Memories *from page 19*

and the Herseys in 1826. Ellen & Guy's parents were married in 1877, and they lived in Hill until their oldest daughter became of school age. At that time, Mary & Benjamin made the decision to move, so they would be closer to a school for their children to attend.

They bought a farm on Chase Hill Road in East Andover (the current Kenistón home), where my grandfather and his four sisters grew up. They attended the old East Andover School which was called the Portsmouth School. All four of the Hersey girls went on to become teachers. In Ellen's journal, she recounts stories about her Grandfather Eastman, his farm in Hill, and her visits to see him as a child.

Excerpts from Ellen's Journal (with slight changes for easier reading)

It was one of those days in mid-February when the sun shines very brightly and the icicles come crashing down. My mother stood by the back window and said as she often does, 'It's a lovely, beautiful, glorious day.' As she looked down the road she said, 'A star-faced horse is coming up the road.' I dashed to the window for I knew it could be no other than Grandpa Eastman coming for someone to go home with him. I was in high glee for I knew I would be going this time.

We didn't stop for anything – just heated some freestones, while Mother put some aprons in the bag she always took with her. My bag had been packed for some time, along with my smallest doll named Olive. Grandpa scowled at the doll, but I held it tight. My sister Edna was in high school, and my brother Guy was always working with Father. They were adept about the housework as well as taking care of the cattle.

There was no more school for me this year as the money had run out, since in those days they didn't appropriate much.

It was a four mile trip over Tucker Mountain to Grandpa's house, and the roads might be poor. We passed the 'Old Mountain Home' (just before the Tucker Mt. Schoolhouse) where Hersey relatives lived, but we can't stop as we must get home to Grandpa's as soon as possible.

Mother was wearing her gray shawl, and she drew it around me so I was nice and warm. We jog along, and get over the backbone of the mountain, as we called it. When we came to the Follansbee Hills, the horse seemed to be more confident, and hurried along better. Perhaps he was hungry too.

Grandpa got us unloaded and went in to fix the fire, before going to the barn to put up the horse. There was a beautiful view from the house of Ragged Mountain, and then off in the distance we saw Mount Kearsarge looming up. When Grandpa returned, he got out his last frozen apple pie from the front room parlor cupboard, so it would thaw. (Most parlors in those days were not heated, and in the winter they were used to store foods that might otherwise spoil.) There was always good sheep meat (lamb) to eat, and some was in the oven, and only needed to be warmed up. So we thankfully ate a good dinner.

Mother must now churn and make pies. The cream would be in the cupboard all ready for us. There is no sink in the kitchen in the winter, and so we used a little table, and carried out the water. The churn was a big, square, box-like thing, sitting on four legs.

Mother put in the cream and I churned it to a 'come' (which is when the butter separates from the cream, and the butter milk needs to be poured off). I was proud I could do it. We made a nice pat of butter to last until we came again.

Grandpa had a big farm. He kept 200 sheep, and he needed to store hay for them. There were two barns. The front barn was for the sheep, and the farther one for hay and cattle. The horses were kept under the barn, and we fed them down through their cribs. I liked the horses as my father only had oxen, and we had to travel everywhere with them.

Grandpa always had a good, big garden. He had a sap house, and made syrups – sap molasses, he called it. There was always a soap barrel in the cellar, and we had homemade soft soap. We'd make a journey to the cellar with a candle, and get soap, potatoes, and other things that might be stored there.

Occasionally, Grandpa made trips to the Danbury Tannery. That is where he bought the first cups with handles. I have one at my East Andover home now. (To be continued)

Rodney Judkins of Lakeview Construction in Franklin completed significant repairs on the truss bridge south of the Andover ball field. Some of the pressure treated rails were used elsewhere as temporary fixes and were reused here as planned. Notice that the bridge ends were boxed in by railings to cover the void that extended beyond.

FNRT Makes Repairs to the Trail and Bridges

Next monthly meeting of Board on January 18

Lindy Heim, FNRT

The Friends of the Northern Rail Trail (FNRT) have been busy fixing problems with railings and poor trail surfaces and ditches in several sections of the Northern Rail Trail. Thanks goes to volunteer project managers Ricker Miller and Chris Norris for overseeing these projects.

Mark Thompson Excavating Inc. of East Andover did the new surface at Dyers Crossing. Ditch work in East Andover was done by Jeff Miller of the Andover Fire Department. Contractor Rodney Judkins of Lakeview Construction in Franklin built a fabulous set of new railings at a difficult location on the bridge over Depot Street in Franklin. Thank you all for your wonderful work! FNRT is grateful for the excellent work done by its volunteers and local contractors.

The next regular monthly meeting of FNRT's Board of Directors is at 7 PM on Wednesday, January 18, at the Danbury Community Center. Exciting milepost interpretive and place-keeping signage will be on the agenda.

Check AndoverBeacon.com!
The latest news is posted at AndoverBeacon.com every day!

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Nearly 400 young people under age 21 die from alcohol-related causes every month.
*SAMHSA

Franklin Mayor's
DRUG TASK FORCE
Turning on the Power of Prevention in the Franklin-Hill Community

The holidays are a time for fun and celebration, but they are also a time of risk for young people.

Remember that giving teens alcohol is not only harmful to them and dangerous—it is also against the law.

For more information and free resources—check out our website:
www.franklin*nh*.org

Together, we CAN make a difference!