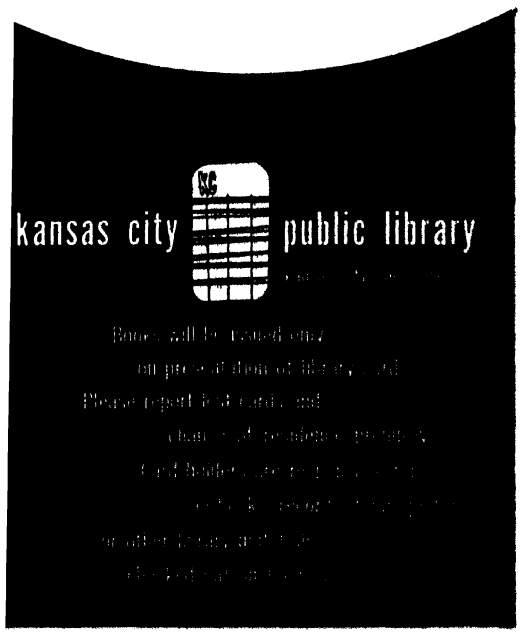
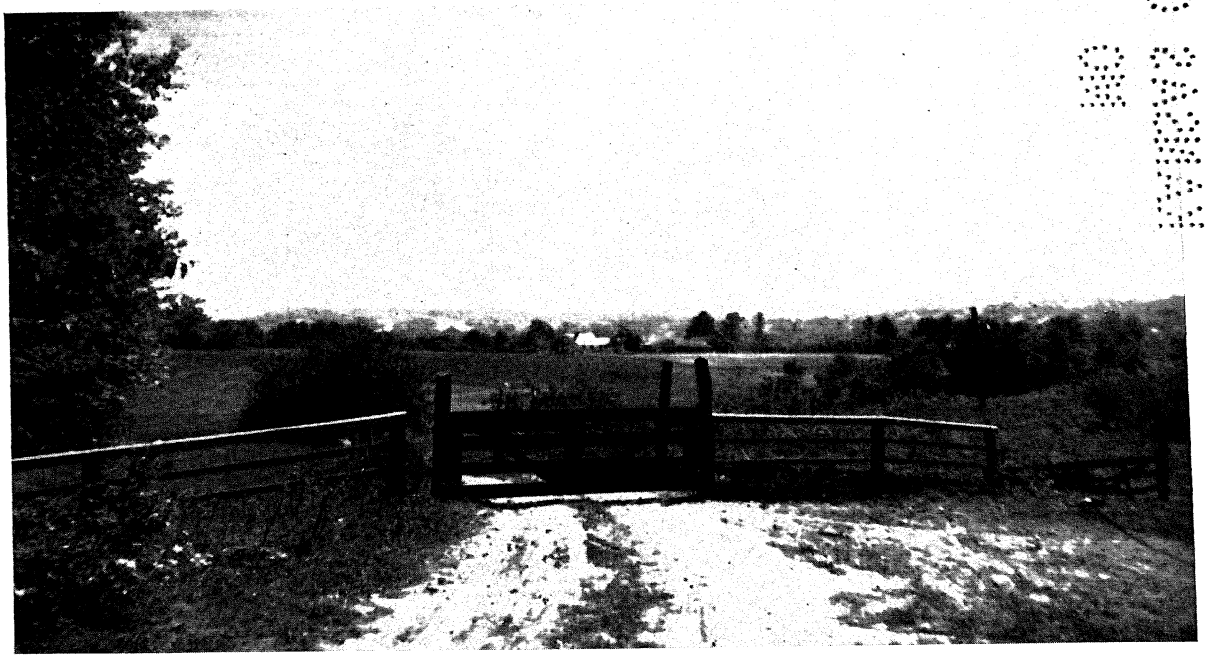


ADVENTURE IN VERMONT



MAYFAIR RANCH—BLACK FOX LODGE IN THE DISTANCE

Adventure *in* Vermont

Wherein we buy a house
and have the pleasure of restoring it with the
atmosphere and gracious living
of an earlier day

By

WALTER MERRIAM PRATT

Author of "The Burning of Chelsea", "Tin Soldiers", "The Maritime Provinces as seen from an Automobile", "Seven Generations, A Story of Prattville and Chelsea"

49 ILLUSTRATIONS

BOSTON
RALPH T. HALE & COMPANY
PUBLISHERS

PRINTED IN THE U. S. A.

TO

REYNARD THE BLACK FOX OF MAYFAIR RANCH

AND

SNOOZER THEOPHILUS MERRIAM PRATT

OUR BELOVED ALLEY CAT

MAY THEY NEVER

MEET

PREFACE

AFTER struggling with the Vermont temperament nigh onto a year, we reckon that the Black Fox Lodge at Mayfair Ranch is ready for a house warming. It's located in about the center of ten acres of pretty fair meadow land and thirty or so 'of hemlock and pine, nestlin' in the foothills of the Green Mountains in Vermont alongside the West River with its old swimmin' holes, covered bridges, and multitudes of trout, four miles as the bluejay flies N.W. from Brattleboro.

At night the Pent Road leading to the ranch is blacker'n a stack of black cats, but we reckon yer won't find it powerful difficult to find us if you start on Black Mountain Road where it meets Putney Road and follow ther black foxes past the duck pond to our big red gate. Watch out and don't run over no deer.

For entertainment at the Lodge thares "Snoozer" and nature with its grassland and woods, ledges, lakes, and mountains — an all-fired fine terrain. A paradise for them geologist fellers. From the front stoop, there's a powerful fine view down the Connecticut Valley, and the moon, we've heard say, is the best this side of Venice.

It takes nigh onto three hours from Boston, and about four from New York to reach the ranch. If you've got an auto and gas, less if you ain't got no respect for law and your tires.

Ther Lodge was put up before 1800. There was still Injuns

about in them days, and we've picked arrow heads right out of the hand-hewed beams which are hitched together with wooden pegs and hand-wrought nails. How in Sam Hill they dunit thares no telling. We city folks have spruced the place up considerable, with a new-fangled bathroom and a kind of terrace where yer can have your victuals outdoors if the flies ain't too pesky.

It's downright peaceful and quiet. No bombs and no air raid wardens. Just the kinder place yer can enjoy dreadful poor health in. Snoozer and we think it's grand, so we hope you'll enjoy reading all about it and that you will forgive me if my I's are too close together.

W.M.P.

Boston, 1943

CONTENTS

ILLUSTRATIONS

ILLUSTRATIONS

Chapter I

WHY WE BOUGHT A FARM

in which a back alley cat figures prominently

SOME DAY I'd like to own a farm. Have you so expressed yourself? Most people have. All my life I've said, "Let's save this or that, it will be useful if we buy a farm. If only I had a place where I could dig and chop trees and take off weight, a place away from everything and everyone, where I could rest and forget business!" I have always believed in preparing for any eventuality. No one knows the final outcome of this war; in any event, it's going to be far reaching, and we may all have to go back to the land for sustenance.

Irene, that's my nice wife, seemed to think she'd like a farm, too. But it didn't seem practical because I was in business in the city. We'd traveled extensively and lived mostly in hotels and clubs. So we compromised by going to housekeeping. We found an apartment we liked — nine rooms and three baths, modern and fireproof, and from our drawing-room one looked out over the lovely Public Gardens. Now, we thought, we will get our things from storage, entertain a lot, put up out-of-town friends, and have a cat. Irene didn't know much about cats, but a dog was out of the question in a city apartment so we began looking for a cat. I didn't want an Angora or a Shag or a pedigreed cat; just a back alley one, but it *must* be black.

One night a month later, as I passed along a street on Beacon Hill, at a point where aristocratic Boston has petered out and tenements predominate, I heard a rustle among the leaves. Looking down at the gutter, I discovered Snoozer Theophilus Merriam Pratt (only he didn't have any name then), just a little ball of the blackest fur you ever saw. I picked him up, light as a feather, not six weeks old, held him in my arms, and how he sang! Across the street protruded light from the open door of a little grocery shop. I entered, "Is this your cat? Will you sell it?" "Yep, you may have it." I exchanged some dollars for standard articles, wrapped the dear little four-legged powder puff in my raincoat, and beat a fast cadence with my legs for home.

All that evening, and, in fact, for days, Snoozer snooped in every corner and crevice of our home and then settled down and commenced to grow in weight, demanding more and more attention each day. It wasn't long before he was dictator of the place, and people commenced asking about him. So his silhouette, with a jingle, was our Christmas Card.

The second year Snoozer was credited by the press with entertaining two hundred notables, including the Admiral and the General and a lot of socialites, at an Eggnog Party on New Year's Day. One Boston paper wrote a feature story entitled "Cat has Coming-out Party," with a page of pictures in which Snoozer predominated. So little by little Snoozer became not only one of the family, but locally quite famous, at least for

a cat, and received an invitation to appear at the Cat Show, which he had the good sense to decline. All day long he'd sleep or sit and watch the traffic at the junction of two very busy streets. Every morning he'd be waiting outside our bedroom door, and if the maid failed to let him in from the pantry, what a bawling out, in cat language, he'd give her. Every night he had his comb and brush. With a well-balanced diet and an abundance of it, and no chance to fight, he soon weighed thirteen pounds.

No, he wasn't the most wonderful cat in the world; he wasn't even perfect, and Irene got provoked at times. He'd tear about the apartment shooting rugs in every direction; he ruined our best furniture sharpening his claws and always seemed in the vicinity whenever a vase was broken, and when this happened I'd get a real married look from Irene. On the whole, however, he was a pretty regular fellow, and everyone liked him. He didn't just enter a room, he'd invade it, and, regardless of who was present, would become the center of attraction. He certainly had something, to make the neighbors save chicken livers, hearts and gizzards, and send them to him, tied in white paper and pink ribbons. I'm sure our callers came as much to see Snoozer as to call on us. And the way they'd say "Poor little Snoozer, it's not fair to keep you in the house all the time" almost brought tears to our eyes. And before long I vowed I'd buy a farm if only to give Snoozer a happy life.

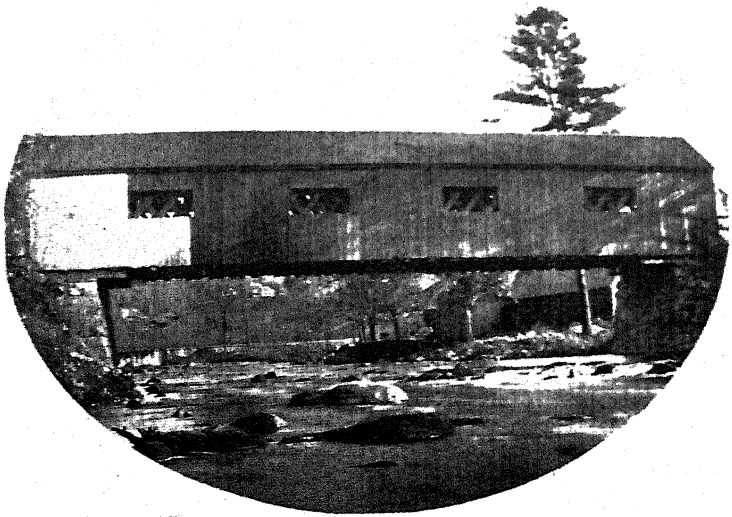
Finally, one week-end we had guests from Vermont.

They said the same thing, so I said, "Well, I'll tell you, Charlie, if your old (1846) bank has any foreclosures, something I'd like and can pick up cheap, let me know. We'll run up. Heard a lot about Vermont, and I'd like to look it over. We're tied up this week, but will see you in a fortnight."

With no serious idea of buying a farm, we arrived in the largest town in Vermont (there are only three cities larger) June 28 (Snoozer did not go), and like storm troops shouted, "Where's that *best* little farm in Vermont?"

It was gorgeous country, the place had absolute privacy and as diversified as forty acres could possibly be, beautiful woodland, fertile meadows, a brook crossing them. The house and ell were low and rambling. To the east sharply rose a wooded hill and in the rear, hayfields. To the south the carriage sheds and barn, and beyond an embankment overlooking the West River, on whose far side Route 30 follows the river's windings to and through the boarded-up sides and shingled roof of the picturesque bridge at West Dummerston. The view left nothing to be desired. But the buildings! Terrible! At all angles, a crumbling wall for a foundation, partly rotten sills, broken and sagging plates, sagging floors and partitions, broken windows, remains of a chimney. They looked awfully tired, and after one hundred and fifty years who could blame them for threatening to fall?

There was hesitation. Why should I go looking for



AN OLD-TIME WOODEN BRIDGE

ACROSS THE RIVER IS ROUTE 30 WHICH PASSES THROUGH
THE COVERED BRIDGE AT DUMMERSTON

trouble? What a headache this might turn out to be! I remembered what Barnum said. That made me think of white elephants. But a voice seemed to whisper over and over, "You've always wanted a place in the country. You can restore this house, but you'll never, never find another such wonderful setting on the south side of a mountain, sloping to a lovely river, with an ancient house of mystery and possibilities galore."

The agent, a man of a few thousand words, evidently not a Vermonter, instead of telling us about a New York man anxious to buy it (which I find is the usual "come on" story), told us his option ran out the next day. I rather resented this apparent high pressure and came near calling everything off, but it pays to know what you want and secure it regardless of emotions of the moment. I love old things, friends, books, and even houses, so instead of saying "So what" and telling the agent what I thought of his methods, I called Irene aside. "Do you like the place well enough for me to buy it?" "Yes," she replied without hesitation. It is said a woman's mind is more active than a man's because she changes it so often, but Irene doesn't, so I knew she meant it.

Back to town we bounced in the real estate man's 1936 sedan. I made a deposit at a bank, binding the deal, awaiting a clear title, proof that there was an ever-flowing gravity spring, and a right-of-way over the old wood road. Then we were off for home, a momentous trip this time, for, although we did not own

the place, we never had been so exultant over anything.

In our colloquial discourse, and there was a heap of it, the farm became a ranch. Irene came from the west where men are men and women are governors, and where even forty-acre farms are known as ranches, and it was kinder to her to so call it than ask her, after all these years, to adjust her mind and call it a farm. Note: Webster defines ranch as a large farm. Our negotiations were with the executor of the William L. May estate; that's why, after a century and a half, this nice peaceful New England farm acquired the name "Mayfair Ranch" — suggesting something "wild and woolly" it did not deserve.

A week or two later, I was trying to concentrate on the specifications of an order, but my brain wandered, my thoughts kept reverting to Vermont. I was recalled by my buzzer and my secretary saying, "Long distance wants you." "Why should I pay three hundred dollars commission? I accepted your offer, you took my money, I can win the case in court." But in the end I paid. It wasn't fair, but court proceedings are expensive. I was a stranger, one of "these summer slickers," and right or wrong, I'd be wrong and would get off to a poor start with my neighbors. It meant calling the deal off or paying the commission. I wanted the place, so I paid. I requested my lawyer to record the deed and, in my absence, get a contractor, mason, plumber, and electrician, and find out what it would cost to make the shack livable. "I'll be up Sunday," I told him. "We've got

to step on things before the government freezes everything."

We'd dreamed of a Castle in Spain. What we got was an old tumbled-down, but picturesque farmhouse in Vermont, suitable when restored for a summer home, and it would give us an opportunity to express our personality to some extent. They say you can live in the country for half it costs in the city. I believe it unless you spend the difference keeping it a secret.

In due course of time, the deed — "In consideration of one dollar and other valuable consideration . . . do freely give, grant, sell, convey and confirm . . . forty acres of land, be the same more or less," and a lot more legal phraseology, meaningless to the layman was recorded, and a copy delivered to me. I had the title searched; it's not considered quite ethical in Vermont to do this. Vermonters seem to feel their word is being questioned; their attitude appears to be that because they have owned and lived on the property for twenty years and bought it from someone who had done the same, that's proof enough, and it probably is. They would never even think of having the boundaries surveyed by a civil engineer. What's a few hundred yards, they say, when you're buying forty acres?

The former owners for a hundred and fifty years, I found, possessed good old English names, such as May, Lindsey, Hall, White, Doolittle, and the wives were Adella, Abbie, Mary, Nancy, Esther, Betsey. It appears to have been first settled by Elder Daniel Whipple in

1769, who owned two hundred and ten acres. He was the first Baptist minister in Vermont. He was born in 1692 in Providence Plantation, the original name of Rhode Island, died in 1789 at the age of ninety-seven, and is buried in the West River Cemetery (Locust Ridge) at Brattleboro.

With my copy of the deed in my pocket I started to locate the boundaries. Whir! up goes a brace of partridge. On I push — what a wilderness! I stop for breath; what's that fifty feet away looking at me? Surely it's a fox, but black. One sees black foxes only on women's shoulders, I thought. I reached for a stick, not knowing but what I'd need it. Then, and only then did Mr. Reynard start for cover. He's not very friendly even now, but occasionally we see him sneaking along in the vicinity of the barn in the early morning, wistfully hoping, no doubt, he can catch Snoozer off guard.

Theoretically, "ranches" don't have farmhouses, and after the black fox episode our house just took the name Black Fox Lodge. So that our friends from a distance could find us without difficulty, I had six black fox signs made and placed at the junction of Putney Road (Route 5) and Black Mountain Road, and at each of the forks before our place is reached.

Not remembering just what a fox looked like, one of my business associates volunteered to go to a commercial advertising concern and have a friend of his, who worked there, sketch one. What he brought back was an excellent sketch of a German police dog. Copying its

hind legs, I added my idea of a tail, head, and body of a running fox, and used my drawing as the pattern to cut the signs out of three-ply board with a jigsaw. They were then painted black and mounted on boards six inches by two feet. The first lot went to pieces during the winter. In spite of being soaked in paint, they warped and split and fell to pieces, so I painted them on inch-thick boards, and now they're part of the scenery.

I'm told Black Foxes have a streak of white on the tip of their tail, and that a running fox does not show his tongue. This unquestionably is so, but the remarkable thing to me is, no one to date seems in doubt when he sees the sign as to what kind of critter it is. People don't say, "What in hell is it?" They say, "Oh, you're the Black Fox people," or they want to know if we raise foxes, or why we picked out a fox for the sign. Anyway, fox signs are more attractive than one's name appearing six times on the road in two miles.

While we're on the subject of wild life, a former owner made his living for years by trapping, and quantities of stretching boards for skins of different animals turned up. In those days there were wolves and panthers that would attack a man on horseback; moose and caribou, otter and beaver. The deer became almost extinct as a result of indiscriminate slaughter, and in 1870 seventeen were purchased with private funds, and the legislature decreed a continuous closed season until 1899. Now about eleven thousand bucks are killed each year during the ten-day open season, some seventy

thousand muskrats, twenty thousand skunks, fifteen thousand raccoons, six thousand mink. Last year twenty-five bear and twenty wildcats were killed in the state. Bears, I am told, are becoming quite numerous, and a little way back of our ranch are quite frequently seen when they come out of the woods in quest of food.

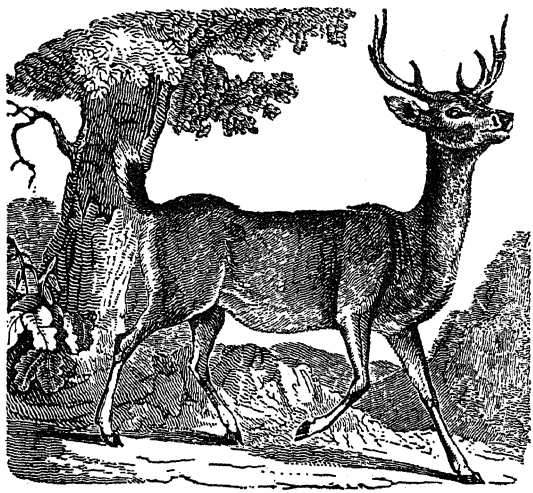
Since first I saw the black fox I have seen red ones, and one day in an apple tree near the terrace I spied a porcupine asleep. I hit him with an apple, he merely shifted his position and went on sleeping, secure in the protection furnished by his detachable spines.

Woodchucks, whose fur and flesh are of no value, are rather amusing, but stupid creatures; rabbits and squirrels are common. Rabbits are hunted for sport and food in Vermont. They are objectionable to farmers because of their injury to orchards and farm crops. Snowshoe hares and cottontail rabbits are found in Southern Vermont. Cottontails, the smaller animal, breed several times each year, and the litters average five or six and multiply rapidly. Besides man, the rabbit has for enemies, the eagle, hawks and owls, foxes, mink, dogs and cats. Hunting is the most important factor in keeping under control their abnormal increase. They are an attractive animal and have good qualities, and, but for their destructiveness, it would be a pity to destroy them.

Recently the *Brattleboro Reformer* published the following paragraph:

"That much maligned perennial mountain perambu-

lator is now two. Though anti-pantherites who have scoffed at the tall timber tales of the existence of a lone panther will probably scoff more vigorously at tales



THE BUCK SAW ME AND WAS CURIOUS

that there may be two. Mrs. Elmer Archer now steps forth with the statement she has seen two such critters roaming in a field adjacent to her house four times this past week. Mrs. Archer's husband, a railroad section employee, also sighted the animals near their house, but true to tradition they disappeared in nearby woods before he could run to the house and grab his rifle."

From what I read and hear wild life in Vermont is distinctly on the increase. I've heard rumors of a bobcat or lynx in our vicinity, but have not seen it. Nor had I seen deer until this June when two stately bucks with two-foot antlers, and a doe cantered gracefully across

my meadow. I was to the lee and stood perfectly still; the bucks saw me and were curious. They stopped and looked while the doe went ahead and grazed. Finally,

PARTRIDGES AND THRUSH ARE COMMON

after fully two minutes, up went their white tails, and off they went into the woods as if to make up for lost time. Since, I have seen a single doe several times near our gate. Almost every day during the fall the workmen would report one or more deer, and I was told by a gentleman of the highest reputation, whose veracity could not be questioned, that he had once seen seventeen of them at one time on my place. One day during the noon hour, I said, "Everyone sees deer on this place but me."

"Yer don't look at the right time," retorted one of the carpenters.

"What time is right?" says I.

The old fellow looked at me, spat, and wiped off his mouth, and, to the merriment of the entire crew replied, "When ther there."

Partridge and thrush are common, and there are quantities of lovely bluebirds. Rarely when exploring our woods do I see wild animals, although there are plenty of fresh tracks of deer, foxes, woodchucks, and skunks. I even run across fox dens. I presume their senses of smell and hearing are so acute they're up and off before I am within sight. If I sat down and kept quite still for a while, things, I know, would be different, because I've tried it in the Laurentian Mountains in the Province of Quebec.

Robins, woodpeckers, swallows, chickadees and wrens are all about us, while whippoorwills in the early summer make it hard to sleep at dawn. Birds feed upon practically all insect pests. They are gluttonous, move freely from place to place, and help to keep down the swelling tide of insect life. They strangely appeal to the interest of mankind, but they also have an important claim upon us because of their great economic value. Even if you are not interested in them, it's your duty to protect them and increase their numbers.

I have flushed up great hawks and, of course, big black crows with their harsh and unmusical notes. Gray squirrels are plentiful and are hunted for sport and

food. There are fewer red ones, and all too few chipmunks. The rabbit, ever on the jump, has been successful in evading man's pursuit and is quick enough to beat the speeding car when crossing the road, some-

LOVELY BLUE JAYS ALL ABOUT

thing not true of the skunk. As I explore and become more of a zoölogist, no doubt I can enlarge upon this story. Meanwhile we have put up many birdhouses, most of which are rented each season, two feed boxes propelled by the wind, so that our guests are always in the lee, and a bird bath on the lawn.

In the loft of our barn there is a pigeon house with four openings, through which pigeons may enter, feed, and after resting, depart at will. We're doing the best

we know how to encourage wild life at Mayfair Ranch and make them our friends.

If not checked, the house fly, the rat, insects of various kinds, and other creatures would overrun the earth. Every farm should have one or two cats to destroy mice, but if the cats are to have entire freedom at night and early in the morning, they will capture young songbirds in their nests, eat young rabbits, and kill quails and partridges, and they will kill more than they can consume. They live according to their instincts, therefore, should be kept in at night and watched in the daytime, as a protection to wild life which is definitely allied in a battle against insect enemies.

You will find almost every farmer uses thoughtful care in protecting the homes of birds and mammals. As an illustration, I gave instructions to my contractor among other things to enlarge my grape trellis and tie up the vine, during a two weeks' absence; upon my return everything but the trellis had been attended to. Asking why that had not, I was told a robin had built a nest and laid eggs, and nothing could be done until they hatched. There are many instances on record where birds have suppressed local outbreaks of insect pests, and they are a steady aid to the farmer in keeping insects under control.

In view of the fact that Joseph Smith and Brigham Young, founder of the Mormon religion, came from Vermont, the story of the seagulls that flew from the west coast to Utah and saved the Mormons by destroy-

ing the army of locusts, which like a great tidal wave, were devastating their first year's crops, is apropos. Red squirrels eat birds' eggs, and the common English sparrow fights other birds and sometimes drives them away, so there is no welcome sign out to these at Mayfair Ranch.

Many people fear snakes, and I'll admit I am not enthusiastic about them. In a year I've seen one dead black snake my contractor brought in for me to see and three striped snakes, commonly called adders, all perfectly harmless. The black snake grows in length to six feet and runs with great rapidity. It's perfectly harmless, feeds on toads, frogs, meadow mice, and small birds. The striped snake is said to be most common, is harmless, grows to about two feet in length, and feeds on insects. Then there are supposed to be the green snakes about but I have not seen any. They grow about one and one-half feet long and are pretty and hārmless.

The only other reptiles that I am aware of are the painted tortoises. They are numerous in the river, are about five inches by four, and two inches high. And then on our mountain trails we run across a lot of red salamanders. They're three to four inches in length, are harmless amphibians, frequent decayed leaves, rotten logs in hardwood forests, and are found under loose stones. They're lively, and their motions are often sudden, aided by the vibration of their tail. They're of the class with frogs and toads.

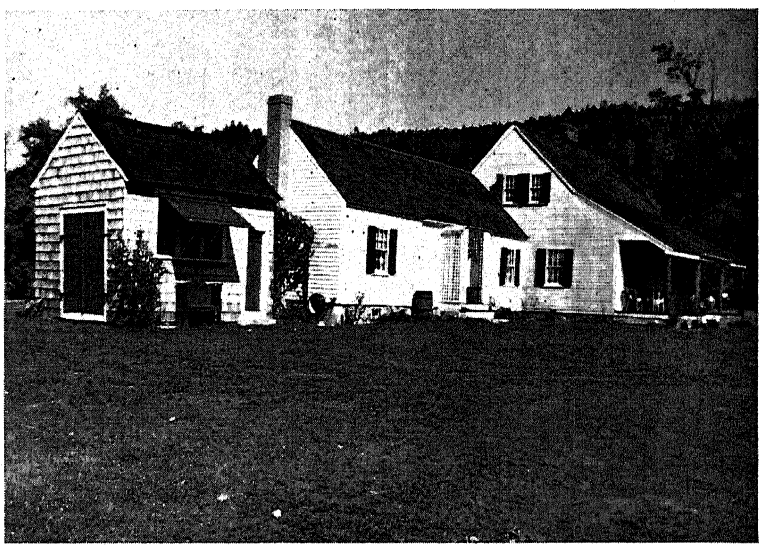
God gave man a brain with which to think things out,

and hands with which he can make and use tools, but he gave no other animal any such mind and therefore he gave them tools they need. Fish do not need oars because they have a tail and fins; the woodpecker has a drill in the form of a bill and can quickly drill a hole in an old dead tree and get at the worms and insects. The hen has claws in her feet to find food that is in the ground. The pig digs with his snout, it roots to get acorns and other food from the ground. The little mole, who lives in the ground, has very heavy claws with which he does great excavation; the woodchuck's paws are built to dig with, he is a great digger and lives in the hole he digs by loosening the dirt with his forepaws and pounding it back as he loosens it, with all four. He uses his teeth also, when the dirt is very hard or when roots are in the way.

One old fellow had the entrance to his house not a hundred yards from our Lodge. I tried to, but never did, locate his back door. Early in the morning, as the sun was well up, he would often come out and we could see him from our bedroom, sitting on his hind legs, getting warm. He rarely came close to the house and the only time we saw him near, he was traveling fast away from it with Snoozer in pursuit. We often wondered just what would have happened if he'd suddenly turned and given fight.

The cat, for instance, has pads on its feet so it can walk quietly; sharp claws to catch its victims; teeth so arranged it can kill and also eat its prey; and a tongue with which it may drink or wash itself.

A horse can do many things with its teeth. I have seen a horse in one of the box stalls in our barn, reach over the gate and shove the bolt with his teeth, as readily as I could with my hand and even when it was fastened with a piece of sisal, he has cut the twine, pushed the bolt and opened the gate. In the country one seems to notice these and hundreds of other things, while in the rush and tumult of the city, I, at least, do not. My time is taken up, until automobiles were frozen, with the latest model, with the civic improvements, the shop windows, the things some women call hats, the stop and go signs, a speeding fire truck or ambulance, the crossing cop, an occasional friend, a glance at a clock, I'm late for an appointment, a dash in a taxi, with wonder as to what we are going to hit. Home in the subway, fifty feet from my office, a change underground, up to the surface, a hundred yards from home. Every minute occupied with business or some avocation. No — things are not the same in the city.



BLACK FOX LODGE IN PROCESS OF BEING RESTORED

Chapter II

PROPPING UP THE DERELICT

AS SOON as a clear title was secured to the property final payment was made, the deed was recorded, and Irene and I had "bot" a farm. Then and not 'til then did the "Everflowing Gravity Spring" run dry. I was mad clean through, but felt better when told it was the dryest summer in thirty-five years, and my neighbors' wells were dry. But when I climbed to the source of my supposed water supply I couldn't even find a spring, just a kind of natural reservoir, and investigation showed it ran dry almost every year for a couple of months.

Well, what of it? The laugh was on them. I had a real spring at a lower level. I'd get a pump and a pressure tank — I'd show them. But that meant eight hundred feet of pipe and electricity. I hadn't planned on that, nor a pump house. This addition about equaled the original cost of the farm. The greatest need in any farm is to have water and to have it piped into the house. No other utility is so often used or does so much to promote health. In Vermont seventy-five per cent of the farms have piped water; only four other states have as high a percentage. In the whole United States the 1930 census reports it's but fifteen per cent.

How could we determine the best place to build a reservoir and just where was the spring? There was

one, of this there was no doubt, as water came out of the ground at several places and flowed into a wooden box three feet by four set in the ground. Here birds and animals had for years come to quench their thirst. My contractor said, "We'll use a divining rod."

"A what?" I asked him.

"Well, some people don't put much stock in them and some do. Won't work for everyone."

It turned out to be a forked stick cut from a witch-hazel tree, but other kinds of wood will do. Taking hold of each end of the fork and holding it firmly against his chest upside down, the contractor walked majestically past the water-filled box toward the hill. After traveling a few feet the thick twig bent down violently as though a heavy weight were attached. Proceeding on some twenty feet, the stick resumed its upright position. "There," pointing to a spot just back, "is where we should set the tiles."

The water comes from a spring twenty feet or more beneath the surface, judging from its temperature. Two men started to dig with dive-bombing vigor, and after going down ten feet the hill commenced to cave in and continued to do so, so we stopped a few feet short of where we planned, and field stone was dumped into the excavation to a height of two feet in a circle twelve feet in diameter. The first tile was then set upon these rocks, and more rocks were piled each side of its center. The tile was five feet high and four feet in diameter. The side nearest the hill from which water flowed was

filled with field stones, large and small. On the other side we packed clay and dirt. A second tile was placed upon the first, and the operation continued, the result being a reservoir, ten feet deep, plus an auxiliary one, made by filling with rock the hole caused by cave-ins. This second reservoir had a circumference of thirty feet. The top of the second tile was about two feet above ground, and over this was built the pump house, insulated and lighted. The overflow of water was routed to the old trough so the wild life might use it.

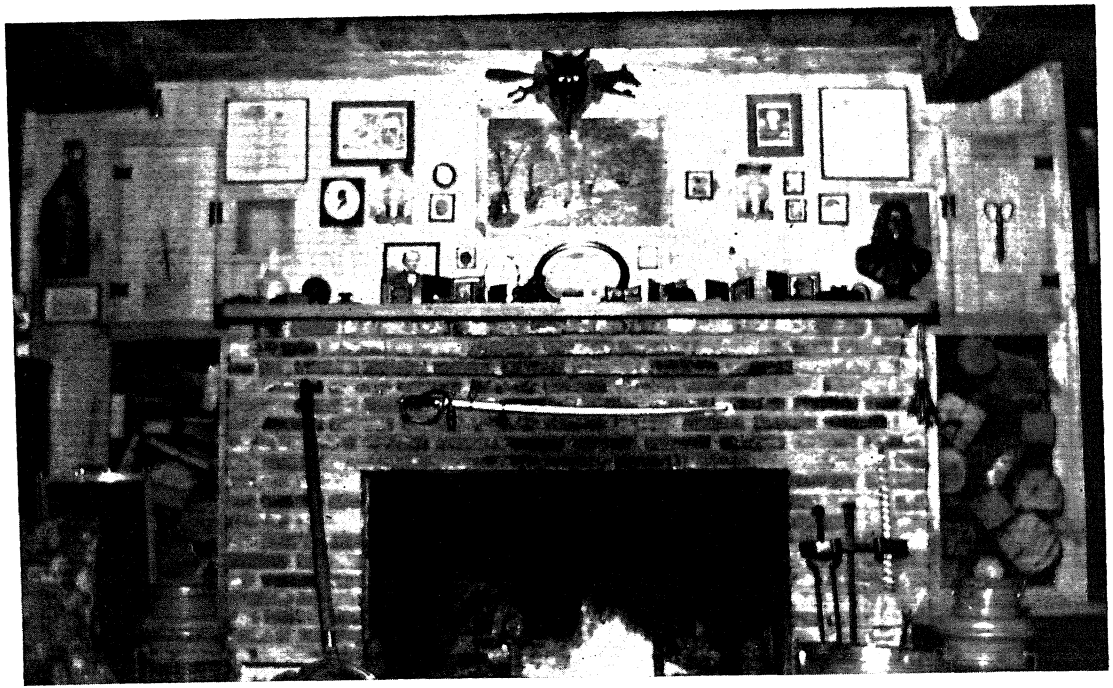
I was of the impression divining rods were a comparatively new invention until I ran into an old woodcut in a German book, printed in 1580, illustrating their use. Later I have been shown an account of them in a life of Saint Teresa of Spain, reading as follows: "Teresa in 1568 was offered a site for a convent to which there was but one objection — there was no water supply; happily a Friar Antonio came up with a twig in his hand, stopped at a certain spot and appeared to be making the sign of the cross; at any rate, there was some movement of the twig and he said, 'Dig just here.' They dug and lo! a plentiful fount of pure water gushed forth, and it never ran dry."

To get electricity we had to erect poles and run wires to and across our property, a distance of a mile. It was also necessary to sign a contract agreeing to pay a minimum of six dollars a month for five years. We couldn't pump water without power, and we needed it for other things, so without hesitation my John Hancock went on the dotted line.

Our fireplaces and chimney cost twice the mason's estimate. They are grand fireplaces, have dignity and distinction, but I wondered, after the ever-flowing spring episode, if perhaps I wasn't being "taken for a ride." I was considered just a summer resident and not one of them (it required little intelligence to find this out), but Vermonters are such nice people and their explanations so logical that I ended by thinking my suspicions were groundless. We'd been assured with heatilators, consisting of metal sheets in the fireplace around which the chimney is built, with four grills, two intakes for cold air, the other two pouring out hot air, and every inch of wall and ceiling insulated, we'd never freeze. That's probably true if one of us would contract to stay up all night feeding logs on the fire, but even then, half a cord of wood a day would be quite a strain on our exchequer.

A well-heated house is essential to comfort. Temperature, humidity, and motion are the most important things in the air we breathe. Dry air at seventy may chill the body because it increases the rate of evaporation from the skin. The great difficulty of heating with fireplaces is to regulate the heat. First it's cold, then too hot. The temperature fluctuates from fifty to eighty.

The expense of heating a house depends on the average outside temperature and exposure to winds, weather tightness and insulation, and cost of the fuel one uses. For instance, cold air in our attic rushed down to warm itself at our fireplace, and a large percentage of the



THE FIREPLACE AND CHIMNEY WERE TWICE THE MASON'S ESTIMATE

heat escaped by the chimney. We hung heavy rugs over the entrance to the stairs, and they bulged out balloon shape, so we built a trap door. Finally, we decided the only thing to do was to put in a furnace and the best one we could buy, so we could use the Lodge in winter if we wished, and have an even temperature at all times. Now you don't just go out and buy a furnace. You also buy a motor and a fan and oil tanks and gadgets, and we had to run nine heat pipes and six cold-air ones. Then our nice little vegetable cellar was too small, so we must dig another cellar, and the house really had to be taken practically apart to get in the registers. Just about the time we were ready to make use of the furnace the Government rationed oil, and so we could use it only on the very coldest days.

It's not socially correct to talk money — I wouldn't if I had something to use in its place — but this addition to our, by this time, precious antique, equaled its original cost. But don't think you can build or remodel for what your friends did twenty years ago. After we started the improvements I found our nearest neighbor, who lived just up the Pent Road, was quite a fellow and a busy man, with two able and fine sons. He and they helped me out by letting me have a part of their time.

When I first met him he wore high boots, rough flannel checked shirt, old felt hat, and hadn't been shaved for a week. I asked him if he'd clean out my cow shed; this would show me his idea of a day's work. He put in eight hours and removed ten truck loads of manure. It

was a revelation and refreshing after watching the W.P.A. operate.

Next, there was a mile of barbed-wire fences on our property. Down they came in a day. Rotten boards and junk everywhere; we made a pile of the latter and burned the boards. Hurricane timber or what could be easily reached was sawed into four-foot lengths. The junk pile was started with the chassis of several derelict cars, to which was added an obsolete plough, a broken harrow, eight or ten iron wheels, bolts, bars, an iron sink, and junk iron of every description. A quantity of hencoop wire, telephone wire, and barbed wire was also included.

At last the pile was several feet high and covered ten square feet of ground. A modest estimate of the weight was three tons. With the ceiling price on junk iron then $18.00 a ton, I was confident of disposing of the lot for at least $25.00. The papers being filled with stories of the Government needs, I sent for two local junk magnates. They came, looked and shrugged their shoulders. They were not interested. They condescended to say they were willing to take away what they wanted. I said, "Take it all or nothing." Again the shoulders were shrugged, and in a racial characteristic way the hands came into play. "We wouldn't do it, Mister," and in a rather insolent way walked out on me. I said to my practical neighbor, "Dispose of this stuff and I'll split with you." A few days later he handed me four dollars.

For years a lovely ravine had been used for a dump;

it was a pimple on Nature's lovely complexion. Three-fourths of the pile was inflammable, and there was too much to burn with safety, due to its proximity to the woods. I was anxious to dispose of this unsightly mess. Taking advantage of a heavy snow fall and a day with no wind, with fear and trembling I touched a match to it at eight in the morning and did not leave the spot until six that night when it had burned itself out; but it continued to belch forth clouds of smoke, and there was fire for two days and nights. Before I got around to covering the ashes with loam, ferns started to grow and did a better job than I could.

Old sleighs, wagons, chains, whippletrees, and parts of old harnesses were saved for decorative purposes. My neighbor was mostly silent, as is apt to be the case with Vermont farmers. I became aware, however, I was as much a curiosity to him as he to me. I soon had respect for his ability, was amazed at his strength, fascinated by some of his expressions, and did all I could to gain his friendship. It was months before his Vermont reserve and my inherent Yankee make-up found common ground. My neighbor proved an asset. He pointed out this, told me that, suggested important and necessary things to do, explained why this did not work and that would. Sand fine enough for one purpose was not coarse enough to mix with cement. Soil good enough for potatoes wasn't necessarily the best for something else, etc. etc.

He was very versatile, and there seemed nothing he

could not do. If my truck broke down, he fixed it; if my battery was weak, he charged it; a henhouse moved, logs drawn to protect the side of a mountain road, trenches dug, loam hauled, all these things he could and did do quickly and satisfactorily.

The president of a local bank showed me pictures, before and after, of a house he restored, and I was fortunate in securing the same contractor to take my job. We met on the lot to discuss in a general way what had to be done.

"First, what's it going to cost to jack up the house and ell, level off the floor, and square the walls?"

"Well, let me see." A long silence and then, "I rec'on it will take — near six hundred dollars. Some of them sills are pretty rotten and will have to be replaced."

"A new roof on the house and ell, with unstained wooden shingles."

Out came the rule, and measurements were taken, some figuring, a thoughtful silence, then — "I calculate that's going to cost you so and so."

Clapboards replaced where necessary and made ready for painting. New window frames and windows with small panes throughout. New front, back, and side doors with Yale locks. Large fireplace in living-room with smaller one in the rear, built on old foundation. Front hall and rooms to right and left made into one room; ceiling, plaster, and laths to come down, staircase moved, a bathroom on the ground floor. The gravity water system, which we then thought we possessed, to

be overhauled. New kitchen built and shutters on all windows; house to be painted white, two coats. White as a color for houses in the country is more pleasing and more useful; it accents the house on the landscape, reflects sunlight, makes a perfect background for vines, shrubs, and adjacent trees, and imparts an immaculate appearance.

All this we figured we could do for a sum equal to the original cost. A verbal agreement was reached, I confirmed it in writing, enclosing a carbon copy to be initialed and returned, with a stamped and addressed envelope for the purpose. It never came back. I'd write and ask questions of importance; I'd never get an answer. I'd write the answers on a card, send a return envelope, and ask they be O.K.'d, but I soon found Vermont people "do not choose" to write. One would think it a part of their religion. Take my tip and save your time — if at a distance, talk to them on the telephone; don't waste your time writing letters unless you want to get so mad you'll froth at the mouth.

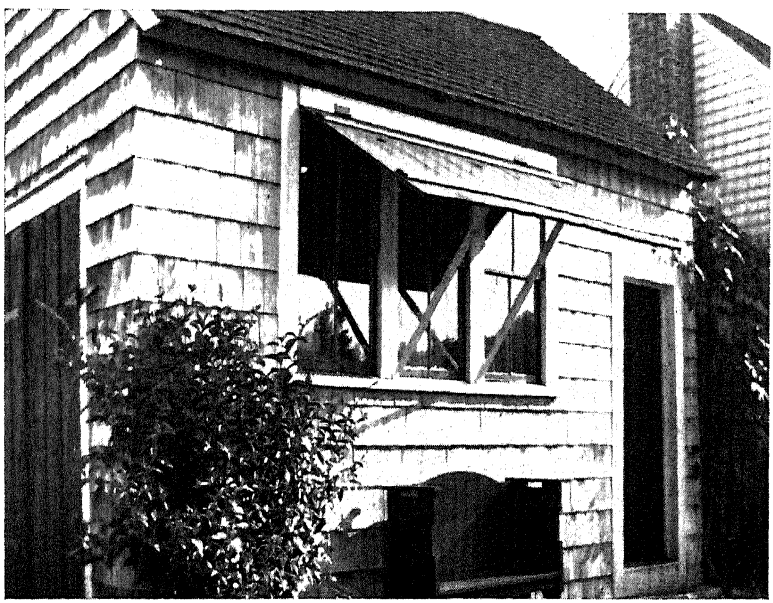
Our contractor was no exception; he simply would *never* answer a letter regardless of its importance, and he trusted everything to memory. The way he remembered details and hundreds of instructions was truly remarkable. But once in a while he'd slip up, and it was aggravating, after having gone into great detail, just because he would make no notes. To do him justice, I must admit I got one letter mailed to my office which pleased me no end. It is dated June 7, and reads: "Well

we finished nearly everything at the house Thursday. Will come over and see you when you come up. I have enjoyed working for you more than anyone I ever worked for and thank you very much for the job and also the good time I had there." This was an awful lot for a Vermonter to write.

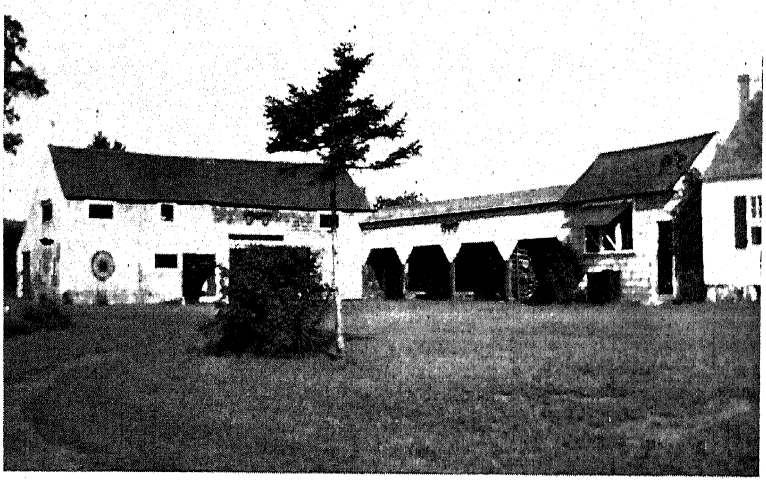
He was honest, a skilled craftsman, congenial, and dependable. He worked for my interest, even if it did take him from August 1st to the middle of December, when we shut down because of cold, and from April 6th to June 10th. The length of time it took was our fault because we kept adding things for him to do. I'd say, "While the men are here it's cheaper to do this now," or "Some day I'll retire, and we'll live here a good part of the year, and it will be nice to have this or that."

The original estimate went with the wind; the decimal point simply dropped out; we spent it over and over. What of it? In a few years what we spent will be buried in a discontinued ledger and forgotten, but we shall still be enjoying Mayfair Ranch. Anyone who is going to worry about the cost shouldn't attempt the restoration of an old house.

We decided to remodel the second floor. That meant added toilet facilities. Then we decided to have the maid's room where the woodshed was, instead of upstairs, and that meant another bathroom. When we put in electricity for the pump we wired the house, barn, and other buildings.



THE CARPENTER SHOP BEFORE AND AFTER



THE BARN AND CARRIAGE SHED BEFORE AND AFTER

When the house was finished we began on the carpenter shop. This was jacked up, shingled, and painted; a new bench was installed, and shutters put on the windows, and a sign over its door for sentiment's sake reads "Somerset House," because I lived for two decades at the "Somerset" in Boston. Then the barn was shingled, jacked up, and strengthened, the stalls taken out, and modern box stalls put in their place.

The cow shed we turned into a garage for our pick-up truck, and upstairs we built a kind of studio. Officially it's Musée Americain. It has large windows looking north, east, south, and west, with window seats where you may look across the Connecticut into New Hampshire and south to Massachusetts, or look over much of our own property. How did we live so long in the city looking at brick walls, when we could have such a view to look at out of our own window! It is seldom one can look from one's own porch into three states.

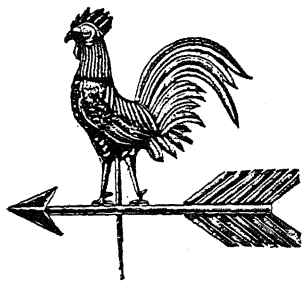
In the studio museum I can keep and display relics and curiosities of the past and present generations that I pick up about the countryside. Sleighs are curiosities today and almost impossible to purchase. I was delighted to find in the rafters an old-fashioned cutter and a two-seated pung. There was also a handmade hay-rake, two ox yokes, and a wooden yoke for toting sap buckets, as well as old chests and other interesting things.

The collection of old and odd-shaped bottles at the Broadmoor Hotel at Colorado Springs, Colorado, so

impressed me that we are starting a collection, and soon our friends and neighbors, some of whom were almost strangers, as well as some of the men who had worked at various jobs about the place, commenced to bring us gifts of varied and interesting bottles. Equipment for repairing harness in the old days is in the collection, a carriage jack, whippletrees, and wheels. Some of my mother's and grandmother's clothes of Civil War period, with wasplike waists and great hoopskirts. A German gun of the first World War and shells I brought back from the battlefields of France and relics of the Civil War; an overflow from the Lodge of unimportant books, including many novels. A victrola with grand opera records; several hundred pictures of well-known people past and present, mostly inscribed or at least autographed, and rows of shelves with geological specimens and curiosities, have already turned this room into a real museum. It is amazing how fast things of this kind accumulate, if you have friends, and they think you serious about collecting. We wondered how we'd ever fill this big loft; now we wonder where we're going to put things of real interest that continue to pour in.

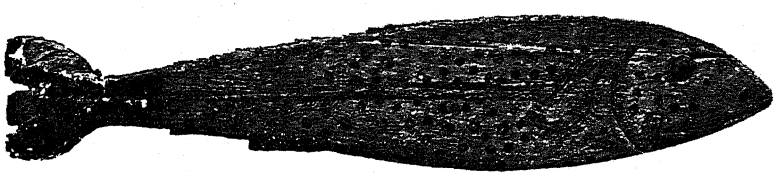
On the roof of the barn we placed a weathercock, fashioned from three-ply board, two feet by three, its edges skillfully covered with lead and the whole painted in lifelike colors, a tempting target to hunters. Knowing what would happen, I got in three shots at it one afternoon just after it was up, and to my amazement my

man, who went on the roof a few days later to fix a ridge board, reported that someone had put four direct hits through the rooster's tail. Well, unless one of my shots gave an encore, someone else had taken a shot at it.



MAYFAIR RANCH WEATHERVANE

Since Andronicus built the first weathervane a hundred years before Christ they have adorned churches, houses, and barns in infinite variety, serving the dual purpose of decoration and supplying meteorological information. Weathervanes in New England date back to about 1690, one of the best known is the fish made by Paul Revere, of wood, studded with copper nails. This



PAUL REVERE'S FISH WEATHERVANE

adorned his foundry in Canton; it is still in existence and may be seen at the Paul Revere house in North Square, Boston.

Deacon Drown, of Boston, became locally famous as a manufacturer of weathervanes; the grasshopper on Faneuil Hall, and about which so many books have

THE FANEUIL HALL GRASSHOPPER

been written, was made by him two hundred years ago. Then there was Peter Thacher and his cockerel vane, which made ecclesiastical history. The rooster is most often seen upon church spires, because it is a reminder that a cock crowing awoke Peter's conscience.

Orders were given to repair and shingle the carriage house, and when I found what it would cost, we tore it down and built a new one, using all of the old timbers we could. Next the hen-house was turned into a tool house for the storage of rakes, shovels, wheelbarrow, and the large number of implements necessary to operate a farm, with benches and shelves or hooks for all implements. We enlarged the door, built a ramp, closed two windows, and rearranged the others and

named it "Whitehall," as a kind of thank offering that the Brattleboro and Whitehall Railway does no longer disturb the quiet and peace, or send cinders raining down on our place and set fire to our woods. It's also a reminder that it did exist. The tool house was clapboarded, painted white, and green shutters were added.

Old buildings may be repaired for less than new ones cost; but if not worth repairing, as was the case with our carriage shed, much of the timber can be used in other buildings. When it is rough and full of nails, carpenters do not like to work it over, and I had to keep after the ones working on my place constantly to get them to use perfectly good material. It was seasoned and when in place did not warp as some new timber did. In fact, to follow out my idea, I purchased new lumber in one instance and exchanged it with a neighbor for old.

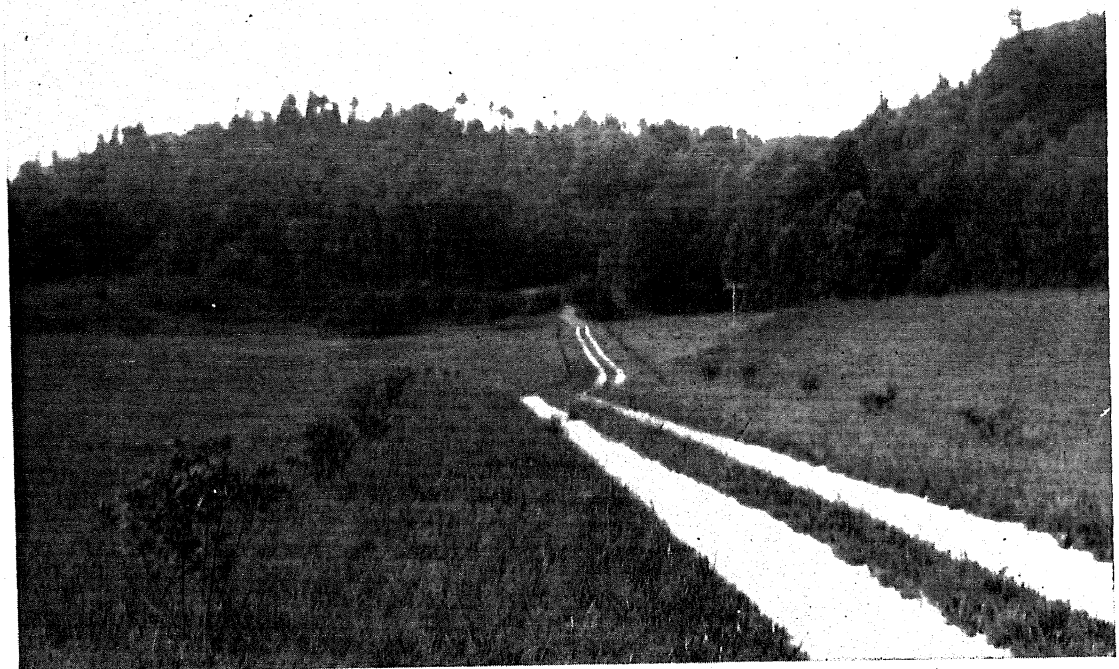
The old rabbit house, which we use for the storage of oil and paint, and which has iron bars in its window, we named "Old Bailey," to prevent it from being mistaken for something it is not. This had somewhat similar attention. "Snoozer's" catnip bed was fenced in and, to help Snoozer, we put up a small sign which read "Keep out, Snoozer!" More emphatic than courteous.

By adjusting our social and my business calendar we were able to make frequent visits of a few days each to the ranch. (This was before gasoline and tires became a problem.) Our days were spent at the Lodge, the nights at a local hotel. In this way we got to know the

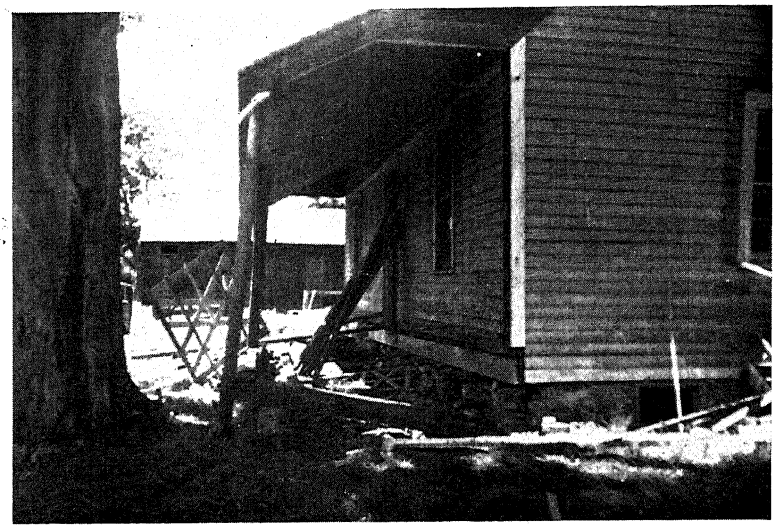
shops and many of the merchants. These short trips were interesting and practical, but it proved expensive to be on the ground, because we kept making changes and additions. However, in the end it may prove economical. We paid cash (thirty days) on all supplies, took the discount, and employed labor by day and hour. This method showed a saving over what the contractor estimated; in other words, the price he would guarantee to do it for. I figure he was not sure, so named a price high enough to permit no loss, no matter what happened.

Our buildings are in about the center of a two-acre meadow overlooking the surrounding country and exactly three-tenths of a mile from our entrance gate on the Pent Road, which runs from Black Mountain Road down to the West River. At this entrance we built about forty feet of white fence, on each side of a big red gate, which was moved there from the corral. Irene and I did the painting. Our fingers and wrists ached for days from wielding the paint brushes.

We planted three-foot hydrangea bushes (one hundred and twenty of them) at the sides of the road, nine feet in and fifteen feet part, and every one of them lived. This was because proper fertilizer was used. There is no one kind for all shrubs, trees, flowers, and grass; you must find what the soil lacks and supply the chemicals needed. As the sunset disappears on a fall afternoon and the surrounding hills settle down to sleep for the night, the long lines of hydrangeas with their blossoms continue to illuminate our crooked little road with cheerfulness.



AS THE SUN SETS ON A FALL AFTERNOON THE HYDRANGEAS CONTINUE TO ILLUMINATE THE CROOKED OLD ROAD



IN RESTORING THE PIAZZA, WE USED SECTIONS OF OLD TELEGRAPH POLES FOR POSTS

Near the brook one crosses after entering our place was a mass of white, petticoated, poisonous dogwood. At least, that is what the nursery man told us it was. This was removed, and two weeping willows were planted. We thought them dead, but both later sprouted at the base and will now resemble bushes rather than trees. From these we intend to sprout a small forest of willows, encouraged by the story of William Peach, of Salem, Massachusetts, and wife Elizabeth, who migrated to a town near us in pioneer days. The husband walked with a willow branch for a cane, while the wife rode the old gray mare, with a willow twig for a whip. When they reached their destination they staked the claim to their grant of land, by each sticking his willow stick in the ground. Across from each other on opposite sides of the highway the willow branches took root and grew to be enormous trees. In 1902 their girth was twelve feet. Both cane and whip went down in the hurricane of 1938.

Forty-eight rose bushes were set out, some at the gate and the rest near the lodge. I found a dozen discarded telegraph poles and used parts of four to hold up our piazza roof in the belief they were not only artistic, but would make good trellises for the roses. And I also figured perhaps they'd keep Snoozer's claws from further inroads on our furniture. Both thoughts had much merit. It now turns out we're fortunate to have several poles in reserve, as Snoozer is wearing them down with unbelievable rapidity.

Shrubs are needed in abundance to hide partially the foundation lines of buildings, to support their corners, give reasons for turns in drives and walks, define boundaries, and screen unsightly objects. Twenty-six shrubs we set out in appropriate places and fifty-eight perennials. These perennials produce good flowers for three years, then they must be rejuvenated by being taken up, divided, and replanted. They should have sun for the greater part of the day. Our plantings, including delphinium, hollyhocks, peonies, and stock, were placed in protected places near the lodge. We also planted a goodly number of vines and bulbs and a lot of sunflowers about the barn, and as soon as they started up, a woodchuck ate the tops off.

On the front side of the barn we fastened, six feet from the ground, a big red wheel; beneath it we planted morning-glories. In a heart-shaped plot around which the drive turns, we made a flower garden twenty feet in diameter. Here we planted mixed seed. For a time it looked like nothing but a great bed of weeds, but with a little rain it unzipped itself and turned out to be a riot of color.

In the vicinity of the house are fifty-five fruit trees. Some are old apple trees with cricks in their backs, others are unattractive and scraggly peach and plum trees; these have been pruned and some are to be grafted. Those that prove they're no asset will be cut down to improve the landscape. Pruning of trees and bushes and vines I find may be done at any time after the leaves

fall and until buds come out in the spring. We set out some good-sized maple trees for shade near the house and several poplars, because they're not common, and for the same reason a few silver spruce.

Irene loves flowers and gets a lot of pleasure arranging them for the house; in fact, she's almost as fond of flowers as I am of her, so I built a long shelf in a section of the carriage shed where she can revel with flora to her heart's content. Almost everyone, unless they are very wicked, likes flowers. They are pleasant to the eye, whether in the garden, house, or sickroom, and they have delightful fragrance. The first flowers in the spring are perhaps the most precious; the sweet little flowers of the trailing arbutus, then the violets and the delicate anemones, and as the summer progresses the roses and the hollyhocks and the awkward sunflowers, and just before the frost the chrysanthemums, and all the others that follow each other from spring to fall. They all have habits or ways of acting, they all turn toward the sun and some will follow it on its daily course. Some flowers shut themselves up at night. If the sun is too hot in the daytime the lowly dandelion closes itself to keep from wilting. Some flowers hang down their heads at night. The evening primrose does not open till evening and others open in the morning and shut up at noon, as for example the morning-glory.

Flowers are more than ornamental. They furnish food for many kinds of insects; they make it possible for "the busy little bee to employ the shining hours" and the

result is honey. The lovely butterfly is attracted about your home if you have flowers, and the tiny hummingbird, the only bird that can shift its wings into reverse in a non-stop flight. And to our dismay we found woodchucks eat sunflowers, and birds, mice, and squirrels love their seed, and so we shall try always to surround ourselves with flowers if the elements will permit. While I share Irene's fondness for flowers, my real job is to make the weeds vamoose because, believe it or not, in addition to all our beautiful flowers, there are many kinds of weeds, most of whose acquaintance I have made for the first time.

Many people who have hay fever are allergic to ragweed, so I started pulling up by the roots what I had always understood to be ragweed. After devoting at least one hour each day to the work for two weeks I was told that what I was destroying was not ragweed but "German Dogweed." Making inquiries, I found nearly everyone had a different weed they understood was the nasty and troublesome plant. Just as I became totally bewildered, to my great satisfaction and gratification, a picture appeared in a daily paper of ragweed, showing the plant above ground and a view of its roots, leaving no doubt that I was correct at the start. However, Noah Webster says, "Ragweed" or "Ragwort," as it is called in England, is any of several composite asteraceous plants having irregularly lobed and incised leaves and bearing small flowers. As near as I can ascertain, there are three kinds of Ragweed, first; Common Ragweed,

which grows about everywhere. It's a particular pest in the meadows because, while cattle don't like it, they sometimes eat it, and it makes the milk bitter; this common type sometimes grows four feet high. Next, is the Perennial Ragweed, which is hardest to combat. This grows from two feet to six in height. Lastly there is the Giant or Great Ragweed, a large, coarse plant, that starves out all other plants. This grows to ten feet in height and in especially damp places, like river banks or swampy land, even to twelve or fifteen feet.

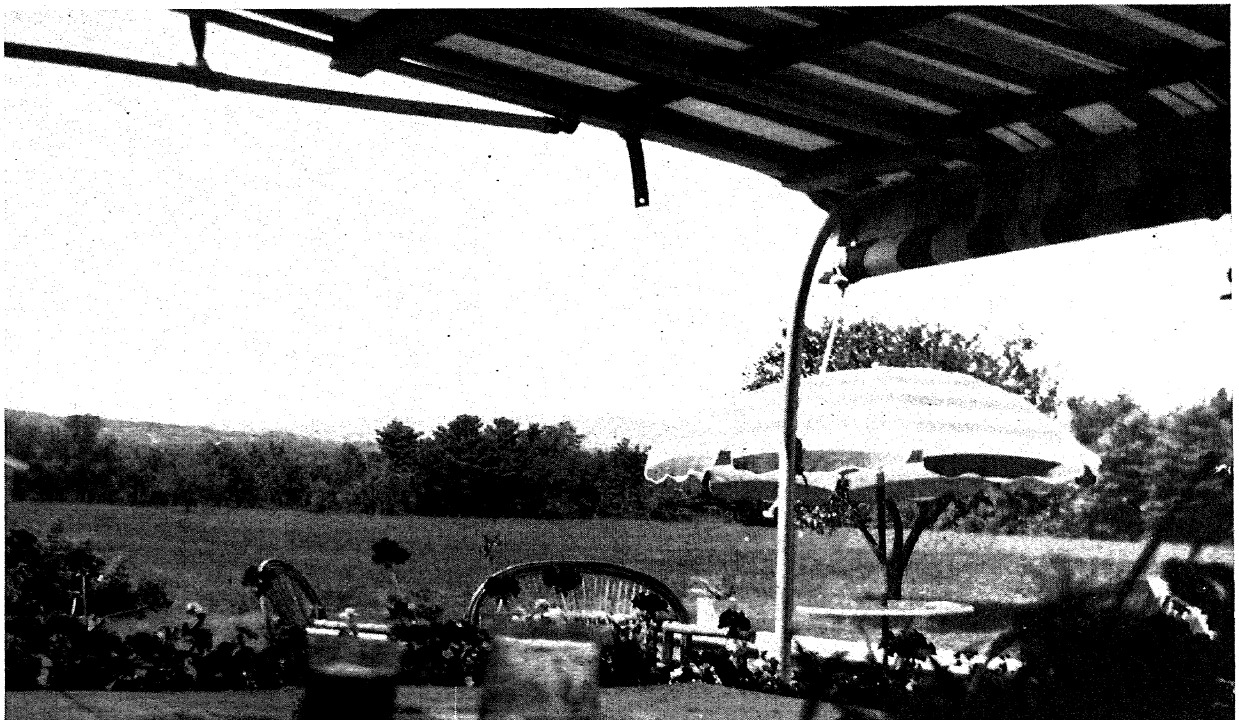
Someone has said a weed is a plant that insists upon growing where it is desired something else should grow. Nature's favorites are hardy and aggressive, and they are often useless plants named weeds. After all, Nature is the greatest farmer. The sun's rays, wind, rain, frost and snow, insects, birds, and animals, even the earth worms work for her. Weeds, classified as a whole, are a wild growth of rank grass or plants growing in cultivated ground to the detriment of desirable vegetation. They are able to maintain their existence under adverse conditions and deprive crops and grass of moisture, food, and sunlight, but they are not always useless. Sometimes they are the principal means by which organic matter is restored to the soil, and they are often useful in preventing erosion. Farming, however, is largely a warfare against weeds.

The principles of weed control, as laid down by the United States Department of Agriculture, are: Prevent weeds from going to seed; prevent weed seed from being

bought and sowed, and, lastly, prevent perennials from taking top growth and thus starve out the underground parts, always bearing in mind that weeds produce from one hundred to a thousand seed per plant. Suppressing weeds is an important part in farm management. Generally speaking, the larger the crops the fewer the weeds. This is especially true of grain and hay, good crops of these smother out weeds. A very weedy meadow yields about a half ton per acre, a meadow free of weeds three tons. The worst weeds we encountered at our ranch were Crabgrass, Chickweed, Plantain, Ragweed, Sandbur, and a little poison ivy; and, of course, there were ox-eye daisies and dandelions, all of which we expect to eradicate to a large extent.

Many persons obtain their first acquaintance with poison ivy or its relative, poison sumach, by being painfully poisoned. If you accidentally touch the plants, thorough washing with kitchen soap will usually prevent its poisoning you, as it requires some time to penetrate into the tender layers of the skin.

One often hears a person say, "It doesn't poison me," but experiments show complete immunity to ivy poisoning does not exist. In fact, I thought I was immune, as I have frequently handled it unintentionally without disastrous results. Mild cases of poisoning subside within a few days, but fatal cases have been recorded. On adjoining property to ours where the drainage is poor there are several acres of jungle made up almost entirely of wild grape vine and poison ivy. It is so abundant it



A DOOR LEADS FROM THE DINING-ROOM TO A PORCH WHERE WE CAN EAT

discourages attempts to destroy it. Some day it is barely possible we may acquire this land. If we do, we most certainly will give the poison ivy attention with the hope we can eliminate it.

From our dining-room we cut a door leading to a porch which we had built on the terrace. This porch is twelve feet by sixteen feet. On it we keep a lovely oblong redwood table of ancient vintage, which we inherited with the house, and a bench the length of the inner side that is brand new, but stained so most people think it's also very old. On this bench our week-end guests can, and many do, carve their initials. In fair weather this porch makes a lovely place to eat, and it is not unusual to see a deer in the distance. About its outer edge we placed boxes a foot wide and two and a half high. These are painted green and filled with red geraniums, lantana, ageratum and vinca. I almost forgot the forget-me-nots.

We must have rain, but we at Mayfair Ranch worship the sun. It lifts the heads of the geraniums in our boxes, it peeks into our living-room windows, and at its call the doors are thrown open, and we go out and eat our breakfast on the terrace, which is lovely only because sunlight makes it so. Over this porch we erected a steel frame on which sports a sporty striped awning. There is an electric plug in the side of the house, so it is possible to have light, but its real purpose is to supply power to a motor that operates a small but attractive fountain. A realistic crockery parrot, the best and safest kind to own, hangs from the awning rod.

Finally, eighty loads of rich loam were dumped about the Lodge. After the ground had been well covered with fertilizer, the loam was graded from the foundation to a point one or two hundred feet from the house, as the case required, and sowed with grass and clover seed, and that was mostly what came up, but there were unexplainable patches where the vilest of weeds appeared, about which I have told you. The balance of our forty acres, more or less, we have left in the rough, helping nature only to the extent of clearing away the dead or dying trees and shrubs, cutting down sweet fern when it was choking young pine trees, and removing an occasional tree that obstructs a beautiful view.

South of the lodge a hundred yards was a small hill covering an area of perhaps half an acre. This obscured our view down the valley from the porch. We secured a tractor. It cost us two and a half dollars a gallon of gas, including the operator. I mention this because to me it was a unique method of paying for it. We used ten to twelve gallons a day. We "dogged" ten feet off the top of the hill in four days, pushing the earth over lower land, and leveled quite a bit of terrain. Before doing this we removed forty-five small pine trees, two to three feet high, transferring them to a bend in our drive, called Piccadilly Circus. These make an attractive hedge. We transferred a few shovels of earth with each tree, and by watering every day for weeks, all but one have lived.

Trees can best be transplanted in the fall after the

leaves have fallen and up to the time the ground freezes or early in the spring before the buds are out. When transplanting, always protect the roots from the air. Dig a generous hole, deeper and wider than the roots spread. Prune broken roots. Fill the hole with good loose soil and pull the tree up as the dirt is put in. Tap the soil so there will be no air pockets, and pour water in as the dirt is filled in. Water is necessary for all trees, shrubs, and plant growth, but they will not grow in it. If the soil does not form a natural drain, one must be built. Make a kind of saucer on the surface so water will run into the area, not away from it, and do not use manure next to the roots. Pruning of trees and shrubs should be done at the time of planting.

Several neighbors made friendly calls, and we found we had some interesting and charming ones. One furnished me with a mount, and we rode three hours through woods and fields, up hills and into valleys, past Rudyard Kipling's home and along the abandoned roadbed of the old Brattleboro and Whitehall Railroad until, to my surprise, not at that time having done any exploring, my neighbor told me we were on my property.

When the Lodge began to look like something other than a pile of wood collected for a night before the Fourth of July fire, we decided we'd like a terrace. Red brick against green foliage always appealed to me. I asked a mason for an estimate. The wall was to be fifty-five feet long and twenty feet deep; the inside wall after

fill was in, to set up about twenty inches with two steps down to the lawn. The hardest thing to get in Vermont, my experience has shown, is a definite price on any job — unless it is to get a reply to one's letters. After much figuring and more time spent in thought, a price was named.

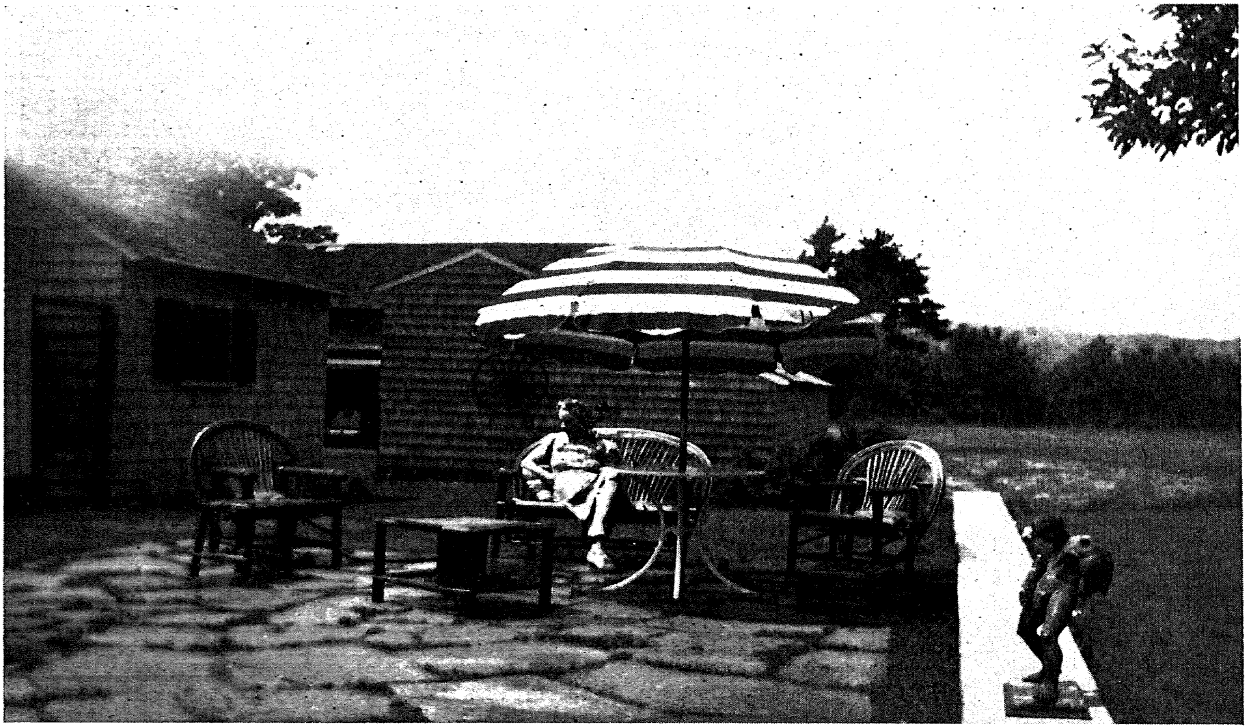
"That's double what it ought to cost," I said.

"That's my price," he said.

I had my own man dig a trench eighteen inches deep and fourteen wide and filled it with sand and rocks. This took half a day. I bought cement blocks and a thousand bricks for facing, thirty-four gray cement blocks three inches thick and three feet long for the coping, and paid a mason ten dollars a day for three days to put it together. My cost of labor and material was three hundred dollars less than the contractor's price. Later we covered the terrace with large, attractive flagstones placed close together, and planted grass between. Houses, like people, have a definite expression of character. They express to some extent the personalities of their builders. But a house suitable for a lodge in Vermont would look pretty funny on Commonwealth Avenue, Boston. Have a definite idea of what you want before you start restoring, and don't change your mind when the restoring is half done. I wanted to be the master of my house and not its slave, and so we installed modern equipment throughout to save time and labor.

About this time I decided a truck was vitally necessary. I asked a friend, the manager of a re-finance com-

THE LODGE COMMENCED TO LOOK LIKE SOMETHING



WE DECIDED THAT WE WOULD HAVE A TERRACE

pany, in which I had a financial interest, to look for a second-hand one. A week later he telephoned and said, "I've got what you want. It's a 1934 Ford pick-up truck. It will last you the rest of your life. We'll paint it, put on five new tires, a new battery, and overhaul it, for $278.00." I bought the truck over the telephone and didn't see it until the morning I drove it up from Boston. To my horror it was painted a brighter red than any fire truck I'd ever seen; and now that there is a black fox painted on each door, it's awfully good, or extremely bad, publicity. I don't know yet the local reaction to it, but am hopeful. The important thing is, it goes — that is, if you don't forget to put water in the radiator and gas in the tank — and it's invaluable to bring supplies from town, haul loam, rocks or rubbish. In fact, it more than saved me what it cost the first six months. Until it became illegal to do so, we could have sold the five tires for what it cost, but more than one neighbor has been scared out of his boots thinking his place was on fire the first time we drove into his yard.

I drove the truck up from Boston, Irene our Packard. At a red light in Arlington she came alongside and said, "At this rate we'll never reach the ranch." So I stepped on the accelerator and bounced up and down, from one side to the other, this way and that, until I know just how a cocktail feels before it comes out of the shaker. But we made fastest time, two and one-half hours, an average of forty miles an hour (this was also before the President asked us to keep under thirty-five).

Nothing broke, and nothing happened, which reminds one of the story of the girl who wore cotton stockings. It was a remarkable trip for a two-hundred-seventy-eight-dollar, eight-year-old truck.

One of the things our week-end guests seem to enjoy most is a ride in this truck, but no weak-end guest should attempt it.

We haven't quite decided what to do about a truck garden. I'm no farmer — at least not yet — even if I have a certificate which shows I am a member of the Eastern States Farmers' Exchange. We'd like to raise our own vegetables just so we could brag about it. But there are two excellent reasons for not doing so. First, until the Government takes all my income directly or indirectly, I can raise anything cheaper in the markets than at Mayfair Ranch; and secondly, anything we raise is very apt to be eaten by the deer, or woodchucks, or rabbits before we get a chance to eat it, and I'd rather go hungry than shoot a deer.

The last of September Nature got out her lipstick and did a great job on the maple and oak trees. A look at the hill to the east fairly made one gasp — it was a riot of color. But after the leaves had fallen, the hill resumed a solid green, and only then did we realize pine and hemlock made up eighty per cent of the forest.

Irene, having lived in California most of her life, does not skate but thinks she'd like to. She also has a leaning toward having her portrait painted. Surely there's a lot of sittings coming to her between the two.

As to the skating, it's better for her to take lessons back in one of the indoor rinks about Boston, with a professional instructor. It's much more comfortable and a lot safer, and besides, who ever heard of a husband ever teaching his wife anything? But for the portrait, I have a hunch the Ranch is the place to have it painted. I feel that the lovely trees and the beautiful flowers will bring out the best in the artist and that's what has to happen if the portrait is going to do justice to Irene.

We had been pushing the work forward as rapidly as we could six days a week from 8:30 A.M. to 4:30 P.M. Every little while one of the crew would not show up, he was getting in his crops or he'd gone hunting, and I kept urging my contractor to put on two or three extra men, but he said he couldn't get them. Finally, one Friday he said, "Reckon we won't see yer till Monday." "What's happened?" I asked. "Wilmington Fair; better come." "You're not going to do this to me, with winter just around the corner, just for a country fair?" But they were and they did.

It was the big day of the year in Wilmington and most of the men lived in or around town. Furthermore, they were all personally interested in the fair; I found they were either to be judges or they had exhibits. As they left that night one of them sang out, "Better come and bring the missus." I reckoned it wasn't a bad idea as long as there was no work to do around the Ranch.

I'd attended five World's Fairs and been to State and County fairs like the big fair at Springfield and that at

Brockton, Massachusetts, but I wasn't up on Neighborhood Fairs. Now the agriculture fair has exerted great influence on American rural life. It is a social tradition. Its very mention elicits the memory of autumn days and big yellow pumpkins. The big fairs last a week, sometimes two, but the Farmers' Fair, or the Grange Fair, or call it a festival of the rural neighborhood, is a return to the old type of agriculture fair because it is free from commercial activities that characterize the large fairs. It is made to appeal to all the neighbors by urging them to be participants. There is no grand display of breath-taking thrills, no horse-racing or commercialized side-shows. The midway does not eclipse the other features. There is no handsome couple married in a balloon; or polo game or train wreck, but sometimes there is a greased pole, or there are wheelbarrow races and sack races and the ball game of the season, when the local team takes on its greatest rival. This kind of fair, in one form or another, has had a long and continuous existence. Little or no admission is charged, and the fair lasts but one day.

We had house guests and I was delighted when they responded to my suggestion that we go, so after lunch we tried to dress so it would not be too obvious that we were just "summer people." Wilmington is eighteen miles, about half way to Bennington on the famous Mollie Stark Trail, and the first fifteen of it is mostly uphill until you are 1700 feet above sea level when the summit of Hog Back Mountain is reached. Here everyone turns

into the parking space to sit spellbound by the gorgeous view, which takes in southeastern Vermont, a part of Massachusetts, New Hampshire and New York, and on a clear day possibly Connecticut. We all had seen some of the world's greatest views but we agreed we had seen nothing to beat this one.

At three o'clock we arrived at the fairgrounds, located back of the community school and a cemetery, just off Main Street. Everything was going on all eight; the fair was at its height. We mingled with the crowd from Brattleboro, Bennington and the countryside, secure in the belief that we looked like natives, but it wasn't long before we overheard a woman say to her companion in a stage whisper that carried ten feet, "City slickers." This was most disconcerting. We ran into our friends who were working on our place and their faces told us louder than words they were pleased and glad we came, but we had hard work penetrating their disguise as they were not in their work clothes and did not look half as comfortable and happy as usual.

We entered into the spirit, bought popcorn, threw the rings, got weighed, visited the stock judging ring where last year's champion usually bows to a new one each year. We watched the competition to see which team could pull the greatest load. We visited the agriculture hall where were displayed long rows of yellow corn, plates of apples, glasses of jelly, and exhibits of home painted china. We bought ice cream cones, bottles of pop, and hot dogs, and marveled at the biggest

pumpkin. It was all picturesque, colorful and fascinating. The exhibits were not professional exhibits from out-of-town cities, but local products made or raised by neighbors, a display of agricultural and domestic products, livestock, poultry, vegetables, fruit, canned goods and sewing.

It was the year's rural play day; everyone quit his or her job and took advantage of this opportunity for friendly social intercourse.

The ball game proved interesting, when we looked in on the fifth inning 0 to 0 score, and we did not leave for home until six o'clock, to dream that night of moos of cattle from the barns, cackling of poultry, the drone of the merry-go-round, mechanically grinding out last year's music, the blare of the local band, which in my sleep sometimes was quite a little bit out of tune; the chug-chug of gasoline engines turning over some new farm implement; the shrill and painful whistle on the popcorn stand; the crack of rifles in the shooting gallery; cries and giggles from the ferris wheel when a gust of wind blew the girls' skirts up a bit. The barkers and come-on men, vying with each other in extravagant claims, leading the unsophisticated to believe he could get something for nothing. "Tell your weight within five pounds or you don't pay." But watch that foot that controls those five pounds. "Hit the colored gentleman and get a cegar." "Right this way ladies and gentlemen," "Your last chance," "Come and get it." Come! Come! Come!

Chapter III

COLD WEATHER STOPS OPERATIONS

SLOWLY but steadily order came of chaos. By the middle of December everything was reported ready for us to move in. That is, the main house was ninety-five per cent finished; water, electricity, and gas were available. We left Boston December thirteenth at six in the morning in almost total darkness, the thermometer registering eight degrees Fahrenheit.

I don't think the date had much to do with our misfortunes, but as we were passing through the outskirts of Worcester, Massachusetts, at a quarter past seven, I was crowded to the curb by a prowl car with screeching siren and told I'd been traveling forty miles the hour. "What of it?" I asked. "That's not against the law." "There's a twenty-five-mile sign back a couple of miles. Here's your ticket. Tell the Judge." His smile was sweet as a rose — his tongue pricked like a cactus — his eyes settled the subject. At this hour of the morning the streets were empty. The rule should have been suspended as the stop lights were.

We left Worcester, vowing never to return unless it was absolutely necessary, but we find it sometimes inconvenient not to go that way. It was snowing, and when we crossed the Connecticut into Vermont the big-

gest storm of the winter was developing fast. But the Lodge was stocked with food, and we had two cords of wood piled on the porch, so we thought it jolly. It awakened thoughts of Whittier's "Snowbound" and Longfellow's "Wayside Inn" and of the Christmas cards we'd received in years gone by. But the romance ceased abruptly when Irene called at nine fifteen in the evening and said, "There's no water."

By this time there was a real blizzard outside. The snow was drifting badly and it was doubtful if I could drive our car over the mountain road. Our telephone had not been installed. We simply couldn't be snowed in without water, so I started for town and a plumber amid blinding snow and northern lights. It was a tough trip. How I made it, I really do not know. My windshield wiper would not work. Once I went completely off the road, and again I missed a telegraph pole by inches.

I got a plumber out of bed and was back at the ranch about eleven, and by one in the morning the water was running. We thought we had found the trouble, and if the water stopped again, I reckoned I could fix it. Monday at seven in the evening it did.

I lighted a lantern and started for the pump house, which is quite a distance down a steep embankment. As I opened our front door, I thought, "I must watch my step — it's frightfully slippery." Before I knew what happened I landed on my back, the lantern ten feet away. I thought, "I'll never get up — my back is broken."

Irene answered my cry and helped me to my feet. I lighted the lantern and plodded and slid through twelve inches of snow to the pump house, fixed the switch, and got back exhausted.

I'll never forget that night, as I partly walked and partly crawled back on all fours. A big yellow moon, as large as a wagon wheel, poked itself up from among the pine trees on the hill to the east, and lighted up the snow, causing shadows and intriguing silhouettes in the woods. The whole place was dumb under the snow; the moon was a sunflower in "night's" buttonhole, and all the pine trees seemed to have little stars at the end of their branches. It was the kind of night when God seemed to have allowed even the smallest star out. My feet were so cold from crawling in the snow I only hobbled along from force of habit, with my heart knocking like a woodpecker inside a dead tree on a sunny day.

I wasn't very comfortable that night, and the next day there was more pain. I hoped a rib was broken, because if it was not, I knew it was something infinitely more serious. The second day, ploughs cleared the roads, and I got to town. At the hospital a radiographic examination showed a transverse fracture of the tenth right rib, with displacement of the free fragment, also a fracture of the eighth, ninth, and eleventh ribs.

We got some of our things unpacked, then put shutters and storm doors on, and Saturday, the twentieth, stopped work and closed the Lodge for the balance of the winter.

The last of our luckless incidents occurred on the way to Boston, outside Fitchburg. Our car caught fire from a cross circuit. Before the Lunenburg fire department and the State Police put it out, all our wires, glove box, and dashboard were burned out.

February 22nd we motored to the Ranch. We wondered if we could get to it. We figured Black Mountain Road would be plowed, but doubted if the Pent Road would be, and never dreamed ploughs would go into our place. From our gate to the Lodge it is a third of a mile. To our surprise and great comfort, the plough had gone right to our front door.

We removed the storm door, opened the front door, and entered. Months of cold, damp air rushed out. We did not wish to build a fire, so after a hasty examination found things in order, except that two chimney swallows had come down the chimney and could not get out. These were liberated and the mouse traps reset, and back we went to Brattleboro.

A National Ski Championship Contest was in progress, and we were fortunate to get a room. The first ski jump in Brattleboro was built in 1922; since that time the town has become one of the chief jumping centers of the East. It's quite a sight to see this contest, which annually attracts four to five thousand spectators.

The hill is ninety per cent a natural one, but at the top a wooden trestle has been built to give speed, so the jumper takes the leap at a mile a minute. The major portion of the spectators thronged the horseshoe formation

THE LODGE BEFORE AND AFTER

on the meadow below or sat in their cars. The space was reserved, but in some cases the occupants were not.

A bugle call is the signal for a start. A speck of something is seen getting in motion at the top of the trestle; it comes forward with lightning speed, stands in mid air for a second assuming life size, and then contacts the earth, landing on the slanting side of the hill. It is a breathtaking performance. Each time, you breathe relief as the jumper lands safely, always fearing a tragedy.

The record has again and again been broken. In 1923 "Bing" Anderson made the great jump of 190 feet; in 1933, Mickelson, the Norwegian, made 208½; in 1934, Engel, of Salt Lake City, cleared 212; in 1938, Rudd, champion of the world, made 216 feet; in 1941, Tekle, the Norwegian, made 223 feet; and we had the thrill of seeing Tekle make 230 feet, making a new record and winning the National championship. Wholly apart from the National Ski Championship Meet, Brattleboro is quite a place for winter sports. There is the Guilford Street Ski Center consisting of seventy-five acres of open slopes, with an eleven-hundred-foot electric power ski-tow, and flood lights at night; then there is a smaller tow four hundred feet in length, four miles west of the town. Ski Tow, Inc. in Wilmington, fourteen miles west, has a thousand-foot tow with a vertical ascent of three hundred and twenty-five feet. It has a diversified terrain and you must be a pretty good skier to use it.

Ski Jumps is the outstanding jump of the East. It's

the sixty-five-metre championship hill, where national and international stars have competed for seventeen years. There is also a thirty-metre practice jump. Then there is Piggery Hill, Indian Rock Hill, Capen Hill, Bald Mountain, No-Name Trail and Mt. Grace Trail, and if you just wish to play safe and skate there are three good amateur rinks in the open.

The sugaring season was getting started. The weather was ideal — cold, snappy nights, the thermometer well below freezing, and a thaw during the days. In Vermont sugaring and haying are serious matters, and don't expect your carpenter or other help to show up until they have got their hay in and finished sugaring.

By this time, I had become enough interested in our Ranch to acquaint myself with the early history of the state and the town of Brattleboro — originally spelled Brattleborough — and, if possible, our land and house. So I started camping out in Bates Hall, of the Boston Public Library, and later graduated to the Treasure Room, where, if you have proper credentials, you are permitted to see very old and very rare books and maps. In all, I looked through and took notes in different departments of the Library, from one hundred and thirty-eight books, maps, and pamphlets. I have incorporated such information as I unearthed and felt was pertinent in this book. By far the most interesting item is the fact that the road, part of which we had named Rotten Row, and part the Old Wood Road, and which runs through our place from the river up across and to Black Moun-

tain Road and thence to Dummerston, is a part of the so-called Great River Road, the first road ever built in Vermont.

We had been told our place was built before 1800, and the great beams hewed out with primitive tools, the wooden pegs, hand-wrought nails, etc., indicated it had been, but when I found that Brattleboro had only ten houses in 1803, I felt there was something wrong. But now that I find our road was there nearly seventy-five years before Brattleboro, it may have been built even earlier.

Here's the history of the Great River Road as concisely as I can put it. The Governor and Council of Massachusetts Bay Colony voted, some time after the horrid massacre at Deerfield, to build a fort some miles beyond the frontier to protect its people against further raids. A site a few miles south of the present Brattleboro was chosen, and the fort was completed in 1724 and named His Majesties Fort Dummer. It was garrisoned with forty scouts whose job was to constantly scout twenty to thirty miles to the west and north, so the settlers would never be surprised again. It was the trail made by these scouts, on horseback and on foot, that was the origin of the Great River Road. A ferry ran from Hinsdale, New Hampshire, to what is now Vernon, Vermont. Here the road started, went past Fort Dummer, thence through Guilford and over Cemetery Hill, crossed Whetstone brook on a bridge of logs, thence ran just east of Main Street around a low place

opposite the Brooks Library, thence past what is now the Retreat, and then along the West River to the Wells farm, where it crossed the river by a ford, then up the hill on the opposite side crossing Mayfair Ranch to what is now Black Mountain Road, and then over the present road to Dummerston.

This road was not only the first road, but it was the only road one could travel north on, on the west side of the Connecticut, and it was over a hundred years before a bridge was built across the West River at its mouth, and the present Route 5 built, diverting all traffic from the old road. For the first forty years the road was little more than a trail, as there were no wagons to use it, but in 1762, trees on both sides were cut, making it possible for a wagon to pass over it, after a fashion, although the old stumps were not removed.

Just think, this road was in existence seventy-five years before the first people settled in Brattleboro, over a hundred years before the discovery of gold in California. Everyone for over one hundred years, who traveled from the south toward Canada, passed over it. Ethan Allen many times must have used it, and it is not stretching one's imagination to any great extent to picture him resting at our Lodge and imbibing a nice hot rum toddy.

Tradition has it that our Lodge was not always on its present site. It may have been and probably was close to the Great River Road, which derived its name from the Connecticut, not the West River. The detour up the

West River was to cross at the first ford, and our Lodge, located as it was, could well have been used as an inn. If this were the case, it is quite understandable that, after traffic ceased with the building of a bridge further down the river, its owner moved it a few hundred yards across the meadows to a pleasanter location where it now stands, and faced it south as most farmhouses of that period did.

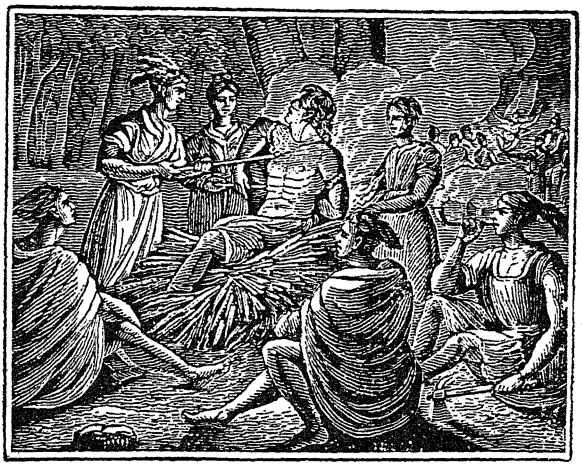
I also ascertained our property is a part of the so-called Equivalent Lands, so named because Massachusetts Bay Colony gave it to the Connecticut Colony to reimburse her for deeding some of her land away through error. This transaction is explained more fully elsewhere. The first owner of the land after the colonies got through swapping it, was Lieutenant Governor William Dummer, who died October 10, 1761, at the age of eighty-four, and who is buried in the Granary Burying Ground in Boston close to the remains of my Merriam forebears. His property, which he probably never saw, included all of Dummerston, a large part of Putney, and the northern end of Brattleboro. He died in 1761, and Daniel Whipple acquired two hundred and ten acres of his holdings in 1769, including the property we own.

The first white man to blaze a trail and set foot in what is now Dummerston was Colonel Joseph Kellogg with his Indian scouts. This was on November 30, 1724. He writes in his journal the next day: "The next scout I sent up ye West River Mountain (Black Mountain) and

there to Lodge on ye top and view evening and morning for smokes and then up ye mountain at Great Falls (Bellows Falls) and there also to Lodge on ye top and view morning and evening for smoke; but these making no discovery of any enemy returned." Thus was blazed for the first time the trail from Brattleboro to Bellows Falls through Dummerston, which became known and used for over a hundred years as the Great River Road.

The first white men to visit Peru and Jamaica were Captain Eleazer Melvin and his scouts, who with a party from Fort Number Four, started May 13, 1748, on an expedition against the Indians about Lake Champlain. The party found the Indians too numerous and running low of provisions started back on May 25, for Fort Dummer. On the 31st they reached the West River at 9:30 A.M. where they halted for rest. Some of the party shot some salmon that were passing in great quantities upstream and while they were enjoying a dinner of them, were surprised by Indians who, with no warning, sprang from behind rocks and trees and opened fire upon them, killing six of the party. The others fled, returning their fire as they did so and twice the number of Indians departed for their happy hunting grounds. Captain Melvin found himself alone. He ran down the river followed by two Indians whom he killed at a point on the east side of the river, directly opposite Jamaica and at the so-called "Salmon Hole." One of the scouts, named Joseph Petty, was badly wounded. He could not

be carried so he was placed beside a spring and told to hold out if he could until help could be had. Captain Melvin got back to Fort Dummer about noon the next



TORTURE OF CAPTIVES TAKEN IN KING WILLIAM'S WAR

day and the other survivors, thirteen in all, straggled in before night.

After rest and food Captain Melvin and a strong party set out to the rescue of Petty who was dead when they arrived. The dead were buried on the scene of the fight and the party returned to the fort. Years later, while hoeing a field of potatoes, Philetus Kellogg and Mason Howard found a combined compass and sun-dial which afterwards proved to be the one lost, the day of the battle with the Indians, by Captain Melvin. It can still be seen at the Windham County Historical Rooms, at Newfane, Vermont.

On August 17, 1748, Ensign Taylor was captured by Indians between Hinsdale and Fort Dummer. He was taken up the West River over the highlands to the head waters of Otter Creek. In some way he escaped from captivity and upon his return gave an account of passing over the ground where the Captain Melvin affair happened.

Records of accounts of the period are curious and suggestive and have to do with "Ammunission," "Liquors," "Wounded men," "Woolves," "Wastcoats and Drawers," "Tobaco and pipes," "Contingencies," "Saclps," "Fishing rights," "Tragedies," "Spearing fish," "Stone pestles," "Shooting Salmon," and "Injuns."

Chapter IV

PUTTING ON THE FINISHING TOUCHES

THE BUILDERS went back to work April 6th. There was plenty of water tobogganing off the hills, but the roads were hard, and when we arrived with Snoozer a few days later we had no difficulty getting in.

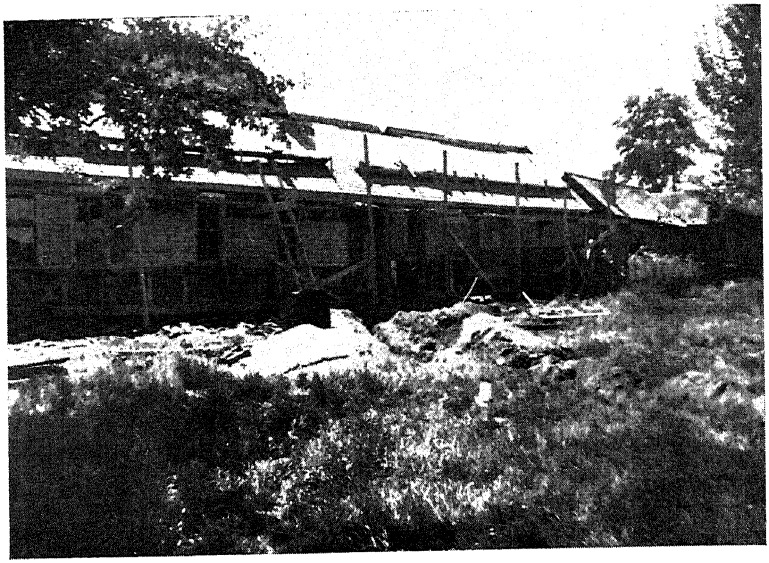
All was new to Snooz. As soon as he was out of the car he yawned with his back and put on his snooping act. We let him out unleashed for practically the first time in his life, and he tore up one tree and then another in a wild delirium of delight. From the very first he loved it. All day long you can see him in the fields exploring and chasing grasshoppers and occasionally getting a field mouse, but it wasn't long before he cultivated a desire to stay out nights. Cats and thieves have one thing in common — darkness sets them prowling; it gives them advantage over their victims.

We didn't want him to kill birds, and we didn't want a fox to kill him. Being an inexperienced city cat, he is just as apt as not to fraternize with a fox, as he did one night with a common skunk! He'd gotten out through the excavating for the new cellar. I awoke at two in the morning and heard him cry. My nostrils told me he had a wood pussy, or it had him. He wasn't at the front door or the back, but on the cellar stairs, and I swear he was ninety-five per cent skunk, at least in odor, and how

ashamed he looked! With repeated sponge baths of red-cap refresher and sulpho-napthol the percentage came down, but remained at five per cent for weeks. His favorite pastime is to conceal himself in a big lilac bush and watch the birds, sometimes madly chasing them, but he never seems to get one. But when woodchucks venture around, he promptly chases them off the place. When human visitors arrive he'll start entertaining by climbing a telegraph post to the roof of the piazza and thence to the ridgepole of the house, where he walks back and forth, all nine lives in jeopardy.

Conservation Bulletin 12 U. S. Department of Interior backs me up. It says: "Do not allow cats entire freedom at night and early morning as it enables them to hunt at the time they can be most destructive. Lock the cats up where they can do some good, or they will prowl, ravaging song birds. Dogs are relatively harmless." Thereafter the setting sun became a stop light on Snoozer's highway of pleasure. I'm the traffic cop who hands him a ticket indoors for the night. Once or twice he's hit and run, and the next day what a sleepy blinking cat he'd be! Just couldn't keep awake. I'm awfully fond of him, but at times he's a full fifteen pounds of responsibility; takes everything for granted and never in any way appears to show any appreciation.

Like all cats, Snoozer is carnivorous—has strong claws and splendid teeth, of which one at least must be a sweet tooth, because he likes dates, green corn, string beans, etc. He will kill mice after playing with them for



RED BRICKS AGAINST GREEN AND WHITE ALWAYS APPEALED TO ME

an hour, but I have never seen him eat one; and birds attract his attention sufficiently to overcome any conscience he has, in spite of all my threats and pleadings. As I watch him he reminds me sometimes of a tiger, and I try to picture his ancestors; but cats were tamed as long ago as records exist. Egyptians worshipped them, and I have a bronze cat that came from an Egyptian temple, and at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts they tell me it dates back between forty-five and four hundred years B.C. Yet even today cats are less domestic than dogs, and occasionally take to the forests and forget all their domesticated ancestors and live a life as wild as any other form of jungle cat.

From my desk as I write, I see through the window what looks like a spilled pot of black paint on the back stoop, but it's only Snoozer draped in a sunny spot. If it were raining, he would have chosen the softest spread, chair, or cushion in the house, and sometimes when about to give him the "bum's rush" he'll roll over on his back in such a brazenly coy way you cannot help laughing, and then you tickle his stomach, pat him a couple of times, say, "Nice Snoozer," and acknowledge defeat by leaving him where you found him.

During the winter I had had made an awning and a frame for the rear porch. It was put up shortly after opening up for the season. It was good looking; was strong and durable and fitted perfectly, almost too intimately, but it came down with the first heavy rain, taking parts of the side of the house with it. The trouble

was caused because the eaves of the house were so low there was not enough gravity to carry off the water. During the night it sagged like a wet circus tent, and in the several sags a hundred gallons of water collected. It was a problem, but by practically building a roof under it, it answers its real purpose, which is largely ornamental.

Life is not all play. Many things that would not even come to our attention in the city are almost insurmountable when we're more or less on our own initiative in the country. At least, so it seemed to us when our pump house blew up and left us without running water. Plumbing consists today largely of assembling and installing manufactured products, and requires less skill and ingenuity of the oldtime lead worker, but more practical knowledge about water supply and drainage, and what type of pipes, engines, tanks, and other material is most appropriate for each particular job; and this was well illustrated when our water system gave out just before we closed for the winter. The trouble was caused by the electric switch, which automatically turned on and turned off the pump, not functioning properly. The water went out, and the contractor and I went down to the pump house to see what the trouble was. What a sight! The roof of the house had been lifted eighteen inches, one side of the building was blown out two feet, and water spouted in all directions. The switch had not worked, neither had the safety release. The pump went on and on charging a tank guaranteed for

250 pounds, until it just blew. Fortunately no one was near. A new and heavier tank was installed with an inch drain inserted replacing the quarter-inch one, so if the safety does not work, the surplus water runs back into the well. Next, sand sifted into the reservoir and covered the intake pipe, which proceeded to suck it up and clog the valves. We cut two feet from this pipe and put a fine-mesh screen about the end, hopeful that if we remove sand from the bottom of the tile from time to time we shall have no trouble.

We picked our mail up every few days at the Brattleboro Post Office, four and one-half miles away, but found the R.F.D. came within a mile. Gas and tires must be conserved, so we purchased a galvanized-iron mail box with a little red flag, the last large metal box Montgomery Ward assured us they would have for the duration. I painted our last name in bold black letters on its front and side. We mounted it on a post and set it in line with two other boxes at the nearest point on the carrier route.

Before we bought the farm I inquired about taxes. They were moderate, and the agent said, "Why, you can sell the hay each year for enough to pay them." So this year I called him up and said, "I'd like to sell my hay to pay the taxes." I figured there were about seven tons of it. "Well," he said, "we've had lots of rain this year, and there is plenty of hay, but I'll see what I can do."

The result was, I got it cut and taken away, but no

one would pay anything for it. The farmer who took it asked if he could keep his team in the barn the week the work was going on as the distance was too great to drive back and forth. They were big, powerful, beautiful animals, named King and Queen, weighed about fifteen hundred pounds each. I doubt if they'd ever seen a box stall. As soon as their harnesses were off and they were turned loose, the earth floor and the space gave them a desire to lie down and roll. The stalls were built for high-school saddle horses, half their size and weight. King rolled right through the heavy planked wall of his stall, but a dozen or so six-inch spikes repaired the damage.

It seemed more like a real barn with livestock in it, and I enjoyed our guests immensely until Queen raised her great hoof one day when I was giving her water and brought it down co-plunk squarely on my left foot, at which, in pain, I used with fluency and great emphasis expressions best known to the Marines. The pain gradually diminished, but it was several months before I had a new nail on my big toe.

I'm not much of a capitulator, but our great adventure can be summed up about like this: We bought forty acres, more or less, of attractive woods and meadows, and there was thrown in with it a poor little farmhouse, dirty and badly in need of repair. Its foundations had begun to settle; its sills were commencing to rot; there was a noticeable settling of the frame above windows; doors were too tight to open and shut; the walls were

cracked, and the roof leaked, which meant it would not last much longer. We saved the interesting features; used our heads; worked with our hands, and exchanged some dollars for labor and materials. We restored what was worth while and added what was essential for our comfort, and behold, we have a ranch in Vermont with a Lodge about which everyone, to our face, at least, makes most complimentary remarks.

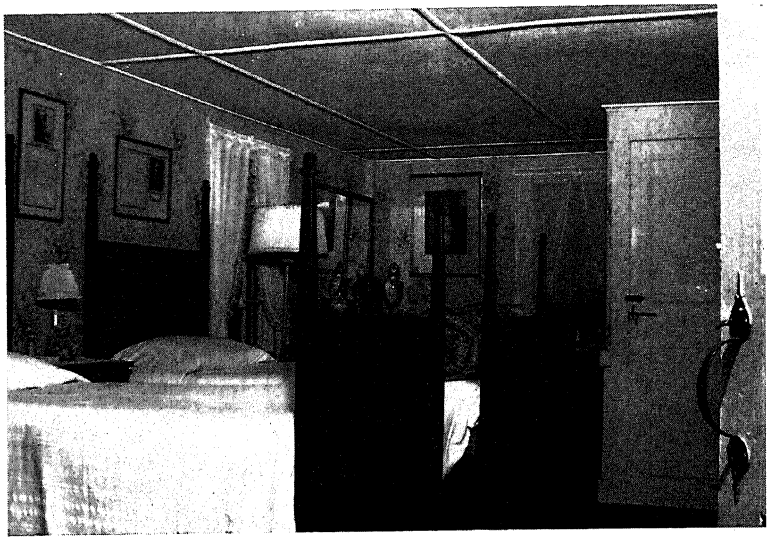
Upon entering the front door you are in a spacious living-room eighteen by thirty-one feet (once partitioned into three rooms and a hall). Overhead there are lovely old beams hewn out by hand with some primitive and crude axe or other instrument and pegged together. The beams are so dark with age they seem to drink in the sunlight. The floor boards are two to three feet wide and nailed with hand-wrought nails. There is an interesting old rathole in one board, worn smooth by years of use, that causes much comment. Some think it's priceless, others say "I'd fix that place." There is a fireplace made of old bricks that is large enough to take four-foot logs; with hand-wrought shovel and tongs, copper warming pan, and big brass kettle to hold a supply of pine cones, and on either side a big cupboard recessed in the wall, that holds half a cord of logs. The walls of the room are knotted pine, stained a brownish color, and are pretty much hidden by bookcases. Scattered about are antiques of various descriptions, but in keeping with the period, and a few egotistical touches, such as autographed pictures, citations, and testi-

monials. From the walls and the beams hang a dozen old-time fowling pieces, broadsides, and a few autographed letters of notables of the past. In this room also is our telephone and a portable radio.

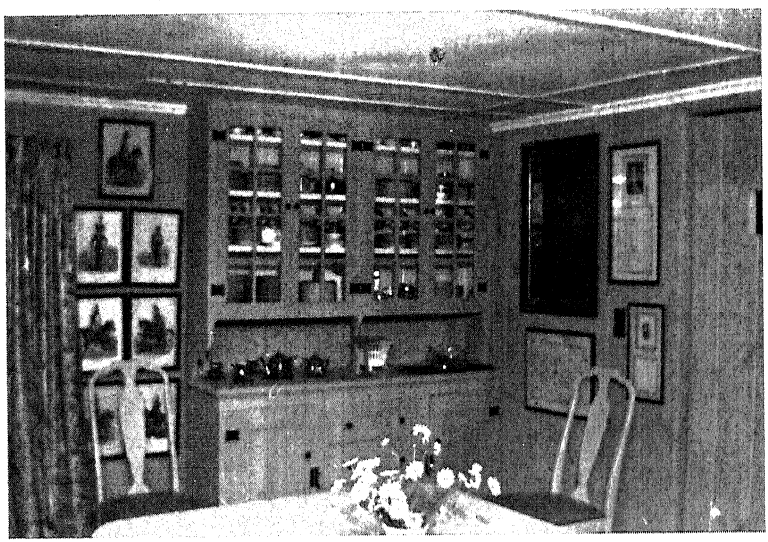
The master bedroom has a fireplace. The mantel was in the house, but the fireplace had been bricked up to give better draft to a Franklin stove. It is very plain and simple, but real Colonial, and now that it's been sandpapered and had several coats of white paint it is lovely. The wallpaper is a copy of paper of the period. The furniture is Sheraton and the beds are four-posters. This room is back of the living-room and was the old kitchen. It has a bathroom adjoining that was once the "Hired man's" bedroom. Remodeled, it has become as nice a bathroom as you'd find in the newest hotel, with very hot water and cold spring water. Its only "out" at present is that it's the home of a dollar alarm clock Irene purchased at some drug store; all night long this damn clock thinks it is a foundry; it doesn't tick, it pounds the seconds out like a drop forge. Once you wake and tune in on it, there is no more sleep. I'm hoping Snoozer will knock it from its perch and then it would fall into the tub, but even that probably wouldn't hurt it.

Much of the hardware throughout the house is real old handmade wrought-iron, and what is not, is a fair imitation. The dining-room is in knotted pine, stained a light French blue. It has a corner cupboard for our historic blue china and a large cupboard for dishes,

ON ENTERING THE FRONT DOOR YOU ARE IN A SPACIOUS LIVING-ROOM



THE MASTER BED ROOM HAS A FIREPLACE—SHERATON FURNITURE AND A COPY OF OLD WALLPAPER



A CUPBOARD SUCH AS A WELL-TO-DO FARMER MIGHT HAVE HAD

such as a well-to-do farmer of the last century might have had. The walls are decorated with colored French military prints and autographed letters of famous persons. The furniture is white enamel with light-blue leather seats, and the floor is covered by a dark-blue Chinese rug.

The kitchen is white, with glazed walls, electric heater, and liquid gas stove, electric frigidaire, and hot-water heater. There is a pantry with large cupboards for dishes, pans, and cleansing apparatus, such as vacuum cleaner, carpet sweeper, brooms, etc.

Beyond this is a room and bath, really the best one in the house, for the use of the maid. We've tried to make it so nice the "help" will be comfortable and happy and enjoy working for us. Steps that let down into the vestibule lead through a trap door to a garret, which is lighted from below and insulated against cold and heat, with ample space to store surplus supplies or furnishings not in use.

Upstairs in the main house there is a double bedroom and two single ones, a wash-room, and a toilet. The large hall has an open timbered ceiling. It is picturesque and establishes antiquity. About the sides a thousand books lend their bindings like autumn leaves for decorations. Irene once spent several months in the Orient, principally China, while on a trip around the world, so without destroying the charm of the old wood-pegged rafters we have, by painting the bookcases red and black, putting Chinese paper on a small wall and assem-

bling our Chinese bronzes and souvenirs, made a kind of Chinese Temple of this hall.

There is also a Mexican room. Its wallpaper has Mexican figures, a shelf contains Mexican pottery, and on the wall are a serape, Mexican hat, etc. To have fun with superstitious friends the bedrooms are numbered thirteen, twenty-three and seven-eleven. When it came to taking the spring to the double bed upstairs, it would not go, not even through the second-story windows, and it took two men an hour to take it apart downstairs and as long to get it together upstairs. That's one thing that won't be carried off by souvenir hunters or thieves in our absence.

The cellar, entered from the house by stairs or from outdoors by a bulkhead door, is divided in two parts, a vegetable cellar with rows and rows of shelves and a dirt floor, and a furnace room with cement floor and walls, separated from the vegetable cellar by a wall and door. Our heat is hot air, forced by an electric fan to the different parts of the house and is regulated by a thermostat. The fuel is oil. Building a country house is a real adventure; it has glamor and is exciting. It is an adventure open to all with time, patience and a little money.

I purchased at a local store, a Brattleboro Quadrangle Geological survey map and the adjoining maps, nine in all; these were mounted on a piece of three-ply board four feet by five. A moulding was put around the maps, and the border painted white; then the maps

were subjected to three coats of lacquer. The result is a splendid map of the surrounding country for a radius of thirty miles. It shows lakes, rivers, canals, and swamps, and relief, including mountains, hills, valleys, their height being indicated by contours. It shows towns, cities, roads, railroads, and boundaries; in many cases individual houses are shown. We hung the map on our front porch where all may see, study, and enjoy it. A drop curtain of white oilcloth covers it in bad weather.

The forty acres, more or less, of Mayfair Ranch are diversified and interesting. The buildings are on a fairly level plateau four hundred feet above sea level. On the north and east sides are hills running to a height of six to seven hundred feet, while to the south the land slopes to the river where, as if put there for our benefit, is a swimming hole fifty feet across and gradually sloping until it is over our heads, even in the dryest season.

There is something about the hill to the east, almost a palisade, that constantly seems to be calling to me to come and explore it. We have built one zig-zag trail up its steep side — "Petticoat Lane" we've named it — and roughly blazed another trail along its side half-way up. Some of our week-end guests have impersonated Daniel Boone, Kit Carson, and Lewis and Clark and have come back to the Lodge exhausted. After a drink of something refreshing and a bath they would — at least they suggest we start again and explore further.

There are four lovely ravines, down one of which an

inoffensive little brook trickles, but this same brook becomes a roaring, noisy torrent after a heavy rain, darting from granite boulders and tumbling onto others. Often in the morning the Lodge looks from the ravine as if it was riding at anchor. The mist from the Lodge gives the appearance of smoke as it appears above the treetops. It startled me the first time I saw it, and not until I investigated was I sure all was well. Irene had not noticed it until recently when she excitedly called me to tell me the woods were on fire.

There are many varieties of fern and several groves of pine, where in a few minutes one can fill a bushel basket with pine cones, and we've found there is no better kindling for the fireplaces. They have a Cape Cod lighter beaten in all ways.

There is an old cattle run which we cleared of several years' growth of white birch, locust trees, and sweet fern; this is labeled "Birdcage Walk."

Two hundred yards from the Lodge is a bluff with a charming view up and down the West River which flows two hundred feet below. To perfect the view, twenty-one trees were sacrificed, many bushes and similar growth. This we named "Victoria Embankment," and here, under four pines, we placed a rustic table and chairs.

Then there is "Pell Mell," a steep trail down the side of the hill to the west, and "Piccadilly Circus" where the drive swings around to the house. The little birdhouses on the post that marks the Great River Road

THE EMBANKMENT A FEW HUNDRED YARDS FROM THE LODGE
AFFORDS A CHARMING VIEW OF THE WEST RIVER

going to the spring we named, and so marked "10 Downing St." Mayfair Ranch did not derive its name from that famous part of London, but these names bring back pleasant memories to us and many of our friends and are quite suited. At the junction of Ye Old Wood Road and one leading to the Pent Road we erected a lamp post with a kerosene lamp. The signs read "Boston 100 miles," "San Francisco 3645."

A beautiful green lawn in front of the Lodge, with nothing to distract one's vision, is what we aimed at. To accomplish this required the removal of a big lilac bush of ancient vintage, a dozen shrubs, and eleven fruit trees, mostly in bad shape, the hauling of many more loads of good rich loam, and dogging off little hills and filling holes. It was quite a job.

Soil will erode unless protected from rain and wind, and after our planting of grass and clover seed we had to fight weeds; while insects and moles did damage. All these had to be controlled. Brown patch disease was treated with a mercury compound. Freezing and thawing take place in winter. This pushes grass out of the soil, requiring rolling early in the springtime. A three- to four-hundred-pound roller will press the plants back into position where they will grow to best advantage. A new lawn should be cut when the grass is two or three inches high, this benefits the sod-forming grass, kills some weeds, and checks the growth of others. There is no danger in cutting too often. The mower should be set to at least one and one-half to two inches.

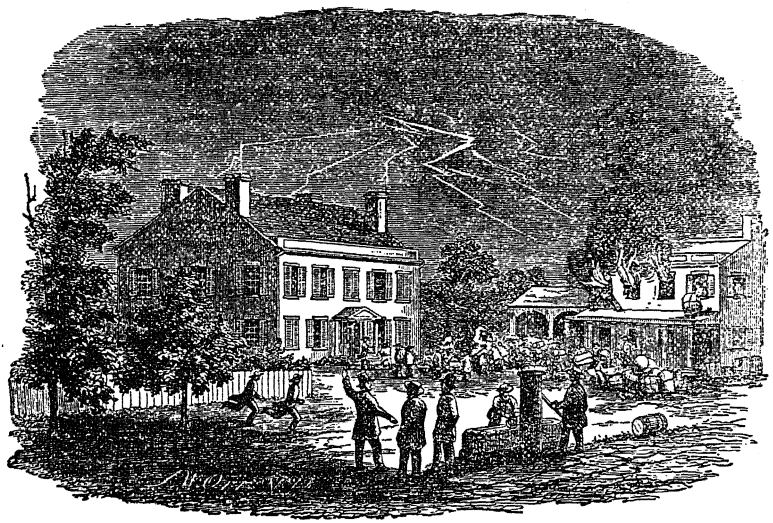
Mower clippings, if allowed to remain on the lawn, benefit the turf, unless there is too much, as a result of infrequent mowings. They must not be allowed to collect in batches, as they may smother the grass. The principal argument for removing the clippings is that they detract from the appearance of the lawn upon dying. Never give grass a light sprinkling, as it will cause the roots to grow to the surface, where they will burn in hot weather.

The big lilac bush was split into one hundred parts and replanted to form a hedge, along a line one hundred feet long. It will eventually partially conceal an objectionable electric light pole, and it also helps to break the sharp line between the artificial and the natural landscape. The shrubs were replanted in more useful and attractive places. The old flagpole came down and a new one took its place further from the house and at a point where the flag can better be seen and enjoyed by ourselves, our neighbors, and, in fact, all patriotic Americans who come within sight. The new pole was a sixty-foot pine tree, fit for masting in the Royal Navy in the old days. It was cut in the forest north of Wilmington and dragged twenty miles to our ranch, one end resting on a truck, the smaller end on a two-inch plank that was worn to less than one inch. Upon arrival the tree was barked and left exposed to the elements all winter to season before painting and rigging.

Our lawn was not all we hoped for the first year, but by carefully nursing it along, taking out weeds here and

there from time to time, and at the same time sowing grass seed in their places, it is commencing to approach our idea.

Most folks believe in fire insurance. It is really indis-



MOST PEOPLE BELIEVE IN FIRE INSURANCE

pensable. Our own property is insured for the full amount the agent feels we're entitled to, but you cannot insure sentiment, and that is in many cases the real value on our things. Rare books, antique furniture, especially if inherited, and autographed pictures cannot be replaced if they burn, and money is a poor recompense. We propose to take every possible precaution to prevent a financial loss to the insurance company, or a sentimental one to ourselves. With reasonable care and

forethought, by removing needless fire hazards, and a fair degree of individual preparedness, more than half the farm fires could be prevented. Care should be taken first in construction of the buildings, in the installation of heaters, fireplaces, etc., and in the maintenance and use of the property, including the woods where you hunt, have picnics, or tramp. Simple equipment for extinguishing fires before they reach serious proportions should be on hand ready for instant use.

Most fires on farms are caused by defective chimneys, lightning, faulty electrical installation, carelessness, overheating stoves and furnaces, fireplaces, oil stoves, lamps, kerosene used to quicken fire, roof fires from chimney sparks, storage of gasoline other than underground, bottled gas installations, and by not following the distributor's instructions for its use, gasoline for cleaning purposes, matches, mice, and, last but perhaps most important, cigarettes. The accumulation of rubbish in the attic, cellars, and other places aids the spread of fire and may be directly responsible. Hay placed in the barn before it has properly dried was the cause of a bad fire at one of our neighbors recently. The barn was destroyed, but the sad part was that six of thirty cows were burned to death and four rubber tires, as well as the automobile to which they were attached, burned. "A pile of hay, coal, or rags, slowly unites with the oxygen of the air, heat is produced, if confined, spontaneous combustion takes place." This was one of the first things I learned as a student of elementary chemistry.

To be of value, house fire-fighting equipment must be kept ready and in condition for immediate use. Our equipment consists of two light, strong and portable ladders, one with a large hook, to hook over the ridge-pole of the buildings; five galvanized-steel pails hung near rain barrels; an outdoor spigot with one hundred and fifty feet of hose beside it. The pressure from this spigot is capable of throwing a stream thirty-five feet. One portable two-and-one-half-gallon soda acid extinguisher, kept in our living-room closet. This when turned upside down will throw a stream thirty to forty feet, the flow continuing one minute. Later perhaps it will be feasible to organize a neighborhood fire department, so if any of a half-dozen neighbors within the radius of a mile are in trouble, all the others will rush with equipment to their assistance.

From day dreams we visualize a swimming pool, although Nature has provided us one of the finest swimming holes in the West River directly in front of our property. And sometime in the near future a tennis court in a natural amphitheatre we possess, and at least six holes of golf on the rolling meadows back of the Lodge, with a herd of sheep to keep the fair greens cut and to furnish mutton for our table; but for the present and until the war is over, they must remain just dreams. We're content for now with the ancient and honorable, if perhaps plebian, game of Quoits, with which one of our week-end guests presented us. Almost everyone is familiar with Quoits; if not, it's pitching horseshoe-

shaped pieces of iron at a fixed object in play. We have also a streamlined croquet set. It's so ritzy we really should have a surveyor set it out. The playing field is nearly ready, having been dug up, leveled, and rolled. The new grass is well rooted and, with a good rolling in the spring, will be the real thing.

We invested in an archery set. It's good exercise, is lots of fun, and is rather decorative. Irene's a crack shot with a rifle. We practice with a 22 long repeating rifle at a hundred yards, and we don't care how soon the woodchucks, hedgehogs, skunks, red squirrels and English sparrows know we're not bad shots.

There are many trees on our forty acres, "more or less," that are bowed in memory of the 1938 hurricane, and there is a fire hazard created by trees uprooted on that occasion and still lying prostrate on the ground. We sent to a mail catalog house in Kansas for a Style A-1, 5 H.P. saw, which means nothing to the average person unless he sees a picture of it. With this saw, we're told we can cut five cords of wood where our old round saw cut one. If this proves true, and there are fifty cords of fallen wood as estimated, at the present price of cord wood and after paying for the saw, there should be several hundred dollars to divide with my neighbor, who agrees to do the work. If this scheme works out satisfactorily, we shall go through our woods cutting out here and there trees that can be spared and that will help the others to grow in a more natural way. Several hundred cords of wood can be taken out to good advantage and will not be missed.

I have always been an early riser. I love to watch the day dawn, to see the rays of the morning sun rising among the pine trees that crown our hilltop, the smoke-like mist curling silently up from the river, then its gradual disappearance as the sun gets higher in the sky. I love to listen to and watch the newly awakened birds, they seem so happy as they flit from place to place, sprinkling the air with joy. Days go too quickly in the country. To sleep after daylight seems a pity, unless one is ill. "Early to bed and early to rise" is part of my religion and that of most farmers. I'd rather get up with the larks than stay up most of the night on one.

As the sun rises it turns the dewdrops into sparkling jewels. The chill of night vanishes and dares not re-appear until the last farewell of the day after the sun has set in the west. In the early light our field of "tickle grass" resembles Scotch heather on the moors. In the early light it is a solid gray; as the sun mounts in the sky, it becomes a deep red. Some mornings the sky will be so blue you'd like a suit made of it; again there will be little white clouds tossed about with the wind, and again a heavy mist envelops everything until mid-forenoon.

You must live in the country to appreciate its loveliness. Yes, the ideal place to live is in the country if one's business will permit. You are more independent and are free from many city conventions and whims of society; fresh air on every side and restful quiet. We have a workshop where we are gaining skill in the use of our

hands, and it's fun making and repairing things that formerly we paid someone else to do for us.

In the summer we go swimming and boating; cut the hay, pick the flowers, and a hundred other things; in winter, there is skating, coasting, and skiing over hill and dale. We can own and keep animals; by means of the radio and the local daily paper we know, as well as those in the city, what is taking place in the remotest parts of the world. In these days, when oil is scarce and fire wood sells for from ten to fourteen dollars a cord, it is profitable to have acres of timber trees, and a grove with bushels and bushels of pine cones for kindling. One rarely finds everything desired; the view and location may be splendid, the buildings in a bad state of decay, or the land may not be right as to exposure or soil, or it may be in an exhausted condition from neglect, and those who expect to gain their support from it must give it close attention. If it is of good quality, it may be renovated at small expense.

Painting is one of the best investments a farmer can make for two reasons — it preserves the wood, and it makes the buildings more attractive. It is economy to paint every three to five years. White paint is one of the most attractive and durable of paints for the country, but it is easily soiled by contact with trees or by water running down from the eaves, or splashing up from the ground, and it costs more to keep the house looking nice than some other colors. With a few brushes and a little practice in mixing paint and putting it on, almost

anyone who is at all skillful can paint; it's largely a matter of spreading the paint evenly and filling all the cracks and nail holes.

Whether it's farming or gardening, a fairly large equipment of tools is necessary, and it is quite important on a farm to be a so-called "handy man" and be able to turn your hand to many kinds of work. A kit of tools for ironworking and woodworking, a supply of bolts, nuts, screws, and nails will save its cost very quickly. To make the most of such an equipment one must have a place to keep it in a systematic order. My grandfather had signs about his big barn and other buildings which read, "Have a place for everything and keep everything in its place," and it's the best advice. Different size nails, wrenches, bits, drills, and other hardware should have drawers or racks, where they can be reached with no hesitation. An iron vise and an anvil are very useful — in fact, necessary. Every tool should be plainly marked with your name. It is often necessary to borrow or lend, and this will help in their return.

The leakiest roof in all Vermont is the sky, so of all places do not leave tools and garden implements out, but put them back in their sheltered place immediately when you're through using them. It's hard to understand why so many farmers will save and save to buy a modern machine and then leave it outdoors to rust, deteriorate, and go to pieces. Who hasn't seen good farm machinery left out all winter? It's a common and a sad sight.

Black bass are plentiful in the river below our place, and upstream beyond the dam it is stocked with trout; but for some reason one must fish from a boat and not from the shore. This river, the Connecticut, and Whetstone brook form the watercourse of the township of Brattleboro.

On the east bank of the river there once ran the single track of the Brattleboro and Whitehall Railroad, the trains of which commenced running November 20, 1880, and ceased sometime in 1937. The rails, ties, and telegraph poles have been removed, and the picturesque railroad bed is now a bridle path for miles either side of our place, and from it we have built a bridle path across our land and invited those who ride to make use of it.

Boston has always been the natural market of Vermont, reached in the early days by tedious lumbering coaches, goods being hauled by horse express over rough, hobbly roads. From the western part of the state the Green and Surrey Mountains had to be crossed. Finally, when the railroad was built from Boston to Concord and Fitchburg, enterprising spirits in Vermont conceived the idea of constructing a railway from the western part of the state to the roads leading to the seaboard, resulting in the Central Vermont Railroad from Burlington on the shores of Lake Champlain to Windsor on the Connecticut River, 117 miles. It was started December 15, 1845, and opened June 20, 1849, and then the Rutland Railroad was built from Bellows Falls to Burlington and leased to the Vermont Central

THE FORMER BRATTLEBORO AND WHITEHALL RAILROAD BED
NOW A BRIDLE PATH

THE WEST RIVER NEAR THE OLD SWIMMING HOLE

in 1871. Then followed the Vermont Valley Railroad from Brattleboro to Bellows Falls and extended later to Vernon, opening a route from Burlington to Massachusetts. This was called the Vermont & Massachusetts Railroad.

Several charters were issued before the Brattleboro & Whitehall Railroad Company was organized. The legislature in 1851 granted a charter for the Wantastiquet Railroad Company with the privilege of building a road from Brattleboro up the West River to Londonderry and thence through Peru to connect with the Western Vermont Railroad. In 1868 an enabling act was passed, but because of the estimated high cost and lack of sufficient funds, the enterprise still remained in embryo. In 1869 and again in 1870, enabling acts were passed, but nothing was done until 1876 when the Brattleboro & Whitehall Railroad Company was organized to build a road through Londonderry, Windham, Peru to Whitehall, N. Y. Not until 1872 could the $200,000 capital stock be raised. Brattleboro voted $50,000, Newfane $25,000, Townshend $37,000, Jamaica $32,000, Londonderry $23,000 — total $167,000. The balance was secured by private subscription.

The surveying and permanent location of the railroad at once began. The contract for construction was placed October 26, 1878, for three-foot gauge. Ground was broken at Fayetteville and also Jamaica, Monday, November 11, 1878, and the work was pushed rapidly forward until July, 1879, when the contractor failed,

due to the firm that was to furnish the iron not living up to their contract. The railroad company took over the completion and negotiated a lease with the New London Northern Company which itself was under lease with the Central Vermont Railroad. Early in September, 1880, the iron arrived from England and was rapidly laid down, and the thirty-six mile road was finally completed. For fifty years it prospered then succumbed to the competition of the automobile and truck. World War Number Two has removed the last remaining vestige of this busy little railway. The *Brattleboro Reformer* puts its obituary in the following words:

MONTPELIER, Sept. 29, 1942. All abandoned state-owned bridges are available for salvage for the war effort, it was announced here Monday by Gov. William H. Wills following a meeting with state highway officials. The governor alluded to bridges along the line of the former West River Railway Co. in Windham County. There are four bridges remaining and their combined weight is estimated at 800 tons.

The largest one, that at the Salmon Hole between Newfane and Townshend, was definitely reserved by the state when the railroad was torn up. Two others are claimed by persons who have adjoining land holdings. These are the West Dummerston bridge and Pratt bridge, which stands some distance south of the old Winhall station.

It is understood that Earl Baldwin, of Brattleboro, owner of the West Dummerston bridge, is willing to sell but holds a deed which requires state approval.

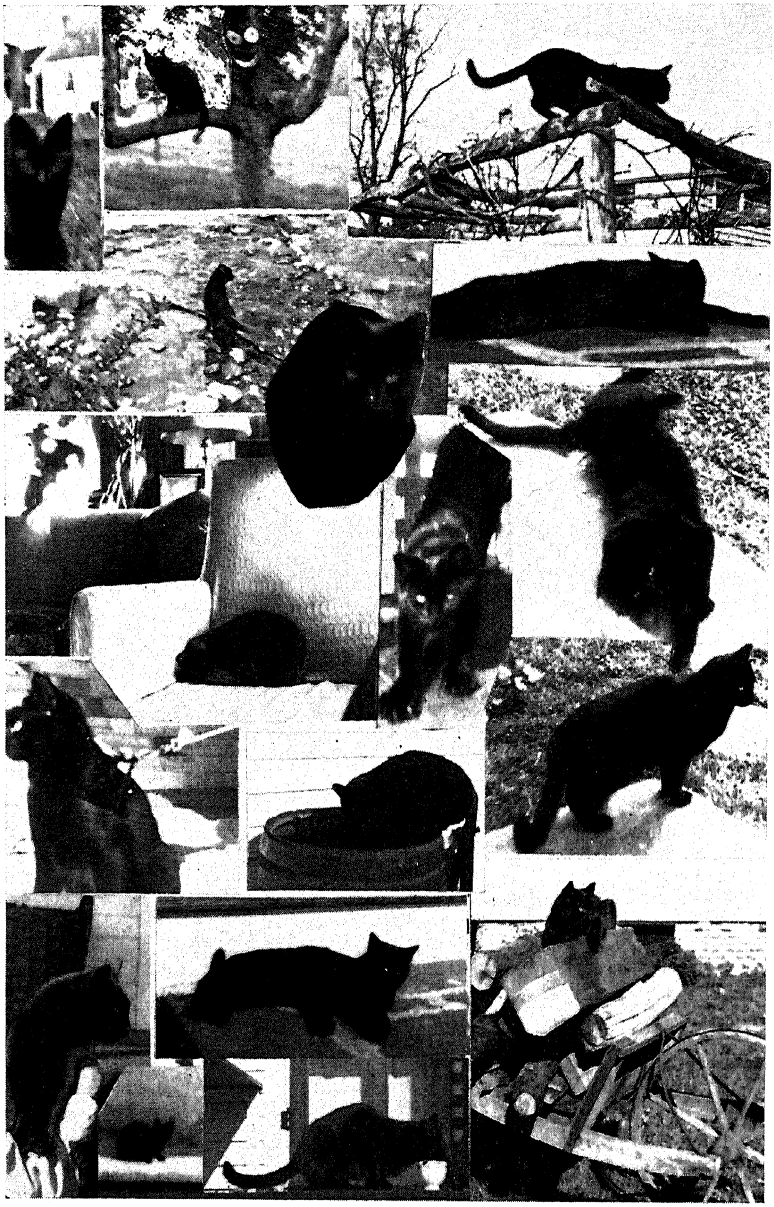
The fourth is Cobb bridge, to which no claim is made by the owner of adjoining land, George B. Cushman, of Brattleboro.

The West River, called Wantastiquet by the Indians, bounds our ranch on the south for perhaps half a mile. If it could talk, what interesting stories it could tell! I can find but little written about this river — just a paragraph here and there. The "History of Dummerston" and the "History of Peru" make reference to it, and it is just referred to in other books having to do with Vermont. As far as I can ascertain, no history or story has ever been written about it, although it has been the scene of Indian battles, has frequently gone on a rampage, and stands for much in the early history of the State.

The West River flows down forty-five miles from its source on the southwest slope of Mount Holly, north of Weston, before it joins the Connecticut; it runs through four counties — Rutland, Windsor, Bennington and Windham. Its source is twenty-four hundred feet above sea level, and it is about two hundred when it empties into the Connecticut. It flows south across Weston and Londonderry, then southwest across Jamaica, Townshend, Newfane, Dummerston, into Brattleboro, where it joins the Connecticut. It drains an area having four hundred and forty square miles. This basin contains a number of ponds, of which Stratton Pond in Stratton, Lowell Lake in Londonderry, and North Pond are the largest. The river itself does not afford a great amount

of water power, but its branches do. These tributaries are the Windham River which joins it near the southern boundary of Londonderry; the Marlboro in Jamaica, and the Smith River in Newfane. About four miles up the river it is fairly hemmed in by the base of Black Mountain, a great mass of slate rock covered with pine.

The West River has great charm as it flows through the West River Valley. Its clear water rambles through forest and dale; its banks lined with laurel, pines, ledges, and fair meadows, it rushes through narrow gorges, toboggans over steep and shallow stretches, forms formidable rapids, moves sluggishly where it now and again forms small lakes, and for our special benefit it might seem, shifts its course sharply just about the famous ford of the Great River Road and retains this direction while passing our Ranch. It then resumes the former direction. To this change of direction we owe our swimming hole. The water, during time untold, has gouged out the rocky banks until at this point it is twenty feet deep, and in the spring it swirls about like a churn, cleaning out all the gravel and other debris that have accumulated the previous year, leaving a lovely clear pool, all one could desire for a bathing place on a summer day.



AND THEREBY HANGS A TAIL

REVERIE OF A HAPPY CAT

I'm called for short, just Snoozer Pratt
Unless I'm dressed with my cravat.
My place of birth, was Beacon Hill,
Miles away from a whippoorwill.
The sacred cod they think so fine,
It's only a dummy, made of pine.
I'll take catbirds instead of cod,
The kind that nests in goldenrod.
Carniv'rous felines think them nice,
Better than meadows filled with mice.
Here at the Ranch I'm always gay,
Nothing to do but sleep and play,
Wheelbarrow rides out in the sun,
They're most exciting and lots of fun;
Walking the ridgepole, up on the roof,
Risking nine lives, to be aloof.
To keep my friends, I use great tact,
I kid them along with a special act.
I sharpen my claws and yawn with my back
And pose on the stoop with the greatest of tact,
Then flop like a "deb" on the stone step,
Surprised myself at my lack of pep.
Back on my spine, I am divine
And equally good at pantomime.
With upturned toes, they think me coy,
A method I find it pays to employ.

"Come, Snoozer, dear," they sometimes say,
"Here's your vitamin for the day."
I rub their legs and I say "Meow,"
Some day, though, I'll start a row.
I'm pretty smart, you must agree,
To climb right up an apple tree,
And then to go and ford the river
Just to exercise my liver.
In the meadow I catch mice
And bugs and things, it's paradise;
But after staying up all night
I'm dreadful sleepy when it's light,
So try to hide quite out of sight,
And sleep all day in great delight.
The old folks never seem to care
My snuggling in their nicest chair,
With dreams of fish and funny ants
And little birds and catnip plants,
And when I feel my master's pat
I purr, to show I'm a happy cat.

SNOOZER.

Chapter V

SNOOZER THEOPHILUS MERRIAM PRATT

I'VE PUT a lot of I's in this story and have talked a bit about Irene. Snoozer's friends (they can be counted by the hundred) are going to demand at least a chapter about him. I've told you something of his early life at 68 Beacon Street in Boston and about some of the trouble he's gotten into on the Ranch, but I failed to tell you he'd struck up a strong friendship with some nice Brattleboro people who like him so much that they have invited him to spend the winters at their home, and from what I've picked up, he lives about the same life that the well-known Mr. Riley did; nothing to eat but food, nothing to breathe but air, nowhere to go but out. Loved and petted, a featherbed to sleep on, a canary in a gilded cage to watch and make grimaces at — he'd rather eat it. By the hour he sits and watches it with an, "Oh, if I could only get at you!" expression in his eyes. I'd hate to be left alone in the room if I were the bird.

All this fattens him up after running the fields and hunting all summer, so he can run me ragged the next summer. It does for him what Battle Creek or other retreat does for humans.

I don't suppose Snoozer is much different from other cats. The dictionary classes them all as carnivorous do-

mestic quadrupeds; same family as the lion, tiger, leopard, and cheetah. That simile is a great build-up for the cat, but the dictonary then spoils it all by adding, "A person suggestive in some way of a cat, as a spiteful woman." The only comparison I've noted is when Snoozer walks away from you he has the shape and walk of a woman wearing slacks. I couldn't say anything worse. Women who wear slacks should never turn their backs. When in fun I shake my fist in Snoozer's face, pretending I am about to hit him, his face resembles the Metro-Goldwyn lion, minus the roar, who comes on the screen before each picture. When he stalks a bird or mouse he resembles the tiger. Early in the morning before he's allowed out and sees through the window the newly awakened birds, he's the leopard pacing continuously up and down his cage; and he is always the cheetah, but it's spelled cheater.

Outside of having two ears, two eyes, four legs, and a tail, to me he is quite different from other cats. That's probably because I've never had a chance to study one before. There are many black cats, but Snoozer's the blackest I've ever seen. If he fell into a tub of jet black ink, you could not, to save yourself from being pushed in, tell where he started and the ink left off.

He's got the power to make me laugh or make me hopping mad. I'm frozen out with offensive dignity one minute, and the next he'll melt my heart by running to me and rubbing against my legs. He is an unbounded egotist and has no sense of humor at all. Yet he is ex-

tremely humorous at times. If we didn't take him down a peg or two occasionally, he'd be an impossible beast to live with.

During the first summer our housekeeper asked permission to have her cat with her at the Ranch. His name was Tig. Yes, quite a contrast to his royal highness's name — Snoozer Theophilus Merriam Pratt. Tig had also been a poor little waif, and, in addition, he'd had the misfortune and handicap of being hit by an automobile, which broke his jaw, and the veterinary did a poor job in patching him up. He was thin, of many colors, continuously moulting, and scared of everything. He was like lots of people whose personality is against them, but when you finally know them you become fond of them and never think of their appearance or physical handicaps.

Tig was as smart a cat as I've ever seen, and we soon became fast friends. Now Snoozer had never had any cat friends, and Tig, being seven years older, taught him a lot during the summer. At first Snoozer was jealous and, if I even made believe pat Tig, Snoozer would growl and show he was indignant in very plain language, and then he'd go and sulk for the whole day. But before long they played together, and it was funny. Cats are all dignity and reserve, and if they saw us looking, nothing would happen; but when they thought you were not about, you'd get a great laugh out of their antics, consisting mostly of sneaking up on one another, giving a jump and landing co-plunk on the other fellow,

whereupon the one jumped on would spring several feet in the air, then run madly about the lawn closely pursued. Suddenly the pursuit shifted gears and went into reverse, sometimes so suddenly there would be one general mixup.

At night Tig slept in the housekeeper's quarters, while Snoozer had the run of the rest of the house and as a rule parked himself at the foot of Irene's bed. At about six each morning, or before, he'd ask to go out, so I'd get up and start for the door, he preceding me in a most dignified manner not over six inches ahead, always making me fearful I'd walk on him. He'd put his paws on the door, turn his head toward me over his shoulder, with a look of content as much as to say, "You've got sense after all." I'd say, "Want to go out, Snoozer?" And he'd say "Meow!" I'd open the door, and out he'd go, first visiting the piazza posts to sharpen his claws. This was a daily occurrence. I'd then get dressed myself and go out and attend to any job I could think of until breakfast. Rarely would Snoozer put in an appearance.

Now we have a ship's bell outside the kitchen door. It's rung ten minutes before meals, and the instant it sounded you'd see Snoozer coming hotfoot from whatever point of the compass he happened to be. But if rung at any other time of day, he would ignore it. That's certainly "doping" things out for a cat. There are only two meals a day for cats on our Ranch, at least, for the duration, so day after day we wouldn't see Snoozer from

morning until night unless he caught a mouse, chipmunk, or something else. Then he would most likely bring it near the house so we'd know what a mighty hunter he was. I recall one week when every day I found the dead carcass of a field mouse, sometimes as many as three, in about the same spot on the front lawn, each one caught and brought there especially so we would see it. He still catches them, but after this impressive show, left them at any old place. We could almost set our watch by his return at night. At a quarter before six almost to the minute he would arrive at the kitchen door.

Snoozer's winter host and hostess brought him some chicken liver one day — his favorite dish — and I hunted high and low for him. At last I located him asleep on top of some dusty boards in the rafters of the carpenter shop. I brought him into the house and sat him down in front of this tempting dish, which I knew perfectly well he was dying to eat, but he was too perverse to do so. Instead of showing gratitude by eating the food, he sat bolt upright, regarding it with apparent disdain. Finally he slowly rose to his feet, stretched, yawned, and stuck his claws into our Chinese rug. This was too much for Irene. With a look that spoke volumes, she started to read some of them to him, whereupon he haughtily left the room, followed by us. In a few minutes we tiptoed back. There he was, bolting down the chicken liver as if starved. I don't like this pompous formality, but every now and then an incident occurs

which is so cunning it makes up for many humiliations at his paws.

Snoozer will cry to be let in, and when the door is open, no matter how raw the day, he'll take his own good time and pleasure entering, or, after asking to go out, will sometimes make a detour of the entire room before making his exit.

Often when I am writing at my desk he'll jump up and deliberately walk back and forth over the very paper I am working on, demanding attention, when one hour before he refused to stay on the couch and let me pat him.

But Snoozer and myself have entertained each other on many occasions. Sometimes he will wash his black face, with the currycomb God gave him for a tongue and a fore paw, stopping now and then with paw in air, to look me over, and, in spite of his insulting dignity, there is a certain sense of humor about the way he does it. This tongue-to-mouth method cats have to groom themselves is quite remarkable. Feel of the cat's tongue and you'll find it's like a file. When Snoozer cleans himself so industriously, he gets off the dirt and smoothes his coat, just as the hostler cleans and smoothes the horse's coat with a currycomb. A cat cannot reach his face with his tongue so he uses his fore paws and does a swell job. After all, the best way to get along with Snoozer is leave him alone, and he will shortly be asking for attention. If you start making a fuss over him, he will just walk out on you. He's a great snooper and is curious to

an extreme. He's always around when we have company. There is not a place in the house or the barn or the other buildings he has not explored, and he has more places to hide than you can shake a stick at. You can call him until blue in the face and your lungs are tired, and he'll pay no attention unless he is in the mood.

But Irene and I somehow just love this funny little cat, and once in a great while, when you least expect it, he will perform some little act that makes us think he feels the same toward us. Sometimes, like some people, he'll seem to have a grouch, but most of the time he gives the impression that he is a very happy cat.

When we lived in Boston, like most Bostonians, we had baked beans and brown bread Saturday night and fish cakes Sunday morning. Snoozer didn't care much for beans, but he loved fish cakes, so we would have extra ones cooked and handed them out to him in small pieces during Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday. And I'd make him do tricks to earn them, and one trick always made a great hit with callers. Our library was lined with book shelves, and on one side there was a big leather armchair. At first I made Snoozer climb to its back to get a piece of fish cake. Later I put the morsel on a shelf level with his head when standing on the back of the chair. After he got used to this, I put it on the shelf above, and he would stand on his hind paws and pull the piece of fish cake down; and after he was used to this, I placed the food on the next shelf, which was the top one. I tacked a small cleat on the edge of the shelf

so his claws could get a grip, always putting the food on the same spot. This was quite a climb, but wherever he was in the room and I shouted "Up!" with intonation, it registered just one thing on his brain — a piece of fish on the top shelf, which was his if he went and got it. So to the chair and up he'd go like a flash, and holding on with one paw, he'd knock the fish down with another. Now back of this particular spot was a set of Defoe, and sometimes I would surreptitiously put a piece of fish cake in its place when Snoozer was not looking and then tell my guests that Snoozer was very fond of reading "Robinson Crusoe," and I'd say "Snoozer, go get 'Robinson Crusoe.' Up!" And he would tear across the room and up the back of the chair, even if it were occupied, and climb to the top shelf, giving all the appearance of looking for the book as he fumbled for the fish. At this stage of the game I'd go over and say, "Let me help you, Snoozer," and I'd pick out "Robinson Crusoe," which I had placed exactly back of the fish cake, and show it to my guests to their astonishment and great amusement. Snoozer still remembers this trick, because I recently tried it, and while a bit slow, went through most of the motions.

We had a large round bowl of goldfish in Boston, and he'd spend hours watching them swim about. At first he would try to catch them through the glass, but, finding that impossible, he started fishing for them with first one paw and then the other. As I kept his claws clipped in those days, he never caught one but became somewhat

used to water, and once unintentionally I played a very mean trick on him. He always came to my bathroom and sat about while I shaved in the morning, and, as he liked to play in those days, I would roll up some tissue paper and throw it into the empty bathtub, when he would bound after it and knock it about back and forth from one end of the tub to the other. One morning my tub was drawn and, without much thought, I threw the paper ball in the tub. Snoozer gave one jump and landed co-plunk in the middle of the water. Fortunately it was only lukewarm. I grabbed him, wrapped him in a bath towel, and he was no worse for wear, but I got an awful dirty look, and it was days before he came near this bathroom. For months when I threw the paper ball in the tub, he'd go up to it and look in before jumping.

When Snoozer smells fish or chicken being cooked, he does his best to please and reserves his choicest words, and rubs against your legs and purrs; but when he sees a bird on a nearby bush, he'll crouch and quiver and thrash his long black tail back and forth, and he's cruel. Other animals kill outright, but he persecutes his victims with delight, and when I try and save them, he sometimes growls at me and registers his anger with his tail.

He does a hundred things he oughtn't to. He'd rather use his tongue for scrubbing than have me bathe him in the tub, but he rather likes to have his face washed and loves to be combed and brushed and lies perfectly still, and sings the loudest on these occasions. And some-

times when asleep I'm sure he dreams of chicken livers because he has the pleasantest smile at times.

"My, what a big cat," is what most people say when they first see him, and I know he is the biggest and blackest cat I personally have ever seen. If he could do just what he wants, he'd stay out hunting every night and sleep on our best spread all of every day, and he's quite angry sometimes when he doesn't get his own way. But he has a great asset in his ability to curl up anywhere at any time and take a nap. Sleep soon blows out the light of his anger.

Snoozer has good table manners, so we often let him sit on a chair to my right. No matter how good the food smells, he never attempts to put a paw on the table, but often lays one on my arm, asking for attention. He has jumped up on the mantel over the fireplace in the big living-room and walked from one end of it to the other, over and between vases and various objects and not upset one thing. He's quick as a flash in catching flies and is perhaps the world's greatest cat jumper.

Just at daylight he's crazy to go out. He will cry so loud you'd think he was in pain; he will jump to a window sill, look through the screen, and then jump to the floor and do the same at another window, every now and then crying out, and if no attention is paid to him and there is a curtain drawn, he will go to it and pull the tassel until the spring is released and the curtain goes up with a bang. This is the last straw; he either accomplishes his purpose and is let out the window, or, if

we're very provoked, he is banished to the cellar. If let out, he's pretty sure to have a field mouse to show to us by the time breakfast is ready, and more than once I've had to pull him out of a woodchuck hole by the tail when he'd chased a field mouse down it. One of the real funny sights is to see him chasing leaves blown by the wind on the roof; how he ever keeps his footing is the greatest of mysteries. And when he descends, the cleverness with which he picks niches to break the jump is remarkable.

Snoozer, as I've told you, is a splendid hunter and has irreproachable morals, and he's a reasonable cat; if you want to put a harness on him, which is only if he goes to town, he keeps quiet and lets us do it, and in almost every other way seems to understand what we wish him to do and does it, but I can tell him how wrong it is to catch and kill birds until I'm blue in the face and just as soon as he gets a chance, he'll catch and eat a lovely bird.

Chapter VI

FACTS ABOUT VERMONT AND BRATTLEBORO IN PARTICULAR

VERMONT, sometimes called the Green Mountain State, capital Montpelier, motto "Freedom and Unity," the red clover its state flower, was admitted to the Union March 4, 1791, becoming the fourteenth state, after a long struggle in effecting her admission. Every advance from 1777 in that direction was met with flat refusal. Vermont's history is unlike any other state; for many years it was a No Man's Land. It was never organized as a Province under the English crown and never recognized as a separate jurisdiction. She, moreover, constantly refused to submit to the Provincial government. Was claimed by New Hampshire and by New York, and parts by Massachusetts and Connecticut. After the Revolution all but New York relinquished their claims, but finally the last difference between Vermont and New York in 1790 was happily adjusted by the payment of $30,000 by Vermont.

When America was discovered, it was found to be peopled by rational and intelligent beings, divided into nations and tribes with their own form of government and laws suitable to their condition. We called them savages because their manners and habits differed from ours. Before we arrived they enjoyed much happiness.

We drove them from where their Great Spirit had placed them; we forced our habits and religion upon them, and as a result they became miserable, revengeful and our enemies.

Signature of Champlain.

It is doubtful if an impartial history of the aborigines of America has ever been written. Practically all accounts of Indian hostilities have given but one side. We have heard much about their barbarism and savage cruelties, but the poor Indian has never had anyone to tell his story. Horrid acts of cruelty were committed by the white man but were allowed to pass unnoticed. The result was King Philip's War and the other Indian Wars.

There appears to be a difference of opinion as to whether Champlain actually set foot on Vermont territory. Some authorities claim he and his party came up on the west side of the lake and returned the same way, but in all events he was the first white man to see the Green Mountains. Positive records exist showing, that in 1690, when the French in Canada carried out a series of raids upon the English in New York and New Hampshire they crossed through Vermont to do so. Basing my statement on the authority of several historians of repute, I'll go on record and claim the first white man visited Vermont July 30, 1609, and as he stepped from his canoe he fired a gun at the Indians, and that it was Lt. Gov. Champlain of New France and that he fought the hitherto unconquerable Iroquois near Ticonderoga on the shores of the lake that bears his name. It wasn't much of a battle, but an important one, only about three hundred participating. The Huron Indians fought with Champlain, and when he and his men stepped from their canoes clad in shining armor and flashed fire and thunder from their flintlock guns, the Iroquois thought resistance useless and fled.

Vermont was little more than a battleground of the English and the French until the close of the long struggle for the control of North America. Under this state of affairs there was naturally little orderly administration of law and the result was that only the daring and determined wished to settle. What government there was, was administered by committees chosen at public meetings.

Vermont, although not a British colony, did not hesitate to make immediate armed resistance to England, and British troops were first compelled to surrender to

TURNERS FALLS IN 1736

American arms at the capture of Ticonderoga and Crown Point by the Green Mountain Boys in May, 1775, even before the Continental Congress assembled. About 1670 white settlers from Massachusetts Bay Colony began to show themselves in the vicinity of the Connecticut Valley. Deerfield was settled in 1671. In 1676 on May 19, the so-called battle of Turners Falls was fought by the Indians to resist the encroachment of the whites. One hundred Indians were slain, the rest took to their canoes in the river, and of these one hundred and forty went over the falls and were drowned. This so weakened the local tribe that they never at-

tempted warlike operations on their own account again and finally in 1687 sold their lands to the proprietors of Northfield, giving a deed which is still preserved. This land included most of the present townships of Brattleboro, Dummerston, and Putney. It consisted of 43,743 acres, all of which for a time was called Dummerston. The Massachusetts Bay Colony, having found that through a mistake in surveying it had made grants of land belonging to the Colony of Connecticut, made equivalent allotments of this land on the west side of the Connecticut to the Connecticut Colony. These "Equivalent Lands," being put on sale in 1716, were purchased by sixteen associated purchasers. William Brattle, for whom Brattleboro was named, and William Dummer, afterward Governor, were among them.

I am particularly interested in the Turners Falls fight, because John Pratt, my forebear, fought with Captain Turner's company, for whom the Falls are named, and his name is included in the "List of Soulgers undr the command of Capt. Willm Turner offro the 7th of April 1673," and a grant of two hundred acres was awarded Thomas Pratt for his father's part in the affair by a grateful king, but not until thirty-five years after John's death as recorded in the "list of ye Soldiers yt were in ye Fall Fight under Capt. Wm Turner, approved of by ye committee of ye Gen. Cout, Dated June 1736." I quoted from Bodge's History of King Philip's War, page 250.

William Turner, of Boston, gathered a company of

volunteers at Medfield February 22, 1673; marched to Marlborough with seventy-five men, reached Northampton March 4th in time to repulse the Indians, who

CAPTAIN TURNER'S COMPANY ARRIVING FROM BOSTON

were attacking the town. After this he remained there and in the neighboring towns preparing against the expected attack of a large body of Indians who had gathered in the vicinity. These fights were important factors in bringing to a close King Philip's War. A price had been placed on the chief's head, and he had departed to a more distant and safer place. These Indians were desperate for food, and a large number of them had gone to Upper Falls (Turners Falls) hoping to supply their wants by fishing until they could attack and secure corn and cattle from the settlers. They never

suspected the English would attack them. Word reached Captain Turner of their whereabouts, and, helped by a heavy thunder storm, he marched his men twenty miles

THE DEERFIELD MASSACRE

to a hill near their camp and silently awaited daylight on its slope. A great feast had been celebrated the night before, at which the Indians had gorged themselves with fresh salmon from the river, beef and new milk from cattle stolen a few days before at Hatfield. Not a guard had been set, and the first warning was a crash of musketry, dealing death at their wigwam doors. Many were killed with no show of resistance; those who escaped fled toward the river and wildly threw them-

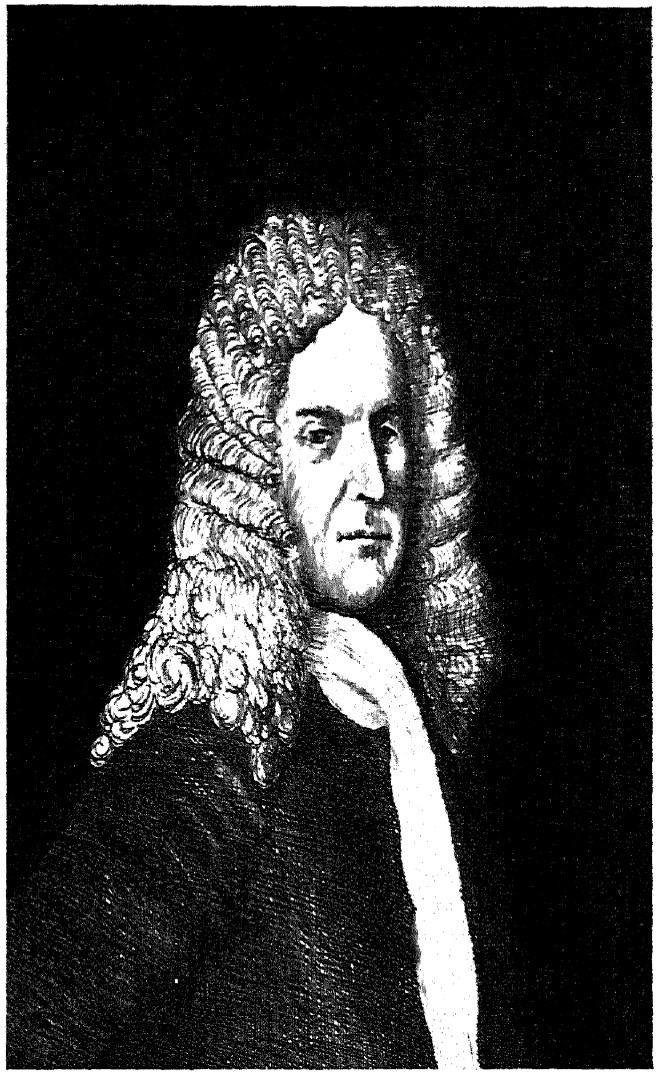
selves into canoes upon the bank, but many of these, being overcrowded, turned over and the occupants were carried over the Falls to certain death.

In the West River a mile down stream from our Ranch, and near where it merges with the Connecticut on what was the Retreat Meadows, now flooded by water backing up from the Vernon dam, is the so-called Indian rock with ten or twelve crude figures of birds, a mammal, and a snake. Very near this rock is the place where the expedition of two hundred French and one hundred and forty Indians in the winter of 1703 (February 28) left their dogs and provision sleds in charge of a small guard, making a quick dash on snow-shoes to sack Deerfield, Massachusetts, then the frontier of the Boston government.

The French Commander of the expedition was Hertel de Rouville. The Indians were of the Mohawk and Abenaki tribes. They left Canada about the first of February and arrived and attacked Deerfield in the early morning February 28th, a distance of three hundred miles. Forty-nine men, women, and children were murdered; one hundred and eleven captured, twenty of whom were killed before Canada was reached; the others were ransomed in 1706. This was Deerfield's third raid by the French and Indians, but it was the raid that made Deerfield famous; but for it, the town would be just another lovely New England village; because of it, it ranks in the early history of Massachusetts with Plymouth, Concord, and Lexington.

The expedition returned over the same route to the place where the provisions and dogs had been left. It being Sunday, the Rev. John Williams, pastor of the Congregational Church of Deerfield, whose wife, collapsing after crossing the Connecticut River, had been killed by the Indians before his eyes, preached a sermon by permission of the French, to the sorrowful captives of the raid. This was the first religious ceremony ever held in Vermont and took place within the boundaries of the now Brattleboro township.

Two decades after the sacking of Deerfield, William Dummer, one of four large owners of local land, became Governor, and the Boston Government and the Governor and Council of the Massachusetts Bay Colony appropriated money and voted to build a fort, a kind of stockade, as a protection to the settlers. The site selected was just south of what is now Brattleboro on land owned by the Governor and named "His Majesties Fort Dummer." This was the first permanent settlement of the English in what is now Vermont. From a description of it in the History of Northfield, the fort was built of yellow pine timber then growing in abundance on what are now meadow lands. It was nearly square, each side measuring about 180 feet, and was built in the fashion of a log house, the timbers being locked together at the angles. A row of houses was built against the wall on the inside, with a single roof and formed a hollow square which served as a parade ground. The cost of the structure was less than three



WILLIAM DUMMER

The man for whom His Majesty's Fort Dummer was named


Fort Dummer
The first white settlement in what is now the state of Vermont.
Built by the Province of Massachusetts Bay in 1724 in
what is now the township of Brattleboro
From a Drawing
made in 1747

FORT DUMMER

hundred pounds or fifteen hundred dollars. In these days of reckless extravagance, of forty-hour weeks and five- and ten-dollar-a-day carpenters, it couldn't be done for fifteen thousand dollars, it would probably be nearer fifty thousand.

The fort stood on the west bank of the Connecticut River just within the southerly limits of the present town of Brattleboro. It was completed in the summer of 1724.

Captain Timothy Dwight was the first commander and held it with a company of forty scouts. He was shortly succeeded by Colonel Joseph Kellogg, who explored with his scouts the surrounding country. About 1746 Captain Eleazer Melvin was transferred from Northfield to the command of Fort Dummer. Melvin was from Concord, Massachusetts, and had been sent by the Governor with orders to defend Northfield. In March, 1747, the fort at Charlestown, N. H., was surprised by Indians and besides the killed and wounded, one man was taken prisoner. The commander of the fort sent a messenger to Melvin, warning him and asking help, which he received.

In May, 1748, Melvin and a scouting party were surprised by Indians and six of their party were killed.

Other officers succeeded Captain Melvin, among them Colonel Josiah Willard, but not until the close of the French and Indian Wars did anything approaching peace and prosperity become known about Fort Dummer.

The site of the fort is now under water, due to the building of a power dam at Vernon; the bronze plaque placed there by the Daughters of the Revolution to mark the spot has been moved to high land and is half a mile away on the road to Vernon at the base of Cemetery Hill.

The early settlers not only had to subdue a wilderness and keep from starving, but they had to defend themselves against a murderous savage foe. When the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth the Indians were friendly but soon became enemies, and a bloody war was commenced and continued until they were practically exterminated. It took New England a century and a half to do it. It is a very important part of the history of our country, often overlooked.

Brattleborough, as it was then spelled, was chartered by Governor Benning Wentworth, of the Province of New Hampshire, in the name of George II "by the Grace of God, of Great Britain, France and Ireland, King, Defender of the Faith," etc., in 1753. The charter contained fifteen hundred words; after outlining the boundaries it provided "the Grantees, his heirs or assigns shall plant five acres of land within ten years for every fifty acres contained in his shares, under penilty of forferture. That all the Pine Trees, fit for masting our Royal Navy, be carefully preserved for that use. That before any division of land be made, a tract of land near the center be reserved for Town lots, one of which shall be allotted to each Grantee, the rent to

be one ear of Indian Corn on the first day of January annually if demanded."

Now Governor Wentworth had no legal right to grant this charter, nor one hundred and eighteen others he granted, and doing so caused no end of trouble and bloodshed. He started granting charters and giving away land that belonged to the New York Colony in 1749 by granting the Town of Bennington to sixty proprietors. To compensate the Governor, the town was named for him; he was then paid twenty pounds sterling, and he received two of the plus six lots, the other four going, one to the first minister to settle the town, one to the Society for Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, one to the Church of England, and the sixth for the benefit of a town school. The cash payment apparently was not enough, so he had reserved for himself, and in subsequent charters issued, five hundred acres. In the case of Brattleboro he reserved for himself eight hundred acres. Governor Wentworth had no right to grant charters for the land, because the charter bestowed by Charles II in 1664 upon his brother, the Duke of York, for the Province of New York gave its eastern boundary as the Connecticut River. The Massachusetts Bay Colony and the Connecticut Colony charters, granted years after by King George II, specified their western boundary as the Pacific Ocean. It was all very confusing— Massachusetts started at the Atlantic Ocean, went to the Connecticut River, jumped four hundred miles across New York and continued on and

on over an unchartered and unexplored wilderness three thousand miles. Before Governor Wentworth was stopped by legal action of New York before the King and English Courts, he had done pretty well for himself cleaning up some twenty-five hundred pounds sterling and over fifty thousand acres.

In 1748 the fighting stopped, dread of the forest vanished, and up from Connecticut on foot and on horseback and in boats came settlers to claim homesteads. Some were old settlers who had fled from the Indians. They cut down the trees and dug up the stones, built roads, produced their own food and clothes, nursed each other in sickness, distilled their own liquor. They were rugged, hard-working, hard-fighting people, devoid of formal education, but they had strong and capable minds and a capacity for self reliance. They drank hard, swore hard, and did other things frowned on today, but they built churches and schools. There were three classes — gentlemen, yeomen, and laborers. When the latter became land owners, they became yeomen, who were freemen, and as they became well-to-do and employed others, were known as gentlemen.

What is now Vermont was a wild, rugged, and unbroken wilderness, and these pioneers who came from Massachusetts and Connecticut were all adventurous persons such as are always to be found on the firing line. Governor Wentworth was a graduate of Harvard, son of a well-to-do merchant, tripled what he inherited and became wealthy, was appointed by the king Governor

GOVERNOR BENNING WENTWORTH

of the Colony of New Hampshire. He had a fine house in Portsmouth, drove about the country behind four horses in a gorgeous coach, dressed in colored velvet, and eventually cultivated an expansive waistline and the gout. He built a grist mill by the Whetstone Bridge in Brattleboro. Why, I have been unable to find out.

About the same time Major Arms opened his Inn (1762) where the Brattleboro Retreat farmhouse now is. The trail started in 1724, later known as the Great River Road, now began to take on the semblance of a highway to the north and south. In 1771 the town, now West Brattleboro, had four hundred and three inhabitants; among them was one black female. There were seventy-four families, and it was the trading center for many miles. The road from West Brattleboro to the several houses in East Brattleboro, now Brattleboro, was built in 1785. The local court was presided over by three judges and was known as the "Inferior Court of Common Pleas and General Session of the Peace."

The present location of Brattleboro was the camping, tramping, and hunting grounds of the Squakeag Indians prior to 1667. Sometimes the Mohicans (exploited by J. Fenimore Cooper) would invade the territory, but the Squakeags fought the Mohicans and other tribes as well as the English with great determination. Such fertile lands for raising corn, and streams of pure, cold water, full of salmon and other fish were well worth fighting for. The name Squakeag itself, means "A spearing place for salmon" and there

are records of their spearing bushels of fish in one day. Great numbers of Indian graneries, excavations in the hillside lined with stones, where they stored the corn they raised, have been discovered in the vicinity, as well as Indian graves, kettles, stone pestles and other utensils used in cooking, besides spear heads and arrow heads, indicating a large Indian settlement. The Indian name of the West River, like the mountain across the Connecticut from Brattleboro, was "Wantastiquet."

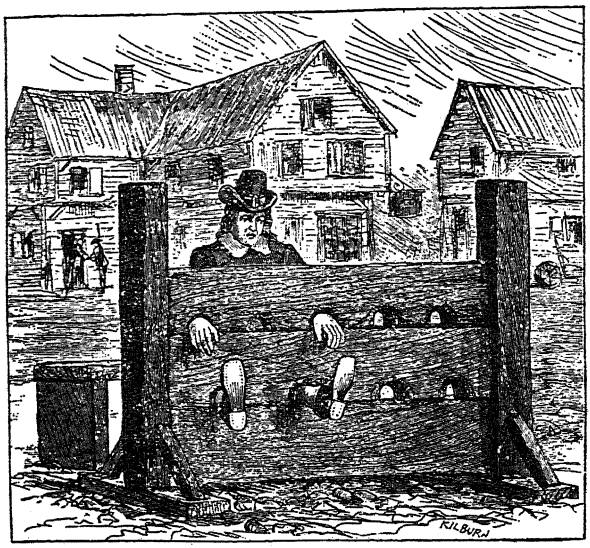
A few rods above where the West River empties into the Connecticut was the house of Captain Amos Thomas. The descendants have the boat in which he ferried General John Stark across the river on his way to the Battle of Bennington. Why Vermont takes such pride in the battle is hard to understand. It was, to be sure, a glorious victory for Americans, but the troops involved on the Continental side were almost entirely from Massachusetts and New Hampshire and under command of a New Hampshire man, General Stark, and the battle was actually fought in New York State and not Vermont. This was the occasion when the General addressed his men and is credited with saying, "There are the Red Coats, they're ours, or Mollie Stark sleeps a widow tonight."

Across the river from Brattleboro and at the base of what was Chesterfield Mountain, N. H. (now Mt. Wantastiquet) is the site of the cabin where Jimmie and Sukie Barnes lived after the famous characters left Brattleboro in 1818. As the story goes, Sukie was

married to a good-for-nothing, named Blake, who gave up his marital rights for a mug of "flip." There is no record of the case having been settled in any court, but the townspeople seemed to have accepted the agreement as binding and final. Perhaps the "flip" finished old Blake. Flip undoubtedly had much to do with bringing on the Revolution. It is worthy of more than passing mention. First it is the earliest chronicled American drink and the primitive antecedent of today's eggnog. An old receipt in my possession requires that there be stirred into a pitcher of strong home-brewed beer enough molasses to sweeten the beer and give it something to fight with. To this conglomeration was added rum in the proportion of one full jarum of rum for each drinker thus giving authority to the whole. After that the mixture was heated by plunging into it a red-hot poker. The more affluent would break a raw goose egg into the dram before serving. It was then known as "a yard of flannel," or if, instead, a hen's egg, or in emergency even a wild pigeon's egg, it would be referred to as "short and simple flannels."

On Christmas and New Year and other celebrations it would be drunk for breakfast and the forenoon spent in songs and folkdancing, so flip can definitely be blamed for much of the strange behavior on the part of some of our forebears. Early laws of Vermont required every town to have a good pair of stocks, with a lock and key sufficient to hold and secure such offenders as should be sentenced to sit therein.

A description of Brattleboro in 1803 refers to it as "a little collection of houses, often styled the village and sometimes the city, built on the southern limit of a



EARLY LAWS OF VERMONT REQUIRED EVERY TOWN TO HAVE A GOOD PAIR OF STOCKS WITH LOCK AND BAR

plain immediately below the mouth of West River and one of the prettiest of the kind and site to be found. The houses are ten in number and with their appendages are remarkably neat." This town, it stated, has a warm rather than a rich soil. In 1753 two hundred acres were cleared but there was no settler until after 1760 and no highway other than the scouts' trail, called The Great River Road, over which many adventurous and enterprising men of New England passed. The only travel

was on horseback and men and women were clad in fabrics of their own manufacture. After the French and Indian Wars were over (1768) there was an increase of settlers but for many years the present site of Brattleboro was a dense forest of primeval pines, the new town springing up where now is West Brattleboro.

When our Lodge was built, long before the present Brattleboro, there were no sewing machines, steam engines, or electric cars; no automobiles, bicycles, or baby carriages; mowing machines or horse rakes; no gas or kerosene or electric light; no photographers, no envelopes, or stamps for letters, no croquet, or tennis or golf; no telephone or telegraph or radio. Why go on? The necessities of life today were luxuries then. Even books were few and unobtainable.

Rev. Dr. Dwight, President of Yale College, writing about Vermont toward the latter part of 1700, said: "The people have difficulties which they surmount, hazards they escape which increase their spirit and firmness; the forests formed of hills and valleys, down which the waters, always pure and sweet, flow with increasing rapidity. Few persons taste the pleasures which fall to their lot; the common troubles of life often deeply felt by persons in easy circumstances, scarcely awaken in them the slightest emotions, cold and heat, snow and rain, labor and fatigue, are regarded as trifles. Coarseness of food is pleasant to them and the hardest bread refreshing."

In these days life was crude and laborious for those

who cleared the land, built houses and barns when beams and planks were felled and turned by hand, as was the case in the building of our Lodge. The people cared for livestock and made a living from the soil; made their own clothes and stored up surplus food for winter; banked the foundation with hay and leaves to keep out cold in winter.

One of the scouts on one of his routine trips from Fort Dummer wrote as follows: "Monday ye 27th April 1730 about twelve o'clock we left Fort Dummer and travelled three miles that day, and lay down that night by West River. I travelled with twelve Canady Mohawks that drank to great excess at ye fort and killed a Skaticook Indian in their drunken condition, that came to smoke with them."

Vermont is pre-eminently a dairy state and yields a million pounds of milk a year, produces forty per cent of all the yield of maple production, and is the greatest producer of marble and granite in the world. There are 900 mountains over 2000 feet high and one (Mt. Mansfield) 4,393 feet.

The Green Mountains traverse the state from north to south, midway between the Connecticut River and Lake Champlain. They form a lofty range from Massachusetts to the center of the state, breaking into two chains, running north and east of north to Canada. There are eighteen peaks above 3500 feet. The mountainsides are largely covered with grass or dark-green spruce forest, from which they derive their name. Many of

these mountains contain vast masses of marble. Besides Mansfield, there are Killington Peak, 4,421, Jay Peak, 4,018, Pico 3,935, Shrewsbury 3,838, Camel's Hump 4,088, Mount Equinox 3,706, and Ascutney 3,165. Among the favorite summer resorts is Manchester near Mount Equinox, Stowe near Mansfield, and Smugglers' Notch and Waterbury. There are hotels on Mount Mansfield and Killington Peak overlooking vast areas of northern New England. Our nearest mountain is Black Mountain, a huge pile of granite rocks, 1150 feet high, making an inexhaustible granite quarry. It's about the only state today where thrift is spoken of with respect. Perhaps this respect is kept alive by force of circumstance; anyway, the difference between five and six cents is one cent, and the Vermonter does not forget it. Common sense is held in high esteem, and everything is not calipered by the elsewhere almighty dollar. Since ski pants became common the state is better known to the outside world, as thousands flock to it for the National Ski Contests.

And now that practically all attractive farms in Connecticut and western Massachusetts have been acquired by New Yorkers, who wish a house in the country, the same blight is taking place in the foothills of Vermont. The state is far from being spoiled, however, and in spite of the "city slickers" will hold its own for many years. Advertising signs on the main arteries of travel, to say nothing of side roads, are pleasantly missing; overnight camps and hot dog stands are few and far between, compared to other states.

An unknown face in the smaller settlements arrests attention just as a familiar one will in the large cities. Vermont's population is Anglo-Saxon and white; negroes and foreigners are of interest and comment whenever they appear.

At our Ranch, as is probably the case in most farms, there is always something needed — a tool, a gadget, a labor-saving machine. There probably always will be, but we should be thankful for what we have and do feel so, especially when we get back in the hills and see the many things the average farmer needs, things that would afford pleasanter living conditions and less work. There are many things that I know would bring joy to this or that farmer and his family, but with every daylight hour spent working to pay for the most meager necessities of life, unless he is exceptionally frugal and an exceptionally hard worker, he is unable to save the money to buy them.

There are still farms where the old oaken bucket is the source of drinking, washing, and cooking water; where kerosene or candle furnish the artificial light, and an outdoor privy is used.

The cost of living in Vermont is low. The average Vermonter has so little cash every year it would scare the city bred to even think of living on it, and but for trade and barter, they could not. The average farmer who lives in the hills, is in a situation so close to the primitive and nature that he does not think much about the amount of cash in his pocket. Living without cash,

by his own efforts, makes his environment and daily life more to his liking. If a man wants more vegetables, he can raise them; he and his wife can dry or preserve what they do not eat in summer. If they want more heat in winter, he can arrange without difficulty to get someone who has a wood lot to let him chop what he needs. In fact, he has plenty of everything except cash.

Labor is help in Vermont, not service. Work yourself and the men working for you and the neighbors will be more friendly and interested in you. It is hard to get help and harder to keep it. One day this man will not appear, another day some other will not show up. Their own work is just as important as yours. There is a distinctly different tempo from that in most states. Isolation and independence, solitude and self-reliance have made it. Vermonters are not so "snoopy" as people from the cities; by nature they're shrewd, observing, and independent, but they don't expect you necessarily to live as they do. They're willing to leave you alone and expect you to do likewise. You're not going to run them, by a long shot, no matter if you have lots more money; they simply won't let you control them, but they will often voluntarily offer to work for you when least you expect it and for less pay than you're willing to give, but won't undertake a job unless it's to their choosing. Even the hired man sees no reason why he shouldn't call you by your first name. Vermonters are the most contradictive lot I've ever heard of—narrow but generous; frugal, dyspeptic, crabbed, yet good-natured and as hospitable

in proportion to their means as people of any other state.

A politician, to put over a point with his audience, said, pointing to a man in the front row, "Now, for instance, I could tell that you were a Vermonter."

"But I'm not," retorted the man, "I've been sick, that's all."

There is no state just like Vermont and no nicer people anywhere. Sometimes misunderstandings occur because the outsider doesn't understand them, and they don't understand the outsider. Some writers have panned everything connected with the state except gold, and I suppose there is so little of that, it's not worth trying. In spite of the really hard work it is to make a living in Vermont, I honestly believe if most of the people had their life to live over they would choose to sow the same seed and tread the same path.

Every one of Vermont's two hundred and fifty-eight cities and towns has its own hill and dale; most towns were originally located on hills because in the early days the inhabitants were safer from the Indians, the forest to clear was not so heavy, and the soil not so damp. The population of these hill towns has constantly decreased. Many towns, like Newfane, for instance, left what could not be moved, and built a new town on a site that was possible to reach in winter. Nearly every mountain, river, and streamlet throughout the state has a wealth of historical lore. It is stated that there is not a full-blooded Indian left in Vermont, but there are a lot of families who have Indian blood in their veins, and they are mighty proud of it.

Vermont is the only New England state without seacoast but it has Lake Champlain for one hundred and eighteen miles on its west border. The lake's extreme width is fourteen miles and it is 399 feet deep in places and 93 feet above sea level. By the aid of canals and rivers, one may navigate by water to Montreal or Albany and New York City. The lake abounds with steam and motor boats and the imports and exports at Burlington amount to many thousands of dollars in a year. The second steamboat ever built was launched at Burlington into Lake Champlain.

The waters abound in salmon trout, shad, pike, pickerel, bass and whitefish and attract hundreds of sportsmen during the season. Ferries ply between Burlington and Port Kent, Grand Island and Plattsburg, Charlotte and Essex, while a comparatively new bridge spans the narrowed lake from Chimney Point to Crown Point just north of Fort Ticonderoga.

Vermont is the forty-second state in point of area, but if it could only be ironed out, my guess is it would be one of the largest; and in population it is forty-fifth in spite of being the fourteenth state to join the Union. So it's had plenty of time to increase.

There are nine paper mills in the state producing three hundred and thirty tons of paper a day, such as newspaper, tissue, and manila wrapping, mostly made of groundwood. Sulphate is used in the kraft papers, old news in the bogus, while sulphite is the stock for tablet, hanging paper, and the cheaper grades of bond.

Like most of Vermont our Ranch got an awful squeezing by nature in its geologic youth. It became very wrinkled and offers many adventures. Specimens of most of the common rock, quartz and mica, may be found. The geologists tell us the Green Mountains were twice their present height before the glacier period and atmospheric erosion carried the earth off over centuries and dumped it into the Atlantic, making Long Island. Elephant tusks and bones were unearthed near Brattleboro long before Mr. Barnum and his circus ever visited the state, and there are indications, such as fossils of tropical fruits and vegetation, which show Vermont to have once been subtropical. The great glaciers plowed down across Vermont and made the scenery. They carried off less dirt and left less rock exposed than in New Hampshire. That's why they are Green Mountains. Scratches and boulders on the top of Mount Mansfield 4430 feet above the sea show the glaciers moved over the mountains without serious impediment and continued southward. Therefore the mountains and all of Vermont must have been buried under many thousand feet of ice and snow by the great glacier. This moving glacier appears to have had its head in the height of land between the St. Lawrence Valley and Hudson Bay, from scratches that diverge from this region over New Hampshire, Vermont and eastern New York. Boulders of trap and red sandstone from the Connecticut Valley are found on Long Island and masses of granite, gneiss, quartzite and other rock of Vermont.

Deposits of earth and stones went on all through the glacial era, the perpetual grinding of stones against stone made a fine clayey earth, and it was deposited on

THE MOUNTAINS WERE TWICE THEIR PRESENT HEIGHT AT THE START OF THE GLACIAL PERIOD

hills and in valleys, and this thick deposit contained many large boulders.

After the melting of the great glacier was completed the rivers were more quiet in their action, but in flood times and after heavy rains the great mass of sand, gravel and clay was washed into the valleys and they

were rapidly filled. Then the streams started cutting down their beds and at times of floods wore away deposits on either side of the channel, making flood grounds. The further sinking of the river beds left this old flood ground as a terrace above the level of the stream. In many cases a series of terraces was made as is illustrated in many places along the Connecticut River on the Vermont and New Hampshire shores. Water from the clouds no sooner drops to the ground than it begins to work tearing off and carrying away grains of earth and in this way the road from our gate to the Lodge is gullied by every heavy rain, which then seeks a lower level and, joining other rivulets, gathers into a plunging torrent which in turn combines with others to form a larger stream and these over a wide region unite making a great river, and earth and often rocks are torn up and carried off in large quantities. The more rapid the flow of the water, the coarser the material that is carried away, but when a stream slackens, the coarser material falls to the bottom and only the fine sand and gravel is carried on.

Mayfair Ranch would make a splendid outdoor classroom for the study of geology, with its hills and ravines, and a river with its bed of large and small rocks worn smooth by centuries of water wear, example of erosion by wind and water and a large variety of minerals and rock specimens offering a splendid opportunity to study this stratum of the earth. Two-thirds of our Ranch is densely wooded and may conceal things of interest we

TWO-THIRDS OF THE RANCH DENSELY WOODED

do not even dream of. We think we have a subterranean riverbed beneath one of our meadows, as great quantities of melted snow rush down and onto it in a raging brook in spring and the water disappears into the ground over an area of half an acre as fast as it flows onto it. Some such explanation must be the answer; the volume of water flowing into this bowl over a period of two months, would form a sizable lake.

There is copper near at hand; signs of mica on our place, slate, talc, and soapstone; great granite quarries are operated not far away, and the marble in the Arlington Memorial was taken out at Proctor, just north. From the days when the Indian quarried arrow and spear heads out of flint, to our time when great granite building blocks are quarried, Vermont has chipped away at her upper crust, but Nature has healed the scars, and there is little blemish on the landscape. Vermont is as little spoiled by man as any section of the country.

The climate? Vermont will furnish a sample of almost all known weather and sometimes does it within a few hours. There is an average of forty-five per cent of possible sunshine, not exactly what you'd call sun-kissed, but good; three to four inches of rain or snow a month, according to which season it is. Sun-kissed places cannot boast of that. When snow comes, be it before Franklin D. Roosevelt's Thanksgiving, or the French Canadian Christmas, it usually remains for the winter, and that means well into April. There are no

drouths in the accepted sense of the word, but sometimes there are floods, notably that of 1770 and that of 1862 which caused great destruction. The 1938 hurricane and flood resulted in thirty-four bridges going out on the West River alone, and it chewed out large chunks of its banks as well, including those of Mayfair Ranch. Many fine trees were undermined and fell into the river, and hundreds of trees on our place were blown down.

There are four distinct seasons of the year in New England, and even to those who love winter, the first thaw with its slush and dripping icicles is welcome. The rivulets of water rushing down the hillside, the pussy-willows, the sap running from the maples, anemones, arbutus, and violets in April; early planting starts, meadows are dressed, transplanting may still be done, fruit trees sprayed, caterpillars burned, then the buds appear, followed by leaves and green grass. Back come the birds, who have been south, and out pop the apple blossoms and lilacs. The land is fitted for the crops; stirring up the soil on bright days warms it up wonderfully, and towards the end of May seeds of all kinds of vegetables are sown and the April planting reaped, such as radishes, lettuce, asparagus, etc.

In June the principal work on the land is cultivating the growing crops and killing weeds. By the last of the month peas and beets are ready; laurel and peonies are in full bloom, and the fragrance of the first crop of new-mown hay being cut and housed in the barn is pleas-

ing to the nostrils. There are yellow fields of dandelions and buttercups, making sunlight even on dull days. Red clover appears and later daisies; lovely ferns of many varieties now venture forth. We are told there are eighty-one of this highest class of flowerless plant. Then there is the welcome shade from great elms, locust and maple trees. The hot days and cold nights of July follow, with lovely sunsets and sometimes terrifying thunder showers. If the mowing land is exhausted, it must now be turned over and seeded, five to eight hundred pounds of seed to the acre. This is the month when millions of flies, bugs, millers, mosquitoes, wasps, and insects of many kinds seem to hold conventions just outside all our exits, but with a breeze, which usually prevails, a substantial amount of something they call "flit," and proper screens, you'll survive.

Careful botanical studies show that Vermont has 1482 species of flower-producing plants and a goodly number of them grow on our acreage.

Then come signs of fall, a chill in the air, overcast days, breezes that send titters through the dying flowers in their beds, with dead leaves turning somersaults over our lawn and blizzards of "tickle grass" drifting into the barn and sheds and filling the ravines; gray squirrels stealing hickory nuts and storing them for the winter. The mercury does not go so low in the hills of moderate height, such as our location, as it does in the valleys, and the constant breeze we get is more comfortable than still air. Then there are the crops

being taken in; the farm children go out and turn the pumpkin's colder cheek to the sun; Indian corn is gathered, and the husks are stacked; fields of goldenrod, red sumac here and there, and the autumnal colors of the hills, to which no painter could do justice.

The open season for game starts, and the hunters with their cowardly red caps appear, and all day long we hear the crack of rifles in nearby woods; automobiles come into town each night with one or more poor, dear deer strapped to the fenders or bumpers, or sometimes it's not so bad, and it's a bear or bobcat. In any event the occupants of the cars strut about as if they had accomplished some mighty deed.

A leaf here and there twirls down by itself, sumac turns scarlet, the vines stripped of their leaves clinging to the mouldering wall, and the cold wind now seems never to get weary. The birds begin to migrate, then the first frost and snow, and the cycle is completed. Always something to look forward to, to laugh about or grumble over, something different, interesting, and instructive. How monotonous to live in perpetual sunshine without distinct seasons, where the slogan for almost every product is "Sun Kissed."

I am an early riser. Sometimes the morning is still dark with the night's hangover, and I have been up and out before the moon disappeared. There is always something interesting to do or watch or study if God has given you the brain of a chipmunk, but some city folks, when they get to the country and out of their routine

environment, have no more initiative than the echo on our Ranch. An hour or so of work, a walk or inspection of the buildings, and then the breakfast call — how good it tastes after working in the open! Bacon, crisp as a nurse coming on duty; coffee, black as your house during an air raid alert; flapjacks and maple syrup, or other things just as delicious will make your face light up like a Cheshire cat, unless you are a hopeless dyspeptic grouch.

Speaking of blackouts, they have no terror for people in the country who can find their way home on moonless nights with a few fireflies in a bottle.

Calvin Coolidge lived in Massachusetts from the day he entered Amherst College, except the years he was President of the United States, but he used Vermont colloquial expressions until his death and was more typical of Vermont than of the state that chose him for its Governor. Like all New England Yankees, Vermonters feel they're just like other Americans, and the quaint old stuff they're credited with is all bunk. But for months I heard my carpenters and my other workmen talk as they sat about during their dinner hour, and these men certainly had a distinct style.

"You shoulda seen the Sparrow boy's accident last night," says one. "You know he's Mary Roberts' son, you remember she married Joel Sparrow's youngest boy," and having explained just who the Sparrow boy was, the account of the accident could be related. The average stranger thinks of the Vermonter as silent,

thrifty, and cold. That certainly was not true of the men who worked on the restoration of my Lodge; no woman's sewing circle ever told more stories or repeated more gossip than these Vermonters did, and my reaction on Calvin Coolidge is far different from the public's idea of him. If you had anything of interest to tell him, he'd listen, and he'd ask plenty of questions to get the information from you. The Vermonter hasn't had many people to talk to, so he thinks a lot and says what he thinks in few words.

My carpenters had a lot of humor — with no apparent attempt to do so, their utterances came as climaxes, and so it was with Calvin Coolidge. To him, while we were at Poland Springs, Maine, I said, "Mr. President, it's nice to have all this spring water without buying it."

"Well, it's like giving a girl in a candy factory a box of candy."

At a charity fete at the Liggett estate, just after Maj. Gen. Clarence R. Edwards had been publicly reprimanded by the War Department for talking too much, the effervescent General came up to Coolidge, slapped the then Governor of Massachusetts on the shoulder and practically shouted, "Well, old chatterbox, how are you today?" Without hesitation and with a good old Vermont twang, Coolidge replied, and it came like the snap of a whip: "What I haven't said hasn't got me into trouble."

I once actually got Coolidge to laugh. Mrs. Coolidge seated some distance away in unfeigned surprise said,

"Why Colonel, what did you do to make Calvin laugh?" He didn't laugh often, but when he did you might think he had swallowed a feather duster.

I have heard a story to the effect that Coolidge once gave a politician, who called at the double house in Northampton, a drink. Later two other politicians arrived. Coolidge asked if they cared for a drink; when only two drinks arrived, one politician said, "Where's Bill's drink?" "Bill's had his drink," Coolidge replied.

After being looked out for all day by a Military Aide, and sometimes until late at night, Coolidge to outward appearances had never seen him before when he reported for duty next day, but don't fool yourself, it was just a cold-blooded act.

Ted Clark, his personal secretary, said to me one day, "If I wipe a pen and put it back in a reverse position, Coolidge will ask, 'Who's been at my desk?' "

Once when I was riding with him the chauffeur stopped quickly to avoid colliding with the car he followed. Coolidge reached forward, lowered the window and said, "You get back and you stay back" — and how he said it! The crimson flush on the chauffeur's neck told how cutting it was. He acted as a man would, who had hay fever, and he was a great sufferer from it at times.

Once at a Governor's Convention when Vice President an aide gave a reporter who arrived late the program of the day's sessions and told him such and such reports would be presented. There was nothing confi-

dential in what he told, it had been announced in at least one Boston paper. Coolidge overheard, beckoned the aide to him, and said, "I think, if I were you, I'd let your Governor make the announcements." I've heard it said, but really can't believe it, that once he gave a blood transfusion in an emergency case and the patient froze to death. But Mrs. Coolidge, who was also Vermont born, was so lovely and sweet, she more than made up for the cold, austere personality of her husband.

Where, but Vermont, would it be possible for a President of the United States to be sworn into office by lamplight by his own father, who in turn was married by Calvin G. Coolidge, a Plymouth Justice of the Peace and the President's grandfather? Calvin Coolidge, to me, was the typical Vermonter. Not often found in the large communities, but of those who live and die in the hills, where hard work crumples the face early in life and makes the men appear ancient, withered, and more like ancestral portraits than live flesh and blood. The universal costume among them appears to be, week days at least, faded blue dungarees, with old felt hats and greased boots, and after the day's work their only recreation seems to consist of sitting on the stoop looking out at the mountains. Someone said, all the old men are bent and the young men broke.

Recent books have recorded quaint sayings and expressions of Vermonters. Many are common to the New England states. All of them I heard before I saw them in print. Here they go:

Si, headed for Brattleboro with team of logs. Pulls out a bit at the gristmill to let Amos Newcomer pass. "Hi, Si, what you do fur that mule what had distemper?" "Gave it turpentine, gidap!" Week later, Amos on way to town, Si returning with freight to Newfane. "Hi, Amos." "Hi, Si, yer know that mule o' mine? Gave it turpentine and he up and died!" "So'd mine, gidap!"

City Slicker: "This is pretty good corn but no better than the frozen corn we get in Boston." Great amusement among the natives. Turning to the most boisterous, "You ever eaten frozen corn?" "No I ain't, and I don't calculate to neither."

Visitor: Does this road go to Putney?
Dunno.
Where does it go?
Dunno.
You don't know much, do you?
Nope, but I ain't lost.

Don't know enough to pound sand in a rat-hole.
Don't know enough to pour water out of his boots.
Homely as hell is wicked.
Busy as a man doing W.P.A. work.

Lived here all your life?
Not yet, Mister.

Stranger: How long will it take to get to town?

Native (looking quizzically over the rims of his spectacles) : How fast ye calculate to walk?

How are the crops?
Not so large as a good year, but not as bad as a bad year.

He coasted down the hill belly bumps.
Slow as a hog on ice with his tail frozen in.
Her head looks as if it had worn out two bodies.
He looks fixed for a spell of sickness.

Motorist, to man on the town who is cleaning up the road: Listen farmer, where can you get a drink of beer in this town?
Can't get none.
One-horse town I'd say.
Wouldn't think so if you had my job.

Her face looked as if it had been retreaded.

Hay you, how do I get to Brookline?
If I was going to Brookline, I wouldn't start from here.

I'd like to buy some of that breakfast food I see advertised.
Don't carry it no more — it sells too fast.

The city folks used to eat in the house and go to the bathroom outdoors, now they do the opposite.

How'd you find the kow?
Thought if I was a kow where I'd go, I went, and she had.

The wheel that squeaks the loudest gets the grease.
Don't need it no more than a pig needs a wallet.
Straight as the flow of pump water.
Poor back that can't press its own pants.
She jumped like a cat out of the woodbox.
She was the village belle but never tolled.

What do you do when snowed in?
Sit and think, mostly sit.

How much did yer git for the hay?
Not so much as I figured I ought, but I never thought I would.

Stuck out like a blackberry in a jar of milk.

No larger than twice around a toothpick and half-way back.

A road only two people live on, which is ploughed out by the town in winter, but may be closed up by mutual consent of both, is for some reason called a Pent road. A triangular piece of land is termed a heater lot, because it resembles a flatiron. "More's the pity," "Maybe so," "Land sake alive," and "just like" are common expressions. They refer to farming it, half a

crop, working up the wood pile, hailing the doctor, banking up the house, a team (two horses), hopping mad, haying oats, greasing boots. They say, "we skinned the cat another way," "thought I saw 'em 'tother day.'" They call assessors "Listers," and traveling salesmen "Runners." "Medder" for meadow, and a hundred more such expressions. These sayings and expressions are provincialism of pioneer days.

They are all kindly folks and they can't get round too well in winter. You hear the womenfolks tell about hook rugs and piccalilli and jam and the Lord knows what not. Outside of farming there is water-witchin, muskrat trapping, cow doctoring and cheese making as occupations, and then there is the rural mailman, making fifteen to thirty miles a day, who claims, "the scenery ain't the same no two days running. There may be crepe on the door but there's a new face looking out the winder." He gets stuck in the snow in winter and the mud in spring, and his engine gets het up climbing the hills in the summer time, but the friendly farmer gets out the ox team and pulls him out. He should use a pung and not a fliver in winter. The mailman knows all the folks and, what's more, all the dogs and even calls them all by name. Besides delivering the mail he does all kinds of errands for the folks. Sometimes he must travel in pretty tough weather. It snows, hails, there are sleet storms and driving rain, and the thermometer gets to 35 below more than like about the time the days begin to lengthen, and it's a pretty poor sort

that hasn't a cup of tea for him on a cold day. Most everywhere he's welcome to come in and warm himself up. In fact, for weeks at a time he's the only contact with the village. The farmer back in the hills knows how the war is going as well as the city fellow, he gets that over the radio, but he doesn't know that Caleb Perkins' barn, over in Bundville, burned last Tuesday, or that there's a new baby at the Severances, and if the radio has awakened patriotism, the postman has war saving stamps right with him or will fetch you a bond. In fact, he probably tries to get you to buy one. Yes, the R.F.D. is an institution and it would be hard to get along back in yonder hills without it today.

"Howdy," says the mailman. "Here's the Sears Roebuck Catalogue you been looking fur" or "here's the *Reformer,*" and "I see Merton Streeter is going to have an auction over ter his place." "Well, good-by now, guess I'm a bit late." Chug-chug-chug, and off he goes to his armchair deliveries.

A motorist remarked, by way of being friendly, to a farmer near Plymouth (population fifty people), "Just think, 1260 people visited the Coolidge house today." "Wouldn't you think they'd know better?" was the farmer's reply. They may not always look it, but their idea of good taste is far above the average person's. They are not demonstrative or hero worshipers; you'll find their statements underestimated.

They are conservative and thrifty; some merchants won't sell the last article of a line because then they'd be out of it.

Quaint epitaphs are numerous in the thirteen original states, but Vermont has many, too. I have selected a few that typify many. In some instances names have been changed as verbatim copies might prove invidious to descendants. Hundreds of similar amusing and sometimes startling declarations are chiseled on moss-covered and aged stones about the state.

In memory of Elizabeth Taylor.
Could modesty and all that's pleasing
to the eye
Against grim death been a defence,
Elizabeth would not have gone hence.

My wife lies here,
All my tears cannot bring her back
Therefore, I weep.

Mrs. Jemima Tute
successively relict of Messers
Wm Phipps, Caleb Howe and
Amos Tute
The two first were killed by the Indians
Phipps, July 5 A.D., 1743
Howe, June 27, 1755

The funny part of this stone is that it is erected to Jemima Tute but fails to mention when she died, nor

does it mention Tute; he has a separate stone nearby, as does little Johnnie Tute, which reads:

Here lies cut down like unripe fruit
A son of Mrs. Amos Tute
To death he fell a helpless Prey
On April V and twentieth day
In seventeen Hundred and Seventy Seven
Quitting the world we hope for Heaven
Behold the amazing alteration
Effected by inoculation
The means employed his life to save
Hurried him headlong to the grave.

Look down on me: I slumber here:
The graves become my bed;
And think on death that's always near
For life may quickly fade.

Charity, wife of Gideon Blight
Underneath this stone doth lie,
Naught was she e'er known to do
That her husband told her to.

He first departed, she a little, tried to live without him,
Liked it not and then died.

Died when young and full of promise
Of whooping cough our Thomas.

She lived with her husband fifty years
Died in confident hope of a better life.

Death loves a shining mark
In this case he had it.

A rum cough carried him off.

Oh, Little Lavina she has gone
To Charles and James and Lizzie Ann,
Arm in arm they walk above
Singing of Redeemer's love.

Sacred to the memory of three twins.

Grim death took little Jerry
Son of Joseph and Thankful Newell
Seven days he wrestled with dysentery
And then he perished in his little bowels.

Reader, behold, and shed a tear:
Think of the dust that slumbers here;
And when you read the fate of me,
Think of the glass that runs for thee.

Death is a debt to nature due
Which I have paid and so must you.

It is presumed that Col. Josiah Willard, Commander of Fort Dummer, sixteen years after it was built, is buried with his wife, whose stone is marked as follows:

Here lies the remains of
Madam Hannah Willard
Relict of Colonel Josiah Willard of Fort Dummer
She was an affectionate, faithful wife, a tender mother, a cordial friend and a sincere Christian, and quitted mortality May 13, 1792 in the 78th year of her age leaving behind her numerous progeny and a notable example.

Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord.

Beneath this stone our baby lays
He neither crys nor hollers
He lived just one and twenty days
And cost us forty dollars.

Stay, reader, drop upon this stone
One pitying tear and then be gorn,
A handsome pile of flesh and blood
Is here sunk down in its first mud.

Stranger, pause as you pass by,
My thirteen children with me lie,
See their faces how they shine
Like blossoms on a fruitful vine.

Erected by a widower in memory of his two wives.

Stop dear parent, cast your eye
And here you see your children lie,
Though we are gone one day before
You may be cold in a minute more.

I was somebody. Who? No business of yours.

My wife from me departed
And robbed me like a knave,
Which caused me brokenhearted
To sink into this grave.

The stone above the grave of Timothy Whipple, who died November 24, 1796, aged 72, bears an inscription probably referring to the affliction from which he died:

Delirius state was worse than fate
And vacancy of mind,
But real grace filled up the place
And left a hope behind.

Another interesting epitaph on a stone mostly covered by moss in the old Brattleboro cemetery is in memory of Beulah, wife of Captain Oliver Cook, and I feel no greater compliment could be paid Mrs. Cook. It reads:

Calm were her passions
Constant was her mind,
To her neighbors friendly,
To her consort, kind.

George Ade is reported to have said, "Vermont's two principal products are gravestones and ancestors." And speaking of graveyards, a former Governor of Massachusetts to whom the writer was detailed as a military aide at one time, used to get a great kick out of asking

those accompanying him on trips about the state as to how many dead they thought there were in this or that cemetery and after much calculation they would say, "Oh, perhaps fifty" or it might be "ten thousand," and then the Governor would say with a big chuckle, "They're all dead."

Chapter VII

VERMONT AND SOME OF ITS PEOPLE

VERMONT has had its share of nationally known men and women. Among the oustanding are the Allen brothers, especially Ethan, who was a natural leader of men, resolute and resourceful. He was able, keen, a great reader and deep thinker. He could use the pen as well as the sword and won many a victory in that way. He lies buried in Green Mount Cemetery at Burlington, the place of his death. The State of Vermont thought enough of his memory to pass an act of legislature in 1855 appropriating sufficient money to erect a monument over his grave, the pedestal of which is eight feet square and consists of two steps in height. Above the pedestal rises a Tuscan shaft of granite four and one-half feet in diameter and forty feet in height. Upon the capitol grounds stands a heroic statue of General Allen. There are several other statues of Allen in Vermont.

Parkman, Bancroft, and other historians may have portrayed big men of the Colonial period with too vivid a halo, but I dislike the way some present-day writers glory in tearing down and dissecting my childhood heroes. In recent books Ethan Allen is portrayed as a brawling, tippling, hard-swearing, pot-tossing, sword-

rattling braggart, yet he was breveted Brigadier-General by a special act of Congress. Lincoln is credited with saying, when told Grant was a hard drinker, that

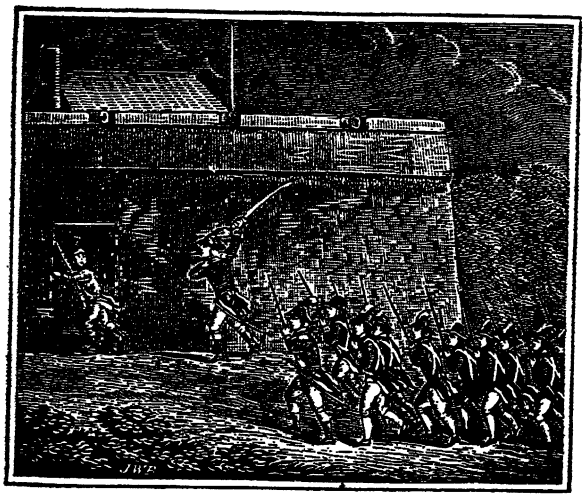
Ethan Allen

WITHOUT ETHAN ALLEN NEW YORK MIGHT HAVE RETAINED ITS SOVEREIGNTY OVER THE TERRITORY THAT IS NOW VERMONT

he wished he knew the brand of liquor so he could give it to his other generals. And Calvin Coolidge, when asked by a reporter what he thought of Rupert Hughes' criticism of George Washington, replied, looking out of the White House window to the Washington monument, "Well, the monument will be there after Mr. Hughes is forgotten."

The memory of few men last longer than their statues, but the legislature of Vermont on October 29,

1941, dedicated a replica of Larkin Mead's statue to Ethan Allen because time and weather had destroyed the original. The tablet reads: "In grateful recognition



ETHAN ALLEN DEMANDING THE SURRENDER OF TICONDEROGA

of the courage, leadership and heroism displayed by Ethan Allen."

Ethan Allen must be viewed with his background. He undoubtedly was rough, did drink and swear. What of it? He could not have been a leader and survived the obstacles he encountered with people who did, if he had not. He was a strong man, a capable and successful soldier, a leader of men in thought and action, a thinker, writer, skillful arbitrator, and a hater of oppression. It is doubtful if any other man then living in the district could have established unity among these

pioneers. He never asked anyone to take a risk he would not risk himself; despite his roughness and force he never took a life or harmed a human being. The fact that he was spectacular was a great asset. If he had not with eighty men captured Ticonderoga, the British might not have evacuated Boston. Maj.-Gen. Henry Knox transported to Boston, with oxen-drawn sleds, over almost impossible terrain, the fifty cannon captured by Ethan Allen. These were placed on Dorchester Heights, and the whole course of the Revolution was changed.

The settlers purchased land in good faith from the Benning Wentworth grants, and the Colony of New York, instead of just absorbing them, tried to evict them, and Ethan Allen became the champion of their cause. To me he is the greatest man who ever lived in Vermont; without him I doubt if there would be a Vermont. The early settlers did not go out to meet emergencies with well-thought-out plans; when a situation became so serious that something had to be done about it, they took their rifles, kissed their wife and children, and headed for the nearest meeting place. No one told them what to do; they picked their own leaders, and when the leader ceased to meet their approval, they chose someone else.

New York set a price on Ethan Allen's head, and his reply was, "By virtue of a late law of the Province they are not allowed to hang any man before they ketched him." He formed the Green Mountain Boys, and they

made him Colonel Commandant. The chief purpose of this group of some two hundred was not to fight, but to be ready to fight if necessary. This threat won many an arbitration. It was a very smart idea for a "drunken braggart" to figure out. He wrote four books, but he is referred to in a recently published book as an ignoramus.

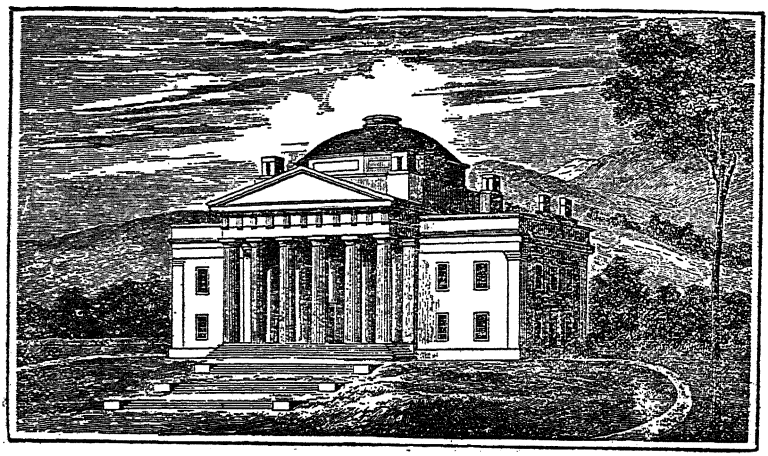
Books have been written about this man, and more will be, but in the final analysis, to quote from one of his severest critics, "he was a skilled woodsman and a mighty hunter, who had stamina and resourcefulness that was phenomenal"; to which I would add, that he was an educated man for his time and place, a shrewd arbitrator, and protector of the weak. He was a rough and ready frontier hero with boundless self-confidence and shrewdness of thought and action, equal to any emergency. He was born at Litchfield, Connecticut, January 10, 1739, moved to his New Hampshire grants in 1769, was captured by the British near Montreal September 25, 1775, and remained a prisoner of war at Falmouth, England, at Halifax, N. S., and New York until May 6, 1778. His book, "Narrative of Colonel Ethan Allen's Captivity 1779" is the most celebrated book of "prison literature" of the American Revolution. In 1787 he moved to Burlington, where he died February 11, 1789.

Perhaps the three next important native names, because they were responsible for Mormonism and Salt Lake City, are Joseph Smith, founder of Mormonism, born in Vermont 1805; Brigham Young of the forty

wives, and Oliver Cowdrey, who wrote the books of Mormon, dictated by Joseph Smith. Admiral George Dewey, a great hero for some months after the battle of Manila and until a fickle public took offense at his deeding the house given him by public subscription to his wife; Chester A. Arthur, Stephen A. Douglas, Sir Wilfred T. Grenfell, and Calvin Coolidge came from the state; Winston Churchill, the author, and Robert Frost, the poet, are Vermonters, as well as Frederic F. Van de Water, author of over twenty books, including several on Vermont; and then there are Maxfield Parrish, the artist, Charles L. Pollard, botanist, Henry Farnham Perkins, zoölogist, Alexander Woollcott, dramatic critic, Bert Hodge Hill, archaeologist, Sinclair Lewis, Irving Fineman, Walter Hard, John Spargo, Dorothy Canfield Fisher, Arthur Guiterman, Frederick Irving Anderson, Wallace Earle Stegner, all authors; Paul Starrett Sample, George Loftus Noyes, Howard Everett Giles, William J. Potter, artist; Delia A. Howe, explorer and writer; George R. Putnam, engineer, Percy Mackaye, dramatist, Otis W. Barrett, agriculturist. All these live at least part of the time in Vermont, and to those interested for further information I must refer to "Who's Who in America." New and important persons are yearly taking residence in Vermont and the list of names just given is by no means complete.

The Proctor family is one of the great families of the state. Redfield Proctor was for years United States

Senator and also was Governor of the state, as well as one of our greatest Secretaries of War. He organized the Vermont Marble Co., the greatest industry of the



VERMONT STATE HOUSE, MONTPELIER, AT THE TIME OF LAFAYETTE'S VISIT

state, and the largest marble company in the world. His sons, Fletcher D. and Redfield, Jr., were both governors of the state.

And then there was William Morris Hunt, one of America's truly great painters, who was born in Brattleboro and lies buried in one of its cemeteries, as is his brother, Richard Morris Hunt, a famous architect.

Another important family whose members have in several periods occupied the Governor's chair, are J. Gregory Smith, of St. Albans, his father and son.

Nearly everyone of importance at some time has

visited Vermont, starting with the Marquis Lafayette, in June, 1825, and coming down to the visit of Wendell Willkie in 1939. The Marquis Marie Jean Paul Roche Yoes Gilbert Mortier Lafayette visit was the result of an invitation extended to him by President Monroe and Congress. $200,000 was appropriated to meet the expenses. General Lafayette, as he asked to be called, explaining that he held a general's commission in the Army of the United States, arrived at Castle Island, New York in August, 1824, with his son George Washington Lafayette, his secretary M. Le Vasseur, and one servant. He immediately left for Washington, D. C., where he paid his respects to the President and Congress. He immediately received invitations to visit every state in the Union. His stay lasted thirteen months. He traveled over six thousand miles of the worst roads imaginable, in all kinds of vehicles from a chaise to a steamboat. One of the latter sank and he lost a trunk and many personal papers and his hat. Many of the vehicles broke down, horses ran away, and on one occasion robbers attempted to hold him up, but smiling and unperturbed he went his way attending banquets and balls, reviewing troops and greeting ladies, old Revolutionary troops, and Masonic bodies.

In December, 1824, the Vermont legislature, at the request of the Governor, voted to extend an invitation to Lafayette to visit the state and to furnish all necessary military escort and to meet all expenses involved.

Lafayette had arranged to be present at the laying of

the cornerstone of Bunker Hill Monument and take part in the Masonic ritual on June 17, 1825, a date which will ever be remembered in Massachusetts. Daniel Webster was the orator of the occasion. As a boy I was required to learn by heart, among other things, as a punishment for some silly prank, the great man's oration on this occasion, and parts of it, after forty years, I recall. It starts, and I quote from memory, "Fellow Citizens: A solicitude for your welfare which cannot end but with my death and the apprehension of dangers natural to that solicitude urge me on an occasion like the present to offer to your solemn contemplation and recommend to your frequent review, sentiments which are the result of much reflection and no inconsiderable observation and which appear to me all important to your permanency as a people. Interwoven as is the love of liberty with every ligament of my heart, no recommendation from me is necessary to fortify or confirm this conviction," etc. The occasion is frequently brought to my mind as at our Lodge hanging from an ancient beam is the flintlock gun my grandfather carried on that occasion as a member of the Columbian Guards. My father has told me how his father stood at attention within arm's reach of General Lafayette during these exercises.

After this event the General made a hurried trip to Maine, then passed through New Hampshire, spending Sunday in Concord. The night of June 27th he spent at Chase Tavern in Claremont and at 7:30 the next

morning crossed the Connecticut from Cornish to Windsor and was received by a fifteen-gun salute and a brass band. He lunched at Barker's Tavern, Woodstock, and arrived at Royalton about two o'clock after enduring escorts, triumphal arches, and receptions. Here he remained for dinner and then proceeded on to Montpelier accompanied by his suite, the Governor, state officials and different escorts from town to town. Relays of horses were distributed along the route and more than nine miles per hour were made — remarkable time over mountain roads. Barre was reached at 8 P.M. and he entered Montpelier at nine in a splendid coach drawn by six white horses and went direct to the House of Representatives. After exchange of speeches the party proceeded to Mr. Morris' Hotel (burned in 1835) where a toastful repast was held, sixteen assigned toasts being drunk and numerous impromptu ones. Lafayette spent the night at the Cadwell home, which had been prepared to receive him, the best that families possessed being loaned for the comfort of this distinguished guest. After a reception to the ladies the next morning at the church he proceeded to Burlington. His arrival was heralded by an artillery salute and a parade to Gould's Hotel where a dinner to two hundred was held. At the close of the dinner a procession conducted him to College Hill where the cornerstone of the south wing of the University of Vermont was laid by the Marquis. Veterans of the Revolution lined up and Lafayette passed in review, shaking each hand, after which the

veterans stepped back two paces and discharged their rifles in the air. One old fellow's musket failed to go off, an incident he never was allowed to forget to his shame until death. Admiral Dewey told of his father standing near Lafayette as he received the veterans. To one he would say, "Are you married?" "Yes." "Oh happy man." "And you, my friend, are you married?" "No." "Lucky fellow." He not only gave the veterans a cordial greeting, but asked after and sought out his old comrades. One whom he asked after was General William Banton, a man who had been presented a sword by Congress and a grant of land in Vermont for a bold exploit in capturing British General Prescott on the night of July 10, 1777, and who, he found, had been in jail for thirteen years for a debt. One of Lafayette's last acts before sailing was to send a draft to pay the fine and debt so that his friend could return to his family in Rhode Island.

The climax of the day in Burlington was a grand reception given by Governor Van Ness in his palatial home. At eleven o'clock Lafayette and his party boarded the steamer "Phoenix," which immediately sailed and landed Lafayette the next morning at Whitehall. From here he hastened to Washington by way of Albany, New York, and Philadelphia to pay his respects to the new President, John Quincy Adams, and then sailed for France on the frigate "Brandywine," named for the battle in which Lafayette was wounded.

One of his parting statements was to the effect he had

RUDYARD KIPLING AT THE TIME OF HIS RESIDENCE IN VERMONT

accomplished one of the greatest objects of his life, having visited all of the twenty-four states of the Union. Vermont was the last he visited but it was one of the most enthusiastic.

When President McKinley was shot by an assassin at Buffalo in 1902 Vice President Theodore Roosevelt was on a camping trip miles from civilization on the Isle LaMotte near Burlington in Lake Champlain. He immediately proceeded to Albany but upon receiving word that the President was resting comfortably and would without doubt recover, he left with Mrs. Roosevelt, who had joined him there, for the Adirondacks.

I have not the space, nor is this the place, to record present-day notables, but I note there are one hundred and sixty-two Vermonters listed in "Who's Who in America," five of whom are credited to Brattleboro. And to this list I predict more and more of the important in increasing numbers will yearly be added.

Rudyard Kipling married Caroline Balestier, a Brattleboro girl, who at the time was keeping house for her brother, the English representative of a New York publishing house, and who had collaborated with Kipling in writing a book. They were married in 1892 in London and wound up their honeymoon by visiting the bride's family. Kipling liked Vermont so much they decided to settle permanently in Brattleboro. For more than a year they lived in the tiny Bliss cottage, which was smaller then than today as an ell has since been added, while building their own house nearby. This

new home they named "Naulakla," the title of the book Kipling and his brother-in-law had written. Kipling was already famous for his "Plain Tales" and "Departmental Ditties." A daughter was born during their stay in the cottage in the little room one flight up in the southwest corner.

Kipling remained four years in Brattleboro and in addition to the "Jungle Book," wrote "The Day's Work," "The Seven Seas" and "Captains Courageous." From the start there was friction with Beatty Balestier, his wife's other brother. Beatty was an easy-going, friendly fellow and a good deal of a spendthrift and very fond of entertaining. He had a big bell on his piazza so he could ring it to attract passers-by and invite them in for a drink. The Kipling-Balestier feud began over a hayfield adjoining Kipling's new house. Beatty gave this to his sister with the understanding he was to have the hay; she promptly had it plowed up for a garden. Kipling is reputed to have said publicly, "I've been obliged to carry him a year; to hold him by the seat of the breeches." Beatty saw red, and the fight was on. For a year the two men did not speak, then met on a country road, Kipling riding a bicycle and Beatty driving a team. After this fracus Kipling had Beatty arrested for assault, indecent language and epithets, and threatening to kill him. The trial was a joke; it ended with Kipling madder than ever and offering to pay bail to keep his wife's brother out of jail.

Kipling liked Vermont, especially in winter, and

probably would have remained until the end of his days but for the trouble with his brother-in-law. Locally the neighbors didn't care much for him. One old-timer who knew him, in reply to questions said, "Well, I'll tell yer, he was a kinder stuffed shirt, did awful queer things"; referring perhaps to his playing golf in winter snow with a red ball and putting on a dress suit every night for dinner. At all events, the local people did not understand him, and Kipling did not understand the local people. He distinctly gave them the impression he thought himself far superior to them. The enclosed article, which appeared in a Brattleboro paper just fifty years ago, gives good sidelight as to why he was not popular:

Mr. Faxon, the *Boston Herald* representative, who comes to Brattleboro frequently, called upon Rudyard Kipling at the cottage at the Bliss farm recently. Mr. Kipling is quoted as saying: "Why do I refuse to be interviewed? Because it is immoral! It is a crime, just as much a crime as an offense against my person, as an assault, and just as much merits punishment. It is cowardly and vile. No respectable man would ask it, much less give it. I don't care a damn what you think. The American reporter is a blot on the journalistic escutcheon, and when one perpetrates a crime, as you have done, he ought to be locked up. . . . Say I am a boor, for I am, and I want people to learn it and let me alone."

This attitude would not get one very far today, and apparently it didn't in those days.

A book could be and has been written about the Kiplings' four years in Brattleboro. There has been but little change since the Kiplings' days. The Bliss cottage stands, the Balestier house is just as it was, although the big barn burned. "Naulakla" is the same, reminding one of an ocean liner, perched as it is on the side of a hill, all rooms having southern exposure, down the Connecticut Valley. About the only change is, the road which passes is now called Kipling Road instead of Putney Road. The house is one and one-half miles from our Ranch, and our guests insist upon being driven over to look at it, in many cases, as soon as they arrive.

Beatty Balestier provoked his sister Caroline, even more than he did Kipling. Eventually the nervous strain was too much; Kipling became so upset he could not work, and in 1896 he and his wife left the country never to return.

From Mayfair Ranch one looks down the West River to Brattleboro and the Connecticut Valley. This is where Vermont begins and, equally correct, where it began, because Fort Dummer, according to the charter, His Majesties Fort Dummer, was the first settlement. Back of the town to the east, like a great drop curtain is Mount Wantastiquet, rocky and wooded, just across the Connecticut River in New Hampshire. The town itself climbs over an irregular chain of plateaus to the west as it expands. Main Street, the most crowded thoroughfare in Vermont, winds its way steeply up grade parallel to the river between rows of rather ancient brick build-

ings. In spite of the time-consuming congestion, cars are allowed to park at an angle to the curb, under the impression it helps the tradespeople, when as a fact the congestion discourages anyone passing through from attempting to shop.

The town today is much like Bellows Falls in its noisy, unlovely, industrial atmosphere. It is named for William Brattle, who, it is said, never set foot in the town. He was one of the grantees of the town, and as his name was first on the list, the town became Brattleborough. Being a Tory, Brattle fled to Halifax when the British evacuated Boston, and died there a few years later. His property, including that in Brattleboro and Putney, was confiscated, and, although his heirs brought suit in court to recover it, they lost the case. Brattle is referred to in at least one brief history of Brattleboro as Colonel Brattle, a land speculator. This does not do him justice; he was really quite a fellow, and the most famous street in Cambridge, and one that's known throughout the world, is named for him. He graduated from Harvard College, attended a theological seminary, and became a preacher; later he studied law and was admitted to the bar and practiced law. He studied medicine and practiced. He entered the Militia, was captain of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, eventually becoming a Major-General. His social connections were the best; he married Katherine, daughter of Governor Saltonstall. He served in the legislature and became a member of

WILLIAM BRATTLE 1702-1776

Preacher, lawyer, and physician. Major-General of Militia. A Loyalist and friend of General Gage, he embarked with the British troops for Halifax in 1776. The man for whom Brattleboro was named

THE "SNOW ANGEL" WHICH BROUGHT FAME TO LARKIN G. MEAD

the Governor's Council. He was a favorite of Governor Dummer and was generally popular. His friendship with General Gage led him to side with the British. This cost him his home and friends when he sailed away with the British fleet when it evacuated Boston. But after reading a letter in the Treasure Room of the Boston Public Library which William Brattle wrote to General Gage, in charge of the British troops stationed in Boston at the outbreak of hostilities, which I copied and print below, I've lost admiration for him. In the parlance of the underworld he was just a stool pigeon for General Gage.

Cambridge, Aug. 29, 1774

Mr. Brattle presents his Duty to his Excellency, Gov. Gage, he apprehends it his Duty to Acquaint His Excellency from Time to Time with every Thing he hears and knows to be true and is of Importance in these troublesome Times, which is the apology Mr. Brattle makes for troubling the General with this Letter. Capt. Minot, of Concord, a very worthy Man, this Minute informed Mr. Brattle that there had been repeatedly made pressing applications to him to warn his Company to meet at one Minute's Warning, equipt with Arms and Ammunition, according to Law, he had constantly denied them, adding, if he did not gratify them he should be constrained to quit his Farm and Town. Mr. Brattle told him he had better do that than lose his Life and be hanged for a Rebel, he observed that many Captains had done it, though not in the Regiment to which he

belonged, which was and is Col. Elisha Jones, but in a neighboring Regiment.

Mr. Brattle begs Leave humbly to inquire, Whether it would not be best that there should not be one Commission Officer of the Militia in the Province This morning the Select-Men of Medford came and received their Town Stock of Powder, which was in the Arsenal on Quarry Hill, so that there is now within, the King's Powder only, which shall remain as a sacred Depositum till ordered out by the Capt. General.

To his Excellency General Gage.

Royal Tyler, Vermont's earliest man of letters, lived in Brattleboro; so did William Morris Hunt, the painter. Mary Howe propelled her way into song and history, but the outstanding family is the Mead family. Larkin G. Mead, was a lawyer of note, he procured the charter for the first Savings Bank in Vermont in 1848, which was named the Vermont Savings Bank, and was its treasurer for twenty-five years.

Larkin G. Mead, Jr., was a sculptor. Early in life he showed ability in drawing and sculpturing. He soon gave up clerking in a hardware store, went to New York to study, returned to Brattleboro in December, 1856. On the last night of the year, assisted by a comrade, with snow and water he constructed an image called the "Recording Angel" at about the junction of Putney Road and the start of the Mollie Stark Trail. The figure is reported to have been so beautiful it attracted large numbers of people for miles about and remained un-

molested and in good condition, the weather being very cold, for two weeks. The New York papers and those of other cities gave accounts of it and its beauty, resulting in Mead receiving several commissions. Nicholas Longworth, of Cincinnati, ordered a replica in marble, another copy in marble was made and may be seen in the Unitarian Church of Brattleboro. Larkin Mead ranks as one of America's great sculptors, although he spent the greater part of his life in Italy.

Larkin's sister, Elenor, an artist of reputation, married William Dean Howells, and the younger brother, William R. Mead, became one of America's great architects. As a member of the firm of McKim, Mead & White, he had charge of the construction of the Boston Public Library. And apropos to this, the bronze knocker on the door at Black Fox Lodge is one William R. Mead brought to America from Florence, Italy. It is the work of an able sculptor; it bears the Papal insignia and presumably belonged to the de Medici family. Mead purchased it and other bronzes intending to present them to the Library. Before he could do so the Boston public, incited by one of the daily papers, expressed such disapproval of the lovely nude figure of Bacchante which the architects had placed in the courtyard, that the city rejected it. This statue now has a conspicuous and honored place in the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City where it is admired by the clergy and the man of the street and serves as a reminder of the narrow-mindedness and provincialism

of Boston. Mead was incensed, as well he might be. He gave instructions to have the objects he had brought from Italy packed and shipped to him at New York. Upon their arrival he wrote asking that a bill for packing be sent him. He was told there was no charge. He acknowledged the courtesy by presenting the knocker to the executive he had corresponded with. This executive, my friend for many years, bequeathed the knocker to me upon his death.

I have unearthed many interesting stories and incidents regarding former days in Brattleboro. I found in my files a letter written by my father to his fiancé, my mother, in 1870 from Brattleboro, on paper of the Revere House. On the fourth sheet of the fold were sixteen advertisements, one inch by two and one-half, of local shops and firms, only one of whom still exists — a poor "ad" for advertising it would seem. The Revere House, I am told, was the best hotel at the time and popular. It was built in 1854 and burned only four months after my father's letter was written. About the time of its destruction by fire George J. Brooks built the Brooks House at a cost, stated at the time, to be between one hundred and two hundred thousand dollars. It was built in 1871-2 and is still operated as a hotel. The following quotation is from the "History of Brattleboro, Windham County, Vermont," by Henry Burnham, published in 1880 and made up largely of biographies of prominent men of Brattleboro, both living and dead at that time.

Referring to the Brooks House the article reads: "In size, quality and general appearance it is believed the public's wants have been anticipated for years to come. Within the memory of people now living, there is not so large, convenient and elegant a hotel to be found in any of our largest cities. All the rooms are in telegraphic communication with the office, and they are heated by steam radiation. No expense has been spared to meet the demands of the modern age."

In referring to "our largest cities" it would seem the author must have meant Vermont cities, as some of the local people must have at some time visited Boston or New York and surely in those days the Revere House, United States Hotel, and Tremont House in Boston, and the Astor House, Fifth Avenue Hotel, and others in New York, were finer. One to two hundred thousand dollars was a fabulous sum in 1870. Today one to two million spent on a hotel attracts no attention.

Early pictures of the Brooks House show a large balcony, common with hotels of that period, on the Main Street side, and from this balcony President Rutherford B. Hayes, the first President of the United States ever to visit Brattleboro, addressed the people, and included in his speech was this sentence, "My grandfather was a blacksmith in this town one hundred years ago." In addition to giving Brattleboro a first-class hotel, George J. Brooks gave the town the Brooks Public Library, dedicated January 25, 1887. A friend

of my father and one of our neighbors during my boyhood, Judge Mellen Chamberlain, made a Dedicatory Speech on the occasion.

Plain ordinary H_2O contributed to Brattleboro's fame and prosperity during a quarter of a century. The Brattleboro Hydropathic Establishment utilized the mineral springs, and it became one of the most fashionable cures in America; with an elaborate plant and accommodations for three hundred guests. If I have not been misinformed, it was better known at the time than Saratoga Springs. Possibly if the racing laws of Vermont had been as lenient as those of New York, it would be to this day.

Vermont furnished 34,238 soldiers to the Union Army during the Civil War and lost 5128 killed, and as many more crippled, which is a very large per cent. Brattleboro furnished a proportionate part of these men. If you have an out-of-state license plate on your car and happen to be passing through Brattleboro and stop to make a call on a friend, or make some purchases and unintentionally leave your car parked on Main Street for more than one hour and find it tagged upon your return, don't be worried, the tag will probably read "Welcome Visitor. The Police Department hopes you will enjoy your stay, that you'll like us so well you'll come back often, or come to stay. Ask any patrolman for information you want. The patrolman on this street notes your car is violating the regulation checked on

the back of this ticket. We ask your co-operation of all traffic regulations." How much better this is than the way Worcester, Massachusetts, socks you in the jaw.

For a comparatively small place, a little over eight thousand in population, whose growth has been less than one-half of one per cent a year over the last century, it can lay claim to an unusually large number of interesting events. If no one else cares except stamp collectors, they at least should be interested in the fact — first postage stamps in the United States of America were printed and issued in Brattleboro in 1845-46. Until recent years it was possible to get one of these stamps for a dollar, but they climbed to $20.00 and now are hard to find at any price. The largest pipe organ factory in the United States is located here; there is also a great woolen mill. The American Optical Company has built a large plant, and there is diversified manufacturing giving employment to several thousand. The next census will show a marked increase in population, without doubt.

People in small communities take to gossip as children do to lollypops, and Brattleboro is no exception. And there's no end of rivalry, or call it jealousy if you wish, among the towns themselves. For instance, I have just read an article in an old copy of the "Vermonter," published by Charles R. Cummings, of White River Junction, to quote: "Brattleboro not only lays claim to everything that passes through, but things always seem to originate and stop there."

I haven't had much to say about the Great River, as the aborigines called the Connecticut, because, while it is a factor in the life of Vermont, it is claimed right up to the low-water mark on the Vermont shore by New Hampshire. For years and until hydroelectric dams were thought more important, barges and flat-bottom boats came up as far as and even beyond Brattleboro. The Vernon dam has turned the river into a good-sized lake as it passes the town, and the island containing several houses and small farms that formerly divided it is now entirely inundated.

Alphabetically arranged the places of note in Vermont are Barre, population over 11,000, the granite center of the world. Bellows Falls, about 4000; here the famed woman financier, Hetty Green, once had a home. Bennington, over 7000, is the most historic place in Vermont, with the highest battle monument. Brandon, birthplace of Stephen A. Douglas, with its population just under 2000; Brattleboro, which is the trading center of southeastern Vermont, has already been referred to.

Burlington, the largest city in the state with nearly 25,000 population, is situated in a beautiful spot on the east shore of the lake running up to an elevation of four hundred feet, commanding a view of the Green Mountains east and the Adirondacks across the lake to the west. It is the center of trade and commerce on Lake Champlain; here is located the University of Vermont, Trinity College for Women, and Fort Ethan Allen. Burlington derived its name from the Burling family

of Westchester, N. Y., who were extensive land owners, in several towns that were chartered about the same time, although they were not of the original grantees of the charter which was granted June 7, 1763. The charter granted the inhabitants, as soon as they numbered fifty, the privilege of holding two fairs annually. The usual requirements and reservations were inscribed in the charter. Such as requiring that five acres be improved in every fifty within five years, the reservation of the white and other pine for the Royal Navy, reservation in the center of the town of a tract of land for each grantee, one ear of corn a year rent, etc., and, of course, Benning Wentworth got his five hundred acres.

Ethan Allen, Colonel Thomas Chittenden, Remember Baker, Herman Allen, Zimer Allen, and Ira Allen, were the first proprietors. Ira Allen at one time owned five-sevenths of the town.

The first settler was Felix Powell who came in 1773, the next year Stephen Lawrence came. Previous to the Revolution and for years after, the route the settlers came over, if by land, was over the road built by Ethan Allen and Remember Baker in 1772, which passed Shelburne and then to Winooski Falls. This road with the block forts at Vergennes and Winooski was a great protection to the early settlers.

After the Revolutionary War the town grew rapidly. The first marriage took place May 26, 1789, Ethan Allen's daughter, Lucy, being spliced with Samuel

Hitchcock, and their child born June 5, 1790 was the first child born.

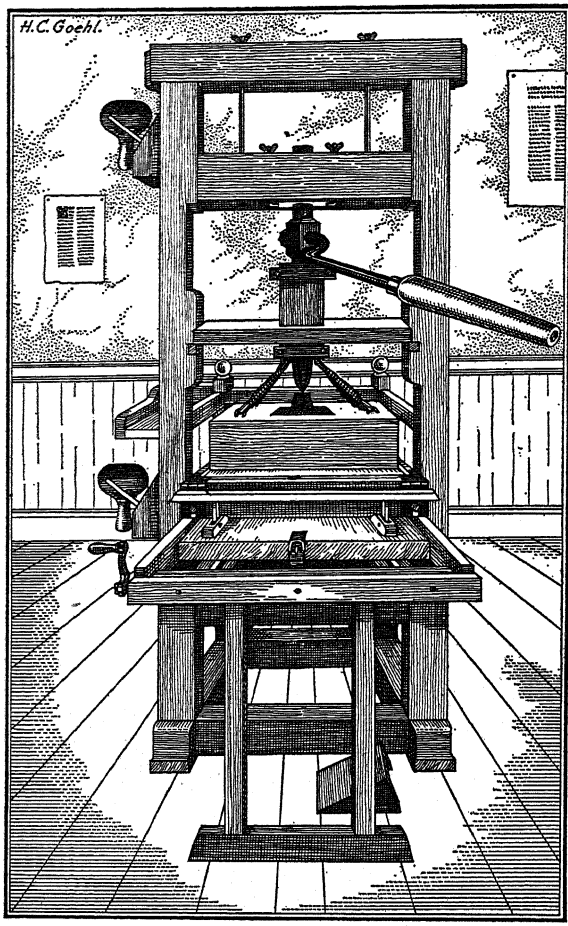
When Vermont was declared to be a free and independent jurisdiction in 1791, Burlington was still a forest. The village consisted of three log houses at the lake. By 1812 the town had grown considerably, the forests had been laid low, and in their place might be seen fields of grain and orchards of young trees. When the war was declared, Burlington became a point of interest. 1400 troops were quartered in the easterly part of the town. A detachment of 102 men attacked the British force at St. Armand, killed 9, wounded 14, and took 101 prisoners back to Burlington. In 1813 the British fleet fired on the town.

Lafayette visited Burlington in 1825. He arrived at two o'clock on a Wednesday, accompanied by Governor Cornelius P. Van Ness, whose house was in the town. An "immense multitude" assembled. The procession, which escorted him to the heights near the University of Vermont where he was to lay a corner stone, was made up as follows. The sheriff of the county, marshal of the day, escort of cavalry, instrumental music, military band, Independent Greys, General Lafayette and his Excellency, the Governor, in a "gorgeously elegant" open barouche drawn by four gray horses, the General's son, his secretary, and staff in a coach drawn by four bay horses, the Committee of arrangements, judges of courts and civil authorities, president and officers of

the College, Revolutionary officers and soldiers, students of the college, and citizens generally. It certainly was some day in any town history.

Fort Ethan Allen, which is located about two miles east of the city, is known as a cavalry post, but has become more of an artillery than cavalry post. Attached to it is a splendid target range some fifteen miles to the east, containing a thousand acres or more, where there is great diversification of fire into the mountain range. One of the thrills of my life was the cross country rides, where the trained cavalry horse took me, scared to death, over brooks, fallen trees, down almost perpendicular sand banks and landed me back at the post safe and sound, hungry for more. One morning about five o'clock, I came to a frightful sand slide. The horse started for it, but I checked him, dismounted and peeked over the edge. It was at least 100 feet to the bottom, and I decided it was suicide to attempt it. Returning to the Officers' Mess for breakfast, I described the place to the captain of one of the troops of cavalry and asked him if it were possible to go down it on horseback without killing the horse and myself. "Hell," he said, "I put my whole troop over it last year for a moving picture stunt." So after breakfast I went back to it and took it on. I felt as if I stood on my head and I hugged the horse so hard, my legs ached, but down we went, the horse sliding fully half the distance on his front legs.

If my tour of duty at Fort Ethan Allen did nothing else, it taught me more about equitation than I had



THE STEPHEN DAYE PRESS

learned during all my years of riding. This experience, and a school of logistics I later attended, are outstanding events of my military training.

Manchester is a famous summer resort; here Robert Todd Lincoln died at his summer estate. Middlebury, population over 2000, is the home of the college bearing its name.

Montpelier, the state capital, has nearly 9000 people. It is five hundred and twenty feet above sea level and located on the Winooski River thirty-seven miles southwest of Burlington. It was the birthplace of Admiral George Dewey and is the home of the National Life Insurance Company. It has three libraries and an Art Gallery of note. The site of Montpelier was once the bed of a lake over one hundred feet deep. Well-defined strata of earth are marked on all surrounding hills, showing the gradual subsidence of the water. The city dates from May 4, 1787. On that date Colonel Jacob Jones, late of Charlton, Worcester County, Massachusetts, in company with his hired man and his cousin, Perley Davis, with one horse among them, and loaded with as much food, clothing and utensils as they could carry, waded across the Winooski River at the shallows and made a camp on the ground which was later to become the state capitol.

One very important point of interest, that has not been mentioned, is the Vermont Historical Society. It should, and probably does, contain the model of the invention made in 1812 by Elisha Towne of the first machine to

spin flax. At all events, the museum is cram full of interesting things. To the writer the most important exhibit is the first printing press in America — the Stephen Daye press, and because this book was printed at the University Press in Cambridge, Massachusetts, I'd like to tell its story. Less than a score of years after the Pilgrims arrived, the first printing press in North America was set up in Cambridge, in the house of Henry Dunster, first president of Harvard College. The press was brought to America by the Reverend Jose Glover, of Surrey, England, who sailed from England with his family in 1638. He brought with him Stephen Daye and his two sons, but unfortunately he died at sea. Therefore Stephen Daye became the first printer in America. Considering themselves as successors to Stephen Daye through a series of successive ownership, the University Press, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, has at its plant an exact model of the press.

From Stephen Daye this press became the property of Harvard College. It then passed into the hands of Samuel Green, father, by two marriages, of nineteen children. Green managed the press for about fifty years. He died in 1702 and a descendant, Timothy Green, took the press to New London, Connecticut, in 1714 and set up a shop. About 1770 Judah Paddock Spooner and Alden Spooner were apprenticed to Green and in 1773 had learned enough of the art to become efficient workmen. In 1778 the Spooners moved to Dresden, taking with them the Daye press and other equipment, and

printed Aaron Hutchinson's Convention Sermon, the first book printed in Vermont. In 1779 they started printing the Dresden Mercury. The press was then taken to Westminster, Vermont, where in February, 1781, it printed "The Vermont Gazette or Green Mountain Post Boy," the first newspaper printed in the state. In 1783 the Spooners moved the press to Windsor where it printed the Vermont Journal and Universal Advertiser.

The Spooners remained in business until 1814 when Isaac Eddy, of Weathersfield, purchased it. From Eddy the press passed into the possession of David Watson, then to Abel D. Allen in 1826. In 1832 Colonel Thomas Russell, of Woodstock, owned the press. He sold it to Preston Merrifield, of Windsor, son-in-law of Alden Spooner, and the press was stored in a barn until a group of journalists acquired it and presented it to the Vermont Historical Society.

Returning to our alphabetical arrangement of places in Vermont there is Newport, near the Canadian border, with over 5000 population. Northfield, over 2000, home of Norwich University, oldest Military Academy in the United States, excepting the United States Military Academy at West Point.

Plymouth has fifty inhabitants, and its claim to distinction is that Calvin Coolidge was born there on the 4th of July, 1872. Proctor, population over 2500, named for Redfield Proctor, is famous for its marble quarries; Rutland, the second largest city, population over

17,000, has historical interest. Springfield, with 5000, is famous for its machine shops. St. Albans, over 8000, is a railroad center since 1850 and was raided by Confederate Troops during the Civil War. The raid which took place October 19, 1864, appeared to the peaceful citizens as a violation of municipal law and not an act of warfare. Bringing the war to northern Vermont created tremendous excitement and resentment. Briefly told, this is what took place: A group of twenty men led by Lieutenant Bennett Young of Kentucky, all dressed in civilian clothes, but carrying pistols, herded the inhabitants who appeared on the streets into the village green, established a guard, then separated and simultaneously entered the three banks and with drawn pistols obtained large sums of money, which they carried away to Canada, on horses stolen from a livery stable. A few men obtained firearms and discharged them at the raiders. One man, not a citizen, was killed, and one citizen wounded and several buildings were set on fire.

The raiders were pursued into Canada and many of them arrested with bank notes and specie still on their persons. Vermont asked for their extradition on the ground they were bank robbers, but the Canadian courts ruled them soldiers under orders and released them.

St. Albans was the birthplace of John G. Saxe, poet, and Chester A. Arthur. St. Johnsbury, 8000 population, claims to be the only town in the world by that name. Vergennes, 1700 people, is the smallest incorporated

city in the world, it is claimed. Windsor, over 4000, claims fame because it is the trading center of Cornish, N. H., where is located the St. Gaudens Museum, and where Woodrow Wilson spent several summers. Here many noted artists and writers spend a part of their time, including Maxfield Parrish and Winston Churchill. Woodstock has nearly 1500 people. It was the birthplace of Hiram Powers, the sculptor, and George P. Marsh, American diplomat.

The author has tried to tell, in an interesting way, the story of the restoration of an ancient house, rapidly being destroyed by the elements; to give such information as may be helpful to those who plan to do likewise. He has tried to pass on useful information regarding plants, shrubs, and the lawn which he has gleaned from talks with those who know, and from personal experience. Scattered items of interesting information regarding Vermont and of Brattleboro in particular have been included. There are many things of interest that further research would bring to light, but no attempt has been made to write a history, and, with the few salient facts I have included, it is best to make a safe landing rather than to soar on and on and risk a forced one.

The wind outside comes in gusts and whistles about the house. Dead leaves turn somersaults about the lawn. A great fire roars in our fireplace and in front of it Irene is seated in a big armchair reading "Paul Revere." The room is filled with autumn leaves and the last

lingering flowers. Everything has been made snug for the night.

Snoozer Theophilus Merriam Pratt has had his dinner. Instead of retiring for the night he is patiently waiting at the door intending to scoot out if by any chance the door is opened for an instant. The Black Fox may be crouching just over the bank, who knows? intending and ready to viciously pounce upon his royal highness. Thus leaving the reader in what to the writer would be terrible suspense, the curtain drops, and the story of our venture in Vermont ends.