

## **High School Notes - Vol 3.**

By Elmer, Arthur and Walter Nelson

### **Fall Term 1898**

Elmer and I started this book or Journal when we commenced going to high school at Newport intending to fill it with sketches but as I only went one term then went to Haverhill to work in Arthur Hobbs's grocery store, and Elmer only went one more term accompanied by Arthur Lear we did not succeed in filling it with high school notes so we have decided to fill out the rest of the book with Haverhill, Photographing and Hunting sketches.

### **My First Two Days at The High School.**

I wrote this composition and read it at High school.

### **Nov 4 1898**

Tongue cannot tell and words cannot express the feelings I experienced my first day at the high school. I don't know as I can tell exactly how it happened that I commenced going to the high school; for I had gone to school in Goshen until I was sick of it; so it could not be because I liked the fun. Perhaps I thought of the work I should have to do at home if I did not go. (Photo 2. - "CLASS OF 1902, THE GREAT 40) (News clipping: "A foot ball game will be played on syndicate ground in this village on Saturday afternoon next at 4 o'clock between Windsor and Richards' High School teams. Admission 15 cts.) Any how it does not make much difference what the influence was seeing that I went. Wednesday morning Sept 7 found me walking up to the Richards High School building. That morning I thought that Newport had the greatest number of boys who thought them selves pretty funny, of any town I had ever been in: But now that I have seen more of them, I have come to the conclusion that I am the odd one if any of us are odd. I decided that morning that the boys at Newport also had very sharp eyes; for they called me a hay-seed before I hardly got upon the grounds and I thought I had brushed off every speck that morning before I started from home.



That first day if any one had asked me how many there were at the high school I am very sure that I should have said at least two hundred, for it looked pretty large beside of the school of fifteen where I had been going. I was afraid I should make a mistake and get up in the wrong class and so get laughed at and I worried so much over it, that it is a wonder I did anything right. That noon my brother and I found out that the boys of the fourth class had a way of going down into the basement and holding their heads under the faucet whether they wanted to or not, and we were also informed that we being in the entering class would probably soon have to take our turns.

But we did not find out the full secrets of this trip to the basement until the next day, although we saw several of the boys come in who appeared to have been soaking their heads. The next morning we both learned how charming it was to hold one's head under the faucet while the cool waters from Gilmans pond poured down upon it. I dont know just what this head soaking is for; but I presume it is considered to make the brain more pliable and get it in better trim for study.

I am going to take the part of evry new scholar after this, for if they feel as I did when they enter the high school they must feel bad. I think if I felt all through the term as I felt that first day my deportment would be one hundred; for I was too scared even to smile. I told my brother that if we ever got through this term of school I guessed we would never want to go another. Things have changed a little now and I am beginning to get used to the high school. But there is one part of it that I have not got used to yet, and that seems to be a pretty large part in some of the boys estimations, namely the girls. That first day when any of them looked at me I felt just like running, and I don't think there is much hope for that is just the way I feel now.

Arthur W Nelson

Nov 4. 1898

*Second Week*

With our second week at High Schoōl came the football. The school committee gave their consent for the school to have only an hours nooning for this week at least and so let out at half past three. This gave a good long time to practice at night. Arthur and I knew nothing at all about foot-ball but as we were fairly rugged looking they were after us to play, so we tried it for our fun and to get in with the boys who were as yet all strangers. Tuesday and Wednesday we practiced punting and blocking the line. We very soon discovered that it was not as easy to make a good kick

as it looked, for it took us several weeks to get so we could make a decent show. Thursday our coach came, he was a large heavy fellow. Ralph Barton was his name, and had played in the Dartmouth team one or two years.

With his coming things began to get into better shape, though the first week was spent in falling on the ball, tackling, etc. Tackling was a part of football which we did not care much about. It seemed rather risky jumping at a fellow when he was running and trying to get him by the legs. Football wasn't the only thing with us though during the second week, even if it did receive the most attention. One thing we were doing was getting acquainted with the village for we seemed out of place after just coming from Goshen. As we walked on the street it seemed as if every one we met was looking at us, and the kids payed us more attention than we thought necessary, but this slowly wore off. Monday night we met the two Goshen girls, who were going to school with us, at Mrs. Howe's on Central street where one of them boarded to study together and compare notes, and didn't we enjoy that evening. We all agreed that we had not seen anything much more frightful in Newport than we knew in Goshen, and that we were having a pretty good time here. After looking over our studies some, for we were beginning to discover that we had got to study in order to keep up, we went home. The next night as a diversion, Company M. came in on the five o'clock train, though they did not get here until about six. Crowds went down to see them come in, the space was packed all around the station and clear up onto Main St. They also had firecrackers there that made a report like a canon, they were even heard at Goshen where they were supposed to be cannon.

Thursday night we went to our first meeting at the Baptist Church as the week before they had a lecture there by a colored woman. Only about thirty were there which made it seem much like the meetings at home except that there were scarcely any young people. The week ended by our walking to Mill Village Friday night. I made a trade with Frank and took his wheel home for a try but as things afterward turned out, it might possibly have been better if I had left entirely alone.

E.H.N.

## Our First Foot-ball Game

Our first foot-ball game was played Oct 1 with the Windsor High school eleven. It was fearfully hot that day and so the captains decided upon a 15 minute half first then a 20 minute last, the game was played on the base ball grounds.

At exactly 4 oclock we got into our places and the game began. Amidst the cheers of the high school girls and the yells of the spectators who were swarming about us. Elmer and I were now in for our first game of foot ball and whats more we were the half-backs. The Windsors had the kick-off and as the referee blew his whistle a queer sensation went over me, my heart leaped to my mouth in an instant and if I ever felt nervous it was then. The ball went flying off to the right and Jack Ahearn got it and we rushed into the inte(r)ference by a good play we got the ball back to the center before Jack was downed and we now heard the exultant school cry given by the girls in the grand stand.

We now had the ball and our turn for some hot work had now come and such a struggle as followed. The sweat poured off of us in streams. Again and again Shippie our bull back bucked the line and again and again Elmer and I rushed around the end we went at each other with all our might and it was one struggling, boiling mass of determined boys, we could make a gain nearly every time but it took a hard fight to do it, the crowd was getting excited as well as we now, they crowded over the line and they could not be kept back. We had got the Windsors beat back in front of their goals about to the 25 yard line and we were just reaking with sweat when the signal came for Elmer to rush around left end. The ball started. Shippie Edes and I jumped into the inte(r)ference and Elmer followed with the ball. Shippie knocked the men right and left like so many sticks of wood and suddenly Elmers green sweater darted from the struggling mass and made for the goal line three Windsors were in hot persuit two undertook to tackle but he dodged them the other one he left. A roar went up from the crowd and as Elmer tutchted the ball to the ground back of the line a yell went up that seemed to split the air, we fellows just jumped up and down and yelled, and Coupples and Braley fairly hugged him while evry one wanted to shake hands with him and even the girls began to yell "what is the matter with Nelson". Joe Sennott now kicked a goal for us counting us one more point thus giving us six points and time was up. We now ran to the shade of some trees and layed down to rest, our heads fairly swam and it seemed as if we were almost over come by the heat. We had a ten minute rest and then the game began again. The Windsors seemed to be full as fresh as we now and they struck our line with terrible force. Their greatest gains were made through center

some how it was impossible to hold them, little by little they jammed us back forcing us back to our own goal. It was hard fought ground evry inch, but they made their gains and when forced clear back onto our goal line we let them brake through us and get a touch down and they ammediately kicked the goal making our scores even, the crowd was crazy now and yelling all the time. Our coach Barton told us to get into it for our lives now, and we did.

The ball now began to move toward the Windsor goal, we were getting courage again and we went into it hard and determined, our lines struck like express trains and we bucked the line with our heads low. That last half was awful on us I could hardly breath and I could hardly stand it seemed as if that twenty minutes was an hour. We had got the Windsors driven back almost onto their goal and our courage was rising when the referees whistle blew and the game was over, and twenty two red-faced tangled-haired and almost exhausted boys were glad that the game was over.

Arthur W Nelson

### The Fireman's Parade

Thursday, Oct. 6. in the afternoon, the fire department was to have a parade. Of course the scholars were interested in anything outside of school. Whether any one spoke to the committee or not, the committee gave their permission for school to close at three o'clock that the scholars might see the parade. So at three the school let out and the scholars went down onto the street.

We waited around the street some time but the engine did not come out. At last the hand engine came out but the hose leaked and the machinery was out of order so that they could scarcely throw water ten feet high, we watched it a while and then as the other engine did not come out, we got sick of waiting and went up to the school-house to practice football. Later, while practicing we saw the streams from the engine coming up above the house tops of the village.

E.H.N.

## Anti-Tobacco League

The Anti-Tobacco League of the Richard's High School is for the purpose of influencing the students to let tobacco alone. Meetings are held at certain periods, at which there is speaking, singing, etc. and only those who are members of the league, can attend the meetings. We had not been at school but a few days when a small book was passed around, containing the Bylaws and the Pledge of the league, and the names of the members. We were asked to sign our names but did not for some time. The first meeting was held Monday night, Sept. 19 in the Alumni Hall, there was a short program which was very good, this was followed by marching. We have since discovered that marching is as much enjoyed in Newport as in Goshen, if not more so. These Anti-tobacco meetings were kept up every two weeks for the greater part of the term. E.H.N.

(Photo 3 : " NEWPORT, N.H. - SUNAPEE STREET, THE PLACE WHERE WE ROOMED AND BOARDED OURSELVES.")

## The First Claremont Foot-ball Game

Oct. 8. 98.

Saturday was cold and rainy. Elmer and I did not suppose the boys would want to play football that P.M. and so did not plan to go up. But about 3 oclock we got a telegram from Coupples telling us to be sure and be there.

The game was called at 4 oclock so we changed our clothes hitched up our horse and ran her all the way to Newport getting there at 4.30 and found them waiting for us, and ammediately Bartons whistle blew and the game commenced.

The Claremont high school team was the heaviest and they also had three men from the town team and greatest of all we were afraid of them, so taking evry thing into consideration we did not stand much show.

We had two 20 minute halves, the first half was a hard faught one all through, and in spite of evry thing we could do the Claremonts had the ball nearly all of the time and steadily worked it toward our goal, about 5 minutes before the first half was over, the Claremonts having succeeded in finishing us almost over our goal line, broke through and made a touch down. Afterwards kicking a goal making the score six to nothing in Claremonts favor the first half. The second half they made another touch down in a few minutes, we fellows began to fight for it now. But to do our

best we could not hold them, they drove us steadily back until we were within ten yards of our goal line, when one of the Claremonts fumbled the ball and Sam Edes our quarter back got it.

Luck was on our side for a moment and Edes slid out of the struggling mass of boys and started on a sprint across the field a couple of Claremonts in hot pursuit, we began to yell for we thought Edes was going to make a touch down for us, but when only a few steps more would have brought him over the goal line a Claremont tackled him and he went down, the few minutes that were left we struggled hard to get the ball over their line but when the whistle blew we had not succeeded and we were left a badly beaten team the score stood 11 to 0 Claremonts favor. Walter went up with us and so saw the game he thinks he had just as soon not play foot ball.

A.W.N.

### **The New Football Captain**

After playing the first football game with Claremont on Oct. 8, it was plan(n)ed to play a return game the following Saturday at Claremont. The boys had become tired of practice and Braley was discouraged, so that practice did not go well during the next week. At last Braley saw he wouldn't have anything to do with it, so on Friday the team got together, and acting on Braley's words, declared the captain's place vacant. They then proceeded to elect Jack Ahern as a new captain, which position he retained through the term.

E.H.N.

### **The Second Football Game with Claremont**

Saturday, Oct. 15. the day set for the second football game with Claremont began rainy. Arthur and I left home about eleven, Walter brought us up to Newport. After getting our suits from our room at Nathan Brown's, we went down to Carr's stable where the teams were to start from. The teams were all ready, two two-horse, covered carriages, each having three seats. Upham, one of Carr's drivers, drove one team and Couples the other. There were seven boys to each team, Arthur rode with Couples, I with the others. Couples led off and at 1.30 we pulled out from the stable and headed toward Claremont. It was still raining but it was



cold and I had taken the precaution to put on my padded sweater extra. The roads were muddy but the horses made good time.

It was a happy crowd, no one could pass us without being hailed. When nearly to Claremont we saw the new bicycle path which is being built toward Newport. (Photo 4: Elmer (left) and Arthur Nelson) On entering the village, we drove down through the principle business part, turned down a short business street and across to Reed's stable, which is connected with the Sullivan House. After leaving our teams with the stableman, we went into the Sullivan House and after registering our names, engaged room No 10 and changed our clothes. The Bluff grounds on which the game was played was half a mile from the Sullivan House, it is in a pasture but is fairly smooth where the grounds are. The Claremonts were already there when we reached the grounds, and also a small crowd of pretty tough fellows, no girls or women were to be seen.

The necessary preliminaries were made and after a little practice we lined up on the field for battle, and battle it was. They had the kick-off; the ball came down into Joe Sennott's hands but he was downed before he could advance far, so we lined up but on the first pass it was fumbled and the Claremonts got possession. That was the last time we had the ball. For the next seven minutes we played hard but they made a gain every time, and made a score of 17-0 in that length of time. I got the nose bleed on the first tackle; before the game was through two others had the same. Their eleven was all-together too heavy for us, so Captain Ahern asked them to remove one of their town men; they refused to do so, and we refused to play any longer on that account.

A good deal of talk was made by the crowd but we said little and returned to the Sullivan House, but after changing our clothes we went out onto the street again. We soon met Eastman one, of the Claremont eleven, who seem possessed of an over supply of self conceit. He seemed anxious to discuss the game, so to please him we talked and he stayed with us and continued to discuss the game as long as we stayed on the street. He invited some of the boys up to supper but they declined. What supper was eaten by the boys was bought at restaurants. We wandered about the streets, two or three always being together, or spent the time at our room until about eight, when we all gathered at our room. At a little after eight our teams were made ready. Such were our feelings toward the Claremonts, that some of the boys took more than just their things, a looking-glass, soap tray, pack of cards, etc. At twenty minutes past eight we were on our way home. Upham led off on the way home as he had the

lights. We enjoyed the ride for though it was cold, the time quickly passed with story and song. We returned to Goshen Sunday. E.

### The Football Game at Windsor

Oct 22 98:

We had our usual rainy day Saturday. But not withstanding the rain we went to Windsor. We went with two three seated carriages hired at Carrs stable. It was a happy crowd that started I can tell you; But not quite so happy a one that came back.

As we started from the stable we began to yell keeping it up until we were out of the village, evry one wished us good luck, and we were very sure we were going to have it. I don't think any one need to believe that they look green just because a lot of foot-ball boys try to guy them, for we guyed evry one we met that day it did not make any difference how they looked. I believe we should have had something to say if we had met the governor, evry team we met had to catch a storm of "How are ye Uncle Eben" or "Hullo Aunt Jane" "How's the weather!" Any "hay seeds down your way" etc. some of those whom we met looked mad some only smiled, while others thought we wasn't worth paying any attention what ever to. Going over we took the road that climbs that terriable Croyden Mountain we passed for several miles beside of the Corbin Park but saw nothing of interest except the big fence with now and then a chickadee perched upon it.

It was a long drive but at last it was covered we came in sight of the beautiful Conneticut and soon crossed it in the large covered bridge where we had to stop and pay toll, we were now in the Suburbs of Windsor, we drove into the business part of the town before we succeeded in running across any Windsor boys to tell us what Hotel and stable they had got us booked for, here we found Heart and he told us that we were to put up at the Ascutney house.

We turned around and drove back there and while Upton was getting our teams put up, registered then all hands went down to a little one horse lunch room and got our dinner consisting of sandwiches pie and milk, after eating nearly evry thing they had we cleared out and went back to the hotel and changed our clothes.

It was now after 4 oclock and the Windsors were all waiting for us, so we hurried down across the rail road track and into the crown of spectators and when the captains got the game agreed upon, the whistle blew and the game commenced. I shall never forget this game if I live a hundred years. The Windsors had trained until their playing was almost perfect, they were just about the same heft as us and we at once saw that they had got the game, unless we played with all our might, and so we went into it for blood.

We had been playing about ten minutes and the Windsors had the ball and we were struggling on our twenty five yard line when they undertook to put the play around Elmers end he jumped in to break up the inte(r)ference followed hard by Shippie both sides struck like rams and all went in a heap. I did not notice Elmer until a few seconds later then I saw he had his hand on his head and looked as if he was hurt. I ran and asked him if he was hurt, and he said, he guessed so, he said he had "sort of lost track of things". I was scared then for I was afraid he had fractured his skull or something. I told the others to get a man to fill his place because he was hurt, they didn't want to let him off but I insisted on it and they did. Brown and I then got him to lay down on some coats and told him he better take it easy for a while I then went back and played but the game no longer had any interest for me, the Windsors were beating us but I did not care. I was worrying over Elmer and to do my best I could not keep my mind on the game, the Windsors beat us 12 to 0, the minute the game was over I ran over to Elmer, he was still laying on the coats and appeared a little better, yet he did not seem to know much what was going on about him. Braley got jumped on during the game and got the wind knocked out of him and we were a sorry looking crowd that walked back to the Ascutney house. We hired an extra room and got Elmer and Braley onto a bed then sent for the doctor. What agony that was that half hour that I waited for the doctor to come. Of coarse I emagined the worst, and I could hardly contain my self. I would go out onto the piazza and watch for the doctor then run up stairs to see how Elmer was, how I did wish he would come and still I was almost afraid to have him come, for fear he would say it was something he would never get over. At last the doctor came he felt of Elmers head stayed around 15 minutes or so then said with a few nights of good rest he would come out of it all right and I felt as if I should like to hug him right there. I felt easier now and went down to supper but could not eat much.

We did not start from Windsor until 10 oclock that night, a lot of the boys went out and fooled around on the street but I stayed with Elmer and while he lay there on the bed moving restlistly, I made up my mind that

this was the last foot-ball game I should ever play. Harry Brown stayed with me that evening and if I ever felt grateful to any one it was to him for his thoughtfulness.

At ten oclock we loaded up and started for Newport, it was a beautiful trip we went down around through Claremont past the high bridge, etc. but its beauty was lost for me that night, all I cared about was to get Elmer home. The cold ride did him good and by the time we got to Newport ( 3 oclock that morning) he was beginning to come too. I never want to spend another night like that one off only a few hours at our boarding place.

Elmer slept well, but I could not my brain was in a whirl and the next morning, I felt as weak as if just getting up from a long fit of sickness, but Sunday morning Elmer was his same old self again and all though that was a fearfully long Sunday to me my spirits rose a great many degrees. As I look at it now it seems to me that foot-ball is a lesson for us. it seemed a hard one at the time, yet I think it has done me good and as that game comes to my mind I often think of a song I have heard sung, "You will never miss your mother until she is gone". Let us make the most of our friends and loved ones while we have them, let us do all we can for them while they are with us.

A.W.N.

### **The Pleasure of Having a Wheel**

#### **Composition Nov.4**

I have wanted a wheel ever since I first saw some of the old style big-wheelers go by the house when I was a small boy. It seemed such an easy way of traveling to sit up there on those wheels and just make your feet go, or to just let it go of itself down-hill.

As I grew older I began plan(n)ing how I could get one; for a hundred dollars seemed quite a sum to put into such a useful thing as a wheel even; but I did not get one and they kept growing cheaper. Then I commenced going to school at Newport and walking home every Friday night - a walk of seven and a half miles. About this time I had a chance to get a good wheel at a reasonable price. As it came into my hands, what visions arose before my eyes, of rides through the beautiful country.

The first thing to do, now, was to learn to ride. I had tried getting upon a wheel a few times before, but now I went to work in earnest. There is a strip of road by our house which is very good and a little descending. Here I began, and it appeared much easier to get off than to

on, though not always as safe. In a little while I got so that I could follow this road down, but, though it was scarcely down grade at all, yet I found it hard to get back and keep between the ditches.

After I had been trying the wheel a week or so, I started to ride to school one Monday morning. I got along fairly well for a while, though my tracks were a little crooked; but the middle of the road became poor riding, and to follow the narrow path at the side, I could not. As I had not got far from the wagon in which my brother was riding, and he had been considerate enough to stay near me, the wheel and I got in and rode the rest of the way. It was not long though, before I got so that I could ride, then began other troubles to leaven the pleasures.

The front tire on the wheel was somewhat worn when I got it, but I supposed it would hold during the fall; yet one night after my brother had been having the wheel, we discovered something the matter. He began to make an examination, a little bunch was rising at a spot on the forward tire, where it had become somewhat worn; he put his finger on it and pressed; there came a report like a pistol; I looked to see if he were killed. No, he was simply rubbing the dirt out of his eyes, but that tire was flat. I had to get a new one put on the next day. Everything went all right now for a while, and I had some pleasant rides.

However, one Monday morning on my way to school, when I had gone but a little way, and while I was going down something of a hill, the crank in some way caught in the chain. It did not throw me but the wheel slid a piece. I very quickly discovered on examination that the frame was badly twisted so that it would run no farther. I picked up the wheel and started on afoot, but soon got a chance to ride. I took my wheel to the repair shop and there it has been ever since and there is some doubt whether it can be fixed or not. So have ended my wheeling experiences for the present. Though this may not sound entirely like it, I have had many pleasant times on that wheel.

I was not the only one that enjoyed the wheel. My brother was in the habit of taking it out occasionally. There is one night in particular that I remember. We had just got home from school when he asked me if he could take it a little while. I had noticed a girl on a wheel just come up to the house w(h)ere we roomed, but I thought nothing of that until they started off together, and even then I expected to see him back in half an hour, or so. But I had made a mistake, an hour passed and he did not return, six o'clock came and I got hungry, so I ate my supper and had got the work nearly all done up when he came in after having had "such a

delightful ride". It was later that same night that the forward tire gave out.

Elmer H. Nelson

### COLBY vs K.U.A.

Elmer and I witnessed one of the most interesting football games of the season Monday Nov 9. 98 It was between the Colby and Kimball Union Academies. It was played on the Newport grounds. That being the central place between the two academies. By a vote of the school we got let out to see the game. (Photo 5. Untitled photo of football game) Our Former coach Ralph Barton played on the Colby team he being their coach, and he did some fine playing too. The K.U.A. Team beat getting fifteen points to Colbys six.

Elmer and I tried a couple of snap-shots but did not get very good ones. I put in our best one. A.

### THE SCHOOL HUNT

R H S. Nov 8 1898

The hunt was to come of Tuesday so Monday night I invited Leon Scribner and Jack Ahearn who were on my side, to come down and hunt with me the next day, then getting a box of shells I started for home afoot. Elmer was going hunting with Braley the next day so he did not go down with me.

Tuesday morning I awoke with the early dawn and while the darker shades of night were being transformed into the lighter shades of day Walter and I were tracing our course towards Mrs. Browns woods.

I was bound to make a record this morning and I did have very good luck, for I shot one rabbit and a red squirrel thus counting me fifty five points, although I fired five shells to do it. We hunted around about two hours then went home and ate a good hearty breakfast.

I did a few chores now until 9 oclock when Ahearn and Scribner came. We now made up our packs and headed for the mountain for an all days hunt. We took Walter along with George Browns Marlin repeater for safety against wild beasts and we also took the dog along to tree hedge hogs, as they counted 80 points. We went in by John Gunnersons lumber camp and up an old wood road until we had got about half way up the

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mountain then struck off across towards bloods Mountain. So far we had not seen game very plenty only having shot one woodpecker.

But as soon as we left the old wood road we began to see more. If there is any thing that a fellow enjoys it is to be half way up on the side of a rugged mountain climbing over ledges and fallen trees winding his way among the old monarchs of the forest which had withstood more than one hundred cold and windy winters and be able to occasionally make the forest ring with a shot after a fast escaping partridge or rabbit, and oh what happiness when by change he hits his game and is able to run and pick it up.

There is nothing which suits me as well as hunting on old Sunapee mountain. When we struck the ridge covered with spruces between John Gunnersons camp and Bloods Mountain we found we had got into a place where game was plenty. We seperated pretty well and began to hunt in earnest now, every now and then a partridge would go buzzing away getting out of sight just before I could get ready to shoot how agrivating it was.

But what a thrill it gives a fellow when he hears the faint barking of his dog as he persues his rabbit in and out among the dark spruces and as the barking grows louder how eagerly he will watch for the rabbit trying to see rods ahead of him where quite likely he can only see a few feet, and how musical sounds the report of a gun echoing about the gigantic tree trunks as the hunter sends his charge of ledden missels flying after the already disapeared game. These feelings were mine now for we had been going to high school so long already that it was almost perfect bliss to be in the woods hunting. although we saw about a dozen partridge a couple hawks a rabbit or two and quite a number squirrels and woodpeckers when we got out of that strip of woods and counted our game we only had two woodpeckers and two red squirrels or 20 points, this we thought to bad for game had been about as plenty as one could wish for there and still we had only shot the little things. We now sat down on some ledges and ate our dinner, sharing it with the dog which ate ravenously. After we had got our dinner eaten we again pushed on we did not strike game quite so plenty now for a while although Jack and I each fired at a rabbit and Walter fired at a red squirrel.

On top of the ridge next to Blood Mt. the dog began to run rabbits and we boys got pretty widely seperated. I followed on down the side of the mountain until I had got nearly to the foot, when I happened to think I had heard nothing of the boys for a long time so I whistled but did not get



any answer, then I yelled and fired my gun and still I got no reply. I began to get worried for fear they had lost their way but at last came an answering shout from Walter and Jack who were nearly to the top of the ridge. I felt relieved then and when we had at last got together decided not to get so far from each other again. Leon brought in a pocket full of gum when he came and so talking and chewing gum we began to climb Bloods mt. When we had got about half way up Jack gave out and said he could go no farther, we now decided that Leon and I would go up a piece farther and see if we could not get a hedgehog while Walter and Jack went back to the Blood place Leon and I climbed up over the ledges until we got to the top of Blood mountain but did not see a hedgehog we made up our minds that there wasn't any use in hunting longer and so began to retrace our steps, when we got part way down the mountain we heard Walter and Jack shooting away at a fearful rate down in the woods at the foot of the mountain and when we got there we found that they had already shot one hedgehog and had another one up a tree at which Jack had fired all his shells and as Walter had got a cartridge stuck in his repeater they were watching him and waiting for us, when Scribner and I got there the bombardment was renewed as we had plenty of shells yet and he soon condescended to come down. We now concluded to head for home so tying each hedge hog to the middle of a pole we marched away lugging our game. When we got home it was already growing dark. Elmers party was there anxious for a skunk hunt, and we found to our delight that we had beat them all out in number of points. Elmer and I went skunk hunting that night and each got a skunk, swelling my account to 285 points. Mamma gave us a fine supper and Scribner and Jack went home declaring they had a splendid time. A.

### The Hunters Supper

Wednesday morning when we counted up the game at the schoolhouse We found quite a motly collection there were 4 skunks our 2 hedgehogs a mink stuffed with sawdust which was ruled out, a muskrat several rabbits and partridges an owl and quite a heap of red squirrels greys and flying squirrels and wood peckers. Coupples side the side of which I was one had some over 700 points while Braleys side only had about 500 points so now Braleys men would have to give the supper. Braley showed that he was the man for the emergency for by noon he had the supper all spoken for at Dudleys restaurent, got up a short programe which was to be given at the school house and had evry thing in running order so as to have it that evening he also hurried up his men so that at noon when we fellows began to think what girls we should ask to supper

we found that his men had theirs all picked out, but we didnt stop to cry over it much for there are lots of girls at high school and there were quite a number who were more than anxious to get an invitation to the hunters supper. Luckilly no one had got ahead of me in the direction for which I was steering so I was alright. That evening half past seven oclock found us all gathered at the schoolhouse looking as slick as it was possiable for us to look. The programe was opened by our men giving Braley a rousing cheer which almost made the schoolhouse tremble, this cheer was answered by Braleys men almost as lustily then we all joined in the R.H.S. foot ball yell which made the halls and stairways eccho as I am shure they never echoed before. The girls now wound up the cheering by giving their school cry and a grând cheer for the hunters and the hunters supper. Then followed the programe, singing by Missis Ransom Davis and Charley Dudley speaking by Miss Chamberlain and others and a piano solo by Miss Graves, this short programe was followed by a march which we all entered into lustily for if there is any thing we like to do first rate at high school it is to march.

At half past eight we singled out our girls and marched down to Dudleys restaurent. We made quite a parade there were 22 couples of us and as it was raining almost evry couple had an umbrella, and as we marched down street in perfect order we attracted quite a little attention. The oisters were fine and we had a jolly time after the supper we went back to the school house and up to Alumni hall and marched staying until the Professor told us that he guessed for the sake of our lessons next day we better adjourn. Now came the most enjoyable time of all the going home with our girls. I am afraid the Professor would be astonished if he had known what time it was when some of us got home but perhaps he was in the same pair of shoes for he had Miss Morril one of the teachers to see home. (Elmer took Nellie and I Miss Philbrick to supper)

----- Arthur W Nelson

## The School Hunt

### Part 2

*By Elmer H Nelson*

When it was given out that there would be no school on the following Tuesday it being election day. The boys at once decided to have a school hunt. Thursday night the boys were all requested to meet in Miss Allen's room, here we chose Captains for the two sides. Couples and Braley were

the two opposing Captains. After choosing the captains they chose up their men, first one taking one of the school boys then the other until all were chosen who would go hunting. Arthur was the first one chosen by Couples while Braley chose me first, thus we were seperated for the next tuesday.

At last Monday night came and Arthur went home from school. I stayed in Newport and after eating my supper I went down to Braleys. He and Sam Edes were off setting some traps at the Horse Shoe. He got back between six and seven. About eight he and I went to bed but we did not sleep very sound, evry little while we would wake up and strike a match and look at my watch. At last it came four oclock and soon after this we got up and went down stairs, it was as dark as midnight out doors but we thought it would soon grow light. We sat around the stove until after half past four then started with our guns towards the Horse-shoe. It did not grow light as we went along and when we got up to the Horse Shoe (Photo 5. "THE PHOTOGRAPHERS, Nelson Brothers) it was so dark that we could not find the traps so we went on to Big Toe here we sat down on the frosty grass and waited, the east was just beginning to grow light and the roosters were just heralding the coming day. Intently we scanned the surface of the water before us for some sign of a muskrat. All at once there came a splash as a muskrat came up and went down again at the sight of us. Braley jumped at the unexpected splash but by the time it rose again we were ready and both guns spoke at a time and a splashing in the water showed we had hit, but after lying still in the water a minute it began slowly to work towards shore. Braley drew up and fired a second time and stopped it, after fishing it out, we waited around some time but saw nothing more and as it had got broad day-light we started to go for squirrels, soon after leaving the pond we saw Edes coming and left the muskrat with him while we went up on the hill for squirrels but though we hunted well we found none. After breakfast Braley had to see to Dr Mardins horses while down there he shot a wood pecker out of an apple tree by the barn. A little before nine we went down to Edes. Edes hitched up his team and we started for Goshen, on the street we met the Professor and took him in, we got down home about eleven. I engaged George Brown and his dog for the afternoon, but his dog was away so he had to go after it. Before dinner we went out into our woods but I was the only one that got any thing and that only a red squirrel. After dinner I went up to George Browns but he had not got home so after waiting a while I came back and we started off up through Coolidges for the top of the hill above the Trow pasture, we passed through all the woods that we could on the way but saw nothing. Our courage had begun to fail. When we came to the new road and struck in here we ran onto some partridges but could not shoot them, though we scared them up often enough to make it

interesting. We had been here but a short time when I heard some one whistle and in a little while George Brown came but it was so late that we did not go rabbit hunting, we returned to the house about four having shot only red squirrels and woodpeckers. Braley, Edes and the Prof. now started for home, the Prof. with some good wet feet from falling into the brook. After they had gone, Arthur Lear who had come up to our place during the afternoon, George Brown and I went down into Coolidges to try and start a rabbit, his dog worked well but was unable to start one but just as it was getting dusk a partridge which George had scared up came and lit near me and before could move I shot it. We could find nothing more so we returned to the house. Between five and six Arthur and his men came off from the mountain. After supper and after the Newport boys had gone home, Arthur and I rigged up and went skunk hunting.

We went down to the main road then down to Orrie Youngs and after going through his went up into Naham's pasture, here the dog found a skunk immediately and I got it. We went the whole length of the pasture then crossed through the woods into Browns here the dog got another skunk which Arthur got.

The dog also got another one on top of the hill in a cellar hole, but it went in among the stones so we lost him so ended our part of the school hunt and I went to Newport the next morning only to find that we had been beaten. (Elmer wrote this but as he was busy A copied it into this book.)

### Some Work Days

This snap shot was taken by Otho when he was up here on his vacation July 1898 of Uncle Oren and Elmer at work in the hay field. Last year Elmer worked there seven months from the first of sugaring until the first of Sept. 1898. (Photo 7. "BUSY AT WORK") The year before I worked there eight months beginning Mar. 1. 1897 and Elmer worked for Hollis Sholes. In 1895 Elmer worked for Uncle Oren eight months and for the last several years either he or I have worked there every sugaring. We have put in a good lot of hard work on that big farm but after all it had done us good. It has given us confidence in ourselves and also a pretty good lot of money. A.

## From The Farm To The Grocery Store

Jan 1 1899 I went to Haverhill Mass and began work in Arthur Hobb's grocery store and the first letter I wrote home. Mamma wants I should write in this book.

Haverill Mass Jan 1 1899

### Dear Folks at Home

Edith is playing on her piano and I thought I must begin a letter to you to tell you how well Uncle Reuben made out getting to the city. As you know I got there alright at Mt. Sunapee, from there to Concord I rode along, a poor lonesome boy going from the fair country to a crowded city. At Concord they changed cars for all places to my surprise and a fellow who was going to Lawrence told me I should have to change, so I changed cars and on we went to Manchester at the Concord depot the train runs right in side it is great. At Manchester the Lawrence fellow and I got out and went into the depot as it was snowing and we had to wait 35 minutes, when the time was most up a man called off the trains and I asked him if the train came up at the end of the depot he said "No it would come right up in front." The other fellow and I went out but it did not come up in front, so we went as luck would have to the wrong end of the depot first. I then heard a train whistle and looking around saw it just leaving the other end of the depot. I went out there then and saw what a fool I had been for there on a big board at the head of the track was printed "Lawrence", I tell you I felt kind of queer for the man standing there said the next train would not leave until 4.35 and there it was 11.25 then. Well! now my friend and I went up into the city and looked around a while. (Photo 8. "ARTHUR HOBBS HOUSE WHERE I ROOMED AND BOARDED, ROOM WHERE OPEN WINDOW IS, IS MINE.") Saw the Electric cars go whizzing by, looked at stuffed deer in the show windows, etc. but this was tiresome and as my friend was a sort of rattler I soon left him and went back to the depot, got a Munsey magazine and prepared to spend the P.M. The Manchester depot is a beauty, and reading my Magazine and looking about I succeeded in passing the time. My friend soon came back and bought a Judge which we looked at. At last we boarded our train and went whizzing towards Lawrence. I was at a loss now and I knew if I got off there and didnt find her I should have to go down on the electrics alone and I knew I should make a blunder. At last I decided to keep to the steam cars. When I got to N.Lawrence I stood out on the steps and looked for Edith but did not see her and so went back into the car and rode on to South Lawrence where I had to change for Haverhill, I did'nt get left this time and at last pulled into Haverhill in a whirl.

I got out, it was dark the electric lights were dimly shining and it was storming hard, the wind blowing fearfully cold and I felt about as alone as I ever felt but I had one satisfaction. I had got to Haverhill I now walked up to a man and started to enquire the way but found he was deaf, the next man I asked didn't know any thing, I then asked a hack man and he told me the way to Water St I walked about a mile reading evry store sign until I read the Haverhill Trading Co's sign. I then went and looked in and saw Uncle Elmer and Edith and I tell you a great load went from me and I felt like a "new Man" as Hoods advertisements say. I stayed around the store last night quite a while. Rode on the order team with the other clerk, etc., then went up to Uncle elmers and had supper. Berts sister works for them, and at about 11 oclock crawled into my little bed at Ediths. I did not get up this morning until 8 oclock Uncle Elmer and I are going to church soon so I am hurrying. I tell you Haverhill is a monster place. I shall never know all the streets. It made me feel like our game "Inocense Abroad". The electric cars go humming by evry few minutes.

I left my trunk at the depot and all forgot it, they say I will have to pay a quarter for leaving it over night but I don't care seeing I got here alright. I call my self lucky for getting out so cheap.

Aunt Etta is a little better, Bernard was tickled to see me. I will write again soon and tell you how I like, and I shall expect to get a letter from you in a few days.

Your Loving Son Arthur.

(Photo 9. "Winnerenne Castle" and Photo 10. "SOME INTERESTING PLACES THAT I HAVE PHOTOGRAPHED" )

## The Trials Of A Grocer Boy

When I went to Haverhill Jan 1 1899 to learn the groce(r)y business I knew absolutely nothing about it, and six months before I should have as quick thought of my becoming a minister as a grocer boy. I did not even know the difference between black and green tea or flake and pearl tapioca, and I couldn't tell a cod from a haddock to save my crust. And so taking it all into consideration that I had never even been in a city before I had a good deal to learn to start with, and my trials were numerous. As soon as I left home I began on my blunders, first I got left in Manchester and so didnt get to Haverhill until dark instead of at noon as I should. Then came a continued string of mistakes and mishaps which I have not entirely got over yet.

What agony it was. I was sure to get into the wrong house with my order and providing I did happen to blunder into the right house when I came to read the order off I was almost sure to find something missing and so have to set off post haste after it. And when I had been there only one week Bert Spackman and I had our bake bean mishap, which came very near capping the climax. It was one Saturday night. Bert and I had been up and got the companies beans at the bake shop and our horse Baby was sailing merrily back towards the store with Bert at the lines and I astride the jar to keep that right side up when just as we were passing the car station at the corner of Water St where there was quite a crowd waiting for the electrics the runner of the sleigh struck into the track and over we went quicker than a flash. (Newspaper clipping: "A certain portion of Water street, near Elm corner, was liberally frescoed with hot baked beans late Saturday afternoon. It was all on account of the overturning of a grocer's delivery sleigh. A large jar of steaming hot beans was thrown out, and its succulent contents were strewn over the street. The sleigh was soon righted, and the driver then returned for the beans. Not many were lost, for industriously scraping them together, the driver scooped them into the jar, securing nearly every one.") Bert sprawled out full length on the snow, but held to the lines so that the horse stopped, and I true to my charge held tight to the jar of beans and came out astride of it, but it was wrong side up of coarse and the beans were strewn all about for a rod, and such a shout as went up from the crowd, I never want to hear again. And worst of all was, there was a piece in the Gazette about it the next day. It seemed as if with this catastrophe fate ought to give me a rest for a while, but it did not and all most evry day (I would go into a house and forgetting which door I went in at would open a door and go into the bed room or a closet or some outlandish place. And such terriable luck as I had that first two months. Fate was surely pursueing me, oil can stoppers were

lost and packages of sugar, meal, etc. were saturated with the oil, jugs, etc. were forgotten. And the good house-wives deemed it their duty to give me a good dressing down for each blunder) and I began to wonder if in that warm place over yonder they would treat a fellow any worse than they treated me in Haverhill.

One woman Scotch Blessed me until I was scared most to death just because I had lost the cork to her jug. One day I was going down street with some empty oil cans and an oil man stopped me and claimed one of the cans and went off with it and when I went to the one I got it of for sympathy she took after me at a fearful rate, and down to the store I heard oil can for two weeks.

About the next thing I did was to take thirty five dozen eggs at Ward Hill and break six dozen on the way home. But hardest and most disagreeable of all was when I came down with the Jaundice and they all wondered what brought it on. I told them I thought it was the awful strain of the business on my brain, but I was kind of afraid they thought it was the bushels of candy which I had eaten that was the cause. But what ever they thought it layed me up for about a month and made me feel terribly because it spoiled my appetite and I do love to eat very well. A.W.N.

### **Capturing a Raccoon**

It was in the fall of 1896. That Elmer and I captured our first coon. We had hunted skunks now for 2 years and were beginning on our third year, but we had never captured a coon before although they had been quite thick and we had a fairly keen scented dog. But our dog was more of a skunk dog than a coon dog. We began hunting skunks in 1894 with George Brown who had a good wood chuck dog we going into partnership with him and dividing the profits. We got nine skunks that year, our dog getting four of them. (Photo 11. "THE TWO SKUNK HUNTERS") The next year we again went into partnership him and that year we got 28 skunks our dog getting all but five of them. Finding that our dog was such a good skunk hunter we concluded not to hunt with George Brown in 1896 and so get all the profits. It was along about the last of October. We had been hunting skunks for nearly a month one night coming home from school Elmer proposed we go skunk hunting that night if we could. When we got home we found that Papa was gone and that we had the chores to do so that we could not get started very early but we made up our minds to go even if we only made a short trip of it. We decided that the Blood place would be the best hunting place close by.



Just as we were finishing our chores to our surprise and annoyance we saw four lanterns heading across the fields in the direction of the Blood place, and we knew that some one would be in ahead of us if we did not hurry. It was not a great many minutes before we were hurrying across the fields towards Blood Mountain so as to get in ahead of the other hunters, we had not gone more than half a mile when our dog, Sparks, barked from over the other side of a corn field.

We ran to see what he had got and found him in the bushes beside of the brook barking, but we could not find the skunk and was about to call him off when Elmer who had climbed up on a rock in among the bushes cried Arthur here is a monster of a coon come and hold the lantern while I shoot him.

I climbed over to the fence and got a fence stake then came back to the rock and took the lantern and Elmer proceeded to shoot him. The coon was in a little willow tree about 4 feet from our heads in good range of our little 22 calibre revolver.

But the revolver wasnt powerful enough, and Elmer fired 3 shots with out making the coon move, at the 4th shot he began to back down the tree Elmer fired another shot and the coon kept on backing down. He then waited an instant until the coon got down even with his head then fired again hitting the coon in the head, at this he let go the tree and fell to the ground. Sparks started to pounce on him but he was too quick for him and before the dog could get hold of him he was in the brook. Elmer handed the revolver to me and taking my club sprang into the brook after him followed by the dog and me, the water was deeper than we expected and rubber boots were no account, just as we were plunging into the brook on one side we saw the coon climbing out on the other I nearly tumbled flat in the brook I was a such a hurry to get to the other side to head him off, it looked as though we had lost him but now Sparks got into play and pounced on him just as he was making for the bushes a sharp battle insued and the coon again took to the water, and Sparks now well woke up plunged in after him, the coon got Sparks by the ear and made him raise a fearful howl. Elmer and I who had by this time got out onto the bank rushed in again to help our dog yelling and thrashing about wildly with our clubs, this disconserted the coon a little and he let go his hold on the dog and swam to the other side of the brook. I was still carrying the revolver in one hand but it was useless as the cartridges had been fired and I hadnt time to load up. When the dog found he was having some help he took courage and put after the coon again, and as the coon climbed out onto the bank the dog grappled onto him from the rear and a

tussel followed. About that time Elmer and I got there and Elmer patted the coon on the head with the stake so hard that he concluded not to fight any more and tumbled down as we thought dead. We called the dog off and I went to loading the revolver. When I got it loaded Elmer started to pick up the coon but just at that instant he came to life again and started for the brook. Elmer sprang onto his back and I put a bullet through his head with my revolver and again he tumbled over this time dead. When we got home with him Papa said he was the largest framed coon he ever saw he weighed 20 lbs although there was not a pound of fat on him.

We got 85 cents for his skin.

A.W.Nelson

Walter shot the first plover that any of us boys ever shot, Aug 99 He shot it down near the pasture while on the wing bringing it down at very long range. (Photo 12. "Walters Plover")

A.

### **Our First Photographing Trip**

**Washington, Aug 9, 1899**

We left home Wednesday morning to begin a photographing trip through the town of Washington. We knew it was a large town and had an idea that it was fairly well settled. As we had no team of our own we had procured the loan of our Uncles horse a young and very ambitious horse which hadnt been in the habit of standing unless hitched. (Photo 13. "THE HORSE THAT TOOK US ON OUR FIRST TRIP") On our way to Washington we had to cross quite a mountain. Here we began taking.

The houses were scattered so we did not take much until we got to the very top of the mountain and the owners we knew by sight this we did more for practice than from any idea of Profit for we were a little green at the business. After leaving the mountain we had quite a stretch of road with only a few houses but at what few there were we had good success, for Arthur succeeded in calling out 7 out of 9 of the houses which we passed. When it came noon we hitched our horse by the road side, gave her some grain and proceeded to eat our dinner beneath the trees by the road. "So far so good" we said as we talked over the forenoons experiences. We had almost dreaded the calling out when we started but we had so good luck that we were in good spirits and ready to tackle the village when we should come into it.

It was not long now before we came in sight of the village a house set to the right of the road ahead while just over the rise we could see the steeple of the church. Now was coming the part we feared most and that was the trying to call them out in the village.

Arthur continued to call them out but it was becoming hard work. Washington Centre was apparently quite a village there was but one principle street but this branched into three at the north end and two at the south. After Arthur had called out a while I tried and had good success for at about evry place at which I stopped they responded by coming out among the last houses which we took were three standing near together, at the first of the three it was difficult to get the lady out but her daughter came over from the next house at the second a few more came from across the street, and when we took the third we had a group of nearly a dozen in front of the house, from Washington we took a road running west of Millen and Ashuelot Ponds, we had an idea that there were several houses on this road but after we had passed two or three we struck a poorly kept road but expected soon to find a house. We were following an old county map on which the houses were marked. We were now watching for these houses, the first one was only marked by a cellar hole, at the next only the barn was standing, another had the windows most all broken, and so it went. We crossed a stream and knew by the map that we were nearing Ashuelot pond.

A long road it seemed to us and especially as it was getting to be about six. At about six we came to a house in the neighborhood of Ashuelot pond marked Ashuelot Farm, here we took the place and tried for a lodging but they were all full of boarders, so we drove on a half mile or so went past a mill and across a stream from the pond and came to a second house part way up a hill but they too were full, we now began to be almost blue, a little farther on we came to a third house I inquired for a chance to stop a little discussion followed among members of the family then she returned "You may stay" said she "if you can put up with what I can give you. I have had a good deal of company and am pretty short." We assured her we could put up with anything and so stopped. They had some company then, two Farnsworth fellows and another Mr Copeland and daughter while several others came in the evening, it was a happy company and went into the parlor where we talked and sang, at a little after nine we retired and changed the 35 plates. A young chap a dozen years old was very much interested in this.

So had gone our first day. When we left the village we had felt tired with the hustling we had done but our long ride a good supper and pleasant company had done wonders and as we turned in that night our spirits had revived. We had exposed 35 plates.

Morning came after rather a restless night for the strain of the day before had left an impression. We awoke to find a cloudy morning, after eating a breakfast we took two or three views of the place and departed, we went back over the road we came the night before and took one place, then we headed toward Washington again, going down in by Ashuelot pond to take a house or two, it looked more and more like rain, and rained some before we reached the village, but slacked some so that we passed through the village and took the road toward East Washington, but had not gone far before we realized that we must put up some where. We drove up to a house and at first glance both of us said that is a good place (We got to be better judges before the fall was over) so when the woman came to the door Elmer asked her if we couldnt put in out of the rain and if it kept on raining stay over night; she hesitated a little then said she had lots to do and could not do very well but us but if we help her some such as doing chores, milking etc that we might say. I began now to shake in my boots for here was a woman that expected us (traveling photographers) to do chores milk the cows etc while we were staying at her house, but it was too late now we could not turn back so we put up our team and went into the house. (Photo 14. "Waiting For A Shower to Pass") The lady was about 65 years of age, with a sharp face, showing as many of our New England house wives do the lines of care and worry her voice was high pitched and rasping. As we came into the house we came face to face with a rather large man with heavy whiskers of a reddish hue and an old felt hat pulled over his eyes who stood gazing at us trembling in evry limb and breathing violently yet not saying a word. A queer feeling went over me and I wished that we might turn and run and get away from that uncanny gaze he kept his eyes on us while we were taking of our storm garments then turned and went out into the barn. The old lady told us to make our selves comfortable in the other room where we would find papers etc. to read, it was a large bare room papered with dark plain paper which seemed to cast shadows in the corners with a dining table at one end of the room covered with quaint blue dishes and at the other end a small mahogany table on which were a few farm papers a bible and a dictionary. The room was furnished further with a few straight back chairs and an old cushioned rocker such as are quite often found in old New England country homes. Here we sat down and getting some papers prepared to pass a rainy day. I had hardly began to get interested in my paper when I heard a slight noise and looking up beheld the old man

standing in the door way with his eyes fixed on us and trembling violently as if in a great rage. Elmers back was turned to him as he had not noticed him and it seemed to me as if he was about to spring on Elmer, but he stood and watched us a moment then turned and went again, the old lady was getting dinner ready now, and this queer specimen of humanity took turns in watching her and us and when her back was turned this crazy fellow (for that was what we decided he was) would take a handful of berries out of the dish which she had set on the table and eat them or break of a piece of bread and go of(f) with it which nearly turned my stomach for eating. Once he stuck his fingers into the butter thinking I suppose that it was something good to eat and got them well greased this was rather laughable, as I do not eat butter I could a(p)preciate the joke.

We ate dinner and still it rained I could not eat much the pattering of the rain on the window, the moaning of the maples in the yard, the dark shadows in the corners, and the strange being across the table from me eating ravenously with both hands like some wild beast, took my appetite away. It rained all the afternoon and we found our selves obliged to spend the night in this disamal place. That evening the old lady wanting to be entertaining I suppose opened an old malodian and asked us if we couldnt sing. If I live to be one hundred years old I shall never forget those songs. The room was lighted only by the small lamp which she sat on the malodian, she could only play with one hand, playing the air the instrument responding to her touch with cracked hollow sounds, we sang "Nearer My God To Thee" and the old lady sang with us in her shrill voice and as we finished the piece the whole house seemed to echo with uncanny sounds, suddenly we heard a latch click and looking around we saw standing in the dusky door way the half naked form of the old man, who had retired some time before but hearing us came to see what we were doing a cold chill ran over me and I shall never forget that scene. When we went up to bed that night I let loose my pent up feeling to Elmer and felt better. The next morning we awoke after a long uneasy night to find it still raining which it kept up all day, all that day the old man kept up his ceas(e)less wandering from room to room.

The second morning we awoke to find it bright and sunny and after eating breakfast and settling with the old lady we hitched up and drove away, and such a feeling as went over me as we drove away from that low weather beaten house out of the shadow of those giant maples into the splendid sunshine of a lovely fall day how quick that misterious dread was banished by those rays of sun shine and we made out to put in a good days work at new taking since then we have spent nights in a great many queer places but none which have affected me as this place did. We kept

on and took East Washington then went back home, later we photographed steady all over the towns of Marlow Acworth Lempster Langdon and Alstead of which we may write some account in this book later.

Arthur W. Nelson

### **My First Fox**

I shot my first fox Sept 30th 1899. Elmer and I were hunting out in our back swamp (the Colby swamp) I had my 22 Stevens rifle and was waiting to hear a blue jay yell when I saw a fox coming through the woods, it did not see or s(c)ent me until it got with in a few yards of me, then the he saw me I fired, the bullet striking him just back of his fore shoulders. I got 75 cents for the skin. (Photo 15. of fox.)

A W Nelson

### **Our First Investment in Real Estate**

The old Adam's Farm, so called, 100 acres more or less. In the month of November, 1899, Stephen Colby advertised and sold his farm and stock, the farm joined ours on the east, north of the highway, it was a good farm of 100 acres, with quite a sugar place and pasture. We (That is, Arthur and I) went to the auction but had no thought of buying the place until Uncle Oren suggested, "Why don't you boys buy it". (Blank space left for a photo - no photo) We thought about it and bought it, making the writings, November 14, 1899. We then set out to earn it, how we succeeded in doing this, and what we did with the farm, the coming years will tell. (Elmer)

### **Impressions in a Lumber Camp**

As we came onto the brow of the hill over-looking the valley of the Ashuelot River, there lay the camp almost at our feet on the bank of the river. The ground was covered with snow and the river frozen over. At first sight the tall smoke stack of the mill and the sawdust pile were the principle features, around the mill was clustered a veritable little village of new-sawn board houses or shacks.

Arthur and I had seen but little of lumber camps and had never worked in one before, our ideas were therefore a little exag(g)erated, the men we expected to be mostly Frenchmen or Irish and the fare pretty

coarse and cheap. We expected to find it something like the story camps of the northern forests.

On reaching the little camp in which Bert Richardson, Fred Baker and we were to stay nights, we found it a very comfortable little camp. It was about 12 x 14 and 8 or 9 ft high in front sloping back to about 6. It was double boarded and papered on the inside with building paper, it was a very comfortable place to stay. In one end was two bunks made of boards raised a foot or more from the floor, on these was hay and on top of this we threw our blankets and a husk-bed which we had brought, in the other end was a long bench and a shelf in one corner which held a wash basin, a tin lard pail did to hold water; the boys brought towels and soap. A fragment of looking-glass two inches square was used to comb our hair by. In the center of the room stood the stove, a parlor stove, large enough to hold chunks. (Photo # "A village of new sawn board houses) It was a splendid stove to heat up, and many pleasant evenings we spent around our fire, talking, telling stories and reading magazines. After our days work was done and we had finished our supper, as we sat around our fire we dreamed and talked of camping trips to Maine or northern New Hampshire and imagined ourselves already there. When the wind was blowing around our little camp and a storm was raging outside, it seemed well enough for any place. For a light we had a lantern. (Photo 17. "A stormy day in camp)

We ate our first meal in the large camp the next morning after our arrival. The table at which we ate was long enough to seat five on a side. The mill having burned two weeks before, only a part of the help were in, and this table was sufficient with a chance for 3 or 4 at a table in the kitchen. Just what we had that first meal I have forgotten but it was probably potatoes, meat and beans. This was the principle fare in one order or another with coffee or tea. How our appetite increased the first week and how we ate, we found it difficult to get enough and get done when the rest did as every one seemed to be working to see who could get the most in the least time, or so it looked to us at first. (Photo 18. "In the woods with the skidders.  $1\frac{1}{2}$  days work for four choppers.) I well remember the first Saturday night we came home after beginning our work there. Hard work in the open air of winter had developed an enormous appetite. We worked all the afternoon and then had walked home, a distance of over 7 miles. The supper was eaten so we two sat down to eat alone, a good sized plate of biscuits were set on the table, some roast port, part of a bowl of apple sauce and coffee. We pitched in and before our onslaught the table was swept clean and a little more was added thereto. Father suggested that the

price of our board would have to be raised. (Photo 19. "A Busy Day in the Woods")

The work itself at first seemed hard. We had to get up and go into breakfast a little after six in the morning, it would be just growing light when we got through, then we would go to the woods. Arthur and I had not sawed down much lumber so we were new at it and supposed it to be harder than chopping down, but after we got used to it we preferred to saw, we could stand it longer. The first week or so how we dreaded to step up to a large tree 2 or 3 ft through and saw it down, and how gladly we welcomed dinner and supper time. The boys got new saws the last of the second week and after that everything went quite easy. (Photo 20. "Ready for Work")

The first lot we cut was mostly hard wood and was slow cutting but the second was soft wood along the river, this was fair cut(t)ing. We used to cut from 7000 to nearly 8000 good days and keep it up right along. This lumber we had to cut and trim and cut into lengths from 8 1/2 ft to 22 ft according to its size, straightness, variety, etc. We left the logs w(h)ere we cut them and they were picked up by the skidders as they were called. There were generally four men with two single horses or one horse and a pair. (Photo 21. "Business on Main Street, Camp Notting")

It was quite interesting to see these horses work. They were as steady as oxen and could be driven by word as oxen can, and were full as intelligent. After a path was made they would travel back and forth with logs without a driver. These logs we rolled onto logways containing from 3 to 7 or 8 thousand ft of them. From these log piles they were loaded onto sleds and taken into the mill. One of the horses used by the skidders was a smart old fellow, he knew when it was near dinner time or night, and at such times unless he was watched close, he would make a run for the stable. Several times he got there and once he snaked a small log in behind him.

Get(t)ing our fire-wood we liked the least of anything that we didn't really call work, but we didn't have as much trouble over it as they did at the big camp. We had to bring all our wood to burn in on our backs, most of the time we would cut a small balsam stub and then cutting it in two, each pair would take one half on their shoulders and in we would go. Sometimes the pieces we carried would be 14 or more feet long and by the time we had reached the cabin door we were quite ready to drop it. After supper two of us would take one of the saws and saw up the wood while



the others split and carried it in. Stormy days too were partly spent in cutting fire-wood.

It was fun to watch them in the other camp, get up their wood pile and keep their fire. One morning before any one but Arthur and I had got up there wa a rap at our door and we let in the two Jim's who did the skidding. They had come in to keep warm until breakfast time. (News article: "Four of our young men — Bert Richardson, Fred Baker, Elmer and Arthur Nelson, have been employed at the lumber camp in Washington for several weeks past. They expect to finish their job this week.") " We've always started a fire for them in the morning when we went out to see to our horses, but they've found fault because it has been too warm, and were too lazy to close the draft; so we let them go without" said Jim M. "They were to find the kindlings in the first place, if we would light the fire but they haven't much". They stayed until breakfast time then went over and when we went over, the rest were coming in shivering, none of them having built a fire. One evening Old John came in and sat by our fire well into the evening and we found that he was to help fit up some wood that night but had slipped out. So it went most of the time.

Game was not over abundant though deer had been seen earlier and we ourselves saw several rabbits. Game Commissioner Wentworth had been in this region the year before looking for a deer-slayer and it was hinted that Ted Nutting knew something about the deer.

The mill began to run again the third week we were over there and as more help began to come in we had to make an effort to get to the first table at meal time.

Elmer H. Nelson

### My Five Dollar Prize

Along in March, 1899, the "N. H. Audubon Society" , Manchester, offered two prizes for the best essays on birds by young people between twelve and seventeen, and partly for fun I wrote up on "Crows" and sent it in about August. The time limit was Nov. 1, and for a few days after that I looked for some notice in the papers but seeing nothing I had given up all thought of it until one tuesday morning in the last of January Rom Hoyt told me at school that Mrs. Pike said I had got the second prize. As this was five dollars I was naturally excited and nearly went wild as the days

went by and no letter came. (Photo 21. "A Monarch of the Forest and its slayers")

At last, Sunday night Elmer and Papa brought the mail home, and as Arthur and I had just gone to bed, Elmer and Mamma came up stairs and as they came in Elmer held out my letter, and my prize had come!

W. (Walter Nelson)

## Worcester and Boston

Feb 3-16. 1900

We left Mt. Sunapee on the 8:27 train for Nashua and reached there at 11:15. the snow at home was 2 feet deep or more but had diminished to a few inches here, as we sped on the snow decreased until scarcely an inch lay around Worcester and only in the fields outside. The streets were covered with ice. the train was due at Worcester at 2:10 but was a few minutes late. The station is a bare stone building, the trains run(n)ing into the station. It is the Union Station of the Fitchburg, Boston & Albany, Boston & Maine, and N.Y. New Haven and Hartford R.R's. Our directions told us to take a Normal School car near the station. We looked around a little before coming out of the station and when we came we had to make inquiries as to where to the Normal School car, so when we went to the crossing the car was just going by and we were not quick enough to stop it so we took the next. The route taken was very roundabout and seemed especially so to us, the car went fully three times as far as was necessary when we walked. The Normal School car line stops at the head of Shelby St. and we found Aunt Sadie's house to be a white one and the second house on the left hand side of the street. It was a four tenement house but we rung the bell of No 54. Aunt Sadie came down the stairs and appeared surprised to see us. Otho came home to supper but had to go back to the store. About 9 Alice took us down into the city. We went up to the Boston store on Main St. and Otho got out. I then started in to find a suit and coat. The suit I found at Sytle's on Front St. and the coat at Modern Merchandise. I was well satisfied. Worcester grew upon us as we travelled it that night, many of the blocks were 4 to 6 stories high and the State Mutual (the pride of Worcester) was 8 stories high. (Photo 23. Untitled. Perhaps Worcester?)

**Sunday. 4.** At 10:30 we all went to meeting at the First Baptist, Salem Sq, near the City Hall. It is not one of the most stylish, being an old church, but is influential. Many of the prominent business men are members of the church. Mr. Meeser is the pastor. The quartette was very good, especially the bass and alto. After meeting we went into S.S. down

stairs. There were several hundred scholars divided into numerous classes. Our class room could be separated from the rest by sliding doors. At 3.45 we went to the Y.M.C.A. rooms on Elm St. Miss Eastman sang two solos, she is from Boston and is hired by one of the city churches. She used to live in Worcester, Mr. Plumb, a Boston man spoke. the hall is a good sized one and there were probably several hundred members and others present. (Photo 23. No title. ) After this service we went up on Chandler St. to try and hunt up Frank George but failed, from there we went by the city hospital, the State Mutual, and some fine tenement blocks.

Later we went to the C.E. meeting, it was not as lively quite as we expected. The evening service was good. At the day service they had Communion and the little individual cups were used, it was nice.

Every time we have been anywhere we have gone a different way and know but little more about direction here than when we came.

**Monday. 5.** Rained and squalled during the forenoon. Alice took us out in the afternoon and took us quite a pedestrian trip over the city. Passed Senator Hoar's place on Oak Avenue. He has very large grounds filled with shade trees. Shade trees are common in Worcester on nearly all the streets. Mr. Hoar's residence looked old but well kept. From here we passed by the Memorial Hospital and down to Lincoln Sq. where there is a R.R. station, near us were the Grove St. works of the Washburn & Moen Wire Company, also the works of the Worcester Buckeye Mower. On Main St. near the Sq is the new City Court House built of light stone and not yet completed.

The Natural History rooms pleased us the most of anything we saw during the afternoon. The rooms are on State St. and are open for three hours both forenoon and afternoon. We went in and looked around as much as we pleased, every thing was labeled though some were nothing but the scientific names.

Local animals and birds were well represented. There were wood-chucks, skunks, squirrels, coons, minks, weasels, etc., an American otter, panther and wolf. Wild geese and ducks and smaller birds. This was down on the 1st floor. In another room was a large show-case of sea-shells and a display of stone from the vicinity of Worcester.

At the head of the stairway was the head of a large buffalo looking down on us, along one side of the hall upstairs were fine specimens of sponge and coral, some were extremely delicate and beautiful. More shells could be seen in a case near, a pearl oyster-shell among them. A large room opened from the hall, and here we saw a fine collection of the native birds, they looked as natural as life. Partridges, wood-cock, crows, owls, hawks and scores of small birds. Two American bald eagles were mounted here and a Golden eagle. We also saw a stuffed moose with large horns. What we saw during the hour or so spent more than made up for the whole after-noons trip.

The Classical High and English High are large stone buildings and hold several hundred pupils apiece. The Union Congregational Church we like the best of any we saw. It is built entirely of stone as are nearly all the public buildings. Churches of all denominations are numerous. The Catholic Churches are among the more showy.

**Tuesday. 6.** Went over the same route today and took several views. In the evening we went with Otho and Alice to the Y.M.C.A. and saw our first game of basket ball. It was played in the gymnasium. A balcony around the gym gave the spectators a fine chance to watch the game. We saw a little sword practice as we first came in. The basket-ball teams soon came in and began to practice, there were five on a side and was played a little like football, except that the ball was thrown into a basket ten or more feet from the ground and could not be carried but must be rolled or bounded along. It is a game for alertness and quick dodging and much prettier to play than football ever thought of being. (Photo 25. "Union Congregational Church, Worcester") There were halves of 15 or 20 minutes each. It was a pretty game to watch and the scores were nearly even.

**Wednesday. 7.** Arthur and I went down into the city and took the Court House, City Hall, and Main St. The Main St. view was taken from the corner of Main and Front, near Salem Sq. and took in the State Mutual, the pride of Worcester.

After dinner Aunt Sadie and we took a ride to Elm Park. It includes several acres of ground and is set out to quite a variety of trees and shrubs. Six deer are confined in a part of the park. Quite a pretty pond runs through the park, it is narrow and contains one or two islands two rustic bridge span narrow parts of the pond. The ice was good and the pond was covered by skaters, boys and girls. Among them were some fine skaters. The ice on the streets is melting fast now and it is bad walking.

What a contrast from conditions at home. (Photo 26. "The Ames Building in the background, (back view) of Boston.)

**Thursday. 8.** There has been a drizzling rain all day and the ice has nearly disappeared from the streets.

**Friday. 9.** About noon we went down on Front St. and sold Jew (M. Schlesinger) a picture that we took the first of the week. In the afternoon Aunt Sadie took us up by the Art Museum on Salisbury St. to Institute Park. this is of considerable area and contains Salisbury Pond. The roads through all the parks are McAdamized. A great attraction here was a stone tower built in imitation of the Old Stone Mill at Newport, R.I. Near the park are the buildings of the Polytecnic Institute. The institute has its own electric and machine shops.

At night we went to the revival services at the Grace M.E. Church, on Walnut St. Miss Song, the niece of Sec. Song sang during the meeting, her singing was good though she made it most to(o) expressive by face contortions. Mr. J. Boyd Brady is the pastor there, he was formally of Boston. He is a sensational speaker having given a sermon on "Mr. Moody's first Sunday in Heaven", upon the death of the great evangelist, and other sermons along the same line.

**Saturday. 10.** This afternoon Aunt Sadie and we went up to the Art Museum. Admission if free to the public on Sat. and Sun. afternoons from 1 to 4:30, on other days there is a slight admittance fee. the building is said to be only one of four of the same shape which will be added as there is a need for them, it is a stone building.——

The first floor was devoted entirely to statuary. Many of the different trades were represented by statues. Apollo, Hermes, The Wrestlers and many others were to be seen and also a bronze statue of "Moses". In the hall at the head of the stairway was Chinese needlework, pictures, musical instruments, tapestries, etc. The second floor here was covered by a glass roof. Paintings are on exhibition at either side of the hall in rooms provided with cushioned seats in the middle. In one room wa the Dawes pictures of local fame but which did not attract us greatly. In the other room were some fine paintings, some of them looked dauby near to but at a distance their beauty was apparent. the picture which most interested us and held our gaze was one of carrier pigeons being liberated at sea by naval officers. The water almost seemed to ebb and flow it was so real. Two moonlight scenes were fine. There were also several pictures of cattle and sheep feeding.

**Sunday. 11.** We hunted up Frank George at 173 Chandler St. and he went down to Y.M.C.A. with us. After staying a while we went to walk and have a better chance to talk with Frank. We went up to Institute Park and wandered down to the shore of the pond, hundreds of skaters were on the pond and hundreds more stood around the shore. It had thawed until the ice was quite rotten around the shore, and it must have been poor skating.

**Mon. & Tues. 12-13.** It rained both days and Tuesday it just poured. The streets have been flooded, the rivers have risen, and considerable damage has been done. The electric cars on many of the roads did not pretend to run on time Tuesday. Sand washed on to many tracks and there were washouts on others. Several shops have been stopped by water run(n)ing into the engine rooms and putting out the fires. (Photo 27. "Massachusetts State Capitol, Boston") Tuesday night we went to see another basket-ball game at the Y.M.C.A. It was not as closely contended as the one we saw the week before. There was some splendid team work done by the lighter and win(n)ing team. We saw some of the quickest plays and prettiest dodging we ever saw.

**Wednesday. 14. BOSTON.** Arthur, Otho and I took the 8 o'clock train for Boston this morning. It was a through express and we only stopped at three or four stations during the 43 mile ride. It was a pretty ride, the straight level track and rapid motion of the train was exhilarating. The country itself was not especially interesting as a whole, it being level and a good deal of it covered by brush, scrub-oak pine etc. (Photo 28. Untitled. Boats.) We passed through several pretty little villages at which we did not stop. At a little after nine we came into the suburbs of Boston and were soon passing below the streets, first in darkness then in light, while the streets above us were busy with life. Soon we pulled into the station, the new Southern Terminal, we rolled into the great train shed and as we stepped out of the car, we could hardly hear ourselves think, engines were puffing on every side, trains were coming and going all the time. Either way we could look across track after track, 20 or 30 in all. The tracks all came to a terminus here. Over each track was its number and the time at the next train would leave on this especial track and its destination. The waiting room was fine, finished in fancy woods and ceiled with figured steel ceiling. Fruit and flower stands showed attractive counters.

From the station we went out onto the street and on to Atlantic Avenue. We walked along the street quite a distance, going down onto the numerous wharves. At one wharf the dock was filled with fishing vessels. From one boat several men were passing out fish which had been dressed

and cured and were loading them on a wagon. On the other side fish were being taken out from the hold just as they had been caught. Two men were drawing them up by the basketful while a third man gave the basket a swing to men on the wharf. Here they were pitched into carts with forks. Some of the boats looked as if they had seen about all the service they would. Dark weather hulls and discolored sails. From the end of the wharf we looked out over the harbor, but little was stirring; occasionally tugs were steaming back and forth and we could see the great ferries crossing the harbor. The air and water was thick with gulls, wheeling and diving in search of fish, and all the time keeping up their peculiar cry, almost a whistle. We saw several of the large liners, the Prince Arthur of the Dominion Line, and the City of Macon, of the Savannah Line. At the Savannah freight wharf we saw large quantities of cotton. Upon leaving Atlantic Ave. we passed up Commercial St. and were soon in an interesting part of the city, short streets ran in all directions, carts and drays filled the ways, wholesale houses of every description were all around us and one wholesale liquor house especially attracted our attention, it was covered to the full extent of its four stories with advertisements. From here we caught our first glimpse of the Ames building, the tallest building of Boston, it is 13 stories high but does not cover a large ground area. Fannell Hall Market we found interesting, it was a long building with a wide walk through the center seeming almost like a street, for as we passed along we saw stalls on either hand where was sold all kinds of produce; meats, vegetables, fish, fruit, groceries, everything one could wish for, an interesting sight it was. Fannell Hall was near at hand as we came out from the market, we knew it by the gilt grasshopper on the weather-vane as well as by its appearance. Toward noon we got on St. and passed the Old South Church, the old historic church where lights the lights were hung at the time of Paul Revere's Ride.

We ate our dinner at a little restaurant opposite the Columbian Theatre. We called for Boston's favorite dish, baked beans and brown bread and ate it with a relish.

We had hardly begun our sight seeing. In the early part of the afternoon we went up to Copley Sq. one of the prettiest parts of the city, a large open green is surrounded by several public buildings, Trinity Church, and New Old South, the Public Library, after which the Worcester Art Museum was partly modelled; the Fine Arts building, which if as handsomely finished inside as out must be fine.

During the early part of the afternoon we passed by the Public Gardens which must be lovely with its trees and grass here in the midst of this great city. Crossing Boston Common we came to the State House. On an emine(n)ce in the Common is the Soldier's Monument. Many of the trees scattered through the Common were marked with the name of their kind, being trees scarce in the vicinity. The Capitol building is fine, with its dome covered with gold-leaf, shining in the afternoon sunlight. From here we went back onto Tremont Av. again and passed the old Granary laid to rest. Tremont Temple is near, the headquarters for so many missionary societies and other organizations. It is a fine building with its white front and lovely designs, but it seems almost overshadowed by the Tremont building which has been put up opposite and is used for offices.

Wandering back toward Columbus Ave. we met a man whom we recognized at once as Dr. McElvern of the Shawmut St. Church. We had seen him at the State C.E. Convention at Newport and knew it was he as no other man could be his double. (Photo 29. "Residence of S.J. Nelson" 54 Shelby St. Upstairs right hand tenement").

We found Columbia Ave. by chance, we saw and recognized the Companion Building and then discov(er)ed where we were. The Youth's Companion building is five stories high and one of Boston's fine buildings. We had but little time to spend here but we wished to see the amateur photo exhibit which the Companion annually conducts here, so we went in and took the elevator to the fourth floor. This was our second ride on an elevator. A large room on the fourth floor was given over entirely to the exhibition of amateur photographs sent in to the competition.

We should have liked to have spent the rest of the day here if we could have spared the time. The walls were lined with the best pictures, those which had received prizes and honorable mention, while tables were covered with thousands more not quite as good. Some of them were just perfect.

We saw the pictures taken by the several prize winners. The collection by Edgar Fellos, one of which won the Grand Prize were all character sketches. Nearly all the pictures which won distinction were finished on Platino-type, Platinum, Aristo-platino, or some other paper giving a similiar effect. It repaid us many times over for the time spent in looking over the photos. Soon we took a Bunker Hill car and crossing the Charles river were in Charlestown. Bunker Hill is quite a sharp rise and acquires quite an eminence, from the top of the hill Bunker Hill Monument rises 221 feet and commands a magnificent view of the city and surrounding



country. We did not go up as the admission was 20 cents and there were 297 steps to climb. Near the monument stands the statue of Warren who was the first to fall in that memorable battle on this hill, while little slabs notified the public that here the redoubts were thrown up, etc.

We now went back to Charlestown bridge and thought some of going down to the Navy yard but gave it up, we walked across the bridge. We were anxious to take a ride in the Subway, so at Haymarket Sq. we entered one of those little square buildings that stand in the middle of the streets and purchased our tickets. We walked down the steps and there we were in an underground room lighted by electric lights. On one side of us were paper and fruit stands while on the other ran the tracks, ahead of us we could look along the tunnel of the subway, a dark hole in the ground lighted by incandescent lamps looking like stars shining out of the darkness.

Whizz! Up came an electric and we stepped on board and were soon going swiftly through this tunnel, on looking back we saw the little lights fading away in the distance, while on either hand and overhead were the swift flying walls of the subway. We boys stood on the rear platform and enjoyed the whole trip. Two or three stations we passed on the way, brightly lighted and seemingly as busy and gay as an ordinary R.R. station. Once we seemed to dive swiftly into the earth and upon looking up a second track ran at right angles across over our heads, and all this beneath the busy streets of the city; beneath the rattle and bang of the traffic on the paving, and yet down here we heard nothing of this, simply the rush of our car through the subway. but soon out of the ground we rushed and were at Castle Sq.

We were now getting tired of tramping all day so found our way back to the station, going again by Tremont Temple and through many streets on which we had not been before. Our train left at 6 o'clock and we had a little while to rest.

While in the city we saw several electric carriages, they were not like the locomobiles around Worcester with their trail of steam behind, for these had no show of steam whatever. There were hacks as well as ordinary carriages and they seemed to be having their full share of patronage.

At 6 o'clock we found our train on track 14 and were soon spinning on our way to Worcester, one by one the lights of the city were left behind, and the train was left to speed its way through the night alone, and I turned my eyes to the light and warmth within and settled back to enjoy

the hours ride home in memories of the day just past. We reached Worcester soon after 7 and reached Aunt Sadie's tired but satisfied with having been to see something worth seeing, and having seen it.

Elmer H. Nelson

## **HIGH-SCHOOL DAYS of The Third Nelson**

(Newspaper clipping: "Walter Nelson is attending the Richards High school at Newport.")

**(PREPARATION)** Being possessed of an opinion that I was smarter than my brothers I plugged hard at home on the requisite studies of the English course and the Saturday before the Fall term's beginning went to Newport to take exams for the Sophomore year. The old, white-haired chairman of the school-board was in his law-office and, after I had tremblingly stated my request, told stories for nearly an hour, then made out the certificate entitling me to enter the Richards High School one year in advance. And I went home elated.

**(ENTRANCE)** Wednesday, Sept. 5, 1900; I set out with my brother's horse and buggy and drove to school. As I neared the high-school building the big flag was flying and all at once the whole school roared out in cheers and I swelled with pride that I should soon be one of such a grand institution. A crowd of embarrassed Freshmen in the upper hall paid little attention to my "greenness", for their was none too well concealed, then the fatherly chair-man of the school-board brought me to the professor who told me to take a seat. I wandered along after a group of girls and was far over in evil when I suddenly discovered that the boys' and girls' seats were divided and I was on the girls' side! All the boys very naturally mistook me for Elmer and I was a lion-strong man and invincible football-player, etc. I looked for my brothers' stern Miss Allen, 1st. asst., and hardly recognized her, from their descriptions, in the six-foot, nice, smiling young lady I finally decided upon. Classes were sent to recitation-room by the Professor's bell and it was several days before I could make the schedule on the blackboard and his bells correspond, having missed one or two recitations in the meantime. I drove back and forth from home for a week and a half then Aunt Alice and cousin Henry came and I had a vacation of two weeks.

When I went back I began boarding myself at Mabel Tandy's in a little upstairs room with one dormer window. Here I puttered around over dishes and victuals, one thing cooking at a time on a little oil-stove, for about two weeks; then the unexpected happened.

**(GETTING A JOB).** It so came about that Dr. H. L. Stickney's boy went off mad that morning, November 1st, and when he enquired in the "Argus" office they recommended me. He came up to the school-house and I did his chores that night and forsook my room.

I stayed there excepting the Winter vacation until Spring then by mutual agreement, as it were, we parted sadly (?)

I arose at 6.00 in the morning, built three coal-fires, called the maid, thawed out the sink-spout and water-pipe, also, all too frequently, milked the old cow that was gargety, then carded and slicked up the horses, feeding and watering them and cleaning out the bedding of straw and sawdust, and finally had breakfast. Then I hitched up a team, usually the span, and hustled to school, many times late. Still I didn't complain and shouldn't if they hadn't been so fearfully fussy. My predecessors, the two Hadley brothers, dropped in three times a day to keep track of things. I suppose then I frequently had to tend office and a run to the grocery or post-office came about eight times a day.

Looking back on it now, however, I realize that it was perhaps the luckiest thing that ever happened to me. It gave me an insight into "swell" life, the work gave me self-reliance and confidence in myself. I will risk myself anywhere now. Then I saved a lot of money that would have gone on tuition, room-rent and my board and the winter went quicker and far easier than it would if I had been boarding myself alone.

**(SCHOOL-HUNT)** Town-Meeting day came on tuesday, Nov. 6. We had an athletic-meeting and Braley and Paul were elected captains for a school-hunt. Braley chose me first choice and we had Nutting and Allen too. I invited Irving Rowell and Bob Alexander to go with me onto Sunapee Mountain hedgehog-hunting, so with Rowell to get a harness for the Doctor's horse he let us take the bay mare and an old rattle-top carriage and we set off down home in great style. Arthur Lear was going with us as 2d. guide but he hadn't got around when we reached the Village so we went on home and he caught us just after we had started. All three of the others had shot-guns but I took my little .32 Stevens rifle and was very glad I did. We struck up Blood mountain and it was such hard traveling for the fellows that we only reached its summit by dinner-time where our salt-bags of lunch were thankfully emptied. Up to

this time we had shot nothing even with our big, white dog Sparks with us, and Bob and Rowell were getting down-hearted. They fired their guns twice at some paper on a stump then we struck over toward Signal Peak. On the way Sparks got up a little hedgehog which compensated for the scratches we had received and I felt better. I had been fearing that I had brought the fellows up there just for nothing for it was one of these cold, gray days that keep game in. Red Pond was reached at 3.00 with another hedgehog to our credit. The fellows were getting tired but still game and hardly appreciated the scenery. Over the ridge, the sharp slope downward afforded faster travel. The dog was working well and before we reached the mountain's foot we had shot the hedgehogs. I say "we" but I had reached the scene first always and my rifle had killed them, all but the last one which I let Rowell shoot to pacify him. It was when we got the fourth, right in a huge pile of rocks and brush, that I got so excited as to club it with my rifle-barrel and consequently broke my stock, which necessitated winding a few yards of cord about it. We found a fire in our big fire-place at home and a lunch awaiting us and we arrived at Newport tired but happy, having got 1000 points. I gave Bob and Rowell two sets of feet apiece, keeping one myself. The next morning the game was all piled in two promiscuous heaps out on the campus side of the school-building and our 1000 added greatly. Paul had the most points and we all watched anxiously for Nutting. Finally he came, giving our side the victory and Paul's men had to give us the supper the next night.

(Newspaper clipping: "High School Hunt" "The high school boys had a hunting match, Tuesday, of which Braley and Paul were captains of the sides. There were 15 on each side and they were very evenly matched in marksmanship. The three having the most points were: Paul who had 1175; Nelson, who had 1000 points, and Nutting, who had 700 points. There were shot 3 partridges, 1 \_\_\_\_\_ squirrels, 2 grays, 25 reds and 5 \_\_\_\_\_. There were also 3 muskrats, 10 \_\_\_\_\_, 32 skunks and 1 weasel. Counting \_\_\_\_\_ each sides, it was found Braley had 2385 points and Paul, 2165. Braley's side won by 220 points. The losing side will pay for a turkey supper \_\_\_\_\_ 0 cents a plate.")

**(HUNT-SUPPER)** The fellows decided that girls would be a nuisance at the hunt-supper so they were not invited. I bought a new striped shirt for the occasion. It was a very nice evening and I found a lot of the boys down in Dudley's basement-restaurant when I went over. Braley and Paul filled the center table with their friends and I was much honored when they invited me too. There were three long tables down the room all loaded with roast-turkey, chicken, mashed-potato with cranberry-sauce

and squash, coffee, banana-pudding, bananas and grapes. None too soon for my appetite we all sat down and fell to in earnest. Prof Curtis came in, making 29 High-school fellows in all and we did have a fine time! As supper drew to a close our table began passing around napkins for autographs; then Paul's men settled for the spread and we filed out, taking a walk up beside the common before saying good-night.

**(HUNTERS RECEPTION)** Fearing that the girls would feel hurt at our selfishness Braley got up a reception a week later at the school-building. There was a short literary and musical program then apples, grapes and bananas were passed around after which we all adjourned to Alumni Hall for marching and games. We guessed out words and marched until nearly 11.00, having a very good time. Some of the boys scattered peelings and fruit-refuse all over Prof's desk and platform sometime in the evening so Prof. was some stirred up.

**(CLUB-DEBATE)** Bev. J. L. Alexander and several of the Newport business-men started the "Young Men's Club" that Fall and as Dr. Stickney paid my \$1.00 fee I joined and was soon put on a debate —Woodbury and I against John Leach and Budd Fowler. (Newspaper clipping: "A debate was held Saturday evening. The subject, "Resolved, That athletics are carried to excess in our schools and colleges," was discussed by Budd Fowler and John Leach affirmative, and Walter R. Nelson, negative. Mr. Nelson won both on the merits of the question and of the argument.") Woodbury decided he couldn't take it with me and despite my exertions during the day before I couldn't get any other fellow so I wrote my argument all out carefully to debate alone. Saturday night, Dec. 1, was the evening chosen and I dressed up for the occasion. It was there decided that Budd Fowler should take the debate alone against me and John Leach have the rebuttal. My courage and coolness rose as Fowler went on with his speech for he was reading it and it was mostly dry facts and disconnected arguments so when he sat down I mounted the platform with self-confidence that surprised me as I began speaking, having it partly committed. John Leach took the rebuttal finely, doing better than I at it but the three club-members appointed as judges gave me the debate. I guess Woodbury was suspicious of my debating-abilities why he would not go in with me but he came up right away and shook hands, exclaiming "Tell Arthur the Nelsons are all right!"

**(MY ONLY FOOT-BALL GAME)** I had vainly tried to make the Folks let me play football all the Fall. There is something in it that fairly fascinates a fellow even if he don't think it pays for all the bruises and sprains he gets and as I was large and supposedly strong the boys all urged me to get onto the first team. There was talk of a second team all along and along in November JOhn Leach claimed to have got a match with the Claremont Seconds. So we all rigged out in the First's suits and went up to the Syndicate Campus but no claremonts came so we fooled around until 4.00 and went home. I had Braley's moleskin pants and orange-and-black sweater and filed it out so well they called me "Second Braley".

The First team had broken up over Braley so they had no game for the last Saturday before Thanksgiving and wanted to play the Seconds. We had several good men — Leach, full-back; Havena nd I "burly guards", about of a size; stuffy little Kempton and Arthur N., ends — and so were not averse to a game. Arthur and Elmer drove up but as Arthur wouldn't let Elmer play for fear he would get hurt we could only get Arthur. We had the kick-off but they rushed it over onto our side. With Braley, full-back, and Allen and Ladieu, halves, they bettered our line fearfully but their line-men were weak and we nearly held our own. I received a bloody nose about the first things, somehow in tackling Ladieu, but was not hurt. Harry Barker played against me, but he smokes so many cigarettes he was no good and I went through him every time and Arthur said it seemed as though that every time when the fellows piled off after a down he would find me at the bottom. I did get a lot of tackles and we held them down finely, Arthur breaking up Braley's end-plays so that we got him nearly every time. It seemed as though each half was an hour in length but at last the referee called the game off and the Firsts had only beaten us 15-10.

**(MY OFFICE-HOLDING)** Soon after my entrance I was promoted to Monitor of Aisle 2 — had to report all absences and tardiness in my aisle. Then on Dec. 3, 1900 the R.H.S. cadets were formed and the next day I was appointed (by the faculty) 1st Lieutenant. I had already had my measurements taken and ordered a \$13.00 suit but then I found the folks could not afford it and I countermanded my order and resigned. This was just at the close of the Fall term. (Photo 30. Walter in uniform with flag in background.) Then the boys sent me the money and I held 1st Lieut. until March 1st., 1901, when an election of the permanent officers displaced me — and the Captain also — and I became Corporal.

It was in the Fall term that our class elected the minister's daughter and myself to serve on the Information Com. a committee to confer with the faculty upon any school-matters. About Jan. 17 Clarence Mooney, who was then on "The Champion", asked me for school-items and in this way I began reporting for it. In a few weeks I told Braley I was writing school-news and he had me formally elected as High school reporter, with Claude Moore to help me. Someway, I struck Braley's friendship and in the spring was drawn into a more important place in athletics than I otherwise should have held.

**(THE MOCK TRIAL)** With the opening of the Spring term came the Mock Trial. I was billed first as a country-fellow then was given a principal part as defendant, a "dudey" know-nothing. It included nearly the whole school and was a great success. Tues. eve'g, April 23, I wore white duck pants and bouquet with goatee and mustache. We cleared about \$30. for athletics and had a fine time in rehearsing, as is usually the case.

**(A BOX OF MONKEYS)** I had the best time in this I ever had in my life. Miss Nutting thought I did so well in the Mock Trial that she wanted me in the new Senior play "A Box of Monkeys", to be given at Sunapee May 24. There was nothing I liked better so I took the part of Chauncey Oglethorpe, a young Westerner. We rehearsed down to Mrs. Dr. Claggett's twice and at the schoolhouse; then, the night before the show, went up to Cora Willard's up by the cemetary and stayed till 10.00 rehearsing. I had to try the proposal-scene on both her mother and Mrs. Claggett so as to show her how, because she didn't get excited enough over it, and I began to think I should know how to do proposing when I really wanted to.

On the night of the play Miss Erma Brown said very prettily "Why, you're getting lots of practise." It came of Friday. All the afternoon rain fell but when the closed carriage came around at 3.15 with Woodbury and the Williard girls it had come in misty. We were dropped at Odd Fellows Hall in the upper village and found Miss Nutting had got furniture all onto the little stage in fine shape. We rehearsed until 6.00 then all wandered away to pick up some supper. Woodbury and I got a pound of Kennedy's cookies and two bananas in the postoffice then went up to the wharves just as the "Lady Woodsum" came in and looked over the "Little Ruggles", coming back and eating things in the hall. Owing to the rain things looked dubious but a big crowd of R.H.S. young people came up in teams and the hall, being small, was well-filled. And the play went off without a hitch!

As the curtain fell on the first scene Miss Nutting vented her joy by slapping my arm until it burned. After the play Miss Underwood came up and spoke with me, then there was a social time, with marching.

The End

The original manuscript is the property of Arthur Nelson, Goshen, NH.

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