marchers in the Freedom Old Home Week parade from Leuthi-Peterson Camp celebrated a half century of bringing together kids from different cultural backgrounds. *Alliance Photo*

LAKE DRAWS GENERATIONS TO REUNION

By Daymond Steer

FREEDOM — Although members of the Thurrell and Pascoe families have spread all over the country, the serene waters of Ossipee Lake beckons for them one generation at a time.

During the Thurrell-Pascoe family reunions every other year in late July, roughly 100 people gather at the northern end of the lake for a three day celebration, according to family members. This year's kick-off barbeque marked the first official day of the 2009 reunion held at the Pascoe family

summer house on Ossipee Lake Road near Camp Calumet.

The younger ones took to the beach and swam to an inflatable water trampoline in the lake while many of the adults chatted on the lawn. All seemed equally enthusiastic about coming back to New Hampshire.

"I love it," said Maggie Dods, 12, of Linwood, New Jersey as she played pass with a football.

"It's really nice and peaceful, there's a lot of stuff to do, and it's nice to be with family."

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LAKE DRAWS GENERATIONS TO REUNION



A Cajun pig roast kicked off this year's Thurrell-Pascoe family reunion, an event that brings multiple generations back to Ossipee Lake every other year. Photo: Carroll County Independent

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Dods is the granddaughter of Larry Thurrell, who is a patriarch of the family along with his older brother Roger. Their brothers, Bob Jr., and Phip, have passed away. Family members ranged in age from one to 83.

The Thurrell and Pascoe families were linked on November 23, 1950 with the marriage of Roger Thurrell and Dorothy Pascoe. They had two children, Lindy and Marc, who now own the Pascoe summer home. Also, members of both families attended high school together at Brewster Academy in Wolfeboro.

Both clans have deep roots in the region. Two generations of the Thurrells ran the now defunct Cotton Mountain Farms of Wolfeboro — one of the largest New England chicken farms in its day, until the 1950s.

The first Pascoe moved to the area in the mid to late 1800s. Dick and Nancy Pascoe ran Shawtown Campground (now the Danforth Bay Camping Resort). Dick Pascoe, who died in 2007, was known for his barnstorming in a bright yellow biplane, relatives say.

Lindy Thurrell, 57, now lives in Orange County California, but every summer she and her family come back to stay at the summer home, which was built by her grandfather Bill Pascoe in the 1955.

"I've spent almost every summer of my life here," she said.

The solid-looking summer home has a living room with a fireplace and an attached kitchen; two bedrooms, a screened in porch, and a bathroom. In the backyard, there is a vibrant flower garden featuring red lilies that are almost four

feet tall. Family members set up tents further back in the yard.

Some said the reunion must be a boon to the local economy because many others rent hotel space. And of course there is a lot of food shopping.

Lindy Thurrell's family enjoys New Hampshire because it offers a calmer atmosphere that's less materialistic than California, she said.

In fact, her eldest daughter, Caitlin Gillenwater, 20, is moving from California to New Hampshire so she can take a position with MedStar, a private ambulance service based in Ossipee. She has only seen a local winter once and she said there was a lot of snow.

"I came up here every summer and I always wanted to stay," said Gillenwater, who describes her time in New Hampshire as "relaxing."

Larry Thurrell, 73, may have a residence in Delaware, but he has a summer home in Wolfeboro. Larry Thurrell said his "big joy" is to see the young people enjoying themselves on the local lakes.

Larry's father, Robert Thurrell, Sr., and his wife, Flossie, started the Cotton Mountain Farms in the 1922 with almost two-dozen hens and a rooster. Over the years it grew to the point where the farm would sell 1 to 1.5 million chicks annually, according to Roger and Larry Thurrell.

Chicken barbeque became a family specialty in the farm's day. The Thurrells say one year Dwight Eisenhower was their guest when he

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The Alliance is a member of the
New Hampshire Lakes Association
(www.nhlakes.org).

SO FAR, SO GOOD AT LAKE'S NATURAL AREA

Continued from page 1

Kent said the state's Forest Rangers and Marine Patrol officers did an excellent job of monitoring the site, noting that the latter issued citations for operating a boat while intoxicated.

At the October meeting, which is open to the public, the working group will receive a status report on historic and natural resources from state specialists, and an update on water quality monitoring at the site.

Water quality samples were collected five times during the summer to establish a baseline measurement and to detect e coli bacteria and other danger signs in the water.

A report on the working group's meeting will be posted on the Alliance website and distributed by email via Ossipee Lake News. The Ossipee Lake News sign-up page is <http://ossipeelake.org/email/>.

FAMILY FINDS SOLACE IN LOCAL DONATIONS

FREEDOM – Many have heard that Freedom has a new "Snowbulance" – you may have seen it in August's Old Home Week parade – but a lot of people are unaware of how it came to town and why.

Built by a Canadian company, the Snowbulance is a life-saving motorized winter vehicle on runners that allows medical personnel to respond to emergencies in snow-covered off-the-road areas.

That it's now part of the Freedom Fire Department is thanks to a Byfield, Mass. family, Bob Haynes and his wife, Sheila, and their sons Tim and Patrick, who donated it in memory of their son, and brother, Chris, 36, who was killed in a snowmobile accident on the lake in March.

Chris' brothers, one a State Police trooper and the other a fireman, decided almost immediately that they wanted to do something mean-

ingful to honor their brother, according to Victor Tine, who reported on the story for the Daily News Online in Newburyport, Mass.

"It was important to us to have some way to make something positive come out of it," Patrick Haynes told Tine.

Rescuers in March, who came from West Ossipee as well as Freedom, say they lost precious moments in responding due to

the remoteness of the location between Berry Bay and Leavitt Bay. The Haynes family hopes the new Snowbulance will improve response time in future emergencies.

Donations from friends and companies near where Chris worked helped the family cover the bill for the vehicle and a modified 24-foot trailer to transport it.

In addition to the donation to Freedom, the family made a cash contribution to the West Ossipee Fire Department.



"It was important to us to have something positive come out of it," Patrick Haynes said, speaking of his brother's death on the lake in March.

ELEANOR MANGINI MACCARTHY

Eleanor MacCarthy, Ossipee Lake Alliance co-director Susan Marks' mother, died this spring, two weeks shy of her 99th birthday and one season short of 78 summers on Berry Bay.

She was born to the Mangini family and spent much time at her brother John Mangini's camp on the lake. But it was from one of the Lakin-Gardner cottages across the bay that she eloped with Bob MacCarthy on July 22, 1931.

The young couple was back the next year and the next, eventually buying their own camp overlooking Green Mountain and filling it with

family, extended family, friends and friends of friends who returned year after year for the 50 years of their marriage.

Bob died in 1981, but he was never far from Eleanor's thoughts as she continued to introduce grandchildren and great-grandchildren to the place on the lake that was such an important part of her life.

On September 5, the skies were bright blue and Berry Bay sparkled in the sunlight as family and friends gathered at a memorial service to say thank you and goodbye one last time.

It's New Hampshire's best north country lake for fishing, boating and swimming. Home of the state's finest remaining examples of unique habitats. The location of one of your most important real estate investments. It's Ossipee Lake, and there's only one organization dedicated to preserving and protecting it: Ossipee Lake Alliance. **Please invest in the future of your lake by joining us.**

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<input type="checkbox"/>	SUPPORTER.....	\$20-49
<input type="checkbox"/>	SPONSOR.....	\$50-99
<input type="checkbox"/>	PATRON	\$100-249
<input type="checkbox"/>	GUARDIAN	\$250-499
<input type="checkbox"/>	BENEFACTOR	\$500-999
<input type="checkbox"/>	CHAMPION	\$1,000+



1

Through our website, newsletters and email news reports we have you covered for state and local news that affects your lake investment. Whether it's water quality, new legislation or a flood, you'll hear about it first from us.

2

Keeping milfoil out of the lake is the goal of our Exotic Species Program, a partnership with the owners of more than 30 public and private boat ramps. Since the program began three years ago, there hasn't been a new infestation on the lake.

3

Who decides what the Alliance's priorities should be this year – or next year or for the years to come? Our Lake Reps, the individuals who represent the lake's businesses and property owner associations at our semi-annual meeting. From Berry Bay to Danforth Pond to Deer Cove, every part of the lake now has a voice.

4

Thanks to our efforts, state officials are finally working with the lake community to protect our unique natural and wildlife resources. Most especially that includes balancing preservation and low impact recreation at historic Ossipee Lake Natural Area, an effort that has gained support from around the state.

5

No one knew what milfoil was when it entered the lake more than a decade ago, but everyone now knows how expensive it is to control. We helped establish the first town funds to pay for invasive weed control, and each year we work with state officials to ensure that when milfoil control money is available, Ossipee Lake is on the list.

WITH YOUR HELP, WE'RE 5 FOR 5!

THINGS NOT DONE, ROADS NOT TAKEN

By David Shribman

FRANCONIA -- We were going to climb Mount Pemigewasset, which juts out from the cliffs that form Indian Head and has a remarkable panorama of White Mountain summits at the top.

We were going to find the semi-secret Saco River swimming hole, down the embankment, over the railroad tracks, then up the far embankment near an ancient bridge known as Fourth Iron.

We were going to sink our toes into the sandy beach at Ellacoya State Park and, what is more, we were going to learn to pronounce the name of the Indian princess for which it was known.

We were going to do all these things, on vacation, but then it was time to go.

We were going to do all these things. But instead we took a back road and planted ourselves on Freedom Beach on Lake Ossipee and looked across the whitecaps up onto the sylvan slopes of Mount Chocorua.

Instead we sat with friends on a screen porch on a New Hampshire hill with a perfect view of Vermont's Killington Mountain, eating one too many slices of gooey butter cake, homemade of course.

Instead we lingered at the base of the steep granite face known as Cathedral Ledge, wondering whether those black marks were climbers hanging from the 500-foot granite cliff or just gnarly vestiges of trees extending from the outcroppings below its prow.

Perhaps the best-loved verse from Franconia's greatest poet speaks of roads not taken. The last three lines of the poem -- published in 1920 in a book titled, not coincidentally, "Mountain Interval" -- are hardwired into the memory of every American of a certain age.

But it is another insight from that same Robert Frost poem that concerns us here: "knowing how way leads on to way." For our vacation way led onto way, and we found ourselves at a Vermont sugar house where the soft-serve ice cream (the term of art in these parts is "creemie") is laced with maple syrup, a gallon in each container of the mix.

Two days later we found ourselves in Bethlehem, N.H., where, as it turns out, the Frost family rented rooms from a farmer in 1907, and there we encountered an 8-year-old girl crossing the street as she brandished a towering mass of soft serve, this time chocolate swirled with coffee. We stopped there, too, way having led onto way.

"Our summer was one of the pleasantest we have had for years," Frost wrote of the time he spent in Bethlehem. "There is a pang there that makes poetry."

Our vacations now are swirls of pangs and poetry, and not just because we are drawn every year to the places Frost trod, three of them this summer alone, if you include the country college he -- and this is his phrase -- ran away from.

We don't plan that sort of thing. We're not literary travelers, just vacationers off on a spree, or, more precisely, just away from the office. But it happens, every year. That's the part about the poetry.

Now here's the part about the pangs. Our girls are older, and really they aren't girls anymore but women. And we know that this year, or maybe the next, or perhaps the year after that, they will be too busy, or too worldly, or (most likely of all) too embarrassed to be seen of a summer afternoon with Mom and Dad, even though we know they say of New Hampshire, when we are not listening, something along the lines of: "She's one of the two best states in the Union. Vermont's the other."

When they abandon us we'll remember all the times we shared, how we showed them the way the clouds seem to hang around the summit of Mount Washington, how we showed them the best way to enter a lake whose waters are icy even in midsummer heat, how we showed them which rocks along the path are sturdy and which shift under foot.

But most of all we will remember what they showed us, and by that I am not speaking of the way to collect low-brush blueberries in a bucket, because we know they learned that from a book by Robert McCloskey, nor of how to race up the Presidential Range in the rain, because long ago I took down this passage from the 1925 "Guide to Paths in the White Mountains and Adjacent Regions":

"If trouble arises on or above Mount Monroe, use the Lake of the Clouds Hut or go down the Ammonoosuc Ravine Trail. This is the most dangerous part of the path. Never under any circumstance attempt the cone of Mount Washington if a storm has caused serious trouble before its base is reached, for storms increase in violence very rapidly as the cone is ascended and the velocity of the wind sometimes exceeds 100 miles an hour on the summit."

No, what we learned from our daughters is more prosaic and yet more profound. It is how the joys of youth are passed from child to par-

"We took a back road and planted ourselves on Freedom Beach on Lake Ossipee and looked across the whitecaps up onto the sylvan slopes of Mount Chocorua."

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IN VERMONT, MILFOIL IS USED AS MULCH AND EYED AS A SOURCE OF ELECTRICITY

By Joel Baird

WEST BRIDPORT, VT -- The bright-orange harvester looks out of place in Lake Champlain. Part riding mower, part paddle-wheeler and front-end loader, the graceless watercraft the length of three mid-sized sedans that tops out (in reverse) at 3.5 mph. It's even slower when it travels forward, cutting through underwater thickets of Eurasian watermilfoil that choke the lake's shallows near East Bridport.

But the harvester belongs. The milfoil, an aggressive newcomer, doesn't. [Editor's note: Eurasian watermilfoil differs from the variable milfoil found in New Hampshire but is equally as invasive and harmful to lakes].

While no one believes the weed will ever be eradicated, a handful of visionaries believe in its potential to generate electricity.

These weeds, as they spread across the lake, keep reminding us that they are renewable. But are they a resource? Eurasian watermilfoil has few admirers on this continent. It doesn't provide attractive food or shelter for native animals. It spreads quickly from fragments created by waves, wind and boat traffic. It robs the shallows of light and oxygen. It tangles in swimmers' legs and boats' propellers.

Since the early 1960s, when the invasive first appeared in Lake Champlain, professional and amateur ecologists have worked with some success in slowing its advance, spending hundreds of thousands of dollars every year.

State programs likewise have targeted other nuisance species. Ten years ago, volunteers from the Addison County-based Lake Champlain Restoration Association joined the cause.

Their grass-roots work has spread in unexpected ways. Next month, energy experts will determine if they can coax electricity from the nuisance weed by incorporating it into "cow-power" generators.

Not far inland from where their orange harvester plies its front-end cutters (a rig built, fittingly enough, in Weedsville, N.Y.), the dairy operation at a farm near Bridport is preparing to receive southern Lake Champlain's slimy payload.

Blue Spruce Farm already generates grid-bound electricity in a generator fired with manure-fermented methane. A \$10,000 grant from Central Vermont Public Service will underwrite the association's trucking of lake-grown ingredients into the recipe.

It's a pilot project, said Dave Dunn, who manages renewable project development for CVPS.

"This technology is in the early stages of development. We need to somehow get the weeds into a consistency similar to that of the manure, to allow for easier movement of the anaerobic (methane-producing) bacteria."

Finding sustainable and diverse alternatives to Vermont's nuclear power plant is an ongoing mission of CVPS, Dunn added. To that purpose, the utility has borrowed an industrial-grade "tub-grinder" to emulsify the weeds into a thick soup.

"It's really designed to shred tree stumps and wood pallets," Dunn said. "We'll see."

Dunn said it was too early to speculate whether results of the experiment will warrant another year of tinkering, or if it will be a one-time effort. But he hopes the project will ignite subsequent research.

Electricity was not on the minds of the volunteers who formed the Restoration Association.

"The only reason we got into it was because of boat-props getting fouled," said the association's president, Chip Morgan. "We help eliminate fragments caused by boat propellers. It's like mowing your lawn: It comes back, but it's under control."

Association members with weed-clotted swimming and boat docks can apply for periodic mowing using an online request form. The going rate: \$197 for an hour-and-a-half session. Typically, a member signs on for three mowings per season (only members qualify for the service).

The association barely breaks even, Morgan said, because the cost of harvesting is high, even with volunteer labor and a token \$12 yearly boat lease from the Agency of Natural Resources.

As luck would have it, Eurasian watermilfoil plants can't survive long out of water. Stowed above the lake's high-water line, they dry and die. They can lend fertility to the soil of farmers and gardeners who have the means to transport tons the stuff.

Charles Barry, an LCRA member, composts watermilfoil with excellent results.

"You want to let it dry out because it gets a lot lighter," Barry said. "I hauled about a ton of it away on a six-by-10 trailer. Rototilled it right into the garden with wood ashes."

"There are lot of things you could do with this," he added. "But we're all volunteers, and we're busy with other things."

This excerpt of a longer article appears courtesy of the author and the Burlington (VT) Free Press.

OSSIPEE LAKE IS THE MAGNET FOR GENERATIONS DRAWN TO A BIENNIAL FAMILY REUNION

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was campaigning for the presidency around 1952.

At the Thursday start of the reunion, Bob Reynolds, 56, (who married Phyllis Thurrell) was doing the cooking.

By tradition, the Thursday night meal is different at every event. They decide who cooks it by rotation. The Friday night meal is always lobster and the Saturday night is always chicken barbeque in honor of the Thurrell's old farm.

Reynolds wasn't doing a regular chicken and pork barbeque. It was Cajun style. The pig was cooked in a large device called a "Cajun microwave."

It consisted of a plywood box with two trays on top that hold the charcoal. The pig goes in the box and the heat source is actually above it.

Many people have said the "Cajun Microwave" couldn't possibly work because it looks so counterintuitive, said Reynolds. But, he said, that style cooking takes less than half the

time of more conventional methods. In fact, it can cook a 60-pound pig in about six hours. Reynolds and some assistants also manned two deep fryers, which were cooking turkeys.

Reynolds' family comes from Louisiana but currently he lives in Ohio. In 2005, he and his wife bought a summer home on Ossipee Lake. Phyllis jokes that she had two "requests" in finding the perfect second house. First, it had to be lakefront. Secondly, it had to be on Ossipee Lake.

According to Ossipee Lake Alliance's Executive Director,

David Smith, the family reunion illustrates Ossipee Lake's appeal. In an e-mail he wrote that members of the second and third generations are returning, such as Phyllis Thurrell and Reynolds, who is on the Alliance's board.

"We always say Ossipee Lake holds sway over the head and heart like no other lake, and this family is a great example of that pull back to the area," he stated.

Daymond Steer is a reporter for the Carroll County Independent, from which this article has been reprinted with permission.



A FATHER REFLECTS ON HIS FAMILY'S SUMMER VACATION

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ent, shaping the one, refreshing the other, and it happens when the child takes the hard steps, up mountains real and metaphorical. We've seen them ascend both, knowing that the lessons of mountains and metaphors are sometimes the same, the learning sometimes steep.

So maybe it doesn't matter that we were going to stop at Shiloh's Restaurant in Woodsville, N.H., where the sign boasts of "cabin cooking," which to me is a phrase as irresistible as the open-faced hot turkey sandwich I yearn for the other 51 weeks of the year. We never made it this year.

And perhaps it doesn't matter that we were going to take a picnic to Sabbaday Falls near the Jigger Johnson Campground, named for

one of the last of the great loggers of the North Country, a man described by his friend, Bob Monahan, another legend of these hills, in this unforgettable way: "All of him was steel-spring muscle, except his head, which contained brains aplenty." We didn't get there either.

I shall be telling this with a sigh somewhere ages and ages hence: Maybe none of this matters at all. Maybe the only thing that matters is that there is a poetry to family vacations, and a pang, too. We were going to do so much. And then it was time to go.

David Shribman is the Pulitzer Prize-winning executive editor of the Pittsburgh Post-Gazette and a long-time Carroll County vacationer. This article is reprinted with his kind permission.



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Preserve. Protect. Educate.

