



The Flea Market is one of the big attractions at the Andover Historical Society's annual Old Time Fair.  
Photo: Bob Bussey

## Andover Historical Society

By Margie Leber

Andover Historical Society

The Old Time Fair held by the Andover Historical Society on August 5 was a rousing success from the start of the Flea Market until closing, when the remaining crowd was still being entertained by Oh'Anleigh and their wonderful Irish songs, which brought a lilt to the steps of workers and fairgoers. The weather was perfect for browsing and enjoying the fair offerings. In addition to Oh'Anleigh, the magician B.J. Hickman brought a chuckle to the kids of all ages who attended his show.



Magician BJ Hickman and his assistant Nick Keniston mug for the camera after Nick had securely tied both of the magician's arms and legs together.  
Photo: Alan Hanscom

The Cotton Valley Rail Trail Club of Wolfboro Falls offered motorized railway car rides in addition to our pumper-car rides.

Winners of the raffle were:

- First prize – Overnight stay and breakfast at the Highland Lake Inn: Madison Powers of Andover
- Second Prize – \$100 gift certificate in gasoline from Irving Oil: Kenny Gessner of Wilmot
- Third Prize – \$25 gift certificate from the Inn at Danbury or Alphorn Bistro: Lyn Speake of Wilmot
- Fourth Prize – \$25 gift certificate from the Inn at Danbury or Alphorn Bistro: Ben Barton of New London

### 25th Anniversary Celebration Ice Cream Social

On Sunday, September 23, the Andover Historical Society will celebrate its 25th anniversary with an old-fashioned Ice Cream Social at the museum from 2 PM to 4 PM. Come and enjoy a sundae or an ice cream cone.

Paul Fenton, Jr. will read from his book *Halfway Up the Hill* at 3 PM. You can also hear *Tales of Early Andover*, taped oral history conversations with Paul Fenton, Sr., Eliza Buzzel, Albert Hoyt, and Alan Thompson. Rare 1931 footage of the train station will be shown. Plan to attend.

## I'm A Country Girl

By Ann Graves

Ann Graves (now Ann Graves Ford) grew up on Highland Farm (the old Bachelor farm) on Maple Street above Highland Lake in East Andover. While attending Andover High School, she wrote this essay. Her English teacher, Miss Dorothy Potter, submitted it to the New Hampshire Troubadour, which published it in 1947. The Farm Finance News re-published it that December with this Editor's Note:

"All efforts to raise larger crops and better livestock are futile unless they result also in happier rural homes and in finer rural boys and girls. We like the story below because of its emphasis on some of the larger values and satisfactions of farm life."

That's right, I'm a country girl. I know the pleasure of teaching a two-months-old calf to lead, the thrill of skiing and snowshoeing over clean, fluffy white snow, and the pride of drawing off the first run of boiling hot maple syrup. I've walked over a crisp snow crust to skate on the lake in the moonlight. I've ridden a horse through the woods and come upon a rabbit bounding across the path in front of me, climbed a tall tree and watched boats sail on the clear blue of the lake below.

I know the pride of raising a Guernsey heifer and the misery of having to sell the same heifer. I've hunted for kittens under the woodshed, under apple boxes, in the hay mows, and under the eaves of the shed and barn. I've taken fluffy yellow or black chicks out of boxes and put them on clean shavings under a brooder.

I've played football on a muddy, harrowed field with a bunch of boys from prep school. I've eaten such big dinners when we've had guests that Thanksgiving dinner doesn't seem at all big to me any more. I've had roasted pork, mashed potato, fresh green spinach, rich creamy gravy, pickles and jelly, rich yellow carrots, homemade bread and butter, plenty of milk with ice cream and pie to top it all off – all in one meal.

I've seen fresh green hay cocked in a new mown field. I've also seen the same hay, soaked with rain, brown and heavy. I've got up at 6:45 and walked a mile only to miss the school bus and to walk two and a half miles more. I've walked home after basketball practice to gaze upon the sunset on Kearsarge Mountain or to see the mountain so clear against the sky that it looked like a movie backdrop.

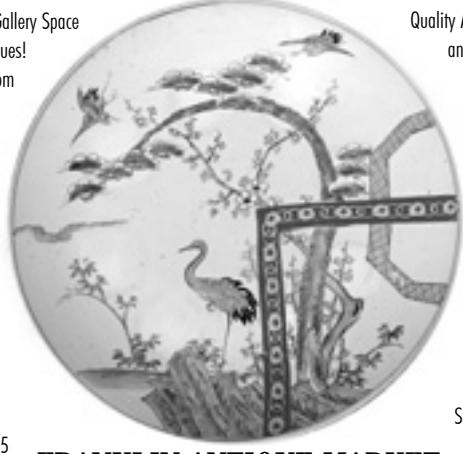
I've got the cows in the rain, wearing a jeep hat and raincoat, barefoot and with my dungarees rolled above my knee. I've smelled the moist country air on that same rainy day. I've hiked through heavy brush and rough terrain to marvel at high falls swollen with spring thaws and to look at the surrounding hills and valleys from mountain tops. I've cried over a dead kitten, carried a newborn calf from the pasture to the barn. I've ridden our big old work horse bareback and got horsehair all over the seat of my pants. I've smelled freshly-cut clover and wild roses. I've picked big lush berries.

I've dreamed out of a schoolhouse window at warm spring weather. I've fallen to defeat with the rest of our team in many basketball games. I've worshipped and admired players on the town baseball team. I've gone swimming in the late afternoon to wash off the sweat and hayseed from the day's haying. I've helped lead cheers to spur our boys' basketball team to victory. I've gone to square dances at our town hall and learned an old fashioned polka. I've had to go seven miles to see a movie. I've ridden on a hay load that I loaded myself only to go over a bump and have three-quarters of it slide off the truck. I've slid on a homemade sled of skis and a wooden box. I've been in a buggy behind a runaway horse.

I've done all this and much, much more. Only a country girl could know the freedom and fun of a country life, the abundance of food, and the love of animals that go with a New England farm.

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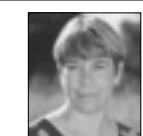
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