

My Yesterdays
by
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"MY YESTERDAYS"

Written for my children and their children
"unto the third and fourth generation."

There is always the personal satisfaction
of writing down one's own experiences so
they may be saved, caught, pinned under
glass, hoarded against a winter of forget-
fulness".

Anne Morrow Lindbergh
in "North to the Orient"

Recently I happened upon a quotation which explains to me why I have the desire to write down some memories of the experiences, of the happenings, and the outworn customs and ideas which have been a part of my life. This is the quotation: "The desire to write one's biography seems to be the natural reaction of approaching old age". As the years fly by on ever swifter wings, they bring the wish to live on if not in body at least in influence and in memory.

Is it natural for everyone who lives over a half century to think the thread of his life runs through more different fabrics of change and progress than ever in the world's history? - and to wonder if there will ever be another two generations of human beings which can equal it? Perhaps so, but it makes one wonder if the tempo will be speeded up and in what direction. This is "on the lap of the gods" and I write of what has been. So I pull up from the well of my past these memories of happenings and experiences. This well is a deep one, over sixty years deep, and the memories which lie near the bottom are difficult to pull up, as they are in fragments, but those of the "remembering years", during the "teen" age, are clear and in detail. These fragments of my childhood, why have I kept these particular small happenings in my mind? What is the reason they were so glued into my memory that they have been with me through all the years? It could not have been that they stuck so firmly because they were so important to me at the time, but there they are. I now wish I could find out what seems to be much more important but I never can, for there is no one left to tell me.

While it may be a "natural reaction of approaching old age" to write one's past life there is another strong desire I have to tell of my past life. The knowledge and memory I have of my mother and grandmother are very scanty and indefinite. Since early childhood all through my life have I longed for this knowledge. My mother died when I was ten. One grandmother died before I was born and the other I never saw after I was eleven. All the other girls I knew had mothers - mothers to love and comfort them, mothers to tell them stories of their own girlhood lives and of their grandfathers and grandmothers and to keep alive precious family history, intimate jokes and sayings which are told and retold at family get-togethers and in the retelling knit the family still closer together. There is still a strong desire, a deep longing, to know about my mother's girlhood and young married life.

I have only a few clear memory pictures of her and of my grandmother, but I have a distinct feeling of their protecting love and care so that I never had any fear when I was with them. I think of my mother as being always gentle and understanding. I also have the precious memory of her often singing to her four little girls. I never hear "My Darling Nellie Grey", or "Where Have You Been Billy Boy", but what I am back in thought with her. There are two other songs she sang which I have not heard for years. "Go Tell Aunt Nabby the Old Grey Goose is Dead" and the rollicking ditty, "My Father and Mother are Irish and I am Irish Too."

I never remember her reprimanding me but once, that was when I felt my father, a quick tempered man, had punished me unjustly. I do not know what I did or what he did but after he had left the room, I said, "I hate him." Mother said, "Oh, Carrie, you mustn't speak so of your father." That didn't change my thought about him, but my feeling toward her was that she was doing right to speak to me that way and I was sorry to make her feel bad about it.

As I think back to that little girl who was the "Eldest Goodwin Girl", I wonder would I like her if I could meet her now for while I remember no punishment by my

mother, I feel sure I often deserved it. I do know that that little girl who was once I was self-willed, independent and bossy. She was also a show-off. I am not so sure but that she deserved all the punishments she ever received.

I have hazy memories of helping with the housework. I must have, for the day after my mother's death, I inadvertently overheard one neighbor tell another how well I mopped the floor without being asked to.

My mother had soft brown eyes, a clear complexion and a wealth of long chestnut-coloured hair. I remember loving her passionately and knowing how much she loved me. I liked to say over and over again her name, Isatel Dana Church Goodwin. I thought it had a lovely sound, such as the gentle patter of rain on the roof when one is playing with dolls in the attic.

My remembrance of my grandmother, Wealthy Root Church, is very meager. In horse and buggy days, the distance from Tunbridge, Vermont to Webster, New Hampshire was long, a two day journey. She had been widowed several years, but how she was provided for and what her life was, I never knew. If my mother had lived, she would have told us stories of her childhood and her mother.

My Grandfather, Nathan Goodwin married Lois Smith. Their children were, Harris Goodwin, my father, and his sister Martha who was born a few years later. Nathan's wife Lois Smith died when the two children were young. That left Nathan at his wits end to know how to care for them. Kind relatives welcomed them to their homes and I feel certain that my father never lived at home after his mother's death. He had strong ideas of his own and if one home did not suit him he would try another.

It was some time after this that either Nathan or his son, Harris learned of a place in Webster, New Hampshire where Harris could have good pay working in a near-by saw-mill. So, Nathan, Harris and Martha moved down to Webster, New Hampshire. My father had not lived in Webster very long when he fell in love with a young Webster girl, Mary George. They became engaged but not for long for she broke

the engagement and returned to my father a pair of gold cuff links, with the initials M.G. These cuff links are one of the family heirlooms. He then became interested in Lucy Dodge who lived in the same little hamlet. Being refused by her he went back to Chelsea, Vermont to live and in less than a year he married my mother Isabel Dana Church, who lived in the next town of Tunbridge. He brought her back down to Webster to live and he went to work again in the saw-mill.

In a New Hampshire river valley below the foothills of the White Mountains and lying in the shadow of Mount Kearsarge was the little hamlet where I was born. It was known as Burbank Mills. At one end of this little village, on a knoll overlooking the river and covered bridge, was a small white cottage. It was December with the ground white with snow and the river hidden beneath the thick covering of ice, but in the cottage all was warmth and happiness because a widowed mother had come to stay a while with a young married daughter. While they sat and rocked and talked, as is the way of mother and daughter, their fingers were busy with the last stitches in the garments every one of which had been fashioned and made by hand. It was but a few days before Christmas. Would it not be wonderful to have the first child born on the day observed as the anniversary of the Christ Child? As day followed day and Christmas drew near it seemed as though this might be, but nature was in too much of a hurry and the child was born on the day before just in time to be appreciated as a gift. That baby born December 24, 1871, was named Carrie Edith Goodwin. The name was chosen not in honor of any relative or friend but because my parents liked it.

It has always seemed to me that my first remembrance was a happening when I was less than two years old, but in these later years when psychologists and other learned research workers tell us how early our first memories are, I am not sure but that this first memory I have treasured so long was fastened there by hearing my mother repeat it in later years. This is the memory. I ran away. It seems to me it was a very long way I went, but as I know now it was only a few rods. On this first

trip out into the world alone, I left the highway and tried to crawl through a bar-way into a pleasant field starred with beckoning daisies. My dress was caught on the protecting lower bar so I could not free myself. It was my lusty rebellious crying at being balked from still further adventure into the big world that led my mother to my rescue.

Adventure, something new and untried has always intrigued me. Either fear was left out of my make-up or influenced by my reading. In recent years, I wonder if my mother's early training may be thanked for its absence. I hope I never know real fear, for I think that must be the most damnable of all emotions. I have been apprehensive and worried many times. Many more times than I needed to be, maybe. As a little child, thunderstorms, bugs, worms, snakes, cows or stray dogs never frightened me. I always wanted to see how they felt or what they would do. This curiosity taught me to have a decent amount of caution toward some, but anyway, I found out for myself.

The very first memory which I am sure is my very own is when I was about two and a half. We had moved to Franklin, New Hampshire and papa worked in some mill. Sister Mary had come to us there. Our dooryard had a picket fence. I had a rubber doll, but I never was particularly interested in playing with dolls. It was much more fun to run along inside the fence and, holding the doll by her feet, bumpity-bump her poor face against the palings. It made a lovely sound. Alas and alack, when I had tired of this fascinating game, I was surprised to find the doll had a hole instead of a nose on her face, but I don't remember regretting the fact.

We must have lived only a short time in Franklin for sister Alice, who was less than three years younger than Mary, was born in a low, long house in Sweatt's Mills, Webster, New Hampshire, where papa worked in the shoddy mill next door to the house. Once in a while even yet on some of my travels, I will get a whiff of a pungent tarry odor and I'll be way back a little girl with pig-tails living near a smelly mill.

My first party was an event the summer that Alice was born. I was five and a half years old then. What really occurred at the party is very hazy. I only know I had a beautiful time sat at a table with other little children and had party food. What? I don't know. I think it made little difference to me then what it was. That it was made to look attractive was the big thing. It was at this party that I was first introduced to the delights of an "all day sucker", only it seems as though they were not called that then, but "bull's eye", a hard candy ball. They were so large I wonder we never sucked them down our throats and were choked with them. Perhaps they were slippery enough so if they started they kept right on down.

There are two other events I remember while living here. One is that my mother's sister Alice came down to see us. I presume to help my mother at sister Alice's birth. She was younger than my mother and I thought her so pretty and attractive that I liked to watch her and be with her, take hold of her hand and have her talk with me.

It must have been the following winter that we had as a visitor for a few days a very large handsome young man by the name of Ed Wright. That he came from Hanover, New Hampshire to visit Aunt Alice did not interest me. I only sensed how pleased all were to have him with us. I liked him, he was so jolly and full of stories which made the grown-ups laugh so that the home was full of pleasurable excitement all the time. He and Aunt Alice were married a year and half later in Hanover, New Hampshire.

Pinned into my memory of Sweatt's Mills is the delight of swinging in the village swing. It was a short walk from our village home in a grove of trees near by the river where we could hear the hurrying rush of the water down through its rock-lined path. Such fun it was in the long summer evenings to tag along with my father and mother as they joined the other young couples at the swing. Oh! it was a very, very long swing measured by my childish eyes and how very tightly little hands had to grasp the big rope when with a rush through the air the ground fell so far below.

In the stories which were written in the time of which I am writing it was the fashion for authors frequently to address their readers as "gentle reader". So I now am addressing you. As you read this account of the village swing, gentle reader, think not with pity of the simple pleasures of so long ago. An evening so spent was real fun.

To-night as I write this, we are having the same long summer evenings and the same river is tumbling down through its rocky chasm. The rope of the swing has long since rotted away, but even if it were still there only the birds would know if it. To-day the young folks of that little hamlet are rushing about over the country, hurrying here and there seeking their pleasure in more sophisticated ways -yet, finding no more.

My father and mother were Methodists and so my first going to church must have been in the little Sweatt's Mills church, although I do not remember it. However, I do have a vivid memory of attending a baptism by immersion in the river not far from the church. My Grandfather and Grandmother Goodwin and my father's two half-sisters, Lilla and Laura, were there too. It seems as though Lilla and Laura were among those baptised. Being baptised by immersion - it was the most dramatic event in my young life. When the river exhausted from its noisy tumbling over the rocks entered the meadow below it widened out and on one side made a sandy floored bay which was used as a baptismal pool. I sensed the solemnity of the occasion, but the pagentry and excitement meant more to me and I kept tight hold of my mother's dress hoping the minister would not lose hold of any one for who could tell what might happen if he did.

It must have been this same summer, or maybe the next one, that an excursion to Mt. Kearsarge was made by the young married couples of the town, and in those times an excursion twenty-five miles away was not to be thought of one day and carried out the next. There was no calling up on the telephone, filling up the car with gas,

stopping at the grocery for bread and hot dogs and "stepping on it". On an occasion of this kind, a Sunday should intervene to see and invite people and complete plans. Then it couldn't happen before the middle of the week as bread for sandwiches would have to be "set" at night and baked the next day. Then there was the making of pies and cookies and tarts and the rooster to be killed and stewed. The men greased the wagon wheels and gave the old mare an extra currying. All were up with the sun when the day came for the usual barn chores must be done and in the house the milk must be skimmed, the beds made and dishes done as usual for what if something should happen and the neighbors found it out? Then, by the time the children were ready and the lunch stowed away in boxes and pails, it was time to start. Who went on this trip to Mt. Kearsarge, I'm not sure, I think the Pearson family and the Burbanks and Aunt Ali and others whose forms are nebulous shapes without names. We drove through Salisbury, Andover and Wilmont, up to the halfway house, then climbed the rest of the way to the bare rocky summit. My clearest memory of this day is of standing on the top of the world with the fair green earth surrounding us and of the singing of gospel hymns together. The one hymn which I always associate with this gala day is "Hold the Fort for I am Coming". For some unexplainable reason, it seemed to me appropriate. It is rarely that I hear it now but whenever I do, I am back again on that mountain top.

We couldn't have lived in Sweatt's Mills very long, for it was when Alice was a baby that my father cleared an acre or two of land and built a house on the east side of Blackwater River opposite the cluster of five houses and a saw-mill called Burbank's Mills. The house was on a rise of land overlooking the river and houses and I know I thought it a pretty grand place to live. My father was now back working in the Burbank saw-mill. I must have started school from this home, going the mile to the top of Corsar Hill, although I have absolutely no memory of it. Quite disgraceful isn't it to have no recollection of such an important event as the beginning of one's education and remembering distinctly a hat my mother made for me? Alas! so early

does the feminine love of clothes assert itself! My hat was buff color and Mary had one like it only I think hers was blue. They were made of cloth, a flat wide scalloped brim, the crown, a scalloped circle, buttoned to the brim through each scallop. How dressed up I felt on Sunday morning when my mother dressed her three girls in fresh clothes with Alice drawn in a home-made cart and Mary and I accompanying my father up the road through the covered bridge, then down the other side of the river to get the milk. The river side of this road was lined with the freshly sawn and stacked pine lumber. Its fragrant odor is still in my nostrils. Occasionally when riding through pinewoods on a warm summer day I gather more of the same fragrance and I am back again by the old mill.

It has seemed to me that music and odors are the two impressions which bring back the most vivid memories to me. I've often wondered if that is generally true. I expect it is. Since writing this I came across this quotation by Alexander Woolcott. "Nothing can so poignantly evoke the flavor of the receding past as some remembered tune, some melody that has caught up and woven into its own unconscious fabric the very color and fragrance of a day gone by". Alexander Woolcott, "While Rome Burns".

It was while living in this new home that Jessie Pearson's grandfather, Grand sire Paul Pearson, called on my mother. He may have called many other times, for he had the habit of travelling through the town distributing religious tracts. He was somewhat bent over, with rheumatism probably, and he walked with a staff. He wore a rather long black coat, maybe a Prince Albert, which hung down much lower in front and a tall black glossy stove-pipe hat. To my childish eyes he was very old, but he may not have been much older than I am now. The most interesting part of his call was that as he took off his hat he removed from it a red bandanna and under that he carried his tracts. It seemed as though being given to us by such a kindly old man dressed in such an aristocratic fashion, the tracts ought to be worth listening to, but when my mother read them to us they certainly didn't prove to be.

Grandfather Goodwin and his family of a wife and two young daughters, lived across the river in the little grey house on the river side of the road. He loved his joke, was rather a tease. Sometimes in my play with my own grand-children I remind myself of him. The worst joke he played on me was, one day when I was in his garden with him, he somehow smeared my hand with a cut beet and then appeared frightened at how badly my hand was cut. I ran screaming to the house and after Grandmother Goodwin had comforted me she scolded him and that was an added comfort for I thought he deserved it.

When we were at Grandfathers, I used to hear of some most mysterious and weird happenings. It seemed some of their friends and neighbors held some kind of meeting there in the evening. Such awful things as table-tipping were done, and strange sounds were told of, such as rappings on the head of one's bed in the night. I think my mother never went to any of these hair-raising parties, for I remember I felt then that it was all bosh and nonsense and I am sure it was her sane outlook on such "goings on" that gave me that feeling. She must have been a woman free from superstition of any kind for I have never believed in any. How much I owe to her wise training, I will never know.

There were four rooms downstairs in our new house, - parlor-sitting room on the front - kitchen and bedroom in back. Mary and I slept in a trundle bed which my father made, which rolled in under the big bed in the day time and pulled out at night. Alice slept with papa and mamma. A trundle bed was a home-made affair, a box about a foot deep and a little narrower and shorter than the bed. It had casters screwed on the four corners.

We couldn't have lived there more than a year when one night soon after we girls fell asleep we were awakened in a hurry. The house was on fire! A defective chimney. The tragedy of isolated communities! Absolutely nothing to be done only to save all the contents possible with the help of kind neighbors. Never will I forget the roar

the flames shooting high into the night sky. The sparks falling on rescued furniture and bedding, and the little group of men and women and children standing helplessly by watching. Watching a house burn to the ground. A house built by a man's own hands and made possible by the self-denial and frugal living and saving of wife and husband. What, less than two hours before had been a home was now but a tall bare chimney standing in a smoking hole in the ground. Is it any wonder that my father threw himself on the ground and sobbed with the tearing sobs of a man? The kind neighbors sheltered us until a place was found in which to start over again. Mary and I stayed with the Wirt Burbanks. I think the others went to the Dodge home. I can remember making a remark to Mrs. Burbank when I went into her house, "Well! its a good thing we don't have as many children as a family I know of who live in Hanover near my Aunt Alice. They have thirteen children. I guess it would be hard work to find a place for all of them to stay". Everybody laughed and I felt rather indignant that they should find it funny when that was a simple statement of fact. Wirt Burbank was bald and sparks falling on his felt hat had burned through and blistered his bald spot. Now, I thought that was funny but somehow he didn't think so.

In a few days neighbors had moved our goods into the nearest empty house which was on Battle Street and years later was owned by Mr. Berwick. We now acquired a horse and buggy for papa needed them to drive to work.

While living on Battle Street, I went to school in the smallest schoolhouse I ever saw. It was situated about a mile north of our house. I think there were not more than six or eight double seats and desks in it. All country schools had double seats, the girls sitting on one side of the room and the boys modestly removed to the other side. The desk of the back seat had fastened to it the seat ahead, and so down the line. These were made of soft pine, which was such a temptation to a boy with a jackknife and even to some of the girls who were of a venturesome nature and could borrow a jackknife. Of course, it was borrowed to sharpen a pencil, but in some

mysterious way a little addition to a half finished letter might grow behind a geography held upright, while the studious (?) scholar's energy was hidden from the teacher's view. Do I write as though I knew my subject? If a certain desk had not gone the way of all good desks, I could show you one with the letters C.G. crudely carved on the upper left hand corner.

The Battle Street school was discontinued in two or three years and we began climbing the hill to Corser Hill. This was the largest school house in Webster and I always felt, as I think others did who attended it, that it was just a little superior to the others.

Corser Hill was so named because it seems that at one time when the town was young there were six families of Corsers living there. Four of the families had twelve children each, one with eleven children and one with thirteen, making seventy-two Corser children in the community. No wonder it was called Corser Hill.

Sister Nettie was born the next June after the fire. Papa was terribly disappointed that she was not a boy. So much so that he was grouchy and cross for sometime and wouldn't look at her. I could not understand why he felt that way for to me a baby was a baby and what difference could a sex make.

In writing of these years, I do not know how accurate I am. Much of the detail of the happenings is lost. What I see when I look back is as it is at night when a flash of lightning tears apart the blackness of night and the whole landscape leaps out and vanishes. I do not know how this or that happened; I can only see this or that picture

I catch a glimpse of little girls playing in the orchard, climbing trees, gathering the yellow apple tree leaves, which mysteriously turned to gold dollars in our hands, so that for a minute we were very rich. Playing at keeping house with broken bits of crockery for dishes and a stone wall for a cupboard. Pounding up a soft yellowish stone to use as frosting on a mud cake. If falls, or bruises or bee stings hurt us, there was always the comforting arms of our mother nearby.

Perhaps the most vivid memory picture was when my mother's sister Alice was visiting us. They were in the sitting room, down on their knees picking over some cloth in the closet. I was standing close by interested in what they were doing and I happened to have in my hand one of the little clips my father used on his base viol. Not in anyway realizing what I was doing I clipped it on Aunt Alice's ear lobe. Of course it hurt her and made her cry out and my mother said, "Why Carrie what made you do such a thing"? I have been sorry ever since. I remember not one thing more about that visit Aunt Alice made us. I think why I did not remember was because my mind was so fastened on what I had done.

I have a faint memory picture of our parlor. On the wall hung a steel engraving of the then popular picture, "From Shore to Shore" which was a wedding gift to our father and mother. It now hangs in our own home a treasured remembrance of my father and mother. Queer is it not that while that engraving had hung on our walls since before I was born the first time I remember seeing it was when we were living on Battle Street. On the table in the middle of the room was a large leather-bound Hitchcock Family Bible. There also was a stereoscope and its accompanying pile of oblong cardboards containing identical pictures side by side. What allure that had for me to fit the cardboard into the slide of the stereoscope and holding the hood shaded magnifying glass tight to my face push the slide far then near and watch the three dimensions of the pictures appear with a startling clearness then fade into a blur.

I think my father bought his bass viol about the time we moved to Battle Street. I do not know whether he ever took any lessons on it. Maybe he had played one for years but the memory of it swims into my consciousness as though it suddenly appeared and he simply picked it up and played on it. We had some music-loving neighbors living on Mutton Road across through the pasture woods, the Goodhues. Detta played the little organ, Will the cornet and Charles the violin. For a few years the four formed an orchestra and played for dances held on the lower floor of the old Town House, down

by the graveyard. I was allowed to go at least once and it may have been two or three times. My! What a thrill! "Moneymusk", "Pop Goes the Weasel", "Old Irish Washerwoman". Never do they dance forth from my radio but they whisk me back to the old hall and I am a little girl with two long tightly braided pigtales perched on the high bench seats and ecstatically swinging my feet to the music. It seemed to make no difference to anyone that the floor was of wide rough boards and the room dimly lighted with a few smoky kerosene lamps hanging on the walls.

It was on September 8, 1881 that the far-famed Yellow Day occurred. It is very vivid in my memory. Such a mystery! Many were very frightened and there was much talk of the world coming to an end or some other dire catastrophe. All neighbors going by stopped to talk it over and I enjoyed the excitement. We were not even scared a little bit at our house. What a wise woman my mother must have been and her mother before her. I can remember skipping up and down the dusty road, Mary and I together, probably Alice too, making the air full of dust which had such a queer color. The novelty of the colors which familiar objects took on was enchanting, especially the green of the grass and trees, very vivid. That day was talked and written about for sometime. I believe it is thought now to have been caused by the smoke from forest fires in Canada.

How can I write of my dear mother's death, which occurred only four days later, on September 12. I was ten, Mary eight, Alice five and Nettie two, when this tragedy entered our little home with a suddenness that stunned us. At night our mother tucked us into bed and heard us say our childish prayers. In the morning, we had no mother. I'm not going to write what I remember of that night, I've never told it and I've always tried to forget it, but I never can. My mother had severe cramping pains and papa to relieve her gave her a dose of laudanum. In the dim light of a small kerosene lamp and in his hurry and excitement he must have used more laudanum than he thought, for she went to sleep never to wake again. At that time, no one in Webster employed and undertaker to prepare a body for burial. The tender hands of kind neighbors performed that service. The cup which had held the laudanum was left on a window sill and in the

morning, Nettie, toddling around, picked it up and drank the few drops left in it. I can see papa now walking up and down the room with her, talking to her, shaking her to keep her from going to sleep, and she came out of it all right. If such a thing as this happened now, how much unpleasant notoriety would be connected with it. Then, Dr. Ar y, who lived in Swett's Mills was called. He was told the truth and he made out the death certificate - acute indigestion - and no questions were ever asked.

Papa got some woman to keep house for us. All I can recall about her is that we girls didn't like her and that I particularly didn't like her making us eat from a table without any tablecloth. I think we must have been left to our own devices most of the time for neighbors have since told me that they didn't see how Nettie held together the way Mary and I raced her over the country and pulled her over stone walls with Alice keeping up with us. Conditions were so unsatisfactory that the next spring our home was broken up. Papa went to board with the Dodge family, living opposite the saw-mill, where he worked. Nettie went to a neighbor family, Mr. & Mrs. George Jackman. Mary and Alice were taken to Hanover, New Hampshire, Mary to live with Grandma Church and Uncle Ed (Aunt Alice had died that spring with tuberculosis, leaving a two year old baby, Stella Bell). Alice lived with neighbors of Uncle Ed's, a Mr. & Mrs. Oke Camp. When papa married again the Camps tried hard to be permitted to keep Alice and adopt her. They had no children and grew very fond of her, but papa would not allow that. I went to live with Ephraim and Priscilla Little (brother and sister), who lived on the road connecting Battle Street with Little Hill in Webster. I was pretty homesick and lonesome at first, although they were very good to me.

The homemakers of Webster seized an opportunity of earning some funds of their own by opening their homes to the city folks in the summer. Then it was that spare bedrooms and the shut up parlors were opened and put to daily use. The closed parlors formerly kept sacred to the call of the parson must have felt dazed and have rubbed their eyes like Rip Van Winkle. For two years Uncle Ephraim and Aunt Priscilla had been having

the same family from Boston. Soon after city schools closed came Mr. & Mrs. Haywood with their two children. Ed Lindsey who was Mrs. Haywood's son by a former husband and a little girl Effie, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Haywood.

Spring school vacation came about two weeks after I went to Uncle Ephraim to live and then I had an exciting time. Mrs. Haywood sent up her son, Ed Lindsey, and his cousin for the two weeks vacation. They were a year or two older than I and up to all the "monkey-shines" live city boys can think of, let loose in the country, freed from parental restraint. To be sure, they occasionally tried to show off their masculine superiority by playing mean tricks on me, but they let me in on their boyish fun enough so I decided I liked to play boy's play better than girl's play. They used some marvelous new sophisticated city words and expressions so even with my tongue I was at a disadvantage, but I learned a lot, - things I would say and do to my playmates when our spring term of school began. The most exciting play we had was with a raft the boys made and which we used on a shallow little pond made by the melting snow. We were permitted to play there with the understanding that we were not to get our feet wet. Either Uncle Ephraim and Aunt Priscilla had never played on a raft or had forgotten what was sure to happen. Those city boys may have worn rubbers, my memory fails me about that, but I know what little country girl had never owned any at that time. She wore sturdy cow-hide shoes kept well greased with beef "taller". Needless to say, shoes, stockings and feet got soaking wet, but thanks to the boys, no scaldings resulted for they taught me a valuable trick. When called from our play on the raft, we went to the house by way of the barn, climbed up on the hay mow and scuffed and rubbed our shoes in the dry dusty hay until the wet look disappeared.

If If you have delicate sensibilities "gentle reader" skip this next story. Perhaps I ought not to record this for posterity to read and thereby criticize that little girl who once was I but if I am to be honest with my memories I must write down the bad with the good. I know I had as normal an amount of naughtyness as any child and it puzzles

me to find I am able to remember the details of but a few of those long ago happenings. Why is it? Is it because I did not enjoy thinking about them so they withered and dropped from my mind? Be that as it may, I do have a vivid recollection of what Ed Lindsey and I did to the potato bugs. These bugs of more than sixty years ago were as destructive as now but they seldom ate their way to death by the arsenate of lead route. There may have been a few farmers who used paris green but Uncle Ephraim did not. He punished these bugs for their unrestrained appetites for the potato vine by a different method.

Potato bug time came during the time when hay had to be cut and put into the barn and every available person was needed in the hayfield so this death dealing task was handed over to Ed and me. From a shelf in the woodshed we took two discarded milk pans and poured into them a half inch of kerosene then with a shillalah made from a shingle we brushed the hard shelled striped bugs from the vines into an oily death. The pan had to be closely watched for some were always slowly crawling up the sides. It was fun when we first began but it soon grew tiresome and the rows seemed to lengthen before the finish. Ed's active mind produced an incentive for the finished job out of which, I am sorry to say, I got as much excitement as he. We found an old tin can with a cover into which we put a quantity of the live bugs then we nonchalantly strolled through the door yard and down the highway a short distance where we were hidden from the house by the stone wall. There in the sandbank we dug a hole, built a fire of gathered chips and twigs and lighted it with some matches Ed had surreptitiously pilfered from the kitchen shelf then we covered it with a piece of discarded tin. Our stove was complete. When the tin was hot we fired our bugs!! Cruel youth! I confess my conscience did give me a twinge or two of remorse but I was kept from giving it any expression by the knowledge that I would have to endure masculine scorn and be taunted with, "Sissy, sissy, Carrie is a sissy", and be considered no fit pal for a boy. Pretty hard on the bugs? Yes, but if I had to choose? Well - what would you choose? Frying or drowning in kerosene oil?

The last of August the summer boarders returned to their Boston homes and it was time for school to begin. Living in the "Little Hill District" I went up there to school. As plainly as though it was last week I can see that little ten year old girl with one braid down her back, a tin dinner pail swinging from her hand and a slate under her arm go grudging off alone. It was a mile long lonesome road with no houses in sight for company. First, down the sandy road through the covered bridge over Blackwater River then through woods all the way up the steep hill to the school house. I would not want any daughter or granddaughter to repeat experiences like that every school day, but I realize lonesome country roads were much more safe then than now. Nothing ever happened to me and I did not once think the walk lonesome nor was I ever afraid. First, I was going somewhere, then I was going where there were other children and another attraction was the interesting things I saw along the way to entertain me. So many things to fascinate me and to wonder about. It was great fun in the crisp cool mornings of fall to scuff through windrows of the multicolored fallen leaves beside the road and later when the first cold nights had left a skin of ice in the ruts of the road to walk on it and hear the entrancing sound of the tinkling, tinkling jingle of the breaking ice. Some mornings I found that Jack Frost had built sturdy fairy castles of ice crystals from the muddy ground. To step on these gave a satisfying crunch, crunch. Occasionally after the first snow fall there were mysterious foot prints in the roadside snow. Some were like delicate tracery and others were larger. I found Uncle Ephraim an interested source of information regarding what had made these foot prints. I learned that it was the weasel who had made the delicate foot prints and that they wore a reddish brown coat in summer and a white one in winter. He told me that was mother nature's way of giving him color protection.

In the fall of the year that I was at Uncle Ephraim's papa took me in his horse and buggy and I had my first taste of the delight of a real journey.

In one day, papa and I drove from Webster to Hanover, New Hampshire to visit Mary and Alice as well as Grandma Church who was keeping house for Uncle Ed and cousin Stella. Aunt Alice had died the spring before. On our way up we had the unique experience of

driving across Mascoma Lake in Enfield over a floating bridge held up by barrels. It seemed a long way across. Years later Charles and I drove over it and it was more or less a disappointment, the distance was so much less than my childish memory had pictured it. It was on this long ago journey with my father that I first heard talk of a drought. All along the way, papa and the men we met talked about it and Uncle Ed seemed concerned about it too. I had never heard of such a catastrophe before. It seemed the earth was all drying up and there was nothing anyone could do about it. I didn't know whether to be frightened about it or not, but I did hope it wouldn't happen. I had my first taste of cucumbers at the Camps who were neighbors of Uncle Ed and where Alice lived. My! were they good! So cool and crisp. We picked them from the vines and ate them skins and all dipped in salt.

After a few days visiting we took Uncle Ed with us and drove north along the Connecticut River to Fairlee, Vermont, where we turned west over hill and down dale to Chelsesea, the county seat with its beautiful park in the center of the village called Chelsea Green.

Our buggy had one seat and to stretch their legs and help out the horse, Uncle Ed and papa walked up some of the steep hills while I drove full of responsibility, for who knew what the horse might do? It was especially thrilling to meet another horse and buggy and be allowed to do the turning out without any help. I know now that Hobbin knew more than I did about the turning but I had the exhilarated feeling that I was doing the driving without any help. I remember only two of papa's relatives whom we visited, although I think there were others. One home was that of Uncle William and Aunt Elvira Goodwin and their two sons, Will and Fred. Uncle William was my Grandfather Goodwin's brother and he must have been younger or perhaps married late in life for his two sons were about my age, although my father's cousins. A large brook ran down through their back yard. Fascinating place! The boys had some jars of tadpoles, some beginning to turn into frogs. They tried to frighten me with them. Since I was a mere girl, I expect they thought I would scream and tell them to keep away with the nasty things.

Not I! I was as interested to take them into my hands as they were. It was a simple little happening which has always endeared to me the memory of Great Uncle William. I never saw him but that once and then for only a day or two, but all my live long I have had a warm feeling in my heart for him. We were about to have supper when Aunt Elvira asked him to get a pail of maple sugar from the buttery so that she might melt it into syrup. He beckoned to me to go with him. He took off the pail cover, cut out a big piece of sugar and with a twinkle in his eyes, popped it into my mouth with, "Don't you ever tell I gave you this". Did I tell? Well, I should say not. I stayed out of sight until the last luscious drop had trickled down my throat, and I never told of it until years after. The memory of that secret was of a fragrance far sweeter than that of the maple sugar itself.

Then we visited a large farm high up on one of the Chelsea hills, papa's cousin ^a Cornelius Scales and his wife Olive lived there. Oh! that was wonderful place, so many things to see - horses - cows - sheep and lambs, also hens - turkeys - guinea hens and peacocks. Those peacocks with the dazzling glory of their huge fan tails. Recently I found out that at about that time quite a number of peacocks were raised for their tail feathers which were sold for millinery purposes.

A red letter day or rather night experience I had the next winter was the night of the Christmas Tree celebration at the church. The tree and all that went with it was exciting, hearing my name called out and going up to get the gifts more so. I don't know what I got. It was all a delightful dazzle, but the most vivid memory of that evening is not of the tree and its attending festivities, but of the ride home. It was a very clear winter night when the stars seemed a little nearer than usual. I had never seen them to notice them and Uncle Ephriam began to talk about them. He pointed out to me the Big and Little Dipper, Orion with his sword, Pleiades, or the seven sisters, and Cassiopeia's Chair. For the first time, I saw the sky, saw the heavens which declare the glory of God and I have always felt acquainted with them ever since. Neither have I

forgotten how thrilled I was to have one who knew as much as Uncle Ephraim did talk to me as though I was old enough to enjoy grown-up's talk. I was also impressed with his evident enjoyment in introducing me to the stars. A few days after, he got out a large thin book he had and showed me the diagrams of the heavens and the positions of the constellations he had talked about. All my life long I have wished that at sometime I could join a group interested in astronomy and have a teacher direct us.

I'll never forget one Sunday the last of that winter. It followed a cold rainy Saturday with a freeze at night which left a thick coating of ice on a foot or two of snow. We were the only family living on that cross road and had not been away from home for several days so the road to Battle Street was a smooth white icy path between the stone walls. Aunt Priscilla stayed home and Uncle Ephraim and I started a half hour early for church. He with a barn shovel to break the crust and I full of importance at so responsible a job as holding the reins and guiding staid old Nellie so that her feet walked in the holes smashed by Uncle Ephraim's shovel and Nellie's ankles would not be cut by the sharp edge of the icy crust. If I shut my eyes I can see the dear as he walked ahead, cap with a visor and ear protectors turned down, a big hand-knitted scarf wound twice around his neck tied at the back with loose ends, his black overcoat hanging high in back and long in front as he stooped to whang the icy crust. That was a gala day for a little girl who loved new experiences and had so few of them.

Sometime in February, papa took me up to Hanover again to visit. I can't tell you how we went, only that we were there. The only picture I have of that trip is of a clear crisp winter day and fine hard crust of snow on a hill. Some little girls each sliding down on a barn shovel holding on to the handle. The crust was so hard and slippery that we had no control over the shovel. Sometimes we found ourselves at the bottom so dizzy from the whirling shovel that we could stand up only with difficulty. It was fun! After we returned from this Hanover trip about the first of March, I was invited down to the Dodge home, where papa was boarding, to have supper. When papa

went out to the barn to milk he asked me to go with him. He must have found it a little difficult to ask me, but he did. He asked me how I'd like a new mother. I said I'd like it, I guessed. Then he asked me whom I'd like. I thought a minute and my mind went to my Sunday School teacher who was always so lovely to me, and she was very pretty too. So I said I guessed I'd like Mary Sawyer. This must have been rather a disappointment to him for it seemed that Lucy Dodge had already been asked and had accepted that responsibility and a big responsibility it was to take into her home, with her father and mother a man and his four little daughters, three, six, nine and eleven years old.

Papa and Lucy Dodge were married at the Congregational parsonage the evening of March 15, 1883. They told no one about it but caused quite a sensation the next Sunday when papa ushered his new wife into the Dodge pew at church, both of them with new clothes, especially mamma Lucy's new bonnet. I wonder if poor Father Duxton's sermon received its deserved attention that day.

Then in a few weeks we girls were all together. I felt this was a pretty grand place we were living in although I never felt it was the Goodwin home but that the Goodwin family was allowed to live in the Dodge home. Mama Lucy was not a maternal person but she always did her duty by us. To four motherless little girls duty was only a substitute for mother love. I think this must have influenced us to look to each other for affection and we were always very loyal to each other.

This change in our lives caused us to lose touch with our own relations. My Grandfather Goodwin died about this time and papa's two half-sisters went to Manchester to live. I never saw my Grandmother Church again. There was no one to tell us girls any stories about our father's or mother's family history, or keep alive in our memory little happenings of our own former family life. I think this repressed desire to have known more of my own family especially my mother's was the reason why I wanted to write my story for my children and grandchildren. I used to write Grandma Church

occasionally and still have among my treasures five letters of hers to me which are very precious. I think the very fact that as a little girl I cared enough for them to keep them shows how starved I was for some one of my own who really loved me. Children who have mothers and grandmothers until they grow up can never appreciate how much they have to be grateful for.

Mamma Lucy was good to us. We were well fed, generously clothed and our feet "Kept in the straight and narrow path."

The years in the Dodge home were the remembering years. I know I can pick out of those five years more stories than out of any other time in my life twice that length.

The Dodge homestead was a large, white, four-square farm house with its attendant sheds and barns, typical of New England. Maple trees in a row along the back and one side and a huge buttermut on the other side overhanging the roof. It was built around a large square central chimney of generous size and had hand hewn beams and floor boards two feet wide, many of them without a knot. More than a hundred year old native pine. It was built to last and last it did. The sides of the living-room, adjoining bed-room and entry were panelled with beautiful bevel edged boards. The hand hewn rafters were pegged with hand hewn wooden pegs instead of nails. There were fireplaces in the bed-room upstairs and in the parlor, also in the sitting-room and both kitchens, the summer one and the winter one. The fireplace in the winter kitchen was the focal point of our living eight months of the year. It had a black iron fire-frame to increase its depth and throw more heat into the room. It was of generous proportions with its accessories of the brick oven and five foot square wood-box and on the other side of the fireplace a door into the parlor. It occupied nearly all the space on the inner wall of the room. The latches on the doors were fashioned by hand. There was a cupboard at both ends of the room. At the front end the cupboard was in the middle, it was flanked on one side by the door into the entry and on the other by the door leading to the steps going down cellar.

The way of living in this house was unusual because it was so conservative that practically no new or up-to-date methods were used in housekeeping. My father took his kitchen stove there and it was set up between the fireplace and the set kettle in the summer kitchen. Food cooked on that stove was the first food ever cooked by any stove in that house. I doubt if you know what a "set kettle" is. At one side of the kitchen fireplace was built a square box like affair with a big iron kettle, so built into it that it was flush with the top and had room beneath for a fire to be built and a flue connecting with the chimney. In the summer time when the washing was done in the summer kitchen, the clothes were always boiled between the washing and the rinsing. In the winter time all the cooking was done in the brick oven or fireplace in the big winter kitchen and living-room combined. Grandpa and Grandma Dodge used the sitting-room as their living-room but we all worked and ate together.

At meal time every one was expected to be on hand and ready to sit down together at the appointed hour. On one side of the table sat sister Alice, mamma Lucy and sister Nettie. On the other, Mary, papa and Carrie. Grandpa Dodge at one end and Grandma at the other. Grandpa Dodge was a tall patriarchal looking man with bush grey hair and a long curly grey beard. He always asked the blessing at every meal using the same phraseology every time. He also conducted family worship every morning after breakfast, reading a chapter of the Bible and offering prayer. He read the Bible through from the first chapter of Genesis to the last in Revelations, a chapter a day. He never omitted the "begats" and his prayer was always the same word for word. He prayed standing behind his ladder back chair with both hands clasping the top rail and his eyes squeezed tightly together. There is one fragment of his prayer which I have always remembered. It was "line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little and there a little of devine instruction." Why did my mind keep that and omit the rest? I would like to know but never will.

Saturday was a real baking day. That was the only day the brick oven was heated.

Both the oven and fireplace took four foot wood and it was one of our dailly chores, in season, to fill the mammoth woodbox, bringing it from the long wood-shed which used to stand close to the highway in front of the house. When snow was on the ground we drew it up to the front door on a wide hand sled papa made for the purpose. In one end of this shed was the carriage house in which was stored an old chaise and the carryall with its top bordered with fringe, in which we rode to church. To go back to Saturday's baking. As soon as the wood stuffed into the oven had burned to coals and ashes, it was cleaned out with a long handled flat shovel, then the big pot of beans and the deep round tins of brown bread were put on the shovel and placed in the far end to stay there until supper time. Nothing ever burned in that oven. Then the oven was soon filled up with pies enough to furnish desert and last a family of six for a week, mince and apple and toward the latter part of the winter, dried apple pie, rarely a custard. We didn't have many eggs in the winter for hens were not expected to lay many in winter, fed with corn and what they could pick up in the litter of the barn yard. By the time the pies were done, the huge loaves of white bread were topping their tins and into the oven they went (bread requiring less heat then pies), then some ginger-bread or maybe cookies. How did those two women do all that in one forenoon with four children underfoot? How hard it must have been on a short winter day, the only light coming from the fireplace and two north windows. If any baking seemed to be needed between Saturdays, it was done in a tin baker placed before the fire. What is a tin baker? It is shaped like an open front shed with a slant roof set upon six inch legs and with a shelf in it. It is about two feet long. It had to be watched to see that it was placed the right distance from the fire and kept so if the fire died down. If there was any gravy to be warmed up or meat fried, or applesauce cooked, red hot coals from the hard wood fire were raked out on the brick hearth and on them went the long handled spider or the long legged, long handled, iron skillet. Convenient, wasn't it, to stoop over to the floor with your head near the hot fire to tend food so cooked?

Every fall we killed a fat hog or two and a beef "critter". This furnished all our winter's supply of meat, some frozen and packed in barrels of snow, some salted down in barrels and firkins and kept in the cellar, sausage and head-cheese made, hams smoked and a few thin strips of beef for dried beef hung up to dry, after a short time in the brine. We also had hung up in the buttry a whole salt cod fish. That was the only way cod fish could be bought and the only way we could get fish in the winter time. As a special treat when we had company we might be extravagant enough to buy a can of salmon. Canned salmon was a company food so why spend hard earned money for fish when there was plenty of salt pork and corned beef down cellar? Also in the large stone flagged cellar were bins of apples and potatoes, a few carrots and beets in boxes and overhead cabbages hung head down. We also had a small supply of cranberries picked from the "medder" in the late fall before frost touched them. There was our winter's supply of fresh fruit and vegetables. Our canned goods consisted of jars of blueberries and blackberries. No one ever thought of the possibility of canning vegetables, and other than canned salmon I think there were no canned meats, fruits or vegetables, which could be bought.

Salads were never thought of until years later - no gelatine, confectioner's sugar, cocoa or chocolate, no nutmeg, they had to be bought whole and grated on a small grater with a little box like affair at one end with a lid. In this box was kept the pieces of ungrated nutmeg. There was no baking powder, soda and cream of tartar was used instead, no cereals other than oatmeal, no macaroni, no packaged goods, everything bought in bulk. Other than crackers, big fat white ones, there was no baker's food of any kind, not even bread or cookies. The grown-ups in our house thought it was extravagance to buy coffee to drink. They used steeped cocoa shells (and pronounced co-co-a) with now and then a hot drink made from the dry long baked crusts of brown bread. We had tea when we had company. In the stone crock on the floor of the cupboard was always kept some fruit cake in readiness for unexpected company.

In the late fall when the evenings began to be long some of the apples were saved out of the many in the cellar and prepared for drying that we might have some to eat toward spring. This was a chore in which my sisters and I had a part. Papa bought an apple parer (before that the paring had to be done by hand) and he did the paring, then mamma Lucy took over her part and quartered and cored them. Our part was to string them, using a long string threaded into a darning-needle and being careful to keep them spaced far enough apart so they would dry quickly. These apple chains were hung on the drying frames, made like three fold screens, and they were left to dry in the sun and air until they grew hard and brown and wizened. A large meshed screen-cloth kept the flies away from them. They were the principal supply for pie filling in the winter and spring, after the cellar store of apples were gone and until blueberries were ripe. To prepare the dried apples for use they were put to soak at night, stewed the next morning, seasoned with sugar and spice, making a tasty brown filling.

All the water used in the house was brought in by pailfuls from a small covered reservoir made of planks outside the back door. To get it, we had to go down the two steps into the summer kitchen, then through to the back door and dip the pail down into the icy water. There was no sink in the winter kitchen, only a washstand with a basin, the pail of water on a stool beside it and a pail of used water on the other side. The dishes were washed on the dining table in the winter time. On Monday, wash day, water was brought and heated in a big brass kettle hung on the crane in the fireplace. The wash bench with its two tubs and wringer was set up and clothes for eight persons scrubbed, put into the brass kettle and boiled, then rinsed and hung out in the back yard. Good old days???? Do you wonder it "riles me up" when I hear some old foggy express a wish to go back living in the good old days.

We had better toilet facilities than most in town. The way led down the two steps and through the summer kitchen, then through the long room, one side of which was lined by two long chests containing bins of flour, cornmeal and dried beans of our own raising,

etc. Then up two steps through another long room which never had any use and then you had reached your destination. Pretty cold place though in zero weather. Do you think any of you who read this will experience the change in numbing which I have? Maybe, but somehow I doubt it.

Spring housecleaning was an annual household ritual which upset the even tenor of housekeeping. In addition to the usual ritual as it is conducted today such as washing paint and windows, tidying cupboard and closets, always there were one or more rooms where a carpet had to be taken up and cleaned. The day chosen would be a sunny one in the middle of the week. The first thing to do was to move out all the furniture and, on hands and knees, pull out the tacks on the four sides of the room then take out the old dust filled newspapers under the carpet and burn them out of doors. The floor was washed and dried then the carpet, which had been sunning on the clothes line was beaten, brought in and spread over the freshly laid papers. It was spread carefully so not to disturb them. These newspapers of which we took bi-weekly editions, had been carefully saved during the year for the purpose of a padding and for added warmth. The tacks put in, the furniture put back each in its long appointed place. Then the woodwork and windows were cleaned and polished. By that time the workers realized a full days work had taken place.

There were six bedrooms in the Dodge home. The two which we have just cleaned were the spare chambers connected with a winding staircase on one side of the house. On the other side was papa and mamma Lucy's chamber then an open chamber with a door opening into the stairs to the attic and another into an open chamber containing odds and ends of things too good to throw away. Alice and Nettie slept in the middle chamber between the one where papa and mamma were and the one Mary and I had. Our chamber was the smallest of them all. A three quarter sized bed the frame held together with a heavy cord going from top to bottom and from side to side, no foot board and a low head board. On this interwoven frame was a mattress of corn husks. At one side of the bed was a clothespress. Mary had one side and I the other. At one end papa put up a row of two large

hooks, two for Mary and two for me, on which must always hang our clothes. Below on the floor were our shoes, or slippers, always put neatly together beneath the clothes. Good training! It was not always appreciated then. At the end of our room was a table and above it hung two pictures. One called "Fast Asleep" and the other "Wide Awake". Both were the bust of a young girl. The one I remember best was that of a girl with light auburn hair, blue eyes and pink cheeks wearing a very light pink dress with puffed sleeves of light blue. She was fondling a string of small white asters which was around her neck. I liked our room the best of all for, from our one window I could look out on the river and the road on the other side with its steep hillside covered with trees.

It is of the spring time of which I have been writing. Now I will write of the fall ritual. It was far removed from the customs of today. After the corn husking and the threshing was accomplished came the renewing of the filling which had been in the bed-ticks we had used. Of course every bed had its feather bed summer or winter and that topped either the corn-husk or oat-straw. Filling the mattresses needed to be done on a "good drying day" in the fall soon after threshing. Early in the morning saw all the old cornhusks or oat straw emptied out and saved for bedding the horses and cow. The ticks were washed and hung on the clothes line to dry. In the afternoon when they were dry they were stuffed with the shining golden straw until they made me think of Santa Claus belly. They were buttoned up, put on the rope corded beds with the feather mattress on top. What a delight to crawl into bed that night. Get up on the side of the bed, jump and sink down. The odor of the oat straw was as fragrant as bread just baked.

Within a year or two of coming to our new home, a lyceum was formed in town and the meetings were held during the winter in the old Town House. I was allowed to go and how I enjoyed their programs of entertainment and discussion furnished wholly by local talent. It was at this time that about eight families formed a reading club of current magazines. I was avid for reading matter, and how I enjoyed Scribners, St. Nicholas and Harpers. Some of the articles were beyond my understanding but I got something out of them. My father

enjoyed reading and it was he and Grandma Dodge who were enthusiastic helpers in this new project. Mamma Lucy never read anything. I doubt if she ever more than looked at a few pictures. For years papa subscribed to "Youth's Companion, a weekly magazine, for us girls. One winter papa helped start a reading circle to study English history. He took me with him at a few of the evening meetings. The only other reading I had was the Bible, Sunday School Quarterly, Pilgrim's Progress and my first novel, "Linda", written by one of Webster's famous sons, Charles Carlton Coffin, author and newspaper correspondent for the Boston Globe during the Civil War.

I think it was rather a weak story, but as it was the only one in the house and one that papa bought, I read it through time and again. The story is lost to me, but the book had green covers and it had a good moral to it. Later the Sunday School had a small library, the "Pansy" series of stories and some of E. P. Roe and other quite "wishy-washy" stories. Not a very strong reading diet.

When we began living with our new mother, she had three little girls to get ready for school. By the way, sister Alice began school when she was four. Soon Nettie was old enough and then there were four. Four little tin lard pails to fill with lunch and four heads of hair to comb. While we had a few chores to do like bringing in the wood, washing dishes, emptying slops and picking up after ourselves, we were never allowed to help with the lunch or comb each other's hair. Indeed, I was quite old before I was thought able to comb and braid my hair neat enough. The hair combing was quite a daily ritual. Always done in exactly the same way and in the same routine every morning. Two chairs placed side by side, in one of them a basin of water with comb and brush. In the other sat mamma Lucy and on a stool in front of her was seated, first Carrie, then Mary, Alice and Nettie. Why we couldn't have changed turns, I don't know. Our heads were brushed and combed until every hair was slicked into its accustomed place and tightly and firmly braided into one braid with a ribbon tied near the end. These braids never came undone for a string was braided into the last two inches and wrapped around and tied. Properly coated and hatted and rubbered, off we started for the more than a mile walk,

thru the covered bridge, passing the burying ground, then Cogswell's woods and last the steep climb up Corser Hill. Each pupil had to buy all school supplies used with the exception of chalk. Our expense for pencils and papers was negligible, probably one pencil and one pad of paper a term as all of our arithmetic work and much of our writing was done on our slates. Those noisy slates with their slate pencils, which now and then would shrill out a sharp grating sound that sent shivers down my spine. A string was tied through a hole in one corner of the slate frame the other end of which had a rag tied to it with which to clean the slate after it had been wet by spitting on it. Phew! I am holding my nose as I write this for I fear I may smell again one of those dirty old wet rags.

The drinking water was brought in a pail from a pump in Adams Pillsbury's yard, (he lived in the big square house opposite the church), and we drank out of the same dipper. Had anyone suggested this to be unsanitary, he would have been laughed at from "end of the town to the other". "It always has been done that way," said the town fathers, "and aren't we alive now?" No thought was given to those who died young.

There was a large picture, a steel engraving, hung on the back wall of the school room. It was a picture of Cornelia, the mother of Gracchi. She was dressed in flowing drapery, seated and with an arm around each little son, her lovely face upturned to her friend standing near by who was showing Cornelia her wealth of beautiful jewels. The name of the picture written beneath was the words spoken by Cornelia, "These are my jewels". Perhaps its deep appeal to me was partly because I had no mother to hug me to her heart. I cannot remember Mamma Lucy ever kissing any of us girls or ever comforting us by putting her arms around us. She was not a maternal person and never realized what she missed out of life. The thought of that picture has always been with me, especially when I had my own small children, I felt like saying, "you were right, Cornelia, you were right". And now with my children and the sons and daughter they have given me and all the fine grandchildren around me I occasionally think of that picture.

To those of our family who have never been in Webster let me introduce you to the town. Originally it was a part of the town of Salisbury and for some unknown reason a dissatisfaction occurred and the southern part of Salisbury became Webster, named for Daniel Webster who was born and lived in Salisbury. The center of Webster is the hill top where the church and general store are located. The two roads going north and south and east and west cross here and in the four corners are the school house, the store, George Little's house and a corner of Adams Pillsbury's land. The store was rightly called general store. Perhaps comprehensive would be the better descriptive word to use for in that store could be found food, clothing, medicine, for man and beast, together with utensils for home and farm use. Groceries and medicines on one side and dry goods on the other. Practically all groceries were kept in bulk to be weighed out and put into paper bags. Sugar, flour and crackers kept in barrels. Crackers, big chubby white ones could be bought by the dozen, flour and sugar by the barrel, spices, tea, coffee and cocoa shells kept in small black tin bins with a slanting hinged cover on which was painted in gilt the name of the contents.

At the back of the store, side by side where barrels of kerosene, molasses and locally made cider vinegar all lying on a low tressle. On top of each barrel, perched like a jaunty cap, was a funnel through which, when the wooden spigot was removed, poured the contents of the barrel. On the other side of the store were festoons of leather and rubber boots, whips, lanterns, ropes and whole salt codfish which hung from overhead beams. Bolts of calico, cambric, a few ribbons, tinware, etc, etc. Let us go into the store long enough to enjoy (?) the odor. I know just how it smelled and can you imagine? It is a combination of leather and rubber, kerosene and vinegar, sweetened a little with molasses, where it dripped a bit on the floor, and a faint odor of spice and coffee. No other place on earth will ever smell just like an old-fashioned country store. In winter time, the big rectangular stove in the center of the room was red hot on the sides trying to heat the place with chunks of hard wood. It was cold behind the counters on a windy day, but warm near the stove and there was never such a rush of customers but

what there was time to hug the stove occasionally. This stove had its legs embedded in sawdust enclosed in a low wooden frame, kept there for the convenience of the tobacco chewers. On the counters in the summer time were ballon shaped fly traps about nine inches high of wire screen construction. Sugar and water in the shallow tin base was the lure which enticed the flies to crawl in under the edge of the screen ballon. With their hunger satisfied they would always crawl up to find themselves prisoners. When the trap seemed to be sufficiently filled with flies, it was plunged into hot water, killing the flies and cleaning the trap. All the better homes used these traps and millions of flies have I scalded to death. No one had thought of preventing their breeding. They were simply a common evil to be endured.

This store and another small one in Sweatt's Mills were the only places where goods or medicines could be bought. If a wider selection was desired, the only way to get it was to hitch up the horse and buggy and drive twelve miles to Penacook or twenty to Concord. There was no telephone then to find out if or where an article could be obtained. So this store had its shelf of flyspecked bottles of medicines for man and beast - patent medicines galore, elixires, cough syrups, liniment, pain-killers, paragoric, camphor, and spavin cures. The more nauseating the taste, the quicker the cure.

We girls were never dosed much by either our mother or mamma Lucy, depending more on home remedies, such as catnip and thoroughwort tea and many a tansy bag wet with hot vinegar I have worn on my chest, tied around my neck, to drive away the worms. Whenever we had a stomach upset, no one considered it might be caused from an over-indulgence in eating or tiredness from nervous strain. Oh no! it was worms which caused it. All children had worms then. If we caught cold, we had to have a sweat when we went to bed. With our high-necked, long-sleeved nightie on, we were seated in a chair, our feet plunged in a pail full of hot mustard water, a heavy quilt tightly wrapped around child, chair and pail and a steaming bowl of hot ginger tea to be swallowed. It worked! We sweat and were better the next day. If we had a very sore throat, sulphur was blown through a paper rolled squill. How it would choke and gag us, but I think that must

have done the work too, for we all lived to grow up.

I have a faint memory of the time when we had the measles. Fortunately not all of us at the same time but far enough apart so we could be cared for in relays. It was in the winter when the only warm rooms in the house were the general living-room and the smaller sitting-room used by Grandpa and Grandma Dodge. To care for the measles victims a feather bed was placed on a straw tick and laid on the living-room floor in front of the fire-place for the sick-a-bed-girls. All the house work was done around them. Cold drafts? Probably. Nothing was said about it that I can remember. At least the air could not have been stale even if eight persons did make up the household, for the fire on the hearth caused a strong draft which pulled the air through the wide chimney. How sick we were I do not remember, or whether we had the doctor. What does stand out in my memory is the break in the usual routine of living, something different happening.

I remember the doctor being called to the Dodge home when sister Nettie had scarlet fever. Fortunately it was in the summer time so the doors and windows could be kept open. Mamma kept her in Grandpa and Grandmas living-room. She was not very sick and we girls used to talk with her by standing in the entry and looking through the doorway. There was no quarantine and the grown-ups were able to go in and out as they desired. No children came to the house and none of us went to church. To have no one go to church was almost an unheard of break in our usual routine of family living.

Our supply of home remedies were gathered fresh every summer from field, meadow and woods, then hung from the attic rafters. Each herb had to be gathered in the right stage of its growth which for most was when the buds were beginning to open into flowers. There was wormwood, catnip, calomel, thoroughwort, pennyroyal and tansy. Stored in boxes on the top shelf of the living-room cupboard were roots of gold-thread, the inner bark of slippery elm and wild sarsaparilla. The golden thread like roots of the clover leaved gold-thread plant were gathered in the fall when the sap had been stored in them for the winter. They were steeped and used as a wash for a sore mouth or as a gargle. The slippery elm bark was stripped from the tree and shreadded into small pieces to be chewed

at any time as it was pleasant to taste. For medicinal purposes it was chewed and by swallowing the saliva smoothed down a tickle in the throat.

Mary and I developed a consuming passion for paper dolls. Not the gayly colored lithographed front and back paper dolls which are now available in the five and ten cent stores, complete with various costumes. All that is necessary to have these dolls is tencents and a pair of sissors and I have yet to find a little girl who cares much for them after the cutting is finished or who has cherished a collection of them. Our dolls were much more interesting creatures. I am sure this statement is true and not the result of a time fogged mind for I distinctly remember how we treasured ours. We obtained our paper dolls by hours of patient work and thought. It was not easy then to get colored paper for no magazine or paper had them and only occasionally were we able to find an advertising card or a picture with a human head on it which would be the right size for a doll so most of ours had to have every day black print faces. These were not always easy to find for the art of advertising was then in its infancy. After we cut out the head it was pasted on a body we had cut from thin cardboard. The dresses were fashioned from the stray bits of colored tissue paper which happened to come our way. It took hours of patient effort with sissors, flour paste and imagination to complete the wardrobe. The hats were circles decorated with bits of bright colored paper to represent flowers or a piece of fluff cut from the base of a hens feather. With a slit in the hat it could be put on or taken off at will. The back side of the costumes were left to the imagination of any one. We wrote the dolls names on their backs and pasted a rectangular piece of card-board on the back so the dolls could stand up on parade. The front of the doll blossomed forth gay with ruffles. It must have taken the self deceived eyes of the designer and maker to overlook the messy results of tissue paper ruffles stuck on with a paste made of flour and cold water. The dresses were on a paper foundation with a T-slit at the top through which to push the head. Our dolls had as extensive a wardrobe as our patience and material allowed.

From our semi-weekly newspaper we cut out pictures of stoves, beds, chairs and dishes

for our dolls use. So elastic was our imagination it mattered not that the picture of a cup and saucer was as large as a rocking-chair. It was equal to the necessity of the occasion. Whenever one of us was fortunate enough to get an unusually choice piece of colored paper it could be traded for some coveted piece of paper owned by the other. No Fleishmanns yeast cakes were available then with their silver wrappings. The only bits of tinsel paper we had was that through which a card of pearl buttons had been sewn.

For no reason at all on some casual occasion there will recreate in my mind a happening of years ago. Four little girls playing in a story-book attic. An attic which had not entertained children for years. It was a very tidy attic with a high, square chimney in its center. The rafters were festooned with fragrant bunches of dried herbs saved against a day of need, catnip, boneset, wormwood and calamel. A tall old grandfather clock with wooden works whose insides were good for many an hours entertainment. Beautiful old fashioned scoop bonnets of cream colored straw with faded pink and blue flowers to frame the face. There were other treasures of by gone days which were saved either for sentimental reasons or because they were too good to throw away or perhaps "might come in handy some day". Hoop skirts dangled from rafters and in one corner an old wooden loom with its treddles and heddles, its battens and reeds. The old reeds which the warp threads passed were made of bamboo which furnished us with material we used as jackstraws, a favorite game of ours.

There were boxes of old magazines and books. Some books so old they were printed with fuzzy s'es looking like queer shaped f's. Tin candle molds, a hand made card with its read filled with teazel pods. The dictionary says the word card has seventeen different meanings and is from the French carte' meaning paper but the word card meaning a kind of comb is from the French meaning teazel. Interesting isn't it? I must not forget to mention a magnificent old army hat worn by some long gone Dodge ancestor. It was tall, glossy black and shaped like a - well - like an overgrown swelled up glibba measure without any handle, with a pouring rim the visor. It had a very jaunty

cockade at the top in front. We four had to take turns wearing it. The pleasure of playing in that attic was keener if we were there when the rain was pelting the shingles. It gave a soft undertone of sheltered comfort and security. When we were through playing everything had to be put back just as we found it or else. Well! we knew 'what' so we learned to do it. Good training.

We had new headwear and new coats every other winter. Mary and I one winter and Alice and Nettie the next. It was a prized event, that drive to Penacook and to go into Allen's Department Store and try on new clothes, also hoods or felt bonnets. Very exciting to try on this or that and mamma discussing with the clerks such details as, "Is this the best wearing" or "Will this be likely to show soil" or "Will this shrink". All this when we were on tiptoe to discover what that store contained. It seemed a marvelous place to me and the name, "Department Store" indicated to me it was a store with much to see. It was the most pretentious I ever saw until we moved to Concord when I was sixteen years old. Twice a year in spring and fall mamma Lucy had the town dressmaker, Flora Eastman, come to the house and stay two or more weeks to make our clothes for the coming season. As usual Mary and I had similar dresses as did Alice and Nettie. We always hurried home after school when it was dressmaking time to find out what had been done during the day and who would be the victim of the trying on process. That was boresome but it seemed a necessary part of getting new clothes. Every garment we wore summer and winter was home made. All fastened with buttons. It makes me feel weary to think of the hours which must have been spent in the making of all the button-holes necessary to clothe four girls. It would have been immodest for us to have worn less than two petticoats, both buttoned to the waist. Each of these petticoats had to have one or more ruffles all gathered with fine even stitches and stroked with a needle to make gathers evenly spaced. What must it have meant to iron ruggled petticoats for four girls especially in winter when the flat-irons had to be heated by upending them before the open fireplace. No wonder they were known as 'sadirons'. It was an unusual event occuring not oftener than three or four years when mamma Lucy of Grandmother Dodge had a new black dress. Oh! those

best black dresses. They were an important event, the pros and cons discussed for days and the making consuming many hours. The material was heavy ribbed black silk trimmed with passamentrie, lined with firm selicia and each of the many seams in the waist held ^{fast} taught with whalebone and the whole creation so stiffened with pridefull respectability that it scarcely needed a human body inside to help it stand erect. Let into one of the front side seams of the skirt was a deep capacious pocket, as hand bags were not thought of then. When they did come into fashion they were held to the belt with a chain and were thought of as not being safe.

During the eight years I went to Corser Hill School, the teachers were Webster spinsters, until the last year when we had an imported one. She was, Hattie Pervier, a young enthusiastic Normal School graduate. Until that year, we had either Mary Webster or Sarah Sawyer, or her sister Emma, sometimes one, sometimes the other. I liked Sarah best as she was younger and did have a few new ideas, but Mary was as set and monotonous as the multiplication table. The hiring of Hattie Pervier caused a great furor in Webster. I don't know how the schools were goverened. We had three school committeemen, and in March the town held a school meeting and elected the teachers. The spring of 1887 saw a "hot time in the old town", the night of the school meeting. Of course, no woman was ever unseemly enough to go to Town Meeting, but Webster felt itself quite up to date and progressive when a few years before it voted to allow the women to attend and vote at the school meeting. This year some few of the citizens who kept in touch with advancing ideas, decided it would be a step in the right direction to try one of the Normal School trained teachers. I remember how strongly in favor of this my father was. There was as much excitement that night as at a political convention. I remember papa telling, with much glee, how one of the school committee, Daniel Holmes, said, "None 'er them Normal School graduates will ever enter the door of any school house in this town if I can help it. I'd ruther have Mary Webster's old hat a'hanging up in the entry than one of them things". But - Hattie Pervier came and my life has ever

since been the richer because of her influence.

Miss Pervier was a true nature lover and what a delight it was to have her open my eyes to the mysteries and beauty all about me. From her teaching, I learned to know the wild flowers. Miles and miles that next summer I tramped alone thru woods, swamps, pastures meadows and riverside. After the fall term of school began I kept up my search on Saturday afternoons until time and Mother Nature put all to sleep for the winter. I enjoyed walking alone the best. Alone? No. Not with Mother Nature busy putting so many of her children to bed for the winter. I would walk aimlessly, like a drop of water wandering down a window pane, turning aside at any object which attracted my attention. The days were never long enough for the lure of what could be a little farther on. What might be found in the next curve of the brook or in the mossy hollow beyond some spruces which led me on until an empty feeling or the time stealing sun reminded me I must turn toward home. How delighted I was in the early spring to find the first blossom of the fragrant pink mayflower over in the so called "rocky piece" beyond the barn. The mayflowers were soon followed by the shy, blue tinted hepatica's whose stem and calyx is wrapped in fine silvery fur. In mid-summer I made the acquaintance of the little sun-dew and pitcher-plant, vastly different in growth and no relation to each other, but both preferring to add to their normal diet, that of bugs and flies. The dainty little sundew looking so innocent sitting in the sand and holding up its delicate little round pink hands. Who could think the fibers lining the hands were so gluey that no small insect could escape once he perched on them. The insects feet were held fast, they slowly - oh, how slowly the little hands curled together and the life blood of the insect was drawn from the body. The pitcher-plant which makes its home along the muddy edges of the ponds uses a different method and seems to prefer its insects in the soup form. Its leaves are shaped like long slender cups with a lip on one side. The unwary insect, being thirsty, and seeing the water below in the green cup walks down the lip toward the water. His way is made easy by the still down pointing hairs, but alas, when he tries to walk back up he has

no footing on the slippery surface and the cup is so narrow he cannot get start enough to fly out. His fate is to fall into the water below. It is in this way that the pitcher-plant may find nourishment. In other words he drinks fly soup. I was elated when I found growing in a meadow not far from the interesting pitcher-plant the orchid. One soft pink blossom to a plant, dainty and fragile and with delicious fragrance. I learned to know which were the out-casts, the rogues of the plant world. Learned to know the poison-ivy from the wood-burn and the poison dogwood from the woodbine, the meadow iris from the sweet-flag. Each of these a cousin to the other but one of each an enemy to mankind. In the fall after all other vegetation had blossomed and fruit ripened, I discovered the witch-hazel, a finely limbed shrub, in the woods with all its leaves fallen and along the ends of its branches tasseled yellow blooms. This witch-hazel is a jester for, in the early spring, after its seed-pods have ripened, it pops them open with a snap and shoots them some distance. This happens with such suddenness and force that it is startling, almost as though some wood-elf was shooting with a popgun. Indeed it has surprised me the varied ways Mother Nature has taught her children to distribute their seeds, the germs of another generation. Some seeds are encased in pulp that birds may eat and carry them away where they may find new soil in which to plant their seeds. Other seeds are furnished with a sail, like the seeds of the maple and basswood trees. Then there is the burdock with its round seed-pod covered with tiny hooks which "hook" a ride on anything which brushes against it. Whenever I found new flowers I dug them up carefully, roots and all, and slipped them into my vasculum for study when I reached home. With a ponderous old Grey's Botany I examined them from roots to anthers and pistils to trace their botanical and common names. Papa had a tinsmith make me a vasculum to hold the specimens I found. Hours I spent tracing out their names, pressing them between sheets of blotting paper in a press papa made for me, then changing the damp papers every day and when the specimens were perfectly dry mounting them on cardboard with their names, botanical and common and the date written in the lower

right hand corner. My collection of plants or herbarium contained nearly all the common plants found in Webster and some rare ones. That summer when Aunt Vinnie came home from the Minnesota Normal School, where she taught penmanship, drawing and geography to spend her summer vacation she became interested in what I had done and wrote to Prof. Holzinger at the Normal School about it with the result that he sent me 50 mounted specimens of Minnesota flowers in exchange for 50 of my New Hampshire ones. I kept this herbarium for years until time, lice and several movings had so abused them that I reluctantly laid them on the fire. I kept up my interest in flower collection during the time we lived in Concord, tramping out of the city into the country, and nearly always alone. I never remember being even spoken to by a stranger. A young girl couldn't do that today.

Like beautiful irridescient threads woven into the web of my life has been my interest in anything in nature whether, beast, fowl or fish, bugs, trees or flowers. I feel certain this interest was inherited from my father. It was he who taught me to know the trees by their shape, their leaves and bark and to distinguish their wood by its growth, grain and color. The flower and tree acquaintances have remained my friends all through the years and I have been fortunate enough to spend most of my life where the country has been at my door. This acquaintance has given me much pleasure.

Grandpa had plenty of leisure to drive hither and thither over the country side, as papa had assumed the work on the farm. Often when school was not keeping I accompanied him. What his errands were I have not the slightest idea. Why he went did not interest me. It was the going. In my mind I hear the soft scuffing, the thlop, thlop, of the horses feet ghrugh the sandy roads, the rattle and clink of the harness and wagon. Occassionally the road passed over a brook where there was an optional side road dipping down through the brook so the horse could drink and incidently while the drinking was taking place the wooden rims of the wagon wheels would get wet and so keep them from drying out. As the horse leisurly drank of the cool, clear water it

seemed he took more time for it than from the watering trough in the barn yard. When the chirrup was given to start along he would decide he must have another sip. I thought perhaps he was enjoying the cool water swirling around his dusty feet, or that he might be thinking he would fool us into believing he really had not satisfied his thirst. We didn't care. There was no hurry as we could watch the glistening celophane wings of the large devil darning-needles as they darted in and out through the cat-tails, (the long, tough, slender leaves of the cat-tails are used for seating chairs, making mats, etc.). The tiny frightened minnows threaded their shining way along through the shallow sides of the brook and the dapper black and white bob-o-ling, swaying on an alder bush, was watching us as he poised for flight. Down along the brook was a place where it widened and became shallow and still. Sweet-flag grew there with its feet in the marsh black silt. We had plenty of time and watched a light green naked caterpillar with legs at both ends as it humpted itself along and taking a firm hold with its back legs, letting go with its front ones he aimlessly waved its body about. "Come, come, thar, Tom, Geddap", said Grandpa, and we would jog along toward home, sometimes going on infrequently travelled roads where there were three paths, one for the horse, two for the wheels with two stripes of grass between the three paths. In the winter the roads had but two paths as the two thills were centered on one side on the sleigh front so one sleigh runner followed in the path of the horse. It was an unhurried way we journeyed then. There was no premonitory honk of a horn nor smell of burning gasoline tainting the country air. We were riding in another century of time. Now when we ride over those roads it is hard to realize they are the same. The distances have shrunk amazingly. The hills have no water bars and the roads are hard surfaced. Then we had ample time and opportunity to see the details of the roadsides. Buds, blossoms and leaves. We could nod to them all and see them wave back to us.

Practically all the pupils of the Corser Hill School carried their lunch and swallowed it quickly, eager for the good times we had playing games. In the summer time, we would run up to the church horse sheds to play "I spy". That was the shortest hour

in the whole day. At recess time, "Duck on the Rock" was a favorite game, as well as "Drop the Handkerchief". Then there was, "I put my right hand in, I put my right hand out, I give my right hand a shake, shake, shake and I turn my self about". When weather prevented out-of-door playing, a favorite game was "Clap In and Clap Out", also "My Father sent me to you, Sir", and "My Father Bought a Rooster", "Tick, Tack, Too", etc.

There were few festive occasions in town other than those connected with the church. No secret organizations and no card parties. Once a month the church social was held in the back gallery of the church, from which seats had been removed and home made shelves and cupboards installed. Of course there was no water on hand but it could be brought from Adams Pillsbury's out-door well across the road. The hot water was heated on the box stoves in the church entry in winter and on the stove of an obliging neighbor in summer. The socials with the largest attendance were the two in summer when the summer boarders were in town. One or both of these socials were frequently held in a home where the family took in boarders for the summer and invariably the church social took the form of a lawn party. I clearly remember one of the first of these we attended. It was at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Thurber in the Bashan district which was in the south part of the town. They had a housefull of boarders and a large lawn on which to enjoy the out-of-doors. The two vivid pictures which my mind shows me is that of a party at which Japanese lanterns decorated the piazza and the lawn. It was my first sight and knowledge of them. When daylight faded and they burst into "bloom" they seemed the acme of sophisticated elegance. The other picture concerned the presence of a boarder who was a deaf mute. Papa held conversation with him by pencil and paper. Papa must have told him he was the father of four girls for the man lifted up one of his feet and patted his shoe, then clasping his hands he pulled them apart some distance and with his forefinger made a large circle. It was easy for papa to translate the motions as meaning that it must take considerable money to keep four girls in shoes. When we were driving home papa told us with great glee how the deaf mute responded to this information. "Indeed it did cost something to shoe four girls".

Local talent was called on for simple entertainment. No plays. Indeed a play in the church would be sinful. The nearest thing permitted was a dialogue. I wonder if my memory serves me right when I think I never saw a play until after I left High School. I often "spoke pieces" at the socials but never was I asked to sing which was a mystery to me then. Mary sang often. So tone deaf to my own voice, was I, that I did not understand why I was blighted. Goodness knows I wanted to bad enough. In the summer time on the days when the socials were to be held the girls brought their dress-up clothes with them, and after school with our dinner pails in hand, we walked up the few steps to Adams Pillsbury's house or sometimes across the road to Mrs. Gerald's where we primped up for the evening. Mrs. Gerald lived in a house on the same side of the road as the church and close to the horse-sheds. Neither of these two families had any children and I cannot help thinking how gracious they were to let us into their tidy homes to wash up, dripping water about and scattering clothes around. Mrs. Gerald had a chain pump in her front yard and we were always cautioned not to break it. To my knowledge we never did. Sometimes we took into their homes the smokey lamp chimneys to wash. Each family brought food, plain bread and butter sandwiches, cakes, washington pies, tarts, etc. Always tea was served for grown-ups to drink. This food was served on heavy white china ware. After eating was through and a meager entertainment, if any, was given the children went down stairs to amuse themselves. Games were played in the large entry (it was always spoken of as entry, never heard of the word vestibule). It was at the church socials that some of the prude and prim spinsters and greybeards mournfully shook their heads and prophesied that the world certainly was going to the dogs when the young folks were allowed to carry on the way we were. What were we doing? Promenading two and two up one outside aisle of the church auditorium and down the other, then through the entry, round and round singing to the tops of our voices ----- "John Brown's Body Lies a'molding in the Grave", Scandalous! Almost sacrilegious! I have heard this same kind of criticism about our young people of today. Human nature does'nt change. I recently

heard a radio speaker make this statement - "The only difference in the morals of the young folks in the good old days and those of today is that in former years, they pulled their curtains down".

At home we girls played, "Puss in the Corner", and "How Many Miles to Babylon". Papa bought us two or three new games every Christmas, such as Lotto, Authors, Parchesi Checkers, Peter Coddle, etc. We were taught to take care of them so that after we were married some of them were given to us for our children to play with.

In the winter the exercise was principally sliding. The school house being on a hill was well situated for this sport. When the snow was crusty the fields were used, when soft the highway leading down the steep hill toward where we lived was favored as it was the steepest. It was hustle to have one slide at recess time and at noon to swallow lunch, put empty pails on entry shelves, take clothes from hooks, put them on in by the stove. Now, hooded, coated, rubbered and mittened with long scarves tied around necks, came the mad scramble to get his or her own sled from the motely pile of home made sleds surrounding the school house doors. "Who'll be first down the hill?" The boys usually won out. What sport!! This steep hill had water bars of earth construction at frequent intervals to turn the water into the ditch beside the road. "Thank-you-marms", they were called. Certainly they added to the thrill of coasting for frequently when the momentum of a sled began to speed up it would nearly take my breath away as it shot in to the air from the water bar then thumped down upon the snow packed road. "Whew!" We had to hang on as hard as we could.

Nearly all, both boys and girls, wore leather boots in winter. Boots with a shining band of copper across the toe. The girls frequently had a bit of red leather or a tassel adorning the top of the front. I can see myself dressed to go out sliding (we never spoke of it as coasting), a woolen hood, a scarf tied around my throat and with some home made mittens, woolen stockings and leather boots. I also see the sled. It was a heavy sled which papa made of oak and had taken it to the local blacksmith shop to have it shod with iron.

The men of that period, and in the country, wore shoes only on dress up occasions. For every day they wore leather boots kept greased with neatsfoot oil, to have them soft and prevent moisture going through. Thinking you may not know what neatsfoot oil is, I will tell you. It is oil made of boiling the feet and shin bone of cattle of the ox kind.

At the time of which I am writing men wore detached false bosoms and all the dress up shirts had cuffs fastened with cuff-links. Occasionally we saw men wearing, in winter, a heavy shawl. Nearly all families had one or more brown curly haired buffalo robes to use in the sleigh. A few had dress up robes of black bear-skin. Bear-skin robes and coats were more expensive and anyone could afford a buffalo robe.

In Webster in the 1880's a man with a clean shaved face was rarely seen. On the contrary the varied designs in the hirsute adornment were many. There were some faces on which whiskers grew as nature dictated, sparse, bushy, long, short, straight or curly. Others decorated the face as pleased the owners fancy. Some considered it was an indication of virility to be able to flaunt a beard of length, while others with bare upper lip and front of chin wore their whiskers like fringe suspended from ear to ear. There were some who wore chin whiskers only. As I first remember my father he had a mustache, straight and long down over his mouth and also some ruddy, crinkled side-burns.

It was not until we moved to Concord that we first heard of a new style in cups and saucers for the use of men only. The mustache cup. The cup had a bar across the top to keep the mustache from being used as a strainer. As befitted the dignity due the head of the family it was a cup and saucer larger than the ordinary size and was gayly decorated with gilt scrolls and bright multi-colored flowers. Sometimes it had the word, 'Father' in gilt letters on the side. It gained great popularity and was a favored gift for any man's birthday or at Christmas time. It mattered not whether the mustache curtained the face from nose to chin or whether it scantily covered the upper lip.

In the days of which I write there was an indispensable article belonging to the men which has long ago slipped into oblivion. It was the lowly tooth-pick. Not the one we know, which is used in secret only, but an elegant tool to be displayed and admired. It dangled from the watch chain. I have one, a dainty, yellowed with age, tooth-pick made of ivory. It has three small picks each of varying lengths folded together and fastened into the ends of the ivory container. The men of that day who were dressed in their best bib and tucker wore their tooth-picks dangling from their watch-chains and at any time during their eating they were privileged to use it as they desired. An ordinary tooth-pick was generally home made from the tail feather of a fowl. A goose or a turkey feather is the best. If you are thinking of making one get a feather and snip off the bare end so the whole pick will be about two and a half inches long. With a sharp knife make a cut in the closed end. There is your tooth-pick and a good one too. Quill pens were made this same way, except that the point is slit up about an inch and the feather end left on. In the use of pens the Dodge family had gone modern enough so they used steel pens which was a surprise in such a conserving and saving family. To go back to 'tooth-picks' they were made of materials such as ivory, mother of pearl, gold, etc. A solid gold one with an ear spoon was the height of fashion. The original use of a pen knife was as you may know a small knife with which to whittle pens out of quills.

As though embalmed in amber is my memory of a few evenings in the early summer. News was spread by word of mouth, from neighbor to neighbor, "Walter Kittredge is in town and will give a show to-morrow night in the Town House". This was the Walter Kittredge who was the author of "Tenting To-night on the Old Camp Ground". What excitement ran through the length and breadth of the town. I remember no other entertainment given by talent outside our own town during the sixteen years I lived in Webster. The town seemed to be complete in itself. How excited we four girls were when we heard Mr. Kittredge was coming. Did the old grandfather clock ever tick, tock so slowly? Would the time ever come when we could start? "Oh! look the people

have begun to go. There is someone driving up the other side of the river. We'll be late. Hurry up and finish the chores". At last we were ready. Up the road we walked along beside the river where the freshly sawn pine boards gave forth a delightful fragrance. Soon we joined groups of neighbors. Both of the Burbank families, Judith and Frank Lang. We went through the covered bridge and joined the Jackmans. Soon we were at the Town House. Mr. Kittredge was a versatile entertainer with his songs, stories and impersonations, nearly if not all of them original. From his bulging valise he produced changes of costumes and masks which he put on in sight of us all. What fun it was! Time for the entertainment to close came all too soon. His winter home was in Massachusetts and when the last of May came he packed up his baggage and, valise in hand, he started to walk to the White Mountains to stay for the summer. He went up one route and home another giving his entertainments in isolated villages along the way. He spent the summer in the White Mountains because at that time very large hotels were scattered here and there over the hills and mountains and Walter Kittredge was a most welcome guest where-ever he went.

I must tell you of my first knowledge of the wonderful new invention, the telephone. It was in 1885 or 1886. Father Buxton and his wife lived in the parsonage next to the school house. They were both old people and rather feeble so they had a telephone put in and the wires strung on poles up by the school house to Adams Pillsbury's house. I don't know what made it work. We school children were invited up to Mr. Pillsburys to listen, one by one, while Father Buxton played on his violin. The hymn he played was "In the Sweet By and By". We hurried home from school that night to tell all about it.

Not long after this, the Buxtons had a lady visiting them from Boston, who had an astonishing novelty which she showed us. It was a toy chicken which looked ordinary enough, but when she took two or three of us at a time into a large dark closet and shut the door, the chicken glowed with light. Whoever heard of such a wonder? She told us it was caused from the paint used. That was another marvel to hurry home and tell about.

I was very much of an out of doors girl. Don't you think that sounds a little more refined than to say "tom-boy"? Hours I spent fishing in the race-way below the sawmill. Every summer I set traps for woodchucks, caught them too. The town paid ten cents for each tail. One day I found I had caught a skunk. Can't imagine what good fortune saved me from an unpleasant experience, but I knocked him on the head before he punished me.

Papa didn't work in the saw mill after he married mamma Lucy, but worked Grampa Dodge's farm. He was interested in blasting out some of the large rocks and I held the drill many an hour after school and Saturday forenoons while my father whanged the top of the drill with a sledge hammer. When I got home from school papa would say, "Come on, Carrie, get into your old duds, I want you to play on the 'Drillanna'". This was not at all enjoyable as it would get so monotonous and sometimes when the heavy hammer didn't strike quite true the vibration of the drill stung my hands, but I thought, after all it was better than doing things in the house. I helped pick the apples, dropped corn and potatoes at planting time, etc, etc. I seemed to be the best boy my father had. One of the chores I especially enjoyed was driving the cows home from pasture. As I remember it papa would drive them to pasture and I, or Mary and I would drive them home. We enjoyed it as the road was sheltered with trees and the cows almost always were waiting for us. One thing we were not supposed to do was to grab hold of the last cows tail and hold on for it set the whole herd running. Naughty girls we were once in a while but we seldom were scolded for this as we would let go in time for the herd to quite down before getting in sight of the barn. Papa always wanted me to help at haying time, and that made me feel important and wanted. Sometimes, I raked up the sweet smelling scatterings of hay left after the wagon was loaded. It was fun driving the horse hitched into the horse-rake and manage the foot pedal which made the rake lift and fall and leave the hay in windrows. The very best of all was sitting high on top of the load of hay and drive from the field to the barn. Sometimes I helped stow away the hay in the hot stuffy air of the hay-mow close beneath the barn roof. I remember distinctly the stifling feeling of the hay dust in my throat.

Grandma Dodge's name before she was married was Mary Plummer, and she lived in Boscawen, about four miles from Webster. The farm where she and her sisters lived gradually deteriorated as one after the other left, until no one lived there and the buildings all burned down. Grandpa Dodge had what hay there was on the place and several times I went with papa when he went to get the hay. He drove one hay wagon and I followed with another. While papa was shaking out the hay and raking it up I was busy scouting around through the near-by pasture and meadow hunting for wild flowers and picking blackberries. We took our lunch with us. One day we drank up all our water by noon and as there was no water safe to drink on the place we got very thirsty, so thirsty my mouth got dry and I did not feel well. Perhaps the knowledge that I could not get the much needed water may have influenced my thoughts. Frequently when I read stories in which some one suffers for lack of water my mind goes back to that experience. On the way home that day we stopped and got a drink at the first house we came to.

Living in New England where it can be and often is a fickle jade I must always have heard the weather talked about. How could I have helped hearing weather discussed for it must have then, as now, been a perennial source of conversation with the older generation. My surprise is that I have no recollections of any kind of weather, only good weather. Good when it was cold and good when it was hot. Pry into my mind as I may I can remember no weather which interfered with good times. I liked to hear the old folks say, "Isn't it getting dark early?", "When the days lengthen then the cold begins to strengthen". "Saw a sundog today, two of them, we will be getting a big snow storm before long", or "Guess we'll have rain tomorrow the sun is drawing water". "Red in the morning sailors take warning, red at night sailors delight", etc. The lengthening daylight of spring with its mild weather when we could begin to play out of doors after supper was one of the happy memories. Children in the country are not obliged to sit around and wonder what to do next. Indeed not, The puzzle is, which to choose out of the many fascinating delights at hand, running from one thing to another. Some day in summer we would hear the creaking box-like wagon of the tin pedlar as he drove into our

dooryard. It's bright red sides and top decorated with a great variety of tin and wooden ware, tubs, whips, washbasins, mop handles, brooms, etc. Dangling beneath were lanterns, pails, old brass kettles, etc. The most interesting and attractive part of his load was displayed when he opened the doors at the sides and displayed the shining tin inside. Pans, dippers, skimmers, ladles, also thread, needles, knives and forks, tin whistles and, well I'll not mention any more to weary you. On the rack behind were the bags of rags, old newspapers and books which the housewife had saved up for this occasion. They were brought out from the house and from the barn came calfskins and maybe a piece or two of worn-out brass or pewter. All were weighed on steelyards and bartered for the new wares.

As I look back into the past I marvel at the many inconsequential incidents and happenings which have painted themselves on my mind when I know there must have been many of real worth and interest to me today but of which I have no memory.

Some of you have heard me tell the story of candle dipping so many times that you may find it a bore to read about it. If so, I give you permission to skip it. On days when we knew candle-dipping was to be done, our legs - Oh! I beg your pardon, I forgot for the moment that I was writing of mid-Victorian days, so should use the language suitable for those times, I ought to have said, our limbs, - carried us down the hill and through the covered bridge so fast we were likely to get a pain in our sides. Candle dipping was an interesting event which took place only once a year, so we wanted to miss as little of it as possible. This work was always done in the summer kitchen. On the newspaper covered floor two ladder-back chairs were placed facing each other about ten feet apart with two slender peeled poles stretching from one chair seat to the other. Across these poles slender rods were put about four inches apart on which were hung perhaps ten pieces of candle wicking doubled over and twisted. The big brass kettle, filled with hot fat made from beef suet and with a bit of resin added to make it harder, was lifted from the crane in the fireplace and put on a board close to the poles. Then the dipping began. The candlewick draped rods were carefully lowered into the fat,

lifted until the drip stopped then placed back on the poles. So on till all were dipped. By this time the first one was cooled enough to begin the second dipping. This was kept up until they grew to candle size. They were put one side to thoroughly cool while another ladder-full of candles were dipped. As the fat lowered and cooled, boiling water was poured in to heat the fat and make it deep enough to use. As a special treat we were allowed to dip two or three rods each. The next day, the butt end of the candle was cut off square up to the candle wicking and they were stored in a chest in the ell attic. We had only two or three kerosene lamps. They were too dangerous to carry around so candles were used for all going into dark rooms and always to go to bed with. We kept a small supply of candles on a forked stick hung up in the cellar way. The cellar way down which I once fell to bump my head on the stone flagged cellar bottom and to see stars and to be a bit groggy for a few minutes. Years before, Great Grandsire Dodge had fallen down the same stairs and was picked up dead from a broken neck.

Grandmother Dodge was a noted cheese maker. The cheeses were made only in warm weather, but before they could be made the rennet used to curdle the milk had to be prepared. In the spring or winter one or more fat calves were killed and the veal sent to market. The calves stomachs were kept, washed thoroughly and pickled in strong salt and water. As soon as the warm milk was brought into the house it was strained into a large tin tub and into it was poured a little of the salt rennet water from the soaked stomachs. It would be but a short time before the milk was changed into a soft curd. Then it was cut across and across into squares, poured into another tin tub with perforated bottom and sides and lined with a thin cloth (a cheese cloth) and left to drain. The next forenoon, night and morning curds were combined, salted and put into a cheese hoop placed on a square board which had a groove cut in it a half inch or so larger around than the hoop with a larger groove leading off the board in front as a drain for the whey. A round wooden cover fitting inside the hoop put on top and the screw of the press turned down tight. Every forenoon we girls generally hung around until the cheese was taken out for around the rim of the top where the cover didn't quite fit true would be some cheese

pairings. Were they delicious? UM-um! We took turns having them - Mary and I one morning, Alice and Nettie the next. We were always paired off like that, sleeping together, going places, n w clothes, etc. The process of changing milk into curds took place in the long grain chest room opening out of the summer kitchen. The cheese press was up two steps in the next long room and the cheese was then taken into the cheese room, a long narrow room with only one window in the end paralleling the cheese room. One side of the cheese room was lined with shelves, and there was a long table in it. On the table was a dish of whey cream skimmed from the whey, a roll of unbleached cotton strips and a dish of thorns gathered from the wild thorn apple trees. The bandage of cotton was pinned tightly around the cheese with the thorns, then the whole cheese rubbed over with whey cream. Every day the cheeses already made had to be turned and any mold spots rubbed off. This turning and rubbing of the cheeses continued as long as necessary to ripen them.

Opening out of the summer kitchen was a long dark narrow buttery. All the light it had came in from the summer kitchen which was a large room with only one small window on the two sides. The weeks supply of pies was kept in the buttery as well as the barrel of sugar, two gallon jug of molasses and other staple groceries in proportionate quantities. To keep food cool in summer, it was carried down cellar. Not until years later did I ever know there was such an article as a refrigerator.

One of the frugal household tasks enjoyed by my sisters and myself was the making of lamplighters. It was our duty to keep sufficient supply on hand so that the cracked grey pitcher on the mantle shelf over the fireplace would never be empty. These thriftily twisted spirals were rolled out of strips cut from last weeks newspaper. To roll the strips we began by first rolling it to a sharp point by the aid of mouth moistened thumb and finger, then rolling until a wider roll was made when it was pinched and bent like a leaf. On that same mantle was a low flat tin in which was kept the slitted squares of sulphur matches. These matches were seldom used except occasionally in summer when there

was no fire in the fireplace to ignite the lamplighters. Our training was "a penny saved is a penny earned". The lamplighters saved spending hard earned money for store matches.

I would like to tell you about the right way to keep a good hot fire in the fireplace going day and night in freezing weather. Perhaps you may not realize there is a knack to it, learned from experience. We will open up the circle of a twenty-four hour fire in early morning. First the fire-shovel scrapes the bed of ash covered live coals to the front, then a long heavy, foot thick, hardwood, back-log standing beside the wood-box is lifted and put snug against the back of the fire-place with the andirons shoved against it. Now comes the fore-stick which is a smaller log placed in front of the back log resting on the andirons. Around this are put smaller sticks and the live coals are pushed back and chips from the near-by chip-basket scattered over them and the fire is laid. All it needs now to start the burning is a few puffs from the bellows hung near by. Occasionally during the day it probably will need another fore-stick around which to put more wood. As bed time approaches it is necessary to be sure there is a good bed of live coals so they can be drawn together closely against what is left of the nearly consumed back-log, then all is covered inches deep with the warm ashes to smolder until the morning. Sounds easy doesn't it? Just try it and find out that there is a knack to it that only experience can make successful.

One of the Saturday jobs which fell to our lot was the polishing of the steel knives and forks with which we ate. This is how it was done. The polishing board, a scoring brick and an old rag were used. Fine dust was scraped from the brick on to the board then with the wet rag and plenty of elbow grease this brick dust scoured the steel to a soft grey brilliance.

We girls always enjoyed blueberry time. Our pastures were full of the bushes, the low ones. Day after day, we picked them.. Five pound lard pails full of them. It was a disgrace to go home with a pail not full. Four little barefoot freckled faced girls with scratched legs and arms and their fingers and mouths stained blue. Besides being out of

doors there was always something interesting to be seen, so many kinds of bugs to watch as they went about their business. What fun to come upon a large vertical web of the big lemon and black spider, take a twig and tick the edge of the web and watch her run to the very center and begin swinging it. This was no fly to be caught in its meshes, but a teasing little girl that when the spider began to slow up would tick it again trying to tire out the hungry spider. Then the birds nests we found, some with eggs and some with open-mouthed little birdlings and anxious scolding parents near by. One day I stumbled upon a night hawk nesting on a bare granite rock under a bush, her protective coloring making her almost invisible on the dark grey lichen covered stone. As I crept near she flew away and there were two eggs in a little depression in the rock, not a feather or a blade of grass to soften their bed. A night hawk isn't a hawk at all, but a cousin of the whip-poor-will with the same kind of a flat head and fringe around the mouth.

There were the narrow escapes I had from stepping on snakes coiled up asleep on a hot sunny spot. Not being at all afraid of them I would always get a stick, poke them awake and watch them uncoil and glide away, admiring their graceful curves and wondering how, with no feet, they could move so quickly.

Our berries, more than what were used for eating and canning, were picked over and put into milk pails (berry baskets were not thought of then) and taken to the Warner or Penacook grocery stores. I think the most we ever got for them was five cents a quart. That was supposed to be our own money which we had earned, but we never saw even a nickel of it, much less spent a cent of it. Mamma had a little book in which she meticulously kept an account of the number of quarts we each had to sell and the amount received. She would say "Carrie has so much money she has earned, Mary so much, then Alice and Nettie so much. How rich we did feel. Then the money was safely put away and when school opened in September it was spent to buy shoes or rubbers or some such prosaic article of wearing apparel. We were never given as little as ten cents to spend as foolishly as we desired.

I want to pay my tribute to Grandma Dodge. She was a dear understanding lady. She it was who started me on my first patch-work quilt, brick pattern all sewed together with over and over stitches. Such homely calico, 537 pieces and no two pieces alike. How much more I would have enjoyed sewing them if I could have had lovely colors to combine into a harmonious whole. She also taught us all to knit. I started with stockings for myself, so many rows around for a daily stint. With fine yarn and fine needles and a long leg it was rather discouraging job, but keeping at it every day finally finished them. I never enjoyed knitting until I began to knit for my babies and husband. Grandma Dodge also taught Mary and me to hook a rug. It was about three feet long and two feet wide. Mary hooked on one side and I on the other. It was a hit and miss pattern. Mama kept the rug until long after Mary and I were married. She gave it to me, but I gave it to Mary at the time she married Alton Barr. We also learned how to darn from Grandma Dodge, such beautiful fine even square meshed darning as she did. No cooking were we ever allowed to do as long as we lived at home. We prepared the potatoes and other vegetables and apples for pies and sauce and that was the limit of our cooking ability when we left home.

The winter I was fourteen, Uncle Ephraim Little died. It was decided I ought to go to the funeral. So I walked all alone up the river on the ice, it must be more than two miles. I was cautioned to look out for open places and thin ice, but if I had made a mistake in judgement, I wouldn't be writing this today. I walked back home alone. How I did enjoy my walk in the clear crisp air. No mystery is quite like the mystery of a river bend, no curve quite so beautiful. I had no thought of fear, it was too lovely for fear to enter in. I was enchanted with the black and white beauty of the sparkling world through which I walked. A differing world and all mine. Alone unafraid, enchanted with this new experience. The stillness! Stillness as hard as the ice beneath my feet, as high as the blue sky above. The memory of that walk is sewn fast within my life with threads of gold. I have but a hazy memory of the funeral or who was

there. How kind time has been to let me cherish through the years the beauty of the walk on the river and blur my sorrow at the passing of a man who had been so kind to me. Some kind intentioned neighbor had a calla lilly in blossom so she brought it and it was put into Uncle Ephraim's brown work-worn hands. I felt it was most inappropriate.

About 1883 Father Buxton resigned because of age and the new minister was Rev. Charles Gordon and his bride. The next year in July Jessie, Alice Burbank and I joined the church. A year or two later Mr. Gordon heard of the new youth movement started by Rev. Frances Clark in Portland, Maine, called The Christian Endeavor Society, so we started one and I was its first president. It was one of the first societies started in New Hampshire, and I was a member of it for over thirty years, in Webster, Concord, Northfield, Paxton and Shrewsbury. Outside of church and school we had no social contacts. Mary Sawyer's Sunday School class formed a Missionary Society, "The Lois Jewetts", named for Father Buxton's first wife. We felt quite grown up with meetings at the homes of the members, with officers and dues and everything which made up a real society. How grand I felt to belong to something where the President called the meeting to order, where the Secretary read the minutes of the last meeting and we voted on things. For the first two years only the older girls belonged, then we felt that perhaps sister Mary and Henrietta Pearson and Florence Jackman (who were two years younger than I) had reached an age mature enough so they might be included. Nearly every year we collected clothing, packed a missionary barrel and sent it on. Once a year in the summer, we had the red letter day of the year, a trip to the top of Mt. Kearsarge and another to visit the Canterbury Shakers and the Worsted Church. About this time, I began being somewhat boy conscious. Before that they were just nuisances, altho probably necessary to the biological pattern of life, yet I had no use for them. They were always plaguing me, pulling my hair, tripping me up and similar things that they called fun. I was glad I didn't have any brothers. I remember on the trip climbing up the mountain Hermon Sawyer helped me climb. I was as able to climb as he but for some strange reason I seemed to enjoy having his help. After we had eaten our lunch some of the boys who had brought

hammer and chisel carved initials on the boulders. Hermon carved mine, C.E.G. I wonder if it is still there.

The following fall Hermon left home to study for the ministry. He became a minister preaching in the middle west and I never saw him after that until not many years ago when he returned to Webster and served as pastor of its church until his retirement.

The next summer after our mountain trip the Lois Jewetts had their excursion to Canterbury, a town a little north-east of Webster. The day before was cloudy and the trip would not be taken if the weather was not fair. The next morning the first thing I thought of when I opened my eyes was the weather. A look out the window showed me the day promised to be fair for I could see cobwebs on the grass and didn't that always mean fair weather? On our trip to Canterbury and the Shaker village we drove in two democrat wagons. At the time of which I write the Shakers were a large and prosperous colony and impressed us with their manner of living. The clothes of the men were identical as were those of the women. The latter wearing plain grey dresses and hand-woven straw bonnets which extended out and around the face and tied under the chin. They made exquisite embroideries to sell. After we moved to Concord to live I frequently saw the Shakers on the street for the men and women drove in once a week to sell their produce. The men and women lived in separate houses at some distance to each other and no visiting was allowed only on business. Neatness stared at us in every room in the houses as well as from the fields and barns. Prosperity in abundance shone from buildings and land. It was hollyhock time and I was impressed with what a vivid contrast to the severely plain white buildings was made by the luxuriant hollyhocks flaunting their many gay colors as they lined the way up to and around the building.

After our visit there we drove on a few miles to see the Worsted Church. The only one of its kind in the world. As I remember the story it was that years ago the minister died after a long pastorate and the congregation was so small and the givers so few it was decided to close the church. The only member of the ministers family was an unmarried daughter of middle age. She had few resources and when she became unable to pay her ren

she moved her belongings into a room in the gallery at the front of the church saying no one could put her out of the house of God. There she lived on a few pennies a day for the rest of her life. She spent her time decorating the church with festoons of worsted yarns as long as she could afford to buy the yarn. She curtained all the long windows with drapings of white mosquito netting on which she pasted lithographed pictures of flowers cut from the colored pages of seed catalogs. I expect the church remains much the same today as it did the last time I saw it about sixteen years ago. That was when Warren, Harriet and I drove up to Webster for a call on Aunt Vinnie and on the way home we detoured up to see the Worsted Church. At that time we learned that a group of persons had bought some of the nearby homes to be used as summer residences and had been instrumental in keeping the church in good repair and also been able to have church services held during the vacation season by visiting ministers. A box was put in the vestibule with a printed request that visitors drop in a contribution through a slot in the top. This money was used to help in the preservation of the building. The uniqueness of the building and its history lends itself to attracting both preachers and sizable congregations.

To my knowledge there had never been a thought about any change in the Webster Congregational church auditorium outside an installation of a chandelier using kerosene lamps. The lamps were refilled by using a long stepladder. This was seldom necessary as there were few occasions when lighted lamps were needed. It was in 1887 when the lamps were installed. In common with so many other chaste white churches with a slender upward pointing spire it crowns one of the town's highest hills. The pews lining the sides are the square so called sheep-pens pews with seats lining the three sides and are a step up from the floor. In the center of the church are two rows of long pews with a center aisle and all pews have doors buttoned with brass buttons. The Dodge pew was one of the square ones and the Goodwins occupied a long one two-thirds of the way back from the front. We always sat in the same order and this custom was universal. The head of the family started up the aisle first then the oldest child who walked to

the end of the pew and the others followed along according to ages. The youngest sitting beside the mother. Father shut the door and turned the long brass button which fastened it. There were plenty of crickets and footstools to comfort short dangling legs. At the end of each pew was a narrow swing shelf which could be propped up. Our pew was back far enough from the front so I could see nearly all present if I discreetly turned my head. In a pew near the front directly ahead of us sat tall, kind Adams Pillsbury with his plump, apple cheeked little wife, she who let us use her house as a dressing room at the time of socials, and was one of the few pews which had never held any children. On the opposite side of the church at the farthest corner on the right hand side toward the back of the church was Sherman Little and his family, a long row of swarthy sons and daughters with their black eyes and hair. Four sons and four daughters gave sufficient reason why the mother, Aunt Mary Ann Little, was seldom present. On the right hand side of the front aisle up toward the front sat austere Deacon Sawyer who was the salt of the earth but his solemn, austere face gave the impression he might have eaten sour grapes. With him were his three daughters, Mary who was our Sunday School teacher, Sarah who taught a few years of our school and who lived to be very old and Emma who died several years ago. The last child was a son Hermon who later became a minister, preaching for some time in the middle west. Back of the Sawyers sat Deacon Gerish with his friendly face. He and his brother and their children. Then came the Burbanks. Uncle Friend and Aunt Dorothy Burbank with their son Wirt, his wife and their four daughters, also their son Irving and his children. It was Wirt and Irving who owned the Burbank saw-mill across the road from the Dodge home. I can see Wirt now as he walked about the mill switching himself from side to side increasing the self satisfaction of his status in town. The Burbank brothers business was at that time the most remunerative business in town exceeding that of the shoddy mill in Sweats Mill. In the next pew sat Uncle Warren and Aunt Tamson Jackman and daughter Judith. Uncle Warren was a particularly interesting person to watch for now and then he would have a bunch on his cheek which was plain to see. In that

bewiskered generation his face was clean shaved all but a thin line of white whiskers below his face like the lower part of a halo. This bunch on his cheek seemed to cause the muscles of his face to move and occasionally he would lean over with a low bowed head and body as though in an attitude of reverent prayer. The prayer however seemed to be short and the low, square box of brown spotted sawdust on the floor of the pew could tell he was not praying but making obeisance to Lady Nicotine. His pew was not the only one to contain the small wooden box of sawdust.

As had been the custom for years the church was spoken of as the Meeting House. We went to church in the Meeting House and a meeting house it was in the lives of the community. A place to meet. To meet neighbors and towns people before the service and during the intermission before Sunday School and in the leisurly time of backing horses out form the long rows of horse sheds. Time to talk over the weather and the crops and to learn what had happened when, and to whom, during the past week.

Attendance at church every Sunday was as much to be expected of everyone in our house as eating breakfast would be. As soon as breakfast was over and readying up was done came the studying of the Sunday School lesson by old and young, then the dressing up and we were ready to start for church. In the summer time the two seated carryall with its black fringe dangling from the top and Grandpa and Grandma Dodge in the front seat with Mary and I in back started off followed by papa and mamma with Alice and Nettie riding in the democrat wagon. In winter we had a similar arrangement only using the high back sleigh for Grandpa and Grandma with the Goodwins all crowded into the two seated pung. Will you go with me as we ride to church on a cold winter morning? We are wearing woolen clothes from woolen underwear through to outside garments. The old grey freestones, which have been heated before the fire-place and wrapped in newspapers, are on the floor of the sleigh. The buffalo robes tucked tightly around us and we are off to the tinkling music of the string of sleigh bells on the harness. It is such a cold crisp day the sleigh runners sliding on the hard packed snow play a shrill fife like accompaniment to the melody of the bells and we are not out long before there is a rim

of frost on the mufflers over our chin and a nip of cold in our noses. Only the very highest snow drifts are shoveled out so we ride up an over the winters accumulation of snow. As we pass along by Cogswell's woods there is now and then a chain of delicate tracery indented into the smoothe whiteness of the roadside and we know a hungry weasel has been hunting. Then we are startled by the loud sharp snap of a frost tightened tree and papa says, "I hope the wind won't up and blow before we go home. The snow is so light it will drift and I may have to shovel". Soon we are climbing up the steep hill and the horses, breathing steam from nostrils stop to rest. How quiet and brittle it is! All life around us seems asleep. Not a sound. The earth is cupped in stillness. Our own breathing is all we hear. Then from a neighbors dooryard a half mile away accross through the valley comes the sharp bark of a dog. "Ga-long Ned you've rested long enough" The horse responds and we start up the hill which is crowned with the white steepled church. We are let out at the church door and horse and sleigh are driven around back into our stall in the long double row of sheds and then the horse is warmly blanketed. In the long church entry accross the front we join our neighbors standing around the two large rectangular stoves roaring full of four-foot hard wood. "Don't get too near. You'll scorch your clothes". As is seemly the men visit in one side of the entry and the women in the other, hanging superfulous garments on the large black hooks along the walls and passing the time of day until the sexton, taking hold of the rope, which is hanging down through the entry ceiling, begins to toll the bell, then the head of each household ushers his family into his pew. The children rattle their crickets and footstools on which they rest their dangling feet. The pew door is closed and fastened with the brass turn-button. The little organ gives out the tune, the congregation all rise and blend their voices in "Praise God from whom All Blessings Flow, Praise Him All Creatures Here Below, Praise Him Above Ye Hevenly Host, Praise Father Son and Holy Ghost."

The minister was Father Buxton who was the beloved pastor of that church for forty-five years coming as a young man to his first and only parish and serving his people until his death at a ripe old age. His sermons were long and scholarly beyond my

comprehension but I sensed it was a benevolent old gentleman who delivered them and I knew of his kindness even if he did preach on predestination and the unpardonable sin. He was a tall cadaverous looking man with a wide fringe of white whiskers outlining the lower part of his face. A face with the beauty of Abraham Lincoln. His teeth were unusually long and the play of his facial expressions were startling at times as one grimace followed another when he warmed up in his denunciation of evil doers. Remember these are the thoughts of a little girl. These grimaces were made by his effort to overcome stammering and were only momentary. I watched for them with irreverent enjoyment.

The heating plant was of two rectangular stoves. They both had a stove pipe reaching from the entry through the auditorium into the two chimneys in the back wall one each side of the pulpit. At the time the church was built it was used for some years with no way to heat it, depending entirely on foot-stoves. Not much warmth could be given from a ten or twelve inch box perforated with holes and containing live coals, even if the long dresses did slip down over the foot.

At the time the large iron box-stoves were put into the entry and the long sheet-iron stove pipes were connected to the brick chimney, (one on each side of the pulpit) there was one member who thought it was dishonoring the church and was so persistently vociferous in stating his views that a concession was made, so that one Sunday a month in cold weather there was no heat. I have wondered if the church was as well occupied on those cold winter Sundays.

The most largely attended festival of the year was the celebration of Christmas. That was the one time in the year when the church was filled to capacity. The preparation for it was begun long before by the gathering of the evergreen vines which grew all through the woods twisting and turning over the tawny pine needles and making a soft carpet of green. It was pulled up in long streamers, fragrant with woodsy odor and was stored in burlap bags in open sheds ready for Christmas time. If the gathering was left until the time it was needed it was likely to be buried beneath the deep snow.

On an appointed day just before Christmas, families gathered at the church for the all day task of decorating the church. With boxes of lunch deposited in the pews the evergreen was erected on the entry floor and the work began. School was not being held in the mid-winter time so the children were free to enjoy the excitement of helping. Thrifty ones brought the years accumulation of wadding twine saved, knotted together and wound into balls to use in winding the evergreen into long ropes. Little hands sorted out the evergreen cleaning from it the tangled dead leaves and pine needles and laying it in straightened piles ready for the workers need. The ropes of green festooned the ~~hall~~ behind the pulpit and around the gallery. Now came the more exciting part of the days business. It was the trimming of the tree. Some of the men had brought in and set up at one side of the pulpit platform a tall fragrant spruce tree newly cut from some neighboring woods. We had no dripping tinsel, no multi-colored glistening bangles or shining electric lights. They were not even thought of then. No money was paid for our decorations. We needed none for the childrens anticipations of this most joyfull of all the years festivals was heightened because they had a part in it. One task we enjoyed was the making of long strings of snowy white popcorn, raised on some of the neighbors, and our , farm with now and then bright red cranberries picked just before a frost from our own meadows. Always there was enough popcorn for us to eat our fill as we strung. Another decoration w s sweet pon-corn balls, fastened to the tree with bright red string. Not until early evening of the Christmas Day would the tree bear its most exciting fruit of Christmas gifts. I expect that to eyes accustomed to the present day bright white light of electricity the church would seem dimly lighted but as we had never seen an electric light it was light enough for us. The kerosene lamps fastened along the side walls and back of the pulpit had their bowls filled with kerosene, their wicks newly trimmed and the chimneys shining clear from polishing. Every morning our thoughts had been, another day nearer Christmas. Papa and mamma had driven to Penacock and come home with bundles which were put away unopened. At last the long awaited event was about to take place. As I write my desire is strong to be back there

again. No. Not as one of the Goodwin girls on tiptoe with excitement but as an invisible onlooker up in the back gallery. I would like to actually see with my physical, rather than mental eyes, that group of happy persons.

Hush! Be still! The exercises are about to begin. The back pews are filled with the older persons and the front ones jammed with excited, wiggling, giggling youngsters. A prayer by the minister, thoughtfully made short, opened the exercises then some "pieces" spoken by the children feeling so important to be chosen to "take part". Some pieces so glibly and furiously rattled off that there was rarely an understandable word. Others haltingly and laboriously pulled out by means of many promptings. The last song sung, the last piece spoken. Now! Now! "Will the boys and girls who have been chosen to distribute the presents please come forward". What excitement! What fun! Hearing the names called out and running up and down the aisles bumping into each other laughing and giving the right package to the right person, the rustle of papers being torn off and all the time listening with one ear to hear ones own name called out then taking time out to find what was inside the package with ones name on it. By-the-way, all gifts were wrapped in brown paper and tied with a string. The string, too, was supposed to be saved as well as the paper. "Waste not, want not", was the rule by which we were supposed to live. At last to our regret the festival was soon over. The babies were swathed in shawls, hoods on the heads of the girls and women with rubies wound around head and neck, men and boys with caps pulled down over ears then the long and wide home-knitted scarves wrapped around the neck and tied in back and all but the babies wearing home knitted mittens. Blankets have been removed from the backs of patient, shaggy haired, Dobbins and all are climbing into pungs and sleighs in the church yard and tucking the buffalo robes tightly about all, slowly the music of the tintintabulation of the many sleigh bells fades into the frosty air. A fitting close to the celebration of the birth of the Christ child.

In March 1888 came the far-famed blizzard of '88. To us, living in Webster, I think it seemed to be no more than an unusually heavy snowstorm, at least I can remember no more

than ordinary interest in it until a week or so later news began to sift into the town of what the conditions had been in New York and other cities. The Sunday after the storm, we rode to church thru shoveled out drifts at the foot of Corser Hill so high we couldn't see over them. I enjoyed that ride. It was a new experience.

In August of that year we girls were much excited to learn that the Goodwin family were to move to Concord, New Hampshire that we might go to the High School. Papa got a job as carpenter and the first week in September we loaded our goods into a hay wagon and I rode on it with papa while Grandfather Dodge drove mamma and the three little girls in the carryall to Concord. Pretty grand I felt going to the city to live. It was a picnic life we led for a week or more as we waited until we were near the stores before buying the additional furniture we needed. Our home was at No 5N Spring Street. Such fascinating sights and sounds and smells. Horse-cars, early morning shop whistles, the gas light on the corner, a bunch of bannanas hung in a store window, everyone we saw a stranger, a clothes reel on the back piazza, water obtained by merely turning a faucet, fire horses hitched to a smoke-belching apparatus galloping down the street, the tintin-tatulation of the Sunday morning church bells, the luxury of a grocery clerk coming to the door for orders and later delivering them, milk in a bottle, only one little handkerchief patch of earth we could call ours. Would the days be long enough for you to soak up all these wonders if at sixteen you had never known them?

School began the next Monday. While I had a larger fund of general information regarding country life and nature, my mind was poorly prepared to plunge into latin and algebra. My marks in mathematics and the four years of latin were only fair, but I was good in history, physics and chemistry. In botany I led the class and two or three times was able to prove I was right and the teacher mistaken. The school session was from eight to one. One day a week in the afternoon extra curriculum studies were taught in drawing, water-color, painting and sewing. For two years, I studied drawing and painting and in it found much pleasure and was never late for that class and one of the last to leave.

It didn't take me many days after we moved to Concord to discover the library - an unlimited supply of fascinating enjoyment was mine. One reason probably why the marks on my report cards were average. It was easy for me to think I had finished my studies with Kenilworth lying before me next to Caesar's Commentary's. Little did I realize that I was cheating myself.

The desires of some particular person as a chum has never appealed to me, but I have preferred to have several good friends. Perhaps that need was supplied by the close bond of love between Mary and me and then later by my own family. The closest girlhood friend I ever had was Rosa Ford, who lived near by with a wealthy widos. We had much in common, both strangers and both much interested in Sunday School and Christian Endeavor at the South Congregational Church.

Papa and mamma found their social life in church activities and in the Odd Fellows and Rebeccas. I joined the Rebeccas my last year in High School but took my demit when I married. My last two years of High School, I became interested in a Mission Sunday School conducted by the South Church in "Egypt", a little community about five miles east on what is colloquially known as The Plains. The church hired Mr. Swain, Concord's one hack man, to drive five volunteer workers over there in his three-seated vehicle every Sunday afternoon. Probably my interest in the work was heightened by the attraction of the drive out into the country and I missed very few Sundays, summer or winter. It made Sunday my busy day. Church at half-past ten, then Sunday School (at one time the S.S.had the four or five Chinese in Concord attending their sessions to learn English, and for a few months I taught one). There was a teacher for every pupil. It was a hurried dinner I swallowed in time to climb into Mr. Swain's wagon, and was home again about five, then lunch and Christian Endeavor at seven thirty. Early one summer, the C.E. society had an excursion to Mt. Monadnock. Took a train to Peterborough, where we were met with horse drawn buses and rode to the half-way house on the mountain. Mountain laurel was in bloom along our way. It delighted me with its beauty. We climbed to the top of Monadnock, where the world was spread out before us - beautiful New England.

All through High School there was no high school social life, only at graduation there were the graduation exercises one night and the High School levee the next night. Both were held in the Concord Opera House. I never went to one of the levees until I graduated. I had no boy friends, or rather writing in the vernacular of the gay nineties, I should say no beaux among the high school boys. At church there were two who sometimes walked home with me from church. One was Joseph Benton, a clerk in an office at the Concord depot and the other, Robert Lee Cross. I rather favored Robert, he was the better looking and all the other girls liked him best too. He died the summer of my graduation, and I really felt his loss very keenly for a while.

Soon after graduation, I gave my name to the Concord Superintendent of Schools as an applicant for a teacher's job. I received several offers and instead of holding them off until a better offer might come, I signed a contract to teach in a country school in Westville, a section of the Town of Plaistow, New Hampshire, a border town north of Haverhill, Massachusetts. Only a few days after signing the contract, I had a letter from the school board of Laconia asking me to meet them to consider a position as an assistant in their High School. I regretted my impulsive nature which has always let me decide things at once, but a contract was a contract, so the first of September saw me on the train with a new trunk and a big bunch of asters from our garden in my hand bound for the outside world, a world where I was to make all decisions myself, stepping out of a home where all decisions had been made for me, but I had no misgivings. I felt capable of doing it.

I lived next door to the school in the family of Mr. & Mrs. E. E. Peasley and their adopted son, Robert, who was one of my pupils. A school of about twenty - all grades from beginners to boys larger than I, many of them were French. The industries of the little village were Mr. Peasley's saw-mill and a large brick yard owned by a Frenchman, and a few farms. I knew absolutely nothing of the theory of teaching. I had some beginners who knew only a few words of English. Some proposition for both teacher and pupils. Mrs. Peasley was a born artist. She had an exquisite piece of needle-work she

had made, a wall hanging picture of mountain scenery made similar to some Japanese work I have since seen. It was made of sewing silk, the cloth completely covered with graduated stitches. As I remember it, the stitches were from an inch to a pin point in length. She had never taken a painting lesson in her life, but the walls of her rooms were hung with oil paintings of real worth. I remember one which hung in the kitchen, the head of a young bull on a beveled block of wood about a foot square, he was real. In the chamber I had there were two four-paneled doors and on each panel was an oil painting of flowers. One hollyhocks, one cat-tails, one golden-rod and I think another the wild fall aster. Original, wasn't she?

She had a horse named 'Pop' and a buggy of her own and she enjoyed driving over the country as much as I enjoyed going with her. So she would wait until school closed, pick me up at the school house and off we went. We frequently drove to Haverhill where most of their shopping was done. I thoroughly enjoyed the table she set. They liked to eat, had plenty of money to buy with and it was a big change for me from the frugal and rather restricted menus to which I had been accustomed.

I taught there two terms without going home, then got the job of teaching the four upper grades in the two room school in East Concord. I boarded with Mrs. Vergin. Here began my acquaintance with a grocery clerk, Charles M. Field. At that time he was interested in an Etta Whittiker, a sister-in-law of his cousin, Walter Hassam who lived in Worcester, Massachusetts. He was interested enough in her that he made a trip to Worcester to visit his -----cousin? That summer the Virgins invited me to spend two weeks with them at their camp at Sunapee Lake where Mrs. Virgin and her three children spent the summer. Another girl was invited for the first week and 'Charlie' Field for the second - so - you can see what the Virgins did toward making the rest of my story what it is. It was a lovely spot at the upper end of the lake. We have thought that sometime we would go back there again to hear once more at night the lonesome call of the loon and see the flashing light of the lighthouse way out on a little island.

In the summer vacation time of 1893, Joseph Benton, Lelia Brooks, Rosa Ford and I went to the C.E. World Convention at Montreal. The high lights of my memory are not of the convention, altho I thoroughly enjoyed it, but rather of the new sights. The English cabbies sitting on the high front seat of their two wheeled cabs, the visit to Notre Dame Cathedral where as we were sitting in the quiet dusk Joseph Benton insisted on hugging me up to him, the climb up the steep winding stairs to the belfry containing the chimes and Joseph writing his name and mine enclosed in a bracket on one of the bells the visit to the Nunnery of the Grey Nuns, the stoning, one evening, of the horse-cars containing Endeavorers returning from a meeting, by some radical Catholics. The girls had room and board in the home of an English family. There was a bank clerk son and just before we left he invited me to drive with him to the top of Mt. Royal, at the foot of which nestled the city. We left as soon as he got home from the bank riding in a two-wheeled English dog cart drawn by a pony. Lingerin on the mountain to see the lights begin to twinkle in the city below, we saw black clouds rolling up from the west but we kept our backs to those as we strolled thru the park, beautiful with well-kept flower beds, and sat on the benches with our eyes on the city below, fading into the dusk until a sharp peel of thunder emphasized our need for hurrying home. Before we got half way down the winding road, the dark of approaching night added to the black clouds made our way invisible. The roar of the wind in the large trees of the forest thru which we were driving was alarming and more alarming was the splintering crash of a falling tree. There were no lights along the road and, of course, we had none with us. Flashlights were not invented. Suddenly the pony stopped short, and by the light of matches we found we were stopped by a tree fallen across the road. I wasn't frightened at any time. It was a thrilling new experience right out of a book. The bank clerk (I have forgotten his name) unhitched the pony and led him slowly around thru the woods and fastened him on the other side of the tree, then with my pushing and his pulling we got the dog cart up over the low end of the tree trunk and on home we drove, somewhat wet and excited, bursting to tell of our adventure.

I taught the fall and winter term of school in East Concord. The first time Charles Field asked me to go out with him was to a dance in Pembroke Town Hall, not to dance, but to hear the East Concord band play. He played the alto horn in the band. We drove down in a stable hired rig and Charles had to meekly take some joshing from the band because we arrived a little late. That fall he began working in a grocery store in Concord at the corner of Pleasant and North State Street. Most of our courting was done on horse and buggy rides. He never took me to a dance, never to a movie or treated me to ice cream. There were no movies or ice cream parlors, not even an ice cream cone. Dull and uninteresting times? Not at all!!!!!! You can believe me, for my memory of those times is still keen. The winter term, I boarded with Charles' brother, George and his wife, Hattie, in the little white house next to the grocery store in the lower part of the village. It was in the parlor of that house, one evening that I promised to be his wife.

The next spring, I had an offer of the 5th and 6th grades in the West Concord School. This school was a step up, as it was under the supervision of the Concord school system, besides the salary was more. In March Charles' father was ill and he went home to help. We made plans to be married June 27. It seemed Waldo and Lalia had decided on the same day. I knew Lalia as a casual acquaintance, but living in Concord that spring I never came in contact with her. Charles being in Vermont and spending time to write me often, didn't bother to write Waldo. It was not until a short time before the wedding that any one knew that our wedding days were identical.

Wedding showers had never been thought of. Charles came down the week before the wedding. My girl friends from the church came one afternoon and we tacked two quilts. I went to Boston and bought cloth for two dresses, and hired a dressmaker to make them. One was a wool, dark brown flecked with light brown and red, the other a dark blue silk with small bouquets of carnations scattered over it. I paid \$8.98 for this. This silk dress I have kept in its original style only one change and that was to let out the skirt band and the under arm seams of the basque that I might wear it after Mildred was

born. My hat was a brown fine straw trimmed with a wide brown watered silk ribbon, 2 quills and a large jet buckle on the front of the crown, a pink rose under the brim and a veil. All hats were bought and grimmmed to order by the milliner. The price was, hat \$1.00, flower \$1.00, quills 50¢, wire (to wire bow of ribbon) 20¢, lining 6¢, ribbon \$1.50, veil 31¢, total \$5.22. I bought for my wedding outfit 2 corset covers 68¢, brown gloves \$1.25, white slippers \$1.25, black slippers \$1.50 (these were what we now call low shoes), 2 night dresses \$1.75 for both, and a web of unbleached cotton cloth for sheets and pillow cases. I can't remember nearly all my wedding gifts, but I do remember there were one-half dozen sterling teaspoons and 2 desert spoons from the girls in my high school class. Grandma Dodge gave me a lovely ivy leaf pattern table cloth, which I still use occasionally. I know I had some china of which I have a salad bowl, blue flower sprigged pattern with an open border and two small plates of the same pattern, two parlor kerosene lamps, some napkins. Wish I might remember the rest. Charles Staniels of East Concord was the best man and Mary, maid of honor. Mary graduated from hi h school early in June and wore her graduation dress, a dotted swiss with a white silk ribbon belt and trimmed with many rows of white baby ribbon.

To decorate the house, Rosa Ford and Lelia Brooks borrowed a wire frame of a huge wedding bell and covered it with white roses. There must have been some streamers of green too, and other flowers in the house. Aunt Vinie had written the wedding invitations in her beautiful copperplate handwriting. I think the wedding refreshments were lemonade and light and dark cake.

It was an ideal June day, just warm enough with a few fleecy clouds in the deep blue sky. We were married by the South Congregational pastor, Rev. H.P. Dewey at 10 o'clock in the morning so we could get the 11:15 A M train for Northfield. My wedding bouquet was of white roses and as I went up the stairs, I threw them purposely straight into the hands of Rosa Ford, but it proved a gesture wasted, for of all the unwed girls and women who were there, she is the only one who never married.

Waldo and Lalia were married at the same hour in East Concord as they were to take a train at Concord leaving a few minutes later than ours and going to Montreal over the Northern Division.

Pounds of rice were wasted on us. "Just Married" signs covered our trunk and strings of old shoes trailed behind our hack. I still have among my keepsakes some of the rice sealed up in an envelope. Soon after our train started, a benevolent-looking old gentleman who was in our coach came down the aisle, tapped Charles on the shoulder and leaning down said confidentially, "tut, tut, young man, what have you been up to? Be good to her!", and he has.

Father Field was at the Northfield station to meet us. He had Don, the driving horse, in the buggy for us, and Prince, the chunky bay which they had raised, hitched into the democrat wagon to bring the trunk. When we were driving up a hill on the outskirts of the village, Charles got out to walk and as I slowed up Don for him to catch up Charles spied several four-leaved clovers by the roadside. Although not one bit superstitious, it pleased me to press and keep them until they crumbled with age.

I could have taught the district school at the foot of the hill that fall, but as I had been in a school room nearly all my life, I chose not to.

The Field farm was $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Northfield village and a third of the way up the mountain. There was only one house beyond. This farm was granted by the town to Charles grandfather, Seth Field, who built a log cabin, married and in that cabin were born to them seven children, 2 boys and 5 girls. His wife died and he soon married a spinster tailoress, Nancy Lane of Stafford, Connecticut, who was visiting her brother, Moses Lane in Northfield. For his new wife, Seth Field built on the opposite side of the road a typical Vermont farmhouse, long, narrow and a story and a half high with a wood shed attached. The plastering was hardly dry when they moved in that the expected baby might be born in it. It had three small chambers and a open chamber upstairs and downstairs were two bed-rooms, a parlor, a very large kitchen-living room, a big pantry and a back room.

It was in this house that we lived for six years. Mildred was born the next summer during a hot spell, July 31st. A few days before she came, some neighbors drove in to c I saw them coming, didn't want to see them so went into a downstairs bedroom and shut the door. With only one window, it soon got hot and breathless, so I raised the screen and climbed out the window and stayed in the orchard until I heard them drive away. Careless of consequences? Took a risk? No. I don't think so, altho others did. I was always very supple and I took care in sliding thru and landing. Anyway, there were no bad effects, so I felt my judgment vindicated. When early one morning nature announced the baby was coming, Charles hitched up and drove $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles to Northfield for the doctor. He stopped at the foot of the hill to tell our next door neighbor. She dropped all housework and came up. In isolated communities happenings were so f-w that times of birth and deaths called all nearby neighbors together. After telling the doctor, Charles called for a friend of Mother Fields in the village who was a stay with us a few days more as company than nurse for Mother Field was a born nurse and one whom the whole neighborhood called on in times of sickness. Mildred appeared in the afternoon. My experience with new babies had been nil. Indeed I had never seen a new one. Of course, I must have seen my sisters, but with unseeing eyes. I expected my baby to look like the pictures of babies I had seen, big eyes, pink and white skin, I surely was disappointed when they put into my arms that puffy-eyed fat, red-faced baby, but by the next day, she was my own dear sweet little baby and I didn't care a snap how she looked. She weighed about 10 pounds. Weighing a baby from a steelyard doesn't lend itself to exact weight, and what's an ounce or two either way? A fat baby, the fatter the better the job in those days! When we moved to Concord to live, Mary and Alice were never more happy than when they could borrow some neighbor's baby to wheel around the streets. That was something which did not interest me at all and I could never understand the enjoyment they got from it. When I had my own baby to care for, that was a different story. What delight I took in nursing and caring for her. She always slept at my side at night and nursed whenever she wanted to, and during the day I nursed her whenever she seemed to be hungry the same

as I changed her whenever she was wet. Knowing absolutely nothing about babies, I was guided by Mother Field. Sometimes if she cried when we knew she wasn't hungry, she would be given a sugar tit to suck made of a raisin and a little sugar put in a clean white cloth with a string tied around it. One end was left long so if she sucked it down her throat it could be pulled back. What do you think of that way of feeding babies, you modern mothers? Pretty bad? Yes, although you will have to acknowledge not a complete failure when I ask you to look at Mildred now.

Every summer as long as we lived on the Field farm we had plenty of company. One or more of my sisters, Charles' brothers and their wives or some of Father Field's brothers or sisters, nephews or nieces. The Field relatives were numerous and practiced and enjoyed visiting. In those days, a visit meant more than two or three days. A visit was not a visit unless it was at least for two weeks. One winter Waldo had rheumatism and he and Lalia were with us all winter. Another winter, Aunt Lucy Field Kimball of Council Bluffs, Iowa was with us for two or three months. Sister Nettie was with me nearly all of one summer. Wesley, Waldo and George with their wives spent all their vacations with us. Mary, working in a dry goods store in Concord had her vacation with us also. Alice, teaching school, was too ambitious to waste her long summer vacations visiting and got places keeping house for someone so was with us for only a week or so at a time. Winter time was another story living in a house deep blanketed in snow half way up a Vermont mountain. Day after day without going out of the house, hearing no voices other than those of the family. No telephone that far away. No R.F.D. so the only way to get the mail was to drive the $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles to the village. During the winter, we planned to drive to the village once a week, Saturday afternoon, to get the mail, groceries and grain.

The second winter, Charles, Mildred and I with the hired man lived there alone. The fall before, Father and Mother Field had gone to Williamstown, Vermont to live with Father's cousin's widow, Eunice Poor. A nephew, Darius Poor, who had lived with her since her husband's death, was dying with cancer. Mrs. Poor signed papers giving all her property to Father if he would "see her through". The Nephew died in a few weeks and Mrs. Poor th

next fall. Hired help forty-one years ago wasn't the same as today. I think the highest wages we ever paid any hired man was \$25.00 per month with room and board, and he became a member of the family. That means that he got up when Charles did and didn't quit until the chores and all the day's work was done. In the winter time when they were working in the woods, it was jump from a warm feather bed to get chores and breakfast out of the way so as to get started for the woods by the time daylight reluctantly flushed the morning sky from beyond Pain Mountain. Away to the woods and not home until candle lighting time. Not that we ever used candles but dim kerosene lamps instead. Then there was dinner to eat and the barn chores to do and wood and kindling to get in for morning. Then it was bed time.

In the summer time, the work day was about thirteen hours long. There was no forty-eight hour week then. That winter Charles took a job of cutting logs on top of the mount and hauling them to the village. In order to get the lunches put up and breakfast ready, I couldn't lie in bed longer than to have the new kindling fire take the chill of the big kitchen. After the men left there I was alone with my baby, a half mile from neighbors on both sides with stock in the barn to feed at noon and hens to care for. Day after day might go by without my speaking to anyone outside the family, for in winter time the road over the mountain to Waitsfield was kept open only as far as our neighbors house beyond. Keeping winter roads plowed or shoveled out wasn't done. They were made passable by rolling them with a huge snow roller drawn by two or more pairs of horses. The roller consisted of two cylinders placed end to end, each 6 feet long and 6 feet in diameter made of heavy planks. There was a long seat above for the driver and the men with shovels who accompanied him. The pay for man and one pair of horses was 30¢ an hour.

If you have a feeling of pity for the young mother transplanted from the city to a life of such isolation you take it right out and throw it away. I didn't need it then and surely I don't want it now. I didn't let myself get lonesome. Lonesomeness is a very disagreeable feeling, so why indulge in it? I think I took this way of living more as a challenge to prove to myself that I was bigger than any circumstances. Charles needed to

earn money and this logging job was the best thing he could get to do. I felt our marriage was on a fifty-fifty basis so, wasn't it up to me to prove to myself that I could do my part and do it gladly? During the two summers I had lived there I had driven to the village and taken lessons on the organ and in oil painting, so I had the organ and oil painting for amusement, also that winter I took a course in Bible study from material furnished by the paper "The Christian Endeavor World". If you will look in my Bible (it really isn't my Bible but one I sent Charles for a birthday gift the spring he was in Northfield before we were married), you will find the margins of its leaves filled with penciled notes. These resources with the care of my baby, barn chores, and housework kept my hands and mind busy. Although shut in, I had a good time and looking back at that period of my life feel that it developed in me the habit of being able to find resources so that whatever happens I do not feel like wishing time away and most days are not long enough. Abraham Lincoln once said, "Most folks are about as happy as they make up their minds to be".

In the spring of that year, Mother Field wrote asking that her canary be brought over to her as soon as the going was suitable. Charles was busy and I was only too glad to go. So Mildred, the bird and I driving Don started early one morning for the eleven mile drive to Williamstown. The snow had not all melted from the sides of the roads and there were muddy places now and then, but not too bad. The sun was shining and the journey very enjoyable until we turned into the little-used road about a half mile from the Poor home. This road, running north and south, was bordered with deep woods preventing the sun from melting the snow. There I found snow drifts deep and soft. Don did his best but slipped and fell on his side. In a jiffy, I put Mildred on the wagon floor, jumped out and hurried to Don's head to keep it down until he stopped struggling, then I began to unbuckle the harness. Back and forth I plunged thru the wet snow from his head to buckle until I felt sure he was free from the harness, then I picked up Mildred and the bird in its cage and slipping back of the wagon clucked to Don to get up. After several tries, over he rolled and over again down the side of the road and got up on his

feet, shaking himself and appearing some what dazed by his experience. I pelted him with snow balls to start him off toward the house. That was a long half mile wallowing thru snow up over my knees and carrying Mildred. The poor bird was left behind. Mother was quite alarmed when she noticed Don come trotting into the yard with only the headstall on, but she soon saw me not far behind.

I will tell you in sequence of my various experiences with horses while I lived there on the Field homestead. The next spring I wanted to go to the village to do a few errands and call at Uncle Dana Fields. The snow had gone enough so we had been using wagons, but a heavy snow had fallen a couple of days before, which necessitated my using a sleigh. The britching straps of the harness had been let out to fit the wagon thills. Father didn't think of that when he harnessed for me. I started off, but no sooner had I tipped over the first sharp descent from the dooryard than the long straps let the sled down and hit Don's heels. That was not at all to his liking. He clamped his teeth down hard on the bit and ran. I realized I could have no control. At the bottom of the mountain there was a sharp S turn over a narrow bridge high over the brook and I didn't dare stay in the sleigh and risk that turn. My brain worked fast that time. I carefully put the reins down close to the dashboard so that I would not catch my feet in them, threw out the buffalo robe for the same reason, then held my 18 month's old baby in my arms until we came to a place where there was a snow-drift to break her fall, and quickly jumped out after her. For some reason, she seemed to resent the treatment, for when I went back to pick her up, she was crying lustily. I was a little lame for a few days, but otherwise had no ill effects. Don ran into the village before he was stopped.

The next experience was in the summer following. Mother and Mildred and I drove to Berlin to spend the day with Mother's niece Clara, Mrs. James Buck. As soon as dinner was cleared away, we started to drive Clara a few miles toward Montpelier on an errand, mother driving, Clara in the middle, and I holding Mildred on the other end of the seat. We had not driven far when Clara made a queer chocking sound and stiffened out straight. Mother thrust the reins and whip into my hands and held her. I put Mildred on the floor

and held her clamped tightly between my knees while I drove. Don at a gallop to the first house about a mile ahead. Driving into the yard of these strangers, I plumped Mildred down on the grass, called out to whoever might be around. Mother eased Clara over so I could hold her, then quickly took hold of Don's head, as he was restive from the undeserved treatment I had given him. The woman of the house stood in the doorway helpless from surprise. I pulled Clara from the wagon still and unconscious and got her into the house on the bed. My memory is misty about getting the doctor there and Clara back home. For years it was a mystery to me how I could have been given strength enough to lift and carry a woman larger than myself. When I learned a few years ago about adrenal glands, the mystery was solved.

The next story is the least exciting of all. Harris came to us the next September. Father Field died in January, and Mother came down to Medford, Massachusetts, to visit Wesley and Waldo in February. On a clear beautiful sunny day in March with a gentile wind sifting the dry snow over the stone walls and accross open fields, I decided to take the children that afternoon and drive over to call on Kate Duggan, a pleasing Irish neighbor, a couple of miles to the south. We had a pleasant visit and, as the shadows began to lengthen, I started home. All the afternoon, the west wind had been busy sweeping the snow into the west rut of the road. The sun was bright and gentle old Prince was jogging calmly along. As we came to the top of a rise of land, I didn't notice that the west rut was filled full of snow. The first thing I knew, Mildred, Harris and I, buffalo robe and all else, were summarily dumped into the road and Prince unconcernedly jogged along home. He paid no attention to my belated whoa! So there we were. The nearest house was about a quarter of a mile away through the fields, so over the stone wall we went, I carrying Harris and Mildred walking and crying from fright. I soon soothed her by laughing over it and telling her what fun it would be to have papa surprised to have Prince trot into the yard without us. He was surprised, but there was no fun about it, I can assure you. The snow crust was strong enough to allow Mildred to walk on it, but I went through over my shoe tops, (those were the days of the high buttoned or laced shoes

The next day, my shins were black and blue from contact with the sharp edges of the crust. When we were about half way across an extra strong puff of wind grabbed the thin gauze veil I had tied over Mildred's face and blew it far off. Then she cried. I remember telling her how the next summer a mama bird would be so happy to find her veil and use it to make a nice soft bed for her babies. I think she found that rather cold comfort. The keen wind chilled her cheeks and her little double chin so the next day they were very hard and sore.

This next story is the last and the shortest but very exciting while it lasted. Waldo and Lalia were visiting us. It was Monday forenoon of a clear warm early August day. Lalia was hanging out the clothes in the small apple orchard between the barn and the road, Mildred, playing in the dooryard, Harris asleep in his baby carriage in the shade of one of the apple trees and I standing up near the house. The stage was set. Suddenly came a furious pounding of horses hooves and the rattle of wagon wheels and before we could catch our breath, down the steep roadway not following the turn of the road, but straight through our dooryard, missing the baby carriage and Lalia by only a few feet, galloped a pair of horses hitched to a creening buggy, through the orchard and barnyard over the ledges they went and piled up in a heap in the brook below. The buggy was wrecked and one of the horses the worse for his adventure. Charles and Waldo found the driver a half mile up the hill lying beside the road, dazed and with an injured head. He was an old man, a Mr. Joslin who lived about four miles away over the mountain in Waitsfield Common. A young man who had jumped out when the horses started running away came along and they brought the injured man down to the house. Lalia and I fixed his head and calmed his frightened nerves as best we could. The young man walked back home with the horses, but Mr. Joslin ate some dinner and stayed into the afternoon until he felt well enough to have Waldo take him home. The Joslin family were very numerous in Waitsfield and this man was the most well-to-do of them all. When Waldo left him at his home Mr. Joslin thanked him for all we had done and that we might know how much he appreciated our kindness put his hand in his pocket and offered Waldo 50¢. Waldo told him, no, we

didn't want any pay, we were only too glad we could help him out. Many a laugh we had over that.

Life on the old farm was always full of interest and especially in the summer time when the snow did not shut us away from neighbors and friends. It was bursting with activities, not alone with those incidental to farm work but the coming and going of friends and relatives, visiting, picnics, trips by horse and wagon and occasionally by train. Uncle Dana and Aunt Laura Field, living in the village, might drive in any time (when roads were good) not to call, for that was the time of more leisurely living, but to spend the day. Whenever their children, Cousin Bert and his family or Cousin Lilliar and Carl were home from Boston there were many days we spent together. Croquet was the big amusement at Uncle Danas for they lived in a village home while the whole farm was playground at our house. Nearly always there were two or more fishing trips for the whole crowd, whoever was with us and at Uncle Danas, to Berlin Pond in Berlin. We could take two wagon loads and Uncle Dana one. We didn't mind being crowded together. Then there were excursions to climb some nearby mountain or to drive over to see a landslide on another mountain. Being so steep, the Vermont mountains are scarred with landslides caused by a long rain or a very hard shower. I have seen tree trunks two or three feet in diameter twisted like a piece of string or shredded like a giant's groom. At times a farm and the buildings are in its path. Then there is tragedy.

We attended church quite regularly whenever there was someone with whom I could leave the children. Many and many a Sunday have I driven down alone to go to the Christian Endeavor meetings when the days were long enough so it wouldn't be too dark before I reached home. There were no flashlights then, no lights on the wagons, although there might be a lantern under the seat. I'll never forget the night I drove home in a thunder shower. I have forgotten the reason for my late start for home. I was alone and when the grocery man put the sacks of grain in the back of the wagon he said, "Look: as though you might run into a shower before you get home. Its so black in the west". Well! I did. At any time it took almost twice as long to go home as to go down to the

village for it was up grade nearly all the way home. The clouds continued to roll up and the thunder growled louder. Then came the rain, and by the time I was two-thirds of the way home where the steep hillsides closed in on both sides, the darkness was absolute. I eased the reins over the dashboard and said to the horse, "Well, Prince, I guess its up to you now to do your own driving". I think the wheels did not vary six inches from the middle of the track any of the way, as faithful Old Prince jogged along carrying me safely home. I expect I should have been afraid, but I wasn't. Indeed, I thrilled to the excitement of the dash of danger there was in it. Another new experience. Many a time have I driven home from the village alone or with one or two babies after dark, but that was the time when I could see enough to know where I was going.

It was the custom in the Field family to drive off for two or three days of visiting after spring work was done and before haying, and in the fall to take a week of two off for a vacation. We might go up to Worcester, the town north of Montpelier, or over to Berlin to Cousin Clara Buck or down to Pomfret, New Hampshire or Hanover, New Hampshire to visit uncles, aunts and cousins or to Concord, and twice during the five years we were on the farm we left the children with Mother and went to Boston for our annual fall trip. Wesley and Waldo were working on the Boston electric cars and living in Medford. In addition to this visiting around with Charles, I had one or two visits a year of a week or more at home in Concord, going by train, so although we were more or less shut in for two or three months in the snow of winter, we made up for it the rest of the year.

At the end of our fourth summer, we were happy to welcome a little son. When Mildred came, Charles and I had an agreement that if the baby was a girl he was to name her and I if it were a boy, so he named her Mildred just because he liked the name, and Mother added Alice as she liked it and the two words rippled off the tongue, also it was sister Alice's name. Naming the new baby was my turn. I debated calling him Goodwin Field, as I liked that custom, but as I didn't want him in after years to be

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nicknamed "Goody" decided on Harris Goodwin Field in honor of my father. I was alarmed about him for he was such a yellow baby - jaundiced - but it soon cleared up leaving him pink and white. Harris weighed 9 pounds, more or less. He was an easier baby to care for than Mildred. I didn't realize it at the time but have since thought it was due to my worrying less about him. With Mildred, if she breathed so softly I couldn't hear I'd wonder if she'd stopped breathing and give her a bit of a jog to make sure, and if she breathed a little fast, probably because her tummy was a bit too full, I'd have to feel on her to make sure she didn't have a temperature. First babies of over solicitous young mothers - they are to be pitied.

One day I discovered Mildred reaching an exploring finger into one of Harris' eyes. They were so bright and moved. She evidently wanted to find out how they felt. She played with her dolls but liked to wheel them around the yard more than to mother them. She enjoyed most dressing her own self, would play for hours with some of my old clothes; my corsets, shoes and a strip of bright cloth seemed her special favorites and if I would put a mirror low enough so she could see herself, her joy was complete. When Harris began talking, he had a habit of saying "All wight" whether it was an appropriate answer or not, so for a year or more I called him my "allright boy".

Early in December of the fourth winter, we decided we would give as Christmas presents a picture of our little family, Charles had raised a gorgeous red curly beard so he was quite fartherly looking. Directly after dinner we dressed up in our best and started for the village. Charles with his whiskers, I with my blue silk wedding dress, after I had let it out the second time. Mildred's hair was freshly curled by means of a cotton cloth and Harris in Mildred's yard and half long dimity christening robe was tucked safely in between Mildred and me. The going and coming with time spent with the photographer delayed us so we did not get home until nearly dusk. As soon as we were gone Father Field began working in the barn covering the silo with boards and hay to prevent its freezing. Mother Field was busy about her work and had no reason to wonder at Father's absence. When the time came for him to come into the house for the milk pa

and as he did not appear she went to look for him. When she entered the barn she heard him groaning and found him unconscious, having somehow fallen through the loose flooring into the silo. It was only 5½ feet he fell, but he hit in such a way as to double his head under his body. Mother straightened him out and covered him warmly with quilts and as she was making one of her trips to the house a neighbor, Albert Hill, who had been chopping farther up on the hill was returning home. It was only a few minutes when we drove into the dooryard. Charles and Albert carried Father into the house and Charles drove down to the village for the doctor. Father had broken his neck. He regained consciousness but was paralyzed from the neck down with the ability to move his left hand a little. He lived two weeks.

After living five and a half years in the Field home and with the loss of their father the boys decided to sign off giving Mother Field all the money and proceeds from the property. Charles and I with Mildred and Harris moved down to a small house under the hill between Norwich University and Northfield center. It was a double house and the owner was Miss White a maiden lady. Miss White lived on one side and we on the other. It was a joy to me to live again where I had near access to the Church and Library. I also joined a Ladies Literary Society. From our front windows we could see across the University parade grounds and by looking a little to the west the children and I could see the trains passing on many an early winter evening while waiting for Charles to come home for supper. There the children and I would sit at the window and watch for the long train with its lighted windows to rumble by. It would travel rather slowly at first as it approached the Northfield station, and I would make up stories about who was on it and where they were going. Evidently Harris was impressed for one night after saying his "Now I Lay Me" prayer he closed with his usual prayer, "God bless papa 'en God bless mamma 'en God bless Mildred, 'en God bless all the peoples whats riding on the train 'a make Harris a good boy. Amen". Harris was rather original in saying his prayers. One night he astonished me by closing with " 'en God bless Miss White what calls a water-closet a privy". I told Miss White she surely must mend her ways for when a miss-deed

of hers was so great that a little boy took it to the Lord in prayer it was time for her to think about it. We were rather crowded in that little house for Alice was with us often as she was teaching school in South Northfield and having two Northfield admirers at the same time on weekends. We decided to get a larger home if possible and the next spring we moved into a new double house on the road leading up to the farm in the outskirts of the village. This home was owned by one of the Seventh Day Adventist.

When the first automobile drove through Northfield village it was the one topic of conversation with men and women alike and the opinions expressed were as varied as human nature could make them. The whole village hummed with the news. Those who saw it spoke with authority envied by those who did not but the did-nots had as decided opinions about this new contraption. Some said it was the result of a bad dream of one of those fool inventors - it wouldn't last long. Others, that it was a menace to have such a thing on the road hissing and snorting right through the Main Street at fifteen miles an hour, "It would get so it wouldn't be safe to drive a horse anywhere - No siree - the town shouldn't allow such things on the streets". In spite of these adverse opinions emphatically expressed there were some who were more liberal minded and dared to say they thought it would be possible that this horseless carriage would prove to be a good invention and perhaps the time would come when there would be quite a few of them around. Possibly they would be quite common. There was a discussion about what name to give this strange shaped new vehicle. Horseless carriage? That was long and awkward so discarded. Car, Machine, Motor or the french word Automobile. This hurrying world has shortened it to auto and each man now uses a name to his own liking, - frequently using the name of the maker. The affectionate name "tin lizzie" seems to have been discarded for the more dignified "Ford". Remembering the time when there were no motor driven cars I sometimes think what a world catastrophe it would be if every one of them suddenly disappeared.

Charles saw the following clipping from the "Worcester Telegram", 'Wanted - a foreman on a farm, Paxton, Mass. G.G.Davis'. He went to look at the position and accepted it. Sister Nettie accompanied the children and me to Webster and Charles and Mother Field

packed up our household furnishings. We stayed in Webster for a month or more while Charles was settling affairs in Northfield, shipping goods by freight and getting them into the new home. While in Webster I had Dr. Beaton who was considered the best in that vicinity, he looked rather grave as he found out my condition and he told papa I was in the first stage of quick consumption with a slim chance of recovery. Why papa told me what the doctor said I do not know but he did and looking at the situation now it is difficult for me to understand my optimistic acceptance of what might result. I think I took it as a challenge to prove that just as far as in me lay I would make the most of that chance.

The Paxton farm house was old, long and wide and a story and a half high with a newer two story addition on one end. The lower part of the addition was a wood-shed and the upper part Mr. Davis had Charles make into a apartment for the hired man and his family. There were four large old fireplaces, two cellars and two room size pantries. The understanding was that Mr. and Mrs. Davis with their two children, Ineze and Warren, should spend the summers with us coming as soon as school closed and returning to their Worcester home the first of September. Warren was about Mildreds age and Inez a little older. Mrs. Davis always brought two maids with them so during the summer we were a little colony by ourselves and a busy one too with the extra help which was needed on the farm for haying and Davis friends frequently driving up from Worcester. Mr. Davis drove his horse and carriage down and back every day to his business, 'The Davis Printing Press'. He had a telephone put in our home that first spring and it was the first telephone in a private residence in Paxton as well as the first one we ever had. It cost Mr. Davis \$200. to have it installed and \$75. a year for its use. Joseph Greenwood was one of Mr. Davis' friends with whom we became acquainted and during the two years we lived there he drove up to paint pictures of the autumn foliage. We enjoyed this modest gentle artist and his domestic wife. Mrs. Greenwood often accompanied him spending the day with me and bringing her mending with which to busy her fingers. We kept up our friendship with these friends after we moved to Shrewsbury.

Our second spring on the Davis farm Charles went up to Vermont for a few days to buy some cows for Mr. Davis. Although the nearest neighbor was a half mile down at the foot of the hill and the nearest house in sight a mile away, I had no fear of being left there with the three children. We slept in one of the large down-stairs bedrooms and while Charles was away I had my year old baby in bed with me for company. One night I unintentionally read myself to sleep leaving the kerosene lamp burning on the stand at the head of my bed and in front of an open window. Toward morning the wind freshened blowing into the window on the lighted lamp. I was awakened by a noise and found the lamp had exploded. Flames were lapping up the spilled oil on the stand and floor and flaming the muslin curtains. Nature came to my aid and gave me cool quick thoughts. I climbed over the foot of the bed dragging the two bed quilts with me and I thought quickly enough to separate them and choose the old one with which to smother the fire. Holding it before me low enough so I could step on it to put out the fire on the floor and not cut my feet on the broken glass. I covered the flaming table and window sill with the rest of it and leaving the fire in the curtains to burn itself out. Then I got back into the bed with Warren and waited for it to get time to get breakfast.

Here are a few mountain tops of memory piercing the fog of our Paxton life----- a crisp, cold Sunday afternoon in winter when Charles hitched 'Old John', (Mr. Davis' driving horse) into the Cutter and took me for an exciting spin on the smooth ice of the long narrow pond bordering the Davis pasture at the foot of the hill. 'Old John' was a chestnut colored pacer and he enjoyed this as much as we did. Almost, can I now hear the ring of his sharp shod feet on the glare ice, and see him swinging himself from side to side in the effortless stride with which he paced. The rush of icy air stung our faces and brought tears to our eyes but, how we enjoyed it!! ----- Warren was of an adventuring turn of mind, not content to play near by but wandering away on exploring trips and all the scoldings and punishments were as futile as to tell the wind to stop blowing. The climax came one afternoon when he was two years old. Suddenly he was missing and all the searchings and callings of the whole household was to no avail.

Someone discovered little footprints in the dusty road leading down hill toward the village and he was found at a neighbors three-fourths of a mile away. He had safely gone over a bridge, across a large brook and made the turn as it should be. How very gratefull we all were when we found that he had taken everything into his own hands and when we found him he was quietly talking with some of the people who had begun inquiring about where he lived.

After four years of pleasant living on the Davis farm we were regretfull that circumstances compelled us to leave. Following the death of Grandfather David Davis, who owned the farm, Gilbert Davis and the other heirs decided to sell the farm to settle the estate so we moved into Paxton village and Charles bought a pair of horses with which to do teaming and tide us over until he could find a desirable position. We had lived there only three months when to our surprise a letter came from Dr. A.S.P. Rockwell, Worcester, asking Charles if he would come in to see him about a position as manager of a small farm in Shrewsbury. The first of June we moved to Shrewstury. The farm was small, rough and run down and the same adjectives described the little old farm buildings.

Approaching old age may bring regret at the lessening of the ability to take an accustomed part in social activities but it brings compensations and not the least of these is memory. Happy memories are one of lifes great rewards.