

1—MY BIRTHDAY AND MORE

It was snowing at 5:30 in the morning of October 27, 1920, according to the reports. There was going to be a birth at the Read Homestead. So that's where it all started and 88 years later, here I am. Outside of having asthma for the first few years of my life, I guess that I was an average young man.

One of the things that I do remember at age 10 or 12 was that a neighbor across the valley stopped to see if my grandfather and the rest of the crew would come and cut hay on what was known as the Lang Farm.

Well, I was aware that there were some girls who lived there, and I said that the rest could go, but I was not going. For some other reason, it didn't happen. At this point of my life, girls weren't what I was interested in. However, as time passed, I grew up and my interest in pretty girls, especially, was beginning to show through. I wasn't too ashamed to be seen with members of the opposite sex. Well, you know to make a long story short, I did marry the prettiest of the three girls who were at the farm where I didn't want to hay. It was a union made in heaven. We were both young and ambitious.

They called us the "KIDS". My folks made an apartment for us. Kathleen worked at Goodyear Tire and Rubber in Windsor and I worked on the farm. She got \$100/month and I got \$20/month with rent, milk, meat and whatever was raised on the farm.

After the first year, I found work at the Herbert Adams' estate. He was a sculptor. I worked for him through the summer for \$100/month. Then we bought our first farm. Our first farm will come later under this heading.

Abe and Kathleen
Pre-wedding 1940

Wedding—May 18, 1940
Junior Read Hazel Young(sister)
Jean Read Hebert , Pinky Sivio, Doad Redlands(sister), Lucille Read

Abe and Kathleen
Sheila Smith Hubert(niece) Louise Atwood Sawyer(niece)

2--SCHOOL DAYS

I started school at the age of five and turned six in October. This was before the school bus era. We walked both ways, to and from school. It was a mile one way on rainy days snowy days, warm days and cold days. There was never a snow day as there is today. I went to school in Plainfield with some of my siblings. I remember my first grade teacher was Grace Whitaker. My second grade teacher was Ruth Whitaker. My third grade teacher was an older lady by the name of Miss Clow.

At this point, we had moved to a new school just across the road from the old one. My next teacher was Irene Livingston. The next one was Bertha Hall. The next one was Ruth Jones. The last one was Ruth Foster.

In these years, I was rather sickly, mostly with asthma. I missed a lot of school, but I was able to keep up with my studies. The year that I graduated from grammar school was 1934. This was the year that the family took a trip to Washington, DC.

1934 was my first year at K.U.A. The students were mostly town students and I knew most of them. Mr. Tracy was the headmaster. Mr. Jarvis was my English teacher. Miss Giffard was my math teacher. Last, but not least, Mr. Pa Condlin was my Bible teacher. This was not my best subject. I remember taking the final exam in Bible. There were questions on the test that were Greek to me. I passed in the paper mostly empty. In a few days he passed the papers back. I really wasn't anxious to look at mine. However, would you believe, that man had written all the answers and marked them correct. I suppose that he hoped that I would look at the answers.

Many years later, I ran across his son at a meeting of some kind. As soon as I heard the name Condlin, I made it a point to see him. I told him about this good deed that his father had done for me.

He started to laugh and said “That was my father alright”. We had a good visit. Pa Condlin was one of the best. As far as I know he didn’t have an enemy in the world.

I don’t remember as there was anything in the next three years. We changed headmasters. Bill Brewster came on board and I liked him. He enlarged the school with new teachers and new students from far and wide.

I have written a story earlier about getting stuck in the frozen ruts on the way to school and how the oxen came to my rescue. Jarvis was still the English teacher. Branch, Babcock, Merryman, Carver and Sherman were some that taught while I was there. With a 150 new students my second year, it ceased to be fun. I graduated in 1938 in the middle of the depression.

I took a correspondence course on farming. I got 96 on that final exam. I think that it depends on one’s interests. Perhaps farming had more appeal than the Bible.

Peter Hathaway, Albert Read, Norman Williams, Florence Waite,
Winifred Blanchard, Veronica Rogers, Barbara Stone

3--FIRE AT THE SUMMER WHITE HOUSE

Harlakendon was the name of the Winston Churchill home in Cornish, NH. This was also used for the Summer White House. Teddy Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson both spent time here and mingled with the Cornish Colony. In September 1923, this place was nearly burned to the ground. I remember going to see the fire with the family. My Dad was fire warden and, of course, he had some authority.

The point that I am trying to make is the fact that I remember this fire quite well. You often wonder how much children remember.

4--OATMEAL STORY

Back in the 1930's and during the big depression, my Dad was a selectman for the town of Plainfield, NH. In those days, there wasn't much work for the people who didn't live on a farm, so they were eligible for a little help from the town. They would make a list of their needs and present it to the selectmen for their approval. Sometimes the selectmen might make a substitution if they thought that it was cheaper. They then could go to the store and get their groceries.

I remember this one woman presented her list to my Dad and he substituted oatmeal for grape nuts. Apparently, the lady wanted to make a grape nut pudding. Now, I have seen some pretty irritated people, but this woman was really hot and she walked at least four miles one way in the middle of the winter to bring the oatmeal back to my Dad. It was a cold night, about eight o'clock and we heard a rap on the door. My Dad opened the door and this person (I could hardly call her a lady) had her speech memorized and she told him what he could do with the oatmeal in no uncertain terms. She handed it to him and left to walk back the four miles home. He wasn't in the habit of being talked to like that and he didn't get a chance to say anything. The room was full of family, and it has made something to talk about for many years.

5--MUDDY ROADS

When I started my first year a KUA, the school furnished transportation for the town kids. After a couple of years, I had my sixteenth birthday and got a driver's license. Then I started to drive myself. The roads, of course, were dirt and in the spring time they got muddy with deep ruts.

After a cold night of below 32 degrees, everything would be frozen up and it was possible to get stranded in these ruts. Well, of course, I did do just that. I happened to be near a farm and I knew that they had a pair of oxen, so I went to the door looking for the man to give me some help to get out of my dilemma. The lady came to the door and said that her husband was gone to work and asked, "What is your problem?" I told her of my plight and she said, "If you know how to drive the oxen, help yourself". I did do just that. I went to the barn and yoked up the oxen and pulled myself out of my problem and put the oxen back in the barn. I went to the house and thanked her for the use of the oxen. I then continued to school. I was a little tardy by then. I know that I must have smelled like something different than what those city kids were used to smelling. That ox barn hadn't been deodorized for a spell.

6--THE READS GO TO D.C. IN 1934

On a morning just before daylight, in late March, “The Read Family” headed down the road with the destination of Washington, DC. There was my grandfather, my father and mother, my brother, my little sister and myself. We had a big car and it was full, three in the front and three in the back. My Dad was the first driver until we got down into Conn. And that’s where we had our first catastrophe. My Dad missed a stop sign and it cost him fifteen dollars, but we kept on going. My brother drove the rest of the way.

The roads in those days went straight through all the cities and in NYC there was quite a lot going on. We passed over the George Washington Bridge on to an elevated highway. This went on for many miles, maybe a 100. We were on the road for two days and a half. I don’t remember where we carried our suit cases, seems as if we must have had some. My oldest sister, Phyllis, lived in Washington and she found places for us to stay. We toured the city and saw all the main attractions. My mother and sister, who was seven years old, went to the White House for the Easter Egg Roll. I wish that I could remember the names of all the places that we went to see. The Cherry Blossoms were in full bloom. We took the elevator up the Washington Monument. From the top it seemed to be as close to Heaven as you could get without God’s help. We went to the Library of Congress, the Smithsonian Institute, the Congress and there were lots more.

I am sorry that this story isn’t quite as colorful as I had hoped, but this is the way that it happened.

7--BEE HUNTING

When I was growing up in the 20's and 30's, Sunday afternoon might be devoted to bee hunting. This is not the case now, but then we had wild honey bees. My Dad, Ralph and Otis Jordan and Larry Taylor were usually the instigators of the hunt. There were always others that would go too. Sometimes the women folks would go and have a picnic. All the men folks would have a small bee box that had a piece of honey comb in it with sugar and water inside the comb. This made a sweet liquid that the bees liked. The object was to find honey bees working on flowers and this wasn't usually a problem. These boxes had a cover on them and with some patience, you could get them inside where the sugar and water was ready for them. Everybody had a different kind of bee box that they had made themselves. The object was to let the bees fill up on sugar and water and watch the direction they went upon leaving. They would circle a time or two and then they would go straight to their hive, usually a hole in some tree where they lived.

The bees would come back to the bee box and usually bring some more with them. After a return trip or two, they were really able to determine the direction in which the bees went. They would move the boxes in that direction and set them up again and try to figure out how long they were gone. I have seen my Dad put a little red ink on one of the wings. This would help tell how long they were gone. When the time was within two or three minutes, you would know that you were getting close.

Then the search began and the crew would spread out to see if they could find where the bees were. I have seen a swarm in a log on the ground. They often would find a hole in a house. I saw a swarm that had taken up residence under a church roof. After finding the location of the swarm, they would cut the tree if it was in a tree, and save the honey and also save the bees. They never left them to shift for themselves. There was always someone that wanted a hive of bees.

I should add, that I have my Dad's bee box and I also made one for myself.

8--MY GRANDFATHER—ALBERT READ II

My first recollection of him was on his 64th birthday. I had to be almost three. His birthday was March 18, 1858. Mine was October 27, 1920. Families lived together in those days. My grand-mother had passed away a year before I was born. Fortunately, my grandfather liked kids because there were 7 of us. I considered him not only my grand-father, but my mentor. My Dad was gone a lot, and this left Gramp (as we kids called him) to look after the place in general. My Mom took care of the inside and kept her eyes on the outside too.

At 64, my grandfather was able to do whatever needed to be done on the farm. We had a few cows, a pair of horses, chickens, and a pig or two. We also had a pair or two of oxen. He raised a big garden and usually a couple acres of potatoes. You would have thought that he would have gotten out of sorts with all of us kids. He was a kind and gentle man. He was a “go to man”; if you had a problem, he was always there to help.

He passed away on March 28, 1939 and was missed by family and friends. It was difficult for me, especially, as I know it was for all of us. He was human and he didn't mind playing tricks on people, but it wasn't malicious. To the people that know me, does this sound familiar?

9--SUPPLEMENT TO MY GRANDFATHER

This story proves my point about my grandfather being willing to play a trick on people and being able to receive the same. He was versatile in this respect, and always enjoyed being around people. This is what happened on April Fool's Day. He was a select-man in town and on the first day of April, he started to do the assessment of each piece of property in town.

One of the first pieces of property that he stopped at was the Ruggles' home. They were good friends and asked him in. The women folks were making donuts. One of them thought that she would April Fool him. She took some cotton batten and put donut dough all around it and fried it. When the time was right, she offered him a donut. Well, guess what, he ate the donut and appeared to be thankful for it, but knowing him as I did I'll bet that the rebuttal wasn't far away. My grandfather and Mr. Ruggles sang together in the church choir.

I know another story that you will get a laugh out of. There was a family of boys that lived next door and they were smokers. They stopped in frequently and they were usually short of tobacco. They were pipe smokers as he was. He was generous and he always gave them some. One day one of them stopped to visit and they had a new can of tobacco. My grandfather seized the opportunity and asked for a pipeful of tobacco. This pipe wasn't something that he used on a daily basis. It was a corn cob pipe that was eight inches long. He went and got it and dumped the whole can of that tobacco into his pipe.

As the family grew up, one of my sisters got married. Her husband was always around quite a lot, and he was telling about a horse that was 24 hands high. A hand is 4 inches. My grandfather wasn't easily taken in and he said, "You know, don't you, that you couldn't get that horse into this barn".

One last thing that I remember was that I asked once something about my grandmother. This is what he said, “I met her up at Moses Pond, New Years Eve at a skating party, and she was the prettiest girl that I ever saw”.

He was a great man and liked by all who knew him.

10--FARM BOY

When I was eight or ten years old, my father and grandfather were cattle dealers. They traveled with a horse and wagon and tried to buy at least a box car full every week. There were a lot of cattle. Most every little farm had eight or ten head. They probably went ten or fifteen miles in all directions from home. Things were different in those days. If you bought an animal the owner would deliver it. Everything was done on foot.

On Monday morning, they would turn all the cattle that they had bought into the road and drive them to West Lebanon and put them on a rail car to Brighton, Mass. to the market there. I didn't play a very big part in this, but sometimes I would ride behind with whoever was following the cattle. This took all day. Can you imagine doing this today?

The covered bridge in Buttmanville always created some problems, but there would usually be extra help to get the job done. They always were successful. They drove them right up the main street to where the banks are, mostly through the main part of town. Then there was a lane from the street to the railyard. 12A was a much different place in those days.

11--SERENADE

Many many years ago when I was a youngster, there was an older couple that decided to get married. Everybody in the town knew these people and one night they decided to serenade them. There were some preliminaries that had to be worked out. My Dad, Mom and Little Abe went to one of the neighbors early to help with the plans. There were several folks, there and the ladies were somewhat by themselves as I remember, and the men were more or less by themselves.

The man of the house in getting ready for this event had made some home brew (this was in prohibition--no alcohol). He wanted to treat the men folks, and I was hanging close to my Dad. He was, obviously, responsible for me. Well, I guess that I got loose and did some sampling. I don't remember much after that but I do remember that my mother was real unhappy with my Dad's babysitting job.

12--BUYING AND SELLING LIVESTOCK

As I had been brought up in the buying and selling of livestock, it was likely that I might try it on my own. At the age of twelve, I made my first purchase. A neighbor had a veal calf for sale. I don't know how I found out about it, but I did. Well, anyway, I bought it for \$13.00 and my Dad took it to the stockyard in Windsor, Vt. He went every Monday with animals that he had bought. I received \$18.00 for the calf. Hey!! Money, money. This kind of gave me a start along with praise from my Dad. As I continued to grow up, I had the opportunity to go with Dad to look for animals. I guess that you could call me a cattle buyer.

This leads up to the first Ayrshire. I bought an Ayrshire cow to ship to Boston and she had a heifer calf. We kept the calf and raised it. We bought two calves from Linwood Huntington and one from the Hunt farm in Windsor. At this point, we had bought our first farm. We then went to Rutland and bought our first cow (Beech Hill Miss Charm) at the New England sale. Naturally, we continued to buy and grow and we bought a bull from Dr. Blood. From that point on, we bought many and sold some. I did buy a calf from Carl Johnson in West Lebanon that grew up to be perhaps one of the nicest cows that I ever had. If I had kept her for a brood cow, she would have been a great asset to the Ayrshire breed.

These were beautiful cattle and the whole family enjoyed working with them. We were always looking for that special cow. At one time after Betty's Commander influence had a chance to show up, we had the top herd for a while. These cattle really milked, and it didn't make any difference what they looked like. They were milkers.

13--HUMOROUS PEOPLE

There are some people who are humorous by nature. This reminds me of a man that I used to know. This man was the salt of the earth. He lived in the village and was looked up to by everyone. He also had a way with words that was unbelievable. I used to go deer hunting with him among other things. He was a riot to listen to. We were riding on the Old County Road one day and went by this rather large lady. There was no comment for quite a while and then he said, "You wouldn't have to rustle the bed clothes too much to find her".

Another time we were going hunting and we had just heard that this woman had shot a deer. She was in the next car that we met and this was the remark that he made, "I don't suppose that she knows that she has shot a deer yet". Another time, he and I were deer hunting and we ate our lunch and went in two different directions. In the last part of the afternoon, I heard a shot. When we both got back to the car, I asked if that shot was from him and he replied, "Yep, I just thought that I would let him know that I saw him". He was speaking about the big deer that he had seen.

Once there was a funeral. I mentioned that I had seen him there. This was his reply. "I just wanted to make sure he was dead".

One time when I was a young guy, I was working for him at haying time. At about 11:45, he said, "Well, I guess that we had better go in and see what the neighbors brought in," Obviously, it was dinner time. I had never heard this expression before.

After my kids got grown up and, of course, he was an older man, we were at Cornish Fair. We were visiting and one of my daughters came by and she had done something to her hair. They passed the time of day and then he said, "Well, you have different hair than the rest of your tribe".

He didn't have to think about what he was saying, it just came naturally. This man made me think of my grandfather, who was his uncle. At this point, I am sure you have all guessed this man's name. In case you haven't guessed yet, it is Ralph Jordan.

14--HAYING

Back in the 1940's, my brother and I worked together and Ralph Woodard soon became the third party. Ralph was a hard worker and he tried to do what was right. We hayed a good many different places. This day we were mowing at one of the neighbors and Ralph had finished his part. He picked his cutter bar up and made a left hand turn without looking to see where the cutter bar was going to go.

Unfortunately, he had cut off a couple of trees that the lady had just set out. I felt bad for him, but the lady had seen it happen and soon appeared. She didn't feel quite as bad for him as I did. Poor Ralph.

15--MANURE

It was in the early spring of 1942 that I was looking for some cattle to pasture. I went to all the farms in town and surrounding towns until I found what I needed. There was this one farm in town near the Connecticut River that had been sold to a man from southern New England.

I think perhaps it was Connecticut and he purchased some animals along with the farm. He had a barn full of 3 year old jersey heifers that never had been bred. Well, I did inquire for the reason that they hadn't been bred. The reply was, he was waiting to breed them so they would come to milk exactly when he wanted them too. These were 3 year old animals and ought to be helping pay the bills. They were housed in an upstairs stable and the manure was stored underneath. We talked about farming in general and finally he mentioned that he didn't know what he was going to do with all that manure. It was all frozen solid and he didn't think that it was any good. He would give it to anybody if they could use it. Well, I figured if he was going to give it away that I might use some of it, so I made a deal for it. I had a cousin (a farm girl) who was married to this man's son and when she heard what I had done. THE SHIT HIT THE FAN!!

16--WILD BOAR

It was in the fall of 1938 and in the middle of September that we had a really bad hurricane. The wind blew down a lot of timber and it didn't play favorites out at Corbins Park. It really demolished some of the fence. This in turn served as a get away for some wild boar, some elk and some coyotes. The elk were more or less welcomed. The boar and the coyotes had to be dealt with.

We lived at the Daniels Farm on Black Hill and we soon began to see signs of wild boar in our fields. This was in the fall and I had a pile of corn silage close to my barn. We had been out for the evening and on returning we saw five or six of those critters helping themselves to our corn silage. They ran away as soon as the light hit them. Of course, all of the men folks in my family were hunters. This brought about some new activity.

Ralph Woodard had some dogs that he thought might chase the boar. I don't remember what day it was, but neighbors and friends banded together for the hunt. It wasn't long before the dogs were running something and it turned out to be the boar. There were two in this bunch and they soon showed themselves. Roy Morse shot the first one that came into sight which was a sow. The other one, a big boar, made a big mistake when he ran by my brother.

This was not the end of the wild boar. Once in a while there will be one shot 60 years later. The coyotes are even worse. They have multiplied and spread everywhere thanks to the hurricane and Corbins Park where Ernest Harold Baines raised them. There are folks that think that the coyotes came from the West. Well, I am sure they did, but they came by way of Corbins Park. There are pictures at the Plainfield Historical Society that show the coyotes and Baines together in the park thirty or more years before the hurricane.

17--HERBERT ADAMS

I have mentioned this name in other stories. I will go into more detail. This is a story about working for him.

He was a sculptor and had a big studio. He had a garden house with some other buildings along with his mansion. I hired out to be an all around helper. There was a lot of lawn to mow. This was in 1942 and he had a gas mower with a heavy metal roller on the back. It was a reel mower and went kind of slow.

He had a big flower garden that his wife had charge of. This is where I learned some about flowers. There was a big vegetable garden and I helped there some. There was another man that worked there too.

One of the things that I did every morning was to go to the house and get the mail bag to take down and put it on the post at road side. Well, they had a couple of Irish ladies that worked in the house. One was the cook and everyday when I went after the mailbag, she would always have the best ham sandwich and a cup of tea ready for me at about 10 o'clock.

On rainy days he might ask me to come to the studio. He sculpted a couple of likenesses of me. One was of my head which I have a picture of and other was of me mowing with a hand scythe, which I do not have. He gave me some good advice as we were visiting one day. He knew that we were just married and he said, "Be sure you don't go to bed angry with each other".

I did lots of other things and worked for 2 or 3 summers. In the fall, when he left for the last time, he came to where I was working and said, "I am going to let you take this home with you and if I don't ever call for it, it is yours". He handed me a brand new 30-30 winchester rifle. He passed away that winter and Mrs. Adams and her sister, Miss Ponds, asked me to help them settle the estate. After they had sold all the things that they could sell, they gave me the remainder of the estate. I still have the rifle and I have used it more than you know.

My grandfather had done all of the stone work for Mr. Adams when he built there. Mr. Adams also did a likeness of my grandfather to use as Ulysses S. Grant statue. Mr. Adams was one of the great ones of the Cornish Colony.

Abe (circa 1938) by Herbert Adams
The sitter is Albert K. Read III

18--HERBERT ADAMS--#2

After having thought more about my work at the Adams estate, there are several things that come to mind. There were two motor vehicles on the estate. One was a 1927 Chevrolet pick-up and it was used about the same way as a gator is today. It was quite a bit larger than a gator. The other vehicle was a 1940 Chevy sedan.

One day, Mr. Adams came out to where I was working and inquired if I knew where the airport was going to be in West Lebanon. After finding out that I did, he asked if I would drive him up there. Within a day or two we made the trip and in those days it was a trip. This was before the airport started. It was in 1942.

When I was a young fellow, there was an apple orchard of a few trees there at this estate. I had to go every night after the cows and as the pasture was just across the fence from this orchard, you can guess what the result was. I got an apple every time.

There was an open air theater on this property and it was used extensively in the summer months of the year. There was quite a lot of upkeep. The grass had to be mowed and the flowers had to be kept fresh and trash was a little problem. Going to and from was hectic, because the road was close to the Adams' buildings. As far as I know, he never objected.

I almost forgot this. While working there, I would go into the studio to confer with him while he was a work. He was in the early stages of making doors for the Mariner Museum in Newport News, Va. I was in and out of the studio on a daily basis and watched the completion of the doors. I don't think that I knew at that point the destination of the doors. But would you believe? Some forty years later, I would visit the Mariner Museum. I just could not believe my eyes. There stood those doors that let me in the Museum.

One last bit of information. At the closing of the estate, I bought that 1940 Chevy and kept it for a long time. I don't remember what I paid for it, maybe \$200. It wasn't long before I wished that I had bought the pick-up for \$50.

19--OUR FIRST FARM

In this day and age, this story is hard to believe. After working for a \$100/month all summer and Kathleen also made a \$100/month, we decided to see if we could buy a farm. There was a farm just below the village owned by an older man who lived alone. I stopped one day to inquire if he was interested in selling his farm. I was surprised to hear him say that he might be. The house was a nice cape and there were two barns. One was a really nice barn, the other was an older barn but in good shape. These all sat on 125 acres with the road going between the house and the barns. There were fields on both sides of the road. This wasn't a productive farm because it hadn't been farmed for a long time. Finally, I mentioned a price and this is the part that will be hard to believe. He said that he thought that he ought to get \$4,000 for it if he threw in a horse and two cows and what little farming tools he had. He would also leave some things in the house.

We bought it as he had described it. Money was the next thing. We had saved \$600 that summer. So, I went to the bank in Windsor and told the banker what was on my mind. He listened to my story, and then he said, "Young man, you will never be able to pay for it", and refused to loan me any money. I went home and was telling my Dad about my plight. This bank was where he did business and he said that he would go back to the bank with me. The banker finally agreed to lend my Dad \$1400 and would lend me \$2000 with the \$600 that we had would make \$4000. I am sure that he thought the money he had given me was gone for sure. Well, the story is not over.

I came back to talk to the man that I had bought the farm from to talk about paying him. He wanted to back out of his deal. I did say that wasn't ethical under the circumstances. I have the money and you agreed to sell it. I don't see how you can change your mind at this point. He finally agreed and we went to Windsor to a lawyer to have the papers drawn up. We went right then because I didn't want to give him any more time to think. We

owned our first farm. We were in business. The two cows were milking and our first month's milk check was \$66.00. I bought an Allis Chalmers model B tractor and never owned a pair of work horses. This was one of the first tractors in town. The men folks in town just shook their heads when they heard about my tractor. Well, it turned out that they all had tractors before very long. I still owed my Dad for the money he had lent me, but in two years and a half I took the last payment to the bank and said, "Apparently, I have had better luck than you expected." I didn't get any reply, not even a thank you.

We were thrilled to have three girls to grace our home while we lived here. We built up a herd of cows in the next eight years. Now, we were looking for a bigger farm. We sold this place for \$10,000 to Fred Fitts and reserved a 75 acre wood lot. Farm two is next.

Charlie Williams' Place

20--BLACK HILL—FARM #2—1952

This is a story all in itself. My cousin was renting this farm, and the owner decided to sell it. The house was a beautiful two story colonial with a lot of amenities in 1952. There were three barns, old but usable.

This had been a sheep farm in the 1800's and early 1900's. It had been in the same family all of those years. Actually, it had been the biggest sheep establishment (500 head) in New England, in the early years. This was the Daniels Farm on Black Hill in Plainfield, NH. It consisted of 650 acres with an eight acre pond. The price was \$16,500. As I stated before, my cousin, Shine King was renting it. He couldn't seem to come up with enough money, so he was going to leave it and move down to his father's place and work for him.

This had been going on for a year or so. We were good friends with Shine and Priscilla. When they said that they were going to move, it closed the book for them. Kathleen and I were ready for a bigger farm and this place seemed to be available. We both were pioneers in spirit in those days. So, I called the realtor and made a down payment. As soon as my next door neighbors (Shine's parents) found that we had bought it, they were sorry that they hadn't helped Shine buy it. We moved in September and the girls all found the room that they wanted for their own. We were on a new adventure. The house was in good shape, just a few minor problems, but the barns were sheep barns.

We started from scratch to make a dairy barn out of the one near the house. We did a lot of cement work. Kathleen filled the cement mixer, and I lugged the finished product in a five gallon pail. There were wheelbarrows for sale around, but I didn't think that I could afford one. We made a place to tie our cows for the first winter. There was still a lot of room left and as time would allow, we cemented the whole stable and installed a gutter cleaner. We now had a dairy barn. The other barns were used for loose housing and whatever else we needed to house.

On May 13, 1952, as I went to the barn early in the morning, I saw this great big bird flying around the house. I got the message very soon that I needed to take Kathleen to the hospital, and Faith made her entrance to the family. This made four girls-Cynthia, Joyce, Linda and Faith.

As soon as the girls were old enough to help their mother, Kathleen decided to take summer boarders. This was a pretty successful adventure. We had a big garage with an overhead room, and the girls couldn't wait to use that for their bedroom in the summer. This freed up several rooms for boarders in the house. The girls also were better help in the barn than any one that I could hire. Cindy was going to college, Joyce was a senior at Lebanon High School, Linda was a sophomore at Lebanon High School and Faith was at the Plainfield Elementary School.

On a hot summer day in 1961, I had been seeding down a section of ground that was mostly rocks. It was dinner time, and I never missed a meal in those days. As I walked in to dinner, Kathleen looked up and said, "My God, there isn't a dry spot on you!". Well, I had been perspiring more than usual. As we ate our dinner, the conversation led to the stones. Finally, I made the remark that perhaps if we are going to farm, we should find a farm that was easier to work. My wife with the pioneer spirit looked up and said, "Why not, we have gotten this place where it looks good, let's sell it".

We listed it for \$45,000 in August and in late November we got a call saying that a couple from New York were coming to look. They hadn't hardly got there, when they said, "This is it". Our second farm sold and we had to be out April 1st. We had four children and a hundred head of cattle to move.

21—HIRED HANDS

This opens a big can of worms, but I will try to be fair to all involved.

When we were first married and had our first farm, I had need of some help. There was a young man who needed a place to live and also needed a job. His last name was Coutermarsh. He was satisfactory help and then he moved. The next hired hand was my cousin, Wendell Rogers. He worked until school started in the fall. Sometime in the next spring a man by the name of Clarence Chadwick worked a year or so. He was different. Joe Gibson worked one summer to help hay and that was when we had a horse run away with the horse rake and ran down through the village of Plainfield.

NOW!! Hold your hat! The next was a nice looking young fellow from Manchester, NH. He gave me some problems.

There were several daughters of the minister that lived up the street, and there were others who rode bicycles up and down the road by our house. You can imagine how hard it was to get much work done. I have got to give this young man a lot of credit. He didn't stop work while they were trying to sell their wares, but I am sure that he did notice them. Well, this boy was a good boy to have around. He was with us for three or four years. He went to high school at Windsor while living with us. He ultimately became a member of my family and a friend forever. By the way this good friend's name is Skip Bergeron.

There were many many more hired hands in the next fifty years and there were some ringers. Some were really good and then there were some who didn't stay long. One didn't know how to check the oil in the tractor, he thought that he should leave the motor running to check the dip stick. I think that eight out of ten were really pretty good help.

22--BLACK HILL POND

After moving to Black Hill, we soon discovered that the spillway which was in the middle of the dam needed some major repair. This was a new sort of problem to us. We decided, rather than put the spillway back in the middle of the dam, we would try to get the water to go around the end of the dam. This would take the water from the shallow edge of the pond. With some landscaping, this worked out very well. The water was already going under the original spillway and was slowly eating into the dam and bringing the water level down. We decided in order to do away with the spillway that we would have to drain the pond.

We found some dynamite and we blew up the remnants of the spillway. This, of course, freed quite a lot water. Finally, after a few days, it was dry enough for me to start to repair the dam. I had a crawler tractor with an overhead loader and a dump truck. I was able to get satisfactory fill from the bottom of the pond. In a matter of a few days, the repair was finished. This work was done in August. We were then ready for the fall rains to come and fill the pond. They did come and the pond filled. The new outlet worked as well as we figured it would and is still working great sixty years later.

I remember when the pond was built to start with. This land had all been tilled and used for hay land. When the water was gone, it revealed quite a lot of history. This was an 8 acre body of water and it served as a recreation center for the family. There were horned pout and pickerel that made good fishing. As soon as it froze over skating parties were common. We also fished through the ice. We never had to worry about water for our animals.

23--FLOOD ON BLACK HILL

The farm on Black Hill had a big watershed across the road from the barn. The barn set with a brook going underneath it. You have to remember that this originally was a sheep barn. There was a four foot culvert under the road and it was stoned up for about fifty feet to the barn, then it had a wooden bridge across the barn. If I had been going to build a barn, I certainly would have looked for a better spot. However, this was where it was built. As I stated in an earlier article, we had done a lot here to make this barn suitable for our dairy cows.

It had rained for a day or two and on July 4th, it really came down in buckets. It began to be obvious that we were in trouble. The cows were in the barn and it was milking time. I was milking. The water came over the road. The culvert had more than it could handle. There was a big roll door on the side next to the road and a big door on the other side of the barn. I opened both of those doors and the water started to go through the barn. It was building up under the cows to the point that I didn't dare to leave them in the barn. I think that there was a good two feet of water under the cows and it was gaining. The cows were used to going out the back door to the night pasture. When we turned them loose, they more or less floated out of the barn. When they went out the back door, they just disappeared in the water. It seemed like they would never come up, but, of course, they weren't under water more than two seconds. We had a cow that was just starting to give birth, and we found a place in the barn at a higher level that was not wet.

I was concerned about the cows that hadn't been milked. There was not much I could do. This all happened around 5 or 6 o'clock in the afternoon. The next morning, I got up as soon as it was daylight and managed to get the cows back in the barn. I know that they were relieved to be milked. The water had disappeared, but what a mess. There was gravel from the road that had covered most of the barn. The gutters were full of gravel and mud.

The road had washed out where the culvert was and it had been dislodged. The stoned up culvert from the road to the barn was in shambles. The problems in the barn were minor, it just took a lot of elbow grease. The problems on the outside were more serious. The town road agent came and fixed the road part; it was up to me to fix the stoned up section that went to the barn. These were big stones, and they were twisted and turned in all directions. It so happened that I had a crawler tractor with an overhead bucket. It took the place of a man or two. My Dad came and helped me. With the power of the overhead bucket, things came along pretty well.

I remember another time when the fields were covered with snow. This was in the spring, and it came off warm. I guess that it also rained. One day that snow on the whole field started to slide toward the barn, but I don't remember as it went over the road. It was scary, though.

24--AYRSHIRE MEETING

It was on a cold winter day that the Ayrshire Breeders of New Hampshire met in Concord for their annual meeting. There was a good attendance from the members and from the Extension Service of the University of New Hampshire.

As usual, the meeting touched on many aspects of the Ayrshire World, and finally, it came the turn of the Extension to give them their “load”. After a considerable length of time, the folks were beginning to get uneasy in their chairs. Finally, George Clement, the president of the association, got to his feet and said with a smile on his face, “You know that the Extension Service doesn’t know it all”. Everyone had a good laugh, even the Extension Personnel. With this, all departed for home.

25--FARM # 3-SHADOW LAWN

After having sold the Black Hill farm, we really wanted something that was going to make our life a little easier. We rode with a realtor and saw many farms in all parts of the state, but nothing turned us on. One evening, Bill McNamara called and told me that Wallace Reed stopped at his place and was looking for me. He wanted to sell his farm. I couldn't believe it. I had ridden by it every day. I knew the farm and had gone to an auction several years before at this farm. It sold that day for \$13,000. I would have liked it then, but money was short. That was in 1942. Well, I went down to see Wallace and sure enough, he did want to sell. This was the farm that I had liked for a long time. We bought it for \$45,000, exactly what we had gotten for the farm on Black Hill.

We moved our cattle on March 31, 1962, and moved everything else on April 1st. The kids were in school, of course. Joyce and Linda drove to Lebanon every day to finish that school year and Faith changed and went to Claremont.

There was plenty of feed in the barn and silos to see our animals out to pasture. This was in the sales agreement. Spring work was the next thing and I really enjoyed plowing the ground. It was stone free, and after a while, I would get sleepy and have to stop and walk around the tractor a few times. This was some different than on Black Hill.

It wasn't long before, I think on July 26, 1963, that I saw that big bird flying around again and this time, after four girls, Albert IV came to our home in Claremont. This is what Bill McNamara said when he found out that Kathleen was pregnant. He said, "I knew that river valley was fertile, but I didn't know that it was that fertile". We were into our forties a far piece. This made five children. At this point, Cindy had gotten married and she had her first child just before Albert. This was Dave Laurie. This was a case of the nephew being born before the uncle.

We improved this place in many ways. We built an in ground swimming pool and made many repairs on the house. We tore off a hideous porch that restored the original look to the house. I had many comments about this. We also built two cement silos and made many changes in the barns.

We helped all our kids go to college. Cindy sort of cheated herself and got married after two years of college and she didn't graduate. Joyce was the first to graduate, then Linda from UNH. Faith graduated from Virginia Tech and Albert graduated from Vermont Tech. I know that you will think that I am bragging; it's because I am. They were all good students.

It was time to retire and Kathleen had had a lot of problems with her joints. These "itis" boys, by several names had been preying on her. It had been hard for her to carry on in this big home. After 20 years here, we planned to make some changes. Albert was through school, and he wanted to farm.

We built a house in Plainfield and soon moved. We had sold our milking herd a year earlier for well over \$100,000, and then we sold our development rights to the State of NH for \$260,000. This curtailed any building on the 88 acres of open land that we owned.

Shadow Lawn Farm

26--WILD TURKEYS

It was nearly sixty years ago that we started to hear rumors about wild turkeys. Some of the southern states were having success in getting some wild turkeys. After getting them started in this state in the 1960's, they showed great progress. In fact, they have really done well. When Albert, my son was ten or so, he wanted to go and see some turkeys. The first ones were let go in Alstead, and he and I went to Alstead and drove around. Finally, we did see just one at the far end of a field. We never did get any closer than that, but we had seen a wild turkey.

When we were at Prospect Pastures in Plainfield, the turkey numbers really exploded. This was in the 1980's. It wasn't uncommon to see 40 or 50 in a flock.

I had a barn with some sheep that I had to feed twice a day. Well, I also fed the turkeys and they acted like tame ones. They would go away through the day, but they would always be there at feeding time, morning and night. One day in the spring, I noticed that a big gobbler seemed unhappy with my presence. The next time that I went to feed them, I took a cane. The turkeys were at the barn, and I was at the house. Guess what? The gobbler and I met half way. He really had a problem with me. He flew at me and I stepped aside. When he went by, I was ready and took him a good one in his neck with the cane. When he returned to the ground, he decided that he wouldn't worry about me stealing his harem any longer. I wondered if we were going to have turkey for dinner.

We enjoyed seeing them around the buildings. Occasionally, one would look through the glass in our atrium door. It was hard to raise blueberries or grapes at Prospect Pastures. They were #1 on their menu.

27--PROSPECT PASTURES-FARM #4

This move was a difficult one to make. Kathleen was waiting for a hip operation. We were also trying to get moved up to Plainfield where we had bought a piece of land and built a new retirement home. On top of that, even though Albert had just graduated from Vermont Tech and had helped on the farm, whenever the time permitted, I did find it hard to drive out the the yard and say, "It's your responsibility now". I did come back on week-ends to help him some and of course, there were other times that we came back. That big house at Shadow Lawn, with 20 rooms, was now occupied by an energetic young man and his dog.

Well, now we were at Prospect Pastures, with that special view of Mt. Ascutney. We had done a lot of clearing to make this possible. Our electric line was put underground. We made two ponds in the ten acres that had been cleared. It presented another problem. How do we keep this land clear? This was soon remedied with 15 yearling Tunis ewes from NY. In years to come, they became the main attraction in town and they also made the headlines in the Valley News.

We enjoyed living there as we did everywhere that we had lived. We had toured Europe a couple of times and had seen most of the US. Arthritis was still at work and another new hip was installed along with a new knee for Kathleen. Then it was my turn. My gall bladder was removed. I had two new knees over and period of a few years and I also had a back operation.

It wasn't over yet. Kathleen slipped on the kitchen floor and fell. The result was a broken arm and it was smashed. She had several operations and after six months in a sling, it finally healed. This was a discouraging time for both of us. It was hard to see my wife with so many things wrong. She was a very Special Lady.

This is when Joyce and Ann came to see if we would be interested in moving to North Haverhill. We would be living in an apartment that they would build for us. They were going to build a Bed and Breakfast.

Kathleen had said at an earlier time that she didn't want to go to live with one of her daughters. We talked about this for sometime and finally, we both thought that this would be easier for them and us. They started building and we started getting ready to sell our house. This place was built to our specifications. It was going to be hard to leave.

We were fortunate that my nephew and his wife, Mike and Mary Lou Sutherland wanted to buy it. We were pleased about this. Our home would stay in the family.

28--NORTHWARD BOUND

With the help of Joyce and Ann, we finally arrived at the Hayloft Inn. This would be where we would enjoy the remainder of our lives. The date was April 15, 2003. It was a beautiful apartment and the girls got us settled. In fact, we moved in before the rest of the house was finished. The carpenters had to do a little extra on our side because we had to be out of Prospect Pastures on the 15th so the Sutherlands could move in.

Well, after having moved, we were concerned about Kathleen's health, of course. We found a new doctor up here, one that Linda found for us. In fact, it was her doctor. We were pleased with this.

We had been here a year or more and one night, Christmas Eve, she complained of a cramp in her shoulder and neck area. We took her to the ER here at the Cottage Hospital for observation. After several blood tests and a CT scan, they found that she had bone cancer. WOW!! Merry Christmas. They were not able to do much for the discomfort in her shoulder other than the common pain relievers. She took chemo so that she would be able to see her new grandchild and Albert and Dawn's wedding, but it really didn't help much.

She lived through the summer and was quite comfortable but when fall came it was a depressing time for her. Consequently, she got worse and couldn't continue. She was still at home as I had promised and she and I played cards on Monday night with Bob and Linda. The next morning, she was much worse and we took her to the hospital. Joyce and I stayed at the hospital that night. She passed away the next morning, March 9, 2005

This really threw me for a loop. We had been together ever since we were kids, lacking a few weeks of 65 years. We had been farmers and really enjoyed working for the good of our family. She and I spent many days at cattle auctions looking for that special

animal that would improve our herd. Believe it or not, she could pick out the good ones.

Now it's a different world and I am missing that extra push of encouragement that I had for so many years. The girls, the way that I refer to Joyce and Ann, treat me as if I were special and I really appreciate that. Now it is Sept. 9, 2008.

We decided to go to the National Ayrshire Meeting in Portland, Oregon, and to the Ayrshire sale at the Oak Ridge Farm. Joyce, Albert, Kathleen and I drove to the Hartford Airport and were on our way.

The flight was uneventful until we got almost out there. We were flying above the clouds and every little while we would see a mountain peak show up above the clouds. We were flying in the clouds, but where were those mountains?

We arrived in good order at the Portland Airport. We hired a car, and Joyce was the driver. One of the first things that we attended was the banquet on the River Quay in Portland. We knew a good share of the people there. The main course was barbecued salmon. It was tasty.

In the morning, the next day, we drove to the shore of the Pacific to see where Lewis and Clark made their mark. The National Sale started in the afternoon. We had already looked the animals over and we decided to buy the first one sold. Her name was Happy Dell, but we called her Della. We then headed for Willows, California where my mother was staying with my sister and her husband.

The next stop was at the Oak Ridge Farm. The auction started after dinner and the bidding was sluggish. The sale's manager took the microphone and said, "We are not going to give these cattle away. If you are interested, now is the time to bid". The prices immediately went up. We bought a heifer and with the cow from Oregon, we had what we wanted.

We were in Napa Valley at this point. There were grape vines everywhere. There were also wineries, of course, that gave free samples. In restaurants, they served wine instead of water. To make a long story short, Kathleen drove us back to the hotel that evening. She thought that Joyce and I had done too much sampling. Albert was too young for wine.

We went back to Sacramento and flew home the next day. The animals were trucked home by a man from Massachusetts. We didn't see them for a while. He called when he got home and wondered if we could wait to give him a chance to get caught up at home. A month later, the cattle arrived.

30-- SADDLE HORSES

Early in our lives, Kathleen and I were interested in saddle horses. We developed a small riding school that Mary Cassidy taught for us. She had been brought up with horses and rode a lot. She taught our kids to ride. Kathleen had ridden some before we were married. The only horse that I ever rode was a work horse. We had some saddle horses and used to ride them. We sent out west and bought a palomino mare. She was a pretty horse. She was a little larger than we had hoped. We usually had a pony on hand too. We belonged to the Blue Mountain Riding Club and went on trail rides a few times each year. We also did quite a bit of square dancing at club meetings. Usually, there would be ten or twelve horses. Someone would take a car to bring lunches and if there were any small kids, they could go too. The club had a riding ring over in Windsor that they owned. We would have a horse show a couple of times each year. This club brought members in from Lebanon, Windsor, Plainfield and several other towns.

When we lived on Black Hill, we were on the main drag of the trail rides. Quite often we would have a cook out there. We had a big outdoor fireplace and we could always find a place to hitch the horses.

One of the trail rides took us over into Lebanon. We went over Black Hill, down across Willow Brook road and on to the old road that went cross country to Poverty Lane in Lebanon. We must have had a fire permit because we had a fire and cooked some hot dogs. We met a motorcycle on this trip, but that didn't do as much harm as I expected. There was one older horse that objected a little.

As time went on, it became necessary to give up the riding club. There were just too many ways to go. The girls did have a horse to ride, one that they had raised. Her name was Penny and she was a palomino. As time went on, they had others.

31—METHODS OF HARVESTING HAY

In my 88 years, I have seen many changes in this process. My first encounter with haying, at 10 or 12, was with the horse rake. The grass was cut with a horse drawn mowing machine. It was left to dry and that is where I entered the picture with the horse rake. I was big enough to reach the dump attachment. This was my job until I was big enough to pitch the hay on to the wagon. After the hay had been raked, it had to be tumbled(bunched). Then it was ready for the wagon.

There would be a man on the wagon to place the hay in an orderly way, and there would be one on each side of the wagon, on the ground, to pitch the hay onto the wagon.

Soon science invented the hay loader and side delivery rake. These were an improvement. This rake worked a lot differently than the horse rake. The horse rake left the hay perpendicular to the edges of the field. The side rake left the hay in a circular fashion in one long windrow around the field. This enabled the hay loader, that was hitched behind the hay wagon, to straddle this windrow and you could go around the field. The hay loader was about 8 feet wide and it was about 8 feet high. It was an intricate piece of machinery on two wheels. It was wheel driven. As it progressed down the windrow, the reel on the ground would pick up the hay, and feed it to the spiked slats that were going up and down. This brought the hay up on to the top and a man on the wagon could get it. The loader was pitched forward just a little and this helped the hay to progress up onto the wagon. The hay that came up was difficult to load because it wasn't bunched. It was a two man job on the load.

Then, the hay baler arrived. It was something sent from heaven. This pressed the hay into bales and tied them up with string. This did away with handling loose hay.

The haying process usually started after the 4th of July. Most of the farmers began to realize that early cut hay had a lot more nutrients in it. The last of May or the first of June were apt to be

cooler and wetter. This created another problem. How do we dry it?

This problem was solved by chopping the partially dried material and putting it in the silo. This got the first crop out of the way so the second crop could grow and would be ready to cut by the first of July. Sometimes, the weather would cooperate and they could bale the hay. There were, of course, one or two more crops to handle. Now the material is put into heavy plastic bags and left in the field to be picked up later.

Don't you think that there have been a lot of changes in my 88 years?

32--SOME DAYS ARE GOOD AND SOME ARE BAD

As a rule, farmers are prone to accidents. Even if you do your best they will happen. On this particular day, we were unloading hay at my brother's place. My Dad wanted to help unload a truck load onto a long elevator. This would give an extra man in the barn. Well, I was in the barn with my brother moving the hay to where he wanted it. The elevator stopped and my Dad let out a drastic call. We knew immediately that there was a major problem of some kind. We left the barn in great haste to find Joyce lying on the ground beside the truck. She had been helping her grandfather to unload the bales of hay. She was obviously on the load passing the bales back to him and tripped on a bale. She fell off the load of hay and hit her head on the side of the metal truck body on the way down. She was unconscious at this point. Somebody called the doctor and I called her mother. She had company and was off a ways. Cindy, another daughter, answered the phone. We had a big bell on the roof of our garage that was used only for emergencies. She pulled the rope of the bell and pulled the bell off the roof. Her mother heard it and came running to see what the matter was. The doctor and her mother got to the farm about the same time. Joyce rode to the hospital on a mattress in the back of the doctor's car. Her mother rode with her. My Dad and I went to the hospital in our car.

Well, she did spend a day at Windsor Hospital. The recovery took a week or so and then she was back being herself. She had missed a cattle show while she was recovering.

I do not have to tell you that her grandfather really had a hard time with this. This was the first time that I ever saw him cry and cry he did. I wondered if we were going to have to take him to the hospital. I am sure that he felt some responsibility.

33-GOOD DAYS & BAD DAYS CONTINUED

I had twenty five cords of wood up in the woods, nearly a mile away. It was getting near deer hunting and I was anxious to get the wood down to the house to use that winter. My brother offered to come up and help for a day. After a few loads, it was dinner time. After we ate, I had this little girl, by the name of Linda, that wanted to go on the tractor with my brother. He liked kids the same as I did. He was to blame for this to start with. It was hard for me to refuse his offer, but I did refuse to let her go and, of course, she was disappointed too.

We went back to the woods and we were loading from different piles. This is hard to believe. The pile that he was working on was stacked against a stump about twenty feet tall. When the wood was taken from it, it fell on his tractor seat. The Lord was looking out for Linda that day. I guess that I had something to do with it too.

Linda was always ready to ride in the truck with me. We were up in the field by the upper barn. She, apparently, was close to the door. When I backed up, she went out. She fell away from the truck. I stopped and got to her as fast as I could. I knew that I hadn't run over her because I had stopped. She was scared almost to death. I said, "Linda, where do you hurt?" Then she said, "My little finger hurts". To say that I was relieved would be absolutely correct.

34—BRINGING CATTLE HOME FROM PASTURE

I think that this happened on my fifth birthday. My Dad and Grandfather always had cattle in two or three back pastures. Cattle were driven over the roads in those days. I remember looking out the window and seeing my grandfather leading a cow in front of a bunch of cattle. My Dad was driving them from behind. As they got closer, there seemed to be an odd looking animal among these cattle. It turned out to be a donkey. It seems that they had to drive the cattle by a Cornish Colony Home and this donkey lived there. He decided to go with the cows.

I was some excited about this newcomer. He was small, a yearling, I guess. Of course, he was tame and easy to be around. I, naturally, needed a ride. This didn't work out very well. I finally got on his back and he laid down and rolled over on me. Well, it wasn't long before he kicked me. This partnership wasn't going in the right direction. I was some disappointed in my new friend. I guess that I liked him better than he liked me. My Dad called the people who owned him and they said to keep him for a while. I no longer had any need for him. They took him back in a day or two. Donkeys never really took my eye after that.

35—NO TO POLITICS

As long ago as I can remember, my Dad was influential in the town politics. He was selectman some of the time and then Representative to the General Court. My Mother was State Senator. Well, I guess I thought that politics had to come first. As I grew up, I swore to myself that politics was not my thing. After we had kids in school, the school board had a vacancy. Guess what, I was persuaded to run for school board. I was young and ran across some lou lous.

There was a new family in town that lived at the end of the road. They wanted the school bus to come to their house to pick up their kids. Before I was indoctrinated into this God awful position, there were some rules that had been put forth by the school board. These rules said that all the kids would have to walk at least a mile to meet the bus. This meant that all the kids who lived a mile from school would have to walk. Up to now, I guess there had never been a problem with this. The superintendant and I had to confront the people at the end of the road about the bus. I had never seen a more irate lady. There was no use in trying to talk to her. We did manage to say before we left, that the truant officer would be calling on her. She finally got back from her bad trip and her kids met the bus. I might say that I was glad that I didn't have to confront her again.

We had hired people with automobiles to run the bus routes. Soon we hired contractors with yellow school buses. This took some of the personalities out of this job. There were some to be sure. Occasionally, we had minor problems, but nothing serious. I held other minor town positions. I was constantly being asked to hold others.

36-FARM CREDIT

In all of my years that I farmed, it was necessary to borrow money on occasion. After getting acquainted with the personnel of Farm Credit, I was invited to be a Director of Farm Credit. This system covered a big part of NH and Vermont. The office was in White River Jct. to start with and then it moved to St. Johnsbury, Vt. There were eight directors and all came from a different section of the two states. Some of these men had been directors for twenty years. Of course, we got acquainted with a good many of the farmers and then, we did business with just farmers. Now their business is with most segments of the economy. We met once or twice a month, it depended on business. In those days, there were a lot of barns being built with the open concept and a few tie barns also. This organization had money to lend due to good management. I had been a director for eight years and it was coming time for my re-election. I began to wonder if I perhaps should retire from this board and give someone else a chance. This had been a good experience for me. The next meeting that we had was at the Hartness House in Springfield, Vt. When it came time for election, I got up and said, "I think that I should retire in favor of Don Clarke". I also made a motion that I thought that the organization should vote to limit terms of office to two terms. They voted on it and it carried. There were three men that had been there for twenty or more years. I thought that was too much and apparently that was the opinion of the group.

37—COON HUNTING

When I was a young guy, I did a lot of coon hunting. This was back in the 1930's. Sometimes it would be a social gathering for several of us. Sometimes we would let the dog run ahead of the car. This was easier on the dog and easier on the hunters. Usually, the hunt would be short, if the track was picked up in the road. If we hunted in the woods, we would try to go where there were nut trees. Sometimes we would go to water, brooks or ponds. Coon really like frogs and whatever else is found in water. We did find that they liked corn when it got ripe, sweet corn or field corn. They were not fussy. I skinned all the coon that I got and sometimes I might have had 25 or 30 pelts. Sears and Roebuck had the best market and back then the market wasn't very good. The price usually ran from \$.50-\$3.50 a pelt. You have to realize that a dollar was worth 100 cents in those days.

38-FARM HOME ADMINISTRATION

When I was living in Claremont, the FHA invited me to be a director. This was after I had been a director for the Farm Credit in St. Johnsbury. The FHA was mostly interested in homes. Their money was backed by the US government. The Farm Credit was farmer owned. It was interesting to see how the government worked compared to the Farm Credit system. I went to one meeting and the manager, Bill Haubrich, told us that we were going to lend money to build a fiber board plant on the river road in Claremont. Then he read a letter from the main office saying that they were going to handle this loan. They thought it too big for our directors. This plant was to use wood products from local loggers. I guess that we never knew how much the plant cost, but it was one elaborate plant. It consisted of several acres, a heavy fence around it and much more. It had a black top unloading area and black top driveway. The lawn was trucked in and really was a beautiful piece of work.

Apparently, the folks at the main office didn't do much investigating with regard to the supply that was available. This plant really didn't do much. I don't think that it ran a year. Maybe the locals would have been better suited to have done this loan.

40—IT TAKES WILL POWER

Most boys at some time test some form of tobacco. I was no exception. I started with cigarettes early in life. The last carton of cigarettes that I bought cost me \$1.44. Yes, this is the correct price that I paid. For some reason, I changed to smoking a pipe for several years.

I was a dairy farmer and I spent a lot of time in the barn doing chores. I had a radio that was usually turned on while I was in the barn. I listened mostly to the news. Every night as I was milking my cows, this man seemed to talking about smoking causing cancer. After hearing this many times, I began to think about my self and my family. I had a wife and four little girls. This continued to fester in my thinking. One night in the middle of the winter after my chores were completed, I went to the house and gathered up my pipes and a new pound of tobacco. I went down cellar where I had a wood furnace that burned three foot pieces of wood. I opened the furnace door and threw all of that smoking material way to the back side and shut the door. This was about 60 years ago. It is now Sept. 27, 2008. My doctors tell me that this is why I am still alive. I have seen and been a part of, along with their mother, the growing up of our family. I feel that I was blessed in many ways to have stopped smoking.

39—THE 1938 HURRICANE

On September 21, 1938, when we got up in the morning, there was something a little different about the weather. It was humid and everything seemed to have a greenish tinge about it. We were digging potatoes and it was sort of a stressful day. We noticed that the cattle in the pasture were doing a lot of racing and running. I imagine the other animals were upset too.

As the day progressed, it got hotter and at about 4 o'clock the wind started to blow. By 5 o'clock, the tempo had gained considerable. By 6 o'clock, it was really getting bad. The trees were bent toward the ground and some were on the ground. There was metal roofing, roofing shingles and anything else that wasn't hitched down, circulating in the atmosphere. It lasted most of the night. From 5 until 8 was the worst part of this storm.

In the morning, everybody was out looking to see how much damage they had. Our buildings didn't have much or any damage.

My Dad had been buying several back pastures over the years. Some of them had a lot of pine timber on them. I felt sorry for him as we looked over these different pieces of property. He had the Chaos pasture that he had had about 30 years. This pasture had about 200 acres in it. He estimated that there was a million feet of sawable lumber that had been blown over in that pasture. There was another 100 acre pasture that lost two or three hundred thousand feet of pine lumber. The government came to the rescue or that was their intentions. They set up lumber yards. They filled most of the ponds full with logs. There was so much lumber and the price was so low that it wasn't worth trying to save it. Consequently, more than half of all that timber lays where it fell 70 years ago.

41—MY FIRST AUCTION

This had to have been about 1930. The old lady that lived next door had passed away. Her name was Lurette Westgate. She was mother to most of the people in town and grandmother to all the rest. The Westgate family was big and spread out. The first of this family came to Plainfield from Connecticut in the month of February. There were twelve children with their dad and mom. They came by way of oxen pulling a sled with their belongings on it. They came up the Connecticut River on the ice to make their home on what is now known as Freeman Hill.

Now to get back to my auction. I have no idea how I had any money, but I had a few cents, apparently. The first thing that I bought was a rabbit ear chair for 25 cents. Then I bought a calf yoke for 10 cents. This obviously had depleted my supply of cash. Before I left for home with the purchases, Sue Lewin got her eye on that chair. She was a grand daughter of Lurette, and this chair got sold unbeknown to her. She wanted to know if I would sell it. Well, being the trader that I was, I decided to sell it to her for 50 cents. This doubled my money, so now I had more money than when I came. This gave me a calf yoke with money in my pocket. This chair, in the condition that it was in that day, would be worth several hundred dollars today. I think that my folks were horrified to hear my story. They must have been at the auction. This is a true story of Honest Abe.

One of my memories always leads to another. This is about picking up apples to make cider. This usually was my grandfather's project. He liked to put a couple of 55 gallon barrels of cider in the cellar to treat his friends through the coming year. In haying time, he would drink a glass of cider once in awhile, but never more than one. My folks had two or three back pastures, and there were apple trees, both domestic and wild, growing in them. My grandfather didn't drive a car; he relied on the horses for transportation. He would hitch them to a hay wagon and with fifty or so bran sacks and buckets to pick into, we would start for one of these pastures to pick apples. It was a day's job, and at the end of the day we would have filled most of the bags with apples. These would be loaded onto the wagon and we would head for home. It depended as to what pasture that we were in, but it would take an hour or so to get home. I know that he thought that he had apples enough to make cider. I presume that this doesn't sound like fun to most folks, but you know, I always look forward to apple picking day.

43—CATTLE FOR SALE

This one day, my grandfather knew where there were some cattle for sale. He hitched up a horse with a buggy, and he took me. We started out for the day buying cattle. We went over into Cornish to the top of Dingleton Hill to see some Jersey cows. They belonged to the Fitch Family. We didn't bring any lunch and naturally I was hungry, as most ten year olds would be. It didn't seem to me that there was any place close by to remedy the situation. He had other places to go and he said, "Well, we will be up to the Flat pretty soon and we will get something to eat." The Flat meaning Cornish Flat. As I remember, it was about three o'clock when we reached the Flat. The store that was there then is gone now, but he went in and I tended the horse. He came out with crackers and cheese. You have to realize that this was in 1930. There were no deli's. Everything that you bought in a store was mostly basics. Now getting back to the crackers and cheese. I don't think that I ever ate anything that tasted so good. This was common fare (the menu) at auctions in those days. I can taste that cracker and cheese dinner just thinking about it.

44-FIXING FENCE

In my early years of farming, most everyone pastured their cattle. Naturally, this meant fencing the pastures. One of the farms that we owned had 650 acres in it. The fence had to be checked every spring, before turning out the cattle. This had been a sheep farm prior to this. The fences were in reasonably good condition, but it was necessary to walk around them. There was always a wire on the ground, maybe a tree across the fence, or perhaps a staple needed to be replaced. Sometimes a new fence post was needed.

In these big pastures, it was an all day job. I needed help to carry the tools and to carry a paper bag lunch. When my girls got old enough to make the trip, one or two of them would go to carry the lunch, carry a pail of staples or whatever else was needed. Of course, I had to plan these trips around their school days. It might happen on their vacations. There was always some discussion about what to put in their sandwiches and they all wanted something different. They always looked forward to going with me. Hey, it was always an enjoyable day spent with the kids.

45—A SPECIAL PERSON

Duane Powers was the son of my neighbor. He came to work for me when he started high school. He came after school and he came on week-ends. He was just a kid, but he was dependable. If he said would come, he would come. He was a good help at haying time and could keep a lawn mower going. We had a lot of lawn to take care of.

Well, as time went on, he was going to graduate from Stevens High School. I had a talk with him about his plans. I knew that he had a girl friend and you folks, who know me, might guess that I inquired about that situation. He wasn't going to get married for four or five years. Well, the time span narrowed up quite a lot. In the mean time, he needed a good job.

I knew the man that ran Joe's Equipment. My brother worked there, so I took Duane up to see if they might have a job for him. We talked with the boss and I gave Duane a good recommendation. It turned out that they didn't have an opening for him, but they would keep him in mind.

The next morning I got a call from Joe's Equipment. They said to send the boy right up. Now, 30 years later, he is still there and he really did quite well there. Now, he owns the place. It's most satisfying to have things turn out like this.

46—HIRED HELP #2

I've already done a story on hired help, but this man got left out. His name is Bob Kennett. He was a farm boy and a student at UNH. He had a way with cows and they were at ease with him. I am not sure how he happened to come to work for me. I may have had an ad in the paper.

At the time that he was with us, our herd was 90% all sired by one bull, Selwood Betty's Commander. We were the top herd in the country for our size herd. This lasted for a year or more. These Betty daughters were milking machines. Each one of them was a heavy milker.

Now to get back to Bob, he had gotten through school and he had itchy feet, I guess. He left and was looking for a farm of his own. He found one in Rochester, Vt. I didn't see much of him after that. I did, however, keep track of his herd average. It came out in the farm paper. His herd was at the top in Vermont and New England. Well, we stopped to see him a few days ago. I hadn't seen him for a good many years. He had the best herd of cows that I had seen in a long time. He made my day when he said, "I learned most of my know how from you". He has learned a lot from his own experiences too. He talked about those Betty daughters.

He introduced us to his family. They all, apparently, had heard about us. I surely like to hear of a young man and his family doing well. His wife has a B&B that she runs. He has two sons that are in partnership with him.

I was bringing home a pair of Ayrshire bred heifers that I had bought from a farm in Manchester, Vt. They were twins. They seemed to be docile enough when I loaded them into my truck. Upon getting home, I put the tailgate down and took one out and put her in the barn. I went back to get the other one and started for the barn. This cow seemed to have gone mad, for some reason. Anyway, she managed to get away from me. She went across the road and across a field and pasture. She eventually managed to get onto the Boston and Maine railroad track. This track skirted our fields. When the track was laid, they had to blast a hole in the ledges to make room for the track. There was just enough room for the train to go through, maybe 15 feet.

The cow had two options and she decided to go on the track towards the hole in the ledge. I had accumulated some help at this point and we decided to try and catch her when she went through. She had a halter rope on her head. My helper said that he would try to catch her as she went through the trap and I was to drive in that direction. Well, she dove at the man when she found that she was trapped. The next is unbelievable. This ledge that was blasted was the entrance to a high bridge that the railroad went across. She did, she went across it. This bridge went over 12A and the Sugar River, a 1000 or more feet long and 200 or 300 feet high. After she got across, there were open fields and wide open spaces. I went home to get my gun. I was afraid that she would hurt somebody.

I didn't find her that day. However, I did arouse the suspicion of a State Trooper. He inquired as to what was going on. I explained it to him and told him to shoot her if he saw her. The next day, Joyce was home and Bob Kennett was working for me, another man and myself decided to see if we could find her. We did find her. She was a mile from the high bridge. She headed that way and I hoped to drive her back across it. She was in an open field near the bridge. The four of us spread out and thought that we could drive her back. She had a different idea. She decided to

attack us. She headed for Joyce. Joyce jumped up and down, hollered at the top of her lungs and threw a rope at her. The cow still had halter rope on and got tangled up in it and fell down. Joyce and Bob Kennett were up to the task and put more ropes on her. I went home for the truck and took her home.

This bred heifer turned into a great cow. She was a much better animal than her twin.

48—SMOKING MY PIPE

This happened when I was still smoking a pipe. I was cutting some wood and it was on a side hill. I had this tall tree that bent down the hill and I sawed in front to make a scarf. I then sawed the tree on the other side to fell it. Well, something went amiss and that tree split up. The chain saw went into the air twenty or more feet. The pipe that I had in my mouth just disappeared. The only thing left of the pipe was the stem. I was glad that I wasn't any closer to the tree, otherwise I would probably have followed my chain saw in the air.

Working in the woods is dangerous and no man should go to work in the woods alone.

49-YOU CAN'T BE TOO CAREFUL

I was cutting wood beside the road on Black Hill and I was limbing out a tree. For a reason that I will never know, the ax glanced off and hit the top of one of my feet. It made quite a good sized hole in my boot. I immediately could feel the blood filling my boot. I wasn't far from home and I decided that I had to get some help. Kathleen was in the kitchen when I arrived and could see that I had a problem. I took off my boot and, you know, there wasn't a drop of blood to be seen. The ax had just clipped the bone on the top of my arch. It, apparently, severed a nerve that went to my big toe. My toe has been numb ever since. There never was any blood. Your mind can play tricks on you.

50-FIELD CHOPPER EPISODE

The method of silo filling has changed in the last sixty years. Early on, it was mostly hand work. I remember cutting the corn by hand. This would be done the first thing in the morning while the dew was on and the corn was soaking wet. In the afternoon, these corn stalks would have to be picked up by hand and loaded onto a wagon. They would then be taken to the silo and put into the chopper. This was a perspiring job. Therefore, you were wet most of the day.

The next step was the field chopper. This really eased the process. A tractor, with a field chopper going down the row of corn really did away with a lot of hand labor. Now, they have choppers that cut four or more rows at a time.

The point that I want to make is that these machines can be dangerous in many ways. I have used a field chopper many days. One day, at the end of the day, I got off the tractor and went back to shut the chopper off. This wasn't a power take off chopper. The chopper itself was still turning along with some of the shafts. I noticed an ear of corn that laid on the chopper. I reached for it and something caught the sleeve of my brand new denim jacket. Joyce was driving the truck beside me. She said that she was looking at me, but she didn't see that jacket get ripped off my back. It happened in the blink of an eye. After this was over, I thought that I would find out what had caused the accident. I found that when they assembled it they had used a pin that was too long splicing two shafts together.

Last, but not least was the fact that my arm had no business being there. Hindsight is a great asset; even though it comes too late.

51—ARTIFICIAL INSEMINATION

Being a farmer, and having an interest in raising cattle, I became interested in good bulls. When I first started farming, everyone had a bull in their barn. Bulls were dangerous to start with and people got hurt or killed once in a while being around them.

It wasn't long before a vet in Claremont, NH, a man that I knew, got interested in artificial insemination. He kept some bulls for this purpose. After a year or so this began to take hold and was a sensible way to get your cows bred. Central bull barns began to show up and regional artificial inseminators, of course, were a must too. At this point, not many people kept a bull. I had several inseminators over the years and I had good luck with some of them. Well, finally, I decided that I wanted to learn how to inseminate my own cows.

The pioneer of the process lived near me and I knew him really well. One day when he was checking my cows for pregnancy, I asked him if he would show me how to do this. He told me to go the local slaughter house and pick up a cow's uterus and he would show me the technique. This is when I started to do my own inseminating.

Semen tanks filled with liquid nitrogen were the next thing that was necessary. Semen jockies were needed too, everybody needed semen. These men would come around every month or two. First, we had liquid semen, then we had frozen semen and now a good share of it is done with frozen embryos. A year or two later, after I had started to do my own inseminating, Dr. Haubrich came to check my cows for pregnancy. After he got through checking the cows, he looked up to me and he asked, "How did you learn how to do this?" Then, he started to laugh. Of course, he remembered showing me how to do it. The best part came last. He said, "Every cow on this book is pregnant. This is the first time that this has ever happened to me".

My advice to every farmer who keeps cows; learn how to inseminate your cows. You know when this needs to be done. You also save a lot of money.

52—DOGS AND SHEEP

Fundamentally, I have always been a cow person. I have had a few horses and I have had some sheep. When we were on Black Hill, we had some sheep a long with the cows. The Black Hill pasture was a big open bald hill.

At the base of the hill, there was a big old barn. The sheep could go in underneath to get away from the flies. It was sort of dark and the sheep seemed to like it there. I don't remember how many sheep we had at that time, maybe twenty five. I went to check on them and I found my neighbor's dog standing in the doorway. The sheep were inside and couldn't get out. Well, he had worried two or three lambs to death. They were dead. The sheep were all worried and waiting to get out. When the dog saw me he naturally left in a hurry. I had to do something with the dead lambs. I went home and called my neighbor. The lady answered and I gave a report as to what had happened. She immediately said that they would settle for the lambs. It wasn't long before the man called and asked if I was sure it was their dog. Of course, I was sure. I saw him every day. He wasn't sure if it was his dog. He did say that if I had shot the dog then we would have known whose dog it was. My reply was, if he comes back again, I will shoot him. He never came back again. I noticed that he was hitched the next time I went by their house. I never saw any money. My kids hated that dog. He was a big dog. They had to walk by him to meet the school bus every day. He was always out there to bark at them. I was sorry that he didn't come back.

53-COYOTES IN CLAREMONT

I think that we most always had sheep. These sheep were Albert's 4-H project. They were pastured across the road from the house in Claremont. The man that was working for me came in and said something was after the sheep. I took my gun and went to see what was going on.

Sure enough, there was a coyote chasing the sheep. I had to go across the road before I could shoot, that's the law. After getting across the road, I did shoot at that coyote and I hit it. It didn't kill him, but he left the sheep and I hustled over there and finished the job. He weighed 65 pounds. We got several coyotes while we were in Claremont.

54-HISTORICAL SOCIETY

While we lived in Claremont, we belonged to the Historical Society. The president was our neighbor and she asked me to speak about the agriculture of the river valley at the next meeting. A couple of days before the meeting, Kathleen was shopping. The banks used to have neon signs that showed the attractions of the next day. This day the sign read, "Albert K. Read will speak to the historical society".

After the shopping was completed, she came home and said to me, "Get in the car. I want to show you something." She drove me back to Claremont. She wouldn't tell me what I was going to see. She drove up main street and there it was in big letters. "Albert K. Read will speak to the historical society". I wasn't expecting any such fanfare. The day came and I am sure that it was about as bad as Sarah Palin's interview was with Katie Couric.

Well, they did ask me to come back another time. Apparently, it sounded better to them than it did to me. I never pretended or intended to be a public speaker.

55-THE 1930 DEPRESSION

This is 2008 and we are in a depression. To compare it to the one of 1930 is difficult because of the advancements in the way our society has changed. We know that the one in 1930 was disastrous and we know that this one is disastrous. It took ten years to straighten out the first one.

I was 9 or 10 at the time and remember stories about it. People were committing suicide because they had lost everything in the stock market. All the businesses were closed and the banks were closed. Like I mentioned, I was a young kid and it didn't really penetrate. I don't think that we lived any differently during that ten years then we did before the depression. We lived on a farm and raised most everything that we ate. Money was a problem then and it is now. It was a different kind of problem. A dollar was worth a dollar in the 1930's. Now it's anybody's guess, but it certainly is a lot less than a dollar.

People who weren't farmers most certainly were in distress. I have talked to a good many who lived in the city and they were in deep trouble, without question.

FDR became President in 1932 and he established a lot of programs and finally got prosperity headed in the right direction. By 1940, we were in a war and a rationing system was in place to give all we had to the war effort.

From the time the war ended until now, we have been enjoying prosperity. Greed got caught up in our society. Now we have a lot of very, very rich people who have come by their wealth by defraud and deceit. The rest of us are holding the bag and hopefully, it won't get empty.

56-AN EARLY MEMORY

This happened in the middle of the winter. My folks were friendly with these people that lived six miles from them over Black Hill. The man was cousin to my mother. They had a youngster or two and they came to visit. This, of course, was with a horse and sleigh. They didn't get to see each other very often. Consequently, they stayed into the evening quite late. When they finally got talked out, they made preparations to go home. The man opened the oven door of our stove and took out two freeze stones and wrapped each of them in a blanket. I didn't see him put them in the oven but apparently, he did. He went out to the barn and got the horse ready to go home. Then they took the kids and the freeze stones and headed for home. They had to drive the same 6 miles back home. I assume that the moon was full. It seems that that would have made sense.

Maybe I ought to describe the freeze stones. With a horse and sleigh, these were more or less a must. I was 14 or 15 years old before we drove a car in the winter and we sometimes used a freeze stone then. Heaters came a little later.

Getting back to the freeze stones. They varied in size. They were about eight inches wide and from twelve to fifteen inches long. Most of them, I think, were made of soap stone. Some were made of whatever was handy. I guess that I would have to say that a stone is a stone.

57-ELECTRICITY

When I was a youngster, I remember hearing my folks talk about getting electricity. Up until this time, we used kerosene lamps and lanterns. They, apparently, had some interest in up scaling. The electric wire was a half mile away and the company had told them what it would cost to bring the power to our home. This was a sore point. It was going to cost \$5.00 a month regardless of how much they used. This was the main point of conversation for most of the winter. I am not sure when they decided to go ahead and get electricity installed. I remember that John MacNamara from Meriden came and wired the buildings. He used BX cable. We had a light hanging from the ceiling in the center of every room with no receptacles. Finally, the power was ready to turn on. Well, now it was some celebration. We had more light than we could believe. As for the electric bill, I expect that the \$5.00 was a small part of the bill. I never heard it discussed any more.

This took place in 1927 and 1928. You have to realize that \$5.00 meant a lot more then than it does now. There was a barter system in those days that was widely used.

58-FIRST RADIO

I am not sure when the first radio came to our house, but I think it was 1923. It was operated from a six volt automobile battery. I believe that it was called a Philco. It may have been an Atwater Kent, both of these makes were the ones that were on the market at that time. The general store in Plainfield had the franchise to handle which ever one that it was. This was before we had electricity and the evenings were spent listening to the radio. I think that we only got two stations. One was WBZ and the other was NBC.

My grandfather was alive and he really enjoyed listening to whatever was on, but he preferred singing. He had been a member of the church choir. He usually sat close to the radio and had his hand on the volume. He liked to control the tempo of the music. Occasionally, the battery had to be charged. We could take it to the Plainfield store and they would charge it. This would take twelve hours or more. The next best thing was to leave it while it was charging and rent a battery for a day.

There was an older man who was a hired man at our house and he also enjoyed the radio. If in the middle of the afternoon there was some question whether the battery would last through the evening, this man would take the battery and put it on his shoulder and swap batteries at the store. It was a mile each way. Of course, when the electricity came in a few years, the battery was no longer needed.

The radio brought the world into another era of world history.

MY WONDERFUL WIFE

It wasn't until after we were married that I realized that this pretty girl was a former Maxfield Parrish model. It seems that Kathleen took his eye as well as mine but for different reasons. We lived just across the valley from each other. Our homes were almost in sight of each other. She lived in Cornish and I lived in Plainfield. She, or course, went to a Cornish school and on to Windsor High School. I went to the Plainfield school and on to Kimball Union Academy (KUA).

Our paths never seemed to cross until we both were at a Grange meeting. After the meeting was over, there was a square dance taking place. I asked her to dance. She accepted and I drove her home. It wasn't long before we both realized that we had something in common, the rest is history.

We married young, she was twenty and I was nineteen. Everybody called us the "kids" and as I look back on it, I guess that we were just kids. We put our lives together and made a good team. She was working at the Goodyear Tire and Rubber in Windsor, Vt. I was working for my dad on the farm. It was obvious that my future as a farmer would have to take place somewhere else. My brother was older and probably would inherit the home farm.

My pretty young wife and I decided to own our own farm ,in fact, we owned several different farms in the next fifty years. She was an intelligent girl with a lot of common sense. She was an excellent mother of our five children and saw to it that they all got a college education. She was a PTA leader while the kids were in school. She was a 4-H leader for many years. She was active in the Farm Bureau's Ladies division. She was a member of the Daughters of the American Revolution. She was our family genealogist. She also made a lot of wedding cakes. We kept the best registered cattle that we could afford. We were always looking for a better one. We both liked to go to cattle auctions. She had an eye for the good ones. She took a real interest in the cattle shows

that the kids were showing at and displayed their ribbons on the walls of our house. Always with a pioneer spirit, she was ready for changes to improve our life. We had three farms over the years, but the Shadow Lawn Farm in Claremont was as good as it gets.

After having raised our family, father time was taking his toll. Arthritis was becoming a problem for Kathleen and we needed to make some changes. We bought a piece of land in Plainfield and built a new house and moved there as soon as we could. This was a smaller house and it was easier to look after.

In later years, Kathleen was the only living Parrish model. She was sought after by people from all over the country who were interested in Parrish history. She also worked with the Historical Society and the Philip Read Memorial Library to raise funds for various projects that had to do with Parrish. Her signature on most anything that had to do with Parrish was always in demand.

Kathleen had both hips and one knee replaced while we were at Prospect Pastures (the new home in Plainfield). Her declining health didn't stop here. She fell and broke her arm and the last tragic thing was cancer.

We had spent twenty years at Prospect Pastures. Joyce and Ann were always coming to see us and to help us. One day they asked if we would consider moving to North Haverhill to live in an apartment that they would build for us. They were building a Bed & Breakfast there next to the Blackmount Country Club Golf Course owned by our daughter Linda and her husband Robert.

After some consideration, we accepted their offer. After moving to North Haverhill, it was one health battle after another for Kathleen. Another cancer showed up. I took the best care of her that I could. I felt so bad to see the wonderful woman slowly losing her life. Finally, God took her home. She was not one of the best. She was the best.

I was in a tailspin for some time. However, after sixty five years of a wonderful life together, I do have many, many fond memories.

ANOTHER DEER HUNT

I was a student at Kimball Union Academy (KUA) at this time. We always had Mondays off from school. My dad and Otis Jordan had returned from a State Grange meeting. They decided to go hunting and I was all for it, of course. We went up the Center of town road to Porter Road. Otis said, "I'll go out there half a mile and swing to the right, come around the Town House Road, and come back to the Center of Town road". My Dad and I went up the road to stand. I went down into the field and stood. My Dad went farther down the road to stand. I could see down into the woods a long way. There were two deer coming towards me, a doe and a buck. I waited until they got close and I shot at the buck. Well, I had made a good shot, dead center. This was an eight point buck with a perfect head and horns. He weighed 195 lbs.

When I went to school the next day, I was telling the boys about the deer and one of them wanted to buy the head to set up. I had already gotten one the year before. It was another eight pointer that was set up so I didn't need another.

I will tell you a little about this one. I was standing with my Dad at the bottom end of a big slash. This was in Lyme, NH near Cummings Pond. The loggers had cut a large area and this left a large slash area. It was a warm day and we were setting on some logs that had been left. The first thing we knew, this big buck was coming down towards us in the same area of brush that we were in. Finally, we both started to shoot and we shot three times each. This deer got very close before he quit. We both had hit him and my Dad said, "You have hit him as many times as I did, I think that you ought to claim him".

I was only fifteen and there was some red tape to go through because I didn't have a license. When we got home that night, we weighed the deer and he weighed 273 lbs. He had a big rack of eight points and my folks had it set up for me. I still have this head and I am 88 years old.

DEER HUNTING

This was when the hunting season lasted the whole month of December. My dad took me hunting for the first time. I guess that I was ten years old. Why I remember the date I will never know.

It was December 28th, the year I don't remember. Of course, this was all new to me. I think that we were over in the Mud Pond area. There was somebody on a deer track and my dad seemed to know where that deer might be going. We were standing still and we had been there a long time. Finally, I heard my dad say, "Here she comes" and I got my eyes on to the deer. She came within 50 yards of us. Well, he shot a couple of times as I remember it, maybe only once. Anyway the deer disappeared down over the hill. He, of course, knew that he had hit the deer, but I was disappointed that she didn't drop when he shot. He said to me, "What do you think of that?" I've had some second thoughts about saying what I said. However, this is what I said, "You did a damned good job". I, of course, thought that the deer was gone. As we walked down over the bank, the deer laid there dead. That certainly was a relief to me to see that my dad had hit the deer.

There were many times after this that we hunted and my dad was a good hunter and good shot. He taught me to be a good hunter and be a good shot. He would always say, "The time to shoot them is when you see them, don't moan about missing after they are gone". I will have to say that he didn't miss very often. I will have to say that I hated to miss, but it did happen. This is what Ralph Jordan used to say, "There is a lot of room around them".

To conclude this story, I am going to tell you what I recently told some young hunters. I said to them, "They put sights on a gun for you to use".

CIVIC RESPONSIBILITIES

I have previously written about Kathleen and I meeting in the Grange. We were married in the Grange Hall. The Grange, at this point, was very active as an agricultural organization. As time went on, we got distracted from the Grange. However, we always had a soft spot in our hearts for it. We were always Grange members and I still am. Kathleen was up to the last day of her life. We both joined at fourteen years old. We got busy with family and we were farmers, consequently, we weren't active members for a long time. After we retired and were back in Plainfield, we were interested in getting to know the people better, so we joined the Historical Society. In a year or two they wanted me to be their president and I obliged.

One of the things that I had on my mind was the Maxfield Parrish back drop at the town hall. It had been a victim of some abuse and I tried to get some interest started to preserve it. Well, I was successful. There was a lot of interest and consequently, there was a committee appointed. After a year or two, the money was raised and the work was completed. With this out of the way, I was looking for something else to do.

One day Kathleen and I were coming back from the south to Plainfield. We saw some folks on the steeple of the church. We stopped in front of the church to watch. They apparently were replacing the steeple after they had repaired it.

As we were leaving, I looked at the Grange Hall and it was in bad repair. The cupola roof was in shambles. Some windows were out and the outside looked really bad. We both said in unison, "Let's do something for this building". The Cassidy girls had some interest in this so we called a meeting of the town's folks to be held at the Grange Hall. It was well attended and I knew everyone except one. I had never seen this man before. He seemed to have some interest in this project and sort of took over. His name was Des Hudson and he came with John Stevenson, a master carpenter. They both lived on the Black Hill section of Plainfield.

This was where it started. These two men worked tirelessly on this building for two years or more until it was completed. There was some volunteer help. The money came from unknown places. There were many people who contributed to this project. The finished product was a brand new building with a new roof, new toilets and many more new and reconditioned aspects.

We owe many, many thanks to Des and John and all the others who contributed to this project.

Renovating Grange Hall

CREATING MY OWN ENTERTAINMENT

This was long before television was ever thought of and the radio was fairly new. Boys of eight or ten would be looking for something to keep occupied. My dad usually had some Durham steers that had to be taught to drive. If they were young enough, it became a job for the boys. Well, at this point, there weren't any Durham steers that needed to be broken. There were, however, two Jersey bulls about five or six months old.

For the sake of something to do, I yoked them up and started to work with them. They really got handy and they would do anything that I asked of them. I had a small two wheeled cart to which I hitched them. I could ride on the cart and I could ride up and down the road. There were not many cars in those days. I had a neighbor about my age and he had a pair of steers, one was red and the other one was white. We would have a steer day and get together occasionally. Well, finally those jersey bulls got to be big fellows and my dad didn't want me to use them anymore. Jersey bulls are not to be trusted and you never know when they will turn ugly. They were sold and that was the end of that bull team.

CROSS CUT SAW

On one of my Christmas vacations from KUA, I was introduced to the cross cut saw. My dad had a lumber lot to cut. My brother and I were elected to do the sawing. The first tree that we cut was about 24 inches in diameter. It was on steep side hill. My brother had done some of this before, but it was my first time. It was the most uncomfortable place to stand and work that I had ever encountered. After a lot of words that I shouldn't repeat, the tree finally was on the ground and my back was almost broken from standing in that position. We moved down on more level ground. After two or three days of this, I was beginning to get acclimated to this kind of work and after the vacation was over, I sort of hated to go back to school.

I did learn how to use a cross cut saw. With a man on each end, you didn't try to push it back, you just drew it towards you and the other man drew it back. The saw was supposed to run free. It was important to keep the saw well filed with the right amount of set in the teeth. I still see these saws hanging on the walls in different places. The chain saws put these cross cuts out of business. However, I was never sorry that I learned to use them. I did, however, get used to the chain saw very quickly.

DEER HUNTING

Having reached my 88th year and recently having been discharged from the hospital, it was impossible for me to think about going hunting. However, the boys all congregated here and went hunting. Some had archery equipment and some had rifles. They hadn't been gone long before the shooting started and I knew that it had to be them. They were certainly going to have a deer or two. Being unable to go myself, I spent a lot of time looking out the window hoping to see them when they brought in the deer. Well, dinner time approached and no deer. Some of them had seen a deer. One had seen three deer. Some had seen a big buck. They did shoot at most of them several times, but when the buck was going across the field, they were getting ready to move and they had put their guns in the car. I assume that they were visiting also. I think that most of these sightings were in an open field.

Any rifle that I've ever seen, has or usually has sights or a scope to guide you in hitting the target. Well, I know that a little buck fever is apt to rule one's thinking. At the end of the day, they all had stories to tell and enjoyed being out with their friends. I'm not sure that any of them wanted to get a deer on the first day of hunting season anyway.

RESPONSIBLE BOYS

When I was twelve years old and my brother(June) was sixteen, we did a lot of work on the farm. We had a one ton model T truck with a small platform body with sides. Every summer it seemed to be our job to fill the cellar with wood to use in the furnace the next winter. The sticks were three feet long and it took about twenty five cords. We didn't have to cut it, because it was cut in the winter while we were at school. The wood was cut in a back pasture on the center of the town road, about four miles from home. We would take that truck and go up to the pasture, down into the woods a half mile and load on a cord of wood. I was the smallest, so I piled it in the truck and my brother threw it on to the truck. The wood road was barely passable. We would usually get a load in the morning and another load in the afternoon. The amazing thing was that we didn't seem to have many problems while on these trips. We carried an ax and a cross cut saw in case of an emergency. That old truck had a Ruxall Rear End, that was something like a low range. It was always a dependable vehicle. As I look back on this time of our lives, I just wonder if I would have been comfortable sending two boys to do this job.

After this job was done, we had ten cords of split wood for the kitchen stove to put in the shed. Both of these jobs had to be done in the month of August while the weather was hot and dry. Our pay was three good meals every day and a home life second to none.

DOCTOR HUSE
THEN 1930 & NOW NOV. 17, 2008

At my age, I have seen an enormous amount of advancements in the medical profession. In the 1920's and 1930's, there was a doctor named Dr. Huse, who lived in Meriden, NH. He was the doctor for the towns of Cornish, Plainfield and Meriden. He also was the doctor for the Kimball Union Academy in Meriden. He drove a horse and buggy in the bare ground seasons and a horse and sleigh in the winter. If you needed him, you would call early in the morning and he would fit you into his schedule.

He would come sometime within that day. He seemed to always have with him what he needed for medicine. There never were any prescriptions to get filled at the drug store. In the evening, if there was an emergency, he would come. He was always available except for a week in the summer or fall. I think that he would go to the lake for a breather. I also think that he liked to go deer hunting.

My grandfather was an old man at this point and we used to have the doctor once in a while. I know one time he came to see him and apparently his kidneys weren't functioning very well. He said to my Dad, "If you could find some home brew, I think that it would be beneficial to his system". This was in the early 1930's and it was during prohibition. Occasionally, some people broke the rule and made a batch of home brew. My Dad found some and it did help with the kidney problem.

Well, now I am the old man and I remember about this incident. The prohibition era has gone but I have kept a supply of home brew, just in case I need it. I have just returned from the hospital with diverticulitis. I am not a home brew drinker, but I have recently toyed with the idea of taking some.

POTATOES

Back in the depression of the thirties, my folks raised several acres of potatoes. They were used to barter with, mostly. We would take good care of the potatoes during growing time. They had to be sprayed and this a job in itself. We had a barrel sprayer that was on a wagon. It needed two men or boys to operate it. One person had to handle the hose and one person had to man the pump. The person who did the pumping really got the raw end of the deal. It was hard work and the man running the hose was on the ground walking through the wet potato tops. The ingredients that they used to spray were copper sulfate and arsenic of lead, as I remember. I guess that we sprayed them two or three times. It was to keep the bugs off and also the blight. After the tops were dead, about the first of September, we would start digging. It was done by hand with a potato hook.

After they were dug and picked up, they were put in the cellar in a big section of the cool dark part. They were put in the cool dark area to prevent sun burn because that would turn them green.

When winter came they would start selling them or maybe barter them for supplies that they needed. The potatoes were priced at about 50 cents a bushel. The bushel weighed 56 pounds. When work on the farm got slow, we would bag potatoes to sell. I guess you'd say that the potatoes were sustenance crop. We raised them in the summer to live off them in the winter.

OUR FIRST BATHROOM

When I was a youngster, Saturday evenings was the time to have our baths in front of the kitchen stove. A wash tub with the right amount of water seemed to be what was necessary to get the job done.

It probably was in 1925 that my folks had a bathroom installed. This served two purposes. It was not only a place to get a bath, but it also saved going out to the two holer that was in the shed.

They had to put in a new water system. They dug a well across the road from the house. It was a quarter of a mile up in the pasture. Then they dug a ditch deep enough to get below the frost, maybe four feet deep and lined it with two inch pipe. This supply was adequate enough to supply the bathroom and we had two outdoor faucets. This was handy to wash a car or a buggy or whatever. The previous water supply that supplied the house and the big water tub in the barn for the animals was a little spring. It was up above and behind the barn. It was a small body of water, perhaps a 100 gallons, at its best. It didn't vary much. It came in a lead pipe by way of the barn to the house. These lines had to be gauged down so that they didn't run a full pipe. There was a water box in the house. It was made so that half of it was in the kitchen and the other half was in the dining room, with a cover in each room. This was handy for both rooms. The water was very good, but the supply was limited. This was the only water that this house had for the first forty years.

THANKSGIVING 1925

When I was real young, my family always went to my mother's parents, Grammar and Grandpa Rogers, for the Thanksgiving dinner. They lived in Meriden on True Road. They had a big farm there with a large house. The dining room was enormous and it was full. This was a big family. I remember there would usually be thirty five folks there. My mother had four sisters and three sisters-in-law. They were all good cooks. The food was always in abundance.

One of the first times that I remember going there, we went in a seven passenger Hudson automobile that didn't have any side curtains. There were ten of us, big and small. It was a full car. It was snowing and had snowed several inches before we left. We had almost got there and we found a truck crossways of the road. As I remember, it was a milk truck of some kind. We had to turn around and go a different way. It was still snowing. We were late, of course, but we did get there. The food was still flowing from the kitchen and it was good to see all our relatives.

There was an ice pond there that was frozen sometimes and this gave the young folks something to do. It was always a great day for the whole family. I think that I can remember going there with a horse and sleigh once. We were fortunate to have had the car still out at Thanksgiving. They usually put it up for the winter in November. They used horses only the rest of the winter.

MISSISSIPPI

Several years ago, my son Albert, won a trip. It was a trip to Mississippi sponsored by the Ayrshire Breeders Association. He was the winner from New Hampshire and he was fourteen years old. His mother and I decided to take him to the National Ayrshire Breeders Association meeting and give him a chance to compete for the top youth in the country. This competition was judged on their Ayrshire activities which included showing their cattle, keeping records and having an interest in youth development. 4-H records were very important in this competition along with pictures of their animals. Albert had done a lot of work on this project. He had an excellent, organized report.

We flew from Hartford, Connecticut to Memphis, Tennessee where we changed planes. This plane had problems with the motor. It took all day before we were able to continue and by this time there were others waiting to go also. We finally got in the air and this plane sounded like a thrashing machine, but we did get there. The airport was in a cow pasture with cows all around. We finally got to the meeting.

The first man of consequence that we saw was Jerry Clower. He was dressed up in clothes different from any one else. He also hugged most of the men and we wondered who this was. Well, he was on the program at the banquet. He had some great stories to tell.

The next day was the youth program and there were several judges. We were disappointed that Albert's report was second in the judging. There was a girl from Malone, N.Y. that won. There were a lot of others that placed below them.

We stayed for the Ayrshire sale and went on some of the tours that were furnished. One of the things that happened was a fish fry. It was out in the country near a chapel. They had a long table set up, maybe fifty on each side. The menu was grits and chunks of bullheads. There were other things besides the fish. This seemed to be what they did in that part of the world. I guess that I

would have to say that it was different. We did visit some farms and we decided that the Civil War was not over.

The trip home was uneventful. We took the same plane back to Memphis and there we got a better plane home.

TELEVISION IN THE 1950'S & LATER

We were living at the Daniels Farm when the first television was making an appearance. They were expensive and we procrastinated for quite awhile. Finally, a man from Windsor came to see us and wanted us to try a television. He put an aerial on the roof and he installed a TV set in the house. It was very disappointing to start with. We didn't get much and it didn't come in good. For some reason, we were headed in the wrong direction. The man came and got the TV.

It wasn't long before we found out that there were two channels that were going to be available to us. One was Channel 8 from Mt. Washington and the other was Channel 3 from Burlington. We eventually got a set and we got good reception. We had an aerial that we could turn beside the porch. If we changed channels we had to go to the porch and change the aerial. We got to know about where we needed to turn it to make the change.

When we bought the farm in Claremont, they had cable TV. It was a share situation and they tried to sell us the shares that they had bought. Before we had made up our mind, the company dissolved. Then it was a monthly payment. It was good reception and we enjoyed channel 9 out of Boston. Don Kent was the meteorologist and Jack Chase was with news. One time Don Kent predicted that we were going to have snow flurries. It flurried for twelve hours, the result being three feet of snow. He had a difficult time living that down. Chase would remind him, occasionally, of that blunder.

The television in Claremont was always good. When we moved to Plainfield, there was no cable so we had a dish. The dish was about ten feet across. The man that put it up marveled at the location that we had. It was the best location that he had ever seen. After a few years, there was cable. The television was great there also. I have always felt bad to think that my grandfather had to miss this phenomenon along with a good many others.

CHRISTMAS

In my life time Christmas has taken on a lot of changes. When I was real small, as long ago as I can remember, I don't think that we even had a Christmas tree. On Christmas day, the family would gather in the parlor to receive presents. These usually consisted of two apples and two oranges. There never was any bickering as to who got what. We might compare the colors on the apples. The church always had a Christmas program at the town hall where the kids in town could participate. After the program, they would have a Christmas tree with a box of candy for each of the kids and sometimes the parents would bring a present for one of their kids. I know at one time I got a pair of skis that were about 3 feet long. My father had a cousin, who lived in Washington, DC, who sent a box with a present for each of us kids. I know we always looked forward to having this box come in the mail. One time this cousin sent me a yellow duck that I could pull on the floor. I dragged that thing around and nearly wore it out.

I don't remember about Christmas dinner, in particular. Of course, we had a big dinner everyday anyway. The depression was beginning to show it's face at this point and money was practically non existent.

After a few years, the economy did improve and Christmas had a little more meaning. From then until now, Christmas has become the main shopping season of the year. I was at a party, a short while ago, where the child had so many presents that he laid down on the floor and went to sleep before opening his gifts. As I watched this taking place, that yellow duck of long ago came to mind.

THE MODEL T

I am probably one of a few that has ever driven a Model T Ford. I have also driven a horse and buggy. This sort of puts me in an age group by myself. We do see the horse and buggy still, but the Model T is pretty much a thing of the past. The last one was made in 1927. The controls were a little different than cars of today. The steering wheel was fundamentally the same as today. There were two levers, one on each side of and just under the steering wheel. On the left hand side there was the throttle. On the right side there was the spark. The emergency brake lever that was on the left of the steering wheel, had two purposes. One was a brake. When the brake was released and the lever pushed ahead, the vehicle was in high gear. There were three pedals on the floor board. The left peddle was the go ahead pedal. The middle pedal was the reverse pedal. The right pedal was the brake. These three pedals were operated from the fiber bands on the transmission. These had to be replaced occasionally.

To get the vehicle into motion, you would push on the left hand pedal with your foot to get it in motion. Then, with the proper amount of throttle and the emergency brake pushed ahead, you would be going down the road. These cars were hand cranked to start the motor. The spark lever played a big part. In order to start the car, it was necessary to have the spark lever up to keep the engine from kicking back. There were many broken arms because of this. Too much spark was dangerous also. Once started, this lever was used to make the motor run better. I don't remember any speedometers on the dash, nor any of the amenities that we have today.

There was a wish bone to keep the front wheels in line. The main end was hitched to the transmission case. The other two ends were hitched to the front wheels. Of course, there were no black top roads in those days and with the ruts in the road these wish bones got a lot of wear. Sometimes the attachment on the transmission would drop out. This made for an on the road repair. I

guess most everyone carried a sufficient amount of tools in a tool box on the running board next to the driver to do their own repair. I should mention that there was no door on the driver's side. The driver had to get in on the passenger side. The fuel prices were more desirable when the Model T's were used. The gas was 10 to 15 cents a gallon.

FRIENDS FOREVER-ANNE & HOWARD CURFMAN

During World War II, with all the young men fighting for their country, it left a shortage of farm help. The U.S. Extension Service sort of came to their rescue by placing some young folks on a voluntary basis on some of the farms.

As a sixteen year old, Anne decided that she would volunteer to do this. She was placed on a farm in Vermont. She hadn't been there long before she found that this wasn't a good place for a young lady to be working. Consequently, she left and came to her aunt's home where her mother was visiting. Her mother came to talk to us, to see if we would let Anne come and stay with us for the summer. Of course, we were glad to have her stay with us.

Anne and her brothers lived in Hampton, Virginia with their mother. We didn't see much more of her until she had finished her education and had gotten married. We were on Black Hill and it had been raining for several days. A car drove in the yard and guess what? It was Anne and her husband Howard and their children. It had been raining at Lake Winnepesaukee where they were vacationing. Cabin fever was beginning to be more than they could tolerate. So, they came to visit us. We had never met Howard or the kids before. This was a treat for us and for them too. I don't remember how long they stayed. However, every summer from that time until now, we have been blessed with at least one visit and in recent years they visit in the spring and in the fall. When their children were young and still at home, our children enjoyed their visits and still do. We all enjoyed the cook outs on Mt. Ascutney and there weren't many years that we didn't go to Sharon, Vt. and fish in a private pond. I have forgotten the man's name who owned it, but he had some nice trout in that pond.

There was a place called Spurs. It was located at Downers Four Corners in Vermont. They sold ice cream and other deli-like food there. There weren't many days that we didn't have a good reason not to drive in that direction after the work was done. I think that the kids from Virginia always looked forward to being

with us at fair time too. There was also corn to be picked early in the morning. We always had a young hired man. One time we had a good looking young man, I think that his name was Bob Kennett. He seemed to be popular with some of the girls.

Now to get back to us old folks. After our families were grown up, we always enjoyed our time together. We traveled locally to see whatever there was to see. We quite often would go to Corinth, Vt. I think it was because of the farming community's unusual fencing, electric fences and such. There is not a soul in the world that would know what I have referred to, except the four of us.

ANOTHER WILD BOAR STORY

As I have previously mentioned the wild boar in another story, I will tell you about another hunt. After the 1938 hurricane, the Corbins Park was in shambles and the boar would go out and in as they wanted. We found a place where they were doing this and in the day time they were always in the park. After a day or two of finding this to be the case, we decided to try and be there when they came out at dusk.

There were four of us in this party and my brother and I had cows to milk about the time we should be there. The other two didn't have chores to do so they stayed and the pigs came out just as expected. They shot two that night and the rest of them never came out again there. A man by the name of Guy Eastman was one of the hunters and he soon got killed by a falling tree. The other man was Charles Quarry and, of course, my brother and I. We had many hunts and we got several, one time or another. These boar seemed to be pretty elusive animals. They were one jump ahead of whoever was chasing them. This was sixty or more years ago and there is an occasional one shot now in 2008. There are some that crossed the Connecticut River and have been shot in Vermont. I think that they probably crossed on the ice because I know that domestic hogs are apt to cut their throats with their front toe nails if they are trying to swim.

VIOLIN

I don't know why I or anyone else would think that I wanted to be a violin player. Well, for some reason I was taking violin lessons. Maybe my mother (God Bless her soul) thought that it would be good for me to do this. A man by the name of George Bush from Claremont was my teacher. I really think from the start that he was suspicious of my desire to be a violin player. I took ten lessons, some at school down in the basement during school hours. I am sure that the whole school could keep track of my progress. Then, of course, I took some at home. My grandfather was still alive and he had some musical talent. After listening to some of my practices he said, "Boy, if you were playing for apples, you would miss the orchard entirely". At this point, we were all, my mother, my teacher, my grandfather and myself, ready to throw in our hats and call it a bad experience.

I can see if I had been a city boy with time on my hands, I might have done better. However, a farm boy with a lot of things that I wanted to do and was responsible for doing took preference over practicing on my violin.

COLD MORNING

This young man was staying with his grandmother for a few days. He had a job in West Lebanon. It was a cold morning and his car wouldn't start. He came to ask if I would give him a pull. I was in the barn milking my cows. I said, "I'll help you as soon as I can". I took my tractor and hitched on to his car. He was in the car and we started down the road. The motor seemed to be turning over but it didn't start. We went quite a distance and I finally stopped and I hollered back, "Did you turn on the switch?" Well, there was a pause in the reply. You guessed it, that was the problem. This young man was a likeable guy and I am not going to mention his name.

WHEATIES

While we were still living at our first farm, I had a chance to get an orphan ewe lamb. Our kids were small and I thought that they would enjoy raising the lamb. They named her Wheaties, because she was kept in a wheaties carton. The carton was about three feet square. After a few days we moved her out to the cow barn where it was warm. This was in the late spring. Wheaties grew quite rapidly and soon was full grown.

After we moved to our second farm, the pastures were all fenced for sheep so I bought a few to keep Wheaties company. She seemed to be the leader of the flock. One day, they got out of the pasture and, of course, Wheaties was in the bunch. I went to get them and I said Wheaties as loud as I could. She came running and the rest came too. If one sheep goes they all go. There is no such thing as one sheep being out of the pasture. I brought them home and I had planned to put them in another pasture. The gate was open and by this time most of them were ahead of me and Wheaties was at the head of the flock. Well, she missed the gateway and up the road they went. I finally got ahead of them and on the way back she found the gateway. That was the end of a day as a shepard.

THE BAINES PROPERTY

In the early part of the twentieth century, Ernest Harold Baines was a naturalist who worked at Corbins Park. Apparently, at some point, he became interested in doing something for himself. He came to Plainfield and purchased Prospect Hill. This was formally owned by Curt Lewin. At that time, it was a big open hill. It was a farm with very acceptable buildings. The southern part of this property had and still has a view that is second to none. Baines had some great plans for this place. He started to build a foundation for his house and the stone work was nearly done. He also was in the process of bringing water to his house. He had dug a ditch a third of a mile long that went to a water supply on the backside of the property. The house site and water supply were about on the same level. He probably would have used a water ram to get the water to his house. This ditch that he had dug was at least 4 by 4 feet and is still visible. However, there are large trees growing in it today.

Baines got pneumonia and died. He had planned to make this a wild game preserve. The only thing that remains of his labor is the stone work of the foundation with large trees growing within it and the ditch that went back to the water supply. The farm buildings are gone and the big bald hill has become a forest.

We can only imagine what it would have looked like today had he been able to complete his dreams. There were several families that lived there after Baines passed away. There was a Lawrence family, a King family and the last ones were the Clarks. The buildings got in bad repair and were torn down.

This property has just been purchased by Evelyn Flemming, a native of Plainfield and now a doctor at Dartmouth Hitchcock Medical Center.

THREE OTTER

On Black Hill many years ago, our pond was beginning to freeze. I had a reason to go down to the pond. As I got close, I could hear the ice breaking. There was something out there having fun. After studying the situation, I determined that they were otter. I went back to the house and got my 22 rifle and went back down to the pond. These otter were out in the pond 50 to 75 yards. There heads were about the only thing showing. I did shoot the three of them. I then took the boat and retrieved them. The ice wasn't thick enough to hold the boat and me.

After this was over, I walked around the pond and found that they had been there all summer. There were fish bones every where. These guys had just not been detected before. They probably would not have been seen then if they hadn't been breaking the ice. They certainly had a good time eating my fish.

I skinned them and sold the pelts to Sears & Roebuck for twenty five dollars each. I expect that would have partially paid for the fish.

We, apparently, didn't spend much time at the pond that summer or if we did we weren't very observant.

FISHING

When my son Albert was three or four years old, someone gave him a little plastic fishing pole, a plastic creel and some other things. The first day of fishing would soon be at hand and he was ready to go. We had a small brook on our property. It was in the pasture and easy to get to.

The day came and we went over to the brook and baited his hook and dropped it in the water. It wasn't long before he had a bite and pulled the fish out of the water. The fish, naturally, was flopping around and he didn't like that. He wanted me to do the fishing. It wasn't long before his creel was full of fish. These were speckled brook trout about eight inches long. His mother took his picture several times during this fishing trip. When we got back home, he had to show his catch to his grandmother who lived in a mobile home next to our house.

It was more successful than I expected it to be. I didn't know if there were any fish in there to start with.

TOWN FARM

When we were at our first farm, we were short of pasture for our young stock. The only place in town that would be suitable was the Old Town Farm. There were 200 acres there with open fields. Several people had tried to find out if the lady that owned it would sell it. They didn't get an answer to their inquiries.

This piece of property was really something that we needed. Knowing of the previous difficulties that folks had had, my wife, Kathleen said, "Maybe if we send a self-addressed envelope with a stamp on it this lady would reply". This woman's name was Mrs. Bates and she lived in Maine. In less than a week, there was this letter that came from Maine. It was from Mrs. Bates and she was interested in selling the Plainfield property. This property consisted of 200 acres with the buildings that were in really bad repair for \$1900.00.

We made the necessary arrangements and bought it. The buildings needed to be torn down. I knew a man that wanted something of this sort to tear down and use the lumber to build a garage. I sold all the buildings to him for \$200.00 and he was to burn all that he couldn't or didn't use.

Barbed wire was selling for \$10.00 a reel. I bought ten reels. There was no fencing that really showed around these 200 acres. My next job was to put new fence around it. I was able to get some of the abutting land owners to furnish some labor to help. However, I furnished all the wire. I put two strands of barbed wire around all of those acres. The boundaries were quite easy to identify by some stone walls and the difference in timber growth. Back then, of course, the land owners knew where their boundaries were.

This adventure all took place because of a SELF-
ADDRESSED ENVELOPE WITH A STAMP ON IT.

BUFFALO ROBE

The date today is January 2, 2009 and I am 88 years old. I think that I maybe one of the last ones that remembers the use of the buffalo robe. In my early years the horse and sleigh were what we used for transportation in the winter months. The freeze stone and the buffalo robe were necessities in most cases.

It doesn't seem that long ago that I was riding behind a horse in a sleigh. We were always reasonably warm with the freeze stone near our feet and buffalo robe over us. As I remember it, our cheeks showed quite a lot of color. We had mufflers for anyone that needed one. I remember the first thing to do before the horse was hitched into the sleigh was to move the shafts over. They were hitched to an iron rod that allowed them to slide so that the horse would travel directly in front of the left hand runner.

After the snow had been packed, this made it easier for the horse to travel. A set of sleigh bells was around the horse's body and perhaps a few on the shafts. The horse was hitched in the sleigh and his head was high with steam coming from his nose. This made a picture for my neighbor Maxfield Parrish to use in some of his murals. Norman Rockwell's paintings come to mind also. Those weren't bad days, just different from Jan. 2, 2009.

Jake & Josie Philbrick

NECESSITY IS THE MOTHER OF INVENTION

My brother and I had a two year old colt that we wanted to hitch up to drive. We didn't have a vehicle of any sort to hitch him to. Finally, we decided to make a dray. We went up in the woods and cut two lever wood poles two inches in diameter and about sixteen feet long. We took them down to the barn and smoothed them up so that they wouldn't be rough on the horse's sides. We hitched the ends together about three feet up from the ends and about four feet apart. Then we made a place to sit at that point. We had to attach a singletree to hitch the horse to. Well, the next thing was to get the horse harnessed and hitched into this dray. This proved to be a simple procedure. We had handled this colt a lot and he seemed to trust us. Now we were going to enjoy the fruits of our labor. We went a good many miles and the colt acted as if he enjoyed it too.

HOMEMADE ICE CREAM

Kathleen's parents lived on a little farm that belonged to a Cornish Colony lawyer. They were caretakers. Her dad had a couple of cows and consequently, they had plenty of cream. Every week-end we would make ice cream, especially in the summer. I most always went to Mill Village to get the ice. This man had a mill pond where he cut the ice and then he had a building in which to store it. It would be available for most all summer. We had a one gallon freezer and sometimes we would make a second batch. It depended on who they had for company. On one of the freezers we used an electric motor to turn it. This motor had two speeds and the lower one turned it just the right speed. Most often, if it wasn't the neighbors, it would be relatives and sometimes both would be there. This was where the second batch was necessary. Then there would be some that brought cookies or something to go with the ice cream. It was always a fun time for us and for Kathleen's parents. They surely liked company. This type of thing went on for several summers. As I have said before, this was before TV and no ball games to watch.

DOUGHNUTS

There is nothing that will stimulate your appetite like the smell of hot doughnuts. Having cows to milk, I always got up early in the morning. By eight o'clock I was headed to the house for breakfast. More often than not, Kathleen would be making doughnuts. The minute that I opened the barn door the aroma of fresh baked doughnuts really did something for me. If you have never smelled doughnuts frying, then you have missed a great treat. Hot home made bread didn't smell bad either.

I remember when Goddards Bakery in Claremont first started to run a bakery truck. They always carried a big assortment of breads and pastries and they came everyday. I know that most families patronized this bakery to some extent. However, the bakery breads never had the nice aromas that came from Kathleen's or my mother's kitchens.

SUGARING

Boys at ten or twelve years of age can always come up with some new adventures. This particular year, my friends and I decided to do some sugaring on our spring vacation. We made some sap spouts out of sumac. We tried to cut pieces all the same length about six inches long. We then took a red hot wire and burned out the center of each piece. The centers were a soft material and burned easily. It was important to have one end of these sticks all the same size. This took a little doing and I guess that we spent some time doing that. We had a half a dozen maple trees across the field from our house. So now, the tapping was started. We had to bore holes in the trees in which to place the spouts. We needed a wire hook on each spout to hold a container for sap. The containers consisted mostly of one and two quart glass jars. The trees were tapped and the sap was running and so were the boys. Those jars filled up pretty fast and we had to lug it back to the house where my mother boiled it on the kitchen wood stove. The snow was deep and we spilled quite a lot in transit. My mother had no problem keeping up with the boiling. I think that we did make enough so that we had some sugar on snow and a little more for pancakes. This kept us busy for a few days during our vacation.

SKIING

At Christmas, I got a pair of skis. They were about three feet long and they were double grooved with just a strap over the toe. My age must have been about five. We had quite a little hill in back of our house. Of course, it was a trial and error situation for some time. Finally, I thought that I had mastered the technique so I built a small ski jump. This created a different set of circumstances. My skis didn't stay on at the jump very well. Someone suggested that a jar rubber might help. I tried that and one ski would usually come off. I finally gave up skiing that winter.

As time went on, I joined the 4-H. My brother and I had a bigger hill with quite a good sized jump. We were skiing after school one day and a man, who was a 4-H agent from Claremont, stopped. His name was Norman Wippen. He had red hair on one side of his head and black hair on the other side of his head. He wanted to try our ski jump. He did quite well as far as distance was concerned. However, he fell and broke his leg. For some reason this sport never really took off with us after that. I got interested in driving steers and got my mind onto something else.

BICYCLES

Bicycles take quite a lot of practice while learning to ride. This was before I had a bicycle, but there was a classmate of mine who had one. He would let me ride it once in a while at school. I had barely mastered the balance of this two wheeler and I was on the main street of Plainfield. There was hardly ever a car in those days, so it was fairly safe to be there. As I was going down the street, on sort of a wobbly course, I managed to run smack dab into a girl. The collision knocked the girl to the ground. I went over the handle bars to the ground. Well, as we observed the damage to each one of us, it seemed that we would likely survive the accident. The bicycle didn't get damaged and after brushing the dirt off from our clothes, we went on our way. There were a good many years that whenever we met, one of us would bring up the bicycle incident. If this happened today, I'm sure that I would be in trouble with this girl's dad. Things were different then than they are today.

HORACE HASTINGS

A SHEEP RESCUE

My folks kept a few sheep when I was a youngster. In the summer time they were pastured across the road from the house. Sometime in the fall there was one with her twin lambs that were missing. After the first snow storm, my Dad, brother and I went to see if we could find any sign of them. We found them. They were out of the pasture. In fact, they weren't very close to the pasture. There is a spot on the side of Home Hill that had been named the Kettle Country. Someone had placed a big iron kettle near a spring to water their animals. As far as I know it is still there. I guess it's been fifty years since I was there.

Well, this is where we found the sheep and her lambs. I am sure that she was glad to see us. We weren't sure how to get her back home. Finally, the three of them got into our tracks and they started for home. They got there long before we did. It surely was a mile or more.

FARM AND RANCH TOURS

We had been taking the Farm and Ranch Magazine for a few years. Kathleen had noticed an opportunity to enter a contest for the “prettiest place in the country”. She sent to get the paper work to enter this contest. We had just painted all the buildings at Shadow Lawn Farm and everything looked good. After some communication, there was a man that came and took some pictures. Some time had past and finally we got this letter from them saying that we had won this contest and a picture would appear on the cover of the next issue of the Farm and Ranch Magazine. We got quite a lot of fan fare from this. They asked us to be tour guides on some trips that they sponsored in our area. There were two buses on these tours and there were people from all over the country, even from South America and Mexico. These particular tours were of New England.

We always met these buses at the Woodstock Inn with dinner on the agenda. Kathleen was the tour guide on one bus and I was the tour guide on the other bus. We stayed with them from Woodstock, Vt. to Claremont, NH to point out the different places of interest. This usually took a couple of hours. I think that the only pay that we got was the dinner at the Woodstock Inn. We certainly met some very nice people on these tours. We always went down Route 12A and by our house (Prospect Pastures). One time we stopped and fed them a snack and showed them the SPRING. This always gave them a chance to stretch their legs. I think that there were a lot of springs built when they got home. In fact we got thank you letters from some that mentioned the SPRING.

We went on two of their tours to Europe. The first time Virginia and Stan Colby went with us. The second time Shine and Priscilla King went with us. We landed in Belgium and took a bus to Paris. We were there over night and from there we went to Austria, Germany and Switzerland.

These were great trips and we got to see glimpses of different cultures. Every place had something a little different, different ways and different customs. Switzerland was the place that we thought was the best of any of them.

OX YOKES

As I look back to the early years of my life, it seems as if most every farm had several ox yokes stored in their barns. Oxen were used and most every farm had a pair or two of them. Most farm boys, myself included, had the opportunity to break the young ones, called steers, to drive. Once in a while we would have an occasion to need another yoke. Usually, we would need another size and the neighbors were always willing to lend whatever was needed. At this point, steer or ox yokes were plentiful and at auction they really were more or less worthless.

The bows and the bow pins were also easy to come by. There were two types of yokes. There were straight yokes and slide yokes. The slide yoke was made for oxen to follow a snow path. This gave them more flexibility. However, these yokes never became valuable. This all changed several years ago. There was a market at yard sales for the straight yokes. City people would want one to hang on their wall. The small steer yokes were usually used inside and the big ones on the outside.

Yokes were beginning to be a popular item. I bought and sold a few yokes. I paid as much as \$50 for some and as little as \$5 for some. I had two or three that I sold for \$200 each. These were in perfect condition. The bows were good and they had the bow pins. There were no weather cracks or damage to the wood. They had the old blue paint and this was a popular color. I have made a few small yokes for my family to hang on their walls. I painted them with paint from a recipe that I have for the old blue paint. Here again is where hind sight is better than foresight. I should have started to buy yokes sooner.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER

Back in the 1950's, Kathleen was advertising with the Farm Vacation and Holidays for guests. We had a big house and the kids were big enough to help. She got this letter in the mail from the International Harvester Company. They were inquiring if we would be able to accommodate them with a room for a week and would we allow a photographer to come and take pictures of our life experiences for that week. We decided that this would be something different and we told them that we could do that.

A man came. His name has gone from me. He had a lot of photography equipment. He was a good acting young man and he wasn't a nuisance. He took pictures of just about everything that you could think of. We have a nice picture of Kathleen making doughnuts that he took. He took most of his pictures outside and he took several in the barn. His photographs were the complete picture of what took place in the barn from a cow giving birth, the gutter cleaner, the milking equipment and the milk cooler. We didn't have a lot of machinery, but he took pictures of what we had. We were drawing our winters' wood to put in the cellar and he got the kids involved in that with some pictures. We went coon hunting one night and he got some pictures of that with a coon up a tree.

I finally took him to see my International machinery dealer. At this point his week was up and he promised that he would send us a copy of the photographs that he had taken. In about a week they came. Some of them also appeared in the International Harvester Magazine. This turned out to be a fun thing to do.

DEER CAMP

Back in the days of the Great Depression(1930), my dad had an interest in a camp on the shore of Reservoir Pond in Lyme, NH. We used to go there in deer season and occasionally, we went in the summer to go fishing or bee hunting. We did find a swarm of bees, but I don't remember of doing anything with them. It was a one room serves all situation. There were some bunk beds and sometime there would be five or six of us, especially in deer hunting season. There weren't many conveniences at this camp. There was just a place to make a cup of coffee and sleep. It was isolated and quiet and sometimes two or three of us younger generation would go up just to do something different. There was one of those out buildings and the hedgehogs seemed to be fond of this little building.

One time we were there and we went farther up the road, perhaps a couple of miles, to Cummings Pond. There had been a big logging job there a year or so earlier. My dad and I were standing out in that slash that was left from the logging job and we shot the biggest deer that we had ever seen. I have already written about this deer in a previous story so I won't go into any more detail. There were a lot of rabbits up there in those days, so we hunted rabbits once in a while.

FISH STORIES

One of my brothers-in-law and his brother were telling about the big fish that they had caught. They had been to the Great Lakes at some point and there were a lot of big fish there. One had been to Alaska. This story telling went on for some time and I soon came to the conclusion that they were telling these stories for my benefit. I was ten or twelve years old and I was old enough to know when I was being taken advantage of. I didn't make any comment for a while. Finally, I said, "I have a story to tell". This is what I told them. I said, "I caught a fish so big that I had to drain the ocean to get it out".

I am sure that they realized that they had been telling fish stories to the wrong person.

TRACTORS

Over a span of fifty or more years, I have owned a good many different tractors. I have owned Allis Chalmers, Ford, International and Leyland tractors and finally, a John Deere.

I have had several Allis Chalmers and I am going to tell you about one, a WD Model. I bought it second hand from a John Deere dealer. It was a 1953 and a year old when I bought it. The only equipment with it was a set of two bottom plows. I paid \$1200 for it. This wasn't a play thing. It was a fifty horse power tractor. I used it to do all kinds of farm work. It was the only tractor that I had. It had a hand clutch which was really handy with power take-off machinery.

My business grew to where I needed another tractor, so I bought another Allis Chalmers WD. In 1983, I sold the first one to a man that lives on the side of Mt. Ascutney. He has used it to skid logs. I was talking with man recently and inquired if he had ever done a motor job on that tractor. "Oh, no", he said, "It doesn't use any oil and it still runs good". So the tractor is fifty five years old and never had a motor job.

I bought a Farmall M at an auction that was a power plant. I traded this Farmall for a new 65 horse Leyland. I then bought a second Leyland. These were good tractors and they had a few amenities that the others lacked. When I stopped farming, I had two Leylands and an Allis Chalmers WD.

In my retirement, I bought a 760 John Deere garden tractor mostly because I had moved into John Deere country.

MISTAKES

When I was first married, I worked for Herman Plummer, occasionally, doing carpentering. He was an excellent carpenter and I was a helper. I did learn a lot about this occupation, but I never was a good carpenter. One of the things that he told me was, “Be sure to make everything level and plumb”.

One time we were working for Mr. Boroughs putting in a dumb waiter next to the fire place. He wanted a place under the floor to store the wood for the fire place. It was a small box under the floor two feet deep, three feet long and two feet wide. Well, I was elected to get up into that box to drive a nail. I didn't drive it in the right spot. I drove the nail right into the copper water tank. The water started to run so he turned the water off. It wasn't long before Mr. Boroughs came down where we were and said, “We don't have a drop of water in this house”.

We had to get a plumber from Windsor to come over to fix it. It didn't hold them a great while. It was an accident and accidents are bound to happen.

FIRE

I have owned several farms and I have always been fire conscious. I have walked many miles just to make sure that everything was alright. Lightning was always a threat and there were many more. Smoking had to be dealt with also. There was no end to the possibilities. I always made sure that I was the last man in the barn at night for several reasons. The barn was off limits after I had closed the door at night.

We were eating dinner one day. It was during haying time. We looked out the window and our neighbor's barn was on fire. They had been unloading hay on to an elevator that went the length of the barn. I guess no one knows what caused the fire. It burned the barn with the hay in it. The cattle were all out. I guess that I thought at the time that hay had built up around the motor and the v belts.

WALLACE REED'S BARN

DELINQUENCY

As I look back to my childhood, children always had a job to do when they got home from school. There was always a wood box to fill. Of course, that was when wood was the main fuel used. In my case there were chores at the barn to do. There were numerous things that kids were relied on to help with. I had to feed the calves and I had to make sure there was enough hay ready to feed at night. This was before electricity finally came to our farm. We had kerosene lanterns to use in the barns and we tried to make things ready before dark to use after dark.

As the days got longer in the winter, we were able to go skiing or skating for a while. However, our chores had to be done first and if there was homework from school, that had to be dealt with. I never felt as if I was doing more than my share because we all had something to do.

I guess the point that I hope I have made is that, "The devil finds work for idle hands to do". I know that situations have changed since I was a boy. The rural life is a lot different today. There are no cows to feed or cows to milk, no wood box to fill and no mother at home to remind us of our duties. **THOSE WERE GOOD DAYS!** I don't remember if delinquency was even being talked about when I was a youngster. I feel like the kids today just do not have a fair chance today.

SNOW ROLLERS

When we lived at the Shadow Lawn Farm in Claremont, we woke up one morning to find the fields covered with snow rollers. I guess that it had snowed during the night. As I remember it, it had warmed up some before morning. I have to assume that there was some wind blowing too. I had never seen any snow rollers before and in fact I have not seen any since that day. These rollers were all about the same size. They were all twelve to fifteen inches in diameter. The moisture of the snow had to be exactly right and the wind had to have been blowing the right speed. It sort of borders on being a miracle. I would be interested to know if anyone else has ever seen any snow rollers.

DANGEROUS PROFESSION

There are many ways that danger will manifest itself. I have been in some kind of agricultural work for most of my life. I have written about it in other stories. The machinery part I guess is the most likely to get a person into trouble. Then there is the animal aspect to contend with. Bulls are really dangerous and most animals, for some reason or another, are dangerous. However, I think that the most dangerous of all is the farmer himself. We have a thousand things on our mind and we do things without thinking or telling someone where we are going or what we are going to do.

This leads me to tell this story. It was in the middle of the winter and I had to uncover an upright silo. It was a metal silo with a metal chute about two feet in diameter. This was grass silage and there was about a foot of rotten stuff to throw down from this sixteen foot diameter silo. I tended right to work and I finally had completed my job. I went to the chute to go down and guess what? The chute was plugged full of rotten silage.

I had a dog by the name of Dutchess and she was always at the barn with me. I called her name as loud as I could and I banged on the silo. I had a hired man that was working in another barn. Dutchess went to this man and made a fuss until he followed her to where I was. This wasn't a life threatening situation. It was an inconvenience to say the least. However, I did pat my dog and I could tell that she was proud as punch of what she had done. I made sure that I told her that I was proud of her. If I had been alone in the barn, it would have been a different story to tell.

LAKE SUNAPEE FISHING

This was quite a while ago. Albert was a dozen or so and he asked about going over to Lake Sunapee to fish through the ice. I knew a man that had a bob house over there, so I contacted him. I told him what I had in mind and he said to bring Albert over and spend the day. We made an appointment to go and we went. This bob house was set to catch smelt where a brook was running into the lake. The water was shallow (about three feet) and it was moving a little. The current from the brook brought food for the fish. The bob house was about eight feet square. On one side it was open about a foot wide and the ice was cut about the same size. This gave us a good view of what was happening. There were all kinds of fish hooks hanging in the water with different kinds of bait on them. There wasn't much activity and Albert laid down on the floor and was looking in just for something to do. It wasn't long before a lake trout about three feet long swam right through the opening that he was watching. This fish made several passes so that we all saw it, but we didn't catch any fish. The lake trout was the reason that there weren't any smelt.

FLEA MARKETS

When we lived at Prospect Pastures in Plainfield, we attended a lot of flea markets and yard sales. We both enjoyed them and looking to see what was offered was the object. Once in a while we would find something that made it worth while. My daughter Linda and her husband Bob Stoddard own and run the Blackmount Country Club Golf Course in North Haverhill. We bought all kinds of golfing equipment for them. We bought golf clubs, golf carts and golf balls. One time we went to an auction in Grantham. They had a lot of golf equipment from a fire at the Club House at the Eastman Golf Course. This stuff wasn't damaged as far as we could tell. We bought a lot of it. The prices were very moderate. It looked as if the people may have had this stuff insured and the fire gave them an opportunity to update their equipment.

In the West Lebanon area there were always more yard sales than most places. There was also this large flea market at the shopping plaza that drew a big crowd of vendors and buyers. Canaan usually had a big yard sale and Meriden most always had a Fire House sale. I think as a rule the private yard sales were apt to be the best ones because this stuff hadn't been looked over before. We learned that the early bird was the one that got the worm.