

Pease Family History * Orford, NH

Theda Pease, 1997

•What I can remember about the Sherburn-Pease family of Orford, NH, whose home is located about a mile west of Upper Baker Pond, on Route 25-A.

I think there was about 100 acres in the farm when Luther Perry Sherburn bought it from Lanson Haines in October, 1866 for \$2,400 and he said in a little less than two years, he had it paid for. Luther moved here with his wife, Charlotte Angeline [Clifford] Sherburn and three children: Orrin W. [6/6/58], Nettie [10/30/60] and Charlotte Maria [8/26/63]. Their youngest child, Mabel Clifford, was born here on May 17, 1868. Mrs. Sherburn died when Mabel was about five and his daughter Nettie kept house until Luther married Harriet Blodgett five or six years later. This was basically a New England hill farm, growing or making almost all necessities and working off the farm to raise cash when possible. Glenn's mother said she remembered that on rainy days her father Luther would yard bark [hemlock, I think] from up back. I don't know where he took it or what it was used for.

My mother-in-law Mabel Sherburn Pease said that her father was told when he bought the place that the water had run here for eighty years. I suppose this was from the spring up back near the pasture fence, ninety-six rods away, and still runs in 1997. It comes from the ground in a layer of blue clay, under a _____ tree and has never failed. At one time, Glenn had about sixty head of cattle, our house and Francis' house and there was water enough for all. Glenn said he had seen times when you couldn't dip up more than a cupfull at a time from the spring but it kept running. Mabel said that she could remember when she was a child that a man named Pump-log Moore came and bored pump logs to run the water through. The pump-logs were pine, I think, six or eight feet long, with a hole bored through the middle. One end was hollowed out and the other end pointed so that they fit together. Some are still in the ground, solid as ever, in the pasture below the spring. [Gerald has one in his sugarhouse] There was a terrible thunder and hailstorm the last of May, 1906, which broke a lot of windows in the front of the house. This storm blew out a lot of pump logs and Grampa Sherburn had lead pipe run through the good logs to carry the water down here. In the 1950's, Glenn put in plastic pipe to carry the water, mostly along the same path. At that time, there were still a few pump logs visible where a little brook had eroded along the line. Mabel said there used to be a well in the front dooryard, [on the left just as the driveway went around to the back of the house - near the light pole] and that her father had filled it in.

Mabel Sherburn married Francis Pease on February 3, 1887 in Piermont. They went to live in Pike, where Francis worked on the farm of E. B. Pike, the owner of the Pike Whetstone Company. Their first child, Bertha Lena [9/20/87] was born in Pike and at some point they move to Ellsworth Hill, Wentworth, where Francis worked for his father, Samuel and lived in the end of his house.

Francis worked on the farm summers and drove four oxen logging in the winter. The logs may have gone to Wallace Brown's sawmill near the brook at the end of Atwell Hill road. Della Angeline [6/29/89] and Edna Grace [10/28/92] were both born on Ellsworth Hill. In the early 1890's, Samuel moved to Franconia, NH. Sometime before January of 1895, Francis, Mabel and family moved here, because Gladys Desire [1/8/95] was born here. Francis worked for Luther Sherburn, his father-in-law, for a year but they didn't get along, so the family followed Samuel Pease to Franconia. Their fifth child, Vernie was born [7/25/96] while they were living in Franconia.

Francis Pease continued his work as a teamster, often driving four horses logging. One summer, he was driving four horses hauling sawn lumber from a mill in Franconia or Easton to the railroad in North Lisbon. One

day there was a certain amount of lumber that had to be at the station at a certain time. They asked him how much he could haul. He said he didn't know, he "had never been stuck." He started out at three AM - don't know how far it was but he had to go up Sand Hill and he said the horses kicked up so much dust, he couldn't see the leader. I think that was the largest load of sawn lumber ever hauled into North Lisbon. Francis said that some of the men at the mill said they would find some of Pease's load on Sand Hill but they didn't! Some time after that Francis was working in the mill and his brother John was driving those horses. John came in with a load and stopped before they got quite far enough. John said they would have to unload some before the horses would start the load. Francis said they hadn't pulled yet, try again. He watched them and when he thought they were about ready to stop, he said, "Yep" and they took the logs and John right along. John was some mad to think that his brother had bested him.

Harriet Sherburn died on October 9, 1893 and Luther lived alone until he told Mabel that if she and her husband would move here and take care of him until he died, he would give her the place. [The deed says she paid \$1,000 but who knows if money ever changed hands.] The combination of inducement and duty apparently worked and the Pease family made its last move, to Sunset View Farm here on 25-A, around the turn of the century. Dorice Harriet was born here [4/26/02] and Glenn Francis [5/17/06] on his mother's thirty-eighth birthday, the only boy after six girls. He was born right here in his mother's bedroom.

Francis Randall Pease 1902 Diary:

4\26 rained most all day Mabel sick tonight got another 9 lb girl [Dorice] Mrs Gale is going to spend the night
4\27 [Sunday] at home all day everybody came to see the kid

Francis Pease died of a heart attack or stroke on their anniversary, February 5, 1925. He hadn't been very well for a few years and the farm and barns were run down. Glenn gradually fixed up the barns and got the land back into production.

2\6\25 East Orford Bradford, Vt., United Opinion

•Francis Pease is very low. He had a shock last Saturday morning. He went to the barn about his usual duties and while there was stricken with a shock paralyzing his left side, so he was unable to get up and go to the house. A neighbor came and helped get him in. Medical aid does not seem to help him as his many friends wish it might. He was conscious but unable to get up.

2\13\25 East Orford Bradford, Vt., United Opinion

•The news of the death of Mr. Francis Pease was received with sadness by a large circle of friends Thursday morning. The funeral was held at his home at East Orford on Saturday. Mr. Ledeau of Wentworth was pastor and Mr. Nickolf of Plymouth the undertaker. The bearers were four of his brothers, Edwin, Lorenzo, Horace and Charlie Pease. Burial was in the East Cemetery in the family lot. Besides his wife he leaves six daughters, one son, six brothers and two sisters besides a large circle of friends to mourn his loss. Mr. Pease was a quiet, good neighbor, always had a smile and good word for everyone, a respected citizen who will be greatly missed by all. They have the sympathy of all in their bereavement.

During the winter, Glenn logged with his horses in various places around here. One day, he was working with the horses up on the back of Mt. Cube. The team in front of him tipped over and it took a long time to load up again. Glenn left home at about 5:30 that morning and got back about 7:30 that night and had earned \$3.50 for himself and his team. He said he was poor but not that poor and did not go back to that job. The winter of 1931, he was hauling logs to a skidway up back of the farm. He was unloading when a log came loose, knocked him down, rolled up on his arm and pinned him to the ground. Alphonse Fillian, who was hauling logs to Wentworth, found Glenn and brought him home. The doctor from Lyme came to put his separated shoulder back in place. Walter Mack and Leslie Donnelly were chopping then and after the accident, Roger McIntire helped for a while until Glenn was able to drive Kit and Diamond again. [Gerald told me this story in May, 2017: Once when Dad was

logging up on the side of Cube and yarding logs down to a skidway in what was then Goodwin's pasture [next farm west], he got caught by a log he was unloading and pinned to the ground. The landing slanted a little toward the skidway as one drew in and apparently Dad didn't get out of the way fast enough as he loosened the chain around the logs on the scoot. Of course the horses were still hooked on the scoot and if they had moved even a foot or two, could well have crushed him. First, Dad talked to the horses, calming them. Dad said he could hear the kids playing down at the schoolhouse. Dad shouted for help and Mrs. Bert Clark [Pete Thomson's place] said she heard shouting but didn't realize what was happening. Dad also put one of his gloves under his dog's collar, hoping the dog would go home but apparently that didn't work. Alphonse Fillian was trucking the logs and when he got back to get another load, saw Dad. Dad said he never saw anyone get out of a truck and grab a cantdog so fast. Alphonse was able to roll the log\logs off. The log had dislocated his shoulder and when he was taken to the doctor, the doctor put his knee in Dad's chest or groin, pulled\manipulated his shoulder and got it back in its socket.]

Glenn worked wherever he could and did his farm work too. There was a sawmill up back on Harry Goodwin's place for a while and he drew logs to that and later he hauled pulp. He worked for Mrs. Baer in the apple orchard for several years [on the place now owned by Ralph and Ibbie Bischoff on the Crossroad, now known as East Cemetery Road]. He sprayed trees, mowed between the trees by hand and with horses and also helped at picking time. When the state road was reconstructed by here in 1929, they pushed the brook over to its present location in the hill down toward the Flat. Glenn used his team [Kit, a bay mare and Diamond, a white gelding] in hauling and scraping the gravel and rocks.

Dorice, Glenn's sister, and Mr. Charles Gilbert came here to stay in December, 1932, and stayed here until their son Dale was born in June of 1936. Mr. Gilbert worked for the state building culverts around the end of the mountain. Mabel Pease boarded five or six men who were working on the road. Mr. Gilbert also put in the dormers upstairs over the kitchen while he was here.

I came here to work for Mabel Pease for the month of March, 1928 and Glenn and I were married that fall, on September 30, 1928. Marm [Mabel Pease] boarded teachers for several years before we were married and continued to until the school just down the road closed in 1935. We had four girls a year [must have been for 9 week terms, as there was only one teacher at a time.] for three years, those who were doing their practice teaching from Plymouth Normal School. Leslie Donnelly, son of Glenn's sister Della, stayed and worked here off and on for several years. One winter, Les and I and some other folks were on our way to his mother's out on the Archertown Road so his band could practice. We stopped to pick up Ethel Stuart at Beans [she had taught out here and was teaching at Beantown School at that time]. On the way home, the car quit before we got to Beans, so we took everything in the car and walked home. We got home about 2AM - we must have been a sight, wrapped in blankets and Les with his sax.

Glenn called changes for square dances for about fifty years and he called in approximately fifty different halls over this time. In the early years, he called with several different musicians, including Glen Youngman [piano] and his cousin Les Donnelly [sax]. He called for the longest time [about 25 years] with Pat McLissac's band, including Edna Perry Simpson playing piano, Floyd "Bud" Ray on drums, Earl "Joe" Libby on fiddle and Pat on sax and piano. They played for dances at the Painted Barn in Wentworth [owned by Dot Brown] in the summer and at the Town Hall in Warren in the winter. They also played up at Stinson Lake Friday nights during the summer. He had to give up calling in the late 1970's when he had his shocks. When he began, he got \$2 and was getting \$25 a night at the end. In May, 1950, a group of people from Orford were asked to demonstrate "Honest John", an old

time square dance, at the New Hampshire Folk Festival in Gilford. Glenn called, with Remembrance "Mem" Martin from Bradford furnishing the music on his fiddle - Glenn said Mem was was one of the few people he knew who could play the tricky tune well. The couples were Walter and Ethel Horton, George and Leona Smith, Chester Pierce and Gertruce Prescott and Norman Woodward and Ruth Prescott. They were well-received in Gilford and were asked to repeat the performance at the New England Folk Festival in Boston that summer, which they did. Dudley Laufman, noted folk dance historian and musician/caller, remembers watching that performance as a young man. Dudley has recently learned some of Glenn's old calls and performs them at some of his dances.

As did most farm families of that era, we raised most of what we ate. We always had a big garden, just up west of the house in the same spot as today. I don't know just how long the garden has been on that site but Mabel Pease said that it had been there as long as she could remember and she was born in 1868. My son Howard and I still have a garden there. We grew all vegetables, eating out of the garden in the summer and canning two to three hundred pints of vegetables a year, particularly corn, string beans, shell beans and peas. We also canned a lot of meat, including roast beef, roast pork, chicken and beef stew [this was before we had a freezer]. We picked wild blackberries, blueberries, strawberries and raspberries, canned many and made a lot of jam and jelly. One year I made wild strawberry jam to sell for .10 a small jar. Glenn raised pigs to sell and also dressed one spring and fall and a beef every year. He salted the fat pork, pickled and smoked hams and bacon and made corned beef and sausage. In the 1950's and 1960's, we butchered six pigs and two beef a year to feed us and Gerald's family. We raised a lot of potatoes, some to sell and the rest to eat. We grew Webster beans, Soldier beans and Jacob beans for dry beans, to sell and to make baked beans every Saturday night. In the spring, we went to meadows in Lyme and Newbury, Vt. to dig dandelions. We usually filled two large grain bags with the greens, which everybody helped clean. Some were cooked with pork and eaten right away and the rest were canned. In the fall, Glenn would spend several evenings slicing up the pumpkins we had raised. Everyone peeled and cut them into little pieces to be cooked and canned for pies.

I also made a great deal of clothing which we wore, including most of the children's clothes for both summer and winter wear. I made dresses and aprons for myself, shirts for Glenn, and two corduroy jackets. I patched everything and darned bushels of stockings. Grain used to come in white cotton bags covered with lettering. These were washed out and made into sheets, pillowcases and pajamas. When there were pretty print bags with no lettering, I made dresses and aprons.

The farm was always a gathering place for the family, for Christmas and throughout the year. Several of Glenn's sisters lived with us with their husbands or after their husbands had died. Della and Jay and Dorice and Mr. Gilbert lived here off and on for years, Bertha and Bill stayed here summers, and Edna lived here for the rest of her life after Uncle Tom died. Della often came for a few weeks in the summer and so did Bertha after their husbands died. Bertha, Bill and their son Don eventually bought an acre of land with a spring and built a cabin up back of the farm. They stayed there summers for many years in the 1950's and 1960's. They always helped with the work while they were here.

During all of these years, Glenn's, mother Mabel lived here, as she had given him the farm with the same understanding with which her father had given it to her, that is, she would live here until her death. She was always a wonderful person and we never had any trouble all the years I was married. She helped in all housework that she could do and spent a lot of time with Arthur, playing school and letting him listen to her "talking books" which she began to receive as her sight failed. Mabel fell on February 2, 1955, broke her hip and never walked again. She was in Mary Hitchcock Hospital until the last of April, when she came home. We had different ones

help take care of her and I did what I could. Glenn used to pick her out of bed and put her in a wheel chair so she could come out and eat dinner with the family, which meant a lot to her. Even when she couldn't come to the table, Arthur always took his biscuits and syrup in to Grammy so she could fix it for him. She died here at home on July 18, 1956.