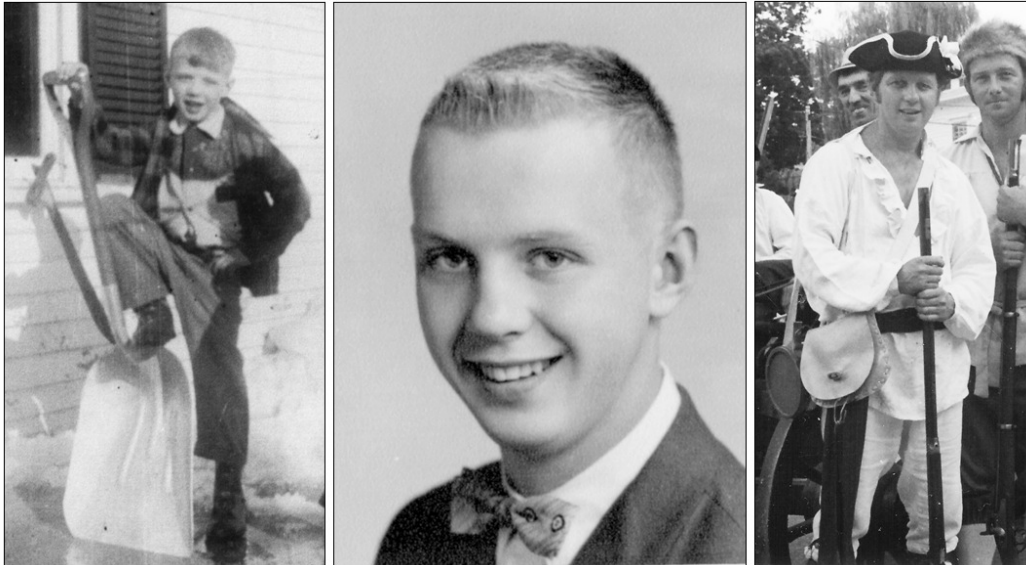


## "Memories of New Boston"

*Speaker: Wayne Daniels*

Thursday, March 10, 2016 7:00 PM in the New Boston Community Church

Wayne Daniels shared his memories of growing up in New Boston, N.H. Wayne was born in New Boston in the 1940s to Leon and Ella Daniels. He is married to Cathy.



In 2018 the Historical Society prepared a transcript of Wayne's presentation.

We apologize for any errors; some words were lost because Wayne's audience was laughing so much.

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Wayne Daniels:

A little bit to let you know how a lot of people in the Boston are related. Crazy. Holy cow. [crosstalk 00:00:06] I hope all through marriage. Okay, we start out with Marion Leavitt. Now Marion Leavitt married into the Woodburys. The Woodburys married into the LeBarons, and the LeBarons are related to the Danes, also related to the Todds. Now this is where it switches round a bit, because Paula Bose married Gardner LeBaron, and once that happened, we became related to the Butterfields and also the Warrens.

Now in that situation, it switches around. The Butterfields and the Warrens are related also to the Barsss, and also to the Smiths. Smiths ... part of the Butterfield family. Now, we roped the ladder to the Warrens, and then we come in for the Chanceys, the Mansfields, and the Houghtons. They're all related too. There's gonna be a test afterwards, don't worry.

Okay, switch it back around to the Daniels part of the family, and the Danielses married into the Houghtons. So now we're related in the other direction. The

Houghtons, the Mansfields, the Chanceys, the Smiths, the Barsses, the Dodges, the Danes, the LeBarons.

Speaker 2: It's the whole town.

Wayne Daniels: Now, we'll switch it. We'll move it down a little bit. In the Kennedys, Viola's daughter married into the Dodges. Now, I don't know where it goes beyond the Dodge's, but some of them are related to people in New Boston. Also, I know the mother is too. It goes back quite a ways, but I really don't know how much it goes back.

Now, also we'll switch down into people that live in town. In 1960, the amount of kids in New Boston was unbelievable. There were 69 kids living in the center of town. Just on Mill Street, we have the Beauchemins, the Danielses, the Gagnons, the Marshalls, and Saltmarshes. If you headed down River Road, you had the Lehmans, you had the Smiths, you had the Kings, you had the Lavoisiers, the Chanceys, the Pelchats, the Frederickses, the Orrs, the Townses, and the Hoopers, all lived on that street.

Now all these kids were going to school here, and basically from the age of, I'd say eight, up to graduate. Also if you went up Clark Hill Road, you'd come to the Towerses. That's four, or five Towerses up there, and then if you went up Old Coach Road you'd run into the Kennedys. The Kennedy's had four or five kids, and there's a Sheriff ... Sheriffs, after that, was their name; and then Gus Andrews was the Post Office Post Master. Then Homer Dodge and his kids lived up there in [inaudible 00:03:07] and Savoys(?).

Now, if you went over on Mardrinnen Road, you run into the Princes lived over there, Marjorie Prince and Howard, and Dick Prince. So, they all lived there, so we had 65 kids. When we say, "We played baseball all the time," we did because there was so many kids in town, and when you went to play baseball, if you wasn't playing baseball you'd be swimming in the river over here, or getting into something you shouldn't be doing, actually. Then on baseball, it usually started in the morning about 10:00, and we all met at Dodge's store, and then we'd figure out what we was gonna do for the day, or what we shouldn't be doing for the day. There was probably 18 kids that would meet there.

Also, in the afternoon it wasn't ... Nan Frederick had a horse, Ray Gendron had a horse, Marshall had a horse, over here by Marshall's store. They would take the horses, they'd bring them over to Dodge's store and we'd tie them up to the store, over here, they would. And if any of the kids wanted to go for a ride we'd just say, "Hey Nan, can we use your horse?" She'd say, "Sure, go ahead." We'd take the horse, we'd ride it down to the elementary school, here's how we'd turn around, and we'd ride it back up here.

She also had a wagon, and she would go with some of her friends. They would go up to the cemetery, ride around up there, and then they would go over to

the apple orchard, ride up through there, and pick the apples and feed them to the horses that they had. That's basically some of the fun we had.

Let's see here. Now the kids that I hung around, they were all nice kids. It was Butch Kennedy, Frank Whipple, Rudy Smith, Maury Pelchat, Dick Prince, Steve Boulter, John Marshall, and August Gomes. We all hung out together and everybody back then had bikes. There was bikes all over this town. If you wanted to go any place, everybody was friendly. They'd say, "Can I use your bike? Can I try it out?" "Sure, go ahead, and take my bike."

Some of the girls I know would go down to the Kanes, and the Kanes had brand-new bikes, so they'd go down there and always ask for theirs because they never rode them much. They liked doing something like that.

Okay. So we were basically swimming, baseball, we played "kick the can" on the church lawn, on the High School lawn, played softball over at my house, and softball right out here in the shop field, too, when we was little kids. Everybody had a great time.

Now Dodge's store, us kids was hanging around. We'd go over there, we'd go to Dodge's store in the morning. We'd line our bikes up on the steps, Ben would come out of the store, white apron and all, and he'd say, "Get your bikes outta here. I got customers coming." Now, there was only a little under 900 people in town, in the whole town. Today there's over 5,000 people. So, we really didn't see many people coming, but we would move our bikes around to the side because he'd holler, and scream, and yell at us. He was always giving us sort of a hard time, maybe we just gave him a hard time.

One year the river got really low, and, you know, you could hardly swim in it. So we decided that we was gonna dam up the river. I remember Frank Whipple came downtown, he had a shovel on his bike, and Ben comes out and he says, "What are you kids up to? You're up to no good again." We said, "No. No, we're good," so we take off. We had already in our minds what we were gonna do that day. So we rode out, there used to be the ice house over there, and we rode up to the ice house. We go out that road down there, and right opposite's a cemetery. Right opposite the library there used to be almost a dam or a building, I really don't know. So we work all day. Well 11 years old, it's all fun at some point.

So we dug the river up, we dug all the rocks up, we put them against the bank and went straight across. Frank and the shovel, his job was to fill around the holes and everything. So after we got done doing that for quite a while we decided it was time to go play baseball. Then we go down to the baseball field, and we played baseball in the afternoon, and we never went back. So we didn't think too much of it.

The next day we come downtown. Ben comes out of the store again, "Move your bikes." "Yeah, okay, Ben." Ben says, "What are you kids up to?" Frank Whipple says, "I think we're up to about 48 inches." That set Ben off. He said, "What are you guys doing?" We said, "We're building a dam." He said, "You're building a dam? Is that why there's no water in the river?" [inaudible 00:08:25] So, we ride back up to the river, where we're building the dam, and the water'd come right up. So we decided, maybe we ought to make it a little higher, it was only three feet high. We couldn't get it over four, because then that would be over our heads.

Anyways, we did some more work, and we took off, time to go play baseball again. So we go down and we play baseball in the afternoon. We said, "Well, let's go back over there." Here comes Ben, coming across the Common. We knew he was coming for us. "You guys have got all the water dammed up in the river." We said, "Yeah. We think so, but we really don't know." So he took us, and called our mother first, and told us he was gonna get all of us, and we were going over there to tear the dam out.

The water had gone up so much, he told us to go out in the middle of the river and tear it down. I told him I wouldn't tear that water down. I said, "You're trying to drown me?" I said, "I'll drown." So he's standing on the corner, we got that out, and it went right down the river with no problem at all. That was a good day for us. We had a fun hell of a time.

Then other days, when it rained, we'd go fishing. We fished a lot too, if we wasn't fishing we was doing something else. Anyways, our main fishing was over on the bridge. On the bridge we could go down the railing that's on the side, but you can't see the railing now because there's brush in front of the railing, and then you've got the fence, and then you'd see pipes all along the side.

When we were growing up as kids we would line the side of the pipes, and fish that way. Now they fish out on the sidewalk. What happens when you fish out on the sidewalk, we found out, you bring your pole back like this, and you hook onto somebody's wiper on the car that's going down the road. We didn't fish on that sidewalk. Never on the sidewalks, either. Under it, off the side, or right where the nursery school is. No, I don't mean the nursery. Right where Young's is, there's a big stone wall that goes straight down. We'd grab onto the edge of the stones, and we'd lower ourselves down till we got to the river.

There's a big rock down there we used to stand on. Then that only could take about two of us down there at one time, because not too many kids would want to do what we did. Anyways, we'd work our way back up by grabbing onto the side. When it would rain out, you had the bank that's there now, is part of the old stable. They used to have all the horses and carriages there. So we would go over there on a rainy day, walk into the stable, you had windows there, we'd stick our fishing poles out of the windows, and it'd go all the way down, the line would, and then we'd catch the fish that way.

Sometimes they'd never get all the way to the top. It didn't make any difference, it was all for fun for us. Then after we got done doing that, they had horse stables all the way across on both sides, and the hay was up the side like that. There was two ropes in there. We'd grab onto the ropes and swing from one side to the other. We had two ropes, and in the middle was where they used to park the carriages. Now, what we used to do wasn't the best thing. We used to swing across the top of it. There'd be Frank and me, and some of the other guys used to hang around. We'd swing across the top, and we'd land on the other side. That was simple; but what we're doing, we'd swing across the top and jump to the other rope, see if we could grab it, and make it the rest of the way across. We never got hurt, but we was awful lucky we didn't.

The other thing ... We did that for a while, and then one day in the summer, it was really hot, and we didn't know what to do; so we was sitting there, and Rudy Smith was there, and his brother used to have pigs. His name was Bowen, he was [inaudible 00:12:47]. So he says, "Why don't we go up and ride pigs." We said, "That ought to be a good idea." We go on our bikes, and I can't remember which had a bike, and I rode the crossbars. I rode the crossbars all the way til we got to Hogback, and we couldn't make it up the hill, so we all pushed our bikes up the hill, because then you only had one speed, and we got pretty tired.

So we get up to the top of the hill, and we make it all the way to South Hill, where they had the pigs. It was about ... I don't know how many pigs, looked like a lot to me. I remember they were white and black, that's all. Anyway, we're looking at them. He said, "Hey Newt, how are you gonna get these pigs out of the pig pen?" He says, "I don't know." "Well, we know, Newt. You climb inside and you drive the pigs out." He says, "Okay." The pig pen must have only been about four feet high.

So Newty gets in there then, he drives the pigs out. When the pigs come out we jump on top of 'em. Their feet go out from under them, and the pigs are so strong they'd pick you right back up in the air. Down we go [crosstalk 00:14:03], and when you get down there they throw you off. Well, all's it took was once to throw us off, and that was it. We was done. Newty comes back out, and he says, "Now it's my turn." He said, "You guys go in the pig pen." We says, "We're not going in any pig pen." So we didn't.

When you get to South Hill, there's a small brook there, and you go across there, and you could jump into that and wash yourselves all off before we got to town. Now, we get to town, and you're coming down over Hog Back, and there's a bridge there. Right up where that bridge is, if you take a right, you go out there and there's a dam, another dam. I think it's still there today, and there was a bunch of kids up there swimming. I was walking and the other kids hit the bridge, and I don't know if they could smell us when we got there or what. I remember Teddy Tower(?) picked me up and threw me right into the river. The other guys took off on their bikes. I didn't mind walking back home. That didn't bother me in the least.

I guess, after we got done doing that, that was in the afternoon, so we didn't do that anymore. The other things [inaudible 00:15:19] could have played every day of the week, or kick the can.

Then the other things we used to do. When you went up High Street, that was like a recreation area to us, because that was our own, but that's ... As you go up the hill, Chancey's place on the left was vacant, next house was vacant, Lanzillotti's was vacant, somebody lived in the other one, and then there's another house on the other side of that, I think it's painted orange, pumpkin, something like that. Anyway that had a big, a real nice raspberry guy, or a blueberry guy, but nobody was living there.

What we would do, we would go up to Lanzillotti's, and there was a guy by the name of Al Beales that was the caretaker for Babson in Boston. [Roger Babson founded Babson College, and the Gravity Research Foundation in New Boston.] He would check out all these vacant houses every day. We would check him out, so we'd know what time he's checking houses out. So we go up to Lanzillotti's and we'd get on his porch. His porch went right around in a circle, just like that, so we'd get on that porch, and we'd race around as fast as we could go.

Then after we got done doing that, we had a skeleton key, and that would open up about any house in town. [crosstalk 00:16:40] We'd go into that house, and when you walk into it, the place is really scary because it was totally furnished; Babson had furnished the whole place. The tables were brand new, the silverware was there. Everything, and it was all covered up with sheets, and if you go up to the top, in the bedroom, it was exactly the same place. I can remember going to the attic. It was all antiques up there, so they're probably really antiques today. I feel it was all old to us.

So, when you walk back down through, we can see Beales coming. What we did, we ran out of the building before he could get around to get us, and then we hopped on our bikes. Then we'd go down over the back stairs. Well, there's only one problem, Newty didn't make it to the bottom, his bike crashed before he made it. Beales was close behind him, but Newty was quick, he got back on the bike. We bicycled down over the hill to the depot, and we could still see him coming after us.

Then we went down the old railroad tracks, but back then when you got to the railroad tracks there was ties across all of them, but there was a path of trees growing up. Once we could dig one or the other. After a while he gave up, turned around. Said, "He's not following us anymore." So we went back, and we went to Orange Bridge. The Chanceys usually fished off Orange Bridge, that was their place in town, but other people went down there too.

Now on Orange Bridge, there's a walkway now, you can walk across on one side, and used to walk across on the other. Well, when we was kids, they never cut the I-beams off Orange Bridge, so what we would do, because they had all the planks on there, so you could walk across the other side, across the [inaudible

00:18:40]. We would climb the fence, and then we'd go down over the other side, and then we'd climb up on the I-beams, and then we could fish off the river that way, which probably wasn't the best idea at the time.

Eventually, the highway department came down and they cut all the I-beams off, because they stuck out 6 feet, so we couldn't fish on the I-beams anymore. Then when they built the fence, they put it up a couple feet from the ground, so then we'd slide underneath the fences, stick our bodies out, and fish down that way. The only trouble was, the cars would come down through, and our legs would be sticking out, but there was always somebody watching the traffic. And there wasn't much traffic to begin with. We used to do that for excitement, I guess you'd call it.

Okay. When I started school, I was in the first grade. We called that the Main School over here. I started there in first grade at the Main School. I stayed there one year, and then they took the first grade and they shipped them down toward the end of the baseball field. I stayed there for two years; then they turned us around, brought us back up to the high school, stayed there in high school, for third and fourth grade, and then they took us out of there, and they shipped us back down to where the elementary school is today. We went to the elementary school down there where it is. Then after that, they took us down to there again. We must have had terrible [inaudible 00:20:50].

Then they turned around, they shipped us back here to the high school. That's when we started going to the high school, and that was a lot of fun. In the 7th and 8th grade, you started having school dances, and you'd play JV basketball, and then we went on and played varsity basketball. The best thing about that was, when I was in the 7th grade ...

I'll back up a little bit. I'll start with the 6th. 6th grade, we had our bikes, and we'd race around Mill Street as fast as we could. I guess that's what we was doing. Anyway, I don't know if everybody remembers Cecil Marshall or not, but it used to be Marshall's Market over there. John, his son, had heard him swear. He asked me if I wanted work, I said, "Sure, I'll work." He comes inside, and I would stock all the shelves with cans on Friday, and he'd pay me money. I go inside there and I'm stocking the shelves, and I won't mention any names. These guys come inside, that I knew, who they knew me, and he said ... This guy was big, he was probably 6 feet or so, and he said, "I want a 6-pack of beer." I says, "I'm too small. I can't sell beer." He says, he bends over the counter, he looks me straight in the face, and he said, "Get it out of the cooler now."

I go and I get the beer out of the cooler; I bring it back, and Cecil, who run the store, he says, "Did you sell any beer, Wayne?" "No, I brought it to him." He said, "Well, where's the money?" "He put it on the counter." What he had to do, is between the store is a small barn. They would take the beer, and they'd go around there, and then they'd go down in the side there, and they had pails or seats down there to the river, and then sit down there and drink, and then they'd get drunk. Then they'd keep coming back into the store, and I'd keep

serving them beer. Then Cecil would go to the house, and then he was drinking whiskey. You can imagine how the store was being run, [crosstalk 00:23:20].

Anyways, after I got sick of going and getting the 6-packs, so I got a full case, and I just put it on top of the counter, so when they'd come back, I'd say, "Take one, put the money there." Then I ended up with ... Paul Saltmarsh come around one day. You remember Paul, there was Paul Saltmarsh and his sidekick was [Chapple Murdock? 00:23:53]. We used to call him Mudroom. The reason we called him Mudroom, is he used to go out on the common every night, when all us kids used to hang out on Dodge's store with the flashlight getting mud on our shoes. He went about every night to go fishing, so we nicknamed him.

Anyways, I went up there to go to work for Paul. We go up to Squappy's, that was an apple orchard on the way up to Frankestown. We picked apples, we'd put them in the barn. That's where Kary Jencks used to live [Shedd Road].

We'd go up there and we'd pick the apples and we'd put them in boxes, and Paul would pick us up and he'd bring us back down to the cider mill. That was all well and good, and then he'd give us some money. The next day he picked me up, he says, "How many boxes did you get?" I says, "Well, I don't know, Paul. We didn't count the boxes, we just picked apples." He says, "Well, go back up and get them." I says, "Okay." It got to be about 2:00 in the afternoon. Well, Paul and his friends from Massachusetts had started drinking hard cider, it's 2:00 in the afternoon. Paul says, "Get the boxes." He said, "When you get the [inaudible 00:25:12], I'm going to drive. Charlie's coming with us, get all these apple boxes, we'll put them on." I says, "Well, okay, that's fine."

We go up to Squappy's, we take all the apples, and we put them in the boxes, and we're loading them up, and I says, "Paul, we got the stack 3 high now." He says, "That's too high. They're going to fall out." Drove them down and Paul looks at them and goes, "No." He says, "Go get the wood over there, just take it and drive it down through the boxes, on the side, to hold them in." It was great stakes, actually, the size of great stakes, so we had that rolling. We come around with the first corner, I think, the bank, and I'm looking out the back, going, "This isn't good."

We get to Dodge's store, and he has no idea he was speeding. We're coming around the corner; there go the boxes. Apples everywhere, right out through the side. He looks at me and he says, "I think you got some apples to pick up." I says, "I don't have any boxes." He says, "Charlie, you get out and go back up and get the boxes for Wayne so he can fill them back up again. That was all well and good. Then my friends were on Dodge's porch, laughing, that was the funniest thing they'd ever see, and it was pretty funny.

Paul comes back and we're all there, helping. Instead of putting them in boxes, we got them, we'd pick them all up, and we'd throw them all in a pile. Little did we know, we're destroying all the apples. When he came back, we put them all



in the box, and then we put them on there. Then he continued down in the car, so I rode with him.

Then another time, I'm working in the cider mill, and we got some nuns from Bennington, I believe. He's out back, and the boys were all out back. I go out to see Paul, and I says, "Paul," I says, "It's coming down and the pumice is screaming out like this, and squirting all them nuns' fine dresses." He says, "Why don't you go shut the levers off, there, Wayne?" I says, "I can't reach it." He says, "Take these boxes." I took the box, you know, the apple box; I ran over there, I put it, and I can reach it. I don't know what these levers do. I seen them working, but that's it; so I says, "I got to figure out what they do." I took one, I pushed it out, I pushed it straight ahead. That was the wrong one. The pumice got worse. So I pull it back out again. Then the thing came back up again, and then the nuns never said anything, but they knew it was all over them. I was bottling and I'd pour the hard cider for them.

Then another time, we went to one of the ... He had squash and pumpkins he used to get from different gardens around New Boston. We loaded them up, and we come downtown, he pulls in and gets the mail. The other thing that was a little difficult when we rode with Paul, he couldn't hear. If you put in the can here, and drink it, it really gets touchy. He pulled up to the store, he was going in to get his mail; Gus was in there, he brought it out. He can't hear the motor running. He put it in reverse, and he couldn't hear the motor, so he just pulled it right out on the clutch. We went across that road like a jet. We never stopped to sidewalks; we went right up on top of that sidewalk, and there we sat. His rear end was stuck there, and the tires was over. I says, "Paul, Paul, your rear end is off the floor. We're not going anywhere." He said, "We'll just call your father, he'll tow us out of here."

It was a lot of fun working for Paul, a lot of laughs, and there weren't a lot to it, at the same time.

Then he was also the janitor of the town hall, and also the janitor of the school. I was still working for him in the 8th grade, after all the dances on Saturday, it was my job to go downtown and clean up over the town hall, sweep the floors, and all that, like a [inaudible 00:29:50]. One time, I first started in, I picked up all the trash. I call Paul and I says, "Paul, I got all this trash here. What do you want me to do with it, Paul?" Maybe some of you can remember that there was a 50-gallon drum outside of the town hall, and you took your stuff out and you burned it. It was there for years. It's about 20 feet outside the town hall. I take it outside, I says, "Well, he told me to burn it." I took a match to it, and I lit it. Well, the flames are getting more and more, and I'm getting scared that it's gonna burn the town hall down. I go underneath the town hall, and get a couple of boards, and I cover up the top of it. I says, "Ah, that's great, it's slowing it down. Well, the smoke was something terrible, because it was getting no air. The smoke's coming out the side, going up the side of the town hall.

Paul sees it from his house, and here comes Paul in the pickup. Gets out of the pickup, he's hollering at me, "What are you doing? Why don't you let that fire burn?" He says, "You got smoke all over town, Wayne." I says, "Yeah." He says, "Take the boards off." I says, "No." I says, "The flames are gonna come right out when they get the air." He says, "Didn't you hear me?" I says, "Okay." I take the boards and I throw them up in the air, and the flames got ahold of the air and went straight up. Paul says, "Get the boards, Wayne, and put them on top." I said, "You just told me to take them off. What do you want me to do?" He says, "Go in the town hall and get water. I'll leave the boards on. You pour the water on the boards, and then the fire will go out." "Okay." I go in the town hall, I get the water, I come back out. The boards are on fire. Then I take it, and I dump all the water inside. The water, then the fire finally went out.

The other thing, as I worked in there cleaning up the town hall [crosstalk 00:32:07], when I was a freshman, I worked at the high school. Then during vacation, we were cleaning the high school up, I would, and sweep all the floors, and wax all the floors, and everything. He says, "God," he says, "Wayne. You're just doing a great job." He says, "I'll give you the keys, and you can just open up the door, go in here and clean it." I says, "Could I have the keys to the town hall too?" He says, "Well, yeah, you're cleaning that up. I'll give you the keys to the town hall."

He gave me the keys to the town hall. In the afternoon on Friday or Saturday night, I'd just open up the town hall and we'd all go play basketball, left the lights on. It got so the kids would come, they'd say, "Hey, Wayne, can we go play basketball?" I'd open it up. That was good. That worked for me.

Also, we had a shop over there, and it had everything, cutting torches; anything you want to do. During Christmas vacation, of course there's not that many people in town like there is today; and we would build tractors over there. All the guys, like Vicky ... Was it Vicky? No, Kenny Barss built a tractor out of a '50 Ford, chopped the wheelbase and everything. Willard Dodge ... He built one time, and he had one he boned around in town on, and ... We were below them, so we had a 1936 Ford. I don't think you could call it a tractor. It was more like a racer...

We'd shorten it down, put a grille and everything on the front of it, and we also had a radiator, and that was ... Charlie Guy, and Frank Whipple, and Arnie Holt, and me. Back then, you could start it out, and you could drive it. We'd drive it around Mill Street with no license, nobody'd bother you. That worked out good. We had Charlie, Charlie Davis. He was the chief of police of New Boston; he's really personable. Great guy. He was always very nice, and he was at all the dances, and he'd talk to the kids all the time. He was probably one of the best chiefs I ever knew that lived here in New Boston.

Also, the school was so open, you could open it up and do things in the shop, if you have a project over Christmas vacation and you couldn't finish it, you was allowed to go in there by yourself and finish it. One time, one time the principal

came over, and he asked me, he says, "What are you doing tonight?" I said, "Working on my project." He says, "Where'd you get your keys?" I said, "Well, I got them from Paul." He says, "Mr Kittredge give you permission to work in here." I says, "Yeah, he did, actually." He called him up and he said he did. After that the principal never bothered us again; he'd let us come on in and work on projects and everything. That's something you couldn't do today, it'd be impossible. They'd be all over you.

We did that, and then ... We started playing sports, when we was in 7th grade, 8th grade, JV, we played basketball all the time. Then when we went to ... We played high school basketball, I did all 4 years. Now, New Boston was in the state tournament for at least 10 years straight in a row. When I played basketball in the state tournament, I played in UNH, I played in St. A's College, and I played in Dartmouth. That was a big thing for me, back then. It's amazing that St. A's College still plays on the same court that I played on, and it's still the same; they haven't changed it since the 60s. UNH is totally changed, and I don't know about Dartmouth. That was a great experience, also.

Then ... the FFA [Future Farmers of America], I was in that for 4 years, and we used to have a chapter here, and then once a month, you would go to Concord, New Hampshire, and all the chapters all through the state would meet there. Then there was a president for the state, a secretary, and everything. That was a great experience because you met kids from here, you met kids from down in Hudson, all the way up to Conway. The people that used to come down from Conway, the kids, they would stay in a hotel of course, overnight.

The other thing we did was, we was in judging contests, and that would take place in UNH, and you'd go down there and judge; and if you won, you would go to Springfield Mass, and that was in Eastern Seaboard. If you won the Eastern Seaboard, then you went to Kansas City for the nationals. It wasn't only the nationals when I was there. The last year I went, it was the whole world. It was kids from the Philippines, Hawaii, Puerto Rico, which was really good to interact to somebody outside your country, because we really didn't know anybody outside the country.

I won the public speaking contest one year at Springfield, and then I won it in New Hampshire in Hudson, and then I went to Springfield, and then from Springfield, I went to the nationals and I lost in the nationals.

The other one we had, which most kids in high school have no idea about the parliamentary procedures, motions, second motions and things like that. When we went to school, we had parliamentary procedure. They'd give us some type of thing that was going on in FFA, and we'd compete, so we'd have to know everything about parliaments, so you'd know what a second motion is, or tabling a motion, or anything like that. I really don't believe enough of that is taught today, because most kids don't even know what you're talking about. But that's the way it is.

Then baseball was basically the same exact thing. We played in a lot of fields, but when we played in the state tournament, in RNC in high school, you never played on a college field. I never did. We played up in Lebanon, and we came second, in second in the state that year, but that was still pretty good.

Then, we'll go back up to the ... Another thing I did. That was [inaudible 00:39:15] Butch... all of us involved in this. We would go up to the Smith Barn, and back then, a lady by the name of Fitzgerald [crosstalk 00:39:24]. The thing had wagons. What we would do, we would put two guys down in front pulling; two guys would sit in the seat, and one guy would push them. We would go just as fast as we could. We'd start in the hay barn, go all the way around the hay barn, once around, and there's one sharp corner there, and we'd stop, because the guys that was pushing couldn't even push anymore; they was out of wind. The guys [crosstalk 00:39:53] would hop off, and we'd start pulling and pushing.

We did that a couple times, but about the third time we tried that, we went up there about the third day in a row. We was coming as fast as we could, as usual, and we got to that corner, and the guys who was pulling them ... Newt and another guy just ran out of energy. Instead of steering it, there's a corner up there, went down over the bank, rolled it upside down, broke one of the wheels off the front end. We're lucky we didn't get hurt, but we learned a lot. We never did it again. That was fun, too.

Now, on Little League baseball. I'm playing baseball. We would play baseball at night, in the little league. We'd practice on Monday; we'd play a game with some town on Tuesday. Trimountain League would practice on Wednesday. We would practice on Thursday, play baseball again on Friday night, and usually an away game because we stopped to get something to eat on the way home, that was a big thing; and then on Saturday, we would go to the movies. In the center of the baseball field we'd sit up on the stands. Then we had baseball again on Sunday, because then the Trimountain thing would play, and then we'd go watch that. I think that's how come we was so good in sports, because that's how ... Basically, we ever played, I think. That was good.

Then ... Let's see, what else?

Then last year, I had kept in touch with some teachers that taught me in high school. There was O'Connor. Last year, and I spoke to him last year because he was Parade Marshall of the St. Patrick's Day Parade in Manchester last year; and he was a great player. He'd come out of Boston. He had roomed with some of the coaches in Manchester, and so we would go to Manchester to play basketball. I played at West, I played at Central, and I played at Trinity. Now, Trinity high school basketball court is still exactly the same, because I went to a basketball game this year; West is the same; and Central, Central's really changed, because that's like a prison, now it is. You walk inside, you don't even park your cars on the outside. You drive down under, and you park your cars under the school, and there's only one door you can go in, and you wouldn't

even know that was the door going into the gym. That's how much that has changed.

He was one of the best coaches we had, and he said that the New Boston high school, of all the places he coached ... And he also taught, he taught in Manchester and he taught in Gilford and a lot of other schools. He said the people in New Boston were the nicest people, and he said even the children was well-behaved. So I said, "Gee, I didn't know I was that good," and he said, "Well, you really wasn't."

He was a great coach, and we almost pulled off a state championship that year. He put me in, the other guys were playing until we got fouled out. He put me in, and he says, "I want you to go steal the ball; now go steal it, Wayne," so I went out there and I stole the ball, and I threw it to Dick Prince, or it was ... Donny Carr, one or the other. We didn't win the game, but it was great to play in, anyways.

Then when we went on our class trip, after you graduate from high school in New Boston, you always went on a class trip. We went to Washington, DC. That was a great trip. We left Manchester, I think it was a couple days after graduation, and we took a bus from Manchester all the way to Boston. We switched in Boston; then we went to New York, but when we got into New York, they realized that we was the class, because we'd never smile. Get another kid in the back had a guitar, Dick Beauchemin, played all the way down there. I don't think, then, that we realized we was out of school, because we was all still together; it didn't feel that way. Then we went down and got to Washington, and there was 4 or 5 other classes on the boat. Then there was Frank Whipple, and there was Steve Kennedy and me, and I believe there's a picture of us someplace here or over there, where ... There was Frank Whipple was on the bottom, and then there was Butch Kennedy standing up, and then I was on top of Butch Kennedy's shoulders; and that was above Washington. We spent ... I mean Washington state.

We spent 3 or 4 days in Washington, DC, and then we came back to New Boston. We was actually the last class to take a trip like that, but also, my mother and father, when they graduated from school here, their classes also went to Washington, DC. When my father went to class, when his class went to Washington, DC, there was Lawson Smith, and there was a Byam and there was a Fraser. The Fraser used to be, his father used to be a doctor in town, and I have a picture of it, and they went all the way to Washington DC in a truck, a flatbed Ford truck. It's hard to believe, and I got pictures of it, and I got pictures of that class standing on the steps of the Capitol of the United States, which is pretty neat. My mother has pictures like that too, but she has a lot more of going on class trips to Washington, DC. It was a great place to live, in New Boston. It was fabulous.

Okay.

Okay, let's see. As I already told you, my mother and father went to school here, and she went to school over on South Hill, in a little one-room school, and then she went to Joe English. She went to school there first, that was a small school. Then she went to South Hill, and then she came to the main school for high school. I have a picture of her with her grandfather, driving to school; and she was sitting on the back, on the scoop, which is two wooden rails, when he was driving the horses, on the chair, and he was bringing her to school. She said she was so embarrassed, she'll never forget it. That was pretty new. Then from here, she went to Boston to school and became a dental hygienist. Then she came back, got married. I guess that's how it goes.

One of the other things that we did as kids, we had a tire. My father used to buy army surplus tires. I think there was some older boys involved in this, like Jerry Kennedy and George Whipple, David Whipple, Charlie, all those guys. There was a bunch of us, they was all ... I guess we took over for them, I guess you'd put it that way. They rolled the tire all the way to the top, where the kids slide today. And we all helped, because it was really heavy. I'll never forget it. The first time we let it go, it came down over that hill, it hit that grandstand, went right up to the top of the steps and stopped. We thought that was pretty good, so we were just starting to do it again. This time we took it, we rolled it to the top of the hill, and we let it go. We only had one problem. The thing headed for the food booth. I'll never forget, it went right straight through the front door. Right straight through the front door, and slammed into the back, and it cracked the back of the food booth and we all ran. That was the end of that one, but that was fun.

On some of the evenings, we always went over to the Lehman's house. Everybody congregated there. That was the second ... The first house after Dodge's store, and then after that it was always, we'd go over across the street. The reason for that is, that's where all the girls were. There was a lot of people that was related to people in Manchester, and they'd bring them out, like the Pelchats related to three girls, foster girls. There was 3 of those; there were 3 girls from Belmont, Mass, and some other ones too. They would come there, and we'd all get together and hang out, and do what kids that age does, you know, 13, 14 years old. Then we'd go over across the street, and we'd all go to the movies, and we'd have a good time.

Also this guy called Bailey(?), and during the baseball games, if you would go under the grandstand and pick up all the bottles and all the paper and everything during the game, and bring it back to him, we'd get free popcorn and we'd get a bottle of tonic. That's how they kept the baseball field clean; the kids picked it up, and we'd get a reward for doing it. You'd see nothing around the field when we was growing up.

Oh. This is ... Something had to [inaudible 00:51:07].

When I was 9 years old, or maybe 8 or 9, the church was a great thing in New Boston. Everybody went to church. First time I ever stood up here [Wayne spoke

from the pulpit of the Community Church of New Boston], I stood here when I was 8 or 9 years old, and I never come back since.

Speaker 2: He's never been back since.

Wayne Daniels: It was Easter morning, 6:00 in the morning, and I can remember there was Marjorie Prince, Dick Prince, Nan Fredericks, Steve Boulter and Ruth-Ann Tower. Marjorie Prince, she told everybody what hymn to sing. Dick Prince gave the sermon, and I gave the Lord's Prayer. Steve and the two girls sang. After that, I can remember that we went and had breakfast, and it was 6:30 in the morning; and the amount of kids that came to Sunday school ... We had a classroom in the kitchen. We had the classroom over there. They'd put a sheet across there; we had another class there. We had a class there, a class there, a class here, and one up there, and one behind the pew. That's how many kids used to go to Sunday school. It got so big that they took it, after I left, and they started using the high school, and they was taking up the classrooms in the high school, one after another, still having Sunday school here. Then it got so big the school, the church, went and bought the Ryanses house [next to Town Hall] and they had the school there.

The other thing was, when we was little kids, Steve Boulter and me and all the other guys, they would cut wood up, and they would carve the wood [inaudible 00:53:11], and there'd be Henry Fredericks, Paul ... These are old guys to us, ancient, like Pebbles and Bambi, I guess, with stone wheels.

Anyway, they would have us come over here and take the wood, and put it under the church, because the church was heated by wood. They would cut, because we wasn't allowed to get next to the saws or anything like that; and then they'd make a chute under the church. What they would do, they would take the wood and roll it down to us, and there'd be 3 or 4 of us under the church. The church was very low, so they couldn't be there; so it was our job to stack the wood as it was coming down these chutes. Sometimes it'd get held up, and that's all right, because then they'd have a little drink. Anyway, they had the furnace down there, and I'm thinking back today, how come we didn't burn the church down? We used to take the wood, stack it under the church, and then put it in the furnace. Wouldn't burn our ... [inaudible 00:54:16]. I was thinking today, how come our wood didn't burn this place up? But we didn't.

Okay.

Then after that, I know we worked all day, and the ladies of the church, they went, and we had a big supper, and we ate, and that was good, brought everybody together. That was good.

Let's see what else we have here.

Oh, things that have changed in New Boston.

The changes is that, you go down River Road now, there was one gas station. When I was growing up, the third house on the left was the gas station. That was Stubby Rodgers' garage. That stayed in business, until they ignited gas and blew it off the foundations. [crosstalk 00:55:14] they closed it after that, and still became a house, but I don't remember down the third ... There was a downstairs apartment, and the upstairs apartment. In the center, I don't know if that's still stayed as a garage or not, I don't remember.

Then you go down the road further, and where Sullivan's Real Estate used to be, that was Lawson's Best Garage Station, and he had a Gulf station also. Then you go down the road further, and that's where our Gulf station is. Then if you went on the other side, when they redesigned the highway, that became ... Joe Thompson had a welding shop there, and they tore that down, and that was a Jetty station. Then if you go across the bridge, I really don't remember the drugstore. I remember it being there, but basically that was it. What I really remember is it being a restaurant, Pringle's store, and everybody in town used to go there. Then the store closed up, it had to be in the late 60s or maybe the early 70s, which was too bad, because a lot of people used to hang out there and that was great. It was the place to go.

The only other ... Well, it really wasn't a thing, Babson had a bird museum, but not that many people ever went there, and that went out, so that was ... But if you go up Weare Road, there was a gas station up there, and Lester Houghton used to run the gas station up there. Then he closed his station down, that's right opposite Sizemore's, and then he put that into a chainsaw shop, and he ran that for the rest of his life until he moved to Pittsburgh, and then he closed it down and nobody ever took it over. That ended that.

Then Paul Saltmarsh's cider mill, that closed down after a while, too. Of course, the lot, when they tore down the apple store in the center of town, that disappeared. I think that's all the buildings that have actually disappeared, except there was a house next to the jewelry shop over there, and next to Dodge's, the ... Bobby and Henry's house over there. It was a house. Man, that's hard to believe it'd even fit in there, but it did.

The other thing that was funny, we used to have Appalachian ... I think it was the Appalachian Mountain, used to bring canoes into town. Then they would go down the river. We had this guy in town called Mort Follansbee. He was a little crazy, I think. What he used to do, is when they had all the boats coming down the river, they used to start way up above the dam. He would come down the dam in a bathtub, and everybody waited to see him coming. He'd go over top of the dam, and I can just barely remember this, and people would be lined up all over the place, all the way downtown, just to see him come down through the town. Then it got so that one of the older guys, they was probably 40 or 50 but they seemed older to me, it got so they would come down there in tubes. After a while, it extended more and more. Then all of a sudden, I don't know why they stopped coming, if we just ran out of water so they couldn't go anymore, or what happened; but that was a big thing in town, and then it stopped, and I



know that they also had a [inaudible 00:59:06] and everything. [inaudible 00:59:05] dance, til they closed us up, so that was good.

Speaker 2: [inaudible 00:59:09] town hall?

Wayne Daniels: In 1960, around then, the 60s, it's amazing, most of this town had dirt roads. When you get up to Pinball and headed to Bedford, it was dirt. When you got almost ... Not even almost. When you got to, I would say, where Homer Dodge used to live, you know, on that ... That road up through there turned all to dirt, all the way out through there, and if you went down to Low Road was all dirt. We had very few tar roads in town, but in 60, they started tarring more and more of the roads in town. I don't know if it's a good thing or a bad thing. No, but that's what they did, and then a lot of times, there was more horses. You'd see people out riding on these dirt roads, and you don't see them riding on the tar very much either.

Oh. Then we had Merrimack Farmers Exchange, over where the park is [near the red mill]. We was always good for a tonic or something, if you'd go in there, because he had tap-dancing lessons in New Boston. We'd go over there, and there was one guy by the name of Artie Christian. I also think Bo Strong worked in there at one time. We'd go over there around noontime, and if we'd tap-dance for the guys that worked in there, they would give us money. We'd go over there, and we'd tap-dance for half an hour, and then run over to Marshall [crosstalk 01:01:11] and we'd spend every nickel we had. There wasn't many nickels. Then, if we ...

Then they'd also let us run across all the grain bags and jump from one to the other. That was a lot of fun also. That was good. I think the same stool is still here. I fell off. That was good, too.

Yep. Let's see what else I have.

Speaker 3: [inaudible 01:01:52] Save stuff for a Part Two, Wayne. Remember?

Wayne Daniels: Oh, okay. I need to stop right now, because there is a Part Two. Thank you.

I'm all done, and if you have any questions about the town, you can ask me.

Speaker 2: Hey Wayne, I'm not sure why you're not dead or in jail, but I do have a question. What's kick the can? What's that like?

Wayne Daniels: [crosstalk 01:02:28].

Speaker 2: You just made the front page of the paper.

Speaker 4: It's not [crosstalk 01:02:36], right? [crosstalk 01:02:37]?

[Multiple questions... Wayne responds to a question about the midnight train whistle.]

Wayne Daniels: That started ... That actually started when I came home one night, and I'd always had a great time in this town, and it was dead. No kids in town, nobody running around, no cannons going off. I said, "I'm gonna do something about this tonight." We started in at 1:00, and we never stopped. Now, it's still carrying on, which I think is a good thing.

Speaker 4: The train. The train, the trains.

Speaker 2: Kick the can did, [crosstalk 01:03:20].

Speaker 3: Yeah, it's kicking the can, you kick the can ...

Wayne Daniels: Oh, kick the can! I was talking about the whistle!

[crosstalk 01:03:29]

Speaker 3: [crosstalk 01:03:32] the cannon.

Wayne Daniels: Okay, kick the can. Right down here on the lawn.

Speaker 2: They still do it.

Wayne Daniels: We'd play kick the can. Arlene Kennedy, Marjorie Prince, Andi Card ...

Speaker 3: [crosstalk 01:03:43] kick the [crosstalk 01:03:45], you'd kick the can around.

Wayne Daniels: There'd be 15 or 20 people out here, and we'd run all around the church, and we'd hide here and we've give 10 minutes to the person to catch us all. Then we had the school, and we'd run all the way to the top of the ramp from the school, right to the top of the fire escape. Then we'd hide under the church, because the wood used to come in over there, so we'd get under the church and we'd hide under the church and they'd come in and get us. Nobody bothered us, and we'd play, where the ash tree is, over to my mother's, I was over there, that was the backstop when we was 5 or 6 years old. Then we had a pitcher's mound, and that's where we played softball. No, it was baseball, everywhere in town, all the kids would come there to play, because my mother could watch us there. She knew where we were; I think that's why they did it.

We'd play there for probably 2 years, until we broke the windows. Then we couldn't play any more. Then we moved over to a little lot here, which was a lot bigger, until they put the addition on the 7th and 8th graders in school. We'd come out of school to play over here, and all the high school kids would play over here. Even in the summer, some of the big kids would come over here, because they would hit the ball and it'd go right up over the belfry straight, and

there it'd bang right into the barn over there. My father [inaudible 01:05:22]. The only one who cared all the time was Mrs. [Doty 01:05:25], and we didn't pay attention to her. She was [inaudible 01:05:27].

Then they had us doing this ... I'll never forget it. Marshy Marshall had a horse. This horse come out one day, it was right next, and I was coming up to bat or something. This was good, it was funny in one sense, not so funny in the other. The horse comes out, come right out, and I go to pat the horse. The horse opened up its mouth, came right down through my chest just like that, took it, and bit the skin right off. That didn't set well with me. I hit that horse right over the head with the baseball bat, put the horse to the ground. The horse got up, and I ran because I thought it was coming after me. Marshy had made it out to Cecil, who owned Marshall's Market, and he was coming around the corner after me. Then he got ahold of me, and he says, "Don't you ever do it again." I says, "I will never do it again. Only if that horse bites me." That was a good day and a bad day.

Do you have any other questions?

Speaker 5: Where did you kick the can to?

Wayne Daniels: What?

Speaker 5: Were you trying to kick the can in a goal when you played kick the can? Or just [crosstalk 01:06:59].

Wayne Daniels: Oh, the can.

Speaker 5: The can.

Wayne Daniels: The can is just like a tomato can. You count 1, 2, 3, then you'd run and you'd kick it, and then you had 4 or 5 kids around there, and then they would run, and we'd hide everywhere. Then you'd have ... When we got too many ... Well, it wasn't too many. When you got to 20 kids, you would have 3 people on the can. Then they'd all run and find out where everybody else was. Then the other thing was, we used to go to the baseball field, and we would play with the kids that were high school. We was young kids, we was in 11th or 10th grade. Everybody played, the high school kids we got along with, and when the game was over, the next group would come in and you had a bat, and you went up to bat like this. Then they'd put you in the outfield, and you would hit the ball, and the guy up at bat, if he made it to first base and got out, he went in the outfield, or the infield, and then another guy come in and when you had a lot of people playing it'd be 3. Then the guy that keeps getting on base and back, he would stay up as long as he could. That's how we played that game. I don't know if it's right or wrong, but it's how we played. Everybody enjoyed it anyways, so that was good.

Speaker 6: How long have you had the '36 Ford, and when did you put in the 327 and why did you put in the Chevy?

Wayne Daniels: Why'd I put in the Chevy?

Had it since I was 17. I had to ... A bunch of us guys, we was going surfing. We headed over to Maine, and on the Maine turnpike it broke down. It was actually happened to Paul. We was up there. I asked the guy to put it in the garage, and he said, "No, I won't put it in the garage." We took the bus back to Manchester, and then I came home. We got one of my father's pickups, and I got some wheels, and tires, and went back up there to get it. The guy had taken it, I wanted it in the garage, and he didn't put it in the garage. When we got up there, all my wheels were gone. I couldn't prove anybody took it, but I think he took all my wire wheels off the '36. I come back to New Boston, and we got it home and everything. Then I said, that's it. We pulled the original motor out, and we put a 283 Chevy in it, so now you can go into any parts store you want, pick up a part, if it breaks down, and keep going any place in the United States. That's why I did that, for that one. [inaudible 01:10:09].

Speaker 3 (Cathy?): You wanted to make it up Mount Washington?

Wayne Daniels: Huh?

Speaker 3: You wanted to make it up to Mount Washington?

Wayne Daniels: Oh, yeah.

Speaker 3: With the hydraulic brakes?

Wayne Daniels: Oh, yeah.

I went up to Mount Washington, and come down with no hydraulic brakes. Blew out. But we made it. I'm still here. [crosstalk 01:10:34]

I'll check through this, and she said we have another chapter. It's not awful, so I'm glad, and anybody else got any questions?

Speaker 7: Yes. You must have been on a first-name basis with every Principal you had?

Wayne Daniels: Well, yeah, they knew me very well, so I guess you would say that.

Speaker 3: You went to school with [crosstalk 01:11:02]? Because he was across the street from the school.

Wayne Daniels: Yeah, I was never late.

Speaker 3: Always late, come on.

Wayne Daniels: The bell would ring. I'd run out of my house. The kids in the classroom would open up the window, and I'd come right through the window to sit in my seat, so I was really never late. I was always there for roll call.

So is there any more questions?

Speaker 8: How was the fishing? What did you catch for fish in the river?

Wayne Daniels: Oh, we caught trout. [inaudible 01:11:39] always caught the trout, and there was native fish in the village right close to the wall. It was always cold there. When we couldn't catch it, we'd go to the Dodge's store and we'd get 3 hooks. We'd pick a grapple hook, and they would put elastic around it. Then we'd catch them.

Then the kids in New Boston have ... Even before my kids could play baseball or anything like that, there was the Parker boys, the young boys, the Barss boys, and everything like that. They made ... Everybody made their own recreation before it became total recreation, and totally organized; the kids really don't have to think about what they're going to do. They're sort of told what to do.

They founded a baseball team here in New Boston, and they came to me, and they said, "Can you get us some games?" I go, "Oh, sure, I know people. I'll get you ball games." I was working in Bedford, and I says, "You want to come play us in baseball? I got some kids that want to play." The guy says, "Aye-aye," he says, "We'll come play you. You can play on our little league field." I said, "No, you can come to New Boston and play." He says, "Okay." He comes to New Boston to play. He come up here, and we beat Bedford. These kids would just pick up game, and they taught themselves how to play. We didn't think much of it.

Then we go down to Bedford, and it's like, what's this? I mean, when they came here, they were dressed all up in suits. They looked like real little league players. We weren't. I went down there, and we started, and it was Leslie Rollins's daughter was playing third base. Their coach come over, and said, "She can't play. She's a girl. She can't play." I says, "We'll go home." Then he says, "Okay, you can play." We started playing, and the parents were in the stands. They had the stands filled. I says, "Well, this is odd for a pick-up game." As the game goes on, we were winning, and these other parents were screaming at the children. [crosstalk 01:14:12] "You got a girl out there playing! Crissakes! What's wrong with you guys? Come to find out, they was the New Hampshire State Little League Champions, and we beat them twice.

Then, another occasion, we had a basketball team. We played in ... It wasn't Lebanon, it was another town. Mascenic, it was called, I believe. Anyways, it was up there. Anyways, we went up there to play them, and this guy's son come up to see me. He says, "I'm Leon Anderson's(?) son. I says, "Oh, your father used to be a principal in New Boston." He says, "Yeah." I says, "Oh, that's good." He says, "One of my sons's playing." I says, "Okay." Our kids had on shorts, all

different colors, [inaudible 01:15:12], nothing was the same. They played in t-shirts, had numbers on the back, and some had [inaudible 01:15:19] numbers that said New Boston. They said, "Wow, you come up here to play us? We'll let you play in the championship, we have it every year in the tournament." I says, "Oh, that's good." He says, "Well, we're in a league; you can play other towns, too." They gave me the numbers and all, and we played them.

After the end of the game up there, they'll never ... Whatever that place was. The guy comes over and he says, "You know what my father told me?" I says, "No." "He told me, even before he knew who was here, he says, 'They are going to beat your team.'" And he said, "You know, he was right." He said, "New Boston has the best basketball team there is." And we beat them, and they never invited us to the tournament.

Oh. We got to go. I'm sorry.

Speaker 9: We have refreshments back at the Historical Society ... And there's more pictures of Wayne over there.