

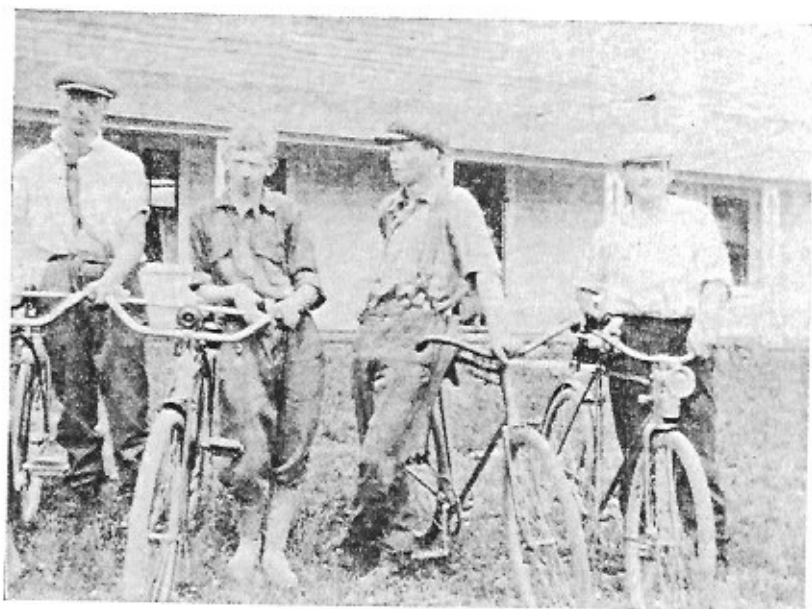
Never since then have I ever asked for a job or solicited any work from anyone. I have worked for many people and at many kinds of work but always have the employers come to me and prevailed on me to work for them. This includes my work for the Post Office Department as temporary R.F.D. carrier during the winter of 1934-35 after Ed Stone's retirement. The spring of 1935 Frank Bonnett was transferred to Orford as regular R.F.D. carrier and I became his substitute for the next 20 years.

I bought myself a good team of horses in December 1918 and hauled 300 cords of poplar wood to Wentworth R.R. station and shipped it to Hazeltine and Gordon Excelsior Manufacturers of Merrimack, N.H., hiring two or three neighbors' teams for help at times. During this poplar wood operation I boarded at Mrs. Gale's (now Perry's) near Glen Pease's.

In August of 1918 I stayed at Phil Bean's awhile helping him with his haying and August 18 at about midnight when there was a hard thunder shower Phil awakened me and said there was a fire over on the corner of Mt. Cube and we got into his Model T and raced out there through hub deep mud to find the five barns at Mt. Cube Farm across the road from the house burning with their full contents of hay and about ready to fall in. The very next night at midnight again during another fierce thunderstorm the old, big, barn full of hay owned by Charles Bean and located half way between Ed Bean's and Phil Bean's burned by lightning.

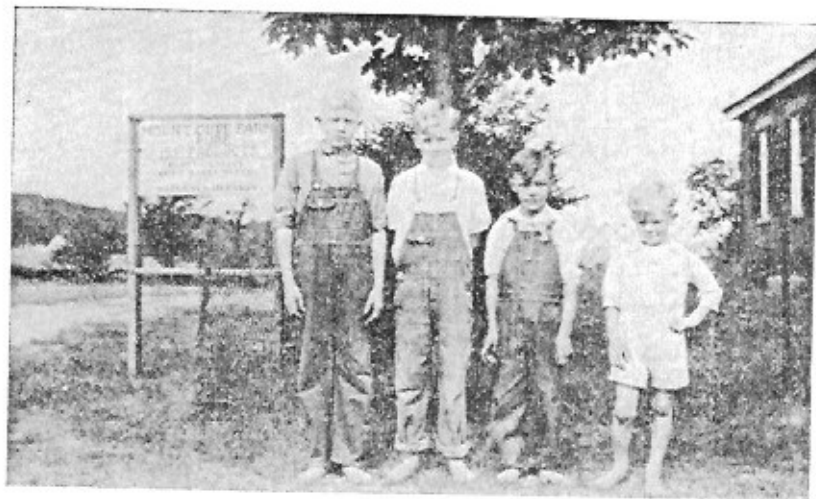
While haying at Phil's I did a lot of hand mowing out across the road in clearing that he called his 90 acre stump piece and Billy Brown of Quinttown mowed with me, riding over there on horseback. That was almost 50 years ago and Mr. Brown was about 40 years old then and when I saw him in the summer of 1963 he looked little older.

I boarded at Mrs. Gale's most of the time from May 1918 until February 1922 cutting poplar, spruce and birch on Dartmouth College land and poplar on Tibbett's place and Cochran lot poplar stumpage that I bought of Amos Chase, Charles Chase, Bert Dow, the Ladd brothers and at times my brothers Lorenzo and Ed working for me. In March of 1921 I bought the Tibbett's place and in June of 1921 I bought the Mt. Cube Farm. During this four-year period I commonly had at least



Oscar Ladd, Ralph Bean, Jesse Currier and Charles Ladd in 1919.

two or three men working summers cutting in the woods and winters I hauled to the railroad hiring three or four teams to help.



The first four Currier sons in 1935.

As most of, as well as the best of, my years were spent at Mt. Cube Farm and that place became more home to me than any other has or can, so my own history and that of Mt. Cube Farm are the same from 1921 until I left there for further adventures, or "other lives to live."

I will begin Mt. Cube Farm history with what little seems to be known now about the Blood family. Members of which we have reason to believe built the Mt. Cube House and the Downing house nearby and quite possibly the old "plank-side" frame house that we call the Learned place, now S. L. Hook's.

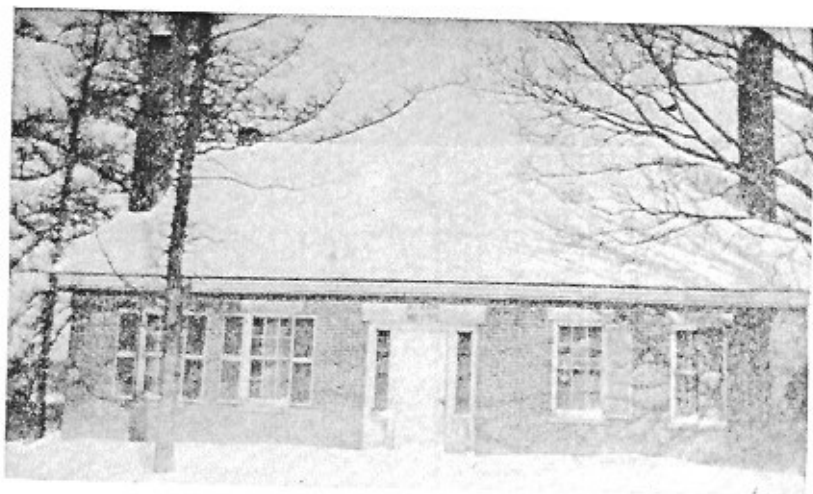
For this we will refer to *Centennial Celebration of the Town of Orford, N.H. With Some Additional Matters Relating to the History of the Place*, published in 1865.

Stephen Blood was born in Charlton, Mass. (a small town in south central Massachusetts and not Charleston) May 3rd, 1762. He was the sixteenth and youngest of the family. Bethia Cole was born in Boxford, Mass. (a town near the mouth of the Merrimack) June 27, 1764. She was also the sixteenth and youngest of the family. Mr Blood was married to Miss Cole January 11, 1784. They became citizens of Orford early in the summer of 1784. There was born to them fourteen children; of whom three died early in infancy—three others before attaining to majority of years, and three others after having been married and having families. Five out of the fourteen still live—Sylvester and Samuel in Orford, Martha D. in Wisconsin, Sarah D. in California and Daniel C. in Ohio. The hardships endured by this family, in common with others in the early settlement of the town, might easily be wrought into a considerable volume; wherein truth would seem stranger than fiction, they were repeatedly without bread for several days at a time in succession; and twice they lost nearly everything they had by the burning of their house. But as Orford improved, their circumstances became easier and for many years they were strangers to want.

The youngest son, Daniel C. was graduated at Dartmouth College in 1828 and at Andover Theological Seminary in 1831 and has been a successful minister of the Gospel in the west for more than thirty four years. [Pages 104 and 105.]

This Daniel C. Blood is without doubt the man who chiseled his initials "D C B" on the face of the large rock across the road from Mt. Cube House and on the west side of the old cattle lane leading to the mountain pasture. Now back to the book recently quoted from, on page 78 we find: Hon. D. E. Wheeler of New York says,

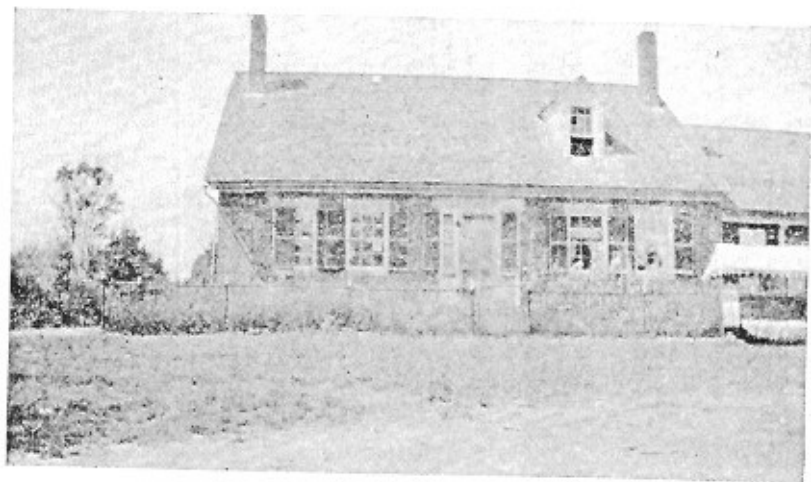
I well remember in one of my visits here, I met Washington Irving, and who, when looking across the Connecticut upon the bold mountains of the west, the undulating surface of the



Mt. Cube House — 1920

north, the high swelling hills of the east, and the quiet distant south along the valley of the river said, "In all my travels in this country and in Europe, I have seen no village more beautiful than this, it is a charming place, Nature has done her utmost here."

This Hon. D. E. Wheeler I take to be the first of the Wheelers to own and likely the one who built the well-known Wheeler place on the Ridge, the most southerly of the row of mansions there.



Downing House — 1920

We do not know if Washington Irving, while in Orford in that early time, made the trip out to East Orford where Mt. Moosilauke could be seen from the north end of Dame Hill or from the Marston Stock Farm (Schwarz place now) and perhaps even better, from Mt. Cube Farm, and if he did, what he said. Perhaps it would have left him speechless. The next information on the Bloods comes from the Registry of Deeds of Grafton County. The first recorded owner I find of land that became Mt. Cube Farm was one Kimball who deeded it to S. Blood January 1, 1819. This could have been either Stephen Blood or his son, Sylvester.

When I first came to Orford in 1918 there were several old people that I used to visit with who could remember pretty well back to about the time of building the Mt. Cube House, and as I remember it, it is likely Stephen Blood and his sons, Sylvester and Samuel, owned and occupied the Mt. Cube Farm, Downing Farm and the Learned place which joined them. It is likely they either first built the Learned house or purchased it and while living there, built the two brick houses.

S. Blood sold the Mt. Cube Farm to Thomas Kent September 30, 1854. I have been told by the old folks not only that the Bloods built Mt. Cube House but also that it was built about 1848 which puts it in range of Blood ownership. I have also heard and read in old Orford histories that the railroad was built up as far as Fairlee, Vt., by 1848 or about the same time as it was finished to Wentworth. Someone told me the bricks were shipped up to Fairlee by rail soon after the railroad reached there and hauled out to Mt. Cube by ox team. If so, they may have come from the big brickyard at Lebanon, but there was in early times a small brickyard or perhaps two of them in Orford and one small one in Wentworth just off the old Buffalo Road, so it may be some of the bricks at least came from some of these sources. I believe I remember seeing scratched into the soapstone windowsill of one of the front windows, west of the front door of Mt. Cube House, the name Sylvester Blood, but no date as I recall it.

Where the Bloods went from there I never heard or have any record of, but there was one Blood family in Wentworth in my early days and later a Blood, who I believe was a doctor, was Governor of New Hampshire. Who knows but he was some member of the same family. It is more than likely that all

New England Bloods descended from a common early ancestor who migrated to America and like the many Currier progeny who also had a Governor Currier.

There was a change of title of Mt. Cube Farm from Kent to Joseph Johnson October 16, 1854, only two weeks after Kent acquired it. It was deeded by Joseph Johnson to Mary Sargent in 1862 and Samuel Morrison bought of Mary Sargent the same year, November 1862. It would seem likely the only families that lived in Mt. Cube House prior to Morrison were the Bloods and later Johnson.

There was a Kimball living on the farm between the Stanley Chase place and that of Glena Pease, now the Perry place, in the mid or late 1800's and it is interesting to speculate as to whether this was the same one or his descendent who earlier deeded Mt. Cube Farm to S. Blood. Also, the place where Bud (L. E.) Hook lives was a Johnson place and possibly, so far as I know, may be where the Johnsons went that owned Mt. Cube Farm a few years or 1850-1862. If so, we would be getting back near to my distant relatives as this Johnson who lived at Bud's place had a wife Maria who was a sister to Mabel Pease and their grandmother was a Clifford from Wentworth and a cousin to my Grandmother Currier. Mabel Mack's mother, Nettie Ramsey, was a sister to Maria J. and Mabel P. all being Sherburnes. This gives me kinship to all the present Peases and Macks in that area.

Samuel R. Morrison owned the Mt. Cube Farm until his death and his son, Harry, owned it until 1912, or 50 years in the Morrison family but I have reason to believe that the Morrisons did not live there much after 1896 when they built the big barns on the Marston Stock Farm which Samuel owned since 1875. The Payer family which lived in the Mt. Cube House in the early 1900's, it seems, must have rented it from the Morrisons or lived there while working for them.

According to the article in the Biographical book this 1,000 acre Marston Stock Farm now in the Schwarz family, was with its big barns built in 1896-97, one of the finest farms in the county and the large old two story mansion of a house with its fine shade trees and its view of Mt. Moosilauke may have been an earlier period.

Samuel R. Morrison was obviously a most colorful character and one of the greatest businessmen of Orford up to his time. I don't have the date Samuel, Sr., died but it was before my days in Orford. I did know his son, Harry, and the grandson known as Samuel, Jr., both men who left their mark on the world. I met Samuel, Jr., when he came out to the Mt. Cube House to visit his birthplace while I was living there.

My history of Mt. Cube Farm requires that I give what I can about this unusual family and the main source of information is the *Book of Biographies*. Samuel R. Morrison was born in Fairlee, Vt., October 6, 1833, and attended Orford Academy. When about 26 years old he became a traveling salesman for the North American Lightning Rod Company, remaining with them eight years, four years he traveled over the six New England States and four years he was stationed in Canada, two years before leaving them (while in Canada) he bought the Mt. Cube Farm. After farming there a few years he went into the wood and lumber business and one year sold the Passumpsic R.R. 7,000 cords of wood. This was in the days of wood burning locomotives. Throughout his career he was active in lumbering as well as farming. Now I quote from the *Book of Biographies*:

The Morrison family is of Scotch origin; their family seat has been the Island of Lewis for more than a thousand years. Tradition affirms that they originated from the descendent of a Norwegian King, Moyres by name. One of the earliest Morrisons in America, and an ancestor of our subject, was Samuel Morrison, who was commonly known as Charter Samuel, because he was one of the grantees of the Charter of the Town of Londonderry, N.H. Samuel's father was Daniel W. Morrison, born in Fairlee, Vt. in 1805. His wife, the mother of Samuel, was Bertha Gage, a daughter of Richard Gage, a farmer of Pelham, N.H. who came to Orford in 1803 when his daughter was 3 years old.

Samuel's son, Harry E., was born May 4, 1868, so it seems he lived his first 25 or 30 years at Mt. Cube Farm. Harry's wife, Samuel Jr.'s, mother, died March 11, 1895. The book fails to give the date of his birth but it was sometime from 1890 to 1895 as his parents married in March 1889.

At the time I knew Harry E. he was one of the county commissioners, this was about 1918-20. He was living on the Marston Stock Farm then. He, like his father Samuel R., served as selectman of Orford. He later lived at lower Orford

Street after selling the big farm to Geo. A. Pierce of Boston who kept about 1,000 sheep there sometime after I bought the Mt. Cube Farm. Mr. Pierce lived on the old Marston Stock Farm until the great set of buildings burned May 3rd, 1937, a very dry and windy day.

Samuel, Jr., was herd manager of the famous Flintstone Farm herd of milking shorthorns owned by the wealthy Crane family. I used to see his name in advertisements of this farm as herd manager in the old New England Homestead farm paper. Later he went to Sanatobia, Miss., and went into business there for himself raising cattle.

In 1958 at the Western Carolina Fair the cattle judge was M. P. Moore of Sanatobia, Miss., billed as the owner of the champion bull of the southwest. His being from Sanatobia I went up to him at the fair and inquired about if he knew Samuel Morrison down to Sanatobia. Moore, on hearing Morrison's name, at once pulled me up to him and said, "Why, Sam has been like a father to me, in fact he was the one who got me interested in cattle and made me what I am." I told Moore that I had owned and lived on the farm for 30 years where Samuel Morrison was born.

The next year I found an article in the Readers Digest of May 1959 entitled, "'Hot' Moore, the South's Super-Cowman". The piece refers to Moore as the "Architect" of super cattle. It seems he got the name "Hot" as a great baseball pitcher at the University of Alabama. His father owned a 15,000 acre cotton plantation but "Hot" went into the polled Hereford cattle there and set many records and the piece says he was responsible for changing the south from a cotton country into one of the nation's top beef cattle areas, and that no one has played a greater role in bringing prosperity to the south. Moore was described as a six foot four inch, 250 lb. man of muscle and energy.

In December 1964 the Progressive Farmer, the south's leading farm monthly, had a cover picture and an article about Moore and his Circle M Ranch.

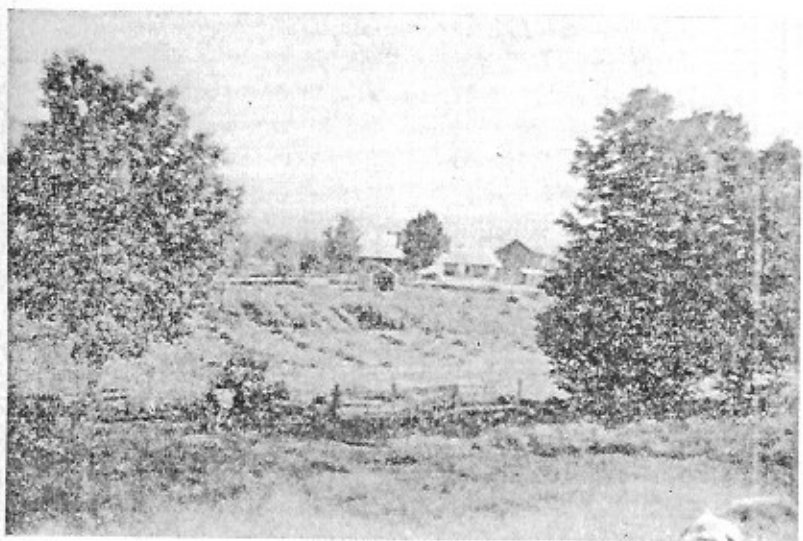
Somewhere around the turn of the century Mt. Cube Farm began its decline, getting into the hands of the Payers, Kellys and Jacksons. None of whom were much farmers it seems from what I can learn. Then Bert Dow bought it of Kelly and tried dairying there awhile without much success, finally disposing

Pierce
bought it in 1923 or 4
8-10 years after
moved to Lower St.
Highly?

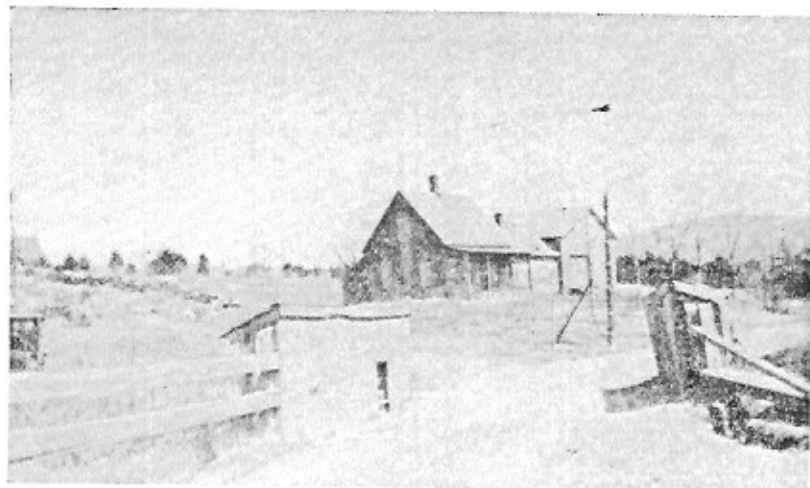


A 1922 picture of Mt. Cube House showing last of the large tamarack trees.

of it to his brother-in-law, Roland Downing and the Downings used it for hay raising for their stock on their farm. Roland Downing had not ever recorded his deed so we by-passed that by having Bert Dow, who was working for me then, deed it to me. By this time Mt. Cube Farm was about what is referred



Mt. Cube Farm in July 1952.

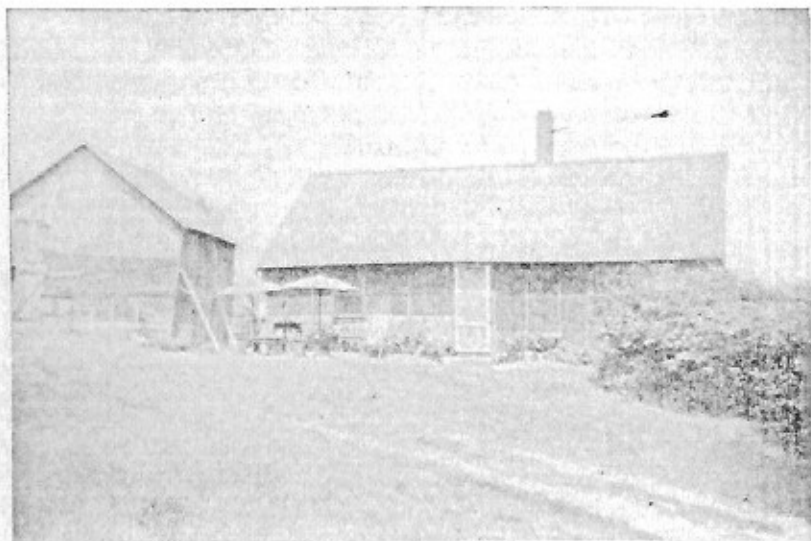


John Tibbett's place bought in March 1921.

to as a deserted farm, the fields run out, the barns all gone by lightning, fences down and house in poor repair, the water pipe from the well had frozen and burst in many places. Roland was anxious to dispose of it as his wife wanted to move near her folks and when he told me it was for sale for \$1,200.00 I could see such attractions and possibilities there as I remember it, I agreed the same day to buy it. There was a mortgage to Samuel Greenly of about half the price, which I took over, paying Greenly off a year or so later.

At that time, June 1921, there was only the old dirt road by there, not graveled or improved in any way and hub deep in mud spring and fall and rainy weather in the summer and dusty when dry. No electricity or telephone line and no plumbing or water to the house—no heating system, just the brick house and two adjoining sheds or ells. The large old sugar maple that stood near the south east corner of the house was dead from the fire of the barns burning across the road about three years before. All the wood and timber on the mountains above the wall on the upper side of the pasture had been reserved by a former owner until 1925.

It would have been quite a discouraging outlook for most folks but it was my ambition to restore it with barns and other buildings and bring the land back and make a going farm of it again, which I did to quite a successful extent over the next thirty years.



House on Andy Chase Farm bought in June 1940.

I had bought the John Tibbett's place across from the old schoolhouse (Gerald Pease's now) on March 16, 1921, for \$650.00, consisting of some 12 acres across the brook and the house and barn on an acre north of the road. I never lived in that house or really intended to but had to buy the entire property to get the land across the brook for its lumber and wood, mostly poplar which I cut and peeled that spring for excelsior wood.

The purchase of this place in March 1921 and the Mt. Cube Farm in June 1921 left me in possession of quite a lot of real estate before I became 24 years old. I rented the Tibbett's house to Bert Dow while he was working for me on pulpwood and later to Burns Ladd while he worked for me in the woods, finally selling it to Burns Ladd for \$300.00 on August 30, 1923, retaining the 12 acres across the brook, cutting wood and lumber there at times until I sold it to Glen Pease in 1955 for \$500.00. Not a big profit on the land but I got a lot of value off it in pine, poplar and white birch stumpage.

Although I was a busy man and did lots of work in those days, I somehow found time for lots of fishing and much deer hunting in season. Also, for mountain climbing, camping, etc. and swimming, in both Baker Ponds and sometimes Indian

Pond, was always a favorite sport that I never tired of. Also time for romance or affairs of the heart, but will leave such to the reader's imagination as this is a history and in no way a romantic novel.

"There is no more fatal blunderer than he who consumes the greater part of his life getting his living."—H. D. Thoreau.

Life at Mt. Cube

My farming at Mt. Cube began with the cutting of the hay in July after buying the place in June of 1921. I bought a new two horse mower at Fairlee and two scythes and three bull or drag rakes. Charles Chase and Bert Dow were working for me then and I mowed with the horses and the machine and they did the hand mowing. We took all partitions and the stairway and overhead floor out of the farther ell or shed and filled it with hay to the ridge. I had bought a big wagon with a hayrack body at the Gould auction in Piermont the spring before but did not have a horserake and the three of us raked the entire farm by hand. We were working in the woods on pulp that summer much of the time and I was staying at Mrs. Gale's. The next February (1922) on the 19th of the month, I moved into the Mt. Cube House and lived there fifteen months before being married. In the spring of 1922 I built a two car garage at the far corner of the yard and that summer Charles Chase and I cleaned up the site of the old barns across the road, using the foundation stones to build the wall along the roadside. That summer also, we dug up and repaired the water line to the house.

Before moving in, I had room for my horses in the far end of the ell, next to the present barnyard and had my car (the Essex) in the shed next to the porch. That second summer I sold all of the standing hay on the upper side of the road to Joe Yeaton and Charles Chase and I cut only the hay on the lower side of the road. I had bought a used horserake for haying that summer so was equipped for easier haying.

I had, by then, bought the standing spruce of P. L. Bean on the Howard lot above the Kenyon pasture and also the spruce of the College lots and Charles Chase and I were cutting and peeling that also during the spring and summer. The winter of 1922-23 I was hauling spruce pulpwood to cars at Fairlee from the Howard lot.

I was married to Victoria Downing May 16, 1923, and that summer did more farming and peeled poplar on Mt. Cube Farm, and some I bought on the Downing farm and my brother, Ed, stayed with us and helped with the haying and we worked on pulpwood in the fall. We cut larger spruce on the Howard lot that winter and hauled it to a sawmill on Bert Clark's place and had it sawed into lumber for building the barn.

Condy
etc. Thomson

The spring of 1924 I was peeling poplar on the Monroe lot which I had bought and Charles Derrick and Burns Ladd helped me. The spring and summer of 1924 I also did some digging of the barn cellar. February of 1925 was a mild month and I worked framing the barn timbers ready for the barn raising which was held in March 1925.

In November of 1925 I cut down the last Tamarack trees that stood close around the Mt. Cube House. This last one was at the north west corner of the house on top of the terrace wall. There had been a large one at the south west corner and smaller ones at each side of the front door and one close in front of the little front porch. I have one picture of the Mt. Cube House taken when some of the Tamaracks were still standing. The large dead sugar maple that stood at the south east corner of the house I had cut down the first summer that I lived there, getting Fred Learned to help me. That summer I set out the two present maple trees getting them up near the large rock in the pasture beside the old trail onto the mountain and carried them down in my hands they were so small then.

In those days I always had a pair of big work horses and in winters of the 1920's and 1930's before electric power in the area, I was working a lot on Upper Baker Pond hauling ice and filling ice houses for the summer camps and summer homes, usually with Warren Chase who had charge of the ice cutting which was done with a gasoline engine mounted on a sled and attached by a belt to a circular saw. My price for a day with a team was always \$6.00 even when labor was \$2.00 or \$2.50 for a man. I also worked sometimes with my team winters logging for others when not busy for myself.

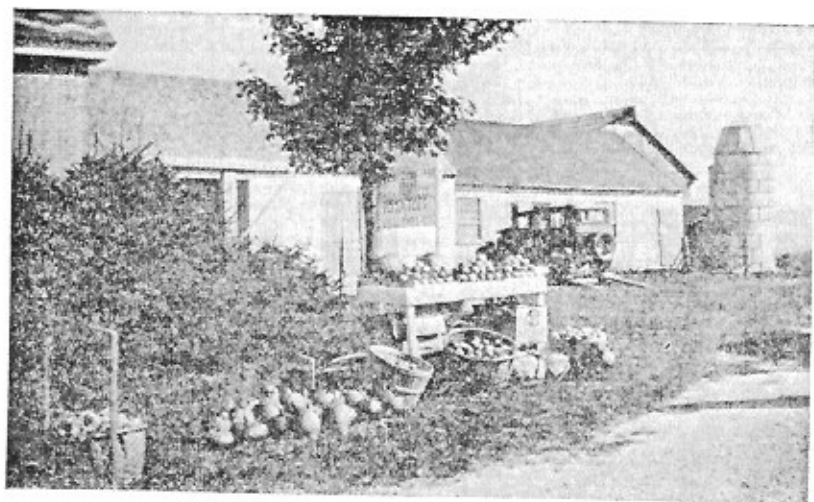
Until about 1940 the roads were such that I was often called upon to take my team and pull tourists' cars out of the mud. Usually if I had my horses working on the farm and had to unhitch from the plow, harrow, etc. and went to pull one out

I would only ask them \$2.00 if it were nearby but many of them were so relieved to be on solid ground again that they would insist on my taking \$5, especially if it was in the night and I got up and harnessed the team for the job.

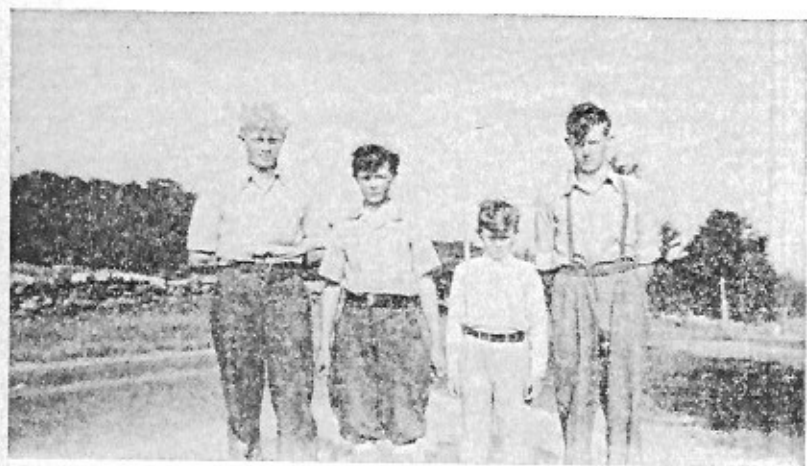
I remember at least once being awakened in the night by someone at the door who had a car stuck on Indian Pond road well over toward the old schoolhouse, as they had taken that road by mistake and when stuck were left with nothing to do except walk ahead until they came to a house and got someone to help them.

As I built up my livestock, I spent more time on the land in the summer and less in the woods but did some logging winters as long as I was there.

I believe there is not a square rod of the fields of Mt. Cube Farm that I have not turned with a single furrow walking plow and been over with harrows and cultivators as well as mowing and raking hay so many times. I also mowed all the Downing farm and cultivated a lot of it and mowed all of the Learned farm and the old Johnson field in front of Bud Hook's house, all the Clark place one year and all the Stanley Chase place another summer when the farm there was vacant, buying the grass on there to cut and haul home to feed my increasing number of cattle.



Mt. Cube Farm roadside stand about 1935.



The four older Currier boys about 1940.

The old Mt. Cube Farm sugar camp was beyond repair when I bought the place and I built the new one there in early summer of 1928 and first used it in the spring of 1929. I had tapped about 30 trees the spring before and boiled the sap in two small pans on a temporary stone arch on the lower side of the field above the sugar place and near the road into the field through the maples.

Edward Stone was R.F.D. carrier and came by horse and wagon in summer and sleigh in winter, coming through from Indian Pond and after each big winter snowstorm the town had me break out the road with my team and sled from Mt. Cube House past Indian Pond to the foot of Grimes Hill which was well over to the River Road near the Piermont line so that the mail carrier could get through. When Ed Stone was forced to retire due to age, I was asked to take over the R.F.D. route of Orford for the winter until a regular carrier could be found. This was early December of 1934 and I had a big 1926 Buick Master Six then and I carried mail over the route every day with it before the town ever used a snow plow. Sometimes I came by way of Indian Pond but usually missing that piece of road by retracing by way of Orford Street making extra miles on better roads. This was the first time the mail was carried by car over that route in winter but a former sub-carrier had used a Model T sometimes when the roads were good in the summer.

In April of 1935 Frank Bonnett of Lyme was transferred from Lyme R.F.D. to serve as Orford carrier and I became his substitute and continued this as long as living at Mt. Cube or about 20 years. One other winter I carried all winter while Frank was in the Veteran's Hospital at White River.

I sold Anna Johnson about an acre in June of 1935 and helped on much of the building of the house there. I built the stone terrace on front and selected and hauled the stones for the chimney. Charles Chase and I dug the well and put in the water line and built the stone walls on the west and south side of her house. Mrs. Johnson's brother, a Mr. Pillsbury of Newburyport, Mass. selected the site and made the deal with me for her.

I had Harry Clow install the 32 volt Delco light plant in the south west corner of the cellar of Mt. Cube House in December of 1933 and I wired the house in January and February of 1934 with a little help from Ralph Blair of Piermont and was the first person in that area to have electric lights. In July of 1941 I put the Montgomery Ward 32 volt big windcharger on the barn roof and for several years used that as the main source of electric power, keeping the Delco plant for auxiliary power. I changed to the R.E.A. power line as soon as it gave service in March 1947.

In June of 1944 we had a telephone installed in Mt. Cube House as soon as a serviceable line was extended out there from the Ed Bean place.

I bought the Andy Chase farm in June of 1940 for \$350.00 of Alson Brown who was administrator of the estate. I built the sugar camp there in the fall of the same year and sugared there the first time in 1941.

I bought the A. Kimball lot that joins the Chase place in June of 1943 and bought the Kenyon lot in March of 1943.

We acquired the Downing farm in 1942 and I built the sugar camp there in the fall of 1944 and sugared there the first time the spring of 1945. Note that I prefer to use the old Yankee name of sugar "camp" rather than "house" and as an authority on this the History of Wentworth on page 216 shows a picture entitled, "A Sugar Camp".

I have been giving the bright or pleasant side of things at Mt. Cube Farm and now to show that life is not all smiles anywhere I will give some of the other.

Not 1941??

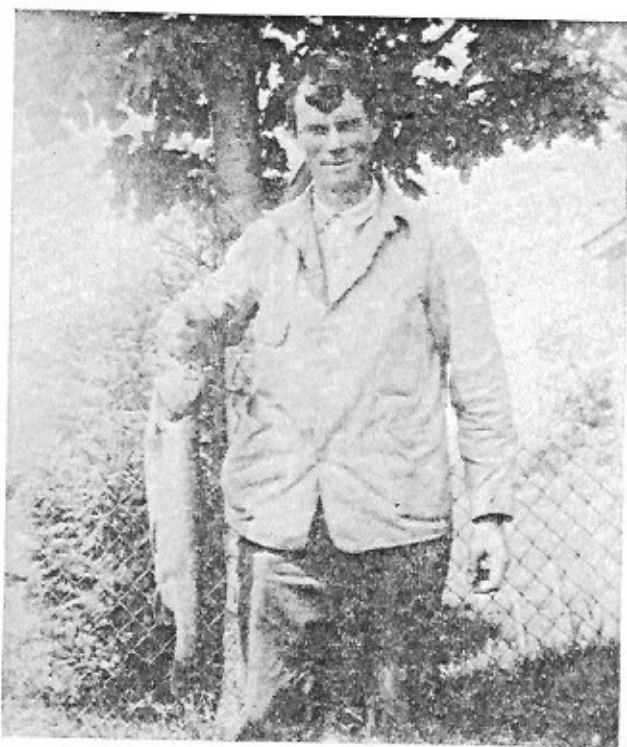


Mr. and Mrs. John P. Currier and four sons, Jesse, Lorenzo, John E. and William, about 1935.

After about 1930 our life at Mt. Cube seemed to be quite a succession of trips to the hospital at Hanover. There was John's broken leg of September 19, 1931, and Wesley's appendix operation of August 12, 1938, and also in 1938 my tonsil operation, then the four boys were all there for removal of



Currier Mt. in center, Ames Mt. on right and Mt. Carr on left taken on Atwell Hill.

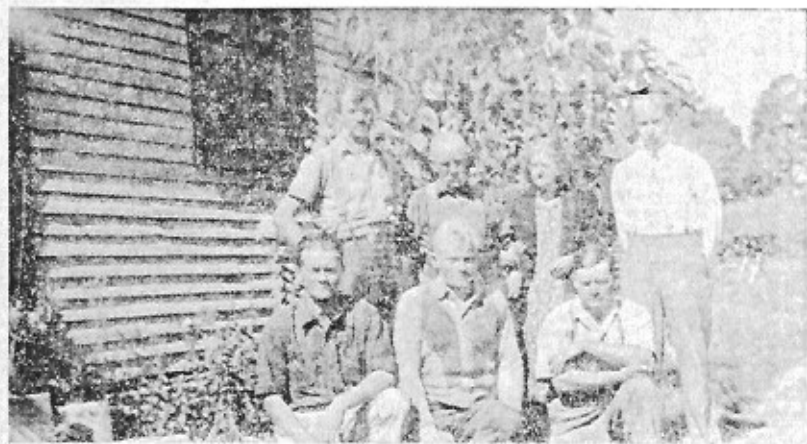


Myself with a "big one", a rainbow trout, about 1935. Note size of sugar maple at SE corner of Mt. Cube House.

tonsils. Mrs. Downing was down there in 1936-37 and Elizabeth Downing died at the hospital in June of 1933. George Downing died there October 12, 1941, and my wife was there several times for operations and sickness and Ellen was there for awhile in April and May of 1954.

With the two older boys leaving for the war in 1941-42 and the other two boys in high school and help getting hard to find and poorer in quality and more expensive, I began to think of leaving the place and trying life elsewhere and with the death of Charles Chase in April of 1949 after helping me much of the time since 1918 or about 30 years, I saw that the time had come for a change.

In this brief sketch of life at Mt. Cube I have also given an outline of some of the more important events and dates. I could go on endlessly about other interesting events such as



Myself, my father and mother, my three brothers and my oldest son Norman about 1940.

trips up Mt. Moosilauke, Mt. Chocorua and one up Mt. Washington by foot trail and another by cog railway and my first airplane flight in 1931 which my wife and I took together over Fairlee Lake in a small 3 seater piloted by a Mr. Fogg of New Hampshire, who was one of the state's pioneer aviators. Or, I might mention the lowering of the tall chimneys at each corner of the house by nearly two feet and then taking down the two chimneys, one at the center of each ell, each with a small, square, brick arch at its base, or I might tell of the Appalachian Trail hikers we put up overnight at times or the boarders we took on road construction jobs and S. B. Manning crews who hauled pulpwood with trucks from Quinttown to Woodstock, N.H., but will go onto other subjects now which to some extent cover life at Mt. Cube.

Piscatory

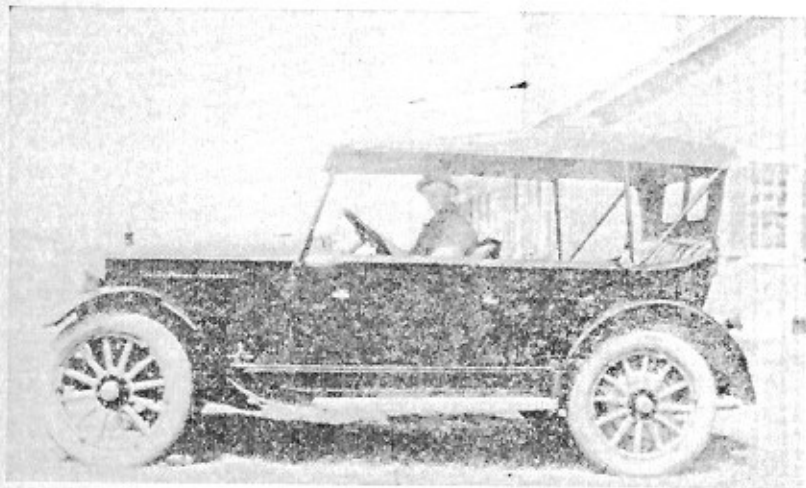
In case some don't know this pertains to fishing or the sport of Isaac Walton. I became a disciple of Isaac Walton at a very early age. In fact, I can't remember when I caught my first trout and it seems my piscatorial ability was well developed by 1905 as we have a picture of myself, probably taken by Elmer Goodwin our near neighbor, showing me as a small boy with fishpole in one hand and a good string of fair sized trout in the other hand and my youngest brother, William, standing

nearby apparently about two years of age (he is six years younger) and on the back of the picture in my mother's writing, "Jess 8 years old with trout and William C.". This is the only picture ever taken of me at an early age except one as a baby which my mother gave my wife and she still has it. Many of the pictures I have had taken as a young man and in middle age show me with unusual catches of fish, usually trout. I believe there is hardly a rod of trout brook or river in Wentworth or Orford that I have not fished and most of them many times. This also applies to many streams in the south edge of Warren and many farther off. I also fished all the ponds in Wentworth, Warren and Dorchester for perch, pickerel and bass as well as considerable night fishing for horned pout. I have also fished Squam Lake and Lake Winnepesaukee with my father and have done a little deep-sea fishing, some in the Atlantic Ocean near Gloucester and in the Gulf of Mexico near Fort Walton in Florida. After taking up life in Orford, I did a lot of sucker spearing in the spring of the year, mainly in the brook between Baker Ponds and in lower reaches of North Brook and Gilman Brook.

My favorite of all fish either to catch or eat has been brook trout and it is likely that if I ever was to seriously consider what was the most tasty food I ever ate, I would probably come out with a decision for brook trout properly fried with a little salt pork or butter, I feel sure this also applied to my father and Grandfather Currier.

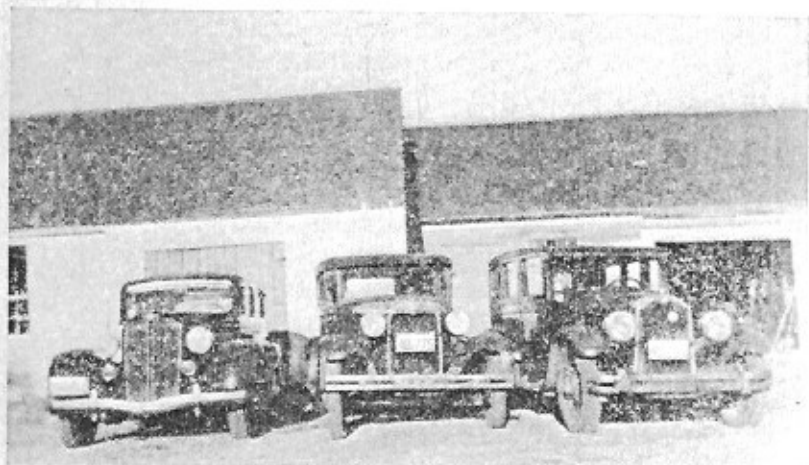
Cars and Trucks

The first autos I remember of riding in or any of my father's family either were brought up to Wentworth by our "city cousins", the Curriers of Lawrence, Haverhill and North Andover, Mass., who came up for visits in the summer, these people being the brothers John and Albert Currier and their sisters Ella Currier, Addie de Mars and Carrie (Currier) Currier. This John Currier was the superintendent of the J.P. Stevens Co. and Bert, as he was called, was the Stevens' family chauffeur and they had the better cars of those days. Ella had a two cylinder Maxwell which, as I remember, had its crank on the right side instead of the front. This was along about 1906 to 1915.



The 1918 Essex, picture of 1922.

I have now been owning and driving cars for 47 years and never owned a new car or even a very nearly new, never been involved in an accident of any consequence or had a brush with the motor vehicle laws. Most of the cars I have owned were good buys compared to the new ones and in good mechanical condition and I ran most of them more years than an average motorist does new ones. I never thought much of the



A 1940 picture of the three cars, 1934 Buick, 1930 Ford and 1926 Buick.

idea of a new car being a "status symbol" as so many do. It was more to my liking to own land "the good earth" instead, and considering the great depreciation in value of new cars for the first year or so, plus interest on investment and even more expense for finance charges, if bought that way as most are, and greatly higher insurance costs and taxes, I have really saved a lot of money that way enabling me to own a considerable amount of real estate.

For the benefit of younger children and grandchildren who may sometime become what is called "antique car buffs" I will list them from earliest on and we still have pictures of nearly all of them.

My first was a 1917 Maxwell 4 cylinder "touring" car that I bought May 24, 1920, at a sale on Orford Street near the Fairlee bridge for \$500 as I remember the cost. This was not a very rugged or durable car mechanically but with quite a lot of repairing, mainly to the rear end gears, etc. I ran it over two years. Then with it still in good running condition, I traded it with Phil Bean for an old Studebaker E.M.E. which he had gotten hold of somewhere. This was about a 1914 model, I believe, but still very sound mechanically and was a right-hand drive with the old Presto Lite headlamps that one lighted with a match. I only ran this from July until November 1922 and traded it at Evans Garage in Wentworth for a 1918 Essex 4 cylinder touring car, price \$550. I still think today this was one of the best cars I ever owned although of course it did not have four wheel brakes or automatic windshield wiper, etc. This car was practically indestructable, meaning of course, it never had any breakdowns or mechanical troubles and seldom, if ever, went to a public garage for repairs. I ran the Essex 10 years until September 23, 1932, when I bought the large 7 passenger Master Six Buick, 4 door sedan of Smith Motor Sales in Lebanon for \$125. Up until about this time most of us did not operate cars in winter, this was pretty much before good anti-freeze and cars were "put up" for the winter, usually in November and taken down off jacks and battery installed and got in running condition in April.

Before getting the Buick I had been using the Essex to fill silo with which it had done very well with a large wooden pulley clamped onto one rear wheel jacked up off the ground. I kept the Essex and used it to fill silo with and later took the

body off and made a small truck platform on back and used it to haul in potatoes, wood and other produce for years or up to 1940, giving me 18 years of service from it. It still ran well when it was sold about 1942 for war scrap metal.

I bought the 1930 Model A Ford 2 door sedan of Pease Motor Co. in Plymouth, N.H., for \$125, March 19, 1935. This was at the height (or bottom) of the 1930's great depression when a dollar was a dollar or perhaps even more, which explains the prices of the last two cars. I bought the Model A mainly because I was then on the R.F.D. a lot and it was especially well adapted for such work. I had both the Buick and the Ford in operation most of the time from then on for a few years and November 21, 1939, I bought the 1934 Buick 4 door sedan of Cavanaugh Ford Co. in Manchester for \$225 paying cash as I did for all cars thus getting lower prices and kept the other Buick and Ford. One picture we have shows all three cars lined up side by side in the door yard of Mt. Cube House, about 1940. This 1934 Buick was a real good car and our main transportation for the next 10 years and never gave me much mechanical trouble. Soon after getting the 1934 Buick the boys and I took the body off the 1926 big Buick and built on a sizable truck body and used it for years hauling hay, etc.

In 1942 I sold the old 1918 Essex and the 1926 Buick farm trucks to Bennie Goodman, the junk dealer of West Lebanon for war scrap metal salvage. Both still ran well but I had then bought the old 1932 Reo Speed Wagon milk truck for \$40 of Charles Stewart which by replacing the milk wagon body with a larger platform type truck body gave me a heavier truck. This was used for more than ten years hauling hay, wood, etc. and left at Mt. Cube Farm when I sold the place.

On June 21, 1949, I bought the 1941 Olds Ninety Eight 4 door sedan of John Koneon of Lebanon for \$600, letting him have the 1934 Buick and paying him \$500 difference. This Olds was run over four years to Florida and back winters and on October 6, 1953, I bought the 1949 Olds Eighty Eight sedan of Lebanon Oldsmobile Co. for \$1,050 letting them have the 1941 Olds for \$200 allowance. This Olds Eighty Eight served us about 8 years with little trouble.

On February 23, 1960, I bought the 1951 Studebaker pickup truck of Mr. Gibbs of E. Flat Rock, N.C., for \$175

and it is still in good condition now after seven years of doing all my work here hauling hay, wood, etc. and building supplies.

In January of 1962 I bought the 1956 Dodge Lancer sedan of Pete Folsom Motor Co., letting them have the 1949 Olds and paying them \$475 difference. Although this Dodge was the most sumptuous looking car I ever owned, it was the worst for mechanical troubles and I only ran it nine months and in September 1962 I traded it at Ed Orr Motors in Asheville for the 1959 Rambler sedan, price \$1,250 getting allowed \$600 for the Dodge.

I have run the Rambler over four and a half years now, doubling the mileage on it from about 30,000 miles to over 60,000 now and it has given us very good service and economical upkeep and is still in good condition.

Maple Sugaring

I add the word "maple" because it is a word I like, in fact one of my favorite words like "apple" but it is not needed to convey the meaning of sugaring to any with a Yankee background, for "sugaring time" is all that is needed in New England to make us think of spring of the year and of tapping the maples. One of my earliest memories is of walking behind my father in his snowshoe tracks in mid March up to the Rollins sugar place soon after he bought it with a large tract of land on Ames Mountain about 1906. Although in those early days sap weather meant cold feet in the frosty mornings, they were soon warmed when we got the great fire going in the brick arch and many nights we came home with feet soaking wet.

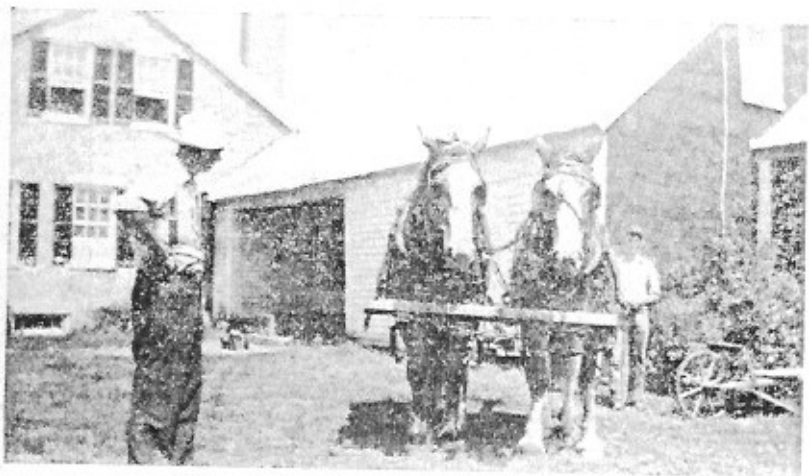
In those days school did not start for the spring term until late April and my brothers and I had about the entire season to spend helping our father in the sugar place. There was plenty of severe physical labor involved the way the sap was gathered but I think none of us regarded it as work in the usual sense of the word for there is something special about the season of the year and its first harvest, that I believe many country people like us regarded it as a sort of seasonal ritual like going fishing as soon as trout season opened or deer hunting in the fall. I am quite sure there was no other season and work my father enjoyed comparable to sugaring



Sugar Camp on Mt. Cube Farm, Mt. Moosilauke in background.
Norman in front, John, Alfred and Wesley in back.

and without doubt, his father before him who had made sugar all his life on the old home farm and used it almost exclusively for their sweetening.

I presume every generation back to the first in that area had about the same feeling for this very special time or season of the year and its sweet. I have enjoyed many sorts of outdoor activity such as fishing, hunting, berry picking, etc., all productive to some extent but sugaring was always beyond the others in anticipation, action and retrospect.



Alfred with horses King and Queen about 1948.



Rear view of Sugar Camp on Chase place, picture of about 1945.

Although my father, like several of his neighbors, was still using the old hand made wooden sap buckets about 1906-20 as well as the large wooden stave sap holders which held several barrels of sap, the tin sap bucket has been around now for a hundred years and the galvanized one about 50 years at least. I have one that Stephen Poor was using in the Downing's large sugar place which has painted on its bottom "Stephen Poor 1867".

I also have a Wentworth Town Report of 1880 which was published in Plymouth and carried several advertisements, one is of a tin shop in Plymouth which made all kinds of tin ware for maple sugar makers, sap buckets, sap heaters and one gallon syrup cans which sold then for one dollar a dozen.

It seems that in those days some towns let out advertising space on their annual town reports to local concerns for revenue to help cover their printing cost.

My father, John P. Currier, in his little book *History of East Side Road in Wentworth, N.H.* and published in 1945, says that 60 years before then he knew of 17 sugar places that were operated by families living along the two-mile stretch of road from Wentworth R.R. Depot to the Warren line and there were only two small ones left there in



Front view of Sugar Camp on Chase place, picture of 1966.

1945. I doubt if any are operated now unless a small one at the old Ben Libby place next to the Warren line.

Let me mention here, that what some now call a "sugar grove" was in those days and in our neighborhood, always called "sugar places", and the building where sap was boiled down as the "sugar camp", and I still prefer to use these names. Louis Bromfield in his book *Pleasant Valley*, which has long been one of my favorite books, uses the term "sugar camp" so it seems to be even more than an old New England Yankee name for it, but he deviates from our usage and calls the place in the woods where maple trees are tapped the "sugar bush" which, I believe to be a mid-west term.

No longer ago than when I was a boy there must have been several dozen sugar places in the entire town, which was a town of many small farms, or what we call small farms now, but were perhaps about average for New Hampshire. Nearly every one of them had a small sugar place of perhaps only one or two hundred sap buckets and were all operated every spring and syrup and sugar was made for family use and perhaps a little to sell or trade at the country store.

My father's sugar place then was up on the side of Ames Mountain that we called South Mountain and having more

*we said
sugar house
in camp*



Front view of Sugar Camp on Downing farm built by J.W.C. in 1944.

elevation than most others nearby, we could from there on a sunny and frosty morning in the spring, look down across Baker River Valley and count perhaps half a dozen others by the small cloud of steam and smoke rising up through the trees as they boiled sap.

When I first located at Mt. Cube Farm in 1921 some mornings I could see the steam of Will Learned's and Phil Bean's across the road from each other down at the sharp turn of the road around the end of Mt. Cube. Also, that of the Downing camp, Henry Pease's place (Burt Clark's later), Fred Mack's and Glen Pease's. Also, I could sometimes look across the valley toward Piermont Mountain and see the steam of the camp operated by Jeddio LaMontagne near the old Cy Lowell place and on the old Ed Pillsbury lot now owned by the Ladd brothers.

Then Fred Mack and Will Learned each had a pair of heavy oxen which they used to haul a sap gathering tank on a sled through their sugar places. What an experience—that of walking through the pines and spruces where one could not see so far ahead and smelling wood smoke and steam from boiling maple sap before coming in sight of the sugar camp as we used to do with one of our neighbors, David Goodwin, the father of Elmer Goodwin, now living on the corner of the old Goodwin place next to my mother on the East Side Road.