

## Kearsarge Region Senior Luncheons Resume at Wilmot Comm. Center

### Press release

Fun-filled luncheons serving seniors in the Kearsarge Region have resumed at 11:30 AM on the third Thursday of the month at the Wilmot Community Association (WCA) Red Barn. The next luncheon will take place on Thursday, February 21 at the (WCA) Red Barn at 11:30 AM.

Reservations are required. First time attendees wanting to enjoy a hot lunch, the camaraderie of other seniors are requested to call the New London Council on Aging 10 days in advance at 526 6368.

Door prizes, table flower arrangements and books will be given away and fun enter-

tainment occasionally follows the meal.

A \$2 donation is suggested for the meal and a \$3 donation for the WCA for providing the space and kitchen for a total of \$5. For those aged 60 years and under, the charge is \$6 for CAP and a suggested donation of \$3 for the WCA.

If the weather is frightful, please use your best judgement about venturing out. If school is cancelled, the luncheon will be cancelled.

The WCA Red Barn is located at 64 Village Road next to the Wilmot Post Office in Wilmot Flat. Parking is available in the WCA's upper parking lot, the Wilmot Baptist Church and across the street.

## Memoir from page 20

match could not be lit. It would blow out if there was any wind at all. Mom and Dad slept up there in a bed under a heavy blanket and a thin mattress. One good thing, there were no wall boards up there so the insulation went up quickly. My sister and I got to sleep downstairs. For heat we had a large, gray Glenwood wood/coal, stove in the kitchen and a kerosene space heater in the room where we slept. Both vented into our chimney. We installed a gas range for cooking, but I will always remember the aroma of real slow baked beans from the Glenwood. We had a dug well under the house with a pump, so we had running water that wouldn't freeze in the winter. We did not have a water heater so all water for bathing had to be heated on the Glenwood. Our phone was a party line with six families on it, we had to memorize which ring was ours. Most calls everyone picked up and listened to, so there was not much privacy. Oddly enough, I still have the same number that we got 70 years ago.

When Spring came and then summer my father's work on the house really began, taking down the rickety garage and putting in a dining room with several wooden tables with four chairs each. My parents were going to have a diner selling various meals, hamburgers, hot dogs, chips, ice-cream and sodas. We called it "The Red Shingle" and we had a jukebox and a pinball machine. We did pretty good. The baseball team would stop by after games and we had the 4H shows in the grove across the street. People going to and from the beach would stop, as well as cars passing by. I wonder if anyone remembers it?

My brother came east with his wife, Lois, that summer. They had been married the summer we had left Illinois. Dad and Dick enjoyed each other's company. They often went fishing and one day they took me with them. There was a place to rent rowboats on Highland Lake then. Dick had bought a beautiful, deep red casting rod and reel, and dad had a split bamboo fly rod. Me? I knelt in the front and dropped a string with a hook and a worm over the side. My brother and father were busy working their rods and nothing was biting. All of a sudden I felt a nibble and yanked the line. I pulled it up and had a 20 inch pickerel on my hook. My brother looked at me, at my fish and finally at his brand new rod. "Want to trade?" I think my father was thinking the same thing. We laughed over that fish for a long time.

The church and the grange were the center of social life in the town. Friday and Saturday nights there was always something doing at the grange. My sister, Marilyn, and the Thompson girls, along with Margie Frost (Fenton) and her sister Louise (Timmy's sisters) put on plays. We had pot-luck dinners, auctions, dances, Halloween parties. My sister would also take me to Cillyville on some Saturday nights. They would show movies, mostly western serials, Hopalong Cassidy, Pearl Pureheart, etc. I don't blame you if you don't remember them, it was a long time ago. They also

had Bingo there and I actually won a live chicken once, and I, much to my mother's chagrin, wanted to keep it as a pet.

On most summer days we kids would go to get the cows in from the day pasture, which was across the road and out of sight from the house. It was quite a walk but we loved it. Johnny's sisters Madeline, Carolyn and Jane did the actual milking. Some days we kids would play in the Thompson yard. I remember Mark, Johnny's little brother, in a dog harness, tied to the front porch by a rope, so he could be out with the bigger kids and in no danger of going onto the road. He would happily play in the dirt with his trucks, shovels and pails. Practice for the company he would one day, come to run. On other days, I would get to ride Tommy, usually bareback. He was blind in one eye. Something startled him one day and he threw me over his head and ran right over me. Luckily, he was a Shetland pony and not very big, I got up and on him again, it didn't bother me at all.

Johnny's father, Alan Thompson, kept several teams of horses. His passion was collecting working wagons in any form; buckboards, surreys, sleighs, just about any conveyance you could imagine. His pride and joy was a Concord Coach (stagecoach of western fame). On the 4th of July it was proudly driven down Main St. in the parade, which was much larger than what it is today. The coach was hauled out on any noteworthy occasion. He loved the art of driving teams.

When Camp Marlyn closed up for the season, Mr. Thompson would take one of their riding horses to keep until the camp opened again. That summer it was Blue Blaze, a large blue Roan, with a long blaze on his face and four stockings, outfitted with an English saddle and bridle. I don't remember who asked me if I'd like to ride him but I jumped at the chance. After tangling my feet into the stirrup leathers since my feet didn't reach the adult stirrups, much to my delight I was sent on my way, alone. That was the first time I had ever been on a full sized horse, let alone by myself. We headed up Tucker Mtn. Rd., a long dirt road. with, I believe, a farm at the very end. I was so happy and we rode quite a ways up when I turned to come back. As we were nearing Maple St. I noticed a figure in a tan coverall, in a field to my right, and three or four bee boxes. He was lifting out sections of comb honey and the bees were not happy. I did not get stung but Blue Blaze did. He reared and ran, full gallop down the road, turned right on Maple to the Thompson driveway and up into the open barn. Luckily, my hands were small enough to fit under the English saddle pommel, which had no horn like a western saddle does, and I rode Blue Blaze at a dead run and stuck on him like a tick. I slipped off his back when he came to a halt inside the barn. A bunch of people came, worried that I might be hurt. I explained what happened and found out later that Barbara's father kept the bees. I was never allowed to ride Blue Blaze again. I thought it was really unfair.

**Part 2 will be available in the March Issue of the Beacon.**



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