

Interview with Alexander Shaw Clark, son of Rhoda Shaw Clark

On October 2, 2017, Historical Society volunteers Mary Atai and Dan Rothman met Alexander “Zandy” Clark at the house on Bradford Lane once owned by Zandy’s mother, Rhoda Shaw Clark, and where Zandy’s sister, Cathy, still resides.



Zandy Clark lived in New Boston from 1940-1947 and continues to visit the family home.

In this interview, Zandy talks about:

- living in New Boston during World War II
- the house and barn, and how they’ve changed
- friends and neighbors
- adventures of the Clarks’ ancestors in war and peace
- cider vinegar

The interview begins part way down Cemetery Road, below the house.

Zandy Clark: Rhoda Clark bought this Whipple property opposite the cemetery here in New Boston. It was a summer-only cottage with a three-car garage, and the taxes she thought were too high. And she thought if the fire department, legally, burned it, the taxes would go down. And they agreed to burn it for practice. But the taxes didn’t budge. But she now owned the cellar hole at the lowest corner, which was the McLaughlin Tavern during the Revolution, and the well where McLaughlin Sr. was found dead after that war.

Mary Atai: And when you say that was the Whipple cottage; it was not J.R. Whipple, though?

Zandy Clark: No. It was a family from Massachusetts happened to be named Whipple, a very common name.

Mary Atai: So, they were not even related to J.R.? Okay.

Zandy Clark: No. My mother would have looked into that, I think.

Mary Atai: Alright.

Zandy Clark: He [J.R. Whipple] was from Maine. He was from Portland, Maine, where my grandparents were from. And the reason that my grandparents bought this old house and fixed it up was because they knew him, and they came out to see his commercial farm, the cement barn... famous for providing high quality produce and pork for the Parker House and his other hotel in Boston. And they fell in love with this house and bought it as a summer place.

Dan Rothman: So, your grandparents were the first Clarks? They were the Clarks, or...

Zandy Clark: Well, my mother, Rhoda was a Shaw, married to John McLane Clark, on the front lawn.

Dan Rothman: They [Zandy's maternal grandparents] were the Shaws. And their first names?

Zandy Clark: Lois and Winfield. And they were from Maine, and why they knew J.R. Whipple was when he was courting his wife in Maine, her father was a raging drunk. And he [J.R.] didn't want to go to her house to court her.

So her classmate and friend was Winfield Shaw's sister, Annabelle. So he met her at my great grandparent's house and courted his wife. And he became a friend of the family.

Winfield's father, Horace Shaw's family had a recipe for brown bread that came all the way from Cornish, Maine, via New London, New Hampshire, going back three or four generations. And Whipple loved that brown bread. And he served it at the Parker House in Boston.

Mary Atai: Well, that's nice.



Winfield and Lois Shaw, seated behind sleigh-driver (and neighbor) George Mansfield

Mary Atai: Now, when Lois and Winfield, your grandparents, bought this house [about 1916], did they live in it full-time after they bought it?

Zandy Clark: No, not until they retired, about 1929. It was a summer house.

Mary Atai: Okay.

Zandy Clark: It had been Victorianized and had porches around three sides, and all the porches were falling in. So they stripped the porches pretty easily. And the barn had to be redone for the horses. Their hobby was horses. Not boats. They grew up near the ocean, but not boats... horses, because his father loved horses. Morgan horses. So they had the horses, and they could camp out in the house, but eventually they took the ell off that connected to the barn, 'cause it was very narrow, and it sits down the road. It's a very narrow yellow house that the Pipers own. [9 Joe English Road]

Mary Atai: And this side right here is the original, correct?

Zandy Clark: Yes. Just the west side.

Dan Rothman: All right, we're in Bradford Lane, so the left side is west.

Zandy Clark: That's the original, shown in the lithograph in the town history as the Priest Bradford House — a Saltbox house with only one front door. Now, the dining room and second front door on the right side is “new” as of a hundred years ago, because Lois and Winfield were riding the dirt roads one day and she asked for a glass of water. And she saw that the dining room and the stairway had already been damaged. They'd burned the stair rails, banister, and newel posts for firewood. Probably they were renters or poor cousins, and the other people had gone to the city for a job, so she said, “Would you like a new dining room?” And they said “Yes,” and she had all that woodwork taken out, wainscoting, the mantle-piece, everything, rope moldings around the top. And sent the carpenters over to rebuild theirs with plaster. Nice. It was nice.

So she said, “Well, we have to have somewhere to put that room. We'll build another front door and put that room on.”

Mary Atai: I saw the wonderful woodwork the other day.

Zandy Clark: I could show you parts of it that have been carved with the kid's names on it; they're behind a piece of furniture. I can show you brands on the mantle-piece of the sitting room, the parlor, that say Dodge. At one time a Dodge family owned this, but not Jim's family, after the McLaughlins. And some kid was ... they had a brand, put it in the fire and said “Hey, look at this!” Burned their name right on the mantel piece.

Mary Atai: And now you have eight fireplaces, correct?

Zandy Clark: I'm not sure that many. There's three and three, in the old one, and... two in the new one, that's eight. You're right.

The old chimney had to be rebuilt completely from the ground up in 1917, and again 1968, both on the top, everything's had to be replaced. The slate roof is a hundred years old, now, but Mr. Bradford Johnson lives down the road, and he goes up there and lays good ladders on it, both sides, and replaces slates. He did the town hall steeple... slippery job.

Dan Rothman: So the new half is about 100 years old?

Zandy Clark: Yes. They made it a little wider in the garage. You see that cherry tree at the end? uh... crab apple. Beautiful. Flowering crab apple. Grows so well because

that's where the outhouse was. I can show you where the outhouse was in the Mansfield's house, too

Mary Atai: Oh, yes?

Zandy Clark: Three-holer. Yep. It was in an ell that connected to the barn, just as ours did! Totally gone, don't worry. [Mary Atai recently bought the Mansfield's house. Woody Woodland owns the 2-unit that was the barn, years ago.]

But moving right along! We lived in Alexandria, Virginia, and moved up here when my father, John Clark, went in the service [1942]. He was working for the Washington Post.

Then he worked for the OAS, Organization of American States, which was started by Nelson Rockefeller, a friend of his. He had gone back to Harvard on a Nieman Fellowship [for journalism], and learned more about the Spanish culture, and he was gonna specialize for the Post in South America. It was very important at that time because we were aware that the Nazis were pushing into many countries in South America. Argentina everyone knows about, but Brazil, Chili and Ecuador as well. So the government gave Rockefeller money to start the OAS. It was more like a Peace Corps then.

Zandy Clark: So ask me more questions.

Mary Atai: Your father was going to work in the OAS and in South America, but then he didn't?

Zandy Clark: He went in the service in the OSS, Office of Strategic Services, which preceded the CIA. We had no CIA when the war started. So he spent two years in the war doing that. Allen Dulles was his boss, working the Trade Union desk, in Bern, Switzerland. They were trying to get someone to assassinate Hitler. No go. Then he went back to working in South America.

Mary Atai: Okay. And all this time that he was in South America, your mom and all of you were where?

Zandy Clark: We were here.

Five or six, seven years of my childhood, and then we moved there... [Claremont, New Hampshire]. He bought a newspaper, and then he died very suddenly, and we spent many weekends and every summer here. Because my mother had five children. And she [mother] took over the newspaper. My grandfather said "Don't do that. We'll support you."

Mary Atai: But, she became editor of the newspaper in Claremont?

Zandy Clark: Yeah. Publisher. Did very well for 11 years, had a lot of trouble I won't go into, but more than most publishers at that time, and finally sold it when her mother got cancer and came here and nursed her mother through three years of cancer. As a result, she inherited the house.

Her mother collected antiques, so the three daughters split the antiques and Rhoda set about going to auctions and replacing them all.

Mary Atai: After the years in Claremont, and your father died and you grew up and your mother had the paper, then you all moved back here?

Zandy Clark: She moved... but we were grown and gone.
Now, when I was a kid we lived in that little house down there.

Mary Atai: The yellow one?

Zandy Clark: It was the ell.

Mary Atai: You lived in the ell? [a previously removed part of the main home]

Zandy Clark: My grandfather called it the Bloody Blunder because he bought the land down there from a man named Blood. And they rolled the ell across the fields taking the stone walls down... Well, he had made money in the Depression, in the Crash, for a peculiar reason. So they felt... people didn't have work here; and the dairy farming was going to hell. And they were driving into Manchester to work, burning up gas, so he employed as many people as he could. They thought it was a good idea.

Used to be cheap to move buildings. They did it all the time, but now labor got pretty high. Grandma would feed all the men working here, sometimes ten of them at lunchtime, which was called dinnertime back then. What we call dinner was supertime! They built onto the end of the barn those last two windows, four more stalls... Hired some guys who understood post and beam, and built that on. And that's a nice horse barn, really nice horse stalls. They had six thoroughbreds there. And a pony sulky [two-wheeled carriage], geese and chickens, a pig... one three hundred pound pig, always named Bertha. They had it butchered right here, each year, packaged and frozen down at the public 'freeze locker' near Parker station. Grandma made scrapple, head cheese, a kind of sausage, but not so greasy. And that pig was reincarnated each year as Bertha. I guess we were pretty dumb kids.

Mary Atai: Now, I heard during the war that it was your Aunt Chiggie who lived down there in the yellow house.

Zandy Clark: Yeah, and we did too. All of us.

Mary Atai: Your whole family and their whole family?

Zandy Clark: Well, my mother and two kids. Her sister, [Aunt Chiggie] and her first of five boys, Tony Orr. It got pretty crowded towards the end! Most of the cooking happened at the big house, and we often spent all day up there. If there was sickness, we were sometimes quarantined at the big house. People worried a lot more about flu and meningitis and mumps, back then. Binny had meningitis real bad. Everyone got the chicken pox, measles, etc. Threat of polio in August kept people out of the cities, kids would be sent 'back to the farm' during August epidemics. They thought polio came from the city water system.

Zandy Clark: They got rid of the horses, 'cause it was war time. Didn't make sense. He got involved in the county war effort and they had a committee that decided they should have all the kids go around to collect the milkweed. Milkweed was everywhere, because no livestock will eat it. It grew everywhere. So we'd take big burlap sacks and fill it with the fluff. We didn't have to winnow out all the pods. (Now, it is too easily killed unintentionally by Roundup, in all lawn seed and fertilizers so you don't have ANY weeds, not even clover, in your lawn. So

Monarch butterflies are being killed by a Dow/Monsanto product developed from Agent Orange during the Vietnam War!)

And they'd give us 10 cents a bag. It would take you a whole day to fill a bag. And they told us it was going in the pilot's jackets in place of Alpaca. And we had a bombing range over here [two miles south of the house]. So we could visualize that, because one day a fighter plane came out in pieces on three huge flatbed trucks, me with my nose pressed to the window, stupefied. We never did find out if the pilot died. The war was present every day for us. We could hear Mustangs, I guess, shooting all day, at targets.

And at night the Navy sent up big bombers, droning ... and they dropped 200 pound plastic bags of water. One of them landed near Homer Dodge, who ran the store. He was delivering groceries. Fog obscured the Joe English Pond lights, and we had nine new street lights in town. The water bag landed between him and two barn doors like that. He was going up the porch, and the doors came off. It flattened him. The doors came off and landed on top of him.

Dan Rothman: Oh!

Zandy Clark: So they used to say about Homer, "He never did say much before that, and he ain't stopped talking yet!"

Mary Atai: That's a good story.

Zandy Clark: My grandparents were well off for that time. Grandfather Shaw retired young from International Shoe. His dad, Horace, had come from being a runaway, owned three shoe mills in Maine. He sold out to International Shoe. Grandpa went with International Shoe.

Mary Atai: This was Winfield Shaw?

Zandy Clark: Winfield, named for Gen. Winfield Scott... .And he didn't like that they were buying up ALL the shoe mills, even Thom McCan. At the time he had this house, they lived in Manchester on 16 Salmon Street. It's now a doctor's beautiful brick office. And he ran a mill for International Shoe in Newport, and the big one which is now Hudson College [the former Hesser College], near the new Elliot Hospital, was an International Shoe mill. And he was the manager. He didn't like it, because they were a monopoly. And he retired young and he became a consultant. And he got hired by people in Germany and Czechoslovakia to come over and show 'em how we got so much leather out of one hide. How we automated this whole process.

Over here, we didn't inherit all the burden of shoe-making the old way. Our great grandfather Horace Shaw, the runaway, after being mustered out in 1866, sold shoes all over Maine, and took over when the company went bankrupt, in 1870. He introduced red and chrome yellow and new styles for women, and modernized production. Winfield graduated Harvard in '00, called "aughty-aught," and studied calculus, and he figured out how to get more leather out of a hide. So he took his wife and five daughters and went to Germany in 1929, and he thought, "I don't want to be in the stock market while over there." He was a very cautious man. So he sold everything, including his wife's inheritance from the paper company, and of course while they're over there, the Crash happens.

And then they went back another year because they loved it. They were treated really well by the manufacturers. Rhoda had a proposal from one of the sons! (I could have been German! What then?)

Two years later he and Lois can buy GE at a \$.67 a share, or Westinghouse. He bought both. The two competing companies. So, that's how that happened. I shouldn't be boasting about all this. I mean it was just blind luck.

Mary Atai: It was luck. Yes.

Zandy Clark: Yeah. Because my other grandfather, John A. Clark, was a broker and he was almost ruined.

I mean, we are here, but only in spirit. This is really the Priest Bradford House, restored by the Shaws, and my grandson is first-named Shaw Goldblatt Clark, Caleb's son.

Mary Atai: How about the McLane's? [paternal mother's family]. How did they do?

Zandy Clark: They've always done pretty well.

Mary Atai: Yeah.

Zandy Clark: But, you know, our family is interesting in this respect. All four great-grandfathers of mine earned their way to relative wealth. And two of them were fostered out or runaways! John McLane was governor in 1906, from being a foster kid whose mother did not speak English. The reason he was farmed out was his dad died in a pond, swimming, two years after immigrating. That's Alexander McLane. Immigrated from Glasgow, about 1867. He had a skill they needed here, which was cutting the patterns in a wooden roller that printed fabric. Cotton made here in the giant mills had to be printed in different patterns. He was swimming after work. They said in the newspaper [that] Alexander was Scottish, but he couldn't have been drunk yet because it was only 5:30. They actually said that in the Manchester newspaper. We have it.

Mary Atai: Oh my gosh! Horrendous.

Zandy Clark: Well anyway, his sons were farmed out because their mother didn't speak English. She spoke Gaelic. I have so many foster kids in my family, and runaways that I always wondered about Joe English, either half-breed or foster, a runaway. I wrote a teen novel about a runaway, called "Missing Danny: Memories of a Runaway" by Zandy Clark, on Amazon and Kindle, soon to be in the library, I hope.

In Milford there's a statue of John McLane because his factory was there, where he built post office box doors, with the little dials you twirled and a tiny window to see if there was mail. These were government contracts as the whole west was being opened by the railroad, so it was good money. And Horace Shaw was riding the Intercontinental Railway as far west as it went every year, selling his chrome yellow and red shoes, and if he stopped in Chicago he might ride a trolley that my great grandfather, Alexander Clark, bought the rights of way for, as lawyer and publicist for the public transit company, and all of them read magazines with slick paper developed by my Warren great-grandfather, at S.D. Warren paper mills in Westbrook, Maine.

Mary Atai: Okay, I'm getting a little bit confused.

Zandy Clark: So am I! Too many Alexanders and Johns in both families!

Zandy Clark: So the McLane come-over, Alexander McLane was grandfather to my grandmother, Hazel McLane. This is going back some.

Hazel was my McLane connection. She married John Alexander Clark, which made her a Clark. Moved to New Canaan, Connecticut. Her husband was getting wealthy on Wall Street. He had his own stock brokerage. But then the crash came and he was a booster. He was full speed ahead, and my other grandfather, Winfield [Shaw], was up here fiddling with his guns or over in Germany consulting, as I said. It's interesting that the Clark got burnt by the Crash. And he was a very rash man. And in a way so was my father. And the Shaws, ay-yi-yi. Don't ever take a chance, you know.

Mary Atai: So you have one very conservative side, and one very...

Zandy Clark: ...one more speculative.

Zandy Clark: So, Alexander McLane's wife, Mary Hay is buried right in this cemetery... she was Mary Hay, maiden name, born on the Isle of Mull in Scotland where the McLanes are the dominant clan, but they lost Mull in a war with the Campbells... she became Mary Hay McLane in Glasgow. She came over; her husband died, Alexander. She remarried a man who lived toward Goffstown, so she's buried under the name of Mary...Jondroo, but it's anglicized... J-O-N-D-R-O-O. No E-A-U-X's, the proper French way to spell it.

Zandy Clark: The McLanes say that John McLane... their verbal tradition was that he walked from a farm on the border of New Boston through Goffstown into Manchester to high school. And sometimes he got a ride from a wagon that was going that way. So Binny, my brother, found this Jondroo farm was right near the border of New Boston, and they're both buried down here. It's pretty interesting to have your great-great-grandmother buried right here [New Boston Cemetery] and we didn't even know it. You know, no mention of her McLane previous marriage on the stone, no reason why we would know.

Mary Atai: Amazing.

Zandy Clark: Yeah, I mean, most American families come over as poor and work hard and slowly everybody goes uphill. Our guys came over, they hit the top, so you know, it's not quite the same thing, because you are so-and-so's daughter or son, you have silver spoon disease. But now, also, the women start to excel as well as the men. So now the McLanes have Annie McLane Kuster, congresswoman, Susan McLane, tireless legislator, her husband Malcolm, Mayor of Concord. And many lawyers, a professor, a software magnate, Andy McLane. (See "The McLanes, a NH Clan," by Ron Collins in the library!) And my grandmother, Lois, spent five days in the Charles Street Jail, arrested for demonstrating against Woodrow Wilson after he broke his promise not to veto the 19th amendment (Suffrage). She was the only married woman with four kids in that group! So I am proud of a jailbird! Rhoda Shaw Clark, my mother, was publisher of the Claremont Daily Eagle.

My cousin, Tony Orr, who lived here longer than I did, is a banker in Florida, and his son, Chris, is a decorated fighter pilot. Arden Clark Davis, my niece, is a United Airlines pilot, and on it goes. Two professional musicians, my brother, Binny, a Woodrow Wilson Scholar, ironically, and my sister, Linda Clark McGoldrick, who saved the White Mountain School in Littleton, from bankruptcy. Just to round things out, that school was founded by our distant great aunt Dot McLane!

Dan Rothman: You mentioned a Shaw, you called him “the gun man,” or “the man with the guns.”

Zandy Clark: Right here, Winfield Shaw collected guns since childhood, but he never hunted. He “loaded his own” as they say, molded and charged his own shells; shot muzzle loaders here at his own range. We boys learned to shoot, but not the girls, but later my sister Linda turned out to be a ‘dead-eye’ with a pistol, as was my father, a pacifist! He had never shot a gun before the Army, shot from the hip with a forty-five automatic, in a Ballantine, meaning the shots were grouped with three touching circles like the beer... three out of five! Neither one could hit a thing by aiming, only from the waist, two handed. Not surprisingly, Ellen’s two boys were scouted pitchers; Nathan pitched for the Expos farm team in the Deep South for five years. The rest of us were not good shots.

Dan Rothman: So it was a hobby?

Zandy Clark: Yeah. He had close to forty guns in the attic, and we only have two left: a brace of dueling pistols given by Colt to Gen. McDowell after losing the Battle of Bull Run twice! And a musket that we know was brought over from New London on an ox-cart to Cornish, Maine; and then eventually to Portland, Maine. You want to hear that story?

He's a McLaughlin, but he's not related to any of these.

Mary Atai: Isn't that funny? Another coincidence.

Zandy Clark: Well, it's Northern Irish. Originally "LACHlan." And a lot of Scots use that first name. Well, let's go back to the McLaughlin tavern. So, they hated George Washington when he was fighting the British and every Guy Fawkes day... you've read this in the town history... they would take an effigy of George Washington, they would get drunk on Guy Fawkes day... [which is the guy who tried to blow up the Parliament. So in England, they burn dummies of Guy Fawkes, a traitor, on that day.] So here these guys got drunk and marched that effigy down this road to Joe English Hill, which was bald then, as it is now, and could be seen up and down the whole Merrimack Valley, and they would burn that effigy. And they did that two years I think it says in the... the third year, a McLaughlin, who was the head of the militia in Bedford got sick of it and they came up and anticipated them and prevented them from doing that.

Soon after the war ended... and of course, as you know, New England was free of England after Ticonderoga. Within six months we were free and the rest of the country took three years or more of bitter fighting. So we were in a very unique situation here... free of England.

It puzzles me why these Tories were so adamant, but they had to be Anglican. They could not have been Puritan. They just wouldn't have made that jump. And how they ended up being Anglican here, as far as I know... except for Saint Paul's and Exeter and some of those other schools, which were all Anglican ... Anyway, where all that conservatism comes from is just a mystery. But after the war, John McLaughlin Sr. was found dead in his well and his son soon departed for Canada, selling this house to Priest Bradford!

Mary Atai: So he was killed? I didn't know that.

Zandy Clark: The inquest is in the town history; says no proof of foul play. Anyway, what is the tie-in to McLaughlin? First of all, John McLaughlin, the Tory, was stopped by a McLaughlin in Bedford who was a patriot; and I had another tie-in... Oh, and we have a McLaughlin in our family that settled China, Maine after he fought through the last two Indian wars, most amazing story of any of our forebears. But no relation between any of these McLaughlins.

George McLaughlin who settled China, Maine, was sold to a ship captain at the age of 11 in Northern Ireland on the promise that he would learn navigation from the captain. He was the cabin boy. And he was marooned in the New World at the age of 11. The captain just left 'cause the crew was mutinous. And he left an 11 year old boy. George survived and went into the militia, a stable boy, which was a form of charity then. He survived the last battle on the Plains of Abraham [the French and Indian War battle for Quebec City in 1759, with Wolfe and Montcalm].

But it was a brutal battle, it snowed 18 inches during that battle, and toward the end he was hit by a tomahawk right between his shoulder blade, and disemboweled by a bayonet from the front. I just read about it again. And he managed to hold himself together and walk three miles to the rear and get treated, and get put on a shallop. It's a 23 foot wooden boat with a little sail on it. It sailed all the way down the Saint Lawrence, all the way around Sable Island where the "Perfect Storm" happened, all the way down many miles to Nova Scotia, across the Bay of Fundy, to Georgetown, Maine, near Bath.

And they were all starving by then. They had stopped in and people fed them. They bought the boat. And of course the general on both sides... both generals were killed during that battle, and the British general was with them, and he died on one of the other shallops... he quoted the last verse of Gray's Elegy ... most amazing thing, as he died. "Better I should die this way than" ... I can't remember, it's a very famous four lines. There's a piece in a newspaper that we have from Lewiston, Maine interviewing somebody who knew George McLaughlin, who had seen these scars.

Mary Atai: That's a wonderful thing to have.

Zandy Clark: Yeah.

Mary Atai: I'm sure you have a lot of wonderful things. A lot of historical things. Besides furniture, I'm sure you have a lot of documents and historical things here.

Zandy Clark: Yeah. Some. I've told you mainly all of it. George McLaughlin is the most interesting person in our family, really. I mean, at 55, he married Lois

Sands, had five kids, and with a friend, helped found what was then called... Haarlem, but is now China, Maine on China Lake. And his homestead is there. The second house he built is... still there, and also one of the other homesteads that has something to do with his family. We have stories... is this probably more than you wanted to know?

Mary Atai: Are those homesteads places you can go through? Or is... you're just saying that the house is there? I mean, is it historically documented and you can go in those-

Zandy Clark: Oh yeah, and there's a plaque up there looking over the lake saying... it's on a rock at a high point where a field looks out on that lake... saying "McLaughlin and so-and-so, founders of this town." And then that house... we have pictures of both of those houses. And the people who live there know who built them. One is registered historic.

Dan Rothman: So, if you left here when you were seven, where did you go?

Zandy Clark: Claremont, New Hampshire for 11-12 years

Dan Rothman: Oh, for the newspaper. Okay.

Zandy Clark: ...and then my mother moved back here and we all went our ways.

Dan Rothman: But you would come and visit? Or were you too far...

Zandy Clark: Oh, no. We all got together at Christmas, we'd come from long ways off. We don't as much anymore, 'cause our kids are having babies now and it's hard for them to come.

Dan Rothman: Sure.

Zandy Clark: My son, Caleb, lives in Brattleboro. Heather lives in Westwood, MA. My other son, David, and I both live in Portland, ME.



Zandy Clark (undated photo)

Dan Rothman: So in the 40's, you lived here until you were seven, probably. Maybe don't remember too much? I'm wondering what you remember about New Boston in the old days.

Zandy Clark: Well, the first thing I remember is all the bombing range stuff. 'Cause we lived quite close to it down there. I was born in Manchester, but then we went back. I think I was two years old when I moved here. And they hayed with the Mansfields, partly with horses. Then they got a tractor to pull the wagon with a hay loader on the back, very primitive thing. Well, all the other kickers and tedders [haymaking machinery] were horse-drawn. So they'd "ted it" and "kick it" into a row, and then this tractor would come and...

But still you had to pick up some by hand. And then we put it up in the barn. There's a spider, a big claw, at the ridge pole. When the load was backed in, you would trip the spider down, you'd open it up and then jump up and down on it and push the tines in, then when the horse, or later the tractor outside, would go out through to that field; the tension would pull up maybe an eighth of a wagon full of hay at a time, and you could direct it either way to trolley the hay to the far end. In that heat, you could only stay up there a short while.

Then you have a hay-chute in the middle of the mow, with a trap door on it, and you'd put the hay up way above it. And then in the winter you'd open that door and pitch the hay down the chute, being careful not to go with it, to the middle of the corridor. So it was quite efficient once you got the hay in.

Rhoda and a hired man planted an acre of potatoes in that field. The furthest one down. During the war people did crazy things like that. Oh, and all that milkweed, I told you?

Dan Rothman: Uh-huh. (Affirmative)

Zandy Clark: Went to the dump. Every ounce. You know it was all about keeping morale up.

Dan Rothman: Did you go to school your first couple of years in the village?

Zandy Clark: First and second grade, my teacher was Ms. Seed. Her hair was your color [Mary's is reddish brown]. I was in love with Ms. Seed. And that was easy to do. She taught all three grades.

Dan Rothman: This was in the village school opposite town hall?

Zandy Clark: The fire station [built later after the school was torn down]. Yeah. The new, you know... right opposite the town hall.

Mary Atai: How do you spell that last name? S-E-E-D? Or...

Zandy Clark: Seed, yeah. S-E-E-D. I don't know anything about her, really, but she was a trooper. Boy, she... I already knew how to read when I went to school because they delayed me, because I was born on the third of January. It's three days... what a mess. You know I really hated that. Had to hang around with my younger brothers and sisters.

So she would just say go over to the corner library, you know, the little library in the corner and read, write something down if you want. And that's about what I did. Except in math.

Dan Rothman: So you'd walk to school in the morning and bring your lunch?

Zandy Clark: Oh yeah. Yeah. Mm-hmm (affirmative). Yeah, baked-bean sandwiches. Kidney bean sandwiches. Didn't have peanut butter.

And we'd walk through the cemetery, and even when it would snow. That's how we learned to ski, because you'd be going down through the stones like that. We didn't know it, we were pretty good skiers when that came. And then you'd walk back up anyway you could make it 'cause it was slippery. It was definitely further back than down.

That is an old story they tell, it was three miles in and six miles back. You know.

Mary Atai: What kind of games did you play? Do you remember any of the games you played when you were living here? Did you play with the neighbors?

Zandy Clark: You know, we didn't much. It was a big deal when John Locke came to live in that old... in Heidi's... the little cape.

Mary Atai: Right.

Zandy Clark: The first kid in the neighborhood.

Mary Atai: And John was your good friend, I was told.

Zandy Clark: Well, yes. But then we moved so I was here all summer and holidays. We came here, but it was ... I don't know why, his father had trouble. Johnny was an only child, he went to Vietnam, very rah-rah. But when his dad died he got leave for the funeral. [He] played cards with Binny and me in Binny's room late at night, drinking whiskey. And suddenly he threw up on the floor, because he had parasites, he said. He apologized, and said it was because he shared the same food with his Vietnamese crew, against all medical advice... he was like John Kerry, a uh . . . He ran a Swiftboat, Mekong Delta water jet boats used to draw fire and call in air strikes on the Viet Cong. Very dangerous, one American aboard to call in the coordinates. You served six months only.

Zandy Clark: He had had just finished six months and they let him come home, and he went back and re-upped for six more months. Well when he came back he was smoking himself to death already. He restored a racing car some old guy gave him, raced it, and died at maybe 30 with lung cancer. I didn't even know it; I was out west by then. I didn't even know he was sick. His mother sold the house and moved away.

But his father was maybe quarter Indian. They were from way up north, in Colebrook, their family.

Mary Atai: And then the Locke house, I was told by Heidi, was sold by someone named Locke that was no relation. Same name and it became the Locke house. And when she bought it, it took thirty years before people stopped calling it the "Locke" house.

Zandy Clark: Yes, Bill and Mary Locke, good friends of Rhoda's, since childhood, because their Uncle Trumbull moved that old cape here from Salisbury, NH. So they had visited when they were young. Rhoda used to bobsled with them down the Wellswood [Farm] side of the hill on the Mansfield's bobsled.

Mary Atai: And now it's Heidi's house.

Zandy Clark: Hm.

Dan Rothman: How'd you get around... in other words, during the war, there wouldn't have been gas coupons or anything, or...

Zandy Clark: I know there were. Sugar and butter were rationed, too, but I don't know how. We didn't go anywhere much. I can remember the first time I went to a restaurant. I was probably 8 years old. 'Cause when we went to Claremont and Hanover, my dad was job hunting.

My father came back from South America and bought a Model A coupe. But it didn't have a rumble seat, and they already had four kids, so that didn't work. But Linda and I went with him... to Hanover, New Hampshire, with him in that. And every time a cop came, we had to roll the right-hand window down because it had been replaced with Masonite. We thought that was pretty funny.

I do remember the first time I ever had spaghetti. Or pizza. People find that hard to believe, but there wasn't... that didn't exist.

Mary Atai: How old were you?

Zandy Clark: My buddy had just gotten his license before me, so I was 15 (1955). And we had double-dated in his dad's car and went to Tony's Pizza, which was an old ice cream place out on the river. And now it was Tony's Pizza. I didn't know how to eat it, so I spilled sauce down my shirt!

Dan Rothman: So, other than baked-bean sandwiches, did your mother do the cooking or did you have any help here with all those kids?

Zandy Clark: She had someone come in, in the afternoon, so there was someone there when we got home from school and did some of the laundry and made supper, 'cause she wouldn't be home 'til later. Years later I said "Mom, those were tough years, you know?" She said, "What do you mean tough years? Those are the best years of my life." She read a lot and she really didn't enjoy much to do with housework, but she was very interested in all kinds of things like genealogy, geology. She was a geologist at Vassar. Sports – she skied all over northern New Hampshire.

Mary Atai: She was an artist.

Zandy Clark: And she was a sculptor. At the Academy of Fine Arts, Boston. That's just... she was waiting for my dad to ask her to marry her. But anyway, he was a little slow. My grandfather was the most trusting... I mean, he was very conservative. His oldest daughter Janet was the best rider, steeplechase, the best athlete, beautiful woman. She was 20 at Vassar, and she was dating a guy from a rich family over that way, and he wanted to go to the car show. And grandpa had met him and he didn't get a good feeling and he said "He's car crazy."

He used to call it "monomaniacal." He is monomaniacal. It's kind of a good word for today, isn't it?

Dan Rothman: Mm-hmm (affirmative).

Zandy Clark: So, he said "no." She said, "Can we borrow the new Pierce Arrow touring car to go to the car show?" He said "No. No, no, no. He can't do that. He drinks."

Weeks went by and she pleaded. Finally, he said "Alright. You drive every inch of the way, and no drinking." She was the first major car accident death in New Hampshire, on the boulder in the middle of the town commons at Dublin; which has now been removed after all these years.

They hit it, wham! She went over and into it. He didn't. But she got up, and they said she either was helped or walked to the steps of the store there, and sat there and said "Oh, I have a terrible headache," and then all of a sudden had an aneurysm and died.

Well, they never recovered. And they never had people over. Except for their 50th anniversary. They just, you know, pulled in. It's sad, you know. And then Binny rolled a jeep and became paralyzed, and we all had unhappiness. But I guess most families do. Insurance companies say that Americans are the most foolhardy country in the world and the Japanese the least. And it seems we do take a lot of chances and have very high gun deaths and all that. Even Australia, a former penal colony, does not come close because they banned the AR-15. Kind of too bad, you know.

Mary Atai: Mm-hmm (affirmative). That's interesting.

Zandy Clark: Inside are the antiques, and one that interests me was built by one of the Warrens in Wisconsin. That branch went West... had a farm, free land out west, blah blah blah. Somewhere in Wisconsin. And in the winter, he took some well aged butternut wood he had, and he made a Duncan Phyfe drop-leaf table, which is in the kitchen, signed on the bottom and labeled. This was built by our forebear, John Ebenezer Warren, in the winter of such-and-such. His son was the one that ended up in the Wisconsin unit that got scuttled by a stupid general; and he ended up in Andersonville prison and lived through it.

But he only lived because he knew a young med student who told him, "If you get wounded, don't ever use a bandage twice. And if there are maggots on the wound, don't touch them." Everyone else in Andersonville would use the bandages over, and then they'd pick the maggots off. He was wounded in the ankle, luckily, far from his heart. He had gangrene, but the maggots ate the gangrene. Those were different days, when people did that, it was a matter of course.

Mary Atai: Fascinating.

So how about these snow shoes right here? Are they really old? They look really old. The snow shoes?

Dan Rothman: Snow shoes?

Zandy Clark: Oh, they've been here, but that's something you can buy today.

Mary Atai: Is that how they look today? They look so old!

Zandy Clark: Well, these are probably pretty old. They have... we all turned to skiing after my mother did. We skied a lot.

Oh, this is the foot-warmer. So you dump the soapstone out and put it beside the fire, and when it gets good and hot before you leave for church, put it in there and put your feet on it, take it into the church and-

Mary Atai: That's a wonderful thing.

Zandy Clark: Yeah.

Mary Atai: Let's get a picture of that.

Dan Rothman: Did you get hauled off to church every Sunday?

Zandy Clark: We come from a line of non-church goers, Non-conformists or Quakers on one side. I'm not saying which!

Dan Rothman: But if you had to go, you had the foot-warmer.

Zandy Clark: Yeah! Well, my mother would collect... and my grandmother, they would... this is actually two hundred years old, I'm barely 77... [pointing] This is a 1700 toaster. Put it on an open oven or beside a fireplace.

Mary Atai: I'll have to get a picture of that one, too.

Zandy Clark: Oh, when my grandfather first really retired here, they had an orchard they'd put in and they had some apples and they had a cider press and they made a ton of cider; and these two huge barrels of cider ended up in the cellar. They were there for my whole childhood, slowly falling apart.

There was a wooden bung with a valve coming out the bottom ... and on top was a curved aluminum tube, pointing down into a glass of water, called an air trap. Bubbles could come out but no air went back in, so bacteria didn't eat the alcohol and turn it into vinegar, so then the cider would keep. But of course, it all turned to vinegar within a couple of years. So then he gave it to friends as a joke. The label said, "this is real cider vinegar, sissies dilute this!" It would curl your hair!

We used to go down and try to drink that cider straight out of there. Well, on a hot day, it was really cool sitting on the earth floor there.

I used to go up to Mansfield's across the road but we weren't allowed to drink the milk 'cause they didn't pasteurize it. But we tasted everything they offered us! And I had buttermilk there. But it's not buttermilk like we have today. It's the runny, somewhat clear fluid leftover after making butter. They made butter with salted cream.

Mary Atai: Now, this is, you're talking about, like maybe in the late '40's right? Or mid-'40's?

Zandy Clark: Hmm, about '44, '45, probably. And he [George Mansfield] slowed down and Paul took over. So George Mansfield was tall, and rugged. And his great grandson lives on Joe English Road, Tom, Jr. He takes after George, big strapping guy. He has a good job, manager of the State Highway Maintenance Department.

I can remember looking out and seeing the hay wagons going through that field, wondering why people work so hard in August, cause it's so hot, haying. Actually, that was Johnny Locke's idea. He used to pretend he was an Indian, he said, "White man big fool. Work in field all day, make hay for winter, feed horse and cow. Abenaki shoot cow come winter! Eat cow, maybe even horse."

We weren't just any old Indians, but Wabanaki, who we knew did not use horses. We fished Bailey's Pond with an old scow we raised out of the mud. We put a sail on that boat from an old awning. It took a whole summer, because we were not allowed to play by ourselves over there, so we had to sneak. The few times we had a chance the wind never blew and I have owned several sail boats since then, trying to get a good wind at last! You asked about games, these are the kind of games we played, outdoors, skating in winter, sliding, mud fights in a pond in the heat of August. Johnny built a soapbox derby car, and went to the state championships!

Dan Rothman: John was a quarter-Indian, you thought.

Zandy Clark: His father was part Indian. You know, very black straight hair. Up in northern New Hampshire, there a few people with that blood. The French have a special word. Can I say it? No, forbidden in polite company. But those mixed race and the runaways/fosters who make a total break with their family or their country have a secret blessing —They are free in a way no other people can ever be. It's all up to them, each morning.

"Make a list each morning, put the hardest one on top," said Horace Shaw, the runaway. "Do it first. Nobody else will."

Mary Atai: And your sister, Linda, she was very beautiful? She was the blonde, blue eyed... tall, right?

Zandy Clark: Uh, yes, she was. I have trouble talking about her, that was such a tragic end at 53. Three years of fighting an inverted papilloma of the sinus. She worked so hard for charities, and teaching and running exchanges to foreign countries to singing Chorales. Binny wrote her group a Chorale, really nice one.

So yeah, my mother had an awful lot of tough breaks and that was the toughest one on her, to lose Linda. Really. I mean, she outlived her daughter, Linda, by 21 years.

You know they say being married is healthy? Married people live longer? You try and keep up with Rhoda, her husband was seldom around. Not from the first day she was married, he was a Nieman Fellow at Harvard, and then here and there and working all this time and trying to get better and better. Boom, then he died, she was 38. She lived over 60 years a widow. I think she was pretty healthy.

Mary Atai: Yeah. She seems like she was a fabulous person.

Zandy Clark: She was. She was shell shocked from all the things that happened to her, so she wouldn't... she kind of withdrew here. This is like a refuge for a lot of our family. Binny and Cathy, too.

Mary Atai: But she was a big part of the Historical Society. She really did a lot for them.

Zandy Clark: Yeah. And she donated the media wall in the meeting room in the library. And she helped get a Master Plan going, zoning and all that.

Nobody knew she was a wonderful dancer, my mother.

And not that she was trained as a child or anything. She was just a really good athlete and she enjoyed it. So when she went to publishers conferences, she

attracted a lot of attention, 'cause she was a pretty single woman, which was a huge threat. Single women had a limited social life back then.

Dan Rothman: Well Zandy, thank you so much. I mean, this is wonderful to get all this information.

Zandy Clark: I hope it helps.

Mary Atai: It does help.

Zandy Clark: It's mostly true.

Dan Rothman: Mostly true!

Mary Atai: Okay, as long as it's mostly true. It's wonderful to have the record.