

## A New Excerpt From Halfway Up The Hill

Copies of Paul Fenton Jr.'s Halfway Up the Hill are still available. The book is based on a series of articles written for The Andover Beacon from July 1991 through June 2003 in which he reminisces about growing up in Andover.

Half Way Up The Hill can be purchased for \$15 from the Andover Historical Society, the Salisbury Historical Society, by calling Paul at 735-5754, or by stopping by his home halfway up Beech Hill at 125

Beech Hill Road here in Andover.

Here is an excerpt:

My father was very special to me. He had a way of doing things that made people happy. Some of the things he did were not necessarily by plan. (I never did anything by plan; the difference was I never made anyone happy with my actions, especially my parents.)

Mother observed during the summer of 1943 the old apple tree in front of the farm house looked terrible. Dad said that come March or April he would trim it. He took out all the dead limbs and shaped it so that it would look presentable.

In mid May there was the most glorious display of apple blossoms

anybody ever saw. We could smell them from 50 feet away. Mother was so pleased that Dad kept it pruned for several years afterwards.

Dad always claimed that they were apple cider apples and not eating apples, so we never tried to control the bugs that deformed the fruit. For several springs mother would pick some flowering branches and place them in a vase on the dining room table for everyone to enjoy while we were eating our meal. The old apple tree has

long since died and disappeared.

Fruit trees were placed around the old farmsteads for practical reasons. There were usually apples, pears, and sometimes plums. The fruits would be dried or canned, pressed for cider, or made into jellies during the fall.

Today the trees are placed around homes more for ornamental purposes than the production of food. One tree we don't commonly see any more is the crab apple tree; the fruit of which made a very interesting flavored jelly.

People are so busy today they have neither the time nor the inclination in many cases to get involved in the production of their own food.



250 Years Ago

## Andover's First Settlement

In honor of the 250th anniversary of Andover's first settlement, Larry Chase transcribed this passage from History of Andover, New Hampshire, 1751-1906 by John R. Eastman, 1910, pages 407 through 408.

The first settler in the territory then known first as New Breton, and afterwards as Andover, was Joseph Fellows. He was born in Newbury, Massachusetts; came to Kingston, New Hampshire, thence to a point near Corser Hill in Boscawen, now Webster, and from there, in the spring of 1761, to his log house, which he had just finished, on land now belonging to the William B. Emery farm at Flag-hole. At that time he was 32 years old and had a wife and four children, one a baby, the two younger children accompanying the father and mother on the first trip to the new home. The first part of the journey proved so hard for the wife, who carried the baby in her arms, that she stopped at a settler's house in Salisbury, where she and the baby remained during the night, while Mr. Fellows, accompanied by his dog, carried the older child and his gun on to his new log house, where he spent the night. In the morning he fed the child, left it in the house with the faithful dog and went back for his wife and youngest child. Carrying the baby and his gun, his wife following, they completed the journey that day and established the first home in the wilderness of New Breton. His daughter, Margaret, was the first white child born in this town. Mr. Fellows was of that persistent, fearless stock that has made the frontier a constantly moving line since this country was first settled.

of New England pioneer, he was a farmer, hunter, carpenter, and possessed a working knowledge of other trades. He could fell the trees of the original forest and raise corn; could trap or shoot the beaver and tan his skin; build a log cabin or a frame house; make a shoe; or build and run a sawmill. His height was about six feet and his weight about 160 pounds. Wiry strength and endurance rather than weight and volume of muscle were his physical peculiarities among his fellow pioneers.

Rumors of the coming struggle at Lexington and Concord stirred the hearts of the men of New Breton, and Mr. Fellows was among the first to hurry to the point of danger. They were too late for the opening fight, but they all did good service at Bunker Hill. He was in Captain Ebenezer Webster's company with Stark at Bennington and Stillwater.

After the war closed, he devoted his energies to the improvement of his farm and its surroundings. He set out the first apple tree in town. It stood about 30 feet from the old well on the Royal Stone farm.

It is related that, after his sons were well grown men, he built a frame house, 30 by 40 feet, on the ground. The frame was very heavy, and he was advised to collect all the neighbors to have a "raising." He felt, however, that he and his sons were equal to the task, and it was all raised by himself and six of his sons.

Mr. Fellows was a hardy, resourceful pioneer, a brave soldier, and a good, patriotic citizen. Fortunate the town whose first settlers were thus distinguished.

A good specimen of the best type



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