

in Wolfeboro and Jesse has also voted there. His brother John has voted in Brookfield some of the time, when he worked at a nearby house which was in Brookfield.

Woodbury Cotton, 50 years ago, acted as the community veterinarian, and each spring, would go around and bleed the oxen, cows and young stock that were turned away for the summer. This was accomplished with the use of a very peculiar instrument, similar to a lance. The wound was closed with a pin and hairs from the animal's tail, and no infection was ever known to occur from this very crude operation. Jesse Cotton still has the instruments.

Within a stone's throw of this house, and the last house entirely in Wolfeboro, is the Russell Burwell place, formerly a part of John Newell's farm, and divided from the Cotton property to make a farm for each of John Newell's sons. John Newell, Jr., sold his property to Lewis and James Canney, more than a century ago. Elizabeth Ann, sister of Woodbury Cotton, became Mrs. James Canney, and the late Stephen W. Clow married their daughter.

The bricks that were used in the chimneys, two brick ovens and three fireplaces in this house, were made in a kiln right on the farm, and the structures were still in perfect condition when Mr. Burwell bought the house. The doorsteps and 'underpinning' were made of split stone, obtained on the farm. A full discription of the house with its many interesting features, was printed in the NEWS of December 18, 1931.

The brothers, James and Lewis Canney, cut the hay and raised the crops jointly, and at harvest time they divided the corn, wheat, potatoes, etc. the horses, oxen and sheep were owned in common, the cows owned separately. James would feed the stock one

one week, Lewis the next.

One of the most interesting activities on this road during the memory of the present generation, was the picking of blueberries in Jesse Cotton's pasture. Every fine morning during the blueberry season, women and children, and occasionally a few men, rattled in wagons in across the plateau, usually with eyes stolidly as straight as the idiosyncracies of the road allow, with never a glance toward majestic Mt. Washington. They wore their oldest clothing and floppy hats or sunbonnets to protect their heads from the sun, and carried an assortment of pails, buckets and baskets.

They scattered over the pasture, picking as fast as they could until noon, when they rested in the shade and ate their luncheons, then back to their picking. At the end of the day, Mr. Cotton was waiting for them in a shed, where he measured their berries, and when he had shipped them to a commission house in Boston and received his pay, he paid the pickers. When berries were plentiful, the pickers earned as little as 6 cents a quart, and when scarce, the price went to 20 cents and over.

By systematically burning over the pasture, one third each year, Mr. Cotton kept the land productive and the berries of fine quality, and his neighbors looked forward to the opportunity to earn money, as well as the sociability of the great self supporting picnic.

It seems appropriate to speak of the meeting house in connection with the Cotton families and their homes, for the early Cottons were prominent in church affairs, their numbers divided in membership between the Methodist and the Freewill Baptist denominations. Col. William Cotton was prominent in the building of the first

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meeting house in Wolfeborom and the settling of Rev. Ebenezer Allen in 1792, as described in Parker's 'History of Wolfeboro.'

It was in 1802 that Thomas Cotton and others petitioned to be released from paying a minister's taz, but the town refused to grant their request. In 1803, the selectmen took a cow belonging to William Cotton, which they sold at public auction and thereby secured the amount of the tax, \$1.92, which he refused to pay. Litigation continued until August, 1805, at a considerable expense on both sides, the town finally paying to Cotton the \$20 value of the cow. This ended the minister tax.

The original East Wolfeboro meeting house, which was built in 1801, stood on the south side of the road, opposite the present building. The building committee consisted of Thomas Cotton, John Snell; Valentine Wormwood, who lived in the house also known as the James Martin place, in Cottonboro; Charles Stanton, who lived where the Rev. William Drew now has his summer home, in Stoneham; and Josiah Allen, ancestor of Miss Annie Allen of Saco, Me., and her cousin, Mrs. Everett Tibbetts, of North Wakefield.

The church was laid out in square shape, with an aisle running through the middle, north and south, and another one running east and west, making four sections of seats. Each pew had a door. The pupit was in the center, and singing seats at the right.

Among the pew holders were families bearing the names of Blake--lived at Miss Esther Dimick's summer home; Huggins-- the Huebner place; Cottle--relatives of Mrs. McConnell, at Sanbornville; Jenness--father of the late Dr. Sarah Jennes who will be mentioned in some detail later; Tibbetts--father of Herbert Tibbetts; Cotton;

Reuben Plummer, father of Samuel; Weeks, relatives of the late Alonzo P. Weeks; Neal, who will be mentioned later, in an account of a famous Fourth of July celebration; Clark--relatives of Mayhew Clark, of Wolfeboro; Wiggin--lived on the Hardy Hill, Walter Avery, who came to Wolfeboro from Parsonsfield early in the century; Shortridge, who lived where John A. Cotton does now; Stanton, father of Mrs. Brackett Cotton; Cook, Gage, and Lang--all well known names in this vicinity. The descendants of all but two of those mentioned, are known to the writer.

The pews were sold for amounts ranging from \$150 to \$25, the proceeds going to the building of the church.

In 1833, fifteen members of the First Freewill Baptist Church in Wolfeboro were set free of that body, that they might be organized into another of the same denomination at Cottonboro. This group made but little gain for a few years, but in 1845, it had 70 members.

The present building was erected in 1852, when the Methodists and Baptists of East Wolfeboro and Brookfield joined together to do so. One door was used by the Methodists and the other by the Baptists.

Continuing the tradition of the prominence of Cottons in the church, the first bride to stand up in the new building was a descendant of Col. William, and her name was Mary Ann Cotton Avery.

About 50 years ago, Sunday was observed strictly as a day for going to church, with services at 10 a.m. and 2:30 p.m., with lunch hour of 30 minutes between. People brought basket luncheons, and the men brought large quantities of apples. The people went to Sophia Cotton's home, which was nearest to the church, for

drinking water. Miss Cotton, who was a sister of Elliot Cotton, always used for water and milk, a set of five pitchers of Bennington ware, that were always kept on the same tray in the same place, in the dining room. The sizes were, one gill, half pint, pint, quart, and two quart. She used the small pitchers for the children, and there are many still living who invariably associate the five pitchers with going to church.

In 1901, the minister, Rev. Dana Cotton, a native of the community, and descendant of Col. William Cotton, with Daniel J. Cotton and John C. Canney as the building committee interested the people in making repairs, and remodeling the church. The old singing seats were taken out, and the old high pulpit exchanged for the low one of the present time.

Everyone seemed very willing to sanction all the requests of the committee, mostly led by the pastor, a very godly man, and one who will go down in history as one of the most sincere christians of any time. One thing that is well worth repeating, is, when someone asked why he had so many lights, his reply was, 'The Devil can't stand the light.' He donated all of them with the exception of the chandelier, which was given by the Baptist Church at Wolfeboro Falls, and every one was lighted at each evening service.

The church was rededicated December 10, 1901, at an afternoon and evening session.

Rev. Dana Cotton passed to his heavenly home on June 12, 1903, with only three minutes notice, and his last words were, "Praise the Lord." He was living at the time with his brother and sister, James Ira and Cordelia Cotton, where the Paul Bissells now live. He was but 52 years of age. It is safe to say that no pastor in

either the East Wolfeboro or the North Wakefield church, has offered more prayers in the people's homes than the Rev. Dana Cotton. He was always ready to offer prayer at any time, and on several occasions it has been in the middle of the road, where he would meet people. His funeral service was held in the East Wolfeboro church, and it was crowded to the doors, with not enough seats to accomodate the friends that came to mourn.

On August 17, 1930, Old Home Sunday was celebrated for the first time, and has become an annual custom, on the second Sunday in August. The late A. P. Weeks gave a great deal toward the financing of it. Each year, a great many people come many miles, to have a friendly chat with old and new friends, and to hear the message from God's Word.

The first Ladies' Aid was organized in 1913, with Mrs. Jesse Cotton president, Mrs. Wallace Lang vice president, Mrs. Emma Cotton Dorr secretary, and Mrs. Eli Nute treasurer. This organization was carried on very successfully for several years, and at the summer sales at the Cottonboro School House, which they bought for a Community House, between \$250 and \$350 was realized.

We now will go to the next house on the hill, beyond Col. William Cotton's or Everett Cotton's, place, which is the Miles Rendell homestead, later John Perry's. This house was burned in 1919 and rebuilt by Arthur Perry, the present owner. Miles Rendall will be long remembered by the dreadful sorrow that befell his home in 1854 when his wife and six children were taken, but three days apart, by diphtheria. It is said that Mr. Whitehouse is the only person except Dr. Roberts of Wakefield, who dared to enter the stricken home. Mr. Whitehouse assisted Mr. Rendall in preparing

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the loved ones for the coffins, which were brought within sight of the house by Anderson Smith, father of the late Albert Smith of North Wakefield. Mrs. Rendell was 38 years old when she went to her eternal rest.

The following verses were composed by Jennie Cotton (Mrs. George) Gage, daughter of James Cotton, and mother of attorney John Gage, of Sanbornville. She was born and reared on the place now owned by Paul Bissell, and it was from her father that "Jim Cotton Hill" derived its name.

IN MEMORY OF MR. RENDELL'S CHILDREN AND WIFE

Away in the graveyard's lonely retreat,
 Away from all sorrow lie those loved ones, asleep.
 But away to blest mansions their spirits have flown--
 It's only their bodies that lie under the stone.
 Bright visions of earth--how quickly they fled,
 And all cherished hopes lie away with the dead.
 Not a loved one is left of thy once merry band,
 But all have gone upward to that beautiful land.
 Thy own cherished wife, they once happy bride,
 Was borne from thy bosom o'er death's chilling tide.
 She sickened and away with her little ones fled,
 Where glories forever their beauties shall shed.
 The voice of thy wife will ne'er fall on thine ear,
 The sound of her footsteps thou wilt nevermore hear,
 For away in death's stillness they have laid her to rest,
 And in Heaven with angels, her spirit is blest.
 Thy six loving children, which a short time ago
 Were healthy and playful, with smiles on their brows,
 Each flower has faded and withered and fell,
 And gone with the angels forever to dwell
 Oh! Kind friend look away thru these dark clouds of night
 For beyond them thou wilt see through Heaven's soft light,
 Rich fountains of crystals and dew drops of love,
 And those angels stand ready to greet thee above.

On page 101 in Parker's History of Wolfeborough it is recorded that Nathaniel Brown, superintendent of the Gov. Wentworth Estate, built the Miles Rendell place in 1794.

The next house in line is the William Cottle place, later the home of William Bixby, now owned by George Fogg. Although this house is a few rods over the Brookfield line, it has always been reckoned as a part of Cotton Valley. William Bixby was a very fine citizen, and carried on a large lumber business at one time. He married Miss Sarah Cate of Wolfeboro, and has one son, Arthur Bixby, now living in Massachusetts. In Mr. Bixby's early days he made his home with his Uncle and Aunt, Mr. and Mrs. William Cottle and after their death, his mother came from Boston to live with him.

Mrs. Bixby was understood to have had five sons killed in the Civil War, and was honored by receipt of the following letter, written and signed by the hand of Abraham Lincoln:

Executive Mansion
Washington, Nov. 21, 1864

To Mrs. Bixby, Boston, Mass.,

Dear Madam.

I have been shown in the files of the War Department of the Adjutant General of Massachusetts that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any word of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming. But I cannot refrain from tendering you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the republic they died to save. I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement, and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom.

Yours very sincerely and respectfully,

A. LINCOLN

Happily, the loss was less great than at first reported for about a month after Mrs. Bixby received this letter, one of her sons returned, having been captured rather than killed. Not long afterward another son, who had not been in the service at all, but had been a sutler, also returned.

Sutler, one who follows an army and sells to the troops provisions, liquors and the like



Home of Walter and Sally Ann (Cotton) Avery
Later, the Home of Gideon and Mary Ann Cotton (Avery) Gilman



Graves of Walter and Sally Ann (Cotton) Avery
in the Family Burying Ground on the Property

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Home of George Pike and Rebecca (Kendall) Cotton.
Later, the Home of Orrin and Mary Helen (Vandewater) Cotton.
Later, the Summer Home of Their Son, Harry Cotton.

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Pike Cotton Cemetery In Field Across From Pike Cotton House
Graves of Sergt. George Pike and Rebecca (Kendall) Cotton

We will now go back to the Summer home of Harry Cotton, cousin of John A. Cotton, a carpenter, living in Stoneham, near the East Wolfeboro church. Harry Cotton was the son of Orrin Cotton and grandson of Pike Cotton.

Pike Cotton, Deacon Thomas Cotton and Dudley Cotton, gave the right of way across their land for the railroad in 1872, thus resulting in the name of 'Cotton Valley' for the station.

The store, later known as the Clarence Evans store, was built in 1872, by Pike Cotton, grandfather of John A. Cotton, for his son, George O. Cotton, and was the earliest one of this section.

George O. Cotton was the first storekeeper, station agent and post master in Cotton Valley. In 1875, George O. Cotton sold his business to George Nute, and in the same year, Henry D. Cotton bought the store, and had a large business, and was also station agent and post master.

In 1880 Stephen Clow bought out the business, and was also station agent and post master for three years, when he sold out his business to William Dorr, who remained there until his death. Then his daughter, Lula Dorr, took charge of the store, station, and post office.

About 1900, Lula Dorr sold out all her interest to Jacob Cotton, and went to Colorado and bought a ranch, and herded her own cattle. She had a large business for several years, died in Colorado in 1907, and was brought east and buried in the Wolfeboro Center cemetery with her parents.

Clarence Evans was the next in line that handled the store, station and post office. In 1935, this store, then

Owned by John Prindall of Brookfield, was burned.

The store now owned by Austin Fogg was built about 23 years ago by Alfred Donovan, now in business in California. The next one to run it was Arthur Read, who had a prosperous business for several years, and is now living in California. This takes us to the present time and present storekeeper, Austin Fogg.

The first store keeper in Cotton Valley, George O. Cotton, went to Oregon soon after he sold out his business, and has never been heard from since.

The shop near the Harry Cotton place, and on the Everett Cotton land, was at one time used by Miles Rendell as a commercial printing shop.

The brook that runs beside it was once called Warner Brook, and was named from a family once living on its banks, who reared to adult age, 21 children. It starts in what is known as the Ham pasture, of the late Daniel J. Cotton farm. It was in this section that Jonathan Warner owned about 900 acres, bordered by Brookfield, Ossipee, and Wakefield, all of which come together at one point, near the former George Philbrick place, the last house in Wolfeboro, on the North Wakefield road over the mountain. The old cellar of which traces can still be found, must have been that of the home of Jonathan Warner.

This brook joins Rye Field Brook, that runs behind the Roscoe Clow mill at Cotton Valley.

We will now go to the Timothy Cotton place, now owned and occupied by Robert Thurrell. This farm was at one time part of the Governor Wentworth estate. Timothy's father, John Furber Cotton,

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had two wives and eleven children, six of whom we know and will mention.

¹ Mercy married Isaiah Wiggin, a shoe manufacturer in Lynn for many years, later in life bought out Timothy and lived at this old homestead until Mr. Wiggin's death. Then Mrs. Wiggin sold the place to Arthur Read, store keeper at Cotton Valley, now of California, who sold it to Mr. Thurrell.

² Lizzie married Capt. Wiggin of Wolfeboro. ³ William Henry was a Baptist minister and preached in Newfield and many other Maine towns. ⁴ Edward Shannon was also a Baptist minister and preaching in Hyannis, Mass., at the time of the Richeson murder trial. The Rev. Clarence Richeson had engaged Mr. Cotton to marry him and the fiancée whom he poisoned. Mr. Cotton was not involved in the trial.

⁵ John Colby was never married, but taught school for many years. A story is told that he walked down to Stoneham Corner to get his boots tapped by the late Smith Wentworth and found Mr. Wentworth helping his wife chop mince meat. He changed work, and the shoes were tapped by Mr. Wentworth while the mincemeat was chopped by Mr. Cotton.

We might say here that all the Cottonboro people came to Stoneham to have their hides tanned by Spencer Wentworth, father of Smith Wentworth and grandfather of W. R. Wentworth and Mrs. Lizzie Hutchins. The tanning was done in a large hole between the now Jasper Palmer Summer home and the former Spencer Wentworth house, where now nothing but a cellar remains. The raw hides were brought down by the Cottonboro folk, and carried home as shoes.

⁶ Timothy Cotton was the father of four daughters, all of whom died before they were 21. (Myrtle was Cyrus Jenness' first

wife). He was married three times, and at the second marriage moved to Newburyport, where he did a large carpentering business for many years. He died about 1929, at the age of 87.

When Timothy was but six years old, he drove his father's oxen four and a half miles, to the blacksmith, by the way of North Wakefield, up over the river to Mayhew Davis's shop. His father had gone ahead of him, with a horse, to get the nails made, with which to shoe the oxen. The little fellow sat on a block of wood, waiting for the oxen to be shod, and to rest before starting on his journey home. How many children could walk nine miles now, beside oxen, or otherwise? This is a true story, told to the writer, by Timothy Cotton himself.

The little chap got very lonely before coming to any house, and after leaving the Jenness place, where no one was out to tell him he was on the right road, it began to worry him. But walking always brings you somewhere and thus Timothy reached the John Mathews house, and Mr. Mathews was standing in the doorway. It was a relief to find he had only a mile and a half to go, and he saw his father coming over the hill to meet him.

John Furber Cotton, Timothy's father, always wore a tall hat; and this, Timothy saw a good way off.

Through the kindness of John Mathews, Timothy at the age of 14 years, sold three old growth red oak trees, to a Portsmouth man that was looking for a special kind of wood from which to make staves for hogsheads to send to the West Indies, to be filled with molasses. He received \$9.00 for the three trees, which was a lot of money 80 years ago. Timothy was to have the waste wood.

This was his first real sale, and was a great help to his widowed and invalid mother.

Timothy had the pleasure of visiting the mother of Mr. Mathews, on her 102nd birthday, and visited Mr. Mathews at the age of 100. Mr. Mathews lived to 101, and was an invalid for many years.

Sixty years ago, Timothy raised a very fine colt that seems well worth mentioning. When it was four years old, he sold it to John Drew, of Durham, father of the Rev. William Drew, who has a summer place in Stoneham, the former Pike Stanton homestead. He received \$200. which was considered a grand price at that time. After a little training at the Dover Race Track, Mr. Drew sold this fine horse for \$1000. Timothy was so enraged over this, that he never ceased talking about it, and thus the story has been handed down to the present generation.

The four year old col^t named 'Nancy Hanks', never had been shod until Mr. Drew purchased her.

At one time there were 12 farms, comprising 1600 acres of land, most of which was in a compact body, owned by persons of the Cotton name and blood.

Large families were in order in those days, and yet the good earth supported them in comfort. Every able bodied member of every family was a worker. It is told of a father of ten children that he bought but one barrel of flour in his lifetime, and that, only to see if it were any better than the flour of his own raising. He carried his wheat and corn to a local mill to be ground; his woolen clothing came from the backs of his own sheep, his household linens from flax of his own cultivation.

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The Timothy Cotton farm has changed its character in the past few years, from an all-round, self sufficient demesne, to a specialized industry. Its pleasures, as well as its labors, have changed; where once rosy lasses and lusty lads shared husking bees and apple paring bees, the first gymkhana known in this vicinity, was held in July, 1924.

Twelve members of the Danvers Riding Club spent a two weeks outing on Cotton Mountain, at the farm of J. Ellison Morse, a member of the club. They made the hundred mile trip, horseback, in three days. Two trucks carrying the tents and camping equipment preceded them, with the cook, and men to care for the horses.

They had some fine mounts, some hunters and jumpers brought from Virginia, a beautiful five gaited horse and a small spotted pony which didn't hesitate at a four and a half foot fence. Everyone watched for them daily, as they rode over these mountain roads.

On Saturday afternoon they staged the gymkhana, at the Week^{is} field. Any of the local residents who rode, were asked to join. Promptly at 2:30, a parade of the mounts started off the gymkhana, to the lively music of the Farmington Band. There was a relay race, a junior jump, a high jump, and other stunts by the riders. Prizes and ribbons were given to the riders. It drew a large attendance, and was greatly enjoyed by all the spectators.

That evening the Riding Club gave a dance in the Community House, to which everyone was invited. The Farmington Band played for the affair. The riders, dressed in white, with boots and spurs, made a very striking appearance. Many guests

came from Salem, Lynn, and Danvers, Mass. The day's entertainment will long be remembered.

This event recalls to older memories, the great neighborhood Fourth of July picnics, which began in 1893 in Daniel J. Cotton's cow pasture, now the Weeks pasture. This was made a great occasion, for old and young, with a program of speaking, and music consisting of college songs, hymns, solos and duets, always ending with the singing of "God Be With You Till We Meet Again."

The parade was a quarter of a mile long, including decorated hay racks in which people of all ages rode; harnesses, racks and costumes being of red, white and blue, and other bright colors. The horribles ranged from horses wearing pants and hats, to clowns and tramps.

The writer remembers an ostrich built over a barrel, by Edwin R. Smith, of Lynn, an extremely clever feature. Mr. Smith was walking inside the barrel. He has been one of the Stoneham and East Wolfeboro summer folk for the past forty years, and still spends week ends and summer vacations here.

There was a band, of which the fifes were played by the late Samuel Plummer, Obed Cottle and George Harrison Gage; bass drum, by Henry Libby, of Sanbornville; and tenor drum, by Clark Cotton. The line of march was from the church to the school house and back to the pasture, the gate being in front of the old Weeks cellar.

Soon afterward, dinner was served, all the community families and friends gathering around long tables set in the shade of the maple trees. Board seats were built. Beans, brown

bread, rolls, ham, doughnuts, cake, coffee, pies and ice cream were free to all. The first table was reserved for the musicians and the speakers and guests of honor. The cooking was done by the neighborhood women, and lemonade was made in great quantities in wooden wash tubs. About 300 gathered for the celebration.

These picnics reached their height in 1902, when a grand celebration was staged on Cotton Mountain, to dedicate the observatory built by Daniel J. Cotton in 1901. A special train was run from Wolfeboro to Cotton Valley to transport the band and spectators. Four hundred people marched in the parade from the church, with Mr. Cotton as marshal. His staff consisted of Jacob Cotton, William Bixby, Henry Cotton, and Wilbur Gilman.

Having reached the mountain, the Wolfeboro Band played beautiful music from the top floor of the observatory. On the ground floor were the speakers and guests of honor, of whom one was Thomas L. Whitton, then 90 years of age, and the oldest man in Wolfeboro at the time. Community singing was led by Aaron Palmer of Beverly, Mass., and Stoneham, accompanied at the organ by Leon Colman of Brookfield and Boston. Again the long tables groaned under the traditional feast of baked beans and all the other accompaniments listed above.

Near this spot, ore was dug from the mountain, 65 years ago, which an experienced assayer declared to contain gold, lead, and iron, but uncertainty of the amount and lack of capital prevented development of mineral assets. A few small nuggets of gold were found.

The young people of fifty years ago will remember the mortar, a sort of small cannon, brought by Pike Cotton from the west, and used every year at the Fourth of July celebration. Jesse Cotton and Edgar Palmer remember staying out all night the night before the Fourth, firing off this mortar from the pine knoll in Mrs. Henry Cotton's field. It was also fired from the hill across the track near Cotton Valley station. John A. Cotton also helped in the celebration until, when he and the writer were young, the mortar came to grief, due to long service and an overload of powder.

When Wolfeboro was divided into four school districts in 1790, with one teacher for the town, whose name was Andrew Collins, he played a dual role as preacher and school master.

The school was kept in private homes, and had 36 days a year. District No. 7 called the Farm District, had 13 school tax payers and the tax for the year was \$12.30.

At the annual town meeting in 1821 it was voted to re-district the town, increasing the number of districts to 11, and in 1823, five men were chosen a superintending committee. They were to examine the teachers and see that they were qualified to teach. The five men were to visit the schools at the beginning and end of each term, and if this obligation was not fulfilled the individual that was lax in making the two visits, was liable for the wages of the teacher.

In 1828 it was voted to have a school committee in each district, and Samuel Huggins was appointed for the Farm District, which was Cottonboro. About this time three school houses were built in this section, one being the old Cotton school house,

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one on the road from Cotton Valley, now forgotten, and presumably the Whitton School, where it is known that a school house has stood for at least 70 years.

The first school house, or the old Cottonboro school house, as we now know it, was torn down about 45 years ago, ^{It} and was to be moved to Cotton Valley, to be used for pleasure and entertainment, or a club house, as we speak of it today. But this was found very difficult, and at the first bend in the hill road, by the willow, it hit a tree and saved the many oxen that were being used to move it from a horrid death. After this no one of the men would risk his life or the lives of the oxen, so William Dorr, the purchaser, and storekeeper, tore it down there on the side of the hill.

The school house had wooden seats each large enough for two or three small children. There was a raised platform in the center for the teacher's desk, and the blackboards were ordinary painted boards, painted black. At first it was heated by a fireplace, if it was necessary to keep school in cold weather, which was true some of the time, for there was only one teacher available for several schools.

On account of the small amount of money, it was necessary for the pupils to act as janitor, which was a hard job. Wood was brought to the school in sled lengths, and green, and the pupil had to furnish his own kindling. In fireplace time, it took the most of a scholar's time to keep the fire going and he was not supposed to be sparing of the wood. Old dried stumps and dried branches were used for ^Kkindling. The teacher kept a 'fire list' of all the boys' names, with a schedule of the weeks

on which they were to be responsible for the fire. Each boy had to saw in two foot lengths, all the wood he burned, and no axe was kept at the school house, for fear of accident.

The girl's names were placed on a similar 'sweeping list,' and the brooms they used were home made, of hemlock boughs. Short branches were arranged, face to face, with a broomstick in the middle; the first few twigs were tightly bound to the stick, then another layer added and bound. Finally the ends were evenly trimmed. The writer's mother was among the neighborhood housewives who made their own brooms for home use. The hemlock was gathered in large quantities early in the Winter, and kept in the cellar, or other cold place, so that the needles would not fall off. They did not last very long in the warm school house.

About 60 years ago, when John Hamilton of Sanbornville was janitor, he lived with his parents on what is known as the Calvin Tibbetts place, below the Dr. Jenness place. The house was bought by the late John Mathews and moved to North Wakefield, to replace his house that was burned and the barn remained standing for many years. Mr. Hamilton, then a lad of 12 years had to walk two miles to school with his dinner pail in one hand and the kindling in the other, to start the fire in the long box stove. At this time, the teacher drew lots to see who should start and keep the fire, and each boy had his turn during the term.

Winslow Brown, now living in Freedom, used to join Mr. Hamilton on the way to school. His parents lived in a house long since fallen down, just a few rods below the Dr. Jenness place, in from the road. The Kendall boys, who went away, and

whose where-abouts are now unknown, joined in the long walks to school. The Rice children, unknown to the writer, were students at Cottonboro. The late Betsy Canney, Dr. Clow's aunt and the late Charles Colman, then living in the Henry Cotton place, were teachers at this time.

The teacher was boarded around by different families, free of charge, so that the school could be kept together. This was not a hard task for the parents, for it gave their children more opportunities to get extra instruction from the teacher. Supper was planned early, so to get the full value of the teacher's time.

About fifty years ago, Mrs. Emma E.B. Twombly, of Sanbornville taught in the old Cottonboro school house, having 30 pupils. Mrs. Hattie Kimball of Wolfeboro Falls, was also one of the teachers. Mrs. Twombly was the first one to have a Christmas tree in Cottonboro. This was a gala affair, and many of the older people gave a helping hand to the very fine program. It may be interesting to give this program here:

Night Before Christmas
 Recitation by Lula Dorr: "The Night After Christmas"
 Singing by Choir
 Dec. by John B. Perry: "Christmas Poem"
 Rec. by Stella Cotton: "What the Twins Got"
 Rec. by Leslie Cotton
 Reading by Miss A. Bertha Whitton: "The Wreck of
 the Hesperus"
 Dialogue: "Guess What's in my Pocket"
 Singing by Choir
 Dec. by Joie L. Morgan: "Santa Claus"
 Rec. by Zillah B. Cotton: "Miltiades Gets the Best of
 Santa Claus"
 Dec. by Eddie C. Perry
 Singing by Miss Abbie A. Whitton
 Reading by Edward C. Avery
 Rec. by Priscilla Cotton
 Rec. by Miss Myrtle Cotton: "The Christmas Tree"
 Singing by Choir.
 Dec. by John B. Cotton
 Rec. by Suzie M. Canney

Dec. by J. Lyman Clow; "Deathbed of Benedict Arnold"
 Rec. by Gertrude L. Perry
 Rec. by Charles Rouell
 Rec. by Elvin Adjutant: "Old Christmas of forty
 Years Ago"
 Reading by Miss Abbie A. Whitton
 Singing by Choir

Mrs. Twombly still proudly shows a work basket, given her at that time by her pupils. She was one of the first teachers to pay cash for their board; she lived at Mrs. Henry Cotton's.

There is a picture in possession of one of the pupils, of the school and its teacher at the time, Mrs. Hattie Morgan Kimball, taken some fifty years ago.

The present school house, that was sold to Mrs. Robert Mauser last Summer, was built about 45 years ago, and was used for school purposes until about 32 years ago, when there were not pupils enough to keep it going. Some went to the North Wolfeboro school and some to the Whitton school. The writer can remember being one of 33 pupils, and at one time there was a larger number. This school house was bought by the Ladies' Aid in 1913 and the annual sales were held in it for several years. Church services were held in it for a number of years, and lastly it was used for a community house, and dances and socials were held there. For the past few years it has been used very little.

Many rare and unusual flowers have been carried to Brewster Academy by Mrs. Thaddeus Shaw of Reading, Mass., when as Miss Priscilla Cotton she attended that school in 1893, and by other pupils as well, from the ravine in front of this school house. They were mounted and kept for the benefit of the Academy botany

classes, but were all lost when the building was burned, early in the 1900's.

*S.S.M.
May 21
1937*

An old homestead which has been absorbed in the 'Cotton Mountain Farm' is that of the late William Tibbetts, father of the late Thomas Jefferson Tibbetts, who in turn was the father of Herbert Tibbetts of Wolfeboro Falls, Mrs. Charles Varney of Wolfeboro, Mrs. Daniel Tuttle of Wakefield, the late Mrs. William Pike of Wakefield, Mrs. Hattie Burke, Mary Canney, and the late Thomas Tibbetts of Sanbornville.

The original William Tibbetts house was burned about 85 years ago, and that which was built in its place by his son Thomas was burned about 1930, after being purchased by Robert Thurrell.

William Tibbetts had two brothers; one, Bishop Tibbetts, lived on the ('Dr. Jenness road;') the other, William Tibbetts, who lived beyond Cotton Valley on the farm now occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Otto Fritzsche.

A little story is told about William Tibbetts, Jr., who was a horse jockey--or trader. He was a very humorous person, could give a joke and take one as well. One of his trades in Dover, was swapping a horse for a bear. As Mr. Tibbetts hitched the bear behind the wagon he was not inclined to be taken away from his former master, sat up on his hind legs and began to growl. Mr. Tibbetts thought he was afraid and when the second burst of growling came, he knew he was afraid, and asked his customer what his pleasure was about swapping back. The man with the horse was satisfied and so the bear had his own way and remained at home, and william came home with neither horse nor bear.

Between the Tibbetts farm, which lay on top of the hill, where the huge hatchery now stands, and the present Huebner place, is an abandoned road once known as the 'Willey Road' . Here Josiah Willey, who enlisted at the age of 18 in the Revolution, from Dover, settled at the close of the war and reared his family.

Josiah Willey was a grandfather of Albert Stackpole of Wolfeboro Falls, and great grandfather of Fred Stackpole, cashier of the Wolfeboro National Bank. Thus, there were two Revolutionary soldiers in Cottonboro, the other being Col. William Cotton.

Josiah Willey had two daughters, Mary and Hannah. The house in which Josiah and his wife Abigail, lived, has long since fallen down, and they are buried in an obscure sylvan cemetery, nearby; Josiah's grave is decorated every Memorial Day, by the American Legion. Mary Willey, upon marrying Joshua Stackpole, went to live in the house now occupied by Albert Stackpole.

Mr. Stackpole cherishes a copper kettle that he dug from the foundation of his grandfather's cellar. The Willey Road is often used now for teaming and logging, and fishermen find it an ideal spot.

The Willey Brook runs under the ground for short distances, in many places, then comes to view again, thus creating little pools, which are fine for fishing. The road leads out to the Dr. Jenness place on the road to North Wakefield, and the Willey Brook joins the Jenness Brook.

Cornelius Jenness came from Rochester in 1791, and settled on the farm which his great grandson Cyrus Jenness, a cattle dealer, now living at Wolfeboro Center, sold in 1930 to