

Souvenirs
Introduction
1/2/98

KJ IN VT



Souvenirs
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VT-189 VOL I



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Introduction

This work is for my family.

This work is organized, or perhaps disorganized, into three sections. Volumes I & II each have eight chapters which address 'happenings' in towns/areas of Vermont. The South Hero, VT, Library has been the source of background material on these towns.

The two main reference books used are:

Roadside History Vermont by Peter S. Jennison, 1989.

Vermont Place-Names (Footprints of History) by Esther M. Swift, 1977.

I have no plans to publish any of these 'happenings', but even so, should I find I should not incorporate this reference material in the chapter headings, I will delete it. I delete much better than I type.

Peter S. Jennison's book includes a poem by Ernest F. Johnstone written in 1915, "No Vermonters in Heaven". The last 5 lines are:

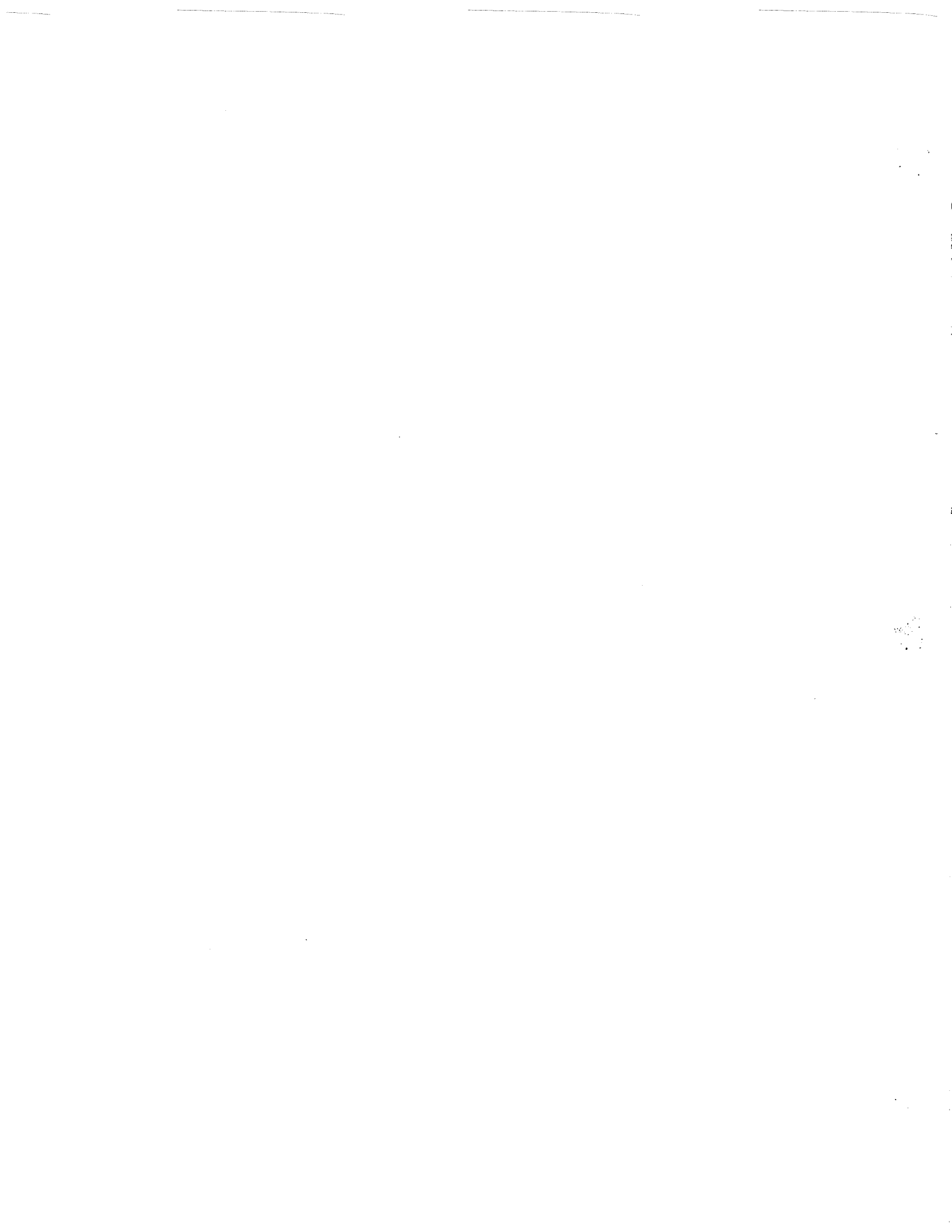
"We give them the best the Kingdom provides;
They have everything here that they want,
But not a Vermonter in Heaven abides;
A very brief period here he resides,
Then hikes his way back to Vermont."

How true. Section three is the Appendix which has no order at all.

Contributions from Nancy Strong Jefferson, Susan Jefferson McCleskey, Sara Jefferson Peck and Marc Bennett are included in this work. Memory corrections have been received from many, most notably my siblings Beth Jefferson Brock and David W. Jefferson.

Spouse Lucile deserves the most credit for this work. She has corrected typos, mis-spellings and bad grammar for a whole year and, as a result, knows the book by heart.

Tuesday, December 23, 1997.



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I'd do it Again, only Faster.

Chapter: Introduction.

Subject: Why I am doing this.

Date : January 1, 1997.

Locale : North Hero, Vermont.

People : Ken Jefferson, Velma Jefferson, George Jefferson, Betty Jefferson, Beth Jefferson, David Jefferson, Uncle Sam, Stuart Murdock, Art Ward, Ms. Layton.

Theme: Maybe no one will care, but anyway.....

I'd do it Again, Only Faster!!!

It is winter, 1997, as I begin recording random memories. Memories which I hope will interest immediate family. There is nothing startling nor outstanding about my life. Not knowing the people involved may render it dull reading indeed. Velma, my first wife, and I once put a tape recorder under the dinner table unbeknownst to the kids. Replaying a simple, normal meal was surprisingly entertaining. Mine has been a simple, normal life which in some aspect, you may find entertaining. I've enjoyed writing this document. May your reading lead to the same. The memories were triggered by a recent drive from northwest Vermont to east central Vermont. As Interstate 89 exit, signs flashed by, so did thoughts of the past.

Into the head popped, ".....Things have happened to me in lots of these towns. Things which have had a direct effect on my life....." Once implanted, these thoughts would not go away. Thus this work. Interstate 89 vignettes¹ if you will. The audience is limited,..... family and friends. And if you are of a mind to say, "Why did this guy write this in the first place", I will state right now primarily for the kids. It starts and ends in North Hero, Vermont. In between are Interstate 89 towns in more or less the sequence that I have encountered them.

I was born in Scranton, Pennsylvania, in 1926. Moved to Hempstead, L. I., a suburb of New York City, at age 2. 'Was moved' is nearer the truth. Survived well there, weathering the depression, public schools and absence of planned child activities/TV till the age of 17. The depression, thanks to my parents, George & Betty, the schools thanks to some very good teachers. Parents and teachers were God in those days. You did what you were told. The older I get, the more thankful I am of having the 1930-1940's versions of these commodities. The pre-couch potato era was survived with the help of older sister Beth, younger brother David, imagination and imaginative friends.

In my 17th year, there was a war on. Dad said, "Don't wait till they draft you, enlist in the Navy. At least you'll have a place to eat and sleep." This was the counsel of a WWI veteran of mud and canned salmon. I can't remember having canned salmon at home. Familiarity with this staple was deferred till economics dictated its incorporation into a young household's menu. We still have it once in awhile. A can of salmon, two raw eggs, baked with anything stale or almost rotten that can be found. (It was Spam WWII people avoided. Wonder what the spurned food will be post WW3 ?) We digress, back to 1943..... "But gee Dad, I have to sign-up for four years!" At 17, four years is half a lifetime in case you don't remember. Then the sage, "The four years doesn't mean anything.... when the war is over you'll be out. Draftee or enlistee, won't make any difference." Thus it was the Navy for young Kenneth. A God had spoken.

¹ If I can get the 'Word' index to work, you will be able to look up your name and read just the interesting parts.

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Suddenly the sign in front of the Post Office had great impact. The 'Uncle Sam Wants You' sign, with a 3-D finger that follows you down the street. I remember the sign and walk well. The Post Office was on Fulton Street one block from North Franklin. I passed it every school day on the way to Hempstead High School. If, like Lot's wife, one sneaked a peak back at the corner, Sam still had you fingered. Must have been a 5-mile round-trip walk. Buses? Never! I've embellished this walk in describing it to my children, by saying that in winter my mother Betty would bake two potatoes which I would carry to keep my hands warm and then eat the cold potatoes for lunch. I don't think they even believed the true no bus part. In truth, I don't believe a 'Baby Boomer' can visualize the depression 30's at all. The long walk came in handy when High School offered a fast track for students wishing to graduate early. The curriculum was difficult, the hours long and the homework demanding. Especially solid geometry. I shared the morning walk with two friends, Stuart Murdock and Art Ward. We were all very good at solid geometry and decided to save time by each doing the assignment every third day. En route, the two coasters copied the doers solution. Worked fine till the day of retribution arrived. The teacher, Ms. Layton, passing back the corrected papers, commented to Stuart, "Mr. Murdock, you went through the logic of this problem perfectly but in the last statement when you added 2 and 2 you got 5!" Stuart went red, Art and Ken looked at each other and sank down in their seats awaiting the inevitable. It came with a, "Funny thing Mr. Jefferson/Ward, you did exactly the same thing!" Lesson learned. Copying leads to trouble. Like Nike says, just do it.

One way or other, 'Fast Track High' was surmounted, and physical/mental exams passed. On March 1, 1944, I took the Long Island Railroad to Manhattan, found Church Street, joined the Navy and took the train to New England at government expense. I had been to New England many times before but never alone. In fact, other than Boy Scout Camp at Wauwepex, L.I., it was the first time I'd been away from 'home'. As for returning 'home',..... I never did. Fifty-three years later, am back in New England, writing of marriages, children, friends, colleges and careers that all seem woven together by a few miles of highway in the lovely State of Vermont.

This is not intended as a biography. We may pass it by fellow travelers, but it is my tale. If anyone takes serious issue with the contents, they can write their own version. This is not about New York, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Georgia or Arizona. We'll be in Vermont most of the way. If more than 10 people ask for copies, we can always do a Souvenirs sequel.

Memory is strange. In my case, humorous, joyful events remain clear. Unpleasant, sad events fade. The writer handles death poorly. I think of people as they were when alive, not as being dead. Finally, am sure 'my' versions of some events may remind others of the party game where a phrase is passed mouth to ear, the final phrase bearing little resemblance to the original. Since I can't remember what I had for breakfast yesterday, I better hurry up and get this started.

No effort will be made to allocate equal coverage to those mentioned. The document is not in chronological order, and there will be long chronological gaps. Reference to life beliefs, principles and philosophy will be minimal.

These are some things I remember.

Ken Jefferson
P.O.Box 115
North Hero, Vermont 05474

January 14 1997.

North Hero II

Exit 17 off I-89.

Until 1741, New Hampshire was only a province of the Massachusetts Bay Colony. Benning Wentworth, Harvard 1715 no less, was successful in establishing the territory of New Hampshire as a separate colony. The survey of 1740 had clearly established the boundary between the Massachusetts Bay Colony and the colony of New Hampshire just about where it is today. But the western boundary of New Hampshire had not been stipulated. This would embroil Benning Wentworth in grave trouble. First with the colony of New York and later with King George III. Nine years after becoming governor of New Hampshire, Benning asked New York what that colony considered was its eastern boundary. Receiving no reply, he wrote a grant in 1749 for the town of Bennington in the extreme southwest corner of what is now Vermont. In all, between 1749 and 1764, Benning Wentworth wrote grants for 129 towns in the area which is now Vermont. The fact that the New York colony continued to furnish grants for towns which overlapped the New Hampshire grants caused much grief all around. Today 113 towns in Vermont can trace their origin to New Hampshire grants. Only 5 towns derive from all the 107 New York grants. Grants have little to do with the Town of North Hero, but if one reads towns out of sequence, they should be familiar with the term 'grant'. Vermont was one of four states which were independent countries prior to becoming part of the Union. During this period, 1777-1781, Vermont chartered most of the remaining land itself.

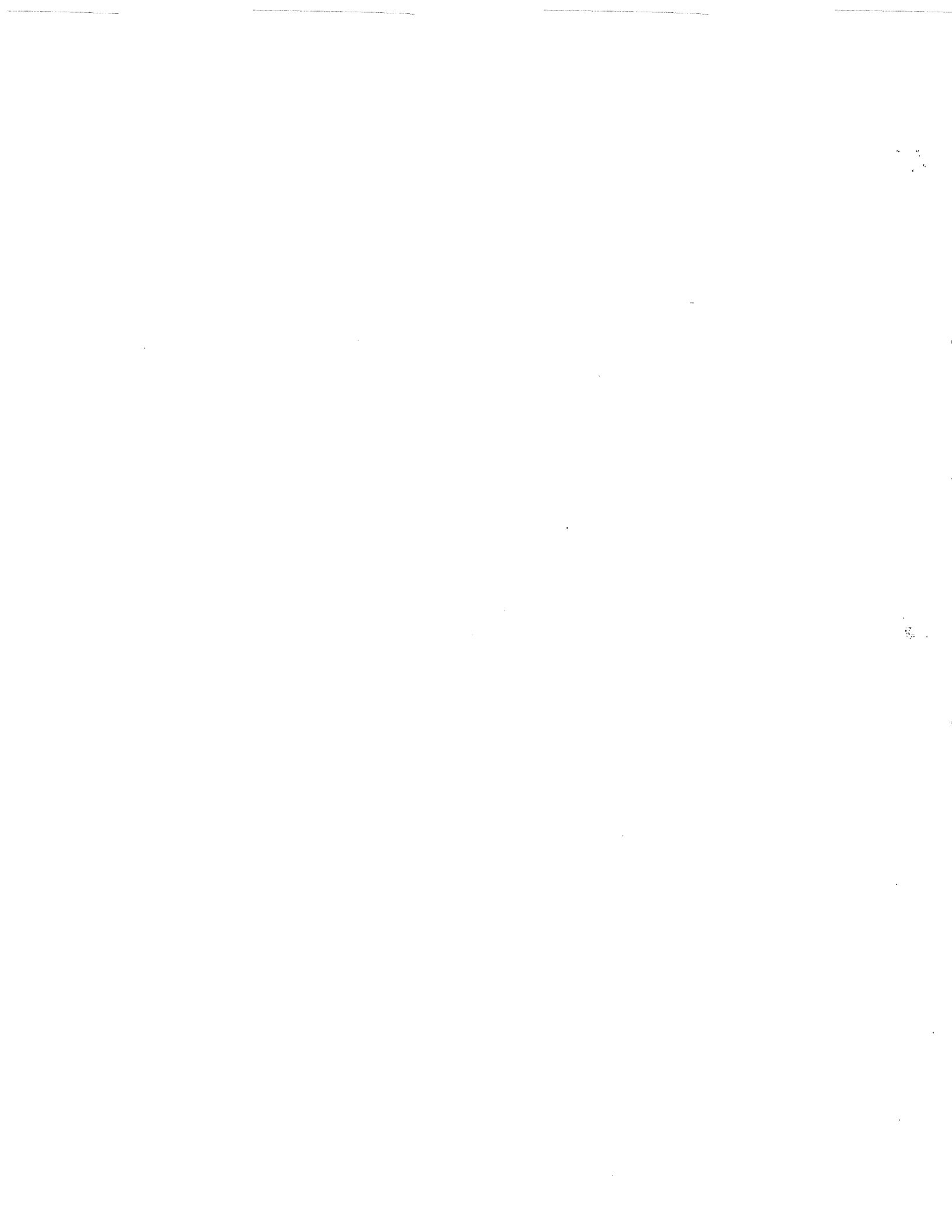
North Hero was chartered October 27, 1779 as the Two Heroes. The French had called the northern island Isle Longue, which the English settlers had converted to Long Island. It was this name that the legislature used to identify the island in the charter of the Two Heroes. The island of North Hero is very nearly two separate islands, the connection between the two being a narrow strip of land that is known as the Carrying Place. The Mohawk called it *Deyehonwakwatha*, literally, "where one picks up his canoe."

Documents in the North Hero II chapter are:

- vtrt89.lifeinal.
- vtrt89.downrt89.
- vtrt89.customsc.
- vtrt89.superman.
- vtrt89.thecarry.



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Life in a Log Cabin

Chapter : North Hero II

Subject : Log Cabin

Date : 1991-1997

Locale : Lake Champlain.

People : Lucile Jefferson, Gerry Bennett, Ethan Allen, Ira Allen, Ministers's Wife, Benedict Arnold, Teddy Roosevelt, President Garfield, Voyageurs, Art Ward, Mike Demand, Matt Jefferson, John Bennett, Velma Jefferson, Kenna Jefferson, Susan McCleskey, Greg Jefferson, Mike Jefferson, Sara Peck, Linda McDevitt, Marc Bennett, Phil Jefferson, Eric St. John, Couple from Year 2200.

Theme : Back to Basics.

Life in a Log Cabin.

By way of explanation, North Hero I is primarily when Ken was married to Velma, North Hero II is primarily when Ken is married to Lucile.

Lucile and I are living in a log cabin overlooking Lake Champlain in North Hero, Vermont. It is winter and family and friends think we are crazy. As we have a comfortable home in Atlanta, they could be right. To subvert a possible,..... 'Who's checking up on the old folks this week?' campaign, we wrote up our survival procedures and distributed them in lieu of more usual Christmas cards which we stopped sending years ago.. It was the first 'Christmas' letter we've sent. One year I actually wrote one but didn't have the nerve to send it. There were only two true statements, we were both still alive and none of the kids were in jail. It was a gem, but didn't fit the Holiday season. The survival procedures have calmed concerns and since they definitely relate to log cabin living are included in the appendix at the end of the book.

North Hero, Vermont, is a town of about 551 people. The Town of North Hero is on the Island of North Hero. The Island of North Hero is 40 minutes from Burlington, Vermont, 1 hour and 30 minutes from Montreal and smack in the middle of northern Lake Champlain. In a recent survey of best cities in the US, Burlington was listed #6. This was very upsetting. We could see the population of North Hero ballooning to 600 as a result. The survey never asked us our opinion of the area. We would have set them straight. Only idiots try to exist in this god-for-saken place. To get to North Hero, one can approach from the Island of South Hero or cross over from the Alburg Peninsula to the northwest. Access from South Hero is provided by a draw bridge which goes Bzzz as you cross it. Gerry (#8) imaginatively calls it the Bzzz Bridge. To finish this 'heroic' paragraph, the islands in question were given to two Allen brothers after the Revolution, as tokens of gratitude for their service as Green Mountain Boys. Think these siblings were Ethan and Ira but don't know which Hero was North and which was South.. We are just into the second paragraph of this document and already the family is thinking, "Geez,.....are we going to be able to believe any of this stuff."

Our cabin on North Hero overlooks an uninhabited small island to its west: Cloak Island. An abused minister's wife fled over the ice one winter from Isle LaMotte to Cloak Island. She was never seen again and in the spring, all that was ever found was her cloak, hence Cloak Island. Poor Ms. Minister was probably chopped up, burned in the fireplace and her cloak deposited on Cloak Island as a red herring. This was way prior to TV, FBI, ATF or LAPD for that matter and thus went largely unreported. Cloak Island's real claim to fame, or infame, is its role in decimating the population of Great Lakes Indians in the 1770's.

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Benedict Arnold, retreating from his Quebec City and Montreal adventures, buried small pox casualties on Cloak Island. We are talking a significant body count here. Britain's Indian Allies, recruited from all over the place, found them, dug them up and scalped them. Bad move. The summer campaign was over, in modern terms the Indians were mustered out and returned to their tribes throughout North America dragging their scalps behind them, thus creating a pox among their tribes.

Most Champlain Islands are too small to be good for much. Farmers were wont to row cattle out to an island in the spring, leave them all summer and then return in the fall to harvest the beef. Easier containment than building split rail fences. A final island note is the big Bull Moose of Isle LaMotte, Teddy Roosevelt being there upon the assassination of President Garfield.

It doesn't take much imagination to look out over the Lake from our deck or living room and visualize a British fleet rounding Cumberland Head or Canadian Voyageurs marching down the center of a frozen Lake Champlain. The deep channel between Isle LaMotte and New York's Cumberland Head was an Interstate in the 17th & 18th century. Montreal to New York City by boat, sled or foot depending on season. Canadians and Indians ventured south over the frozen lake in winter to inflict all sorts of mischief on the Colonists, and the Colonists paddled north in summer to repay the visits. Relatives of Voyageurs still frequent the frozen lake as ice fishermen. The South Hero Ferry docks near the site of the War of 1812 Naval Battle round Cumberland Head. The Revolutionary War Naval Battle of Valcour Island is a few knots to the south. We view the whole vista with our afternoon drinks.

In Navy talk, we are at 44-50N and 73-18W. This being taken off Waterproof Chart #12 from the International Sailing Supply Co. depicting Northern Lake Champlain from Burlington to the Richelieu River. In summer, it becomes evident that no one consults this chart. We keep score of the number of vessels going aground on the reef S. E. of Cloak Island. Keep score, salute them with a toast and continue drinking. I suppose if small children were being swept overboard by huge waves, we might make a phone call, but then again who knows. Why don't they look at the chart.

So much for the geography and locale. Now on to the cabin itself.

My last full-time employment ended in 1990. My expertise was programming in a financial business environment, and at the time I was involved in Training, Testing and Documentation. Employment was ended by my company's decision to relocate its Atlanta functions to Los Angeles and my decision to stay in Atlanta. The parting was eased by a generous termination package and the realization that I was still employable in the home building industry as a punchout person. For non-construction people, about 62 interested parties traipse through a new home, due shortly for closing, and compile a room by room list of deficiencies, referred to as the punchout list. This list is presented to a punchout person with the admonition to, "Have all this fixed by.....". This is a fun profession other than requiring the punchout person to carry every tool ever invented. While punching-out went on, we debated the ultimate disposition of the termination package. Three possibilities were considered, invest it, take a trip to Australia or build a new cabin in North Hero. Investment could have ended with the kids getting the money, so that didn't get far. Eventually, the desire to take advantage of recently honed construction skills before they disappeared forever, tipped the balance in favor of a new cabin.

The decision made, action was deferred. The Los Angeles people were realizing that deserted Atlanta talent would be beneficial to their success. Abandoned employees, with their pocketed termination packages, were being rehired as consultants at multiples of their former rate. No matter how embittered the abandoned, this was hard to pass up. Lucile and I have done stints in Denver, NYC and Lansing while squeezing in periods of work on the new cabin.

You will meet the 'Old Cabin' in the North Hero I chapter. Most of the family can well remember the 'Old Cabin'. Like all nostalgic items, its stature will only grow in telling. My favorite remembrances are its self-cleaning properties and magical plumbing. Rain storms from the west required one to lift their feet in the cabin. Reminded me of many old trucks I've owned. Rain came in through the windows or wall, I'm not

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sure just which, swept across the floor and exited on the east. As for the magical plumbing, I spent many hours, flat on my back under the cabin, divining its mysteries. All in all, not the kind of place for senior citizens to hangout in. No basement, no heating system, no room¹, no water a goodly part of the time, no insulation.... in fact this cabin would have generated the 'Mother of all Punchout Lists'. If we were to spend any significant time in North Hero, it had to go.

In the Fall of 1990 it disappeared. An old friend from my share the home work High School days, Art Ward, had recently built a cabin in Pennsylvania. His solution for obtaining the raw material for a log cabin was to become a dealer. Art sold two log cabins. One to Art Ward and one to Ken Jefferson. A construction crew of Mike Demand, a local North Hero carpenter and friend², Matt (#6)³, and the writer tore down the old and closed in the new before the first snow.

Reference to children is going to be confusing. Lucile had 3 while married to Ken's cousin John Bennett. Ken has 6 from his marriage with Velma Cleveland of Northfield, Vermont. The first born, Kenna, died in infancy. Lucile and Ken have none of their own.⁴ Married names cloud the issue further. For the present, I am going to refer to them by the number of their appearance as follows:⁵

1. Susan Jefferson (McCleskey) Sue (#1)
2. Greg Jefferson Greg (#2)
3. Mike Jefferson Mike (#3)
4. Sara Jefferson (Peck) Sara (#4)
5. Linda Bennett (McDevitt) Linda (#5)
6. Matt Jefferson Matt (#6)
7. Marc Bennett Marc (#7)
8. Gerry Bennett Gerry (#8)
9. Phil Jefferson Phil (#9)

At this point, we had a livable cabin for 6 months of a year. Solid log walls, double pane windows, basement, reliable plumbing and 32 electric circuits.⁶ Following what may prove to be a final recall by our Los Angeles friends, an oil fired forced hot water heating system has been added, along with a jerry rigged water system. Six years after the start of building we are comfortably living through the winter. It was the first year we gazed up at geese flying south and thought, "See you in the spring," instead of, "We'll be right behind you." The cabin will never be finished. Things just don't work like that. Outstanding projects are: Carport/workshop, buried water line to lake, bedroom addition, bedroom to dining room conversion, golf croquet course upgrade. The Town of North Hero thinks we did a wonderful job building this 30x25 cabin. The 1997 appraisal is \$185,100. How is that possible?

There are other log cabins in the Champlain Islands. One was built in 1783. It's built from logs like ours, is about the same size as ours and doesn't look much different than ours. Perhaps in the year 2200, there will be a couple sitting in our living room, having a martini and thinking, "Boy, this was a wonderful place to build a cabin."

¹ The beds were as big as the bedrooms. Entering required an immediate step up on the bed.

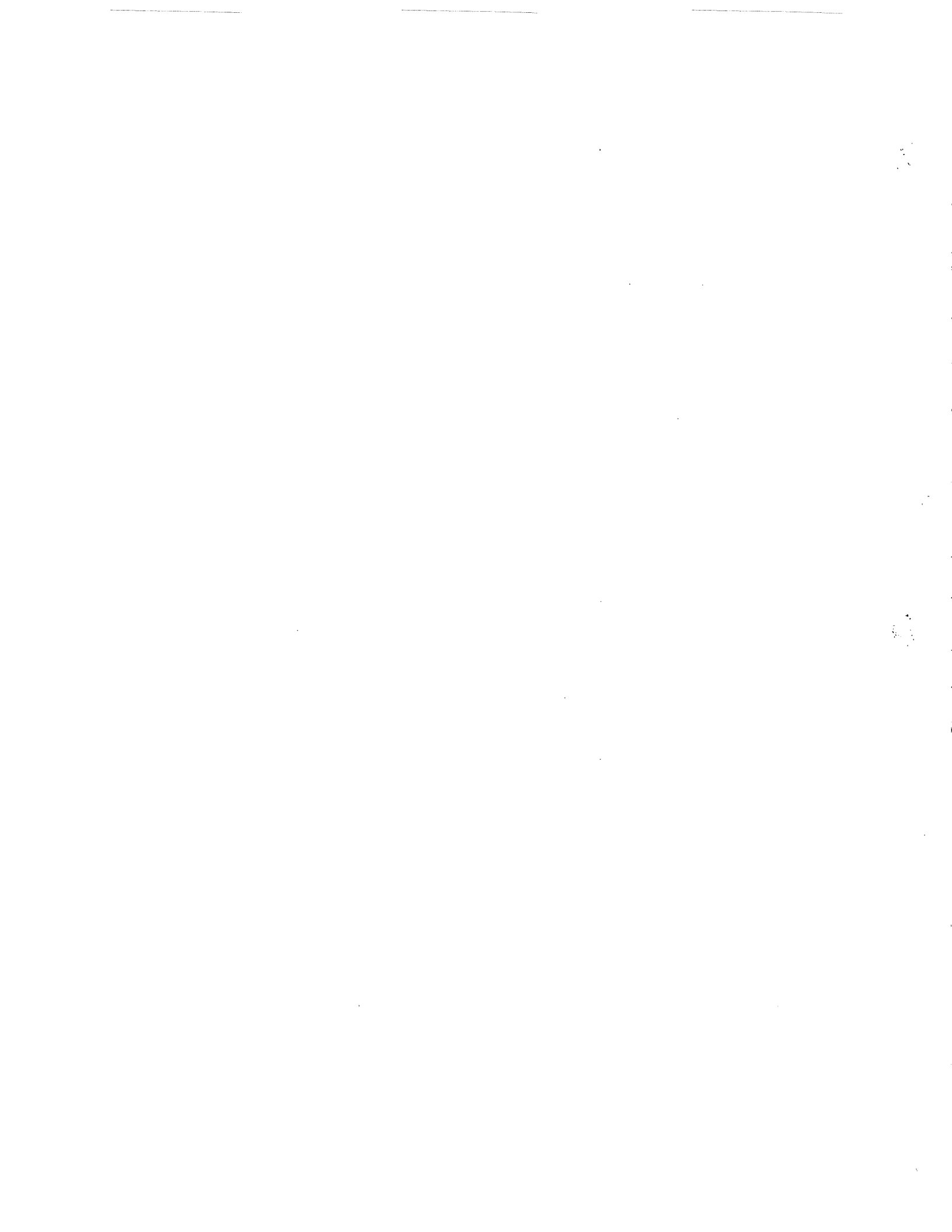
² Mike Demand died of leukemia in December of 1995.

³ Matt lives with wife and children in Bridgewater, Vermont.

⁴ Thankfully.

⁵ In the world, not this book.

⁶ Eric St. John, a neighbor, is responsible for all 32 and should be apprehended upon any suspicious electrical fire.



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Down Rt. 89 for Thanksgiving.

Chapter : North Hero II.
Subject : Thoughts while driving through Vermont.
Date : November, 1996.
Locale : Interstates 89 & 91.
People : Jason Jefferson, Brett Sylvester, Nancy Jefferson, Lucile Jefferson, Linda McDevitt (#5), Norman McDevitt, Marc Bennett (#7), Michelle Burke, Velma Gregory, Clifford Gregory, Matt Jefferson (#6), Heidi Jefferson, Myriah Kelley, Marz Kelley, Morgaen Kelley, Blind Lady, Night Watchman, Jean Bennett, Mike Demand, Betty Jefferson, Isabelle Brown.

Theme: Over the hills to grandchildren's house.

Thanksgiving '96

Left out of the children identification ladder was Jason. Let's designate him #10, just to maintain uniformity. Jason is a 100 pound Golden Retriever. At least we hope he's only 100 lb. Otherwise we are in for a lecture from Brett Sylvester, the Vet. We'd bargained for about 70 lb. maximum, knowing both mother & father. But that's life. It's difficult to make much of a fuss when the breeder is your sister-in-law and the dog a gift.

One advantage of wedding an alien Canadian, is two Thanksgivings¹. Canadian and American Thanksgiving never occur on the same day. Along with Christmas, this permits turkey, ham & roast beef in the same Holiday Season. In fall of '96, Lucile, Ken & Jason (#10) entertained Linda (#5) & Marc (#7) plus spouses on Canadian Thanksgiving and then headed for Matt (#6) for American Thanksgiving. Following this, we'd invited ourselves to the Golden Retriever breeder for the weekend. Our Route went from North Hero to Glastonbury, Connecticut. It was the Interstate 89 Vermont part of this trip which caused nostalgia to set in.

Coming up Interstate 91 from southern New England, White River Junction is exit 11, then one can peel off on Interstate 89.

Starting at Exit 11 Interstate 91, then on to Exit 17 Interstate 89, the Towns brought forth these thoughts.

Exit 11	White River.	Destination, day 1, USN career. First two terms of College at Dartmouth.
Exit 1	Wilder/Quechee.	Stayed with the Velma and Clifford Gregory while first child died in Hitchcock Clinic, Hanover. Bridgewater exit for: Matt(#6), Heidi, Myriah, Marz, and Morgaen.
Exit 3	So. Royalton.	Encounter with blind Lady.
Exit 4	Randolf	Night Watchman with time-clock.

¹ Far outweighed by the difficulty of obtaining a green card.

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|---------|------------------------------|---|
| Exit 6 | Williamstown.
Northfield. | Williamstown Road, Tamarack.
Wedding.
Burials. |
| | Northfield Falls. | |
| Exit 8 | Montpelier | Family Farm
The cemetery.
Many friends. |
| Exit 9 | Moretown | Paying taxes.
Gravel vs Assessment.
Forest fires. |
| Exit 10 | Waterbury | Jean Bennett dies.
Camels Hump climbed. |
| Exit 12 | Bristol | Mike Demand funeral. |
| Exit 14 | Burlington | Honeymoon II |
| Exit 17 | Champlain Islands. | Cabin #2.
Cabin #1. |

Once I started dwelling on these happenings, I felt compelled to record some.

I know precious little about my parents' lives. Their swimming across the Susquehanna river at Pittston Pa., Betty's best friend Isabelle being George's sister, a few other items maybe,..... really an insignificant amount of what would be very interesting to me. Well children, you are saddled with a verbally non-communicative father, who will no doubt die insolvent, but I will try to leave you a few written thoughts. If you're thinking, "Leave money instead.....", sorry.

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Customs Confrontations

Chapter : North Hero II
Subject : Border crossings I have known and loved.
Date : 1977-1997.
Locale : Canadian/US border.
People : Lucile Jefferson, Matt (#6), Scott Herrick, Marc (#7), Michelle Burke, Theresa Burke, Mike (#3), Gerry (#8), Phil (#9), Danny Hooke, Sara (#4), Linda(#5), Norman McDevitt, Eric St. John, Moira St. John, Australians, John Belushi.

Theme : "Just answer the question!"

Customs Confrontations.

1977: The Ryder truck. Wine bottles & tomato cans.

In the summer of '77, Lucile had an apartment on Marcotte St., in Montreal, Quebec. Our wedding was imminent. The apartment had to be vacated. Easier said than done. We had no place to store the stuff in North Hero. The solution was to build a shed about the same size as the contemplated Ryder truck. This shed has evolved into the 'Bunkhouse', originally envisaged as 'The Snorehouse', it became more of a haven for non-snorers.

A visit by Marc (#7) and spouse Michelle Burke illustrates the need for a 'snorehouse'. Michelle's mother, Theresa, accompanied them. We've some significant snorers in the immediate family, Theresa being one. The scene is cabin #2. Marc & Michelle were in the front upstairs bedroom, Theresa in rear, Lucile & Ken in first floor bedroom. Along about 2 A.M., the cabin is vibrating in rhythm with melodious snore sounds emanating from the rear upstairs bedroom. Ken can't sleep! Arising, with blanket, he adjoins to the station wagon in the driveway.

Scene change, breakfast.

Michelle appears, out of character¹, and says, "Mom, you were making so much noise last night I almost went out and slept in the station wagon."

Ken looks up, mid grits, and mumbles, "That would have been interesting!"

Back to the main theme. When family arrived for operation 'vacate', it was readily apparent that no Ryder truck could get near the shed. Too many trees. The Montreal moving party would have to send advance scouts ahead, with chainsaws, to widen the driveway. Lucile had luckily reserved the truck. In July, Montreal renters play 'Musical Apartments'. Everyone's lease expires the same day, and a good percentage

¹ ie 3 hours before usual luncheon appearance.

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move. What the rental truck agencies do the rest of the year, I have no idea. On this day trucks are at a premium. But we had one! The loading began. Of course, it always rains when Ken Jefferson moves.

Marc (#7) and Scott Herrick, a friend from Georgia, would help with the loading and then take off in Scott's Cougar for operation 'Clear-cut'. Marc's red Charger, driven by Matt, would transport he and Lucile. This noble car died a tragic death several years later in Georgia. Marc (#7) had just finished repairing all its Canadian body rust². Ready for paint, the Charger sat by the curb in front of the house. We were playing touch across the street behind Montgomery School. A little person from one of the neighbors, came flying over the playground, arms waving wildly, "Who owns the red c.....". Before the sentence was finished, Marc (#7) was gone. A woman, just released from the hospital, had creamed the whole side of the parked car. She thought she had hit a garbage can. Actually, she had just made a garbage can. Inspection showed the damage to be all cosmetic. Marc (#7) had to be back at the University of Georgia that night, so off he went with instructions to call when he arrived. He called. He had made it without incident. Good. He had parked the Charger by the dorm and went up to his dorm room to call. Before he got around to calling, his phone rang. A University bus had run into the parked Charger and creamed the other side! Bad. Marc (#7) collected two insurance checks and sold the carcass to Danny Hooke, a friend of Mike (#3), for \$75.00.

Ken would drive the Ryder truck and be accompanied by Gerry (#8). Lucile and Matt (#6) would drive along with the truck in the Charger. Don't you just love it when a good plan comes together? The scouts had left, the truck was 99% full and we were cramming in the last items from the kitchen cabinets. I did not see Lucile stuffing in the 'cooking wine'³. I was busy finding a place for vegetables and canned goods.

"OK, That's it. Slam those doors and we are out of here."

We cross the border at a small Customs station NW of Rouses Point. There are two bays. One takes cars. One takes cars or trucks. We occupied both simultaneously. There was one Customs Official on duty. More were in the office. The Official checked out the Charger first. Atlanta people, in Canada one day on their way to Vermont always lead to convoluted questioning. Next came the truck. Same people mix, then the contents of the truck was addressed. The en convoy car was waiting patiently. It was still raining.

"What's in the truck?"

"All used stuff from an apartment we vacated today."

"Bringing in any alcohol?"

"Nope. No alcohol at all."

"Well,.....let's open the back so's I can take a peak anyway⁴."

"Sure."

Ken dismounted from the cab and went around to back of the truck. This tranquil scene was about to disintegrate. Carefully stashed items had re-oriented themselves in transit. The rain continued.

"Boy, these doors seem stuck."

"You pull the left one, I'll get the right."

Open sesame..... Canned goods, vegetables and bottles, which would have stocked a wine cellar, cascaded out on the tarmac and began rolling all over the place. The idling Charger sprang to life and peeled out of there. How to go Matt (#6)! Gerry (#8) sank out of sight in the front seat of the Ryder truck. Say 'Ryder Truck' today, and people think of Oklahoma City. Say 'Ryder Truck' to me and I conjure up Rouses Point. The Customs office door opened and reinforcements rushed out. Would I be out of jail in time to be married? Would Lucile and Matt (#6) ever be seen again? Bummer. The scene itself saved the day. It was so comical, everyone started laughing. Customs people began chasing down wet tomatos and rolling wine bottles. All contraband was re-stashed sans comment. Four pairs of hands held goods in place as doors were closed.

² A veritable Bondo Bandit.

³ Yeah, right.

⁴ Unfortunately, a slow day at the crossing.

Souvenirs
North Hero II
1/2/98

"Are you returning this truck to Montreal?"

"Yes, tomorrow afternoon."

"I'll still be on duty, can you use another crossing point? I do not think I could stand a replay."

"The truck will be empty, I promise."

Ken returned to the cab.

"Gerry, you missed all the fun."

"But I'm dry."

Upon arrival in North Hero it was evident that the truck size had been under estimated. More trees had to go. It was still raining.

"Hell, leave it right there. We'll take care of it in the morning⁵."

1982: The confusing family. (Just the facts.)

6 people

3 US, 1 registered alien, 2 Canadian.

In Quebec one day.

Driving an Arizona car.

Residents of Georgia, Ariz, Ontario, and Nova Scotia.

Staying in Vermont.

Two real son and two step son relationships.

Step son's father being driver's cousin.

The narrative addressing the convoluted questioning resulting from these facts remains to be written. As soon as I can recreate it in the illogical order it occurred, it will be inserted here. Suffice it to say, the customs official got very annoyed as we answered all questions truthfully. He thought our family group was a little weird and very suspicious. I thought his questions were a little weird.

1990's: "1500 miles to have lunch in Montreal?"

"Name please."

"George Jefferson."

"Aren't you the wrong color for a George Jefferson?"

"Yes."

"Where do you live?"

"Atlanta, Georgia."

"Are you both U.S. citizens?"

"No. I am, my wife is Canadian."

(Time out to inspect the all important green card.⁶)

⁵ As in Scarlett O'Hara, "Tomorrow is another day."

Souvenirs
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1/2/98

"Where do you work?"

"Denver, Colorado." (Or some such place.)

"How long have you been in Canada?"

"3 hours."

"What was the purpose of your visit."

"Lunch."

"Lunch!.....1500 miles for lunch?"

"No, we're staying in North Hero, Vermont."

(Resisting a reply of, "Yes, the Montreal restaurants are very good.")

Why aren't you over on the main road?

(At this point the temptation is great to say it's easier to smuggle things through this out of the way customs. I've never succumbed thank goodness.)

We've had our place in North Hero for years and always come this way.

Customs official scans bare station wagon.

Customs official scans occupants.

Customs official ponders.

Customs official says, "How was lunch?"

"Fine thank you."

"OK, you can go."

1995: The bottle of gin.

In 1995-1996, Ken was working in Lansing, Michigan. Once every 3 weeks he drove round trip to North Hero, Vermont. The route was Lansing, Port Huron, Toronto, Cornwall & North Hero. Port Huron and Cornwall are Customs Stations. Toronto is a traffic nightmare. A 1991 Ford Ranger was the commuting vehicle. Phil (#9) is the current owner of same. This was a 12 1/2 hour commute! Linda (#5) & Norman lived in Cornwall, two & 1/2 hours from North Hero, but most times the house was empty. Good pitstop. All Ken wanted upon arrival was a gin and a bed. The previous west to east pitstop had exhausted the gin supply. Ken had brought a refill from North Hero on the east to west return.. Our story starts at the Cornwall Customs. Our story ends at the Cornwall Customs station.

The trip in question was to be a 'straight through' trip. No layover at Cornwall. Just drop off the gin.

Right! The Toronto traffic window was about two hours. Miss it and you sit for two more. Arrival time at the Cornwall Customs left only 30 minutes of this window.

"What is the purpose of your visit to Canada?"

"Just transiting."

"How long will you be in Canada?"

"Just today."

(So far, so good.)

"Will you be leaving anything in Canada?"

(Bad.)

⁶ Which is blue.

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"Yes, a bottle of gin at my daughter's in Cornwall." (Really step-daughter, but long ago had learned, the less said the better.)

(Very bad.)

"Oh,..... well that would be a gift."

"No, no, no,.....I'm going to drink it all myself."

"Park your truck under the canopy around to the left, and come inside. And bring the bottle."

I did. (For the record now, let it be known were concerned with a 1.75 liter bottle of cheap gin which had cost \$11.99 in Vermont, and would have been \$8.99 in Georgia.)

The Customs Official looked at the bottle, referenced a tax list and continued.

"The duty on this bottle will be \$14.33."

"Good lord, Keep it. Have a party."

"Can't do that. We'll have to fill out a form."

(Window=20 minutes)

"Why can't I just leave? You'll have the bottle and I will get through Toronto before rush hour."

"I wouldn't advise that."

The form was addressed.

"Residence?"

"Working, current or legal?"

"Let me ask my supervisor."⁷

(Window= 15 minutes)

He did, "Need all three, with telephone #'s."

The official was amiable and chatted away as the form was completed⁸. Unfortunately one remark was,

"Do you pass through Canada often?"

"Yes, about every 3 weeks."

Big mistake. I had voluntarily offered information. Cardinal Custom sin!

"For goodness sakes. We're filling out the wrong form. You can pick up this bottle on your return trip when it's less than 30 days."

Form #1 is torn up.

(Window= 5 minutes)

"I made a mistake. I won't be back this time for 60 days. I don't want to pick up the bottle later.....please....can I go back to the States..... I'll drive through Ohio.....paste the form back together.....I'm entitled to bring in one bottle....."

To no avail. Red tape must be served.

(Window= zed⁹)

I missed my window, sat in Toronto traffic for an hour and a half, and as I recall, also had a flat tire on this trip. In addition I rehearsed feigned innocence for hours, in front of a mirror.

"Are you leaving anything in Canada?"

"No."

⁷ The dreaded five words.

⁸ In triplicate of course.

⁹ Quebec for zilch.

Souvenirs
North Hero II
1/2/98

1997: The Kmart freezer.

To get from North Hero to a grocery store with a wide selection of food items requires a drive of 40 minutes each way. Lucile and Ken were contemplating the purchase of a freezer. Norman and Linda (#5) were preparing to sell their home in Cornwall. In the basement was a freezer. Would we take it off their hands for free? You bet we would. Might even let them use part of it to clinch the deal.

On their next pass through US customs Norman and Linda (#5) asked, "We are going to bring a used freezer to our Vermont cabin and then bring it back in the fall. Is that a problem?" We had all discussed just how to phrase this operation and decided on a temporary relocation approach. The fact that the freezer was never returning to Canada was not to be mentioned. "No, that won't be a problem at all." "Okay, thanks."

A classic customs confrontation had been set in motion. The customs official who answered the above question would not be on duty of course, that is always a given. Once stated our relocation approach could not be changed. Let us now proceed to moving day.

Norman and Linda (#5) were coming to North Hero on a Friday morning. Ken drove the '96 F150 over to Cornwall early. We'd load the freezer and pass through customs in tandem, Ford Explorer first, F150 second. Once we'd huffed and puffed the freezer up the cellar stairs, our troubles were just beginning. We breezed past Canadian customs without stopping and pulled up at US customs. A lengthy discussion ensued. Being second I couldn't hear any of it. The explorer finally pulled through the gate and parked on the other side. My turn.

"I'll tell you just what I told the other guy. You can't bring in that freezer without a Canadian registration form since it will be coming back to Canada. And don't give me an argument. Go back and get one."

I got the impression Norman and this gentleman hadn't exactly hit it off. I drove through and parked behind Norman.

Norman, "He says we need a form. But we're already through customs, lets just go."

Ken, "There is a State Trooper over there on the divider."

We made u-turns through the divider, passing right by the trooper. He never looked up. Back at Canadian customs I parked the F150 in the same spot where I'd been during the 'gin' caper. Somehow I knew this wasn't going to go smoothly. As Norman and Linda (#5) disappeared into the office I almost yelled, "Ask them if they still have my bottle of gin from 2 years ago." I didn't.

Fifteen minutes later Linda, Norman and a customs official emerged. A form had been filled out. Naturally. All that was needed was the ID # from the freezer.

The freezer was secured to the truck bed. We untied it. We all looked for an ID #. There was none. Naturally.

A classic customs confrontation if there ever was one. The U.S. would not let in a 'returning' freezer without a Canadian registration form. Canadian Customs could not complete the form because there was no ID # on the freezer. The confrontees knew the freezer was never returning but remained mum. The four

Souvenirs
North Hero II
1/2/98

participants in this farce danced around in the truck bed with the freezer for 15 minutes more. There are no numbers and only 5 letters on this freezer. They are KMART. My patience was wearing thin.

"Jesus Christ,.....let's just make one up. I'll scratch it in the freezer with my knife! What's the difference?" This seemed to strike a chord with the Canadian official.

"Hey, I think we can do that. It just requires a different form."

20 minutes later we were back at U.S. Customs. In case you have never dealt with customs type people, be aware we were still not out of the woods. In the time it took to comply with instructions resulting from our first attempt, our initial protagonist could have gone on break and been replaced with a second who had completely different ideas of what this caper needed. We were lucky. We got the same one. Still a bit surly, he waved us on.

Down in our basement, on the freezer, underneath 'KMART', there is a 1 x 2 inch yellow sticker. It says, in French & English naturally:

Revenue Canada
Customs and Excise

A214632

Form Y 36-1 (92/01)

Would I ever try to take the freezer back into Canada by pointing smugly at the official ID #? Of course not. That's no fun. Tear the sticker off first.

Dogs through customs. (Still to be written)

Crate says 'live animal'.

Forms.

St. John's borrow wagon to get dog at Dorval Airport.

Australians (Still to be written)

How they got through customs in a borrowed Arizona station wagon I will never know.

Lucile got weekend in John Belushi's old suite.



Souvenirs
North Hero II
1/2/98

Superman

Chapter : North Hero II.
Subject : Employment as a senior citizen.
Date : May 6-14, 1997.
Locale : Greater Downtown North Hero.
People : John Wellington Wells, Robert Camp, Wonder Woman, Lucile Jefferson, Matt (#6), David Jefferson, Jason(#10), Paula Knight.

Theme : Wonder Woman was faster than the Speeding Bullet.

Superman.

The local newspaper in the Islands is aptly named, 'The Islander'. Its claimed weekly edition circulation is 21,000. If you are aware the population of North Hero is 551, this might appear high¹. Every person in the Islands must read each copy two or three times, including preschoolers. Although ignored in the top billing, there must be some 'Mainlanders' in the picture. Perhaps the paper is perused by intelligent Island cows. It is a wonderful paper. It is competitively priced. It is free. The Islander supports itself through advertising. (I have noticed no advertising pointed at the bovine market.)

The largest retail establishment in Greater Downtown North Hero is 'HERO's WELCOME'. This is a well run, well maintained, up-to-date Vermont General Store. Like 'John Wellington Wells²', "Whatever anyone lacks, they will find it already in stacks." We should ask if the store's Hero is Ethan or Ira.³ The owner/CEO is Robert Camp. The most imaginative ads in the Islander are submitted by Mr. Camp. His ad of May 6, 1997, is reprinted below without permission.

We're searching for
Wonder Woman or Superman

Hero's Welcome is searching for a year-round, full-time Store Operations Manager.

If you love working with people, and a fast pace, give us a call. This is a hands-on detail oriented position in the leadership role of our store team. You'll be deeply involved with our customers, food management, building maintenance, banking and staff scheduling. You'll work indoors and out, taking charge in a great variety of projects. Two days here are rarely the same.

Prior retail or food experience is not necessary, but a plus. Prior leadership experience is a *must*. Working on weekends is required. If this sounds like an exciting challenge, send your resume to Robert Camp at Hero's Welcome,
P.O. Box 202,
North Hero,

¹ There are only 3 inhabited islands of any size in the 'Islands', South Hero, North Hero and Isle LaMotte.

² "The dealer in magic and spells."

³ See 'Life in a Log Cabin'.

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1/2/98
VT 05474

(A representation of Wonder Woman doing sit-ups and a 1936 Ford sedan, pulling in for gas completed the ad.)

As instructed by the Islander circulation department, I read the ad 2 1/2 times.
Could I ignore a solicitation for 'SUPERMAN'? Of course not!

"Lucile, did you see this HERO'S WELCOME ad? I am going to apply."

"Yes, and I was afraid you would too. You'll never get this cabin finished if you take another job."
(This was followed by a well rehearsed recitation of unfinished/unstarted projects that I feel no need to list here in detail. Very embarrassing.)

"Well, I'm going to type out a resume anyway."

Off to the PC went the writer. The result is included in the appendix under Super Resume. The accompanying excerpt from this book was, 'Ring 5 Long'⁴. Whenever I had been in the 'new employee' loop, resumes over one page likely ended up in the wastebasket. My Superman application was short, factual and upfront about age. Following normal procedure, when drafted, the document was presented to Super Speller/Grammar checker, Lucile.

"Ha! Ha! You are not really going to send this, are you? He'll think it's a joke."

"I don't think it's funny. It's all true."

"It's just the way it's presented. Even the footnotes are humorous. And why do you describe our cabin as having 6 flagpoles?"

"I think HERO'S WELCOME only has 5."

"Mon Dieu."

"Well, stop laughing and correct my mistakes. I'll never get the position, I'm too old, but how often do you have the chance to respond to a Superman ad? Besides, I can do all that stuff."

"After our names, you should add, *a.k.a. Clark & Lois*, as a final touch"

The ad was dated May 6. Matt (#6) and I had driven to Glastonbury, CT and back May 8 & 9 to pick up some free blue spruce trees at my brother's.⁵ I saw the ad on Saturday the 10th. The response was written Sunday the 11th. Lucile spent Monday, the 12th, finding wrapping material for sun glasses Matt (#6) had left in the blue spruce truck. Tuesday the 13th, Lucile mailed the glasses and the 'funny' resume, or as she calls it, the CV.⁶ In Greater Downtown North Hero, HERO'S WELCOME & the US Post Office is one integral unit. She could have saved a stamp and delivered the CV herself. She did not, obviously preferring to remain aloof from this whole opening gambit

(We have a wonderful post mistress in North Hero. She is Paula Knight. Paula likes Jason (#10). When Lucile slips in to get the mail, Paula slips out to slip him a couple of Milk Bones. Paula gets very annoyed when people can't remember their P.O.Box combinations. I don't blame her. After residing here for a year

⁴ The only one completed at the time.

⁵ And recover the 'missing' Mossberg, per "Raspberries and Hedgehogs", "The Dam", and "Pete Bean".

⁶ Curriculum Vitae.

Souvenirs
North Hero II
1/2/98

or so, for some reason I had to go get the mail. I was a nervous wreck. I stayed up late memorizing the combination. Next morning I strode confidently into the Post office and walked over to the P.O.Boxes. Panic. The Boxes were not in numerical order. I couldn't locate #115! And I guess you know who's watching closely, while drumming fingers on the counter. Post Mistress Knight. How embarrassing.

"What seems to be the problem?"

"I,.....I,..... I know my combination, but I can't find the Box."

"By any chance, do you know the number?"

"115."

Post Mistress Knight walks behind boxes, taps 115, takes out the mail, hands it to me and says, " Think you can remember that?"

Remember it? I'll never forget it. Unfortunately my next trip in, 3 months later, I couldn't remember the combination.)

But back to Superman.

Wonder Woman had been hired Monday, the 12th.

Impeccable timing by the spouse.

First thing Wednesday morning, we received a call from Robert Camp. The good news: He had enjoyed reading the 'resume'. The bad news: Wonder woman. Not really all that bad, though. Lucile was right, a full-time position with long hours didn't make sense in our situation. Bob and I had a pleasant conversation. He wanted me to drop in at HERO'S WELCOME and become acquainted. At this point, I had never laid eyes on Bob Camp. HERO'S WELCOME & the Post Office were in Lucile's column.

Sunday, May 25, our weekend company left. We thought it would be nice to eat out. Lucile made a reservation and at the appointed time, off we went leaving Jason (#10) behind and moping. In the off-season, restaurants that are open, are few and far between. We had been partaking of the pub menu at the Sandbar in South Hero.

"Why are we going down the dump road?"

"Aren't we going to the Sandbar?"

(Not that the Sandbar has any relation to the dump. It is just shorter to go that way.)

"No. The reservation is at Shore Acres."

Lucile had shrimp, Ken had lamb. Delicious. Towards the end of the meal, Lucile began wildly pointing at a man standing at the table behind me.

"That is Bob Camp!"

"How do you know?"

"I have seen him in the store and he just said he was Bob Camp."

When he passed our table, I stood up and introduced myself. CEO and Superman chatted. When he had left, I sat back down.

Lucile said, "See, that is why I made the reservation at Shore Acres."



Souvenirs
North Hero II
1:52 PM

The Carry.

Chapter : North Hero II
Subject : Family.
Locale : Pittston, Long Island, North Hero, Texas.
Date : Prohibition to Pot.
People : Bootleggers, Art Ward, Rita Ward, Lucile Jefferson, Ken Jefferson, Mike (#3), Ted Jefferson, Eileen Jefferson, George Jefferson, Betty Jefferson, Beth Brock, David Jefferson, Pat Jefferson, Tom Jefferson, Alice Jefferson, Tommy Jefferson, Jimmy Jefferson, Jefferson twins; Barbara Jefferson, Judy Jefferson, Brownie, Isabelle Brown, Brown twins; Tom Brown, Ted Brown.

Theme : The Carry carries memories.

The Island of North Hero has a very narrow waist. It accommodates the highway, Route 2, with about 10 feet to spare on each side. This waist is called 'The Carry'. In prohibition times, bootleggers came down from Canada by boat. 'The Carry' was about 15 miles from the border by water. The bootleggers had small boats¹. If pursued en route by the revenuers, they would head for 'The Carry' at full speed and run their craft right up on the shore. Their speed would propell them halfway across. Jumping out, they would drag the boat the rest of the way and resume their devious trip on the east side of North Hero. The revenuers, in bigger vessels, were not able to duplicate this procedure. I don't know why it wasn't referred to as 'The Drag', but 'carry' it was, and 'carry' it is. When did you ever see a bootlegger in drag anyhow?

I have executed this maneuver myself. Sort of. During Expo '67, the Wards and the Jeffersons rented Lucile & John's North Hero cabin. (Cabin #1.) Two things stick in my mind from this week. First, Art put the used cabin bedding in an Alburg laundromat on the way up to Montreal. After a day at the fair, he stopped on the way back to pick it up. Someone else beat him to it. New sheets, courtesy of the Wards. Lucile & Ken are still sleeping on them. Second, the boat. Art is a fisherman and had rented a boat from Charlie's Northland. When it came time to return the boat, Art was sick with something and asked me to do it. Sick with sheet replacementitis I guess. Velma, Mike (#3) and I did it. Rita² Ward drove to Charlie's Northland to bring us back. North Hero is skinny, but has a long, long shoreline. Of course it was raining. I don't know if the onset of 'replacementitis' coincided with the deluge but nevertheless, there is a 4-foot culvert under the road at 'The Carry'. It was halfway around the island or through the culvert. The captain of the craft made an executive decision,the culvert. Mike(#3) sat in the bow, Velma midship and the writer at the outboard. A wild ride ensued. north to the end of Pelots Point, through the old Rutland R.R. bridge gap, across Carry Bay and into the culvert. The boat just fit. We had to ship the motor, hunker³ down and pull ourselves through by hand. The storm was so bad we were tempted to remain in the pipe. By the time we turned in the boat and got in Rita's car we were soaked. Upon our return to cabin #1, Art had made a miraculous recovery.

I've seen a picture of my esteemed uncle, Ted Jefferson, standing at 'The Carry'. I have referred to Ted, in the past, as esteemed because he is the only uncle I have left. Ted took great umbrage to his esteem being due to longevity. Natually I have perpetuated it just to annoy him.

¹ Mother, take note. I can say 'boat' cause they could be lifted onto a ship.

² Rita, Art's first wife died in a Cleveland clinic in the mid '70's.

³ Confederate for squat.

Souvenirs
North Hero II
2:33 PM

Ted was one of the Jefferson/Wilde family who migrated from the anthracite coal mines of Pennsylvania to Long Island, N.Y. In the early 40's they amounted to a mob scene of 29. I'd a Mother, Father, two siblings, 3 Grandparents, 6 Aunts, 5 Uncles, and 10 Cousins. There is no family left on Long Island. I am in touch only with my siblings and aforementioned esteemed uncle. I can name most of these people and not much else.

George & Betty Jefferson: dead.
Beth Brock, sister, Marietta, Ga.
David Jefferson, brother, Glastonbury, Ct.
Ted & Eileen Jefferson: One child, Pat, divorced, all alive.
Tom & Alice Jefferson: 4 children (Jimmy, Tommy, & twin girls Barbara and Judy). Tom & Alice both dead.
"Brownie" & Isabelle Brown: twin boys (Ted & Don). Isabelle is dead. Ted lives in St. Louis, "Brownie" is an alzheimer sufferer in Watertown, N.Y.
The K.P. Wildes, Kenneth & Marion, both dead.
Harriet Saxe and son Dick. Dead.
The Leon Wildes, Leon, Leon Jr., Jean & Joan. Status of all, unknown.
Grandma Wilde, dead.
Grandpa & Grandma Jefferson⁴, dead.

Ted's picture, taken at the 'Carry', was because his in-laws at the time were there. Ted's wife Eileen was a Nylen. The Nylens (sp?) were great friends of the Omans. The Omans⁵ lived by the 'Carry'. Ted & Eileen were divorced sometime after WWII. (Date?????). When Ted heard I was moving to North Hero he said, "Don't tell any Omans your name is Jefferson,..... they'll kill you." I don't think Ted will be visiting us here.⁶ When I pass the carry, I think of Ted and the Long Island mob. Especially George, Tom and Ted. These Jefferson brothers would resort/stoop to anything to beat one another in anything from marbles to golf, but put them on the same side,.....watch out.

(Lucile has told me many times, she's glad I don't have the obnoxious Jefferson competitive spirit.⁷)

This subject, 'The Carry', convinced me to include some family trees in the appendix. Namely; Bennett, Cleveland, Jefferson, Parent and Wilde trees. Due to my limited knowledge, these look more like badly pruned shrubs than trees. When you don't know your first cousins' names or whether they are alive, it's time to do something. You'll find them in the appendix under the respective names. Updates for these documents would be greatly appreciated.

⁴ If you are counting, I'm # 29.

⁵ The Omans have a North Hero fire station named for them, the one in Greater Downtown North Hero.

⁶ See 'Operation Refill' in the appendix.

⁷ This sentence is being inserted after Lucile has proofread the document.

Souvenirs
Northfield Falls
1:52 PM

Northfield Falls

North from Exit 6 or South from Exit 8 off I-89.

In the 19th century, Northfield, VT, had four distinct villages along Vermont Route 12. Its second Post Office was opened in 1869 at the village on the Berlin-Northfield town line that was known as Gouldsville or Factory Village. The postal name Gouldsville was given in honor of the woolen mills there, which were owned and operated by the Gould family. In 1905 the name was changed to Northfield Falls.

Documents in the Northfield Falls chapter are:

- vtrt89.windway.
- vtrt89.ring5lon.
- vtrt89.raspberr.
- vtrt89.thedam.
- vtrt89.thenorth.



Souvenirs
Northfield Falls
1:52 PM

Windway, the farm on Cox Brook.

Chapter: Northfield Falls.
Subject: Jefferson Farm.
Date : 1941-1951
Locale : Cox Brook Road.
People : Ken Jefferson, The Bushieres, David Jefferson, Beth Jefferson, Dowser, Digger, Kenneth Jennette, Vermont handy-man,

Theme: Just do it.

Windway.

In 1941, when I was 15, the family bought a farm on Cox Brook in the Town of Moretown in the State of Vermont. Moretown itself was 'up' the brook, we generally went 'down' the brook to Northfield Falls. The farm encompassed 160 acres with fields, forests and brooks. The owners had been the Bushieres. As long as we owned it, it was the Bushiere place. The day after my mother sold it in 1952 it magically became the Jefferson place. We called it Windway. No one else did. Betty and George had been looking for a vacation place to buy for several years. Starting in Connecticut then ranging farther & farther away from Long Island, to Pennsylvania, Massachusetts & finally to Vermont. Meanwhile, they were amassing furniture & plumbing fixtures which filled a moving van when they found the farm. No friend in Hempstead threw out anything without obtaining permission from the Jeffersons.

To get to Windway, one heads Northwest on Cox Brook Road, a numberless dirt road which goes from Northfield Falls to Moretown. There were three covered bridges on this road. Wow! Almost instant, "I don't care what the place looks like, let's buy it." Look at the current Vermont Attractions Map and Guide,.....the bridges are still there....., with same faded traffic signs, 'Vehicles 10MPH, Horses at a walk'.

There was a farmhouse, 4 barns, a corn crib, silo on hay barn, raspberry patch past the chicken house and a spring, connected to the farmhouse by logs which had holes drilled in their center. Water was stored in a large barrel in the woodshed. The outhouse was attached to the north side of the house and projected out over a significant cliff. The altitude was easily comprehended by listening carefully, after attending to business, and gauging the time lag till a landing noise was heard. The outhouse was a 2 1/2¹ holer and came equipped with a vintage bearskin coat and current Sears Roebuck catalogue. The bearskin coat did not do much for bare bottoms hanging over a north cliff on cold weather days. On very windy days, the 1/2 hole was a viable option. Less exposure. A porch eventually replaced this facility. My brother, who fell off the porch during its construction, was probably saved from serious mental damage by a soft landing in the well fertilized soil. But then again, with my brother, it's hard to tell. He says he hit his head on a boulder.

From west to east, the house had a woodshed, a kitchen, family room #1, and family room #2 across the front. Behind the family rooms, on the north, were 3 small rooms about the size of the original bath facility described above. One barn was attached at right angle to the southwest corner of the woodshed. The others were arranged like a 'C' on the far side of the first, the hay barn in the middle, the horse barn on the right and utility barn on the left. If my recollections pass scrutiny of my siblings, will be very surprised. I do know that I slept in the one finished room upstairs, directly over family room #1 which contained the wonderful Franklin stove. There was a wood stove in the kitchen and no electricity. Family room #2 was converted to a master bedroom. Bedroom traffic patterns were unique, some being accessed only through another bedroom. I never played musical bedrooms, I was upstairs all alone.

¹ Half holes were for small children. These poor creatures tended to get stuck in the grown-up size.

Souvenirs
Northfield Falls
2:33 PM

Over the years, as Jeffersons are wont to do, we made many changes. We put in a bathroom, painted the house, tore down barns, painted the house, moved barns, painted the house, remodeled the kitchen, added a stone chimney and finally painted the house. Kitchen remodeling entailed removing partitions of two pantry type rooms, making one large kitchen/family room all paneled in knotty pine. A window wall overlooked Cox Brook. From the above you might think that we painted the house every other year. Not true. It was continuous. My sister Beth would start at one corner of the house and paint her way round it. By the time she reached her starting point, the previous coat had disappeared. And this was tough painting. Like the tree that eats Charlie Brown's kites, the clapboards were so rough they grabbed the brush right out of the hand.

I think the bathroom was addressed first. I was fascinated by the whole operation. The old spring, sited across the road from the house, failed the State pollution evaluation. A dowser walked up the mountain to an elevation above the house, walked back and forth with this big flimsy slingshot looking thing, said "Dig here," and left. This was a long sentence for a Vermonter. He probably added the "dig" because we were dumb New Yorkers and might not know the water was under the ground. The digger of the well at one end of this project and of the septic tank at the other, was a man who knew every blue word in the English language. The well was not within earshot, but the septic tank hole was being excavated right outside my mother's bedroom window. There was nothing the plumbing contractor² could do to silence his digger. I think Mother changed bedrooms. When finally installed, the plumbing was a godsend. The water was good; being gravity fed, we didn't have to haul it any more and the bathroom was right behind the wood stove.³ The bearskin coat was dispensable. The winter solution to the gravity feed system was to just leave the water running all the time. The plumbing pipes in the house were drained but the water still came down from the well, through the cellar and out the back of the house.

The well fertilized flora & fauna on the north cliff were replaced by magnificent ice sculpture seldom seen by the absent owners.

A second major project was, "Tear down the carriage barn and move the horse barn over to the house." The carriage barn was full of sleighs and carriages, plus two old cars. How I wish I had them today! It was the 'right angle' barn. Dimensions, 30x25x25, post and beam. The horse barn, 24x22, garage size, was 30 feet up road from the carriage barn, also post and beam. There were no horses in the horse barn. One average size man showed up to give a price on this work. He and my father, George, walked back and forth, looked up and down, measured this and that, and then sat down to talk. My father didn't know much about building, but he never had a problem deciding which person was capable of doing what job.⁴

"Okay, I think we understand each other, do it." "Do you want a price?" "No, when you want money, let me know."

Finances, at the time, didn't interest me, but how the work was done certainly did. This man worked by himself. This man did everything in perfect sequence. This man never stopped while on the job. No wasted motion, no leftover mess. This man let me help in things that made sense. The horse barn was moved over a track of greased beams from the dismantled carriage barn. The moving power was this man, long beams as levers and a 6-foot crowbar. Inch by inch the barn was moved. I was assigned monitor of checkmarks placed on the track., "When this plate reaches this mark, holler stop." At 'stops', the man would come, check out the positioning at the checkmark, then, resetting his prise point, we'd go another 6 inches. It is amazing how much one can learn by watching someone who knows what they're doing. But one must watch very carefully. Secrets of the trade are rarely advertised. The writer speaks from experience here. With no formal construction training, he can build a house all by himself. A Vermont handyman you might say. Eya.

² A French Canadian, named Kenneth Jennette, whose office was between the RR Tracks and the Dog River in Northfield, Vermont.

³ The water also tended to dry up each August.

⁴ Except in my case of course.

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'Helped move a barn in Vermont,' might not rate with 'Harvard graduate 1947' on a resume, but you can believe when I saw similar items on an application, more often than not I hired the person..

By the time electricity arrived, 1953, I was gone. The beautiful stone chimney is addressed in another chapter, as is the dam. Small projects, inside and out, were continuous and hazy now. We all survived and learned a lot.



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Ring 5 Long.

Chapter: Northfield Falls.

Subject: Telephone.

Date : 1942

Locale : Cox Brook Road.

People : Beethoven, The 'Flying Arleys', George Jefferson, Paul Atkinson, Betty Jefferson, Velma Cleveland, Louis De Lary, Cordy De Lary, Barbara Jenkinson, Emma Jenkinson, Susie Cleveland, Barbara Brown.

Theme : Privacy is golden.

Ring 5 Long.

Telephones in the 30-40's didn't do much. They hung on the wall and rang when called. We would hang an old rubber rain shoe over the speaker during thunderstorms so as not to get electrocuted. Telephones in the 30-40's were a lot more fun. You could hear real people when they rang.

Party lines were predominant in rural Vermont. Let's explain 'party line'. For the sake of argument, say there were 20 farms strung along Cox Brook Road. Also, not far from the fact, say they all had phones. At the time, one could have a 'private line', or a 'party line'. Actually a misnomer. The Telephone Company said which you could have. Cox Brook phones were party line phones. Now, with 20 phones ringing each time anyone got a call, how did you differentiate? Easy. You gave each a unique ring. Unique yes, but unfortunately well publicized.

As I recall, we were 5 long rings. Is this clear to everyone? Think of Beethoven's 5th. It's 3 short 1 long. (I think I could write a whole book about this.) People who have cuckoo clocks may grasp it quickly. You're reading a good book. It's late. You look at your cuckoo clock. It indicates the time is 11:03 P.M. A quizzable look comes over your face. Your clock just cuckooed 11 times, and you never heard it? Right! Maybe people with rabbit ears¹ hear clocks do whatever they do, but me, hardly ever.

Just so the party line. If you were 5 long, and the first ring was a short, you in reality, never even heard it. Never heard it that is, unless you were interested in what someone might have to say to a party whose ring started with a short. Are you getting the picture? The only real estate transaction on Cox Brook in the last 11 years has recently occurred and the buyers are from New York City. They're 5 long and they get calls from out of state! You must be getting the picture by now. The long distance aspect of this scenario was magnified by the presence of a crank on each party phone set. We never got too good at it, but if you wanted to call someone on you own party line you could bypass the operator by cranking the ring yourself. No matter the expertise of the cranker, a call through the operator was always discernible to the party line connoisseur. One other item completes setting the scene. The volume and quality of a call was adversely affected in direct proportion to the number of party line phones which were off the hook. Am tempted to say that party lines were the origin of the term 'crank caller', but I have no proof of that.

¹ Inherited ones, not the TV kind. Guy playing 3rd base. 5000 fans. Teeny lady in bleachers whispers comment re guy to friend. 3rd baseman immediately turns, points and yells, "Same to you grandma." 3rd baseman's got rabbit ears.

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Okay, here we go. It's evening, no one on Cox Brook has anything to do but stare at each other, there's no TV, maybe even no radio and the phone rings. 5 long. Everyone within 3 miles and still awake dives for the phone. In retrospect, there was a much more interesting family down the road towards the Falls, the Arleys. They were circus people and practiced their high wire act by walking along the ridgepole of their barn. I don't believe my parents ever discussed party lines with them. Should have. Would at least found out if they were crankers or crankees. Just think of it. The "Flying Arleys" were probably "High Flying Crankees" like the NYC dude. Anyhow, the recipient of most 5 long long distance calls was my businessman Father. That is, when he was in residence, historically the month of August. The format rarely varied. 5 long ring from the operator. George answers. Two sentences exchanged and then, "What was that.....can you speak louder.....Will some of you God damn people get off the line.....(then in full volume) Tell you what Paul², **I'll call you back after these people have gone to bed".....SLAM.** Then Mother, "George, calm down, you're only here few weeks, I'm with these people all summer."

Party lines! We don't have interesting things like them anymore. Did help get to know things about the neighbors though. One ended up a favorite of my mother's. In later Cox Brook years, after I had married Velma, she claimed him as a relative of sorts. His name was Louis De Lary. Cox Brook houses ran the gamut of run down depression homes, including Windway, but Lary's looked like a displaced Jersey Meadows tar paper shack. My mother memorized the truthful *lineage* below and loved surprising friends with its recitation.

Long Island friends would visit in the summer. They would be picked up at the Central Vermont RR Station in Northfield³. On the drive up Cox Brook, the DeLary estate was distinctive enough to elicit comment from about half the visitors. No matter, if no comment arose, mother always managed to draw attention to it. Then, with nonchalance, the following. "Yes,actually,.... he's a relative of ours." A dramatic silence followed to see if she had 'hooked' her audience. She had. "Really? How so? My God, you can't mean it!" Then the hammer. "*Well, that's my Son's Wife's' Mother's Second Husband's first Wife's's' second Husband.*" Like they say in New York.... 'you can look it up.'

I don't believe my mother ever met Louis. We all knew Louis DeLary's second wife Cordy. She ran the Hyde Clinic in Northfield, Vermont where my first three children were born.⁴ Wonderful person. Barbara Arley, nee Jenkinson, a Cox Brook party line compatriot from way back, summers on Isle La Motte. Still looks and cooks great. Barbara's mother, Emma Jenkinson and Velma's mother, Susie Cleveland, were sisters. The Jenkinson farm was between the NYC dude and the Flying Arley farms. Maiden name of Emma and Susie was Ditty. For the 3rd Ditty sister, Barbara Brown, see 'The Wild Airplane Ride' in Hanover/Wilder re-visited.

Shall we have a quizz on this? Yes,.....Barbara Arley and Velma Jefferson were ????????

Don't know if my mother stayed up nights trying to work the "Flying Arleys" into her *lineage* recitation.

Much too late to ask her now.

² Ran appliance department at 'The Franklin Shops', my father's store in Hempstead L.I.NY.

³ After being 'mooned' as they passed by the 6th hole.

⁴ Kenna, Susan and Gregory.

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Raspberries and Hedgehogs.

Chapter: Northfield Falls.

Subject: Fruits & Pups.

Date : 1941-1943

Locale : Windway.

People : Martha Stewart, Roddy, Lucile Jefferson, Beth Jefferson, David Jefferson, Velma Jefferson, Sara (#4), Susie Cleveland, Art Peterson, Gladys Peterson, Homer Denny, Betty Jefferson, Multiple Shawns, Dawn Washburn, Dr. Mann.

Theme: Setters who ignore history, are doomed to repeat it.

Raspberries and Hedgehogs.

This is not a Martha Stewart recipe to be served under glass, and definitely not 'all good things'.

I remember the raspberries. I remember the hedgehogs.

Across the road from the farmhouse was the raspberry field. It was huge. Raspberry fields forever. Just go down past the chicken house and you were in the world of raspberry. "Oh Roddy, I don't think we're in Moretown anymore¹." Lucile would have been in hog heaven. It was one of three paying crops. Hay, gravel and raspberries. We had nothing to do with the hay. Someone came, cut and carted it to our own barn. Hay was not baled in those days. Great fun jumping from the barn rafters unto the fresh hay. Gravel is addressed in the Moretown chapter. Raspberries were personal. We selected, sorted and sold. We all ate them. Beth and I picked most of them. I filled up my pail twice as fast, but Beth's contained only raspberries. David would diddle around, pick half a basket and get bitten by a bee. As a result of the sting, David's pail would get tossed up in the air and he would depart for the safer side of the road. Under full steam. The sting seemed inevitable. Locating the tossed pail led to easily recouping a half basket of berries almost as clean as Beth's. No sticks, leaves or bugs.

My life seems intertwined with raspberries. Both wives have been in love with them. Lucile is an au naturel addict. Moldy/fresh, rotten/unripe, no difference, they are scarfed up ...or down I guess... with the greatest of gusto. Velma & Sara (#4), went for pies. Sara(#4) would hang on each deft movement as Susie Cleveland would make her a fresh raspberry pie. I think the two of them would eat the whole pie. I never got a piece anyway. My dam building buddy, Art Peterson, had a bumper crop one year. This was well after the war when we had both matured into apparent respected community figures. He brewed up this wonderful crock of 'raspberry shrub²'. We all got smashed. Velma, Gladys, Pete and I.³ Windway raspberries we couldn't force down immediately, were turned into jam. This stuff was ambrosia. And you didn't need 'Beth' type berries either. Anything worked. If we had concentrated on this aspect, we probably could have been the 'Smuckers' of Washington County. We had a few corn flakes on our

¹ Roddy was a Cocker Spaniel, Roderick Strongheart Jefferson. Bless his soul, he didn't confront hedgehogs.

² See recipe in appendix

³ Must research dates here to see if one of the offspring should have been named for a shrub.

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raspberries. We had a little bread with our jam. We loved raspberries. We made 'Beth' jam and 'Ken' jam. 'Ken' jam was given away to friends and relatives.

Marketing the fresh crop meant a trip to greater downtown Northfield. Mr. Joe Denny⁴ at the Grand Union took all we could provide. I believe we got .25 cents a quart. When I buy a handful of raspberries at the Grand Union today for \$2.99, I just shake my head in disbelief. Hope the poor Chilean picker gets at least 25 cents of it. Our old friend, the Windway truck, did not help the bottom line of this operation. A trip down Cox Brook in this vehicle would cause instant delivery to occur in cases of overdue pregnancy. On the first trip, Mom & Beth started off with 12 quarts of beautiful berries. One more berry in any basket would have rolled off on the ground. Upon arrival at the Grand Union, the baskets were half empty. None spilled, none were eaten. Well,...they said none were eaten. From this time on, we drove more carefully and took extra berries to top off the baskets upon arrival. The perils of truck farming. Fluffing them up by transferring the berries to an empty basket worked pretty good and cut down on the topping overhead. Live and learn.

Age eventually took its toll. City dwellers, showing up late and leaving early, could not be depended on to maintain raspberry heaven. Each year, more non-raspberry fauna replaced berry producing bushes. Beth was in college.⁵ Ken was in the navy. Roddy never picked a single berry. David stayed on the bee-free side of Cox Brook and for all I know, Betty was tired of making raspberry jam. Lucile and I will check out the site on our nostalgic trip into the past.⁶

Other residents liked raspberries too. Birds, Snakes, Rodents etc. Bears are supposed to love berries. Fortunately no bears ever appeared, to my knowledge. The Mossberg 5-clip would have been no more lethal than Dave's stings. We co-existed peacefully with all, save one. The Hedgehog.⁷ The following saga of Hedgehogs Vs Irish Setters is not for the faint of heart.

The playing field: Woods, Fields and anywhere in between.

The contestants: On one side, the hedgehog. A small rodent averaging 8-10 pounds, slow and very defensive minded. The hedgehog is covered with quills of varying length. The quills the hedgehog likes to keep between an aggressor and its body are about 1/8 inch in diameter and 3 inches long. These big quills march down the back and tail. The tail is used as a weapon, much like an alligator's. The majority are smaller. They are dark in their middle and light on their ends. The ends are very, very sharp. Dawn says that if ya stick'un ina door, it'l wuk its way thru the door oernight.⁸ The rumor a hedgehog can hurl the quills is just that. They are purely defensive. They have millions of them. The small ones, about half the size of your pinky, are doubly hard to remove from a writhing Irish setter.

On the other side: The Irish setter. A fair size dog averaging about 60-70 pounds. Well equipped to apprehend any hedgehog ever created. Ours were all macho males and very stupid. The Irish setter is covered with a beautiful red coat which is no protection against hedgehog quills. Macho dogs like to pick up creatures they find annoying and shake them to death. While possible vs hedgehogs, it is not the recommended procedure for dispatching them. And why dispatch them? The only thing they ever did was eat the delicious lower wood of the wonderful 2 1/2 holer which we eventually tore down anyway.

The Event: The first time a setter presented himself with a mouth full of quills, we felt very sorry for the poor animal. All subsequent encounters led us to feel sorry for ourselves. I can honestly say that I was not solely to blame for these fiascoes. They continued after I was long gone. My sister Beth gives a graphic

⁴ Homer Denny lived on ? Mountain Street in Northfield. For a time, I believe Aunt Barbara, the third of the Diddy sisters (Barbara, Emma and Susie) rented there. Joe was a consummate politician and Dodger fan.

⁵ Elmira College.

⁶ The raspberry field is now a mowed meadow.

⁷ If the term Hedgehog is unfamiliar to you, read porcupine.

⁸ I don't think you've met Mr. Washburn yet. See 'The Dam'

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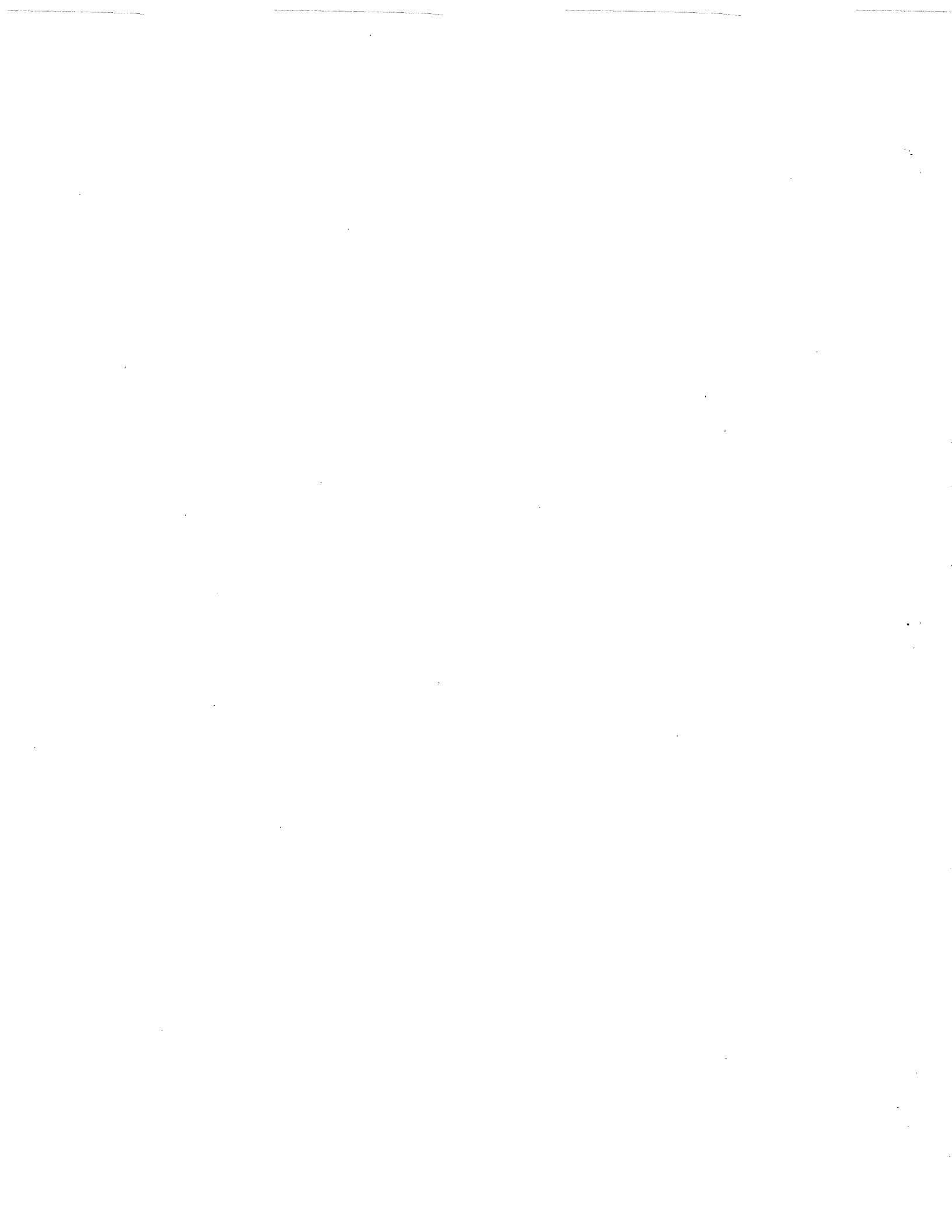
picture of an over-drugged Irish setter staggering from the vet's office to the truck.⁹ We weren't possessive about it either. I can remember the vacationing family dentist removing quills with the water pumps.¹⁰ I can vividly describe an incident for you, though.

After one read the New York Herald Tribune delivered by rural carrier and got tired waiting for the party line to furnish some entertainment, one departed the farmhouse, with dog, for a turn of the estate. Human and canine rarely stayed together. Human could hear canine, canine could smell human. Most days passed pleasantly. And then, there was the porcupine bark. The dreaded, distinctive porcupine bark. "Oh gosh, where the hell is he!" 'He' was one of a succession of Irish setters all named Shawn. We had Shawnessey I, II, & III, at least. Guided by the noise, the human dashed to the scene with all possible speed. Upon arrival, the picture seldom varied. The Irish setter, barking non-stop, one inch away from a placid rolled-up porcupine with quills a point, thinking, "Go ahead, I dare you." Upon arrival, the human had only an instant to tackle the setter and drag it away from the confrontation. The setter, on the other hand, seemed to realize that this was the moment of truth. "Get the little bastard now or Ken's going to take me out." Ken lost most of these events. Losing any semblance of control, Shawn of the year, would lunge, lock jaws around the hedgehog and commence shaking. A 70 pound dog shaking 10 pounds of porcupine quills presents a problem. I hope you never have it. Previous tries to separate these two at this point in the event, led to only one result. Quills in Ken. Actually, quills in a Ken were much easier to remove than quills in a Shawn. My Father would say, "You know, the porcupine only has so many quills and the more in you the less in the dog. At least you sit still while we pull them out." Can you believe that? Sounds just like me. The Mossberg special was useless until needed for the coup de grace of a hardly breathing carcass. The setter would be a basket case, trying to use paws to remove quills from its snout. I think we often had to drag the dog back to the house. Farmhouse occupants would sally forth with blanket, since from the first bark, it was recognizable bedlam. Screaming, growling, tearing primal noises, no doubt about it, here we go again! It took four people for any chance at success. One on the front legs, one on the back legs, one on the head and one using pliers. It took hours. Exhausting hours for patient and operating team. If there were not four people available, the Vet was the only recourse. Months later, while petting Shawn of the year, you would feel a quill making its way out of a hind leg. I have no idea how many porcupine quills our Irish setters took with them to their grave.

And they never learned. Maybe I haven't either. Lucile and I live on a bumpy dirt road. We have a hard riding pickup truck. We are developing a raspberry garden. The original cast of wild animals is all on site. Jason (#10) is not macho though, just inquisitive. We have no doubt traded in the hedgehog problem for a skunk problem. By the time I reach '*Looking to the Future*' I might be able to report on this.

⁹ The Windway 1936 classic.

¹⁰ Dr. John Mann Jr., Hempstead L.I. NY



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The Dam

Chapter: Northfield Falls.

Subject: Damming Cox Brook.

Date : August, 1942: ??????

Locale : Windway

People : The Bushieres, Ms. Layton, Ken Jefferson, George Jefferson, FDR, Dawn Washburn, Grandma Brown, Art Peterson,

Theme: Tis always better to ask forgiveness than ask permission.

The Dam.

Cox Brook passed behind the Bushiere's house. There were two sizable falls. In the morning, on the back porch with feet on rail, one was visible at about 10 o'clock low. The other was audible from about 2:30 and a little lower. The ten o'clock falls were the 'Upper Falls'. The two thirty falls were the 'Lower Falls'. The only real bathing/swimming opportunity offered by either was a au naturel rock bathtub in the upper falls. An idyllic cool tub. David fished there for brook trout. I tramped up and down the ground between these falls many times with 22 and dog. The gun was a beauty. A Mossberg with a 5 clip magazine¹. Other than hedgehogs, it never killed anything. Just liked carrying it. The dog would be one of a succession of Irish setters who now all run together. Beautiful animals. Very dumb.

The tramping showed this intervening area to be a shallow inverted bowl. I began to visualize it full of water. A veritable wildlife refuge for more birds and animals I'd never shoot and swimming pool to boot. Despite my long and fruitful association with the previously mentioned Ms. Layton, I still don't know the Solid Geometry term for shallow bowl. Let's say it was 1942 when this idea started to germinate. At the lower falls, rock rose up on both sides of the brook, leaving only about a 14-foot gap for the water to pass through. All that was needed was to close up this gap. More to the point, permission was needed. Permission and time. Fast Track High consumed the summer of '43. From '44-46 the war intervened. In the summer of '46 the idea came to fruition.

"Dad, I think we should build a dam."

My father was the old fashioned kind apt to respond to a sentence like this with, "Who cares what you think, you're just a kid."

But he didn't². It was, "And just what do you know about building dams?"

"Nothing, but I'm going to write the Department of Interior and get instructions."

This immediately moved the conversation into a new area.

Very slowly, "You are going to do what?"

"I'm going to get help from the Government."

My father was a very level-headed man. Logical in all things. Except one. Democratic Preidents. There was no WPA, no CCC, no IRS, none of the rest of those 30's acronyms for him either. Only FDR's and

¹ When I sent this subject to brother David for review, he said, "Gee, I've got a gun just like that.!" Can you believe that? The next time I see him, he's giving it to me.

² Discharged veteran or not, was still a 'kid'.

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HST's³. I had always hoped that FDR would not be assassinated. I knew the FBI would come and arrest my father if he were.

Am sure at this point, he thought the project would never come to fruition. FDR's ghost would block sending information to hard core Republicans, if information did come, it would be worthless, and kids wouldn't understand it anyway.

"I think you are crazy, but if you want to waste time go ahead."

This was carte blanche from Father and action began. No further permission was sought for anything.⁴

HST came through. His information was understandable. We had torn down so many barns, lumber and tools were no problem. I would build the forms myself. While Father was away. Fait Accompli. A plan for pouring a considerable amount of concrete in one day had to be drafted. The rock ledge on the far side of the brook afforded a level area large enough to position a mixer. Transit mix was unknown. A road up the far side of the brook, which led to the Brown farm behind us, would let us tow/manhandle the mixer to the ledge. From this position, a long coal shut would get the concrete into the form with the help of gravity. Space on the ledge would be at a premium. My most vivid memory of 'pouring day' results from this.

Concrete requires cement, gravel, water and sand. Close by the brook, water was no problem. We could haul it up by rope and pail. There was also plenty of gravel from the brook. We'd accumulate it by wheelbarrow near the mixer. Cement would be bought and stacked by the mixer in bags. This left the sand. We didn't have any and there was no place near the mixer to put any significant amount. A devious plan began to form in my head. It might kill two birds with one stone.

There was a single man up the Cox Brook Road named Dawn Washburn. Single, I think, because his wife had left him. He called himself a "widower by choice", whatever that means. His grandmother was the Brown woman who lived behind us⁵. His mode of transportation was a bicycle and he passed our house a lot. My father thought it lucky he was born in the morning else he would have been called Eve. Every time he passed by, he stopped. Whatever we were engaged in doing, we were doing wrong.

"Frost'll take out that stone wall."

"Them trees'll never grow there."

"Can't move a barn with a crow bar."

"Water shure looks funny coming out the back a yer house."

"Caint paint old boards, never stick."

"Place sure looked better fore ya ripped the front porch off."

"Dooryards bad place for a terrace' ya know. Shud be grass."

I was tired of this. His house wasn't too bad, but I think his grandmother did most of the work. In fact, I'd never seen him do anything but coast his bike to the Northfield dump and walk it back. We would change that.

"Dawn, we are building a dam. We need a man to move a little sand. It will take one day and my father will pay you \$20.00."⁶

"I can do it."

"Good, as soon as we know the day, we'll let you know. By the way, we work long days."

Arthur Peterson has been a friend of mine since I can remember. We attended Grade School in Hempstead together. His father sold fence. With the coming of war, material for fencing was unavailable. The Peterson family relocated to Northfield, Vermont, very near Windway, and bought a gas station. A gas station with a big, big Studebaker wrecker. It was red. You haven't driven in Vermont unless you've driven up the Riverton Road in the middle of the night in Pete's red Studebaker wrecker. Just the equipment needed for positioning the mixer.

³ At this time, FDR was the only president I could remember. I thought he must be King not president.

⁴ See theme.

⁵ Grandma Brown was an expert cranker.

⁶ This might have equaled his entire yearly cash earnings for all I know.

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So. The work crew was complete. Ken would be in the forms, George would work the chute⁷, Pete would run the mixer, and Dawn would move the sand.⁸ I was very nervous. After supper, I would go down and stand on top of the forms. The fact that the forms might rupture causing serious casualties never concerned me. My father had obviously considered me incapable of building a dam. I'd show him. But leaving nothing to chance, I'd stand there, visualizing each minute of the coming critical day. I was ready.

Set up took a day, then pouring day was here. All were present. All were on time. Me, cause I couldn't sleep. My Father, cause he couldn't believe it was happening. Pete cause it seemed like a fun day. Dawn, cause \$20.00 was a fortune. Prior to mixing the first batch, we had a run through. HST had said, "once you start, don't stop." The run-through went okay, so off we went. We never stopped. In the forms, my main problem was the current. The instructions said, "Temporarily stop up the flow of water till the concrete sets." Yeah, right Harry/Franklin. I couldn't figure out how to do this, and devised pre-fab slats to pour the sluiceway floor in two sections, diverting the water over the half poured first and then covered with slats. Our water flow was considerable for those who have never seen Cox Brook⁹. My second concern were the forms. Government information said, "Listen carefully to the forms. As forms fill and pressures increase, tie wires and wood may groan and screech. Do not exceed their limit!" Shit. Those forms and wires groaned all day. Definitely would be my last day on earth. I was not told how to determine what the limit was.

My father was wonderful. In 1946 my father would have been 46. He performed magnificently. A veritable ballet dancer on top the forms directing the business end of the chute. Using a shovel, he could block the chute for a few seconds and swing it from one end of the form to the other, the mixer being at more or less the fulcrum of the form. This was a great aid to Ken who had planned to shovel it from end to end. Ken & George could not see Pete & Dawn except for Pete's head at the top of the shut everytime a new batch was ready, announced by, "Here it comes!"

Pete was on solid ledge surrounded by ingredients, sans sand. So many shovels of this, so many shovels of that, so many pails of water and so many pails of sand. Check the gas tank, check the oil. Competent and in complete control, save sand. The sand had been dumped about 30 feet from the mixer in an area about level with same and connected by a raised plankway spanning the uneven terrain in between. Using a wheelbarrow, Dawn was to trundle-back and forth over the plankway, keeping Pete supplied with sand. We started pouring about 9 A.M. and never stopped for lunch. About 10:30 in the morning, the forms people heard the first, "**MORE SAND!**" Pete was using up sand at a greater rate than it was being delivered. My friend Pete is not bashful. The sand harassment continued as long as the pouring. Should I go back to this now quiet glen, stand atop the dam and contemplate the long gone day, I know I would hear those ringing words, "**MORE SAND!**"

I think it was a 14 hour day but the concrete work was finally done. Father stuck out his hand and said, "Congratulations, I didn't think you could do it." Grasping it I said, "I wasn't too sure either." Clean sand is used to clean cement tools, so upstairs the battle continued. It was almost dark when my father paid off Dawn. Dawn had stuck it out and earned his money. Dawn never stopped at our house after that day. Dawn never told us we were doing it all wrong after that day. I don't think I ever saw Dawn after that day. He picked up his bike and staggered off. It was the best \$20.00 we spent in the Town of Moretown.

The next day was clean up day. We tore the clutch out of wrecker getting it back off the ledge, but other than stripping the forms, the dam was complete.

⁷ and pay the bills.

⁸ Ken went on to become the only practicing mason with a Harvard degree.

George died in 1951. Pete now lives in Saxtons River, Vermont, after US Marine, U.S. Army and US Post Office Careers. I don't know what became of Dawn.

⁹ My brother David thinks the sluiceway too large. He's entitled to his opinion. I felt the smaller the hole the greater the pressure when the sluice was open. He's right, the hole is large.



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The Northfield Country Club

Chapter: Northfield Falls.
Subject : The Northfield Country Club.
Date : 1941-42.
Locale : Northfield, Vermont.
People : Pete Bennett, Jim Cruikshank, Lonnie Cruikshank, George Jefferson, Ken Jefferson, Oscar Nollet, Paul Atkinson, Gus Weller, Charlie Bennett, Art Peterson.

Theme: Was it golf or all trash talk?

The Northfield Country Club.

Definitely not the Augusta National.

The Northfield Country Club is up the Roxbury Road. In the early '40s, the course was very rustic. There were nine holes. One man administered the operation all by himself. He checked play on the links, handled all of the office work, collected greens fees and oversaw the bar. His name was Cruikshank. He did all this from a hammock in the front yard.

My father had business friends up from Long Island while he was 'on site' in August. In the afternoons, off they would go to the Country Club. Mostly leaving wives and kids home. Golfing family visited also. Pete Bennett comes readily to mind. His departures are indelibly ingrained. He insisted on getting to the station 1 hour before train time. This left 60 minutes pacing time. Trains were rarely on time. Father stayed in the car and read the paper. I'd walk laps around the Northfield Green. Pete lived in Leamington, Ontario, so I think the awaited train was the Montrealer. We all could have taken a nap. When still a few miles away and passing the 6th hole on the golf course, all trains began a deafening whistle while going up the 'Northfield Grade'. The Central Vermont RR was routed through Northfield because some important person lived there, not because it made sense. Morning CVRR trains were responsible for maintaining the population of Northfield. Early whistling woke the town 30 minutes before it was time to get up for work. The Long Island crowd was more fun to drive to the station. We'd be madly passing the hosiery plant north of town as the train was pulling into the station. The epithets and accusations, as to who was to blame for always being late, flew loud and fast.

Kenneth only got a chance to play when a fourth was needed to complete the foursome. In 1941-42, I was 15-16 and playing with an assortment of kids clubs and hand-me-downs. My brother would have been 4-5. I don't recall ever playing golf with David in Vermont.¹ I'd be so excited, 4 holes would go by before I hit a good shot, all the time receiving conflicting and unsolicited advice from the 'Pros'.. Anyway it was a big deal for me. The earlier golfers arrived, the closer they could park to the Course Master, on station in his fresh air office. Gravel, brake or car door noises never elicited the least response from this hard working gentleman. Walking past the hammock would cause one eye to open for survey purposes. If the prospective golfers were 'steadies', the eye reclosed. Golfers proceeded on up the porch and into the office. Cash greens fees were put in the cigar box on the counter. Scorecards and pencils were on the wall. If you needed anything else, you went behind the counter and executed the transaction as best you could, including pulling an orange crush out of the cooler.. This done, you walked out the back door, and crossed the 2nd fairway to get to the first tee. Crossing, you would be invisible to anybody playing off the second tee. I

¹ And I'm so good now I wouldn't want to embarrass him.

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seem to remember a signaling flag on this hole which could be raised by players on the second green if they wished to putt undisturbed. The signal flag was not popular. People kept forgetting to lower it. And it was not visible from the course master's office. If your car was parked next to the 'office' though, you needn't worry, you were the only ones on the course.

Walking across the 2nd to get to the first did remove the specter of an embarrassing display in front a club house gallery. That was reserved for the 4th hole. The first hole was short. I would be the only one who couldn't reach the green in one shot. This generally proved to be an advantage. Right behind the green was a brook and dense woods. George, Oscar, Paul, Pete et al, would go all out for a hole-in-one. Chances were good my dubbed drive would be the only playable ball.

The second hole was exciting. After lounging on the tee staring at a raised signal flag, someone would say, "Oh hell, let's hit." It was very possible to bounce drives off the club house from the second tee. The pitch of its different roofs made this fun. Balls in the air and headed club house way, drew much comment. Oscar was a builder and his were usually accurate. "Going to hit the gable on the back and end up on the first tee." Hitting the front porch roof was preferable to front main roof. Porch balls dropped softly near the fresh air office. The steeper main roof caused ricochets that could cross the Roxbury Road. Bummer, OB. Hit a real good drive and you weren't much better off. You couldn't see it land. Bummer, lost ball. After all this comedy and frustration, the foursome would stagger on to the 3rd. Forgetting to lower the flag.

The third hole got longer each year I played there. This was accomplished by setting the tee further and further back up a mountain. No more trees than necessary were cut. Seeing eye balls were needed to drift a drive safely out onto the fairway. It was possible to walk down the 3rd fairway and stumble on your real good drive off the second tee. The one you couldn't find. A combination of holes won, total score and bingo bango bongo was played in addition to private wagers. A found lost ball caused all sorts of imaginative suggestions for revising the score card. For non-golfers, the bbb's stand for first on the green, nearest the cup and first in the hole. Boy did this extend playing time. All had to agree on who was furthest from the flag for each shot. This led to actual measurements as the green got nearer.

The fourth hole was a farce played out in full view of the club house porch. You were across the road now faced with a short par 3 whose small green sat on top of a smaller high round hill. The putting green oozed down the hill in places like soft frosting on a pregnant cup cake. Your tee shot would bounce off the green in any of four directions which even an Oscar could not divine. The first chip would hit the hill and roll back. The second would sail completely over the green and you'd start the scenario all over, knowing the spectators were hanging on each inept effort. And counting.

The fifth hole was notable mainly for leading to the 5th green and 6th tee which were the only locations out of sight of the club house and road. When I started playing golf in the 40's, Monday was caddies day. Tuesday was ladies day. Wednesday through Sunday was men only and you could pee off the back of the tee. If you were having a really bad day at the Northfield Country Club, you could expect a CVRR train to be passing when you reached this private area. The lay of the 5th green and the entire 6th hole, a long par 5, offered a wide open vista to anyone on the train tracks which paralleled the golf course here. Freight trains did not cause pee delays. There were few passenger trains. Diabolical engineers of slow moving freights were the main problem. As their trains puffed slowly along, these frustrated golfers would hang out the window of their cab with one hand on the whistle. Get the picture? It's your turn to shoot. You're all set. You start your backswing,..... and you know darn well what's going to happen. Sometime before your club hits the ball.....right,..... an ear splitting GAHOOOOOGA. Oh they were good. Just too late to stop your swing. If a bad shot was the result, one could count on glaring over at the train and seeing a Cheshire cat grinning in the cab. Gotcha.

The 7th hole was my favorite. Pete Bennett's too. A short shot off an elevated tee, to a green tucked part way behind a hill covered with small evergreens. Behind the green was a sheer cliff. This hole was repayment for playing the 4th. It was almost impossible not to end up on the green. Use any club in your bag, you're still on the green. Driver? Line it into the cliff, rebounds on green. Putter? Tee it up, smack it,

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rolls down the tee, down the fairway and onto the green. Use the normal lofted club and the fun really began. Pete thought a little man lived on top of the pine covered hill. A little man who was there to roll his ball out onto the green. Pete would tee up his ball, close his eyes, swing and start his incantations. "Come on little man, come on." His high shot would come down in the pines and the wait would begin. There was no underbrush on this hillside. Only bare tree trunks and smooth pine needle floor, and these rarely hung up a golf ball. Sure enough, on about the 12th 'come on', out would roll the ball on the green. Unbelievable. Pete would chuckle, mutter "Thanks little man", and light up his pipe. Pete at a piano was the life of gathering, but I'll always see him on the 7th tee of the Northfield Country Club.

The 8th & 9th holes back along the Roxbury Road were cutthroat golf. Judgment time was coming, totaling up scores and bets. Since I didn't bet, I was real relaxed by now and stood a good chance of winning these last two holes. I also didn't have an empty flask in my bag. I don't remember too much time being spent on the 10th hole². It was back to Windway, and the back porch where each hole was replayed the rest of the day.³

Lucile and I visited the Northfield Country Club in April of '97. While snow was still on the ground, the contour of the course was very evident. Not much appeared changed. The order of the first two holes seemed to be reversed. This made sense but removed the excitement of panic flag, roof caroms and lost balls. The club house looked much renovated. The hammock was gone⁴. Through one foot snow, I made a pilgrimage to the 7th hole and threw a snowball up in the pines. The little man wasn't there.

I should play the Northfield course this year. Through misty eyes I might.

It's 7/20/97, and have an addendum to add. My cousin Charlie Bennett has just passed through on his annual vacation jaunt. We golfed at the Alburg Country Club. I gave him a draft of this article since his father, Pete, is mentioned. Turns out he has played the Northfield layout and we made plans to go there in July '98. Art Peterson knows Lonnie Cruikshank. Think I'll ask him too.

² The 10th hole on a 9 hole golf course is a bar, but as Northfield was a dry town, there wasn't much 10th hole activity.

³ The back porch was not dry.

⁴ Maybe just stored for the winter by Lonnie Cruikshank, who has superceded his father. .



Souvenirs
Moretown
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Moretown

Exit 9 off Interstate 89.

Moretown was a New Hampshire grant of June 7, 1763. Moretown was not part of the Onion River Company. A story repeated by historians who should have know better has been told many times. When the state was surveyed and parceled out into towns, the men responsible for the job laid out all their surveys and found there was a chunk of land in the middle which was not accounted for. One of them said, "My God, more town!" - and so the name!

Moretown's largest population was recorded in 1840, when there were just over 1,400 inhabitants. I am sure that my father, George, thought half of the inhabitants of Moretown were town clerks out to get him.

Documents in the Moretown chapter are;

- vtrt89.petebean.
- vtrt89.forestfi.
- vtrt89.gravelvs.



Souvenirs
Moretown
1/2/98

Pete Bean's.

Chapter: Moretown.

Subject: Property Taxes.

Date : 1941-1951

Locale : Cox Brook.

People : Ol'Pete Bean, George Jefferson, Beth Jefferson, David Jefferson, Harry Cuthbert.

Theme : Gone but not forgotten.

Pete Bean's.

'Windway', The Jefferson farm on Cox Brook in Moretown, Vermont, was bought in 1941. An adjoining farm was bought in 1943. This was the farm to the Southeast. It was the Ol'Pete Bean place. Ol'Pete must have built the farm from scratch. It was identified by his name and he was still living there. Naturally, it remained the Ol'Pete place while we had it.¹ One small house and one small barn, close by the road, with 80 acres more or less. Pete Bean was old at the time but still a large, active man. Well meaning family members shot the poor guy down. You know the type, "You're getting too old to be isolated out there all by yourself." In anticipation of closing, (turnkey with no punchout list), nothing would do but that he and George walk the boundaries of the farm, "Somebody should know where they are." I went along. The only one not puffing upon return was Ol'Pete. He had a bit of a stiff leg to boot. Father and I could not have found one of those markers a week later if our life depended on it. Stopping in to see Ol'Pete in his barn was fascinating. Flies would land on his nose and be completely ignored. Was like talking to a cross-eyed person. You did not know whether to look at him or the fly, he continued on, oblivious to the insect. The area between the house/barn and the hill close behind, was narrow and taken up by horse-radish plants. They were huge. Big man, big horse-radish plants. I wondered if there were a connection. Turnkey was just that. There was even butter on the table. Professional quality oil paintings were found rolled up under the bed. Following the usual distribution of spoils, Beth got one, David got one and Ken got zilch.² These paintings are double-headers, having scenes on both sides of the canvas. Beth's, now hanging in Marietta, Georgia, is a sailing ship (not a boat, mother) and I can not remember what is on the other side³. David's has a Bellows Falls scene and a man sitting with shotgun at the kitchen table. Looks like a man waiting for his daughter to come home from a date he didn't want her to go on in the first place. His hangs in Glastonbury, Connecticut. Getting no loot of my own, I was forced to take up watercolors. I had put this whole matter out of my mind until returning to Vermont recently. But have now had a change of heart, "What's the difference between Europeans carrying off Egyptian art and outsiders absconding with historic Vermont treasure?" Ol'Pete's paintings should be hanging in Vermont. By the way, while we are on the subject⁴, a 5-clip long/short Mossberg 22 has magically surfaced in Glastonbury, Connecticut. Unless you looked up your name in the index and are reading out of order, you have read 'Raspberries and Hedgehogs' & 'The Dam' My old Mossberg is mentioned in both. Harry Cuthbert and I would come over to hunt on Windway from Dartmouth. Upon leaving one weekend, we left his shotgun and my Mossberg visible in the kitchen. They were 'stolen'. When first drafts of the above subjects were sent to David for review, the following phone conversation ensued.

David, "I didn't know your rifle was a Mossberg."

Ken, "Yes it was."

David, "Did it have a clip that took either long or short bullets?"

Ken, "Yes it did."

¹ Thought would be nice to have names indexed by what I would be calling people. Having second thoughts, too many Pete type people.

² Not that Ken really cares, he hardly remembers things like this.

³ I better hurry and finish this darn book!

⁴ Artifact theft.

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David, "Did the front part of the stock fold down like a stand?"

Ken, "Yes it did."

David, "Were the belt brackets on the sides or the bottom of the stock?"

Ken, "The sides."

(By way of background, this was not a mass produced weapon by any stretch of the imagination.)

David, "That's amazing."

Ken, "What's amazing?"

David, "I have one just like it."

(A pregnant pause.)

Ken, "This is not amazing,..... this is very suspicious."

David, "No really, I bought it at a gun shop in Roxbury, CT. for \$15.00.

Ken, "Yeah,..... right!"

On my next visit to Glastonbury, David made me a present of the rifle. It was in mint condition.

Ken, "It looks brand new!"

David, "Yes, I had it refinished to get the quill marks off the shoulder stock."

The gun was not my original, but I think I'll perpetuate my suspicions. More fun that way. It will look lovely displayed over two Vermont oil paintings. But I digress.

Ol'Pete's house was just to the northwest of a bridge where Cox Brook crossed from the south side of Cox Brook Road to the north side. A second brook flowed into Cox Brook at this same point. As far as I know, it's nameless⁵. This joining brook passed by an important facet of this Windway acquisition. The Gravel Pit. The gravel pit figures prominently in tax payment from here on.

One could walk up an almost grown-over road behind Ol'Pete's house. After maybe a mile and a half through woods, it opened out into a large cleared meadow. This meadow was a favorite of local wild life. My dogs loved it too. They'd bound around chasing deer, fox and whatever else happened to be browsing. Like Indians in the bushes watching Columbus land, this wild life probably thought, "Here goes the neighborhood again." In the middle of the field was the ruins of a cabin. Someone had lived here, cleared the land and built a cabin. They could have lived their whole lives within 10 miles of this field. But for a few timbers and piled stone, all is gone.

Ol'Pete's is gone too. In April '97, driving up/down Cox Brook Road, one would never sense an 'Ol'Pete' farm ever existed. No house, no barn, no horse-radish. If one didn't know it was there, the snow covered, overgrown gravel pit would go unnoticed. But I remember, and paying taxes was made ever more interesting by the fact that we now owned the Ol'Pete Bean place.

With Windway's 160 acres, Ol'Pete's 80 acres and dwindling outbuildings, our tax base was complete. Taxes were due and payable once a year to the Town of Moretown. Our bill would come with a penciled note, "Please come to the office so we can settle up." Each August, we made an annual trek over Moretown mountain and Father paid them.

⁵ Son-in-law Norman has a map showing all brooks in Vermont: 'Professors Higbee's streams of New England'. The junction is shown but the tributary is nameless.

Souvenirs
Moretown
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Forest Fire Service.

Chapter : Moretown.
Subject : Impressment.
Date : 1942.
Locale : 'Devils Washbowl'.
People : Snuffy Stirnweiss, Elvira Gulch, Henny-Penny, Dawn Washburn, Battermans & Nelsons, unknown firefighter.

Theme : If you can't stand the heat, get out of the forest.

Forest Fire Service.

I was engaged in my usual strenuous morning occupation, reading the 3 day old NY Herald-Tribune. I think Snuffy Stirnweiss (2b) was the leading League/Yankee hitter at .303. Everyone else any good was in Service. (Red Smith was the best sports writer ever.) Suddenly, out of nowhere, comes the ever present Dawn Washburn, on bike, like Ms. Gulch in the Wizard of Oz. "The woods are on fire! The woods are on fire! They'll be picking up everyone in 15 minutes." Before one could utter, "Even women and children?" he was gone, like a Green Mountain apparition. I am convinced this man was put on Cox Brook to annoy me. Maybe he thought I was Henny-Penny.

After the fact, when I realized 'everyone' would be paid for their effort, I began to have thoughts as to how Dawn knew the woods were on fire. Be that as it may, 'They' came 15 minutes later, Cox Brook locals in depression vintage pickups. No women, but I was relieved to see people younger/smaller than I. Unbeknownst to me at the time, this whole operation was no doubt a by-product of the wondrous crank call facility.¹ Like Grapes of Wrath, we were transported to an area called the 'Devils Washbowl', unloaded and lined up. As I recall the Washbowl was halfway between Cox and Union Brooks. The coasting Land Rover in 'The Gods must be Crazy', reminded me of the Washbowl. The Battermans and the Nelsons lived nearby. They were fellow summer people from Jamaica, L.I. They dashed up and down Cox Brook continually, like they owned their own oil well. I didn't like them cause they obviously had more gas than we did. Looking about, there was no doubt the woods were on fire. Oh boy, I thought, maybe their house will burn down.²

The first order of the day was to get your name on the list of those present. No name, no pay. No notification of next of kin either, cause the scene quickly turned serious. Equipment was apportioned out. First came a big can of water with hose, pump nozzle and shoulder straps attached, not unlike a WWII flame-thrower. Flame-throwers just flame, this had to be pumped. Second, a small shovel. The water pump was hoisted on by the issuer. "Turn around and put your arms behind you." Sort of like a black macarina without the wall. Doing so, you immediately supported the weight of water and pump which seemed enough to drive you 6 inches into the ground. "And don't lose the shovel!" Off staggered Kenneth behind the man in front of him. Fortunately the man had been here before.

Being close, up front and personal with a forest fire is an experience one never forgets. It was hot, dry and noisy. The man in front of pulled up and said, "Stop here." In front of us was a row of evergreens, They were tall, beautiful trees. They were not on fire but seemed to be emitting traces of steam. God, it was hot.

¹ See Ring 5 Long.

² I don't think I'll send them a copy of this document.

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Then the explosions started. One after another the trees went off like huge firecrackers. One second they were trees, next a caldron. The noise was deafening as domino-like the whole row disappeared in flame. I should have worn pants which were brown in the back and yellow in the front. We had gone close enough. We retreated to non-smoking trees and commenced containment procedures. Funny things go through your mind at times like these, "Did I tell my mother where I was going?"

I was scared all day and ended up exhausted. Using the pump pack was like pissing in the ocean, but it did get the weight off your shoulders for a spell. Till refill was accomplished anyway. Thank goodness, I was not judged old enough to wield an ax. I refilled slower and slower as the battle wore on. Eventually our side won out, the fire was contained. When volunteers were asked to monitor the scene overnight, I silently collapsed in a depression pickup.

I was paid \$7.34, six weeks later³. I highly recommend fighting forest fires for losing weight in every way it can be lost.

³ In 1997, I was going to try and verify this guess at the Town Clerk's Office in Moretown, but the mud was too deep to get there.

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Moretown
1/2/98

Gravel Vs Assessment.

Chapter: Moretown.

Subject : Annual Debate.

Date : 1943-1951.

Locale : Town Clerk's Office.

People : George Jefferson, Town Clerk of Moretown, Mr. & Ms. Dubby, Dawn Washburn, the Berno's,

Theme : Nobody was minding the store.

Gravel Vs Assessment.

I didn't know what paying taxes was all about. Fifty-four years later I do. Boy, do I ever!

In hindsight, as regards Windway, my father was in a poker game he couldn't win. The Moretown clerk was playing draw poker. My father was playing stud¹.

Pete Bean's gravel was the best gravel on the Cox Brook. Winter took its toll on Cox Brook Road. In late fall, the town repaired the road for winter. In late spring, the town repaired the winter damage. Cox Brook Road was repaired with Pete Bean gravel. The owners of the gravel were not present at either of these high activity periods. In summer, the only activity would be a random truck having a few shovels thrown on by hand. The town payloader and the Jeffersons were never on site simultaneously.

Windway tax variables were:

The number of truckloads of gravel removed from the pit.

The value of a truckload.

The Windway assessment.

The Moretown mill rate.

George had no knowledge of the first two and no control over the last two. The annual note from the Moretown town clerk would arrive, "Please come to the Town Hall at your convenience, so we can settle up." Each year, he would look forward enthusiastically to the encounter.

"Boy, that's the biggest hole they've made in that pit so far. And we've torn down another barn. Big gravel payoff, lower taxes!" He never lost hope.

It is my belief that the workers, paid by the town to fix the roads, were the culprits in this annual farce. Funds used to pay for gravel were not available for wages. I say this after association with part-time crews repairing blacktop roads. You've seen this operation en process. Two men follow a truck full of asphalt. Asphalt is shoveled into pot holes and tamped level. Between shoveling and tamping, shovels are dipped in kerosene to clean them. If not tamping, you set your shovel on the road and leaned on it. If tamping, you set your shovel cross-ways on the kerosene pail. Both these required procedures resulted in kerosene dripping on the road. Kerosene will eventually cause holes in blacktop roads. Beautiful job security huh? A professional pot hole fix has been done and pot hole seeds have been planted for next year. This type of mentality was removing gravel from our pit.

I thought of this same scenario when Insurance Companies got into investment type insurance policies. Fully aware of the intent of existing tax laws, actuaries designed products to take advantage of loopholes.

¹ All cards in draw poker are hidden. One/two/three cards are hidden in stud. All of George's cards were on the table.

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Programmers changed systems to process the new loophole products. The IRS then plugged the loopholes. Actuaries & programmers responded. Job security for all!

So:

The Town Clerk is tallying truck loads as reported by union type crews².
The assessors are aware Windway supplies gravel.
The worth of gravel is an unknown to the gravel suppliers.
Depression road crews need work.

The annual trek to Moretown would commence. (Off to City Hall. We never beat them.)

Going to Moretown was, 'Going over the mountain'. Northwest more or less. We first passed our neighbors, Mr. & Ms. Dubby³. She had a gasoline powered washing machine. Every Monday, the melodious music of this marvelous machine would reverberate over the brook. We had to use gas and go to town. Bummer. Mr. Dubby drove a model 'A', audible as soon as it passed the covered bridges, back and forth to the stone sheds in Barre. Mr. Dubby died of silicosis. Neither car nor washer had an operable muffler. On Mondays, if Ms. was washing, as Mr. was commuting, the decibels were deafening. Next would come my arch nemesis, Dawn, followed by the Berno farm. The Bernos had one of the few practicing farms in the area. The Bernos also ran the general store in Northfield Falls at the SE end of Cox Brook. Mr. Berno was the only local with the guts to cash my father's check. He didn't die of silicosis. He never worked in the sheds. I think he died from having too many children⁴. Past Bernos, the 'Brookers' were unknown to us. The Town Clerk awaited.

(Any following figures/amounts are fictitious. No matter, the bottom line rarely varied.)

A counter separated the contestants,..... George and, like the setters,..... the clerk of the year.

"Hello Mr. Jefferson. Good to see you."

"Hi. Who owes who money this year?"⁵

"Well let's see. Your taxes have remained the same."

"But we took down a significant barn."

"That may be, but t'won't enter into things till the next re-assessment."

"The pit looks like you took a hell of a lot of gravel this year."

"The chits from the drivers add up to 18 truck loads. That's up from 15 last year."

"Comparing this year's pit to last year's, looks more like 36 loads."

"Course the price of gravel took a drop this year. 18 loads this year equals about the same as 15 loads last year."

"Do you mean to say that we drove over here to collect the same \$2.76 we grossed last year?"

"Well,..... no. The mill rate has changed. This year you owe the town \$ 5.23."

² In case it is not evident, the writer is definitely anti-union.

³ No doubt originally, 'DuBois'. Perhaps Blanche?

⁴ No offense kids.

⁵ Spoken like a true dreamer.

Souvenirs
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"I think I'm getting the short end of this. Suppose I don't let you take any more gravel?"

"Oooh,well,.....next year *is* a re-assessment year, appeals are to be held in January. Will you be in the area?"

"No."

"Don't quote me on this but, shutting off the gravel supply and being absent in January might not be a good idea."

A glaring silence ensued. Fifty six years later, I think I can make a guess what was going through my father's mind:

I'm paying hardly any taxes, due to a gravel pit I didn't even know I was buying.

I'm getting screwed and can't do anything about it.

If Pete Bean put up with it, why shouldn't I.

They might even be treating me like a Vermonter, fairly, how would I know.

Storm out of here mad and repeat the whole performance next year.

He paid the \$ 5.23, and we left mad. Next year it was, "Time to go over the mountain and take care of the taxes,"again.



Souvenirs
Montpelier
1/2/98

Montpelier

Exit 8 off Interstate 89.

In 1805, the legislature anointed Montpelier as the capital after meeting 46 times for 28 years in 14 different towns. Randolph, in the geographical center of the state had tried hard for the honor but eventually lost out. Montpelier's first state house looked like Shakespeare's Old Globe Theatre and cost \$9000. It was replaced in 1838 by a granite building costing \$138,000. The granite was drawn 10 miles by oxen from quarries in Barre. In 1857 a heater in the building exploded and the resulting fire left only a shell. The Doric portico was incorporated in the third and present State House dedicated in 1859.

The dome of the capital is surmounted by a statue of Ceres, goddess of agriculture. In 1938 this wooden figure was found to be permeated with dry rot. Dwight Dwinell, octogenarian Sergeant-At-Arms, carved a pine replica. Dwight is no doubt related to Lucile's Montpelier landlord. In the 1930's, Ceres was said to be Dorothy Thompson, the newspaper columnist who lived with her (then) husband Sinclair Lewis, in Barnard, on her way to deliver a copy of the New York Herald Tribune to the republican loyalists down below.

Ceres is also the goddess of brewing. Very appropriate. Vermonters have kept themselves warm by drinking prodigious amounts of intoxicants.

Documents in this chapter are:

vtrt89.mowinggr.
vtrt89.friendsa.

Insert short paragraph about Town.



Souvenirs
Montpelier
1/2/98

Mowing Grass.

Chapter : Montpelier.
Subject : Cemeteries.
Date : 1942
Locale : Winooski River.
People : Rich Gaylord, Dick Gaylord, Mr. & Ms. Lillicrap, George Attridge, Malcolm Sprague, Pat Bongard, Sue (#1), Greg (#2), Overton Family, Grandma Wilde, Marion Wilde, George Jefferson, Betty Jefferson, Beth Brock, Guy Brock, Kenna, Velma Jefferson, Susie Cleveland, Rene Parent, Yvette Parent, Lucile Jefferson, James Ainsley, (The Red Baron), Dr. Hobbs.

Theme: Nine Cemeteries I remember.

Mowing Grass.

Cemetery #1.

Mowing grass and cemeteries seem to go hand in hand. Hide-'n-seek is not far behind. Interstate 89 crosses the Winooski River¹ just west of Montpelier. Driving northwest, if one looks down from the bridge, one sees a cemetery. (Get name) The writer has cut grass in this cemetery². Banker, Nurseryman, Entrepreneur, Realtor Dick Gaylord had the perpetual care contract for numerous internees in this cemetery. Names and plot numbers of same were transferred to note paper and given to son Rich. In hopes of making more money, one way or the other, off the New York dudes, Ken was asked if he'd care to assist in the mowing. Little did Dick Gaylord know that Ken was already experienced in this line. He could drag a mower at high speed over the plot of a non-perpetual cadaver with the best of them. With plot notes en pocket and mowers en trunk, Rich and Ken would take off weekly for Montpelier with lunch and bathing suits. Plot assignment was negotiated en transit. Upon arrival it was 'Gentlemen, start your mowers.' Mowers bounced over raised graves and careened off tombstones till noon break. Lunch was taken by the Winooski. Rich Gaylord ate and swam. Ken ate. Afternoon was a repeat competition. It would be embarrassing, still cutting while your cohort was finished and napping in the car. Passing by on Interstate 89 today I still feel the frustration of being 2 1/2 plots behind Rich Gaylord's pace!

Cemetery #2

Greenwich Street to the Hempstead Cemetery was well known to me. In grade school I took trombone lessons and ended up in the Fulton School Band and the Hempstead High School Orchestra. My grade school instructor was named Lillicrap. Not much good at names, but don't think I'll ever forget that one. His wife taught singing. I guess you could say they went through life as one 'crappy' couple. They were wonderful teachers. At first, I rued the choice of trombone. Trumpet or clarinet players could practice while reclining on a bed. I couldn't. The trombone extended a foot beyond the back of the head and required an upright stance. Choice was redeemed upon realization that trombone players marched in the first row on parade days,..... right behind the baton twirling Cheer Leaders. The Cheer Leaders had their own sort of competition en route to the cemetery on parade days. Wherever the utility wires crossed Greenwich Street, batons would be tossed so they would pass over them and be caught as they came down on the other side. On a misjudged toss, the tosser might have to pause momentarily to make the reception. Bad position. Bearing down from behind was the all male trombone section! For those not familiar with the trombone instrument, let me say that different notes are played by extending or contracting the slide part of

¹ Winooski is the Indian term for onion. Onions grow along its banks. The Champlain Island heroes anglicized it as in, "Onion River Land Company. An Abnaki lobby caused its reversion to Winooski.

² New York or Vermont, made no difference, it was always, "This is a wonderful job, there's so many people under us."

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the instrument. Total extension approximates 24 inches. Granted all parties were in full view of half the population of Hempstead, but look at this from the trombonist point of view. Marching and playing must remain atempo. A pretty little thing in a short, short skirt has slowed to a crawl in front of you. Her eyes are focused on her spinning baton, still 5 feet from reach. The trombonist is armed with an instrument which facilitates goosing from a distance of 6 feet³. A better man than I, Gunga Din. If your planned action would result in pretty little thing missing the spinning baton, it was sporting to back off. The ultimate goal was to make the desired contact just as pretty little thing had regained baton possession and initiated catch-up movement. Playing your note an octave lower might mean a two foot advantage. Parade destination was usually the Hempstead Cemetery where I had received my baptism in plot care upon becoming a High School student. A friend, George Attridge, was close with Malcomb Sprague whose father owned 'Sprague Memorials'. Same action as still to come Montpelier. Cut these plot #'s, don't cut these #'s, (I guess they hadn't paid), use the others as short cuts and try to finish first. George entered the Army, married Pat Bongard and became an accountant. Accountants are okay, I can definitely relate to Pat Bongard,but the Army?

Cemetery #3.

This one was in North Woodbury, CT. Velma and I lived right across the street from it in our first house, along with Sue(#1) and Greg (#2). There was no grass cutting connection here, but there was moonlight hide-an-seek. Two young boys from the Overton family next door joined in. There are some significant memorials in this cemetery. Gabriele-like angels and related creations adorned numerous stones. It quickly became evident, the hardest person to find was one who assumed an angelic pose atop an unadorned tombstone. In the hide-'n-seek we played, 'hidiers' once found, became 'seekers'. I remember being a stone still Robert E. Lee type while 4 little people made search plans at the base of my chosen sanctuary. It was too much. I giggled. My attitude to this point re cemeteries was not too reverent. They brought to mind competitive mowing for profit, sexual harassment and children's games. But then,..... no one I knew well had ever died. This would soon change.

Cemetery #4 & #5

My Mother and Father are buried in the 'new' Cemetery in West Pittston, Pa. It is up river from West Pittston. The river being the Susquehanna. There was no room in the old cemetery which is only a couple blocks from the house on Exeter Ave. where I spent the first two years of my life. As in, 'No room at the Inn', recent deceased were banished to the 'new'. My Grandma Wilde and namesake Kenneth Price Wilde are buried in the 'old'. K.P. Wilde's wife Marion is buried down river in Wyoming, Pa. where she grew up. I was surprised she opted for Wyoming, as I can remember her telling me how she could sit on her porch and watch bodies/coffins float by every time there was a flood. I've a fond bond with Marion. She was my board game buddy. Marion purchased a pendant watch in St. Augustine on the day that I was born. Marion was on the other end of the weirdest phone call the writer has ever received. Ken and Velma had just moved to Atlanta. The phone rang. We looked at each other. The phone had been installed the day before and only two people knew the number, Ken and Velma. The last 4 digits were 5752. David and Nancy Jefferson had had their phone in Glastonbury CT. for years. The last 4 digits were 5752.⁴ Ken answered the phone.

"Hello."

"Hello,..... David?"

"No this is Kenneth."

"Kenneth?"

"Yes, Kenneth. Who's this?"

Silence. Then, "This is Aunt Marion."

³ If one executed a maximum lean forward.

⁴ They still have it.

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"Aunt Marion!!! How did you know my number? We just moved to Atlanta yesterday."
"Know your number? I didn't even know you were in Atlanta. Where's David?"

Now a silence on my end. Felt like saying, "Am I on candid camera?"

"As far as I know, He's in Connecticut."
"I'm confused."
"So am I."

Marion hung up. The line went dead. Weird. Weird and never comprehended.

Also buried in the 'new' is my sister's husband, Guy Brock. He was initially buried in Hilton Head, SC. When Beth moved from Hilton Head to Atlanta, she had him re-interred. We pass by Pittston on our way from Georgia to Vermont and on one of these migrations, we relocated his marker. This was the first time I had returned to this cemetery since the funerals of my parents. It is beautifully sighted overlooking river and mountains. Lucile and I looked for George and Betty's markers but couldn't find them. Their markers are the flush kind mowers love, but if not trimmed are soon over-grown. There was no one in evidence at the cemetery. We left Guy's stone at the pre-arranged location and left. I have not been back.

Cemetery #6

I've three dear people buried in the cemetery in Northfield. It's down near the turnoff to the Golf course. My first born, a spouse of 30 years and a mother-in-law I admired are here. Velma and I buried Kenna in this cemetery in 1947. Velma's ashes were buried in this cemetery in 1976. I was not present when Susie was buried⁵ in 1981. Northfield has been visited with Phil #9, and Lucile. I have not been to the cemetery. I can't bring myself to go. These people should never have died. My eyes are tearing up as I write this. Their deaths are addressed elsewhere in this document. I doubt I will ever visit the Northfield cemetery. This is probably a serious character fault.

Cemetery #7

Lucile's father was Rene Parent. We both called him Papa. Papa died September 16 1985. He was 83. He is buried in the cemetery in Ste Agathe des Monts, Quebec. Lucile and Ken drove up from Atlanta and arrived just in time for the church service. At the cemetery service before the lowering of the casket, Lucile threw a rose on it and whispered to herself that she loved him. He is buried beside his wife and Lucile's mother who had died May 21, 1978. She was 78. We did not attend Maman's funeral, Lucile having had eye surgery the day before. They had been the best parents a girl could have. God bless both of them.

Cemetery #8

Cemetery #8, for Ken anyway, will be Lake Champlain.

We've a neighbor we call 'The Red Baron'. Our cabin sits on a cliff which is 20 feet above the lake. 'The Red Baron' flies right in front of the cabin at an altitude of 10 feet above the lake. I shake my fist, look down at him and scream the proverbial, "Curse you Red Baron!". To no avail. Just have to quaff another martini with Lucile, my French Canadian Mademoiselle. Ah Snoopy,.....where are you and your Sopwith Camel when I need you? In winter, it's worse. When the lake is frozen, he practices touch and gos on ice which I consider my backyard⁶. I have said for years that as soon as I am suffering something terminal, I will secure and mount a German 88 mm anti-aircraft gun on the cliff and solve the annoyance once and for all. While writing this Mowing Grass thing though, have had some additional thoughts.

My wishes are:

To be cremated.

⁵ See Sara's 'Susie Cleveland'.

⁶ And all else consider the front yard.

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Not have some smart ass kid dragging a mower over me.
Not be stashed anywhere, so people won't feel guilty when they never call at my
final residence.

'The Red Baron' could be an integral part of these final wishes. I will secure and mount a cannon on the cliff where it will serve as a conversation piece. I will direct that my remains be cremated. I will have entered an agreement with 'The Red Baron'. He will fly low past the cabin, as he has done so often, and spread my ashes over the lake. On his last pass, the neighbors will fire off the 88 in final salute to the dear departed, accidentally splashing the Baron's plane into the lake.

*9/97 update. The Red Baron has died under puzzling circumstances. Fortunately the writer was out of the state and is not under suspicion. An autopsy is underway. His death will necessitate revising the above paragraph. It probably was in poor taste before and now, definitely not funny. Rewrite will wait on the autopsy report. A replacement flying hearse has been targeted, but not approached. This is the writers North Hero doctor, Dr. Hobbs. He flies a float plane, does not buzz local homes and will not have to be splashed by an 88.
The approach will be, "Keep me alive or broadcast the remains."*

I cannot speak for Lucile. She will have to supply the next few paragraphs and state her own cemetery wishes. She does have the same local doctor though. Maybe we could get some kind of discount arrangement.

Cemetery #9
Portland Maine. Near Portland Junior College.
Quality time with Velma Cleveland when should have been studying organic chemistry.

I would like to close this somewhat irreverent dissertation on cemeteries on a more serious note. Family and friends, if you have not executed a last will and testament, do so. Do so now. Do so before finishing this document.

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Friends and Relatives.

Chapter : Montpelier.
Subject : Capitol dwellers.
Date : 1941-1997
Locale :
People : Shirley Goss, Artie Goss, Rodney Richardson, Dean Richardson, Velma Jefferson, John Bennett, Lucile Bennett, Linda(#5), Marc(#7), Gerry(#8), 'Tippy', Mr. Dwinell, Jean Bennett, Marcel Reid, Lorraine Daniels, Bob Daniels, Therese Higgins, Ed. Higgins, Barbara Brown, 'Mr. Brown'.

Theme :

Velma's sister Shirley spends part of the year in Montpelier and part of the year in Florida. Despite Velma's previously mentioned expectation that, "Shirley, Goodness and Mercy would follow her the rest of her life," such was not the case. Velma's life was spent in Connecticut and Georgia. Shirley was all over the place: Tennessee, Alabama, Germany, Italy, Arizona, Florida, and Pennsylvania. I don't remember many birthdays but have always remembered Shirley's, December 13. December 13th in 1946, a Friday, was my wedding anniversary date for 30 years. Velma and I would have a drink on our anniversary and then say, "Oh, don't forget it's also Shirley's birthday, let's have another one for her." About every seventh year when the date fell on a Friday we'd go around twice. Friday the 13th has never been unlucky for moi.

Shirley's first husband, Rodney Richardson¹, died while running the Penn State airport at State College, PA., in ????. Attending a reunion dance in Vermont as a widow, Shirley ran into a pre WWII boy friend, Artie Goss. He had been the recipient of a 'Dear John'² letter from Shirley. Artie has been Mayor of Montpelier and as any good politician would do, immediately renewed his campaign. Shirley is now Ms. Shirley Cleveland Richardson Goss.

The senior Richardsons live in Montpelier. Whenever Velma, Shirley and families were in Vermont simultaneously, the Dean Richardsons would be included in any gathering. The last time I saw Dean was near the confluence of the old Riverton Road and Rt 12. He had been retired for years and it had been raining for days. The highway here was under repair. As Velma and I approached the flagman he obviously wanted to impart a few words of caution. The flagman was Dean. He hadn't seen me too often, but he clearly recognized Velma.

"Dean, what are you doing out here on a night fit for ner man nor beast?"

"Hey, it keeps me out of trouble, and be very careful till the Falls, the road is a mess."

He was in drenched slickers, glasses were fogged and water was running off the end of his nose. He could have been home by the fire with a stiff drink. Love you Dean.

John and Lucile lived in Montpelier from 1963-1967. Their house was at #1 Liberty Street. Their landlord was the owner of 'Rock of Ages', a Mr. Dwinell. John worked for National Life and could see deer

¹ See Northfield and Hanover/Wilder Revisited Chapters.

² For those born after 1945, a 'Dear John' letter starts out, "Dear John, I still like you a lot, but I've met someone new. Someone who happens to be here and you aren't."

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browsing from his office window. The National Life building is about the last thing to be seen from I-89 as you leave Montpelier going west. Linda(#5) was 7-11, Marc(#7) was 3-7, and Gerry(#8) was 1-5. Their dog was named Tippy. On a trip the family took somewhere, no one remembers where, Tippy was left at a boarding kennel, miles & miles from the Liberty Street house. No sooner had the car driven off from the kennel, than Tippy scaled the fence and took off. Returning days later, John parks, goes into the kennel to get Tippy and comes out without him. No Tippy. Not too happy a carfull for the balance of the trip home. Arriving there they found Tippy had gotten home several days before and been staying with a friend of Linda(#5)'s. How do animals do this?

Lorraine & Bob Daniels, Lucile's neighbors at this time are still in touch. Prior to our moving to North Hero, Vt., our Atlanta home was a convenient stopping place for Quebecers and Vermonters migrating south for the winter. Prior to our moving to North Hero, Vt., the migraters' Florida homes made nice visiting places for us. Marcel Reid, The Gosses, the Daniels and Therese & Ed Higgins's come to mind. Ed Higgins, a retired actuary at National Life, traveled with all his favorite pots & knives, fully prepared to whip up his best menus with familiar equipment. Therese travels with tennis racket and beats me with great efficiency. We have used the Higgins house as a temporary off-load site en route to North Hero when we don't know the snow/ice conditions at the cabin. The Higgins had a terrible experience with raccoons one year. They left to go to Florida and were replaced by two raccoons who moved in through the chimney. Raccoons are messy boarders and trashed the whole house. The returning vacationers, once over the initial shock, started a fire in the fire place and in so doing, permanently welded one miscreant to the inside of the flue. Other than that Ed, how was the vacation?

Jean Bennett, while visiting, suffered an eventual fatal stroke at #1 Liberty Street. She was discovered by Marc(#7), Gerry(#8) and Tippy, unconcious on her bedroom floor. (See Jean Bennett.)

Barbara Ditty Brown, sister of Susie Cleveland and Emma Jenkinson, lived on a farm near the Montpelier Airport for years. Barbara was divorced and living in Philadelphia I believe when Velma & I were married. Barbara would visit though and relate many stories of the farm and 'Mr. Brown'. Never was it 'my husband', or the man's first name, it was always 'Mr. Brown'. I think of Barbara whenever I see a sign for the airport. (See 'The Wild Airplane Flight.') I also see the 'fish'. Visiting us in Hazardville, CT, Barbara cooked dinner one night. The main dish was baked fish. There were nine of us. The fish was large. When dinner was ready, we all sat down and Barbara set the fish platter down in front of me for serving. "There, what do you think of that fellow? Isn't he a beauty?" 'He' sure was, and a bit intimidating, staring at me from his unsevered head. I replied with the first thing that entered my head, "He sure is, who wants the eyes?"

White River Junction

Exit 11 off Interstate 91.

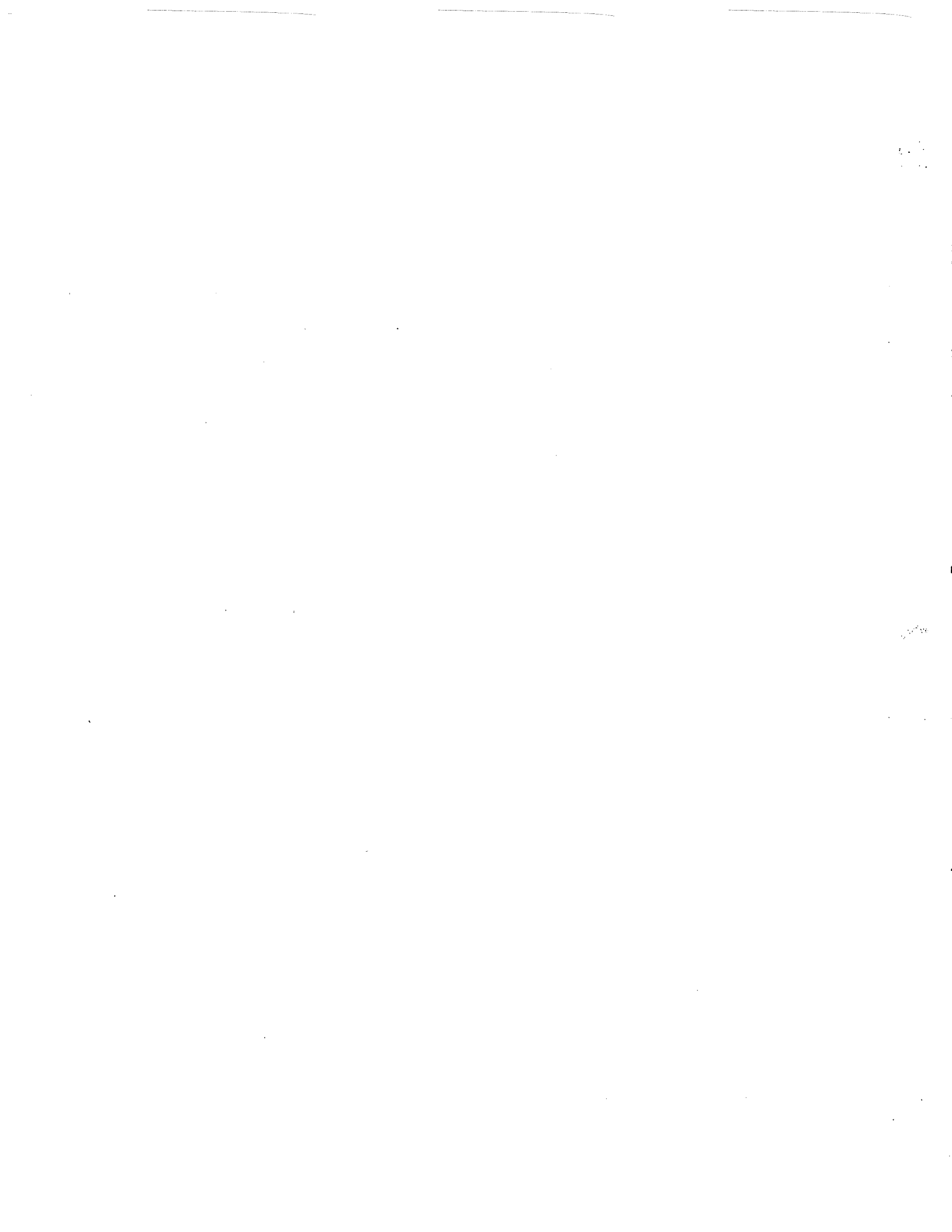
The town of Hartford was settled in 1761. White River Junction has been the largest community in the town of Hartford because of its location at the confluence of the White River and the Connecticut River, and because it became the principle railroad hub in the state. Northfield, Rutland, St. Albans and Island Pond stand out in the history of Vermont railways, but White River epitomized the age of the Iron Horse in the late 1800's.

Well into the twentieth century, White River Junction had a raunchy reputation. Dartmouth College boys congregated in search of booze and dames¹. There was brawling in the taverns and streets and non-stop gambling. The boundary between Vermont and New Hampshire in this area had been in dispute for years. In the 30's, Daniel L. Cady expressed his feelings in verse.

I hope that when this lawsuit ends,
That's run so many rounds,
White River Junction will be found
Within New Hampshire's bounds.
And then White River shacks and pens
Where travelers have to wait,
I hope they'll all turn up outside
Our rather tidy state.
Then, when the poor-mouth railroads raise
The station that we want,
We'll sue to the place set back
Inside appeased Vermont.

Documents in this chapter are:
vtrt89.dayoneus.
vtrt89.dartmout

¹ Just disgusting.



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Day One, USN Enlistment.

Chapter : White River Junction.
Subject : Naval Career, Day one.
Locale : New York, New Haven and Hartford RR
Date : March 1, 1944
People : Alfred Penn, George, Betty, Richie Anderson, Harry Cuthbert.

Theme : Will they be expecting me?

Day One, USN Enlistment.

In 1941, the United States was still struggling to climb out of the great depression of the 30's. The Army and Navy had been on short rations economically for years. Equipment was out of date and size was minuscule. Weapons were no problem once the country geared up to produce them. Some were not the best, but we sure had lots. Manpower was addressed in the same mass production mode and with better quality results. In my opinion, the US did a better job keeping trained men and officers coming out of the pipeline than any other country. The Japanese Navy had plenty of excellent planes; they ran out of excellent pilots to fly them. Not so the US. From 1942 on, the USN operated excellent Officers Training programs. At first, it was all, 'Hurry Up', giving rise to the term, "90 Day Wonder", and sarcasm, "Three months ago, I couldn't spell Ensign, now I are one." Years later, upon seeing a similar sign on a programmer's desk, I thought, "Things never change."¹ By 1944, the 3 months had lengthened. It wasn't long before it was 24 months and this time was spent at the best Colleges in the country. If you were male, white, healthy, fairly intelligent and had a High School diploma, you stood a good chance of getting a degree at taxpayers' expense. Am embarrassed to say that taxpaying blacks contributed to my education and, at the time, the fact that the program was all white never entered my head. For the female members of the family, I'll say, "Yes,....also read taxpaying females and all male."

My parents supported the Navy Reserve Officers Training idea from the beginning. The outcome of the war was no longer in doubt. I would be safe for 2 years and by that time, the war would be over. I would be 18 and draftable March 21, 1944. I must enlist prior to this date. I was not to graduate from Hempstead High School till June, 1944. My situation was not unique. There were many in the same boat. The High School responded with an accelerated program to enable us to get our diplomas in January 1944. Perhaps 40 of us opted for this program. All boys I believe. Alfred Penn was black, wanted to be a pilot, participated and did fine. His trouble began with the 'system', after enlistment. Don't know what became of Alfred. He was my Track Team buddy. I ran the quarter mile, Alfred ran everything under that distance. He may have been as naive as I about the world outside Hempstead. When I had begun school it was possible, depending on one's birthday, to start a school year in January. I did and was in third grade before the practice was stopped. Some off-year children were offered the chance to skip a half grade. My parents opted for me to repeat the first half of third grade. Now, thanks to Adolf Hitler, I was to leapfrog most of field in the next 28 months.

I was successful in satisfying all requirements for entering the Naval Reserve Officers training program, and assigned to Dartmouth. The harder one works, the luckier they get. March 1, escorted by mother and father, it was off to NYC. The route we took hasn't changed much; L.I.R.R. to Penn Station, shuttle to Grand Central. I thought at the time, "Fine, they sign me away to the Navy but I'm not old enough to go to the big city by myself." They weren't alone. Grand Central was full of doting parents. Bedlam. The

¹ 'Too weaks ago I cudn't spell programmer, now I are one.'

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enlistees were lined up, raised their hands while something was read, parents cried, we lowered hands and boarded the train with our allotted 'one small bag'. Am amazed, when putting this down on paper, just how little I remember. The station had a very high ceiling and there was a huge clock. Believe at least two 'Fast Track High' cohorts were also on that train, Richie Anderson² and Harry Cuthbert.³

The New York, New Haven and Hartford and the writer were to be old friends by 1946. Trains from Grand Central stopped, before hardly started, at 125th St. Never understood this. Why couldn't these few people go to Grand Central like the rest of us. Then on through Westchester County into Connecticut. The car you were in was important. Cities like New Haven, Hartford, and Springfield were places where a car might be detached and hitched to a different train. On this March 1st, car location was no problem. Lemming-like, all in the same car, the Dartmouth conscripts continued north. Continued north under fairly good behavior. Dismantling seatbacks to make beds, sleeping in the overhead baggage rack and girl ogling at every station, came later. It was dark when White River Junction was reached. Seemed the end of the world. Dark, cold and snowy. Dartmouth is in Hanover, New Hampshire, 7 miles or so, up and across the Connecticut River. We were lined up, had a role call, were bused, fed something, I think, and bedded down temporarily in empty beds.⁴ The college was between terms and mostly empty.

The day had exhausted me, not that I had done anything but sit. When we inquired about tomorrow, we were told, "Don't worry, there's a PA, you'll be the first to hear in the morning." I went to bed, more than a little overwhelmed. I was not big, but in good shape and somewhat athletic. "What's more", I told myself, "you are well prepared academically and you've never sat for a test you didn't like." I felt confident that the quality of my public education and the way I'd applied myself, would see me through. They..... did so, with very little to spare. I fell asleep.

In all honesty, I can't remember when gear was issued. Government Issue that is. Am sure it wasn't day one, but does seem a logical place to address this event. At Dartmouth, we were Apprentice Seaman and issued regular seaman's' gear. An apprentice seaman equals an Army buck private. Grammatically speaking, that is.⁵ Let's see if I can list half the stuff heaped on me in Hanover.

Navy Peacoat: a real gem, lasted longer than my naval career.

Dress Blues: best uniform ever, looked presentable no matter how mistreated.

The uniform was addressed in Naval History 101. 13 buttons here

because of this....., 3 stripes there because of that....., etc. I thought,

"aw...right,...I can handle this course." One could have 'tailor-mades', but while zippers were tolerated, they had to be hidden behind the regulation number of fake buttons.

2 White caps: you've seen them. These were washed in 90 percent bleach and folded just so when not on the head.⁶

2 Work uniforms: Blue jeans & shirt.

Summer whites.

White belt

T-shirts & shorts.

Socks.

Blue knit hat.

² Richie worked at the Franklin Shops after the war. My father was manager there. I saw him occasionally till my father died in '51.

³ Harry chose to go on active duty after 8 months at Dartmouth. Haven't seen him since.

⁴ Actually, the role call was the most traumatic event of the day for me. I just knew my name would be the only one not on the list.

⁵ The Navy has no equals in the Army.

⁶ The word "head" in the navy usually meant 'bathroom'. On ships, the head was up in the bow and not unlike the Windway 2 1/2 holer. Water entered a sloping trough under the high lead hole and exited past the last and lowest hole. This is all hearsay, as far as I'm concerned, but it was evidently possible for hole #1 to wad up toilet paper, apply zippo lighter and slip the burning pyre into the trough. This caused a calliope reaction from those downstream.

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Black shoes.

Gym shoes.

Cheap poncho: never worn.

Marvelous gym shirt: blue on one side, yellow on the other, very large. 'Shirts/Skins' became Blues/Yellows'. When no Marines could be enticed into a snowball fight, we donned our gym shirts and had at it.⁷ In response to the ebb and flow of a Marineless battle, it was very easy to reverse these loose T-shirts. These were substantial gym shirts, soaked up amazing amounts of sweat and became very aromatic.

Duffel bag: Wonderful for traveling home with laundry.

The ubiquitous Stencil: G.K. Jefferson became 733-18-96. Have often wondered

if this meant over 7 million men had preceded me into this august

institution. Also wonder now, why I can remember this number and not

my 8 month roommate at Dartmouth!⁸ The stencil was placed over all issued gear and run over with a little steamroller thing impregnated with ink. Each man did his own. First efforts were disastrous, but if you were smart you started with boxer shorts and ended with the peacoat.

Sheets & Blankets: loan only.

This clothing hand-out was organized cafeteria-style. With orders in your mouth and arms outstretched, it was not the time to start thinking, "My God, what size do I take!" I knew my shoe size and that was about it. Shopping for clothes was to be avoided. When something was needed, my mother brought it home from father's store and I tried it on. If it didn't fit, she took it back and changed it. Shoe size was the only size I was asked. Keeping the line moving was the prime objective of the dispensers. Must have had dates in Lebanon. Went something like this: the recipients positioned themselves at a counter behind which, let's say, stood the 'jean' man. The recipient was disappearing behind a growing pile of clothes by this time. The 'jean' man went into a practiced routine.

"Turn around." (*Body shapes being visible only from the rear by now.*)

Quick eyeing of recipient.

"OK."

Grabbed two pair off one the huge piles behind him.

Draped them someplace over the recipient.

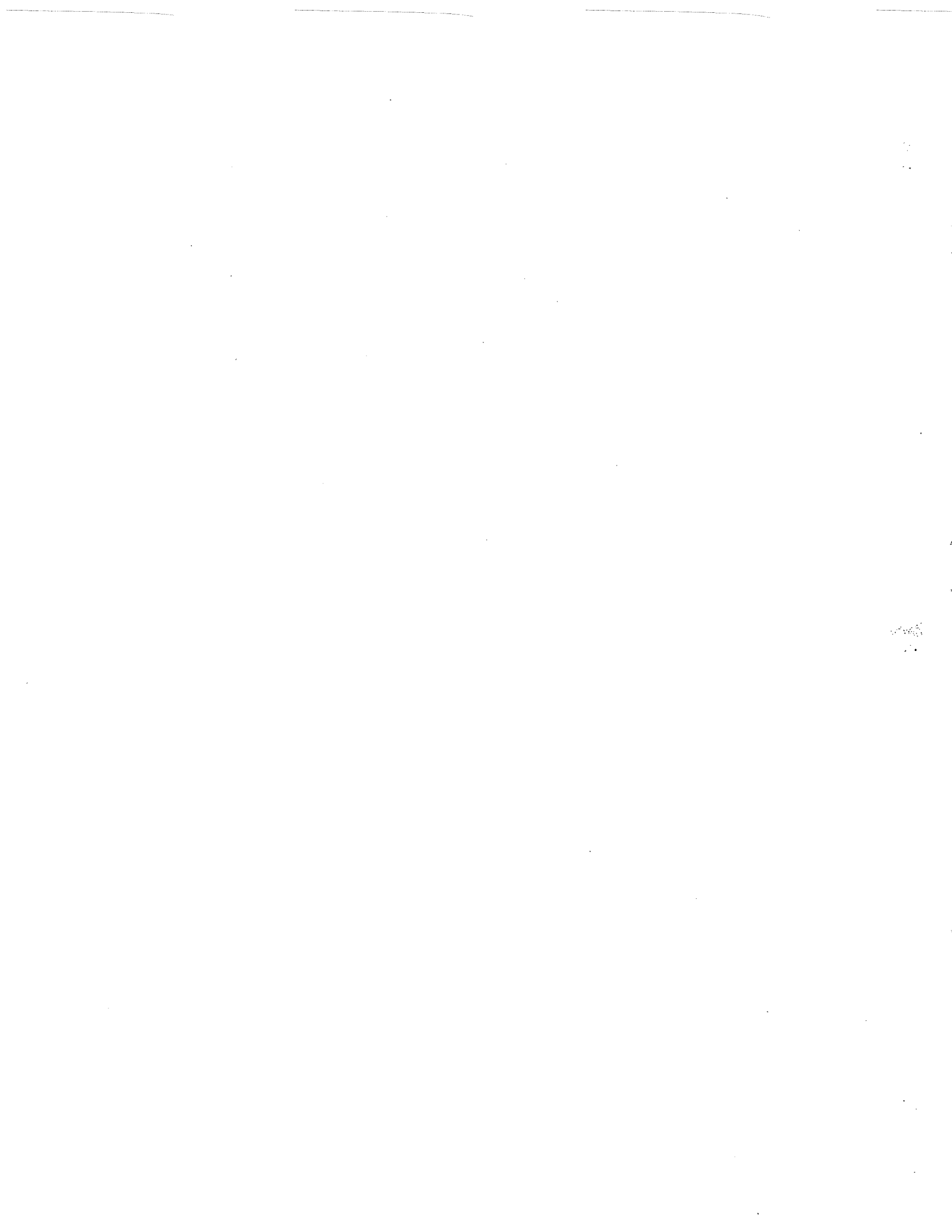
"Next."

And so it went. Even Mr. Stencil maker was mostly non-communicative, snatching orders right from the rookie's mouth. It was impersonal, fast and everything fitted pretty well. Now one felt they were in the Navy. And fair game for all sorts of unsolicited 'help' on the blind journey to the dorm. "You dropped your bra.....watch out for that step.... (and worst of all, from Boris Badinovs)... here, let me hold the door for you."

What happened to all this stuff? I don't have the faintest idea. When transferred to Harvard, 8 months later, I was issued all new stuff. Wouldn't have fit that much longer anyway. I was filling out. Weight going into the USN,.....148 lb. Weight when discharged,.....168.

⁷ There were about 15 sailors for every Marine. We were very brave.

⁸ Or if I even had one.



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Dartmouth.

Chapter: White River Junction.
Subject: Dartmouth College.
Locale : Hanover, Lebanon, White River Junction.
Date : March-October, 1944.
People : Eleazor Wheelock, George, Betty, Beth,

Theme : For 8 months I was an Indian.

Dartmouth.

Introduction.

Dartmouth is an ivy league college. Dartmouth is not large as colleges go today, or even in the 40's for that matter. The time spent at Dartmouth was enjoyable. When discharged in 1946, needing one more term to get my diploma, I applied to return there. An inter-college agreement resolved most situations like mine. An application was accepted at the school where the applicant had spent the most terms. I was Dartmouth 2, Harvard 5, so it was back to Boston for me.

Eleazor Wheelock started Dartmouth. Reportedly to educate Indians. Qualified Indians to this day are entitled to scholarship assistance and acceptance. Reportedly. On the losing end of the 5-2 score,should have claimed red ancestors. St. Johns and Stanford have changed team names to Red Storm and Cardinal, but I think the Dartmouth people remain Indians. My father had attended Wharton School of Finance at night and also ivy¹. No small accomplishment. Mother had attended New Haven Normal School for Women, renamed Arnold College I think. My sister was at Elmira College. But having a son at an ivy league school seemed a big deal. Am sure I would have been disowned, if I had flunked out.

At Dartmouth, I belonged to the group that didn't belong anywhere. The ragamuffins from the peasant ranks. There were 5 distinct groups.

- * Legitimate Dartmouth men: 4F remnants of exclusive preparatory schools.
- * Regular Navy: having USNR after your name and rank instead of USN, branded you sub-par automatically.
- * Reserve Navy: with active service and battle stars. (By far the most tolerant group)
- * Marines: most remote group. We called them 'Gyrenes'. Seemed men among boys.
- * The Ragamuffins: Hoorah! The best group of all. Reserve Navy with no active service.

There was very little friction. We were all glad to be there. At Harvard, another group appeared. I think they're called girls.

Dorm/room.

Except for a few days spent in Massachusetts Hall, my Dartmouth time was spent in North Mass. Hall, room # 207. 207 was next to the corner. In civilian times, the corner room could be the central room in a suite of rooms. In my time, the corner room was full of beds/desks and 207 was treated as a separate room. The doors to 2-0 whatever, were shut in my time. 207 was a cot, a desk and a dresser. Home. I don't recall closet or roommate. That doesn't mean they didn't exist. My social life at Dartmouth was very limited. Limited to people with last names starting with H,I,J,K or L. Played chess in a room down the hall

¹ University of Pennsylvania.

Souvenirs

White River Junction

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containing a 'Hussey', a 'Hutchins' and a 'Humphrey'. There was one 'head'² mid floor and no place to hide during winter, morning calisthenics, conducted in the street outside the dorm. Breathing through the mouth was like being stabbed in the chest. Breathing through the nose caused the nose to be instantly frozen shut. After this, some actually climbed back in the sack. I was starved and went to breakfast.

High School Vs College.

My High School teachers actually cared whether an assignment was handed in or not. And they kept close tabs in those mysterious little score books they all had.

College professors? It was your job to keep up with the assignments, not theirs. They knew they were good. If someone didn't do satisfactory work, tough, but not their fault. No parents' night! Took a little getting used to, but I liked scheduling my own time. Or wasting it for that matter.

Classes.

Decided when starting these memoirs, if I didn't remember something, I wouldn't look it up cause it couldn't have been that important. If anyone wants to know what I really took at Dartmouth, it's on my official transcript.³

Communications.

This was fun! The naked word 'communications' summoned up dread of 'show & tell' fiascoes of the past. But no,..... talking was not allowed! Three means of communication were addressed. Signal flags, visual morse code (blinker) and audio morse code. If I could 'see' it, I could 'read' it. Listening with eyes scrunched shut was hard.

Engineering drawing

Printed real well.

Descriptive geometry.

Representing spatial (3-dimensional) problems in two dimensional medium. Loved it. My first night class. Novelty. Previously, had always had to be in on a school night.

Naval History.

Piece of cake.

Navigation.

Not a piece of cake. More than once when decoding the coordinates of my solution they converted to someplace in the middle of Illinois.

Differential calculus.

Loved it real good!

Integral calculus.

Loved it better!!

The poems of Robt. Frost.

Loved it best!!!

Buildings.

Dartmouth's Baker Library is a lovely building. I have spent many an enjoyable hour there. Later in life it may also have been a factor in my being here to write this document.

Mess Hall. My favorite at Dartmouth. Others complained about the Navy chow. I ate everything they put in front of me. This can be attributed mainly to my mother, bless her soul. "Now Kenneth, you have to eat everything on your plate before you can leave the table." Today this ingrained trait is sometimes embarrassing. On airplanes I eat everything on my tray. Should a fellow traveler say, "Yuk,.....how can you eat that stuff?" I reply, "Cause my mother is watching."

DOC. Stands for Dartmouth Outing Club. Camping, canoes, hiking and whatever. A far cry from Cambridge Square's buses, mass transit and Cliffies⁴.

² Head = Bath.

³ If you can find it.

⁴ Female Harvard students from Radcliffe University.

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Hitchcock Clinic. Lucile and I visited Dartmouth late in the spring of '97. The students were half girls! Is nothing sacred? We spent half the time searching for the Hitchcock Clinic. 'Mr. I Never Ask Directions' had to give up and ask. Its old location is now a parking lot. The new Clinic is three miles east of the campus. I stood in the parking lot, thinking of the past. Passing students wondered why the old man was standing in the middle of a half empty parking lot. He was lost in thought. See 'Kenna Dies.'



Souvenirs
Sharon/South Royalton
1/2/98

Sharon/South Royalton

Exit 3 off Interstate 89.

Until 1741, New Hampshire was only a province of the Massachusetts Bay colony. Sharon, VT was a New Hampshire grant of August 17, 1761. Sharon was named for Sharon, CT. Although Sharon grew quite rapidly at first, population began to decline as early as 1840. Abnaki name for Sharon was *Pantigo*, meaning "rapids or falls in the river." The river in question being the White.

The town of Royalton was the first New York patent to be issued covering land in what is now Vermont which had not already been granted by New Hampshire. The village of Royalton is the oldest in town and it got a post office in 1789. After the railroad arrived, South Royalton-which is actually east of Royalton village- rapidly outgrew its sister, and got its own post office 1850. South Royalton is still the center for most of the towns business.

Documents in this chapter are:
vtrt89.hitchhik.



Souvenirs
Sharon/South Royalton
1/2/98

Hitch-Hiking.

Chapter : Sharon/South Royalton
Subject : Being in Control.
Date : August, 1944
Locale : South Royalton, fork in the road.
People : Harvard Professor, Betty Jefferson, Robert Frost, Blind Lady of South Royalton, Barbara Jane Jefferson (BJ)

Theme : Focus on solutions, not problems.

Hitch-hiking.

I am not a writer. Mathematics, physics and chemistry were always my cup of tea. In solving a calculus problem, one came up with an answer which was either the right answer or was wrong. No superior Being intervened and said, "You didn't phrase the answer correctly." Not until I was at Harvard did the English language hold the least bit of enchantment for me. One needed English credits to graduate. When I got around to addressing this awful fact, the only open course was Shakespearean Comedy 101. Day one of 101, there I was with 200 others needing an English credit. In swooshed the professor, en costume et al. This was total immersion Shakespeare. I loved it. Once one learns the foreign language of Shakespeare, one is hooked. Shakespearean Comedy 102 by the same man was every bit as good. It was too late though to sign up for creative writing 101. While being told once in awhile that something I've written is a bit humorous, putting down serious thoughts and feelings is foreign to me. Approaching this hitch-hiking episode I'm not certain I can convey my feelings, but I'll give it a try. On the other hand, not to try would rob the incident of its stated impact.

In the summer of '44, I was attending Naval Officers Training School at Dartmouth College in Hanover, New Hampshire. On summer weekends, when duties and studies allowed, it was my wont to travel to Northfield, Vermont, and visit the family farm, Windway, about 60 miles as the road goes. Road goes or roads go,.... continue on.

Travel meant hitch-hiking. This was not the 80's or 90's. Almost everyone going any significant distance stopped for a serviceman in uniform. That part was wonderful! The bad part was hardly anyone went anywhere. No gas. Our 'Windway' truck, the 1936 green Dodge beauty, was entitled to a special gas sticker, of what color I forget, but I still had to get somewhere in the vicinity before it could come and rescue the sailor protecting the family by studying at Dartmouth College. Tough duty. Sailors with very little money were dependent on civilians with very little gas. Somehow it all seemed to work out. Would I pick up a hitch-hiking anything today? No.

Life at Dartmouth centered on 3 towns: Hanover where we lived, Lebanon where all the girls seemed to be and White River Junction which was the window to the great beyond. Lebanon had already achieved public notoriety of sorts. Mother, God bless her, had written me early in my naval career that a footnote in the Readers Digest said Lebanon, New Hampshire, had the highest syphilis rate in the USA for the preceding year. This, from a mother who never mentioned sex, to a son who wasn't quite sure just what syphilis was.

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The Navy, in its infinite wisdom, took care of the ignorance with graphic indoctrination movies. I spared Mother my new found knowledge and promised I'd be careful. Anyway, on hitch-hiking weekends, White River Junction, not Lebanon, was the town of choice and first leg of the trip to Northfield.

Traveling west of White River Junction up the White River itself, one comes upon two comparable towns, Sharon and South Royalton. These are always intertwined in my mind, in that I have a hard time remembering which is east and which is west of the other. They are intertwined in history also. The original Dartmouth Indians were hard at work scalping the inhabitants of one, when settlers in the other, hearing the commotion, came running to the rescue. There have been wonderful re-enactments of this massacre and marathon, but then again, who saved who? Let's say South Royalton is northwest of Sharon, and Sharon southeast of South Royalton. Thus, at South Royalton, my story starts.

Just outside of South Royalton, there is a fork in the road. The right hand fork, Rt14, leads to Barre/Montpelier. The left hand fork, Rt 107, leads to Rt 12 and Bethel, Randolph and Northfield. Montpelier and Randolph were both within range of the 'Windway' truck. Approaching this intersection in what was usually my second ride, I would have already ascertained how far past this decision point my current benefactor was going. If not a goodly distance I would ask to be let out at the fork, where I figured I had double the chance to catch a through ride to a rendezvous with the green beauty. There I would stand, right in the fork and try to thumb a ride in either direction. Once, two cars came along together. The first took the Barre turn, the second peeled off toward Bethel. Quickly adapting to the situation, I put up each thumb. Didn't work. Two confused drivers looked right at me and kept on driving. Bummer! To this day, I can not read Frost's "The Road not Taken", without thinking of my special fork outside of South Royalton.

One hot August day, traffic was almost nil. After standing in the sun for an hour, thirst was becoming paramount. Set back from the fork was a small farmhouse, pleasant looking with a porch across the front. Decisions, decisions. I could see it in my mind,..... knocking on the door of the farmhouse just as the 'ride du jour' zooms by my abandoned hiker's post. Thirst won out. The need for water lead to an experience I still vividly recall. Remember, at this time I was young, struggling to keep abreast of a double load of college level courses, naive, inexperienced and just about overwhelmed by my situation. I was 18, looked 14 and had the worldly experience of a 10- year old. Everyone else was bigger, stronger and better prepared, or so it seemed. I was just 5 months from a very sheltered upbringing.

I approached the house, mounted the stairs, crossed the porch and knocked on the door. A pleasant female voice replied, "Come in,.... the door is open." This took a youngster from New York City by surprise. Hesitant to enter, I called, "I would like to have a glass of water please." "That's fine,..... just come in." Still feeling there was something about all this I didn't understand, I thought, well here goes.

Entering, one immediately sensed something different about the house. The floors were bare, spotless, but bare. Furniture was at a minimum. There was no clutter. All non-furniture items I could see from my position at the door would have fit in a GI duffel bag. It resembled a house that a family is about to vacate after the first of two moving vans has already left. And where was the owner of the pleasant voice?

"I'm in the back room, just walk straight ahead."

I did.

Through the wide arch at the end of the hall I saw the lady. She sat upright in a straight chair in the middle of an otherwise almost empty room in, I believe, an otherwise empty house. Cane in one hand, relaxed and calm, she seemed to sense more than observe my approach.. As I repeated my request, her eyes seemed to focus six inches from my left ear.

The cane was white. The woman was blind.

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Sharon/South Royalton
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"The kitchen is on your right, the glasses are in the upper right cabinet next to the sink. Help yourself. When you're finished, please set the glass in the middle of the sink."

I followed her instructions, thinking all the time, "I can't believe this. She's so alone, but so calm,..... so serene....and... so... so blind."

Returning to the arch I said, "That was wonderful, drank 3 glasses. Thank you."

"Quite all right. Come anytime."

"I may do that. Thanks again. Good by."

Walking back down the hall, I let myself out. Perhaps 5 minutes had elapsed.

I was transferred to Boston 2 months later and never went back. Only in spirit.

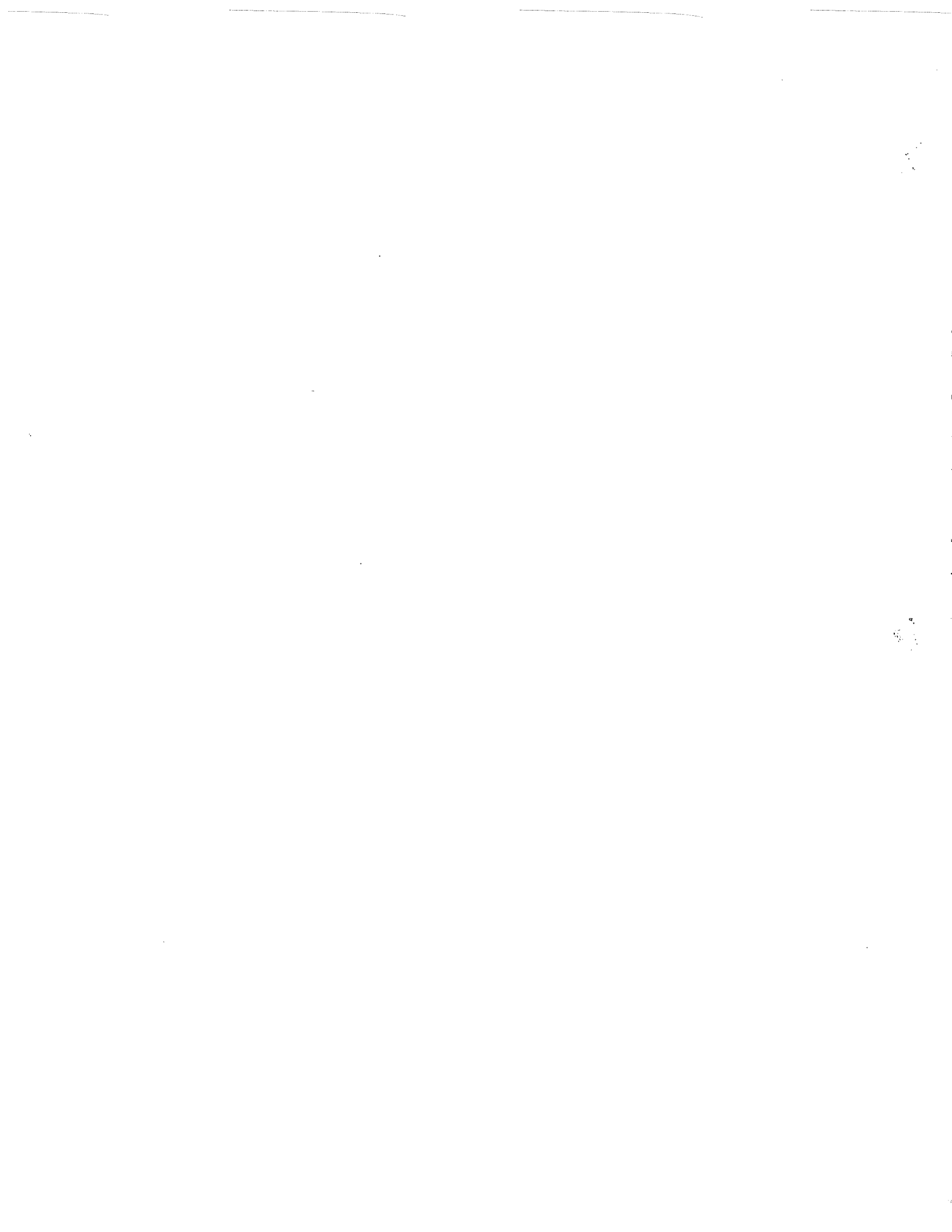
I have done a lot of things in life since then, but know I'll never achieve the level of peace, contentment and control shown by the blind lady at the fork of the road. Whenever I've been fearful of some challenge or situation, I could always summon up the picture of the woman in the almost empty house just outside of South Royalton, Vermont. If she was able to be in control of her situation, there was no mess I couldn't work my way out of as long as I kept focused on the problem. Her problem was blindness. Her response was inspiring. My resolve to keep head above water had stiffened noticeably.

The rest of the day was uneventful. Finally made the farm and, in the course of conversation that evening, mentioned the episode of the lady in the farmhouse. My mother said, "Well, why wouldn't she feel safe, you look so nice in your sailor suit." Sailor suit was a sore point between us. She knew the term annoyed me, but couldn't refrain from using it. In the Navy, a sailor suit was a uniform, and a boat was something you put on a ship. In Mother's world, there were no uniforms or ships, only boats and sailor suits. I can remember only one other instance of Mother saying something she really meant to leave unsaid.

Anticipating visits by her mother-in-law, BJ, Betty would say, "If she says George looks thin, I'm going to scream." BJ would arrive, say right off, "Goodness George, you look thin," and steam would come out of Betty's ears. Shortly after Velma and I had set up housekeeping, my mother paid a visit. I met her at the door. Her first words? You guessed it, "Goodness Kenneth, you've lost weight!" There was a short silence. Then, "I can't believe I said that." "Neither can I Mom." Incidentally, my father was thin when he was born and thin when he died.

But I digress. I don't know if she hadn't been listening or was just pulling my leg, but I declined to point out I could have been naked as a jaybird as far as my South Royalton Gunga Din was concerned. "Right Mom, but it's not a 'sailor suit', it's a uniform. Little boys wear sailor suits. Big boys catch syphilis."

I guess I was growing up.



Souvenirs
Waterbury
1/2/98

Waterbury

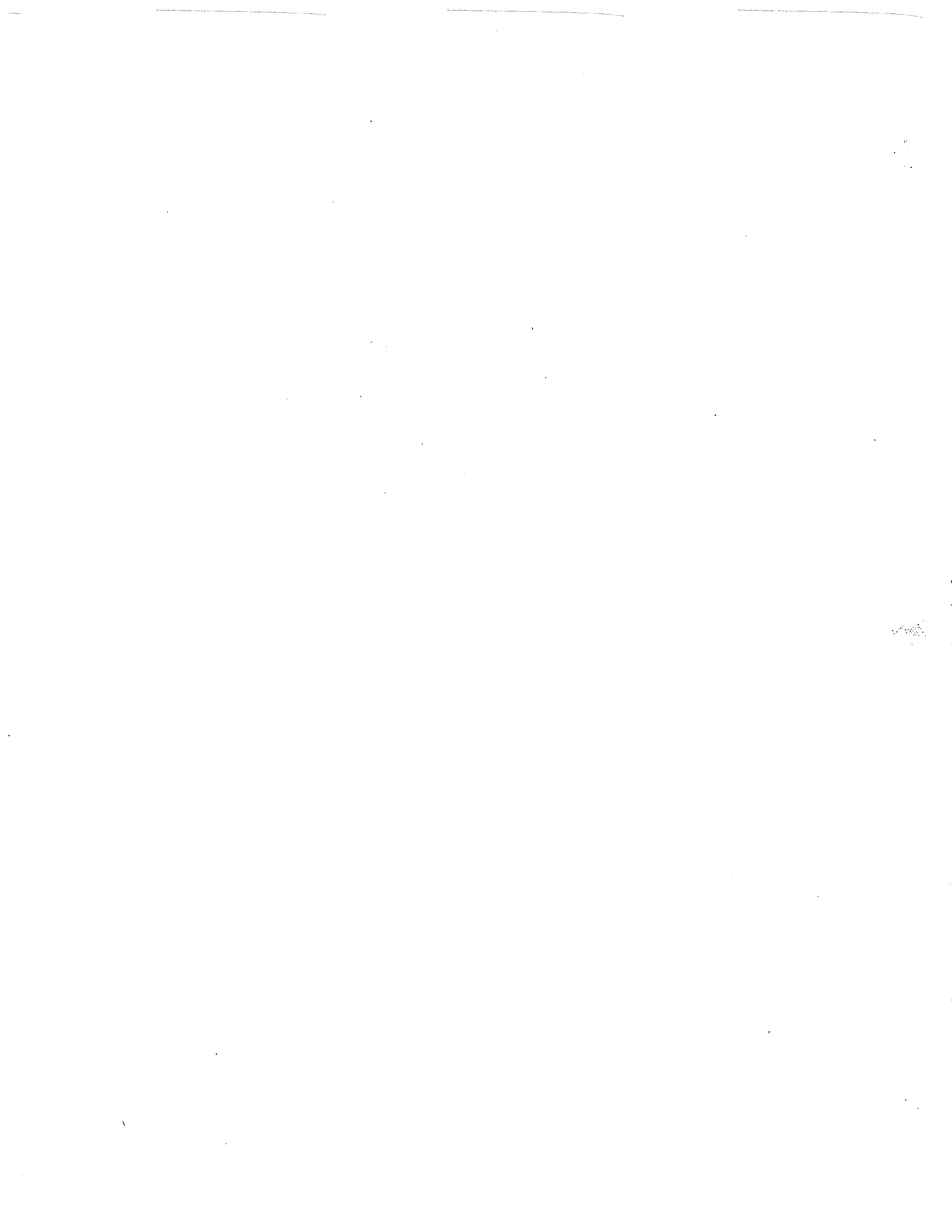
Exit 10 off Interstate 89

Waterbury was one of six towns in Washington County, in a block of 17, Wentworth granted in June 7/8, 1763. Most of these grants went to the Onion River Company and followed the Winooski River. The Winooski River forms the southern boundary of Waterbury, VT. Many of the grantees came from Waterbury, CT. Oddly enough, only one other state has a 'Waterbury'. The Waterbury, or Little, River, one of the largest branches of the Winooski, joins the big stream west of the main village of Waterbury. Waterbury has always had three distinct villages: Waterbury, Waterbury Center and Colbyville. Colbyville was a busy place around the time of the Civil War. Cloths wringers were made there in round-the-clock factory shifts.

Waterbury today is primarily known as the location of the Vermont State Hospital and a complex of State Offices. In 1986 Waterbury became the home office of Ben and Gerry's Ice Cream.

Routes 100 and 2 intersect here with I-89, making Waterbury a jumping off place for skiers headed for Sugarbush and Stowe.

Documents in the Waterbury chapter:
vtrt89.jeanbenn



Souvenirs
Waterbury
1/2/98

Jean Bennett.

(Charlie, we need information on the last three subjects in this article. Believe you may be able to furnish some. Feel free to bring any misrepresentations contained herein to my attention, particularly dates. Thanks.)

Chapter : Waterbury
Subject : Jean Bennett.
Locale : Pittsburg, Northfield, Leamington, North Woodbury, Montreal, Montpelier.
Date : ?????
People : Harriet Wilde, Jean Wilde, Betty Wilde, George Asbury Wilde, Pete Bennett, Charlie Bennett, John Bennett, John L. Lewis, Beth Jefferson, George Jefferson, Velma Jefferson, Susan(#1), Greg(#2), David Jefferson, Lucile Jefferson, Nancy Strong, Sara(#4), Linda(#5), Louise Bennett, Marvin Hyde, Ted Jefferson, Eileen Jefferson, Ernest Hemingway Type, Joe Dubrosky, Jean Snow, Marc(#7), Gerry(#8), Tippy, Guy Brock.

Theme :

The Wilde girls, Harriet, Jean and Betty were all attractive, Jean perhaps the prettiest. The prettiest that is, until she was one of the first to be thrown through the windshield of a car. Her face was scarred the rest of her life, but she remained a beautiful person throughout. Cars were just coming into use in the early 1900's. My mother, Betty, had a license all her life and never took a driver's test. Just got in the car and started driving. Even so, she was a better driver than her Father, George Asbury Wilde, who was inclined to stand up, pull on the steering wheel and holler whoa! He was my Grandfather on my mother's side. I don't remember him. Like the writer, George Kenneth, he was called by his middle name. He hated it. Legend has it, he was never called more than once. His mother would go to the door, and call 'AAAAAASSSSBURY',just once. He would instantly appear. I have his shaving mug. Black and gold, with a big G. A.W. on the side¹. When a man died in those days, one of the family would go down to the barbershop and take the deceased's shaving mug off the barbershop shelf. Whoever did this, thank you.

Jean Wilde married Pete Bennett. A West Pittston, Pa. union². They moved to Pittsburgh Pa. where Pete worked for H.J. Heinz & Co. They had two sons. Charles and John. "Charles" to Jean, "Charlie" to me. John had beautiful long blond curls, long before the Beattles were weaned.. Charlie is a better golfer than I³. They had a piano in the living room on which Pete could play anything. Down in the basement was a marvelous room full of tin cans. A marvelous room full of full tin cans. A marvelous room full of full tin cans with no labels. There, finally got it right! When it was time for lunch, Jean would say, "Charles, go down cellar and get 2 cans of tomato soup please." Off would go Charles with Kenneth traipsing behind. Charlie, (I'm having trouble with this Charles stuff, he's Charlie to me), approached the anonymous foodstocks and surveyed the shelves. The cans all looked alike to me.

"Why don't you buy cans with labels, like everyone else?"

¹ How George Kenneth was entrusted with this important heirloom, I have no idea.

² As in marriage, not as in John L Lewis. I would say Lewellen instead of L., but am not quite sure how to spell it. Windows 95 can't spell it either. Fugitives from anthracite heaven had mixed feelings re John L. Ha! Have looked it up. He is a Llewellen.

³ Other than that, we get along fine.

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"I think we get them for nothing."

"How can you tell the tomato soup from the baked beans?"

(This brings to mind a family rhyme recited whenever Jean & food were present.

"Put on the beans said greedy Jean,
we'll eat before we go."

I can furnish no background for this, but all including Jean would roar.)

"They have code numbers on them."

"What does the code number say,..... tomato soup?"

"No, tomato soup is 'P 2507 this year.' (Or some such number.)

"Lucky you knew that, suppose she'd asked for vegetable?"

"We have to know them all. If you make a mistake everyone makes fun of you."

I was impressed all to hell. At the time, when we would visit in Pittsburg⁴, we lived on Washington Street in Hempstead. We ate lunch in the kitchen. My mother would open the pantry door where all the can goods were neatly lined up on the shelves. Labeled of course. Mother would say, "Study the top shelf", hold the door open for a count of ten and then close it. Beth or Ken would then try to recite the labels, from left to right without making a mistake. Mother had probably read somewhere that this would improve a child's school performance. Wow, I thought, our noon day discipline would be real difficult at the Bennetts. There was a hilly park right across the street. I took a header off a scooter and broke 3 fingers. Pittsburg was lots of fun.

The Bennetts next moved to Leamington, Ontario. Beth was the only one to visit there. She was working in nearby Detroit at the time. When Pete died suddenly in 1950, this home had to be vacated for the new replacement manager. Her boys were no longer at home and very Canadian. Jean opted to leave Canada, move to Hempstead and join the rest of the Jefferson/Wilde mob on Long Island. She became L.I. relative #30. In 1951 she had an apartment on Washington Street. My father died shortly after, on February 9, 1951, at age 51. The Long Island exodus had begun. Velma, Ken, Susan and Greg were already living in North Woodbury, Connecticut. Betty, Jean, Beth and David joined them. Long Island 22, Connecticut 8⁵. The house was an old colonial right on Main Street, kitty corner across a green from the North Woodbury Post Office. Jean's apartment was on the northside, first floor and just perfect for her needs. I remember Jean serving tea from her marvelous tea cart. At the time my mother bought this house I didn't have a single tool in my possession. My collection of same was about to start.

By 1958, give or take a year or two⁶, I'd acquired the expertise to build a new house for Mother, Jean, Beth and David on Good Hill, just outside of town⁷. Once again Jean had an apartment. Lucile and I had a tour through this house in maybe 1993. The apartment had been incorporated into the main house but the outside was about the same. They all were living in this house when my brother married Nancy Strong of Woodbury in 1961⁸. Charlie and John came to the wedding with spouses and, in John's case, family. Sara (#4) and Linda (#5) were both 5⁹. Charlie and wife Louise were a striking couple. John and Lucile the same. The writer was best man. Sara (#4) was a flower girl. All my kids drank too much punch. Seems

⁴ This was an adventure in those days. 35 MPH over back roads. Back roads were all we had.

⁵ George was dead, Ted & Eileen departed for Texas.

⁶ Matt (#6), who was born in 1959 and not in school yet, would go to work with me and nail up scraps all over the house.

⁷ Marilyn Monroe lived with Arthur Miller, a couple of miles up the road.

⁸ Charlie beats me at golf, Nancy beats me in the Cedarvale Challenge. I hate them both.

⁹ Boy,is this taking some date searching or what!

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like a century ago. When the children drank too much punch, they were my kids, when they behaved they were Velma's. "You better get your kids away from the punch bowl!"

With the exception of the newly weds, propelling the adult participants at this wedding into the late 70's, would come on like a soap opera. I probably shouldn't even try, but that's no fun.

Louise & Charlie's marriage was annulled after they had left Essex Junction, Vermont, and were living somewhere in Florida, perhaps Jacksonville. The agreed upon reason; Charlie's drinking¹⁰. Charlie no longer drinks. Prior to his North Hero visits we stock up on root beer and golf balls. Louise then married Marvin Hyde. They are no longer married. Louise & Marvin bring to mind three vivid events.

Shortly after their marriage Louise & Marvin visited us in North Hero. I believe the four of us were all newly weds at the time¹¹.

For breakfast Louise served Marvin fake bacon.

For breakfast Marvin ate fake bacon.

Ken to Marvin, "Do you like fake bacon?"

Marvin to Ken, "Louise says it is better for me."

Ken to Lucile, later, "Please, don't ever, serve me fake bacon, serve me imitation butter, trim the fat off my steak, or buy low fat milk."

(Lucile has complied. Ken will be contented and dead. Louise will be alive and can say, "I told him so!")

So goes life.

We visited Louise & Marvin in Florida. They had just had their outdoor pool completely serviced. The strainer had been left off the center drain which was now under 7 feet of water. Marvin stood by the edge of the pool, strainer in hand, contemplating. As all wives seem able to do, Louise anticipated his thoughts. "Don't throw that in the pool. Jump in and place it correctly." Contemplation continued, accompanied now by smooth, frisbie like, hand motions.

"Marvin!"

"MARVIN!"

Splash. The strainer landed in the center of the pool and began to sink with a slalom like descent. Moving heads from side to side, Lucile & Ken watched transfixed. Louise kept up a running commentary on her opinion of the operation. The pool's pump was on and re-circulating water out the center drain. In ever decreasing arcs, the strainer sank to the bottom and came to rest exactly in place on the drain. Unbelievable. One had to be there! Three of us were in awed silence, then Louise, one of the three, went in the kitchen to make lunch.

Marvin quietly said, "Aaawright!"

Lucile & I left Louise & Marvin's later that same afternoon and drove up the coast of Florida towards Georgia and home. We stopped overnight at a motel which fronted right on the ocean. It was already dark but the call of the surf was too much for me. Martini in hand I sauntered the 100 feet to the water and waded in. A surf fisherman was ensconced in a folding chair nearby.

The 'Ernest Hemmingway' type said, "I wouldn't go swimming now if I were you."

The 'Don't tell me what to do' type said, "Just gonna walk out knee-deep."

Ernest shakes his head in disapproval.

Ken stops knee-deep, swishing a mouthfull of gin from one side of the mouth to the other, just as taught by my esteemed uncle Ted. Waves are rolling in, the moon is overhead and it is a beautiful night. Life is good.

The sailfish was over 6 feet long. I know it was taller than me, cause it jumped out of the water right next to me! Looked like a whale at the time. All I could think of was 'SHARK¹²!' The

¹⁰ A common Jefferson/Wilde indulgence.

¹¹ 40-50 year old newly weds!

¹² As in the joke;

Souvenirs
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martini glass headed for the moon, Ken headed for the beach, Ernest laughed. I was scared. I went in the motel room for another martini. I went in for another martini before Ernest could stop laughing and say ala Louise & Velma & Lucile, "I told you so!"

One reason I liked Jean so was, she never once said to me, "I told you so!"

(I am going to go easy on you Louise and not mention the lecture you gave me while I was immobilized in bed with a back spasm.)

Louise is now married to Joe Dubrosky, also a better golfer than the writer and Charlie Bennett's best friend.

Charlie and Jean Snow were significant others for years. Lucile and I visited them in Florida and they visited us in Arizona, Georgia and North Hero. We enjoyed many good times and while Charlie is now basically unattached, we all remain friends and in touch.

Lucile and John were divorced in 1977. John is a frequent visitor in North Hero, staying next door to us in Linda & Norman's cabin. We all get along. Life is too short to do otherwise.

Lucile & Ken were married in 1977, 10 months after Velma's death. At one time 8 of our combined 9 children lived with us. Linda(#5) was the only one never in residence. Cooking for 10 or more every night has been Lucile's only problem in this marriage, the writer being such an easy person to live with.

Beth & Guy: on hold for dates.

With both Beth and David married and no longer at Goode Hill, my mother Betty felt the big house was too much for her to maintain. She sold the house in ????, and moved to an apartment complex. Jean went back to Montreal. For 6 months she lived with Lucile & John and then got an apartment of her own in Montreal. In the early 60's I drove my mother up there to visit Jean. While they talked, I met Charlie and he took me on a tour around the Montreal docks. Charlie and I don't talk. Whether golfing or gazing, if 50 words are spoken it is a gossipy day. I believe this was the last time I saw Jean Bennett.

In 1963, John & Lucile et al, with dog Tippy, moved from Montreal to Montpelier, Vermont. While visiting there in 1964 Jean had a stroke. When Marc(#7) went in the bedroom in the morning he found Jean lying on the floor. He was 5 at the time. Running down the stairs he called out, "Mommy, Mommy, Grammy's sleeping on the bedroom floor." John was at work. The rest; Lucile, Linda(#5), Marc(#7), Gerry(#8) and Tippy, crowded into the bedroom. Tippy was all over Jean, trying his best to rouse her. Too much confusion. Lucile herded kids and dog out, shut the door and tried to awaken Jean. No luck. John was called. Medical help was called. Jean was taken to the Hospital in Montpelier, Vermont. She never fully recovered and died in a Waterbury, Vermont nursing home in 1965. She was a wonderful lady and mother. A person who gave more in life than she expected to receive. I liked her a lot. Whenever I drive by Interstate Exit 10, her image fills my head.

Funeral ?????
Where ?????
Who ?????

Man falls overboard.

Man yells, "**Help**,shark!" (Shark being in obvious falsetto.)

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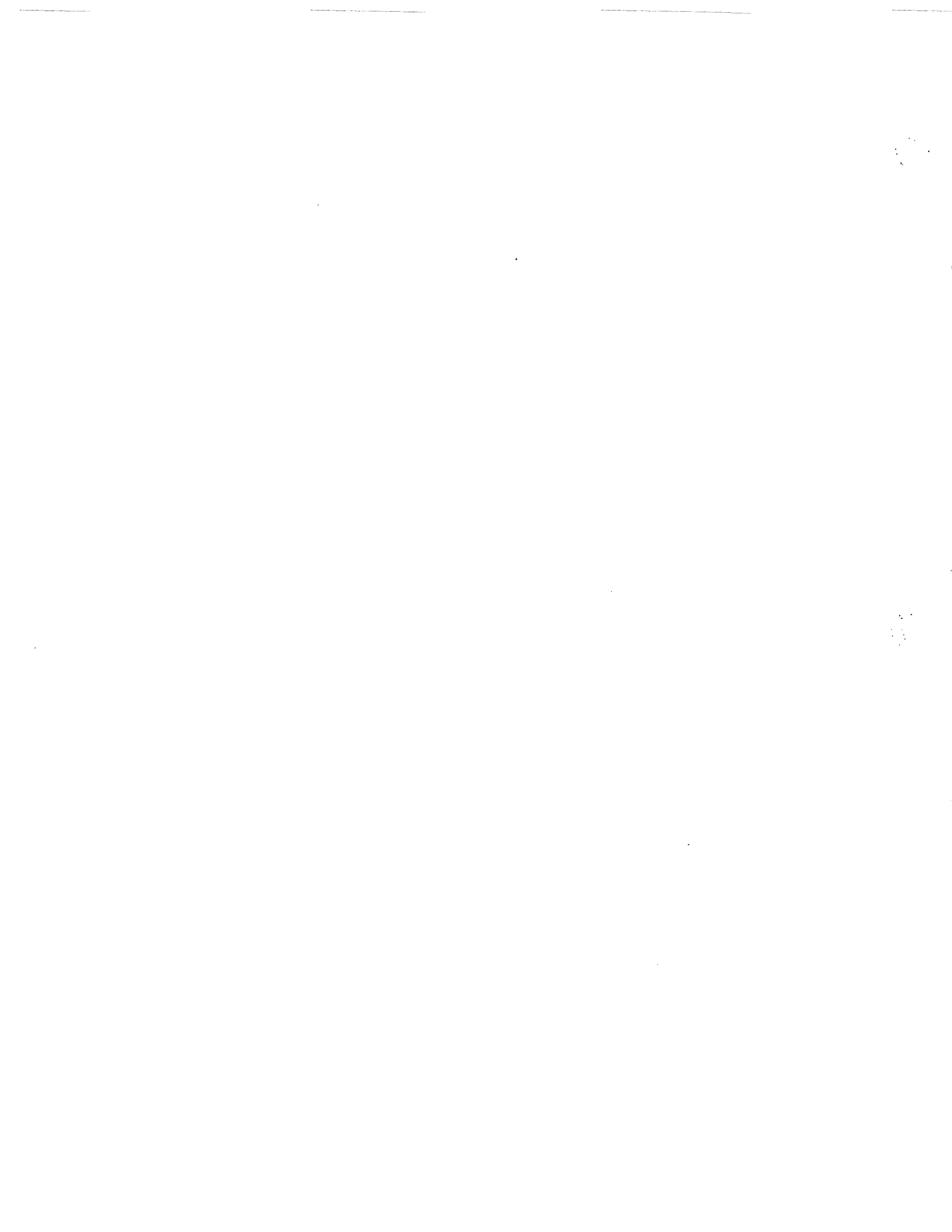
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Northfield

Exit 6 off Interstate 89.

Northfield town (Vermont charter of August 10 1781) was probably named for the old town of Northfield, Massachusetts. The Dog River, a tributary of the Winooski, nearly bisects Northfield. It is said the river got its name because a hunter set a trap for a bear and caught his own dog instead. Two smaller streams, called Cox Brook and Bull Run are tributaries of the Dog River. Cox Brook takes its name from that of a family who lived nearby.

One of the original settlers was Elijah Paine who was born in Brooklyn and graduated from Harvard College in 1781; the following year he delivered the first oration to the Phi Beta Kappa society of Harvard. He moved to Northfield in 1784. His son, Charles Paine, was Governor of Vermont, and a prime mover in building and directing the Central Vermont R.R. through Northfield, thus greatly increasing the difficulty of the 6th hole at the Northfield Country Club.

Documents in this chapter are;



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Band Concerts.

Chapter: Northfield.

Subject: A small New England town.

Locale : The Green.

Date : 1941-Present.

People : Susie Cleveland, Edwin Cleveland, Velma Cleveland, Shirley Cleveland, Ann Foley, Kenneth Jennette Gaylord, Charles Burns, George Jefferson, Betty Jefferson,

Theme: Small Towns never change.

Band Concerts

Northfield has not changed much since the day I first saw the town in 1941. There is: more car traffic, less train traffic, same buildings around the square and about the same number of cadets. Northfield is a University town, housing Norwich University which is a military college. For all I know, there may even be girls in attendance now! It would be five years before I met my future mother-in-law, Susie Cleveland, but her household at the time contained: son Edwin, daughter Velma, daughter Shirley, and house guest Ann Foley. Paul, husband/father was in Arizona for lung treatment.

The building, that was the train station, sits at the west end of the square. Today, there is just a single track through town. There is nothing left to remind one of the activity a passenger train would bring to this part of town. In spring of '97 I took pictures here. One of empty track to the south, one of empty track to the north and one of the converted station. The 'Northfield Vermont' sign with 'Elevation 950 feet' was gone. The platform adjoining the tracks was greatly truncated. I would like to take these pictures to be developed, and have the prints come back showing this platform full of people. People I remember. A path still leads over the tracks to the foot bridge over the Dog River. Surplus army Jeeps just fit, with inches to spare,.....great fun. By the path are the buildings which were the Kenneth Jennette plumbing business.

There is still a bank next to the 'Station'. It was Susie's bank. There is still a bank at the opposite east, end of the square. Like dueling banks, which I guess they were/are, they face each other across the green. The bank on the east was the Northfield Savings Bank. In 1941, this Bank was run by Dick Gaylord, President, and Charles Burns, Treasurer. One could see Dick's desk, and Dick too, if he was sitting at it, from the street. Dick Gaylord was banker, real estate salesman, ran a nursery and brokered cutting of cemetery grass. George and Betty bought their Cox Brook farm through Dick Gaylord. The Northfield Savings Bank had foreclosed a mortgage and advertised in the New York Times.

When my father George died in 1951, Dick Gaylord immediately sent \$50.00 cash to my mother as thanks for all the business he had benefited from as a result of their association.

When my father George died in 1951, a New York friend immediately called my mother and asked how she planned to repay the money George owed him.¹ I am very comfortable living in Vermont with my 'cold' Yankee neighbors.

There is a church ????? on the south side of the green. The ground sloped up to the church from a low concrete retaining wall by the sidewalk. People would sit on the wall, lean back on the church grass and listen to the band concert. No horn to honk after selections, but perhaps the best seat on the green. I was to be married in this church in 1946.

¹ How do I know? It was really my debt. George had just co-signed.

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On the west side, north of the bank, was the hardware store. Provider of our do-it-ourselves needs and bullets. I don't remember the name of the hardware store. South of the bank on the east side was Despartes Drug Store. Claire Desparte was a friend of Velma's. Further south was the American Legion. Edwin Cleveland, Velma's brother, and Rodney Richardson, Shirley's first husband, were great frequenters at this site. In fact Lucile & I had a drink with Edwin there shortly before we were married. North of the east bank was Hethrington's Department Store where Velma worked part-time..

Across from Hethrington's was Juniors Soda Shop, or something like that, anyway it was the last place to close in Greater Downtown Northfield². Right behind Juniors, (north), was my friend Pete's gas station. Whenever I went to Northfield in the evening, I stashed my bicycle behind it and went out for a night on the town. (Ha!) Walking back up Cox Brook without being able to see your hand in front of your face was lots of fun!

Across from Pete's station was Ms. Hodgeton's Tea Room³. The food was delicious and one could look out over pond created for the (name????) stone sheds directly opposite on the other bank of the Dog River.

In the middle of the Green was a gazebo which accommodated maybe 5-6 musicians.

On Saturday nights the gazebo would swing! Farmers would come to town, the Green was lit and people were all over. The Town Gazebos or whatever, would play a Sousa number lasting 3 minutes and car horns would honk for 6. Velma's sister Shirley played the clarinet. When young, Velma thought she would be haunted by her sister for the rest of her life. This resulted from the weekly Church message that Shirley goodness and mercy would follow her the rest of her life. I loved it all. Now, everyone stays home and watches TV.

The Savoy was where the late night action was, just up the side street from Hethrington's. Double features and pop corn. You could tell who was there by the sound of the laughs in the audience. The building is still there. The site of a very important date. It is closed.

One month after Velma had been buried in August 1976, Phil (#9) and I took a month off and drove to New England and Canada. Phil was 11 at the time and spent most of the trip using the Karmann Ghia's CB. Our handle was the 'Yellow Skunk.' The Ghia at this point in time was bright yellow with a black stripe around the middle. Twenty years later the Ghia is still going strong but has lost its middle black stripe. With about 300,000 miles to its credit, it sits in Marc (#7)'s driveway in Ottawa ready for more. Phil and I spent the day walking around Northfield. We used the see-saws at the old school, walked over the dry bridge and cut down along the Dog River to School St. where Velma grew up. The day did us both much good.

² Probably about 10:30 P.M., right after curfew blew.

³ Wonderful anadama bread.

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Blind Date.

Chapter: Northfield.

Subject: Romance.

Locale : Northfield/Northfield Falls.

Date : Summer of '46.

People : Ted Williams, Joe DiMaggio, Dom DiMaggio, Northfield mason, Marion Wilde, Art Peterson, Mr. Staples (the mailman), Lorette LaPallice, Shirley Cleveland, Rodney Richardson, Pauline Staples, Velma Cleveland,

Theme :

Blind Date.

The summer of 1946 was a turning point in the life of Ken Jefferson. If I had made it through the season unattached, my future would have been completely different. I didn't, and it wasn't. A femme fatale intervened.

I have never seen nor read, "The Summer of '42", but this concerns my summer of '46.

I was discharged from the USN in the spring of 1946, after 28 months of service. All spent in an ivy environment. (And they say I'm unlucky!) This was my situation. I had gotten paid \$60.00 a month for attending Dartmouth and Harvard, with all expenses taken care of by the Government. I was an officer in the USNR. I had just turned 20, and needed one more term to get a college degree. The 28 months more than qualified me for the G.I. Bill, so the last term, or as it turned out, terms, would also be on Uncle Sam.¹ If I had graduated with my cohorts in the spring of '46, I wouldn't have even been in Vermont that summer, but I didn't.

Blood was an economic resource in Boston during the WWII era. If you were broke and had a date, you could sell some. If the Navy needed some, they'd line you up and draw it out. The navy medics would take the needle out of one man and jab it into the next. Real sterile. Private bloodsuckers weren't much better. No one realized this spread hepatitis. Like Russian roulette, get behind a jaundiced sailor/street person, and get hepatitis. I did. Final exams were 6 weeks away when I realized I was in deep trouble. A later business expression might be more apropos, 'deep poop'². My stool was almost colorless, my urine the color of soy sauce, and being in a 5th floor room³, had to rest 3 times on the way upstairs. Along with my yellow eyeballs, I gave in and went to sickbay. That same afternoon I was ensconced in Chelsea Naval Hospital. Must have been 50 men in the ward. Well, 49 men and me. Half had ulcers, half had hepatitis, and placement was very sadistic. Ulcer patients had varying diets based on the severity of their ulcers. These were sippy I, sippy II and sippy III. Sippy I was mostly mush. They went downhill from there. Hepatitis patients were on a high protein diet, like we had steak and eggs for breakfast. The navy, in its infinite wisdom, staggered the beds of the afflicted, a bleeder and a yellowee, a bleeder and a yellowee⁴. You lay in bed with steak and eggs you didn't feel like eating, watched by a man who would have killed for them if he

¹ Love that poster of you now, Sam.

² As in, "This project is in deep poop, Jefferson."

³ Eliot House, I 51.

⁴ My Aunt Marion, Mrs. K.P. Wilde, would visit in L.I. We would play camelot. She played yellow and I played red. I can still hear her, "You're taking all my yellowees!"

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had the strength to get out of bed. I slowly improved, but getting discharged from a naval hospital seemed at odds with an unstated goal of keeping all beds full. I asked permission to take my exams in the hospital. Harvard said no. Having lost control of my destiny, I gave up and spent afternoons at Fenway Park on a free pass. The real ball players were back. The Yankees came to town and beat the Red Sox 13 to 4. I chortled all night. The very next day, the Red Sox beat the Yanks by the same score. Williams and DiMaggios all played.

Finally made it back to Harvard. My friends were all gone. I'd two more months to serve. My choice of branch after receiving my commission had been the UDT's. This stood for underwater demolition team, commonly referred to as 'frogmen'. Frogmen were no longer needed. Swimming instructors for occupation personnel were. People couldn't go to Japan and reshape their political environment unless they could swim 50 yards. My last 60 days in the navy were spent walking up and down the Harvard pool with a long bamboo pole, teaching overweight old men how to swim. I hardly ever swim any more. When discharged, one term shy, sick of school and down in the dumps, I thought screw it, Windway here I come.

I took the summer off. A blind date awaited. Is a blind date a person or an event? No matter, both awaited.

One project that year at Windway was a fireplace. A deal had been struck with a Northfield mason to build one⁵. He lived across the street from the hosiery mill. As I recall, he didn't have transportation. We would ferry him back and forth. We would also supply and get onsite, all material, including stone. Stones didn't appear to be a problem. The fields, woods and brooks were full of them. Ah, the perils of the innocent. Day one: Mr. Mason started digging a hole to China: Ken collected rock. With the excavation about half complete, Mr. Mason turned his attention to the rockpile 'Mr. Go-get-em' had piled up in the front yard. Chimney stones, I was told, must have a 'face'. A short lecture followed, "This here one has a nice face, this one doesn't. Now this guy here is a two-faced one. Good for corners." I stared intently at the objects under discussion. Was like a Chinese puzzle. They all looked alike to me. Mr. Mason then separated the stones into two piles: chimney stones and also-rans. There weren't many chimney stones. This was day one of the war between Mr. Mason and Mr. Go-get-em. Obviously, we had addressed the chimney and dam projects out of sequence. We could have built a dam from Mr. Mason's rejects. Sort of a, "Kill two projects with one stone thing."

So much for why I was at Windway in the summer of '46 and what I was doing there. It was time for Velma to appear. The chimney would take thousands of stones. Little did this lovely girl realize, that except for one, she would be paired with Mr. Go-get-em in finding them all. The one we didn't, was the small, red stone centered 2 feet from the top of the chimney. Bulk and individual collections are addressed in the next subject. Also rans were not a total loss. Tons seemed to disappear in the excavated hole.

After writing the Northfield Falls chapter, Lucile, Jason (#10) and the writer took a nostalgia trip. Object: Was the dam standing? Was Windway still standing? What about the chimney? Were the original signs still on the covered bridges? Except for the absence of any raspberry bushes, Windway was doing fine, vacant for the winter, but in fine condition. We took pictures of house, dam and chimney, with the red stone. Back down the brook, we parked by what used to be Berno's store, and took a picture of the nearby covered bridge with its, 'Vehicles 10 MPH, horses at a walk', sign. Two plumbers were working on a piece of equipment behind the store. I walked over to see if they might know the name of the plumber who put the water system in Windway. I remembered where his office had been, but not his name.

"Excuse me, but would you know the name of a Northfield plumber who had his business between the Dog river and the RR station?"

"Sure. That was Jennette. He sold out about 13 years ago. I know you too. You're Ken Jefferson."

⁵ Art Peterson believes this to be Joe Pregent.

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My mouth fell open. "Right....., I just went up the brook to see if my dam was still standing. Who are you?"

"I'm John Malloney. The dam's still there and so is my mother's red stone. That was her contribution to your chimney."

As soon as he said Malloney, I remembered the whole family. We talked about old brook days, he asked about my sister Beth and said he still lived up the brook. Beth had gone out with his brother Bill⁶. His father bought our hay some years. So much for the red stone. I hoped it would show up in the picture. Lucile was very impressed.

"The first person you see in Northfield Falls knows you!"

(Until we took this trip, I believe she felt most of what she was editing was fiction.)

My old pal Pete had also returned from the war. His was not the ivy variety. Believe Pete had dropped out of High School to run his father's gas station pre-war. Now he was back completing High School. Pete knew every girl in town. In fact he lived next door to Mr. Staples, the mailman, who seemed to have fathered half of them.⁷

"Hey, let's get dates this Friday."

"Don't know any girls."

"I do. Course, whether they'd want to go out with you or not...."

"I used to ride my bike down to your station, leave it there and go see Lorette LaPallice, remember?"

"She's married, but the Cleveland girls are both in town. Shirley's going with Rod somebody⁸, ...maybe Velma would go."

"What can we do?"

"There's only one thing to do on Fridays in Northfield, the movies".

"I've only got a truck."

"I'll drive."

"Not the wrecker?"

"No,..... not the wrecker.....it's still dead from the dam."

The die was cast. Friday night Pete, Pauline Staples and Velma Cleveland drove into the dooryard at Windway. And parked, between chimney stones and also-rans.

I remember two things from that evening. One: Velma was very attractive. Two: She wore a white dress with diagonal stripes of black and auburn, the auburn matching the color of her hair. Years later, I found remnants of this dress in the rag bag.

"How could you throw this dress out? You wore it on our first date."

"Because it's worn out."

(Said with a finality which intoned I better not start wearing out.) End of discussion.

I don't know if we went to the movies or what we saw if we did. Velma had noticed the project of the year though.

"Are you building a chimney?"

⁶ Dead of cancer at 64.

⁷ Pete's home still sits by the now paved Williamstown road, shaded by the same Tamarack tree. Not much left of Staple's save the silo.

⁸ Rodney Richardson from Montpelier. Rod & Shirl were notable for falling asleep in the driveway of #11 School St.

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"No, I'm only in charge of finding the stone."

Believe this to be my first and last blind date. It lead to many others, far from blind that summer. We collected stone, climbed Camel's Hump⁹, and made homemade ice cream for picnics. Susie made the custard for the ice cream, the favorite was caramel. The custard was placed in a cylinder with wooden vanes turned by a crank. The cylinder was put in a tub of ice and salt. Velma sat on the cylinder. Ken turned the crank. When Velma couldn't hold the contraption steady, the ice cream was done. We listened to band concerts given in the gazebo on the green. We spent time in Despartes drug store. We enjoyed each other's company and had a wonderful summer.

Velma would be in Portland Maine in the fall. Ken would be in Cambridge Mass. They would see a lot of each other.

⁹ Visible from Rt 89 while traveling between Montpelier and Burlington.

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Stones for a Chimney.

Chapter: Northfield.
Subject : Prospecting for stones.
Locale : Cox Brook & Northfield.
Date : Summer of '46.
People : Velma Cleveland, Mr. Mason, Lucile Jefferson, Mike(#3),

Theme : Where there's smoke, there's fire.

Stones for a Chimney.

My normal response to unsolicited help is, "No thanks, I can handle it okay." When a pretty 19 year old girl offered to help collect stones, my response was, "Really!" Our second and many subsequent 'dates' were spent in the Windway truck, mostly doing just that. The first time Velma staggered to the truck with an armful of rock, I knew I had forgotten something. We had not discussed 'faces'. The proper behavior now, for a professional stone gatherer, was to describe a 'face', sort the stones and toss Velma's also-rans out of the truck. Decision time.

I could:

1. Repeat word for word the lecture as given me.
No, I liked this person too much to terminate the relationship on the second date.
2. Ignore Velma's high percentage of also-rans.
What would I do with them? Mr. Mason was not bashful, and by now, he knew, that Mr. Go-Get-em knew, what a Mr. Mason chimney stone¹ looked like.
3. Wait till she accidentally found a good one, and practice positive reinforcement.
Right. Thankfully in her second batch was a two-faced beauty. My opportunity to explain explain: her first stones would probably end up out of sight, this would definitely be a corner, and why.
Worked out fine. She immediately went for quality. Less to haul to the truck I guess.

We had a regular nightly route. (Like new stones would appear magically overnight.) It included Ol'Pete Bean's gravel pit², several choice brook spots³, and a sand pit on the main road between Northfield and the Falls. The latter came highly recommended by Mr. Mason. Our vehicle was the Windway truck, in the twilight of its useful life. As this vehicle figures prominently in the most exciting stone gathering expedition, I am choosing this opportunity to insert a dissertation on trucks I have known and loved. If you have never owned an old truck, skip the next four paragraphs.

The Windway truck was a 1936 model. It would have been assembled by the Dodge Brothers in 1935. The truck was 12 years old. I was 20. I was in better shape. It wasn't just the noise as you rattled down Cox Brook. It was the feeling the whole contraption was about to fall apart. And going down hill, the engine wasn't started till the covered bridges were almost in sight. Uphill,

¹ We were not after fieldstone but they couldn't be bowling balls either.

² Never ours till sold of course.

³ Choice *secluded* brook spots.

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with engine straining, all sorts of exotic smells would emanate from the engine compartment. I was used to them. Velma was not. If you didn't know better, you'd think the truck on fire.

Ah, fire. Years later, in the ceramic tile business, I had a 1949 3/4 ton Ford pickup. This truck had a serious 'blowby' condition arising from years of neglect. 'Blowby' leaves residue from oily fumes over everything in the engine compartment. One winter, not being able to afford real anti-freeze, I used alcohol. Mainly, because the radiator had a bit of a 'blowby' problem too. It leaked. One cold winter's day, driving along, I smelled smoke. "Thank God Velma's not here," was my first thought. Pretty soon the smoky smell was reinforced by flames coming through the firewall. Time to abandon ship, hit the ditch and await the explosion. Deja vu you might say, if I wasn't writing this out of sequence. There was no explosion. After waiting a reasonable time, I approached the '49 Ford and cautiously raised the hood. The truck had magically rewired itself. The fan had sprayed the leaking alcohol from the radiator over the engine compartment. The hot block ignited it. As long as there was 'blowby' residue to burn, the fire had perpetuated itself. The outer covering of all wires had burned off leaving the inner wires, in all their identifying colors, looking brand new. Chopped a hole in a pond, filled the radiator, truck started right up, aborted the day's work and went to have the leak fixed. Loved that '49 Ford.

The 1952 red Dodge panel truck had seen too many New England winters. The inside walls were covered with storage compartments. It was imperative to put tools away in these compartments. Half of the firewall was missing in this truck. Upon going through a puddle of any size, water would enter through the firewall, surge over the floor of the panel area and exit via the rusted rear doors. The floor by the two front seats was also suspect. I got in the habit of picking up my feet, whenever going over any significant bump, to avoid placing undue strain on this rusted area. The red Dodge seized up in Hartford one day and was donated to a member of the Police Force. Mike (#3), driving over RR tracks today, picks up his feet. A friend noticing, asked why he did it. Mike responded, "You're supposed to. My Dad always does."

The 1951 Studebaker was the best looking, best riding truck I have ever owned. "Jefferson Tile" was painted on the doors. There was a super spotlight on the driver's side. The Studebaker had one fault that was never overcome. It wouldn't start in the winter.

Then there was the Chevy panel, the GMC pickup with automatic drive (Velma's favorite), the Volkswagen van, the Ford ranger⁴ and the Ford 4wd⁵. The Volkswagen van was really a 'Transporter'. There were no windows. On family outings it was, out with the tools, in with the kids (5), in with folding chairs. The youngest rated a seat in the office. Seat belts? None. On sudden stops it was bedlam in the rear! The Transporter also had a tendency to scoop up every bug in Connecticut and channel them into the children's area. Their presence would be announced by loud banging and screaming, "Dad, Stop the truck!". An option to centering this document on Vermont, would have been 9 chapters on trucks. The Windway truck was first and fondest. This 1936 Dodge had the battery under the seat on the passenger's side. i.e.; right under Mr. Go-Get-Ems partner, Velma Cleveland. The truck's bench seat in this late stage of its life could be said to suffer sagging internal upholstery. After the fact analysis revealed that the bumpy road caused the battery cable to short out on the frame setting fire to the drooping stalactites under the seat.

Back to stone gathering. Velma had come to supper that night, after which it was off to the stone wars.

Normal procedure for the 3 mile down hill ride was:

Start the engine. Sometimes a monumental task in itself.

Pull out onto Cox Brook and attain a speed of about 20 MPH, more or less.

⁴ Now owned by Phil (#9)

⁵ Current truck of record.

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Put the truck in neutral, turn off the engine and try for a new coasting record.⁶

Turn the key back on so you could listen to the radio.

We had successfully executed this procedure and were halfway through the coasting discipline when nose #1 says, "I smell something burning." Am now married to nose #2, either able to detect a match being struck in the next county.

"Doesn't mean a thing. This truck always smells like it's on fire."

A short period of silence.

"There's smoke coming from under the seat."

"Engine fumes."

A shorter period of silence, then sarcastically,

"Engine fumes are making it difficult to see through the front windshield."

When it's too smokey to see out the cab, it is difficult to pretend there is no problem. Plus, guess where the gas tank was,.....yes, right behind the seat.

How embarrassing,.....and stupid. Why risk being blown up with a date rather than admit something was burning. Don't ask me. Finally,

"You're right, let's get out of here,.....fast!"

The truck was stopped by the side of the road. Two bodies ejected themselves. Two bodies flung themselves down in the ditch by the side of the road, one body awaiting the inevitable sentence from the other.

"I told you so!"

It was about 5 seconds in coming. Probably figured she had to get it in before an explosion killed us both. From the ditch position, below the road, flames were visible under the cab. They were not subsiding, but neither were they growing.

"I'm going to drag the seat out of there before it gets any worse. Stay here."

Took about two minutes and we had stomped out the upholstery fire. A worn out battery cable had shorted out on the truck frame and the resulting sparks ignited the 'dust bunny' environment under the decaying seat.

We found an old rag to keep the worn out cable from shorting out on the frame. We considered dunking the bench seat in Cox Brook and decided against it. We reinstalled the seat and resumed the mission. Good for Velma. Course it was a long walk home from there. After a stop at the gravel pit I drove her home. She didn't loiter too long in the driveway that night. Even I could smell burned upholstery.

The evening was most notable for, "I told you so", number one. Many more would follow.

⁶ The record, between the 2nd & 3rd covered bridges, had been achieved by attaining 50 MPH at the top and gliding the last mile at about 2 1/2 MPH. The horn was employed frequently to keep cows from interfering with the record run.



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Wedding I.

Chapter : Northfield.
Subject : Joining of two presidential families.
Date : Friday the 13th, December 1946.¹
Locale : Main Street, Northfield Vermont.
People : Velma Cleveland, Susie Cleveland, George Jefferson, Betty Jefferson, Rev. George H. Howes, Mrs. D.E. Howes, Jerry Williams, Edwin 'Fuzzy' Cleveland, Shirley Cleveland, James R. Buck, Arthur O. Peterson Jr., Frank Bushor, Emma Jenkinson, Jo Cleveland, Beth Jefferson, Dorothy Miller, Zama White, Ann Foley, Mrs. Ernest Searle, Mrs. Joseph Moschella, Mrs. Nelson Steele, David Jefferson, Velma Gregory, Mr. & Mrs. Dean K. Richardson, Mr. & Mrs. Leonard Wilmott, Mr. & Mrs. James Wilmott.

Theme : Behind the lines of the official press reports.

Without the help of co-conspirators and an article from the Northfield News and Advertiser, there is no way the writer could produce a coherent replay of this wonderful day!

When the summer of '46 closed, Ken returned to Harvard for what was supposed to be his last term. Velma attended Westbrook Junior College in Portland Maine. Dates continued, the Boston & Maine replacing the New York New Haven & Hartford as the railroad of choice on weekends. There were dalliances in a cemetery in Portland, (cemetery # 9, see mowing grass), stolen moments at the SAE house in Cambridge, and quality moments in North Reading Mass, home of Lloyd and Marguerite, Velma's brother and sister-in-law. Lloyd had a red Terraplane! Does anybody even know how to spell 'Terraplane'² today? We both knew we wanted to marry. Should have gotten married in August. Might have graduated on time. I still vividly recall studying 4th-year German in the B&M³ station in Portland while Velma and I awaited my departure on the train to Boston. Squeaked by German EA, failed Organic Chemistry which I thought could pass with my eyes closed! A mid December date was set. The write-up follows.

'CLEVELAND-JEFFERSON WEDDING.

Miss Velma Irene Cleveland, daughter of Mrs. Paul Cleveland of Northfield, and G. Kenneth Jefferson, son of Mr. and Mrs. George S. Jefferson of Hempstead, L.I. N.Y., were married in a candlelight service in the United Church in Northfield Dec. 13.⁴

Rev. George H. Howes officiated at the double ring service⁵. The church was decorated with baskets of white and yellow chrysanthemums, evergreens and tall white tapers. Preceding the service Mrs. D.E. Howes gave a recital of organ music, consisting of the following selections: "Venetian Love Song", "Beautiful Dreamer", "I Love You Truly", "Gratitude", "Ave Maria", and "If with All Your Heart." Jerry Williams sang "Come, Ye Blessed," by John Prindle Scott. He was accompanied by Mrs. Howes, who also played the traditional wedding marches.

The bride, who was given in marriage by her brother, Edwin I. Cleveland of Northfield⁶, was attired in a winter white wool dress with headband to match her colonial bouquet⁷ of white chrysanthemums and pink camellias.

¹ No 'movie' type weirdoes were invited.

² It was a car, in case you didn't know, and Lucile knew how to spell it.

³ For years I thought the Boston & Maine RR had a sideline of canned baked beans.

⁴ Sounds innocent enough. Actually, a sleeping Ken was dragged off the train from Boston at the last minute by Rodney Richardson, boyfriend of the maid of honor. Failing this, the groom would have been in Montreal at the time the wedding march was initiated.

⁵ Ken still wears his. He can't get it off. Sara (#4) has Velma's.

⁶ More commonly referred to as 'Fuzzy'.

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Her sister, Miss Shirley A. Cleveland, was maid of honor.⁸ She wore an emerald green wool dress and headband to match her colonial bouquet of yellow chrysanthemums.⁹

James R. Buck of Hempstead, L.I.N.Y., was best man.¹⁰ Ushers were Arthur O. Peterson Jr. of Northfield¹¹, and Frank Bushor of Hempstead¹².

The bride's mother was gowned in lush rose with black accessories and a corsage of white chrysanthemums¹³. The bridegroom's mother was dressed in beige and brown and her corsage was of mixed flowers.

Following the wedding ceremony a reception was held at Margaret Holland Inn. Mrs. Thomas Jenkinson¹⁴, aunt of the bride, served as hostess and Mrs. Edwin Cleveland¹⁵ presided at the punch bowl. Miss Beth Jefferson was in charge of the guest book.¹⁶ The table was adorned with a centerfold of white you know whats and tall white tapers. Refreshments were served by the misses Dorothy Miller, Zama Wynne, Ann Foley, Mrs. Ernest Searle, Mrs. Joseph Moschella and Mrs. Nelson Steele¹⁷. The bride cut a three tiered bride's cake¹⁸.

The bridal couple left on a short wedding trip¹⁹ for which Mrs. Jefferson wore a coral dress of gabardine with black accessories.

The out of town guests included Mr. and Mrs. George S. Jefferson, Miss Beth Wilde Jefferson, Master David Jefferson, James Richard Buck, and Frank Bushor of Hempstead L.I.²⁰ Mrs. Clifford Gregory of White River Junction²¹, Mr. and Mrs. D.K. Richardson²², Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Wilmott and Mr. and Mrs. James Wilmott of Montpelier.

Mrs. Jefferson presented her maid of honor with a gold compact²³. Mr. Jefferson gave his best man a billfold.

Mrs. Jefferson was graduated from Northfield High School in the class of 1945 and attended Westbrook Junior College in Portland Maine. Mr. Jefferson is attending Harvard University. He served 28 months in the U.S. Navy, receiving his discharge last June.'

Thus the official report.

Not in 'The Official Report':

Best man & groom dallying till last minute in diner right across the street from the church.

Newly-weds checking into Hanover Inn.

Ken signed guest register, "Ken Jefferson."

Desk clerk looks at Ken Jefferson.

Velma looks at desk clerk.

⁷ I don't know how this differs from a Tory bouquet.

⁸ Actually being upstaged this day. It was her birthday and I don't think she ever forgave us.

⁹ Don't have chrysanthemums at your wedding. Too hard to spell.

¹⁰ More commonly known as 'Dick'. And where was the best man when Rodney was dragging you know who off the Montrealer?

¹¹ The blind date instigator of this whole affair.

¹² A friend of Beth Jefferson. He was attending Norwich University in Northfield.

¹³ Poor choice of adjective. If there was one non-lush at this event, it was Susie.

¹⁴ Cox Brook neighbor, Emma.

¹⁵ Jo, Fuzzy's first wife.

¹⁶ Present whereabouts unknown. (The book, not Beth.)

¹⁷ Nee Jenkinson, a Cox Brook neighbor.

¹⁸ One of Susie's best.

¹⁹ Polite phrase for 'overnight trip to Hempstead'.

²⁰ The Hempstead contingent drove up and took the train back. Velma and Ken took the family car on their 'short wedding trip'.

²¹ Velma's namesake.

²² Shirley Cleveland's future in-laws.

²³ Just what happened to this Shir!?

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Desk clerk looks at Velma.

Velma looks at Ken.

Ken thinks, "Why is everyone looking at me?"²⁴

Ken adds to guest register, "and wife."

Desk clerk glance swivels between newly weds.

Velma rolls eyes.

Ken is grudgingly handed a key.

(Anything else someone might come forward with.)

The end to a perfect day!

²⁴ Then the revelation.

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Farewell to a Spouse.

Chapter: Northfield.

Subject : Velma.

Locale : Atlanta/Northfield.

Date : Summer 1976.

People : Velma Jefferson, Beth Brock, Guy Brock, Connecticut country Doctor, Dr. Dalrymple, Matt (#6), Sara (#4), Greg (#2), Phil (#9), Sue (#1), Tom McCleskey, Mike (#3), Lloyd Fiske, Shirley Richardson, Elmer Olin,

Theme : Had I one day to live over, it would be August 17, 1976.

My sister Beth and her husband Guy visited Velma and I in Atlanta in mid August 1976. I was pitching for my Company's softball team that summer, Coastal States Life Insurance Co. As we all got in a car to go to a game, Velma took a step back and fell over the lawnmower which was right next to the carport. I helped her up and she said, "Boy, that was clumsy of me." No one thought much of it, and off we went to the game. We lost, but it was a good evening.

Next morning Velma was covered with bruises from her fall.

Not too long after Velma and I had moved from Connecticut to Georgia, she had a hysterectomy. One reason for the move had been the desire to relocate to a warmer climate. She was experiencing a stiffening of the joints. Nothing serious, but we thought it would help. During our marriage Velma had 7 children and several spontaneous abortions. One North Woodbury, CT, abortion occurred at home, in the middle of the night. Our family Doctor still made house calls. He came, examined Velma, examined the fetus, confirmed it was dead and flushed it down the toilet. Wonder how many 'Do Good' people, "Do Good' organizations, lawyers and medical boards would get involved in a happening like this today? Lapsed time of house call: 50 minutes. Doctor left, we changed the sheets and went back to bed. Hard to visualize today! Seemed all we had to do was look cross-eyed at one another and she would be pregnant. She made up her mind to do something about it,..... and did. I don't know if there is any connection, but shortly thereafter, rheumatoid arthritis symptoms appeared. The last year of her life Velma was on massive doses of steroids, taking gold injections and spending a good part of the day dipping her hands in hot wax. I had to look away when she would fumble at her wallet to get out bills to pay for groceries. The hands that had taken care of me for 30 years couldn't even separate the ones, fives and tens. She'd dump them all and the clerk would pick them out. Never once did I hear her complain. The bruising was unbelievable. An affectionate squeeze on the arm led to four finger marks and a thumb print the following day. The medication and cocktail hour made life bearable. We both felt, and I still do today, Dr. Dalrymple was doing all that could be done.

The lawnmower fall led to a last Dalrymple visit, maybe 5-6 days prior to August 18.

I think that evening spanned a Tuesday/Wednesday. A normal work/week day for the household. At home with Velma and I that night were Greg (#2), Sara (#4), Matt (#6), and Phil (#9). Sue (#1) was living in Kennesaw, Georgia with her husband Tom, and Mike (#3) had an apartment of his own. In our family everyone helped with meals. Once a week you cooked, once a week you cleaned up. If you were a messy chef, you cooked and cleaned up the same night. I don't remember who cooked. Matt cleaned up. Velma went to bed first. From the window at the kitchen sink, you could see the top of a person's head in the upstairs bathroom. Matt could see his mother in the bathroom getting ready for bed. The evening passed without incident. Sara recalls saying goodnight to her mother about 11 P.M. I went to bed late.

Velma and I had twin beds. Her position in bed looked unusual. I put my hand on her shoulder. She was very cold. We did not have air conditioning. In August, in Atlanta, people are not cold. Something was

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very wrong. She was breathing, but hard to arouse. I brought her to a sitting position on her bed. She was unable to support herself.

"You're cold."

"Hmm."

"Would you like some tea?"

"Hmm."

I lowered her back down and went to the kitchen where I made tea and toast. I didn't know what to make of this, but thought it spelled trouble. Returning to the bedroom, I raised her up, supported her with one arm and held the tea up to her lips. She was cold, she was sort of stiff and unable to swallow the tea. It ran back out of her mouth and dribbled down her chin.

"Velma, I'm taking you to the hospital"

A last mumbling, "Hmm."

We lived less than a mile from Northside Hospital. I got Greg up. I got Sara up, said we were going to take Velma to Northside and that she should pack a small bag for her. Sara believes it was about 2 A.M. by this time. Greg and I put a robe on Velma and placed her in a straight back chair. We then carried her, chair and all, to her car. It was a two door coupe. Greg got in the back seat. We folded Velma into the front seat with some difficulty. She was noticeably stiffening. Greg held her head straight from the back. Sara sat between me and Velma and kept her body upright by putting her arm around her. Sara remembers her whispering something about Matt and Phil,..... like, "take care of them", as if she thought she'd just be gone a few days. Sara said, "Don't worry Mom, we'll take good care of them. Velma nodded and closed her eyes. I drove. In 5 minutes, we were at the Hospital's emergency entrance. As we drove up, attendants came out. There was some difficulty getting someone to help get Velma out of the car. Finally they wheeled her into the emergency room and told us to wait in the waiting room.

They put her on the emergency table. Before we were directed to the waiting area, we could see Velma receiving shock treatment. The shocks almost lifted her off the table. I never saw my first wife again.

Most of that night is just a blur. A doctor came out and asked me a few questions. I can't remember what they were. He said Velma's situation was critical and her doctor had been called. I told the two children we had a serious problem. Dr. Dalrymple came in the waiting room around 4 A.M with the news that Velma had died. The three of us were ushered into a private room, asked a few questions and then drove home in silence.

A normal evening had turned into a nightmare. Velma had been beyond help. She died that night. She was 49. An autopsy showed Velma's death was caused by "Cerebral Hemorrhage due to Blow on the Head." How inflicted is a mystery. She did not hit her head in the lawnmower incident. She appeared normal when she went to bed. No one in the house heard any noise which would indicate an accidental fall. Twenty years later, I have still come up with only one possible answer. And believe me, I've been over this night hundreds of times. Velma had a habit of sitting down on the bed and then just falling over so that her head would hit the pillow. This was sometimes accompanied with sound effects, like air coming out of a balloon. Legs would be raised and in two minutes she'd be asleep. With her level of medication, miscalculating and hitting the headboard could prove fatal. We'll never know. I believe the children were more aware of the true state of her health than I. Another, "Don't tell Dad" situation.

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What would I do differently? I would go to bed with her that night. I would get her a padded headboard. Probably a bicycle helmet. I would not drive her to the hospital. I would call an ambulance. I would have said many things left unsaid. The decision to drive her was a mistake and I subsequently said this to Dr. Dalrymple. He replied that in Velma's case it would have made no difference. Once inflicted, the damage was irreversible.

I think I called Sue (#1) from the hospital. Sara thinks I called later from home. She drove over to the house, and pretty much took over things. I remember sitting on the rock wall, by the carport, in the early morning light, crying. Crying and wondering what had happened. Sara went to her room. Greg sat on the sofa in the dark. I finally got up and went to the bedroom. The tea and toast were still there on the bedside table. I ate the toast, drank the tea and got into Velma's bed. I couldn't imagine life without her. She was a wonderful spouse, friend and mother. I was miserable.

Around 7:00 A.M., Greg called Mike's apartment. Danny Hooke answered. He volunteered to tell Mike and drive him over to the house. Around 8:00 A.M., Sara called Bill Peck. They had been scheduled to see about a student loan for Sara that morning. Bill canceled it and called J.C. Penney for her to say she wouldn't be in for a few days. Sue on her arrival, began telling the rest of the family, friends and neighbors the sad news. Susie was the hardest. Everyone thought it would kill her. I am told that I finally made breakfast for everyone and made them sit down and eat it. Don't remember this at all. Despite a plea to be left alone, we were buried with casseroles. One roast beef and potato dish, from Carol Johnson's, mom was eaten. The boys were sadly lacking in funeral type clothes. All six kids went to Penney's and got them outfitted.

An autopsy, a cremation, a Georgia service and flight to Burlington followed. The service was at First Baptist Church of Chamblee.

Round trip tickets to Burlington for the family cost in the vicinity of \$1300. This I recall since American Express called the same evening they were purchased. "Mr. Jefferson, are you in possession of your American Express card?" They thought it must have been stolen. I'd never charged either plane tickets nor this kind of amount before. The flight was the first for many of the kids. I sat thinking, "Fine thing, the first time I take them anywhere, it's to their mother's funeral." Sara had a horrible experience at the airport. Security checkpoints were a fairly recent addition to the airport. Sara was carrying the train case that contained her mother's ashes. We had obviously not wanted to check this precious bit of luggage. The rest of the family breezed through security and headed down the concourse, but Sara was stopped and "detained" because the x-ray could not determine what was in the case. As the officer in charge began questioning the contents of the case, Sara called frantically to the family to come back! As all the security people began examining the box and the official State of Georgia certificate sealing it, her dad and 5 siblings returned and joined the gathering.

"My wife has died and my children and I are taking her ashes to Vermont for burial."

The supervisor looked over the 7 somber faces. Apparently decided we didn't fit the terrorist profile, and let the group pass.

We stayed at a Burlington hotel that night and met some other family members there the next morning.

Burlington to Northfield is about a 50 mile ride. We were transported by a caravan of cars. I think I was in a car with Lloyd and Shirley in the front, and me and one of the kids in the back. En route, I detailed the events of the nightmare evening, pretty much as stated above. This explanation, I am sure, left them with a lot of unanswered questions. I could do no better. No one has ever asked me if I had bashed her over the head. It certainly must have crossed people's minds. I was prepared to answer truthfully and calmly with one word, "No."

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The graveside service is also a blur. I believe the immediate family would have preferred being alone with their thoughts. Surrounded by mountains, the cemetery is a beautiful spot. A beautiful resting place for a wonderful wife and mother. 29 years earlier Velma and I had buried Kenna at the feet of her Grandfather Paul in this same cemetery. I silently said good by.

Sue (#1) and Tom stayed with Mrs. Greenough, Susie's landlord.
I don't know where I stayed.

After the service Mike and Sara headed to New Hampshire with Lloyd and Marguerite. Sara doesn't remember the service, she does remember the car conversation. Lloyd drove.

"Lloyd, don't forget this turn up here."

"Marguerite, I've never missed this turn."

"Yes, you have."

"No, I have not." "You missed it on the last trip."

"I've driven this a hundred times, and I've never missed this turn."

"Yes you have."

"No I haven't."

(etc.etc!)

They arrived at their house quite late, but Marguerite headed right for their fabulous kitchen and prepared a fabulous meal. Next morning, a Friday, Lloyd drove the kids to Boston to catch a flight to Atlanta. Mike was due back at work and Sara was to be a bridesmaid in her best friend's wedding Saturday.

Where the following stayed is also unknown to me. Help.

Greg (#2)

Matt (#6)

Phil (#9)

Rod & Shirl

Memorial stone: when, who, how??????

Date Guy died, 10/5/81

Elmer Olin, Lost wife under similar conditions. Neighbor, North Hero, Vt. (copy)

Kitchie Barber, Velma's best friend. RR#1 Trow Hill, Barre Vermont 05641 ????? (copy)

Final tribute.

(working on it)

Souvenirs
Hanover/Wilder Revisited
1/2/98

Hanover/Wilder Revisited

Exit 1 off Interstate 89.

Wilder used to be Olcott Village, named for Miles Olcott who had a grist mill and sawmill at Olcott village. He was granted the right to build a dam, canal and locks to assist boats in navigating the Connecticut River. After the railroad came through the area in 1850, the canal was used less and less, and in 1880 the Wilder brothers from Boston acquired the water rights and built a large paper mill. One of the brothers, Charles T. Wilder, lived in the village and was particularly interested in its growth. When he died, his will stipulated that, if the village would change its name to Wilder, his estate would pay for a much needed bridge over the Connecticut River. At an 1898 town meeting the vote was unanimously in favor of the change, and that year the Postal name was also changed to Wilder. Mr. Wilders Bridge stood until the 1950's when it was removed to make way for the Wilder Dam.

Documents in this chapter are:

vtrt89.kennadie.
vtrt89.thewilda.



Souvenirs
Hanover/Wilder Revisited
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Kenna Dies.

Chapter : Hanover/Wilder Revisited.
Subject : Death of first born.
Date : July 1947.
Locale : Northfield-Hanover.
People : Velma Jefferson, Harry Small, Kenna Jefferson, Susie Cleveland, Dr. Hyde, Cordy DeLary, Bessie Cleveland, Larry Cleveland, Edwin Cleveland, Jo Cleveland, George Jefferson, Northfield mortician?????, Velma Gregory, Clifford Gregory, Rodney Richardson, Shirley Richardson, Paul Cleveland, Susan (#1), Greg (#2), Mike (#3), Sara (#4), Linda (#5), Matt (#6), Marc (#7), Gerry (#8), Phil (#9), Lloyd Fiske, Marguerite Fiske..

Theme : Galactosemia.

Velma did not return to school after our Christmas time wedding in 1946. The Holidays were spent at Ken's parents in Hempstead. Ken then went back to Harvard for exams, Velma went back to Northfield. Exams did not go well. Going through college at an accelerated pace leaves no margin for error. This final term I had to satisfy a language requirement and pass three other courses. Any three would have done it. In hindsight, choosing Organic Chemistry, Psychology and a Calculus course was ridiculous. German was going to be hard enough by itself. Accelerated students, majoring in the sciences, could satisfy their language requirement by taking just one term of 4th year language instead of the normal 4 terms of 1st & 2nd year language. In my case this was German EA. Considering the fact that I was also in love, my chances of passing all 4 courses was nil. Organic Chemistry went down the tubes.

Yuk! Back for the Spring '47 term. Not able to be with my now pregnant wife, stuck in a Freshman dorm with a Communist roommate¹, broke and humbled, I was not a happy camper. Determined not to be re-humbled, I signed up for four basketweaving courses. I only had to pass one of them. I got a job in Boston's garment district working for Harry Small, a jobber of fabric/material. Harry and I got along fine. He wanted me to work for him full time after graduation, but I wanted to get back to New York.

We managed to survive the Chemistry fiasco. Velma better than I. I remember Velma and her mother Susie visiting me in my Harvard Yard dorm. Susie strolled around the Yard, impressed all to hell.

Pointing up at one dorm window she commented, "Look at that! There is a bottle hanging out of somebody's window. That's terrible."

Shaking my head, in mutual disgust, I replied, "It certainly is Susie."

Up in the room, I hoped she wouldn't walk over to the window. Of course she did.

"Why Kenneth Jefferson, shame on you. It's your bottle."

"It certainly is Susie."

The Marshall Plan was put forward at the Class of '47's commencement ceremony. I did not hear it. I was on the train to New York City.

I went to work for Munsingwear. Their offices were at 200 Madison Avenue. They manufacture and sell under garments of all descriptions for all people. Everyone thought I would be a terrific salesman. One person had doubts. Me. Munsingwear had a line of outsized women's panties even a non salesperson had

¹ Oliver somebody.

Souvenirs
Hanover/Wilder Revisited
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no trouble selling. No one else made them. I still remember the stock #, 1-394. They came in 5 sizes; large, extra large, XXL, 'Oh my God', and 'You'll never believe this'. When covering Connecticut, I carried the latter in my sample case. It was a fun sample. Velma would get in one leg and I'd get in the other.

Velma, still in Northfield, was having no problem with her pregnancy. Susie's house was on School St., #11. Rodney and Shirley had been married and were living in an apartment in the 11 School St. house. Edwin and Jo Cleveland lived right behind Susie, upstairs, in a multi family house on a street I've always referred to as the dry bridge street². Bessie and Larry Cleveland lived downstairs. Bessie was a nurse at the Hyde Clinic on the other side of this street. The clinic was run by Cordy DeLary, (see Ring 5 Long). The immediate area was over run by Cleveland people. To put this whole era in perspective, total cost for having a baby in Northfield, Vermont in 1947 was \$80.00.

Kenna was born jaundiced like most babies. Kenna's jaundice did not clear up like most babies. I believe I made two trips to 11 School Street shortly after Kenna was born. One coincided with Velma's return from the clinic. I was given the honor of the 2 o'clock feeding in the kitchen. This was the only time I was alone with my first born. I couldn't believe that I was the father of such a beautiful baby, with the customary number of fingers, toes and everything else. I patiently got her to drain the whole bottle. The bottle contained milk. I was helping to kill her.

The second trip to 11 School Street was made in response to a call from Velma saying that Kenna was not doing well. The Hyde Clinic thought Kenna should be taken to the Hitchcock Clinic in Hanover, N.H. I must have borrowed the family's car since we didn't have one. I remember this cause my old mowing pal, George Attridge, would pick me up in the morning and we would drive to the Hempstead Station of LIRR together. Sometimes arriving at the Hempstead Station, the train would already be moving. From its position on the track we would know which of the next stations to try and beat the train to, Country Life Press, Garden City or Stewart Manor. That part was exciting. It was not fun getting off at Hempstead the same evening and not being able to remember where we left the car. I told Munsingwear what was going on and took off. Velma made arrangements to stay with her Aunt Velma and husband in Wilder, right across the Connecticut River from the Hitchcock Clinic. Aunt Velma's last name is Gregory. Gregory (#2) is named after them. The day after I got there, we loaded Kenna up and took off for Dartmouth. The innocent little family was about to trade the sheltered world of Northfield, for the real world of commercial hospitals.

"Our baby is sick. The Hyde Clinic in Northfield told us to bring her here."

"How do you plan to pay for this?"

"I don't know."

"I'm sorry, but you will have to pay in advance."

"But the baby is dying!"

"We can't admit the baby without taking care of the finances first."

I don't remember what the amount was. Didn't matter, \$100 or \$1000, we didn't have it. I could have blown up the Hitchcock Clinic at this point. I stared at our protagonist.

"We'll be right back."

I had never asked my father for money before. There was no where else to turn. Back to the Gregory's. Phone Dad. Dad wires money. Back to the Hitchcock Clinic, trying hard to be civil. Kenna was admitted. Two days later Kenna was dead. I have mellowed a bit over the years, but this experience had a profound

² Going east on this street, one past over the CVRR tracks on the way to Northfield High School.

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effect on me. Asking for money is humiliating. Visiting hospitals is to be avoided at all costs. The mellowing resulted from the realization of 'how naive can you be'. I never connected money and hospitals. Whenever I had gone, my parents or the United States Navy had paid. Hospitals were supposed to care for people. Well, they do, if you pay.

We called Susie and told her the sad news. She called the Northfield Mortician, Louis Morse. He was a port in a storm, arranging for us to select a casket in White River, sans funds, and setting all the paper work in motion. We drove to White River and parked in front of the funeral home. It was casket selection time.

Velma said, "I can't go in."

I went in alone and don't remember a thing about it.

When I got back in the car Velma said, "I failed you, but I just couldn't go in there".

"It's OK, I understand."

We picked up casket and body at the home, later in the day, and drove back to Northfield in silence. I could think of nothing to say. A failing of mine all through life. Our marriage was not doing well. No money, no car, no place to live and worst of all, no child. Kenna was buried at the foot of her Grandfather Paul. The actual cause of death remained a mystery.

By the time Susan (#1) arrived in January 1949, things had improved. I was covering Connecticut for Munsingwear. We had a car. We were in the market for a house in Connecticut. Northfield again was the preferred location for the last stages of pregnancy and birth. Forewarned, all were ready to watch the baby like a hawk. It was soon apparent we were watching a perfectly healthy baby. Care, confinement and delivery cost remained \$80.00, paid as we left the clinic, not before. Good old Northfield.

Greg (#2) was born on Father's day 1950. Westchester county had been added to my sales territory. With Velma and Susan in Northfield, it was more convenient for me to service Westchester from Long Island. I was in Hempstead the evening of June 18th. Velma called me from the Clinic to say she had a Father's Day present for me. Closely watched, Greg's condition began to follow the same pattern we had experienced with Kenna. The family reacted quickly. Rod and Shirl, along with Edwin & Jo, drove through the night to get Greg to the Childrens Hospital in Boston. George and Ken drove up from Hempstead and met them in the Hospital lobby. I was worried and very apprehensive. What was the matter with our babies? Velma stayed in Northfield with Susan. In an amazingly short time a diagnosis was made. Almost like they took one look at Greg and said, "Galactosemia." This disease is a severe intolerance to milk and was unknown 3 years before. With infants, whose diet is 100% milk, it can kill in 30 days. The liver stops functioning. I asked if my hepatitis history could have caused this condition in my children and was told no, thank goodness. It is more like the rh thing. We would assume all subsequent babies having the same condition until proven otherwise. Nutramigen is the recommended formula for galactosemics. Once switched to this Greg (#2) prospered. He is one of the healthiest persons I know. Velma and I batted .500 in the Galactosemia game. Over the years we returned to the Childrens Hospital, at their request and expense, and all in the family spent the day being prodded and stuck. Even I don't mind going to the Childrens Hospital.

Now that I have 5 members of the family in Boston, I don't have the faintest notion how we all got back to where we started. Lloyd and Marguerite Fiske, close by, probably had a hand helping Rod, Shirl, Edwin & Jo. I remember Dad and I stopping by the road outside Willamantic, Connecticut, to take a nap. We were exhausted. Exhausted and relieved, with no casket in the car.

Kenna, Greg (#2), Mike (#3) and Phil (#9) have Galactosemia. Susan (#1), Sara (#4), and Matt (#6) don't. Linda (#5), Marc (#7) and Gerry (#8) are Lucile's children by John Bennett and don't. Greg's (#2) diagnosis changed our cooking/shopping habits forever. When a recipe called for milk, we mixed up our own concoction of water and vegetable oil. Kosher foods were a big help. Those labeled 'Paerve' contained no milk or milk products. All the family knew the okay cereals, cookies and bread. We could walk down the super market aisle and point to every product which had no milk. If you don't think this very impressive, read a few labels some day. For example: am holding a box of stuffing mix, 39 ingredients are listed, two..... sweet whey powder and natual butter flavor... are no no's. Cheese was okay if aged over 90

Souvenirs

Hanover/Wilder Revisited

1/2/98

days. Once we got used to it, it was not a problem. Save for glasses of milk and ice cream, the unafflicted were relegated to the same diet. Just something we lived with. The afflicted boys have been very careful all their lives and are very healthy. I tell them beer tastes better than milk anyway.

What do I think of when passing the 'Wilder' sign on RT89? I think of feeding Kenna her bottle in the kitchen at 11 School Street. I wish we had saved her. It is very easy to second guess, but I still kick myself for not seeing the solution. Here is a baby wasting away, being poisoned if you will, and ingesting only milk. No one thinks to alter the diet from milk. Velma did not have enough milk to breast feed, but the result would have been the same. Lucile and I looked for the Hitchcock Clinic in the spring of '97. It has moved to a new location 3 miles east of Dartmouth. I did not want to see the new Hitchcock Clinic. I wanted to see the old one. The old location is now a parking lot. Passing students probably wondered why an old man was standing in the middle of a parking lot, slowly shaking his head. The clinic was gone, Dartmouth had changed, half of the Dartmouth men were women, and the past seemed so far away. I have lived too long.

Rodney Richardson served 3 tours in Viet Nam and died in Pennsylvania while running the Penn State University airport. Shirley has remarried with Artie Goss, a former mayor of Montpelier, Vermont. Shirley 'Dear Johned' Artie during WWII, but I guess you have to say that old Artie hung in there. I will always be indebted to both Rod and Shirl. Jo Cleveland is dead. Edwin Cleveland lives in Las Vegas with his second wife Mari. Lloyd & Marguerite Fiske live in Zepherhills Fla.

Souvenirs
Hanover/Wilder Revisited
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The Wild Airplane Flight.

Chapter : Hanover/Wilder Revisited.
Subject : Seat of the Pants/ Panties Flying.
Locale : Known only to God.
Date : 1962-64 ???
People : Velma Jefferson, Dick Larson, Sue McCleskey, Errol Flynn, Lloyd Fiske, Barbara Brown.

Theme : God protects idiots and small children.

The Wild Airplane Flight.

At the time of the 'Wild Airplane Flight' I was making a living doing sub-contract work for builders in north central Connecticut. I loved it. Were Velma here, am sure she would qualify this as, "Almost a living." The principle characters in this episode are Dick Larson, Sue McCleskey (#1), and the writer. Sue is the one who has initially narrowed the window to '62-'64. Not too narrow a window, but whatever. Velma met the plane at the Montpelier Airport. Prior to the early 60's she didn't drive. She never drove a standard transmission. Let's say then, that this was the 1951 Plymouth/1951 Studebaker period. 10 year-old vehicles were about the norm for us.

The season would be summer, a busy construction time. The family would be visiting Susie in Northfield, Vermont. I would have driven them up and taken the train back to Springfield, Massachusetts, doing the same in reverse when time for them to return. As this time approached, I was tiling bathrooms in Somers, Connecticut for a builder named Dick Larson. I asked him for a lift to the station on such and such day. Unfortunately, he had a plane.

"Hey, I've a better idea. We're working just a mile from the Somers Airport. I'll fly you up to Montpelier, Velma can meet us there." Dick knew Velma well. She was a much better money collector than I. Sounded like a winner to me. A few phone calls and all was set, with the added fillip that Sue would return in the plane to save room in the 1951 Plymouth. It was blue. The 1951 Studebaker was to be left at the Somers Airport. It was green.

To casually refer to the Somers Airport does not quite do it justice. One of my favorite movies as a kid was 'Dawn Patrol' with Errol Flynn. Errol flew off each day to do battle from a field looking more like a cabbage patch than a tarmac. If you've seen 'Dawn Patrol', you've seen Somers Airport. In terms of a family joke, it was 1/3 the size of Metter International Airport in Metter, Georgia. And ah yes,..... the plane. A side-by-side two seater, mostly wood and paper. I was not unfamiliar with small planes. Brother-in-law, Lloyd Fiske, had one in Hampton N.H. He was a pilot for Northeast Airlines and the union representative for the pilots. This required his going to Logan Airport in Boston for meetings. He would fly his own small plane. Smaller than usual, since he had circumsised the wings for better maneuverability. I had flown this short round trip with him. His plane had tandem seating, pilot in front, passenger behind. Lloyd would tune the plane radio to a classical music station in flight and direct the orchestra while piloting. Lloyd would tune loops to see if I would throw up in the back seat. The most incongruous happening to me was the Logan Airport control tower taking planes in order of appearance. "Pan Am Constellation use runway # 3" "Piper

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Cub next on runway # 12." This was all to the good sitting on Somers Airport. I knew I wouldn't throw up.

Flight day did not start out all that bad in Somers. We took off, circled the state prison and headed almost due north. A leisurely trip up the Connecticut River to White River Junction, then an oblique left to Montpelier, turned nasty before we were out of Massachusetts. We hadn't seen the ground since Greenfield, about an hour ago, and were being buffeted around like all get out. Lloyd would have loved it. But Lloyd generally knew where he was. Evidently Dick thought it was time to do something because he began to circle. Conversation in paper airplanes is difficult at best. Through the noise and storm, Dick yelled, "I think I saw something down there, I'm going back for another look." He's sitting two feet from me, giving it his best volume and I could hardly hear him. "There it is, it'll be on your side in a second. Do you recognize anything?"

It was my first sight of Dartmouth's Baker Library since Kenna had died in 1947. "Yes, Hanover, New Hampshire, dead center."

"Good,I know the setting from here. You're sure?"

"Dead sure."

Would Ken ever see his little family again? Yes. We finally made Montpelier, Vermont. Still raining and nasty. Velma and 5 little ones waited. Well,..... one not so little,.....Sue. Velma was the only sensible one in this whole scenario. She thought it bordered on insanity. Montpelier Airport has played its part in family lore. Lloyd learned to fly there. Aunt Barbara, Susie's youngest sister, lived on a farm adjacent to the airport. I'll never forget Aunt Barbara describing a meal with her husband. Not the most talkative of persons.

Barbara, "Time to eat."

Spouse sits down, looks over the table and says, "Supper's not ready."

This meant something was missing from the table. Most would say, "Where's the butter." Not this spouse. Silence. Barb would frantically scan the table, discern the missing item, get it and sit back down.

"Supper's not ready." Something else was missing! But back to the airport.

A quick switch was made. The writer got into the 1951 Plymouth with vacationing family, drove away and hasn't seen Montpelier Airport since. Sue got into the Piper and took off on a worse trip than her Dad. Dick Larson had seemed very anxious to take off as quickly as possible. I never should have let her get in the plane. Dick said it was 'clearing' The plane took off. Sue's rendition, 34 years later, follows.

"I don't remember anything about the beginning of the flight, like taking off or why I was even on a plane, even though it was probably my first plane trip. My memories kick in when I realized the danger of flying in a small plane at night, through lashing rain, spectacular lightning, and much wind. I vividly recall the plane being batted about, like a little ping pong ball. I didn't want to bother Dick with my concern just when he was extremely busy doing pilot things. With all the engine noise of the small plane, ordinary conversation was impossible anyway. After we descended and were apparently flying very low (I could see trees outlined when lightning struck), Dick started peering out the windows. I ventured to shout, "What are you looking for?" He yelled back, "An airport. There should be one around here." There was. We landed at Keene, New Hampshire.

Even on the ground, the weather was nasty. Dick had trouble tying down the plane because of the strong wind. Then we ran through the rain to a nearby house which had lights on...the home, I think, of the airport manager. He wasn't there but his son was and Dick hired him to drive us the rest of the way to Connecticut. (After he picked up a friend to go along so there would be two of them to drive back to New Hampshire.) All I remember about our driver was that he was a teenager who wanted very much to be a commercial pilot but would never be eligible because of color blindness. They dropped me off at home around 2:00AM. End of wild airplane ride.

Mom told me afterwards that you were really angry with Dick. I was sorry to hear that because I had experienced an interesting adventure that ended just fine. I don't think even you could have taken better

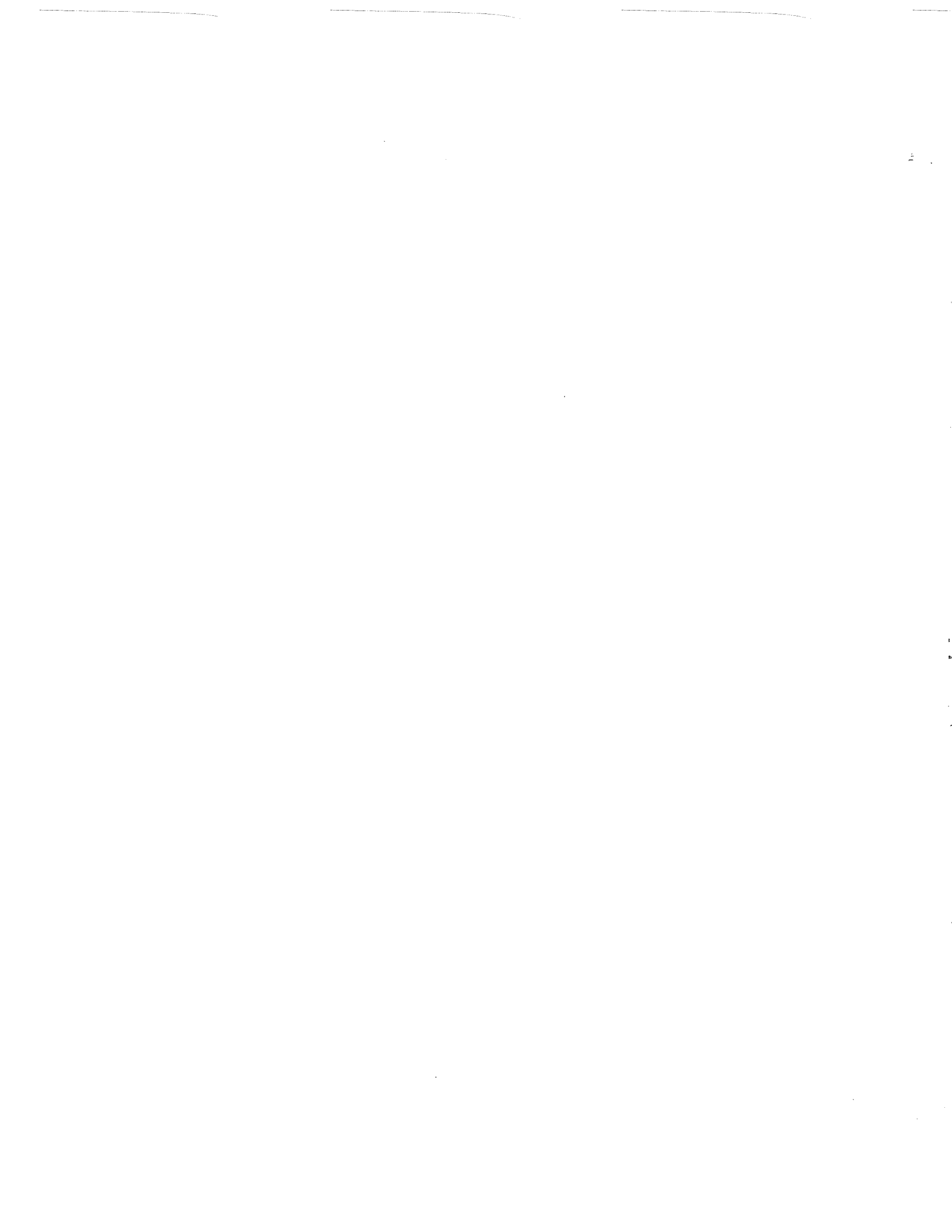
Souvenirs

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care of me under the circumstances. In fact, during that trip and the more than 30 years since, I've never been afraid of flying, heights, turbulence or severe storms. Quite remarkable considering that I am still subject to motion sickness if I have to ride more than 30 minutes in the back seat of a car."

If I seemed angry at Dick Larson, it was because I was angry at myself. We should have aborted at Greenfield, Mass.



Souvenirs
Randolf
1/2/98

Randolf

Exit 4 off Interstate 89.

Insert short paragraph about Randolf.



Souvenirs
Randolf
1/2/98

Town Watchman with Bike and Clock.

Chapter : Randolph.
Subject : Visiting Grandma.
Locale : North Woodbury, CT. to Northfield, Vt.
Date : 1953.
People : Ms. Philadelphia, Velma Jefferson, Susan (#1), Greg (#2), Mr. '49 Pontiac, Jason (#10), Gerry (#8), Kenneth Price Wilde, George Jefferson, Beth Jefferson, Shawn whatever, Randolph's night watchman, Susie Cleveland

Theme : When a spouse says, "Let's stop for gas,"..... STOP!

Town Watchman with Bike and Clock.

In the early 50's, Velma and I lived in North Woodbury, Connecticut. We had a \$10,000 GI mortgage, 2 kids and a 1949 black Pontiac business coupe. Pontiacs still had Indian head ornaments on their hoods. Ours lit up when the headlights were on. At the time, I was a representative for Munsingwear and called on department stores in Connecticut and parts of NY & RI. Business coupes had one bench seat, 18 inches of space behind the bench seat and a huge, huge trunk. Munsingwear made/sold everything which had any connection to underwear, for both sexes, of all ages. Eleven sample cases made the business coupe a wise choice. Two children made it questionable.

I was not too successful at selling. Too people oriented, and one had to talk all day. When this career leaks out to family members today, their mouths first drop open and then say, "*You sold women's lingerie?*" Yes I did. The receptionist at Munsingwear's Madison Ave. showroom was a former Ms. Philadelphia. She also modeled bras and foundation garments, which meant she pranced around half naked during business hours. I never found this distracting. Then, homeward bound in the shuttle, on the nightly commute¹, I would be unable to take my eye off the female across from me with her dress 1/2 inch above the knee. Didn't understand this then, and don't understand it now. The best part about the women's underwear line was the size of the samples. Velma was sample size. Samples could be bought very reasonably instead of returned. When the new spring or fall line came out, she'd be up half the night going through one case after another. I was not sample size and went to bed. Mr. Pontiac's main job was to carry sample cases. The second was to transport the family to Northfield, Vermont. Or so it seemed.

The Pontiac had a 6-cylinder engine and could normally be expected to make the trip from Woodbury to Northfield on one tank of gas. That's if the driver did not treat the excursion as an extension of the Indianapolis 500. The route went Williamstown, Mass, Bennington, Manchester, Rutland, Bethel/Randolph and Northfield. I knew it well. The very last section, East Braintree to Northfield Center, encompassed the notorious 'Northfield Gulf'. Chandelé heaven. Several miles of beautiful double S curves, well banked. Vermont roads have always been very good. When alone in the car, I would try to negotiate this stretch at 55 mph while staying in my lane and not touching the brake.

We generally traveled at night. Out would come the sample cases. In would go a small custom bedroll, a bathinette, diaper bag², kiddy snacks and kids. All of this was fitted into the space behind the seat and on the shelf covering the huge trunk, which remained mostly empty for the trip. We'd eat, go to the bathroom,

¹ The reverse of my enlistment route.

² Diaper bags were for diapers, the re-usable kind. Diapers went from child to toilet to diaper pail to washer to line to changing table. The toilet was the weak link in the chain. On the way to answer a call of nature, one always wondered, "How many dirty diapers will be in the toilet?" While on the subject, a neighbor, after her last child was trained, dyed all her diapers red and hung them out on the line. Next spring she was pregnant again.

Souvenirs

Randolf

1/2/98

insert ourselves into the car and leave for the Green Mountains. Sounds so easy. If you've ever had children, you know better. Trips of significant distances were compounded by the writer's sadistic aversion to stops. In later years, it was not uncommon to hear anguished, "We've got to stop,my *tonsils are afloat!*"³ cries coming from the back seat. Simple, "Are we there yet," had no effect. Mr. Sade has not changed. Jason (#10), has developed a 6-hour bladder in self-defense.

Conversation on trips was minimal.

Woodbury: "Did you lock the door?"

"Yes."

Bennington: "Do you need gas?"

"No."

Rutland...a surprise. Sue (#1), from the back of the coupe, interpreted a road sign just past the fair grounds, "HOT COFFEE". We didn't even know she could read!

Also Rutland: "Do you need gas?"

"No."

The trip northeast from Rutland today, over Mendon Mountain, bears no resemblance to this area in 1950. The last time I drove it, it was ski this and motel that. Never saw Mendon mentioned. There was a wonderful spring by the side of the road, just outside Rutland as you started up the mountain. Try and find it today. (Not that stops there were tolerated anyhow.) Upward and onward went our little band. Attaining the summit I call Mendon, and is really Pico I guess, I would look in the rear view mirror for a long gone rumble seat.

I learned to drive in a 1936 gray Dodge convertible coupe. We were big on Dodges because my namesake uncle sold them in Oyster Bay, Kenneth Price Wilde. Price of the car, \$950.00. Convertibles had rumble seats. Rumble seats were much more fun than sample trunks, unless you were crossing Mendon Mountain. The last trip I remember in the gray convertible had three drivers and one dog. (Least I think I was driving at the time. Beth will edit.) George, Beth, Ken and Shawn whatever, heading north to pick up his annual quill quota. Driving responsibilities were assigned by my father. Since he preferred parkways, he would go first. Beth and I would get the secondary roads, and then suffer constant sarcasm on how many miles *He* had driven in *his* stint compared to us. We got our revenge the year we drove up the Windway truck. He couldn't drive on any of the parkways around the City and it took him 2 hours to get out of the Bronx. I enjoyed driving through the Northfield Gulf and generally drove last, Rutland to Northfield. Beth did something like Hoosick to Rutland.

Well, while Beth was driving I'm in the rumble seat, with my pal Shawn, the Irish Setter. It became apparent that my father may have seriously underrated the late spring temperatures in the Green Mountains. I was cold. Not to worry though, Shawn was at my feet, out of the wind, on the floor of the rumble seat, and very, very warm. I shortly joined him. (Dad's rumble seat sentence was still to come.) At the next pit stop, driver became passenger, passenger became rumbler and rumbler became driver. Boy, that heater felt good! "Now,..... just who was it that was complaining about over the road mileage made per hour?" "Oh yes,.....that person hunched over in the middle of the rumble seat." Hunched over to get out of the wind as much as possible. Well golly, I'll do my best to please him, but the faster I go in here, the windier it will be out there. Thus it was, upon reaching the top, my frozen father's image filled the rear view mirror of the gray Dodge convertible. From here on it got better, as altitude decreased, and Dad survived with no ill effects. He later provided his version of rumble seat time with Shawn. My father was over six feet tall. He and Shawn could not both fit on the floor of the rumble seat. His 15 minute discourse on how he failed to convince Shawn to sit on the seat and let him have the floor, should have been recorded.

³ One of Gerry's, (#8), better utterances.

Souvenirs

Randolf

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Mendon: "What are you smiling about?"

"Thinking of my father."

Stockbridge: "Needle's not moving."

"It's downhill to Bethel."

"What makes you think there'll be anything open in Bethel. It's after 12."

Bethel: The dreaded, "I told you so,..... nothing's open."

We crossed the 'Ghost Bridge' in Bethel in ghostly silence. It was colder in the front seat of the Pontiac than it was in the old rumble seat. It's about 7 miles from Bethel to Randolph. I didn't think it possible to hold one's breath that long. It was. We entered Randolph at a gas saving pace, 25 mph, and came to halt in the middle of town. Not one light anywhere.

Randolph: "Well, I hope you're happy with yourself,what are you going to do now?"

"I'm going to find something to stick down the tank to see if we've any gas left. We are just 17 miles from your mother's."

I was sure the tank contained only fumes. Getting out to find a flexible branch to jam down the gas spout, I thought, "If I run out of gas in the Gulf, this marriage will be over before it hardly began." Boy,..... it was dark and deserted. Suddenly, there was a faint prick of light in the distance.

Was it coming closer? I couldn't tell. Rhythmically, it seemed to blink on and off. Yes, it was closing! Could it be a savior? Out of the darkness, appeared a man on a bicycle, with handlebars yawing from right to left as he pedaled. He had sort of a conductor's hat on, and hanging on a cord around his neck, a large clock. The apparition⁴ said, "Howdy."

At the same time, the clock went off.

"OOPS, time to punch the clock." Which he did. "Gotta do that every 20 minutes so's they know I'm awake on the job. You folks have a problem?"

I explained my predicament.

"That's no problem, I can fix you right up. The Fire Department leaves a can of gas outside, behind the firehouse, for emergencies. It's white gas but it'll get you to Northfield. Follow me." So there was Mr. Speedster, following a bike through the back streets of Randolph at 5 miles an hour while Velma sat in silence with steam coming out her ears. Our savior dumped in the gas, would take no money, and cheerfully waved us goodbye. I can still see him tottering off at his top speed. Was almost time for the clock to go off again. We got to Susie's about 1:30,having negotiated the Northfield Gulf in a very conservative fashion.

"Hi Ken, how was the trip?"

"It was OK."

"Wait till he goes to bed Mom, I'll tell you all about it."

⁴ I am going to write the Town of Randolph to see if they had a bicycle watchman in 1953. Maybe this apparition was really my guardian angel.



Souvenirs
Burlington
1/2/98

Burlington

Exit 14 off Interstate 89.

Insert short paragraph about Burlington.



Souvenirs
Burlington
1/2/98

Chapter : Burlington.
Subject : Marriage.
Date : July 3, 1977.
Locale : Motel.
People : Lucile & Ken.

Theme :

Honeymoon II.

This is going to be a short subject. A very short subject.

I can not speak for my spouse, but my overriding thoughts en route to a Burlington motel were , “ It is over. We are married. I am glad. I hope I never have to go through this again. Nancy & David will keep anyone from burning down the cabin in celebration. Let’s check in, have a good dinner and go to sleep.” Not too romantic, but true. I was 51, Lucile was 46¹. Neither should be looking forward to an athletic night in bed. In my usual non-communicative state, I could only hope that my partner felt the same. I don’t even remember if we made love that night. Not important, I was completely at ease with Lucile. I still am.

According to the commercial view, a honeymoon should last forever and cost a fortune. I can not voice an opinion on this. I have been married 50 of my 70 years. My two ‘Honeymoons’ total 4 days. Per the theme of this whole document, if I had it to do over, I would honeymoon for 2 1/2 days!

The morning after the wedding of the year, I went outside the motel and viewed the mountains off toward Camel’s Hump. Velma and I had climbed this mountain in 1946. Now it was day one of my marriage to Lucile. Mentally I recorded the shapes and mists in my ken. A watercolor resulted. All think the painting depicts ocean waves. Not to me. These are mountains just south of I-89 as viewed from Burlington on day one of a very satisfying partnership.

We did not dawdle July 3. Back on site in North Hero, we quickly became aware the Dodge Charger was busy the night before. In defiance of last minute instructions, Scott Herrick and the Charger had been off the reservation for a considerable portion of the evening. Scott was on a bus out of Burlington the very next morning. I don’t believe this quick sentencing surprised my six kids. I do think it made an impression on the recently acquired step-kids.

I cannot close this without an accolade to Scott. The boy was intelligent and quick. On a prior visit we were cutting trees. There was a possibility that one would fall on the power line. We roped it up and started cutting. We had miscalculated. We were not strong enough to haul on the double line and make the tree fall where we wanted. It was leaning toward the power line. Panic. Not Scott. Picking up an 8 foot 2x4, Scott slipped it between the double stranded rope and started winding it like a propeller. Winding the rope shortened the rope, the tree returned to an erect position and then began its fall just where we wanted. I was impressed. Be that as it may, everyone had heard my ultimatum and Scott was gone.

Day one, of marriage two, had good things and bad. So do most. One learns to hang in there.

¹ Corrected, 39!



Souvenirs
Bristol
1/2/98

North Hero I

Exit 17 off Interstate 89.

Insert short paragraph about North Hero.



Souvenirs
North Hero I
1/2/98

Life in the Original Cabin.

Chapter : North Hero I
Subject : Cabin #1 in North Hero.
Date : 1960-1990
Locale : Cedarvale.

People : John Bennett, Lucile Bennett, Charlie Bennett, Louise Bennett, Ralph Emerson, Ellie Emerson, George Dawson, Jane Dawson, Graham Baker, Peter Bowman, Velma Jefferson, David Jefferson, Nancy Strong, Sue(#1), Art Ward, Rita Ward, Greg(#2), Mike(#3), Queen Elizabeth, Mr Jacot, Harry Hutchins, Mike Demand, Erhart Demand, Eric St. John, Killer Heron, Norman McDevitt, Linda (#5), Wicked Witch of the West, Barbara Baker, Gerry(#8), Stephen Baker, Drew Emerson, Phil(#9), Mr. Stygles, Frank McDevitt, Moira St. John, Lynda Baker, Etta McDevitt, Lembergs, Alan Langvee, Keith Dawson, Uncle Ron Marsh, Karen Bowman.

Theme : It was good while it lasted.

Cedarvale Estates results from a real estate venture started by four young Canadian couples in 1960. They were Ralph and Ellie Emerson, George and Jane Dawson, Charlie and Louise Bennett and John and Lucile Bennett. The Bennett boys are my cousins. As negotiations for the property proceeded, Ralph, George and John were voicing shock that anyone might think of breaking up such a beautiful piece of land. Horrors! Meanwhile Charlie, the engineer of the group, was busy blocking out the contemplated private road with 30 lots crammed in on each side. Thirty fronted the lake and became 'Lake' lots, thirty didn't and became 'Back' lots. These original 60 lots are currently owned by 27 families, some have 6 or more lots, most have 2, 'Lake' & 'Back'. The property was acquired and action began.

First project: get rid of the insect population, most notably the mosquitos. At least until the lots were sold.

Second project: put in the road. Or reasonable facsimile of same.

Third project: stake out the large and commodious lots¹.

Fourth project: Build a model cabin. I would love to have been watching with a video camera. The above group made up the construction crew. They have described the resulting cabin to me as, "being built by inept, drunken, idiots." This exaggerates the situation. 37 years later, their finished product is a fine looking cabin.

Fifth project: setting up the 'model' so the four couples could share it on weekends.

This consisted of curtaining off one corner per couple. Some couples also had 'little people'. Real cozy. Sharing the refrigerator, one shelf per family, was even harder. Vehement arguments ensued over just which family owned the last egg in the refrigerator door. This does not exaggerate the situation. 37 years later just mention 'The Egg'.

Sixth project: cranking up the sales campaign. I believe that my current croquet nemesises, Graham Baker and Peter Bowman, were the star salesmen. With the model built by inebriated carpenters and the sales effort led by the grouchiest croquet players in North America, it's hard to believe any lots were sold.

However, they were. Our Cabin #1 sat in the middle of lots #12a & 13a², as does its replacement, Cabin #2. It was built in 1961 by the slowly improving above construction crew³. The dimensions of cabin #1 were roughly 20x28. The living room, 12x20 faced the lake and three small bedrooms, a kitchen & bath were crammed into the remaining space. The ceiling beam from the cathedral living room is now a shelf in the basement office of cabin #2. Velma and Lucile met at the David Jefferson/Nancy Strong wedding in Woodbury, CT in 1961. Velma, with children, visited cabin #1 for short periods. Sue (#1) visited alone for a

¹ 100 ft. frontage on road.

² a's are lake front lots, b's are back lots.

³ Maybe they just cut back a bit on the beer.

Souvenirs
North Hero I
1/2/98

longer time. In 1967, the Jeffersons and the Wards rented cabin #1 as home base for a week of Expo '67. This could have been a total of 4 adults and nine children. Maybe all Jefferson children weren't there. Sue(#1) would have been 18 and Greg (#2) 16. I know that Mike(#3) was there. He almost bumped into the Queen of England at the Fair. Cabin #1, from its day 1, was the gathering spot for kids and volleyball. To the south was lot 14a with a Swiss owner, Jacot, and no cabin, then lot 15a which had Charlie and Louise's cabin.

When they could keep the cabin free of visiting relatives, Lucile & John would load three kids plus diapers into a Morris Mini Minor and take off for North Hero.

Ten years after Expo '67, Lucile and Ken bought John Bennett's share of cabin #1 and Ken's education in living next to Lake Champlain began. Also, because Ken's last name is Jefferson, equipment malfunction began.

1977; Had a storage shed built by Harry Hutchins. Harry was approaching seventy at the time and I had some doubts about his tackling a job of this magnitude. Now I am in my seventies, and realize how ridiculous these doubts were. 15 years after building the shed, the same Harry Hutchins (all by himself) moved it to a new location.

1978; Summer people in North Hero get their water from the lake. This requires a pump. I knew nothing about pumps. My ignorance was matched only by my neighbor, yea olde salesman, Graham Baker. As luck would have it, we shared a pump. This pump had an amazing per cent of 'down' time. Ken bought one of his own and had Mike Demand set it up for him. This pump is the current Mr. Sucker in the basement of cabin #2.

This year also brought the blight of the Gong Show down on the neighborhood. Overture #1 cascaded from the cabin's small porch.

1979; The original septic tank was under a clothesline on the north side of the cabin. The tank was covered by 1/2 inch of soil and in a location which appeared to allow a very, very, short, drainage field⁴. While hanging up your wet bathing suit, you could flex the buried tank beneath you like a trampoline. Visions of a fate worse than death arose while standing by the clothesline. There one second, flush out of sight the next! A new tank & field was put in on the south side of cabin #1. The field was put in under the volleyball court and resulted in a very dusty 1979 Linda(#5) & Norman McDevitt wedding. We still use this tank & field. We disconnected the pipe, tore down the old cabin, built a new one and reconnected the pipe. Unfortunately the tank ended up under the beautiful 'Mike Demand' deck. When guests ask why some of the deck boards are screwed down while most others are nailed, the stock answer is, "The boards are always greener over the septic tank." Which means absolutely nothing to most askers.

1980; Wood stoves are well used in Vermont cabins with no other source of heat. In 1980 ours would furnish lots of heat, but very little flame and smoke went up the flue pipe. Most came out holes on the side. Ever present Harry Hutchins procured and installed a second hand stove in good condition for \$75.00. Like the 1979 septic tank, this item has also made the transition to cabin #2.
Last Gong Show at cabin #1.

1981; Installed a new electric hot water heater. In a 20x28 cabin, the hardest part of this job was finding a place to put it. The heater ended up in the hall over two bedroom doors. This was a poor choice on my part. The elevation of the heater was now the highest part of the plumbing system. Foot valves on lake pipes are not 100% reliable and even new pumps go 'down'. Whenever a water problem occurred water would be drained out of the water heater. The usually immersed element, now dry, would feel chilly and come on to heat water no longer there. This caused instant burn out of the heating element unless at the first sign of trouble, someone remembered to shut off the heater. We kept spare elements. Ken can do this

⁴ Unlike pumps, the writer had experience with septic fields and suspected strongly there was no field at all.

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maintenance chore blindfolded. In cabin #2, this appliance was put in the basement. Replaced in 1995 by oil fired equipment it was donated to the 1996 North Hero Fire Department auction.
Gong Show #4 was put on in the North Hero Town Hall.

1982; The refrigerator died. Refrigeration expert and neighbor Erhart Demand signed the death certificate. Cause of death, oscillating amperage supplied by inadequate electrical entrance panel. Bought new refrigerator with extended maintenance agreement. Still going strong and now has its own circuit in cabin #2 thanks to electrical expert and neighbor Eric St. John.
Gong Show stage turned into screened porch.

1983; Year of the killer heron. Any projects undertaken this year pale in light of the life threatening caper involving Marc(#7) and Norman McDevitt. The wood stove has an 8-inch flue pipe. At the top is a cap to keep out raccoons and such, (see Montpelier Friends & Family.) A damper is in the flue about 2 feet above the stove. When the stove was not in use the damper would be set to block the air flow. Marc(#7) and Norman, arriving on site for some reason, prepared to start a fire. The damper seemed stuck, but they finally got it opened. Their action aroused an unknown creature sleeping in the flue pipe. Loud noises emanated from the flue. Obviously an animal of considerable size. Raccoon? No, they checked the cap, it was still in place. The scratching, clawing and banging continued. Would the flue pipe hold up? Defensive consultation. All possible North Hero wildlife were considered. The logical conclusion reached under this tremendous stress & trauma, a Heron. Herons fly and hover very well. Herons come armed with a 15 inch, sharp beak. A heron loose in the cabin would be a real problem. Preparations were made for battle. All available clothing was put on. Heavy towels were wrapped around heads to protect against stab wounds. A fire was considered to smoke the wild beast back out the flue. This idea was discarded. With the beast blocking the flue, the smoke would drive Marc(#7) and Norm out of the cabin first. Scare it out by banging on the pipe themselves? Yes! Marc(#7) would bang. Norm would open the stove doors and yell into the fire box. Ready, set, go. Banging and yelling joined scratching and clawing. The suspense mounted. Then, magically, the scratching clawing noise ceased. Ceased, as a tiny, scared chickadee fell out of the pipe and into the grate. How to go yea 'Mighty Hunters & Protectors of the Hearth!'

1984 & 1985; Bats are amazing animals. They fly, have built-in radar, and can squeeze through holes invisible to the naked eye. They loved cabin #1 every bit as much as we did. One took up residence behind the new water heater. Two of the family were in the cabin, Lucile & Linda(#5). Mike Demand was asked to help. The plan: Mike, on a step ladder, would flush out the bat from behind the heater, Lucile & Linda(#5) would open the front door and the bat would fly out. The result: Mike flushed, Bat flew and Girls fled, into the bedroom, covering their hair and forgetting to open the front door. New plan: Mike Demand will do it himself.

We had a full cabin when Lucile saw her next bat.

"Ken, I just saw a bat go in the crack in the corner of the living room."

"Yeah, right. You couldn't slip a piece of toilet paper into that crack."

"But I did! Do something!"

"Okay, okay."

Ken goes to his first aid supplies⁵, gets the duct tape and tapes up the corner.

"There. Happy?"

"Don't make fun of me. I saw a bat."

Next morning, sitting in the living room, Lucile sees the duct tape moving. 'I told you so' #563 followed. Ken cuts the moving section of the duct tape out of the corner and sure enough, like a fly on fly paper we have a bat on duct tape. Now we like bats flying around outside the cabin, so we didn't want to hurt the poor fellow. However, separating bat and duct tape was not going to be easy. An operation was called for. Sue(#1) & Matt(#6) were visiting and took over. The picnic table became the operating table. The volleyball court became the operating amphitheater. A quarter inch at a time, tape and bat wing were separated and paper towel advanced into the gap to deter re-adhesion. The patient was emitting continuous

⁵ First aid kit contains bag balm & duct tape.

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high pitched bat noises. Un-attached bats⁶ observing from amphitheater trees joined in. It took an hour. The duct tape held on to the bitter end. Finally, the patient was freed and flew off. Bat noises subsided. It was weird. Like they realized what was going on all the time. We should have tagged him to see if he ever came back in the cabin.

1986; Bathroom repairs initiated. The old bathtub had to be disconnected. In the crawl space under the bath with feet sticking out, Ken looked like the wicked witch of the east in 'The Wizard of Oz.' The dead one that is, with the magic slippers⁷. The old tub with legs was dragged out of the bathroom via a hole in the adjoining bedroom wall and replaced with a 'Harry Hutchins' find. Lucile re-enameled it.

1987-1989; The Japanese honeysuckle war. The Harry Hutchins shed was built in 1977. By 1987 it had been engulfed by Japanese Honeysuckle. Not their botanical name no doubt, but that's what I call them. Our front lots have a 75-foot deep cedar grove fronting the road. Half were spindly or dead. We call this 'The Forest of Dead Trees'. This area did not get addressed till 1996. The next 100 feet from 'The Forest of Dead Trees' to cabin #1 was a different matter. Most folks have trouble finding tools in their sheds. We had trouble finding the shed. The cabin would be next. I am going to tire writing 'Japanese Honeysuckle', and will switch to an acronym, GDJH. War was declared December 7, 1987. The battlefield must be described. Sumac had already lost their fight for survival. Dead sumac skeletons, supporting old John Bennett grape vines, looked down on the burgeoning GDJH. In the struggle for sunlight the GDJH would send out new runners like ivy does. Ivy can be mowed. GDJH must be ripped out by the roots. The war lasted three years. Longer than my involvement with that other Japanese thing. Stumps still prevent mowing the battlefield and vine skeletons remain visible in the tops of tall cedars, but I guess we've won. Except when I trip over a reviving carcass, and emit the old battle cry, "These 'GDJHs!'"

1989; Moratorium on all repairs. With a new cabin in the offing our attitude became, "Let it go, maybe it will fall down by itself."

Cabin #1 was the site of three of the four 'Gong Shows'. Photo albums of these historic events are hard to beat in conveying their creativity, but Marc(#7) comes close, see below. When I reached this point in 'Life in the Original Cabin', I sent the subject to him with these italicized comments. His reply follows.

Marc, want a few paragraphs re Gong Show inserted here. I never saw a 'Gong Show'. Not that it would keep me from writing a fictional report, but you write it please. Your, up to this point, construction consultant. (no response, no phone sessions) My outline follows. Use it or not. Macht mir nichts.

The Gong Shows.

Background: What, why, when, where.

Catch ridiculous flavor.

Memorable judging fiascos.

Notable performances.

Ticket sale kudo.

Last Show: Historic site abandoned for Town Hall in Greater Downtown North Hero. If we can make it there, we'll make it anywhere.

Recorded for posterity in 62 photo albums. (Great blackmail possibilities.)

THE GONG SHOW

WHY

⁶ Perhaps 'significant others' describes them better.

⁷ Ken told Barbara Baker he was under there studying for Trivial Pursuit.

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Marc(#7), Gerry(#8) and Stephen Baker were Gong Show fans. They had watched it on television for years. Marc(#7) and Gerry(#8) liked the show because... well... they were weird. Stephen liked it because he is the type of individual who enjoys witnessing others humiliate themselves doing things which they think are talented or original in front of an audience of millions.

On a late June evening in 1978, after watching the Gong Show on television, Marc, Gerry and Stephen retired to the bunk bedroom in the old cottage, where they schemed and planned. "What if," said someone, "we had a Gong Show?" With mouths agape, the others listened. "We could invite everybody on Pelot's Point to attend in the audience, we could ask others to perform, we could get the most respected and astute residents to judge, and we could devise fake acts to entertain the audience. It would be a great time had by all!"

Concensus!

The boys had planned and schemed even further, and determined the following:

- * Stephen, by virtue of his appealing audience presence, would be host of the show and be named "Chuck Baker."
- * Marc, by virtue of his organizational skills, would be production coordinator
- * Gerry, by virtue of his creativity, would be talent coordinator.
- * Drew Emerson, by virtue of his willingness to do anything to get attention, would be the "Unknown Comic (based on a Gong Show icon who performed very bad comedy wearing a paper bag over his head)."
- * Norman McDevitt, by virtue of his exquisite dancing abilities, would be "Norm, Norm, the Dancing Storm! (based on Gene, Gene, the Dancing Machine on the original show)"
- * Greg(#2), by virtue of his pleasant personality, would sell tickets to the audience.
- * Phil(#9), by virtue of his desire to become accepted into the group (he seemed much younger than the others at the time), would do everything else (including building stages, hanging curtains, performing "real" acts, performing "fake" acts, explaining to people what was going on and crowd control).

"Real" acts were recruited (i.e., those untalented individuals seeking praise and prizes). "Fake" acts were developed (i.e., fillers for the show involving actors doing short skits for the audience, not for prizes, but definitely for praise). Phil built the stage and put up the curtains. Greg sold enough tickets to give away \$30 in prize money. Drew bought a joke book and a paper bag. Norm went golfing. Stephen bought a special T-shirt to wear as host of the show.

The stage was set (oh so sorry for the oh so very bad pun!) for the first Annual Semi-Professional North Hero Gong Show. The judges would be Mr. Stygles (deaf, but willing to lend us an actual gong, so he had to be asked!), Frank McDevitt (no comment), and the always bribable Moira St. John.

*Overture,
Hit the lights,
This is it,
The night of nights.
And, oh what heights we'll hit,
On with the show, This is it!*

This was the beginning, it was the first Gong Show anthem, sung by all the keeners, except for Stephen (Chuck) Baker. Lynda, Stephen's sister, won first prize -- a trophy with a beer bottle cap somehow glued onto it. Confusion in the judging, however, led to Etta McDevitt's act (the most memorable moment in Gong Show history) being declared as the winning act. Lynda has still not forgotten.

The boys had done it. They had organized and performed the Gong Show in such a crowd pleasing manner that there had to be a second installment. Chuck Baker was an excellent host. The "Real" performers showed semblances of talent. The "fake" acts were well appreciated. But in the end, it was Etta McDevitt's tassels that convinced the organizers that there existed sufficient demand to work on the second Gong Show. The rest is history.

MEMORABLE MOMENTS

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In the very first year of the Gong Show, exploiting her good nature and her looks, the organizers convinced Etta McDevitt to perform a striptease as the final act of the show (Stephen Baker's idea, but we now think he was influenced by Graham Baker). To everybody's surprise she agreed. The news spread like wild fire. Cottagers were approaching the organizers to buy tickets. Despite the fact that the audience was asked to bring their own lawn chairs to the show, there was not an empty seat in the yard in front of the stage. The audience endured the long and boring acts, the self-indulgent acts, Norm, Norm the Dancing Storm, and the Unknown Comic just waiting for Etta to disrobe. It finally happened. Chuck Baker introduced her as *Patricia the Stripper*. The music started. She pranced out on the stage fully clothed, but slowly began to unbuckle, unbutton, and unzip. The audience cheered and jeered, and many publicly offered sizable sums of money for full frontal nudity. By the end of the song Etta was wearing nothing but a slinky body suit, a necklace made out of beer can tabs, and strategically placed tassels. Frank McDevitt, her husband, and one of the judges of this competition, was both proud and upset, and gave her a score of ten out of ten. Etta finished in second place behind Lynda Thorslund's (nee Baker) annual dance routine.

One year, while Greg(#2) was selling tickets to what he believed was the best event of the season -- something that nobody in their right mind would even consider missing -- he knocked on the Lemberg's cottage door, and was met by the never-friendly Mr. Lemberg. Greg said to him politely: "Would you like to buy a ticket to this year's Gong Show?" Lemberg replied, in his intimidating and paranoid manner: "What is this? What do you want!?! Why do you want my money!?!". Greg, not a trained salesman, nor a particularly assertive individual, simply stood by the cottage door in disbelief. He could not move. He could not talk. All he could do was stand silently gazing into Lemberg's fiery eyes. Greg was saved when Mrs. Lemberg came to the door said, "It's okay! Everybody goes! How much this year?" She bought two tickets for 50 cents each, and Greg went home to change his underwear.

In year three, Alan Langvee, who was a proud member of the Gong Show organizing committee, brought three of his friends to the competition. He, and his three friends would make up a rock and roll band named TNT. They performed the songs *Do You Want to Dance* and *My Generation* in the Gong Show. Needless to say, they were immediate hits. The audience loved them. This was true talent. Unfortunately the judges gave them zero points. At the North Hero Gong Show, talent was not an issue. This year, the winning act consisted of four grown men dressed in sexy lingerie, lip syncing and dancing to a Diana Ross and the Supremes song. Linda McDevitt is still missing her negligee which she lent to Stephen Baker for this act. The opening act for year two, was Phil Jefferson's *Body Builder*. In his skit, Phil talked about the importance of good nutrition in maintaining a sound and healthy body. As he was speaking, he concocted a mix of raw eggs in a large cocktail glass. At the end of his routine, just as the audience thought that he would drink the raw eggs, he brought the glass to his mouth, winked at the crowd and poured the mixture down his pants. Rumour has it he was wearing rubber underpants. Following his act, Phil became an accepted member of the Cedarvale community.

In one of the most popular "fake" acts, Drew Emerson, Keith Dawson, and Gerry Bennett (I think) were introduced as ZIP ZIP ZIP. They walked on stage and lowered the microphone to "crotch level". They began to hum *The Blue Danube*, but replaced one part of the song with the sound of their flies being lowered and raised (i.e., voice: DA-DA-DA-DA-DA, ZIP, ZIP, ZIP, ZIP.) This continued until Drew pretended (we hope!) to get his manlyhood caught in the zipper on one of the *up-zips*. Drew keeled over and screamed out in pain as Keith and Gerry carried him off the stage. The audience roared. The 1980's were such a sick and demented time, weren't they!

He was introduced to the audience simply as *Uncle Ron* --Drew, Sharon, and Jay's uncle, and Ellie's brother.

For some obscure reason, he agreed to host a Gong Show, but organizers knew that he would be an instant hit. He was clever, he was funny, he was witty and he wanted attention -- you cannot ask for a better host. Ron exceeded the fourth and final Gong Show. Uncle Ron had never seen a Gong Show, and organizers thought it best to brief him with respect to the prevailing *dos* and *don'ts*. He didn't seem to care, and just went about his hosting duties like an experienced professional Gong Show host. He made jokes to the crowd, he introduced acts in the specified order, he praised well-received skits, and consoled those who

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were gonged without offending anybody. He never offended anybody, that is, until he walked on stage to introduce the next act wearing -- on his head -- that tacky orange lamp shade which usually hung over Emerson's dining room table which everyone had been making fun of for years.

In year four, at the North Hero Town Hall, Karen Bowman and Marc Bennett performed the song *I've Got a Brand New Pair of Roller Skates, You've got a Brand New Key*. Marc played the guitar and had a huge silver key glued to his head, while Karen donned a pair of roller skates and sang. Both were dressed up as kids for effect. Marc wore shorts with suspenders, and Karen wore her hair in pigtails, and a *very* short skirt. During the skit, Karen had a little bit of trouble skating on stage and eventually sat down on a chair next to Marc. It appears that Karen forgot that the stage at the North Hero Town Hall was much higher than the stage at the three previous Gong Shows, and as a result, flashed the audience when she sat down. Marc, still playing the guitar, thought the crowd was applauding his outstanding 'picking'. Karen and Marc won second prize that year, mostly because of Karen's *hidden* talents.

(Thank you prolific Marc. We could have made this a whole chapter I guess!)

In 1990, the old cabin disappeared. No one visibly cried, but it was sad. A few odds and ends have survived and become part of cabin #2. Most notable perhaps, the Gong Show stage. Open a bottom kitchen cabinet door and there, providing the cabinet base, is the one and original Gong Show stage.



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Chapter : North Hero I
Subject : Marriage.
Date : July 3, 1977.
Locale : Cabin #1.
People : Cast of Thousands. Velma Jefferson, Phil(#9), Lucile Bennett, John Bennett, David Jefferson, Nancy Jefferson, 'The Yellow Skunk', Mike(#3), Marc(#7), Bill Jefferson, Linda Strong Jefferson, Mr. John Lane, George Summerson Jefferson, Sue(#1), Linda(#5), Matt(#6), Scott Herrick, Gerry(#8), Papa, Norman McDevitt, Frank McDevitt, Etta McDevitt, Lloyd Fiske, Marguerite Fiske, Susie Cleveland, Anne Foley, Beth Brock, Guy Brock, Jeff Brock, Carole Brock, Art Peterson, Gladys Peterson, Art Ward, Addie Ward, Dick Saxe, Dorothy Saxe, Nephew, Bill Clulow, Carol Clulow, Suzanne Reid, Marcel Reid, Jeannine Savard, Claude Savard, Tante Gisele Belanger.

Theme : A second wonderful day!

Wedding II.

In late summer of 1976 the writer was not a happy camper. I was 50. Velma, spouse for 30 years and mother of my children had just died. Four children were still at home, the youngest, Phil(#9), was 11. Good thing there were children. Their presence provided a needed purpose to help one get through the first days and weeks. Condolence notes and cards went mostly unanswered. Read and appreciated, but not answered. In Velma's file folder today is a list of, "Cards not answered." It is a long list. One of the few responses went to Lucile Bennett in Montreal. Velma had mentioned some time past that John and Lucile had separated. We hadn't seen either since moving to Georgia in 1970. In her note Lucile said, "If you are ever in Montreal come and see me." Probably thought this a safe invitation to extend since I was 1300 miles away. As I read, memories of good times in North Hero and Montreal arose. When things settled down a bit, I had planned to take Phil(#9) on a trip to New England. In my response I said when we expected to be at David and Nancy's in Glastonbury CT. and that I would call from there.

In early fall of '76 the '73 Karmann Ghia was in the prime of its life. In dog years the Ghia was 21. It was bright yellow with black stripe and CB handle to match, "The Yellow Skunk." Phil(#9) and I already had some memorable Ghia moments. While using a Ghia¹, Mike(#3) had a flat and put on the spare which is located under the front hood. Ken was assured Mike(#3) would have it fixed and the spare returned to its usual location. A few weeks later Phil(#9) and Ken came out of a Flames² hockey game and found another flat and the spare not fixed. We took a bus home. Recounting this tale of woe in mixed company later, my rendition ended up, "And goodness gracious me, the spare was flat too."
Phil(#9) quickly interrupted, "No no Dad, that's not what you said at all!"

With CB dictionary and camping equipment Ken and Phil(#9) took off. We camped over night just off the Skyline Drive in Virginia. There had been a light rain and all was wet. No matter. We carried a small 'swedish' stove about the size of a large tomato can. It burned white gas which we carried in aluminum bottles the shape of small cylinders. My normal camp-fire lighting procedure was to pile up the wood, wet

¹ We had two, I can never remember what happened in which. Ghia #1 was left for dead by Matt(#6) in Cleveland, Ohio. (It had been on life support for years.)

² They had not yet defected to Calgary.

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or not, pour some white gas over the pile, set the bottle off to the side and toss on a match on the pyre. This method never had Phil(#9)'s approval. Well, this evening, while setting the bottle safely aside I had left a dribble trail. The match was tossed, voila instant campfire and a racing tongue of flame heading straight for the white gas bottle. I was not sure just what would happen when flame met bottle. Preferring fire to explosion, I got there first and just had time to place kick the bottle into the woods. A good three pointer! Wow, excitement, fire all over the place. Luckily, the burning leaves were wet, but we couldn't stomp the fires out. They burned like trick birthday candles. Seemed to take forever. When we had persevered, 'I told you so' #478 was bestowed on Dad.³ Since Lucile and I ended up married you may assume Phil(#9) and I burned our way through Virginia, Connecticut, Quebec, and got close enough to phone and be rescued by Marc(#7) and Lucile.

"What do the street signs say at that intersection?"

"They say ????? & ?????."

"Don't move, we'll come and get you."

A courtship had started. It was to be mostly a long distance one. I think I proposed by mail. Nope, wrong, was by phone according to an impeccable source.

I would fly periodically from Atlanta to Dorval Airport in Montreal where Lucile would meet me. Her car was the Red Charger. See 'Customs Confrontations'. One well planned weekend did not turn out as expected. David, Nancy, Bill and Linda Jefferson were skiing at Gore Mountain in New York state maybe a hundred miles from the border. Lucile and I were to join them there. We almost didn't. We left Montreal in blizzard conditions and headed down Rt. 15. Plowed snow from previous storms was higher than the car on both sides of the south bound lanes. The poor visibility did not slow up 18-wheelers. Most cars stayed in the right lane and went about 50 mph. Trucks kept to the left and did 75 mph. We were hard put to keep the tail lights of the vehicle in front of us in sight. We will call this vehicle car #2. Suddenly tail lights became brake lights, veered to the left and slowed. Car #3, us, could not see what caused this change, but to pass car #2 on the left meant risking a collision with an 18-wheeler. They appeared out of the snow so fast there would be no time to react. Car #3 braked, veered to the right and saw car #1, a Quebec Mustang. It had stalled and been knocked part way out of the right hand lane by car #2. A girl was at the wheel and her boy friend, who had been trying to push it off the road was now trying to scramble up the icy bank to safety. We were soon to find out this was impossible. Car #3 had nowhere to go and plowed into the back of car #1. The service and right lanes were now blocked by 3 cars. Visibility was about 15 feet, the wind was howling and was it ever cold. I did not even have time to ask Lucile if she was okay before car #4 arrived. Wham! We stayed in the car initially, figuring it was safer. We could not see back past car #4, but we could hear additional vehicles joining the group, wham-bam-slam! A total of 52 cars were involved. I got out. Car #3 was bigger than cars #1 & #4 and was still operable. One headlight pointed straight up and a ski rack had disappeared off the top but we had been very lucky. 18-wheelers were still racing by in the open left lane. I wondered how many cars they would demolish if one came racing along in the right hand lane. Hopefully not more than 49. I was wearing a tee shirt, wool shirt, sweater and heavy winter coat. The wind drove that icy snow through them all. I have never been so cold. Lucile had to get out and exchange particulars with cars #1 & #4. Everyone talked French but me. The girl in car #1 was an emotional basket case. We ended up taking the girl in car #4 to the customs station, she had to leave her wreck just where it was. We made the Montreal news that night. When we limped into Gore Bill Jefferson said, "Wow Uncle Ken, you did a neat job on this car!" We didn't ski. It took all weekend to warm up. Most weekend get-togethers were more sedate.

I was anxious to get married. Lucile wasn't so sure. Moving to Atlanta and a household of perhaps 8 or more seemed an awesome undertaking. A trial visit in the spring was agreed upon. Even Papa came. All survived. Plans began. The wedding would be outside by cabin #1 over the 4th of July weekend. We would be married by a Justice of the Peace. John Lane of Knight's Store on North Hero was one. We went to see him. (Knight's Store is now an antique shop, 'Simply Country'.)

"Yes, I'll be glad to marry you. When will it be?"

"July 2nd."

³ Deservedly, but why does Phil(#9) keep bringing it up?

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"Oh dear. That's my busiest weekend of the year. Can't leave the store that weekend."

"Well what can we do?"

"I've married lots of folks right here at the meat counter. Let me get my photo album."

Mr. Lane went into the back room. Ken & Lucile surveyed the meat counter. He was back. Sure enough, the album was full of happy couples embracing next to the baloney in the meat case. A wedding site the whole family could talk about for years. I was weakening. Lucile wasn't, thank goodness.

"Those are lovely pictures but we have our hearts set on being married by the lake."

"Well, you might try Miss Whittlesey just down the road a piece. She's a JP"

"We didn't know that. Thanks, and we may be back."

We only returned to the meat counter to buy meat. Miss Whittlesey agreed to do the honors.

In my humble opinion, our wedding was the social event of the year in Cedarvale. The setting was Cabin #1. Tents augmented the meager sleeping accommodations and people began to arrive. Let us see if we can get some of the main players on site.

My trip from Atlanta to North Hero for wedding #2 was memorable to say the least. Thank goodness I have many witnesses to this tale of woe. While it was happening, I could not help but think of a story my father, George Summerson, told about, "*You think you have troubles?*"

*

'Two double train seats face each other. One of the four spaces is empty. In comes a man and sits down. He starts in on a tale of woe. Money, stock market, women, and on and on. The man across from him finally can't take any more.

"Hey guy, *you think you have troubles?* You are sitting next to my idiot son. This is my teenage daughter holding her illegitimate baby, my dead wife is in a casket in the baggage car, I don't have any money, I've forgotten the tickets and I'm on the wrong train!"

*

A real gem huh? If you got up feeling troubled today, I bet you better already. This thought process to be less troubled, is equaled I believe by the following. When being chewed out by one of those ever present 'Super Being' motor mouths, maintain a humble attentive pose and imagine Mr. Bombast trimming his toenails while sitting naked on the toilet⁴. Works every time.

Sue(#1) had a nine passenger Chevrolet Station Wagon. Just what the family needed for economical transportation to the wedding of the age. She had it serviced, filled with gas and off we went.⁵ First gas stop, the Carolinas border. 16 gallons of gas and 4 quarts of oil. **4 quarts of oil!** Wait a minute here. In 225 miles, where did 4 quarts of oil go? The block was dry. There was no evidence of oil under the car. We decided to post a blue streak emission scout in the rear facing seat and admonished the driver of record to monitor oil pressure⁶. The 'scout' was handicapped. It was already dark. Next stop: 3 quarts of oil! Where the hell was it going? There was a detour in Washington DC I was driving and got lost. Phil(#9) felt sick. We stopped in a very questionable section of the capitol so Phil(#9) could throw up in an empty lot between abandoned tenements. A big car comes gliding to a stop next to ours. It's full of black people. Big black people. (How are we doing George Summerson?) Window rolls down revealing a woman. "Hi, having a problem? Anything we can help with?" Boy, how embarrassing. Expecting to be mugged or worse, I was confronted with a car full of people just like me. "No thanks, just a little car sickness. Appreciate it." Early morning in Maryland we stopped for breakfast at a McDonald's on the Interstate. Michael(#3) happened to look at the tires. Canvas was showing on a couple! We picked the worse one and

⁴ Sorry Michelle, should have written Mr/Ms Bombast.

⁵ We are Ken, Sue(#1), Greg(#2), Mike(#3), Sara(#4)????, Matt(#6), and Phil(#9).

⁶ Drivers were in good supply. Our plan was to drive straight through the night.

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prepared to put on the spare. The holes on the spare did not line up with the lugnuts on the wheel⁷. (Was it really meant that I should marry this person?) We were near Wilmington, Delaware. Initial plan: go towards Wilmington and find a place to buy all new tires and new rim for the spare. It is now morning rush hour. An hour later we have gone about 15 miles. "The hell with this. We are going on to L.I. if we have to drive on the rims." I cannot see a picture of the Verrazano Bridge without thinking of the time I crossed it with 4 bum tires, no spare and a car full of kids. Thank you Lord. I had looked at the tires before starting. They had looked okay to me. The oil problem slowly disappeared and to this day I don't understand either of these visitations. Protestants should not marry Catholics.

I no sooner finished this wonderful paragraph when Sara(#4) said, "No, no, Dad. You have it all wrong. That was the trip to Linda(#5)'s wedding two years later. Four of us⁸ did come up to your wedding in Sue(#1)'s wagon, but you weren't one of them."

O...kay, I'll try again. We do have four people there though, that is a start.

My trip from Atlanta to North Hero for wedding #2 was memorable to say the least. Matt(#6), Phil(#9), Scott Herrick and the writer squeezed into Sara(#4)'s small white '75 Pinto and headed north. 'Small' is a redundancy. Squeezed is apt. The boys had Rock'nRoll toys and clothes for the summer. I was allocated space for my new wedding suit. I had thought seersucker apropos for an outside garden wedding. Found one at Perimeter Mall, reasonable, good fit, but right before saying, "I'll take it", the label caught my eye. 'Polish' jokes were making the rounds those days⁹. The label said 'Made in Poland'. Silly, but I couldn't see myself getting married in a Polish suit.

"Do you have any other suit in seersucker?"

"Yes."

"Is it made in Poland?"

"No."

Tried one, fit well, did not look at label, just bought it. Closer inspection at home revealed the clerk had been correct. The suit was not made in Poland. It was made in Rumania! It was ordained I guess, I would be married in the garb of a communist fellow traveler.

We purchased three items on the non-stop way north. All made in the USA: Pepsis, candy bars and gasoline. We almost made it all the way to the cabin with nothing noteworthy to report. Almost, but not quite. Going west on Station Road, 2 miles from the cabin, Scott saw a small shack on fire off in the field. The Pinto stopped, we piled out and ran to the burning building. It was deserted. We continued on and notified the Fire Department from the cabin. Four more had arrived.

The car in residence at the cabin was the Dodge Charger. Lucile, Marc(#7) and Gerry(#8) would use this to commute from Montreal to North Hero. Papa came from Ste. Agathe des Monds in his Buick. Linda(#5) and Norman McDevitt came from Nova Scotia and stayed at his folks cabin, Frank & Etta McDevitt. Lloyd & Marguerite Fiske, Velma's brother and sister-in-law coming from New Hampshire, picked up Susie Cleveland and Anne Foley in Northfield en route.

The Glastonbury Jeffersons, David, Nancy, Bill and Linda, arrived with tent and champagne. Somehow Dave conned a local tavern operator out of enough plastic glasses for our wedding plus Linda(#5)'s two years later. As soon as David and Nancy announced their intention to retire early the evening after the wedding ceremony, they were immediately designated official chaperones.

My sister, Beth Brock and the rest of the L.I. Brocks, Guy, Jeff and Carole arrived and checked into Shore Acres. Wise move. My friends, Art & Gladys Peterson would have returned to Saxtons River, VT after the wedding. My cousin Dick Saxe, wife Dorothy and nephew, along with my friends Art and Addie Ward

⁷ Years later when the Lansing Lugnuts started playing baseball in Lansing, Michigan, I still wondered why lugnut spacing wasn't standardized like spark plug threads.

⁸ Sue(#1), Greg(#2), Mike(#3), & Sara(#4).

⁹ Like, "How many Poles does it take to change a light bulb?" "7, 1 to hold on and 6 to turn him around."

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stayed at the North Hero House I believe. Art & Addie renewed their vows at our ceremony. Where all who had neither tents nor reservations slept I have no idea. I don't even know where I stayed. Friends from my Travelers days, Carol & Bill Clulow drove up from Connecticut. The last stage of their trip ended up following a car going about 20 mph. Bill fumed and directed comments towards the little old lady driver. When the Station Road junction with Rt2 appears, Bill is treated to the sight of Ms. Slow Driver turning left. Just as his directions tell him to do! He can follow closely no longer. He has run out of epithets. Besides, he is wearing shorts and will have to change his pants prior to arrival, an arrival he is now sure will find the ceremony completed. Bill & Carol park and Bill starts to get out of his shorts. Unbeknownst to Bill, we have sent a scout, Mike(#3) to this very area to ensure they don't get lost over the last 3 tricky miles. Bill and Mike(#3) have never met. They do now and Bill is desperately trying to cover up his underwear. When Bill & Carol Clulow get to the cabin they find they are not late. They also meet Ms. Slow Driver, Justice of the Peace Margaret Whittlesey. Fifteen years later at a bar in Newport RI Bill was being introduced to a very attractive 27 year old blonde, Linda Strong Jefferson.

Bill said, "I know you, you drank so much champagne at a wedding in North Hero VT. that you could hardly stand up."

Bill has always had a penchant for embarrassing innocents. In the bosom of your family, drink in peace, not with Bill Clulow around!

The Quebec Connection consisted of Suzanne & Marcel Reid, Jeaninne & Claude Savard, and Tante Gisele Belanger, all of whom I hardly knew, but that has enjoyably changed.

For the reception, group and champagne moved three cabins north to the Bowmans. Mary Bowman, Barbara Baker and Ellie Emerson outdid themselves. Probably because their grouchy spouses stayed out of the way. I can say this now. Then, I didn't know them very well and had to be polite. Shortly, Lucile and Ken took off on their 'honeymoon'. Ken's last words to the younger set, "Nobody drives anything. You are all smashed!"

July 2nd 1977 was a lovely day. Windy but dry. If there was anyone there who didn't enjoy themselves I never heard about it. Family, friends, deaf chaperones and free champagne, are hard to beat. Lucile and I were married in front of the 'key tree.' Walk straight out our back/front door, across the deck, down stairs into the woods, take six giant steps and look toward the lake. There at eye height on the key tree are keys for the front door, the back door, the hatchway and 6 other keys which open goodness knows what. (See 'Dogs of North Hero.') I would have to term the wedding a 'Ring and a Half' Ceremony. Lucile got a new ring. Ken hadn't been able to get his 1946 model off for 20 years. Cut the ring off? Cut the finger off? Hell, save \$10.00 and use it again.

Our posed wedding pictures, on the gong show stage which doubled as the front step of Cabin #1, are classic family heirlooms. Newly weds, nine children, Father of the Bride and Grandmother for six crowded about the platform. Everyone thinks Papa looks like a midget. He didn't fit and was standing on the ground. I am the ruminant Rumanian in seersucker.



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The Cedarvale Challenge.

Chapter: North Hero I
Subject: Neighborhood Olympics.
Locale : Cedarvale, Pelot Point.
Date : 1988-1997
People : Lucile Jefferson, Greg (#2), Marc (#7), Phil (#9), Linda (#5), Nancy Jefferson, Graham Baker, Barbara Baker, Steven Baker, Lynda Thorslund, Keith Thorslund, Art Ward, Peter Bowman, Moira St. John, Art Ward,

Theme: The last shall be first.

The Cedarvale Challenge.

Introduction.

1997 is the tenth anniversary of the first 'Cedarvale Challenge'. This first challenge had been preceded by the neighborhood children's interpretation of that infamous TV program, 'The Gong Show'. This production required hours of practice and hours of patience to endure the hours of practice. The writer was never present at a practice or a show¹. Lucile was. Lucile has a trophy in recognition of enduring 93 versions of Margueritaville. Greg (#2), Marc (#7) and Phil (#9) performed and won third prize that year. Their 94th version was on the same professional level as their first. This act was one in about 12. The trophy was well deserved. Greg was a better ticket seller than singer. The Gong Show started on the steps of the old cabin behind a shower curtain. The last edition was held in the North Hero Town Hall.

Hours of practice were fine while kids were here through the summer, but the venue did not accommodate maturing 'present only on weekends' participants. Obtaining knowledgeable 'Gongers', (judges), also was a problem. You had to see one complete show to get a feel for the overall performance level or you'd be gonging everybody. Had to see it to believe it. A good 'Gonger' was also one who realized they were part of the show, and a good 'Gonger' in them days was hard to find.

Marc (#7) felt a few innocent games played by relaxed teams, all in the name of fun, might make for a pleasant replacement². He should have known better. The Challenge has been grudge from day one! In my opinion, the teams weren't chosen fairly³, contestants cheated⁴ and many events were ridiculous⁵. I was right in my element! Somewhere down the line, whining, sore losers have been dictatorially silenced by the Challenge establishment. Privately my opinion has not changed. The Challenge quickly went from 'everyone competes in everything' to 'win baby, win!' Show these people a trophy and they start playing for blood. By the end of the weekend, no one was talking to anybody else, unless they were on your team,

¹ How lucky can one get!

² I know it is wet

And the sun is not sunny

But we can have fun

Lots of fun that is funny! -The cat in the Hat. (Reprinted sans permission from 5th anniversary Scouting Report.)

³ They still aren't.

⁴ They still do.

⁵ The writer will shortly become incoherent while describing the infamous '*Equalizer*'

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and you weren't talking to half of them either. It was a huge success. Eight subsequent debacles have followed⁶. Homes are full of trophies. There is a 'Walk of Fame' with winners' names and dates. The stones of three-time winners, Linda McDevitt and Nancy Jefferson, seem to get covered over with weeds and dirt each summer. Selective perpetual care⁷. The Challenge peaked out in 1992-93. Fifty-seven competed in '92, and sixty-two in '93, under the gaze of an almost equal number of spectators, while monitored by a dozen or so judges rendering conflicting decisions⁸. Like giving a party and having one third of the Town show up. (The population of North Hero at the time was 450.) In 1992, the writer was trying to repeat his 1991 Winos Challenge victory as a 1992 Mallet Head, but after his toilet had been flushed 1993 times, spent most of the weekend reviving an ailing pump and came in third. Team names derive from those on T-shirts, picked up at bargain prices throughout the year. Weird. For instance, the eight 1993 teams were: Angular View, Chinese Language School⁹, Eight Ball, Gerbils, Locker Room, Ottawa Science Fairies, Parcel of Rogues, and Psycho Penguins¹⁰. Since 1993, the emphasis has been on quality, not quantity. Something seems very wrong with that last sentence. How about: After 1993, fewer have competed.

All of these annual competitions have been biasely reported in 'The Cedarvale Challenge Scouting Reports'. The 1992 report ran 257 pages of yellow journalism. Some readers of same, are still not talking to each other¹¹. The writer insured the alienation of many by contributing a cartoon to this edition. Would I do it again? Heh, Heh,..... You bet your sweet bippy I would! (For masochists, representative comments from Scouting Report editorials are included in the appendix.)

Events in the games have not varied much over the years. Volleyball, in the main, has been played on the Bennett/Jefferson's front lawn. This is the oldest athletic field in Cedarvale, predating Graham Baker's croquet course by one year. The net is suspended from a line in which a come-a-long is integrated¹². This permits the net to be 'tuned' like a violin. The come-a-long is very ornery and can be adjusted only by its owner¹³. If the 'owner's team is a tall team, the net is tight and high. If the 'owner's team is short, the net is loose and low. The volleyball games are the end of the lawn for the summer, since rain is a given during the Challenge. The court quickly becomes mud city. Volleyball games are always played in the A.M. when half the team is asleep or hungover. Just showing up sometimes results in a win. All trees are in play, making for interesting rebounds from overhead limbs. Last minute pruning of limbs significantly alters historic rebound patterns. Choice of ball is also a factor. A regulation volleyball or a flimsy beachball may be used. If your team talent is zilch, opt for the beachball. With a breeze from the lake, no one can ordain where it's going. Females historically do well in this event. They play as a team, are not macho¹⁴ and usually sober.

Croquet is my neighbors' forte. They are the Bakers and for the duration of the croquet season I hate them all. They always win. McDevitts, Bennetts, Bowmans and Jeffersons, arch competitors supremo, band together and hold 'Beat the Bakers' rallies. They are Barbara, Steven, Lynda, Keith and villainous Graham. Croquet is a subject by itself in this document, but some aspects of this event, in the Challenge setting, must be put on the table for all to read. Graham sets up the croquet course as soon as possible in the spring and graciously allows unlimited access/use to his bitter opponents. By Challenge time, we have a good feeling about the course and are confident that this will be the year of the big breakthrough. We think we almost understand the rules. Friday nights are definitely upbeat. We're like Charlie Browns approaching a place kick. On to the rally!

⁶ Well seven anyway. The writer won in 1991, the only fair Challenge that has been held.

⁷ See 'Mowing Grass'.

⁸ Exception: Charade judging has always been impeccable.

⁹ Denied a deserving win by the infamous '*Equalizer*'.

¹⁰ To my knowledge, the only team name to have made multiple appearances.

¹¹ And you are not alone Betty Dawson.

¹² A 'come-along' is a device with two hooks on each end and a lever whose movement causes the hooks to come together.

¹³ Heh, heh, heh!

¹⁴ Well, maybe Michelle Burke is a little macho but she wins anyway.

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Graham's court is not flat. Graham's court contains stumps and roots. The grass on Graham's court is not consistent. Wicket placement is critical. Water, which collects in weird places, and grass length both affect ball speed¹⁵. Worst of all, Graham's rules resemble those for 'Calvin Ball'¹⁶. When 'Beat the Bakers' cheering become audible from adjoining cabins, Bakers quietly sneak out on their croquet court with a silent manual lawnmower, a silent garden hose and:

- * Selectively mow.
- * Move all wickets.
- * Alter the distance between paired wickets.
- * Position a few wickets in the vicinity of hidden roots.
- * Fill low spots with water.
- * Change out of bounds markers.

The villainous Graham monitors this work of his underlings while outlining his 'Rule Change' speech for the morrow. I don't generally attend the rally and keep promising myself that one year I'll guard the sanctity of the course as practiced. This sort of behavior is despicable in a friendly sporting environment.¹⁷ Be that as it may, Bakers spread eagle the field again!¹⁸

Lawn darts was one event with no 'home field advantage'. Where skill and dedication counted for something. Art Ward was Mr. Lawn Dart. One propelled these missiles, which may have impaled a frog if hit directly, on high arching trajectories toward circles marked out on someone's lawn. Wonderful aeration. Wonderful event. No villainous intervention. Until the Feds intervened. Someone, somewhere in these United States impaled something other than a frog. Lawn darts that were controllable became lethal weapons. In my mind I could see it very clearly. The Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms (ATF) deputies raiding the Cedarvale Challenge. Smuggled, Canadian booze/butts and now a cache of lethal weapons. The Republic of Pelots Point would be wiped off the map of Vermont by the ATF's superior firepower. We surrendered, sans publicity¹⁹²⁰. With powder puff weaponry, this event has lost stature. Shame.

Cheaters surfaced once more in the walk/run relay. Walkers and runners alternated over the length of the course, usually Zieber's to Lundy's. For runners cheating was rare. Except for concealing a duplicate baton in your shirt and taking off early, there wasn't much of a window of opportunity. Ah, but the walkers,....just disgusting. Seemed to be an unwritten law, as soon as you were last, you could start running. Due to the graying of the runners and the cheating of the walkers, this event has slipped from the venue.

The writer does not play charades any more. Really a shame as charades are under the control of a strict charademeister. No funny stuff in this event. My problem is being unable to keep my mouth shut while the opposing team is acting out their charade. My own team is understandably upset when Ken enthusiastically blurts out the answer for the other side. I was banished to the john when the other team was up. This at least kept guests from flushing for a few minutes, but even this was not enough for my dear teammates. They decided for my next charade they would either play dumb or yell anything but the right answer. The slip said: 'Blazing Saddles- (movie)'. A charade that would live in infamy. Looked like a 10 seconder to me. Giving the movie, whole enchillada and two word signs, I assumed a bowlegged stance, walked to an imaginary horse, mounted the creature, and held the reins in one hand while pointing to where the saddle would be. I only left my finger on the hot 'saddle' a second, withdrawing, shaking and finally putting it in my mouth to put out the flames. Beautiful.The silence was deafening..... I couldn't believe no one got it. Phil (#9) was on my team. I'd repeat the whole thing right in front of him,

¹⁵ The grass is always greener over the septic tank.

¹⁶ The only rule in 'Calvin Ball' is: no one can use the same rule twice.

¹⁷ Ken misses the rally because he's busy with tree trimmer, with come-a-long and moving the back lines of the volleyball court.

¹⁸ I hate them.

¹⁹ This is a footnote to nothing, but I don't know how to get rid of it!

²⁰ Texans and Montanans go for that kind of stuff, not Vermonters. Oklahoma City can not be deposited in our column.

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he wouldn't let me down. Phil remained mute throughout the replay. Peter Bowman didn't. "Hemorrhoids!", he shouted. Things went downhill from there as other lewd responses cascaded from the audience. "Outhouse blues." "Goosed by fickle finger of fate." I galloped around the arena for two minutes on my imaginary steed, even getting off once and slugging the poor beast like Alex Karras did in the movie. I would have liked to have slugged my teammates. People were laughing so hard they had tears in their eyes. Steam was coming out my ears. I'd been had. If you are at a dull cocktail party on Pelots Point, just say, "Blazing Saddles", it will bring down the house. I'm sick of hearing it. The writer does not play charades anymore.

Water sports never had an enthusiastic following. Especially for the members of the family from south of the Mason-Dixon line. 80 degree water is tolerable. 60 is not. Especially for an instructor of overage, overweight Jap occupiers.

The scavenger hunt is strictly cat in the hat stuff. Fun. I have made only one mistake in the scavenger hunt. Being honest about cheating²¹. (Wow, 21 footnotes!) After a hunt, upon being asked how I had found a 4-leaf clover so quickly, I replied, "It was easy, I made one out of a big 3-leaf clover." Next time I'll say, "I see well in the dark." Maybe leaf splitting is how 4-leaf clovers occur naturally,..... who knows? This is a wonderful event for all ages. Puzzles, performed songs and collecting are all included.

Each team creates and performs a 'Team Cheer' in front of a panel of judges. Shades of the 'Gong Show' heritage. Bribing of judges is blatant and overt. How else can you explain Linda (#5)'s Hooligans taking time-out in the middle of their cheer, singing 'Happy Birthday' to judge Moira St. John and presenting her with a watch? Yes,...They won. I will always remember 39 year old Lucile doing pushups throughout her team cheer in 1992. She is planning to repeat this performance in 1997 at age 39 1/2.

The *Equalizer*, or crazy relay..

I am not able to lucidly describe this event. I do not remember the times my team went into this event in first place. I do not remember the times my team came out of this event in last place. I haven't the faintest idea how this event is scored. Neither do the scorers. I do have a plan though. The 10th Anniversary Equalizer will be a montage of the most memorable parts of past Equalizers. A few of these events are described below. Draw your own conclusions.

The 'Elephant Race'.

A grapefruit is inserted in one panty hose leg and the other is wrapped around the waist of the contestant at a height allowing the suspended grapefruit to sway just above ground level. The contestant immediately looks ridiculous with this erotic appendage dangling between his/her legs. Everyone is already laughing and the race has not even started. The race will be against the clock. The Challenge Committee could not afford grapefruit for simultaneous elephants. A beach ball is placed in front of the appendage. The contestant, with a mix of bump & grind movements, gets the grapefruit swinging like a pendulum. Object: strike the beach ball a series of directional blows and propel it over a finish line 50 feet away. Problems: laughing audience, lewd comments, stumps, wind and an easy propensity to hit the beach ball in the opposite direction on the backstroke.

'Water Logged Heads'.

Did the first event sound ridiculous? Wait till you read this one. Four members of each team compete. Each has a small round wooden hat they wear, like a Mamie Eisenhower pill box, tied under their chins. In the center of these 'Mamie' hats is a hole drilled to accept a dixie cup. A dixie cup placed in this hole may stay there, and then again it, may not. A fifth team member is custodian of the water supply, doling it out and receiving it back, hopefully. # 5 fills #1's cup til it runneth over. #1 turns toward #2. #2 kneels in front of #1. Neither can see either cup. #1 neatly pours the water from his/her cup into #2's cup. Yeah, right!!! #2 stands and turns toward #3, #1 turns back for a refill. The only dry member of the team at this

²¹ Is that an oxymoron?

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point is #4, and they don't have long to wait. Whatever water makes it to #4 is dribbled into a measuring beaker. Water passing continues till the allotted time expires. 3/4 of a cup is a good score. #5's are customarily monitored to prevent spit being added to the beaker.

Whack that Whiffle Ball.

Whiffle ball games were conducted at the first Challenges. In the middle of the diamond on Baker's back lot was an evergreen tree. It did not affect play all that much initially, so no one ever cut it. As it grew this tree became, 'The Shortstop Tree'. Eventually the shortstop, second base and centerfield positions were all engulfed by 'The Shortstop Tree'. A batter would direct a hit towards the tree and take off for first base. Fielders converged on the tree to locate the ball. Batter would be heading into second.

"Where is the ball?"

"I don't know, Don't see it."

"Run towards home plate like you have the ball. Maybe they will stop at third."

"I see it. It's coming down the branches on the 3rd base side of the tree."

"Catch it! Catch it before it hits the ground."

Fielder dives for the ball. Runner crosses the plate in case the ball is not caught. Those familiar with baseball can easily see how the above situation would be compounded by having runners on the bases when the whiffle ball disappears into 'The Shortstop Tree'. Triple plays were common. Lucile pulled off an unassisted one. There was not enough time in the weekend to play innings. Challenge Whiffle Ball was more like batting practice for distance. I miss 'The Shortstop Tree'.

Kneecap Relay.

First obtain a length of black plastic pipe. Cut same into 12 inch lengths. One length per team. As this is a bisexual event, file down the cut edges so that delicate female knees will not suffer permanent cosmetic damage. Line up teams. This is a race, not a timed event. We may be short of grapefruit, but not plastic pipe. The length of black plastic pipe is held between the knees of the first runners. At the gun they, holding knees together, waddle the required distance towards their opposite sex teammate running number two. An intimate exchange occurs, knee to knee. Drop the damn thing and it is back to square one. Clutching closely is recommended to avoid loss of balance by either party to the exchange²². Losing balance leads to an embarrassing attempt at a prone exchange mid comments from all adversaries.

Scrabble.

Using all the letters provided may negate a weekend's hard work by all other teams and win the Championship. I speak from experience. I have been negated. Stop chuckling Lucile!

Bean bag toss.

Normally, one throws beanbags through holes in the target board and scores the number of points indicated on the hole. This though, is the Cedarvale Challenge. There is a team indicated by the hole. A holy team one might say. The points are not added to your score, they are deducted from the indicated team. Going into the 'Equalizer', all know who is the leading team. Is this fair or what. All beanbags are tossed at the leader. Bean Bag Toss alone is capable of dropping team #1 to 4th or fifth. If team #1 is smart, they will aim at the hole of the last place team. They don't. The temptation is too great. They aim at the #2 team and in so doing will go down to defeat. After 10 years everyone should know the last place team is going to emerge triumphant.

Puzzle.

A simple puzzle. Art Ward has been known to consume inordinate amounts of time doing this puzzle. The whole venue of Equalizer Events limits each team to an overall number of minutes. An analysis of the scoring by event shows it is better to take a zero for the puzzle. You can not convince Art of this. It is a puzzle and he is going to solve it. Hey there Art's teams, lock him in the the bathroom with that charade nut, and get on with it.

²² Henry's favorite event.

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Limbo stick.

The hardest part of this event is laying out a 400 foot extension cord in order to provide appropriate background theme music.

3-way Paddle ball.

Originally this was 2-way. Two team members faced each and kept a ping pong ball in the air by hitting it alternately. So much score for so many hits. There were too many expert pongers. Very boring for the judge. 832, 833, 834 etc. Timed 3-way is better. A hits to B, B hits to C, C hits the ball into a scoring bucket. Very few teams are blessed with three good pongers, leading to embarrassing performances. Much more fun. .

Putting.

Conducted on the one level grassy spot on Jefferson's back lot. Level being a relative term. One shot per player. Very Gilbert & Sullivan-esque. Per, "With a cloth untrue, a twisted cue & elliptical billiard balls." This is pure luck.

Wrap-up.

1997's version of the Equalizer will have one redeeming feature for the leading teams. They will have done these events once before. Normally all is kept under wraps till Equalizer time arrives. A quick walk through of course/rules is given and the teams take the field in order of their overall standing. Team #1 doesn't have a chance. Reminds one of a chorus of people who can not sing, performing 'The Messiah' publicly before a Philadelphia crowd²³. And who is watching attentively, right, Team #2. By the time the last place team takes the field it is all but over. They have efficiently assigned responsibilities, made plans, identified 'smart' defaults, and practiced all events repeatedly. The field has been 'Equalized'.

²³ At half time at an Eagles game, Santa Claus ran out on the field, and was booed.

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Croquet: A Way of Life.

Chapter : North Hero II
Subject : Croquet.
Date : 1977-1997
Locale : Cedarvale.
People : Peter Bowman, Graham Baker, Og Carss, Peggy Carss, Marc(#7), Mary Bowman, Linda(#5), Norman McDevitt, Etta McDevitt, Sheila Locke, Graham Locke.

Theme : You can't beat the price.

Croquet: a way of life.

I had always fancied self golfing for recreation. Economically now, have had second thoughts. Greens fees, cart, beer, golf balls and food make an expensive day. (Cart you say? Right. It is getting so the courses will not let you walk. Carts are becoming obligatory.) (Golf balls you say? Right. If you can play the Alburg Country Club layout and not lose balls, you deserve to win!) An expensive day and a selfish one, if spouse doesn't golf and very time consuming. If any spouse of mine golfed, I would end up divorced anyway. No inference intended Louise.

Now take croquet in Cedarvale:

- Walk to the course.
- Martini in hand.
- Home made, \$4.75 mallet shouldered.
- Large, hard to lose balls.
- Antagonists every bit as obnoxious as me.
- Being male or female leads to no advantage¹.
- (Females just as obnoxious!)
- No greens fees.
- No carts needed.
- Girls/boys, seniors/kids, everybody plays.
- No dress code².
- Choice of courts.
- Choice of rules.

Really, the best of all worlds. If I can win, have it cost me no money and humiliate Peter Bowman, that is living high on the hog! I have become a croquet enthusiast.

The Baker Court.

Graham Baker's croquet court has been in existence for 35 years. It is used for the Baker Croquet Tournament, the Cedarvale Challenge and weekend grudge matches. As soon as Graham realizes he is winning by smaller and smaller margins, the layout is changed. An alternative to changing the layout of the course, is changing the rules. Under emergency conditions, both are changed. Basically this is backyard croquet. The Baker court is expandable into Carss's next door. This permits official two ball croquet. On big Baker weekends the Baker/Carss arena accommodates three courts. Marc(#7) makes up a double elimination ladder and croquet noise fills the day. Mary Bowman's watercress sandwiches are served and Bakers win the prizes.

¹ There, I said it Michele. (I don't believe it though!)

² Except for official tournaments rating water cress sandwiches.

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Shore Acres, a North Hero inn & restaurant initiated a croquet tournament in 1995. Could Cedarvale people refrain from entering? Of course not. This was a third type of croquet, Golf Croquet. 7 wickets, alternate shots, get through the wickets first, first person/team to win 4 wickets wins the match, no extra shots to be earned, no out of bound penalties. Finally, after 20 years of croquet, rules I could understand. Very similar to Bingo Bango Bongo's first in the cup. (see: the Nothfield Country Club.) Linda(#5) & Norman, Etta McDevitt & Ken, Sheila & Graham Locke, formed three teams. We all did fairly well. Etta and Ken lost in the finals as Ken accidentally scored two wickets for the other team. Etta handled this amazingly well. I loved this way of playing. You could just lay into your ball with a 48 inch mallet, which had a huge head on it, and whack it as hard as you could. Some wickets were not reachable in one shot. I decided I would build my own Golf Croquet Course.

The Jefferson Court.

The Jefferson 'Golf' croquet court is laid out in our back lot. A real wilderness court. Graham's is a putting green in comparison. Stumps, rotten logs, narrow 'fairways' through 40 foot cedars, and blind shots to dog leg wickets. It is beautiful.

Cheapo Ken made everything except the balls. Eight were imported from Florida @ \$12.50 each, with the help of Charlie Bennett. Mallets are makeshift, but we've lots. Split one? No matter, just take another. Winter time is used to re-condition all equipment. Wickets are 4 inches wide. Balls are 3 1/2 inches wide. An accurate shot is required to score a wicket. Wickets are one-way wickets numbered 1-7 and if you can not see the number you are going through the wrong way. Wickets can be diabolically reversed ,surreptitiously, by a sneaky course administrator.

Ken & Graham decided to submit a team entry to the Shore Acres Tournament in 1997. The 1996 tournament had been canceled due to inclement weather. These two talented, devious and pressure honed persons would earn the championship by simply showing up. Yeah, right. Show up they did, with \$200 mallets. Win they did not. How humiliating. We were not alone. A Land Rover load of obvious Pro's speaking the King's English were eliminated even before us. I will never forget their women folk showing up just in time for the finals and finding out their menfolk had already been eliminated. In disbelief the first comment was, "You mean these people are good?????" How to go North Hero!

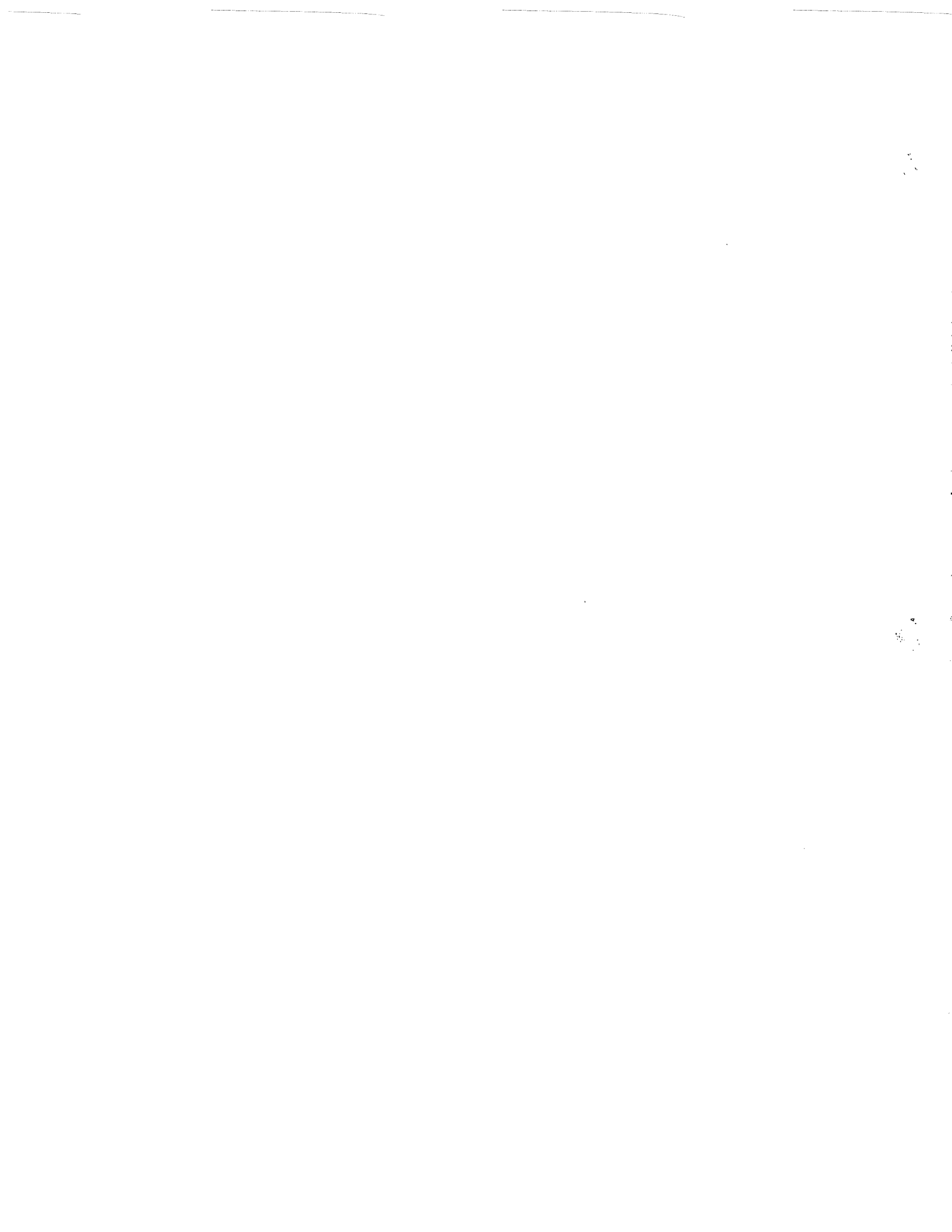
One last croquet note. In the winter of '97, Carss front lot, under 18 inches of water half the year , was frozen solid. With star drill and hammer, wickets were inserted in the ice³. Norman McDevitt played on skates. The Bakers did not win. They were not there. A wonderful time was had by all.

³ They were not all recovered till May.

Souvenirs
North Hero I
1/2/98

Bristol

Exit 12 off Interstate 89.
Insert short paragraph about Bristol.



Souvenirs
Special Requests
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Mike Demand.

Chapter : Bristol/Waterbury.
Subject : Remembering a Friend.
Date : 1978-1995.
Locale : North Hero.
People : Erhart Demand, Linda (#5). Norman McDevitt, Mike Demand, Harry Hutchins, Tim Martel, Mike Scandore, Jim ?????, Heidi Demand, Nancy Demand, Matt (#6),

Theme : ?????

Most of my friends¹ in North Hero, Vermont were inherited through Lucile. I considered Mike Demand my own friend. Mike died of leukemia December, 1995.

In the fall of 1997, Mike's father Ehrhart, asked me to help him swap two stoves. One was in Erhart's shop in North Hero, one was in Mike's old house in Bristol, Vermont. The Demands had bought Mike's house and were renovating same. Each stove was better suited to the other's site. We met at the shop at 9 A.M. The combination lock on Erhart's shop opens with a unique set of bodily dimensions we do not need to go into here. Mike's boyhood tree house with dangling rope ladder stood deserted, off to the side. It was going to be a day of memories for me. Cast iron stoves are very heavy. With chains and come-alongs we loaded and secured the North Hero stove on the F150. Then took off for Bristol. I needed gas. Erhart paid. I felt a bit guilty. My F150 has dual tanks! Had I known he would run in and pay, I would have filled only one.

I had last been down route 116, the Hinesburg/Bristol road, the day Mike married Heidi ??????. The house fronts on the main road right before you get into Bristol and the New Haven River borders the property in the rear. Truly a beautiful piece of land. Across the river is a state forest. The house was big, old and dilapidated, just right for a man of Mike's building talents. He had time only for the upstairs, but at the wedding no one knew this. The balance of the morning was needed to unload one stove into the living room and winch the other from the basement into the truck. Erhart had a little cleanup to do². I walked by the garage, through the back yard and down to the river. Thox was in the garage. The wedding ceremony had been in the back yard. Reminded me of Lucile's and mine by cabin #1. Mike and I had stood by the river as he told me his plans for the yard. Erhart was done. It was time to go. We stopped on the way out of Bristol for crabcakes. Erhart paid. We had worked hard. I did not feel guilty. Not much was said on the way back. I thought of Mike.

Mike Demand was a charter member of the Cedarvale kids. At one time both he and Linda (#5) had beautiful long hair and it was impossible to tell them apart from the rear. Mike and Erhart made Mike a car from odds and ends of old Volkswagons. This vehicle looks like a miniature German Afrika Corps scout car. It was called 'Thing In A Box', Thox for short. Am not sure whether 'Thing' referred to Mike or the car. Linda (#5) left her beautiful long hair in Nova Scotia. Swerving to avoid an animal, the truck she was driving stopped upside down in a ditch. Linda (#5)'s hair was tangled in the steering wheel. She could not get out. Steering wheel and hair had become one. Linda (#5) has had beautiful short hair ever since. When Mike's long hair disappeared am not sure, but it did not come to Linda (#5)'s wedding in 1978. This was at cabin #1, a replay of the 1977 classic. I say this with assurance for this was the first time I remember seeing Mike Demand. In an attempt at some decorum, male attendees had been asked to wear a tie. Mike complied. It went well with no shirt, one piece carpenter's overalls and work shoes. Sort of a formal Lil' Abner.

¹ If I have any!

² We had forgotten the key and had to break in.

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Linda (#5) and Norman's acquisition of lot #14 at Cedarvale is a story in itself³. Their log cabin went up in 1989, 1 year before ours. The work crew was Norman, Gerry (#8) and Mike Demand. Consult 'Life in a Log Cabin' for the background of our cabin #2. With substitutions required for absentees and African adventurers, the work crew was now Matt (#6), Ken and Mike Demand. Actual construction phase was preceded by a destruction phase conducted mostly by the latter. With boom box on high, Mike obliterated cabin #1 in record time. My prime contribution during this phase was home-made egg drop soup. Mike Demand could accommodate a phenomenal amount of this concoction. Destruction phase was followed by construction phase. Much more satisfying. "Look what we built today!"

Mike was competent, strong and full of energy. He is the main reason we have a snug cabin assessed by the Town of North Hero at \$185,100. Whenever something difficult arose on the horizon, Mike would retire into his traveling Mitsubishi panel office and come up with a solution. I was not a neophyte in the building business and I was very impressed. However, it is one thing to be on the ball when the bill payer is pounding nails alongside you, and a very different situation when the bill payer is 1000 miles away. Once the subject cabin was closed in to the weather the work crew dispersed. Insulation and sheet rock remained. So did Mike Demand. Ken, from his consultant office in Denver, Colorado would call the cabin.

"Hey Mike, how are things going?"⁴

"Okay."

"Anything you need from me?"

"Nope"

"Anyone around?"

"No. Just me and some god damn crows."

A very typical Jefferson/ Demand management/worker conversation. Let us look at this from the standpoint of the 'Deck'. One thing I have always been able to do is to visualize each detail of a project/building in my head. Our deck is referred to as 'Ken Jefferson's Deck' Not really true. The real story:

Denver,..... Ken is falling asleep at a boring meeting.

Ken, "This will be embarrassing, how can I stay awake?"

Ken, "I know, I'll design the deck for the North Hero cabin."

Ken does, on the back of his 'Daytimer' page of the day.

Daytimer page is sent to Bristol, Vermont.

"Mike, if you get tired working inside, build a deck something like this. Ken"

Three months later Ken sees 'his' deck. It was perfect, and not the easiest of framing chores. It should be Mike Demand's deck.

I ask for few estimates in Vermont, having learned my lesson early. (See Windway, the Farm on Cox Brook.) Look a Vermonter in the eye, explain what you want done, stay out of the way and be prepared to pay the bill when presented. It will be fair accounting to the penny. Mike was no exception.

Heidi.

Samantha.

Leukemia;

Last talk.

Too many beers for too many years.

Sorry no children

Christmas '95

The funeral.

³ International financing.

⁴ Mike no doubt wished we were communicating via E-Mail. See 'Personal, communication.'

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Special Requests

Insert paragraphs about requesters
Nancy Jefferson



Dogs of North Hero.

Chapter: Conclusion
Subject: Canine Pets.
Date : 1960-1997
Locale : Cedarvale, North Hero, Vermont
Dogs : Allie, Bear, Becca, Brandy, Cindy, Jason, Lily, Mandy, Midnight, Mopsy, Samantha, Snoopy, Sunny, Taffy.

Theme: Alien keys need green tags.

Dogs of North Hero.

We have a keyrack on the wall of our living room. There are many, many keys on this rack; car keys, our cabin keys, anonymous keys and alien keys. Car keys are self identifying in the main. Anonymous keys are just that, we've long ago forgotten what they open, but hesitate to pitch them out. Our cabin keys, the back/front or front/back, whichever, are recognizable keys. (The combination lock of the moment on the hatchway is opened by one of the combinations written under the 'panic' phone in the cellar. An alien key is a key to someone else's cabin. i.e.: "Please keep this key to our cabin in case we'd like you to check something for us." (Gin drinkers seldom leave us with a key to their cabin.) Alien keys present a problem, we can't remember what our own keys look like, let alone aliens.

We do not lock our cabin. The logic being, please don't break an expensive window, just walk in the front/back door. Well, it's one thing to permit access to your own place, but neighbors too? Intruder walks in, goes over to the key rack and finds the alien keys all neatly tagged with names/lot numbers. Intruder's scope of operation is instantly expanded. Catch 22? Not for Lucile.

Alien keys are on the rack. Alien keys are tagged. However, the tags say 'Mopsy', 'Taffy', 'Snoopy' etc. Now Lucile figures, if you know Mopsy was a dog who lived in the second house on the right, 20 years ago, you probably have as much right to the gin there as we do. A cabin sold 3 times in the last 40 years is still referenced by its original resident dog. Simple, foolproof solution to the problem. I love it. Now let's see if we can document our memories of these animals without jeopardizing our alien key security system. There are resident, visiting and transient pets involved here. It's impossible for me to write a memory of an animal I've never seen. For the present, will mark these as 'unknown to author'. If non-fictional data surfaces, we can incorporate it.

Allie

A young female. My guess, half Doberman, half Jackrabbit. Allie spends much of the day by herself. She plays ball by herself. She'll toss a ball up in the air at the top of a hill. Hitting on the down slope, the ball (probably one of Jason's tennis balls) starts bouncing down the hill with Allie in close pursuit.

Bear

(See Spencer)

Becca.

A visitor at #13. Becca is Jason's mother. She writes him constantly and visits occasionally. When visiting, Becca sleeps in the front upstairs bedroom much to Jason's chagrin. Sleeping upstairs requires round trip negotiation of the mysterious spiral stairs. Jason has never mastered this art. Like taxes, he goes up, but not down. Becca gracefully rises and descends as Jason looks on and glowers. Assisting Jason down spiral stairs is a discipline we try to avoid.

Brandy

Unknown to author.

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Cindy.

Resident, deceased. Potential alien key tag. Cindy was a well behaved cocker spaniel who is dearly missed by her mistress.

Jason

100 pound Golden Retriever living at #13. This breed is rated #4 in intelligence according to USA Today. Also living at #13, I must take issue with this evaluation. Knowing he is not going to walk down the spiral stairs, why does he walk up? Lucile and I try to avoid being upstairs at the same time. Mr. 'Hate to be Alone' will join us, much to our chagrin. During the great fly infestation, both of us were swatting away up there. Guess who appeared? Right. It took an afternoon of bribes and finally brute force to get him back down. Jason is very spoiled and requires constant attention. Jason already has too much ink in this document.

Lily

Transient toy poodle belonging to the south Vermont mob. Visits, wanders off, (or perhaps chased off by Jason) and necessitates massive search. Cars with heads out all windows canvass the area for miles to shouts of "LILY LILY" Jason could track her, but does not seem the least bit interested.

Mandy

Resident, aged. Still defends own turf resolutely. Excellent ball player. In his younger days¹, her Master could throw a ball up in the air almost out of sight. Mandy caught them all. They still make a fine pair. She's too old to catch, He's too old to throw.

Midnight

Big black male Bouvier. Current resident. King of Pelot's Point South. Jason, King of Pelot's Point North, and Midnight don't exactly hit it off.

Mopsy

Unknown to author.

Samantha

Mike & Heidi Demand's dog. Could be counted on for 7 miles of running when visiting Jason.

Snoopy

Resident. Lineage unknown. Died 19???. Daughter Linda's (#5) dog. My most vivid memory of Snoopy is analogous to those cartoons where animals keep blithely running on after they have gone off a cliff. Snoopy loved North Hero. Snoopy knew, as soon as the first weekend case was dragged out of the closet, that Linda and Norman were going to North Hero. Snoopy would instantly go out and sit in the back of the car. 110 in the sun never mattered, no one was leaving without him. Snoopy had had a bad week, sharing his Cornwall, Ontario house with an in-law *cat*. Snoopy would also have to share the back seat with *same*. But all was retrieved by his imminent destination!

Our old cottage had a small porch-like landing by the front door. (See 'Gong Show' paragraph in 'The Original Cabin'.) The cool ground underneath was a favorite for canine naps. Even after Norman and Linda built a cabin next door, Snoopy still had dibs on all things at #13.

Meanwhile, back at the ranch, Sunny, Becca's predecessor, was visiting at #13. Her precise location,..... yes,..... under the porch, asleep. Into the driveway, just arriving from Cornwall, comes a Volkswagon Rabbit. The car stops, the back door is opened and out bounds Snoopy. "I'm free, I'm free! Hoorah, hoorah!" Seeing us at the picnic table past the porch, Snoopy heads down the hill from the driveway. We are talking considerable sized bounds here. So far it was like a silent movie. At the very top of the next bound the silence ended. A sleeping dog had awakened.

Sunny, from under the porch, a loud, "Grrr.... woof."

¹ If he had any.

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Snoop, if you can believe this, freezes at the apex of super bound, looks toward the porch, rolls his eyes and thinks, "Geez....., more in-laws!" This moment, frozen in motion like an old cartoon, is one of the most humorous sights I have ever seen. Love ya Snoop. Gerry(#8) took a photo of a frolicking Snoop in the ocean off Port Maitland, Nova Scotia. The writer painted a watercolor from the photo. I am glad I did.

Spencer

Bear and Spencer were almost neighbors. One lived at #15 and one at #17. Separately, they shared a sacred ritual. They would poop on our lawn. First would come Bear, Ben Parker's dog. In sort of review here, # 17 has since been sold, so if, which we don't, had a key to # 17, it would have a green tag labeled 'Bear'. Spencer was older, got up later, and pooped second. The lawn, if you can call it that, was used for volleyball at the time. Now, unless one played the first volleyball game of the day, none of this pooping was a problem. However,..... Bear and Spencer are now pooping on that great volleyball court in the sky, and we have been blessed with a 100 pound pooper of our own. Needless to say, Ken and Jason, while on walks, make sure to visit.....

Sunny

Visiting Connecticut breeder's Golden Retriever who ruined Snoopy's weekend.

Taffy

Long time resident Labrador. Now a visitor when the neighbors have been granted temporary custody by daughter. Taffy considers every tennis ball in Cedarvale her own personal property. These balls are to be thrown off the cliff and into the lake by anyone she can get to do it. A Lab, drooling in your lap, is hard to ignore. So is same Lab goosing you with muzzle while you line up a croquet shot. This latter annoyance was learned behavior. Learned from croquet playing owners who do anything to win a croquet game. Taffy sits calmly while the slimy ball is propelled into the lake. Then, with an, "OK", off she goes, down the cliff, over the beach and into the lake to retrieve the ball. Unless the thrower is of major league calibre, it is impossible to finish a drink in peace before the now sopping, wet Lab and slimy ball are back. All present know what sopping wet dogs do. "Throw that ball!" "Get that dog off the deck!"



Souvenirs
Special Requests.
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The Wheelchair Challenge

Chapter : Special Requests

Subject :

Locale : North Hero.

Date : July 1, 2007

People : 70. In order of appearance:

Nancy Jefferson, Linda (#5), Marc (#7), Peter Bowman, Greg (#2), Mary Bowman, Barbara Baker, Graham Baker, Norman McDevitt, Eric St. John, Moira St. John, Michelle Burke, Phil (#9), Dan Peck, Colin Peck, Guy Peck, Jim Peck, Bill Peck Jr., Sara (#4), Carole Peck, Amanda Peck, Ellie Emerson, Sharon Emerson, John Harder, Jay Emerson, Renee Emerson, Drew Emerson, Girl of the Week, Hanry Jarema, Dave Jefferson, Lucile Jefferson, Og Carss, Peggy Carss, Del Boudreau, Andree Boudreau, Brenden Burke, Marz Kelley, Val O'Reilly, Mary Burke, Keith Dawson, Matt (#6), Myriah Kelley, Morgaen Kelley, Gab Clark, Matt Clark, Steven Baker, Marcie Baker, Keith Thorslund, Lynda Thorslund, Jeffrey Thorslund, Oscar Metcalfe, Michael McDevitt, Thomas McDevitt, Christopher McDevitt, Oliver McDevitt, Kaitlyn McDevitt, K.C. McDevitt, Anne Dawson, Chuck Parker, Anne Parker, Ben Parker, Art Ward, Addie Ward, Etta McDevitt, Frank McDevitt, Gerry (#8).

Theme :2007

The editors of this document received a request from Nancy Jefferson, to include a fantasy article dealing with a future Cedarvale Challenge. Our first thought was; we have already beaten this subject into the ground with; 'The Cedarvale Challenge' and 'Golden Retrieveritis'. (The writer has never understood the morbid fascination for this event.) Then; it is something most of the family has been involved with one way or the other for ten years, so, what the hell. If you are not mentioned, consider yourself lucky. I suppose multiple winners think this subject right up there with chopped liver. I would not know.

In the year two thousand seven, the Cedarvale group will assemble for a commemorative, 20th, Cedarvale Challenge. The Linda(#5) / Marc(#7) arm lock on team selection has been broken for years. 4-6 person teams can be entered en masse. Linda(#5) has not won since this change was put into effect, and will not even come close in 2007. (See below). Did Marc(#7) ever win?????

Assuming that key participants are still alive¹ and the proceedings will not be buzzed by the 'Red Baron' continue.

Marc Bennett (#7) will announce the stupid events over a Public Address system. He has never stopped smoking, and his voice has deteriorated to such an extent that the PA is a necessity. Even at full volume, no one pays attention. Sad. Here is a person who spends every spare moment for 3 months preparing to the nth degree, and then is ignored by the gathering. Of course he gets mad,again. Come on Marc, loosen up. You've gotten the same reception the last 19 years, why be surprised. Like the Lucy/Charlie placekick, if you expected any respect from this group, especially the family, you have been suckered again.

¹ Extremely doubtful.

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Nancy Jefferson will be a 'no show'. She was very miffed when her Challenge paving stone, with its 3 stars, was mysteriously vandalized the previous Halloween. Ken Jefferson offered to replace it with a new one², but couldn't remember how to mix cement. Peter Bowman made fun of him, but couldn't remember how either. Forget the 'miffed' part. Nancy has developed adult onset seasickness and has not been off Martha's Vineyard for 3 years.

Ken Jefferson also will not compete. All refused to be on a team with him. He would just 'sprain' another ankle as soon as his team ignored him anyway. His son Gregory (#2), the 'Gong Show' salesman, is marketing tickets for a revival performance of his "Blazing Saddles" charade. Peter Bowman, in his dotage, is having trouble memorizing his original obnoxious comments. Mary Bowman will prompt him. She plans to use very large cards. Decibel level required for audio prompting would make Peter's lewd remarks seem a faint echo.

The budget for Port-o-Lets has been doubled to accommodate aging bladders.

Graham Baker will be there, but his professional croquet contract prohibits him from participating gratis in his best event. Should he be paid? Forget it!!!!

Barbara Baker, under Graham's close direction, supervision, tutelage, guidance and surveillance will compete³. Barbara will be her own person, as usual, on the croquet court⁴, but can no longer run in the walking race. Graham will throw her over his shoulder and run for her.

A salmon fishing event has been added so everyone can have a good laugh at eight-time winner Norman McDevitt. Lonesome up there at the top isn't it buddy?⁵

The consensus, as far as Linda(#5) McDevitt, multi-winner 'Supremo' is concerned, was almost unanimous. She will be out and out disabled, prior to the Games. Nancy Kerrigan's assailant has been bailed out of jail to ensure this. The dissenting vote was cast by the St. Johns. They were not willing to see the best Judge briber put on the shelf. (From a wrist watch in 1997, who knows what 2007 might have netted them!)

Michelle Burke has entered a team of third grade ringers from her super accelerated, tri-lingual⁶, School for Over-achieving Females.

Confederate Cedarvale Challenge Participants have hired a bus for two star studded teams. The bus will pull a trailer full of vintage 'Billy Beer'. These will be teams to be reckoned with, not the old worn out CCCP's. No siree. Lucky one time winner Greg(#2) Jefferson and 'shut-out' Phil(#9) Jefferson will be augmented by a group high on the pecking order. 'Dangerous Dan' Peck, 'Colossal Colin' Peck, 'Guileful Guy' Peck, 'Jamming Jim' Peck, and 'Brewski Bill' Peck are all planning to be present. Mike(#3) Jefferson will be in charge of recording the trip on tape for posterity, and the Billy Beer. Three more Peck types; Sara, Carole and Amanda will try to get these teams to events on time⁷.

A sad note will be the absence of that all time great charade judge, Ellie Emerson. While contacted well in advance of the 2007 Games, she was already committed to the International Ballroom Dance Finals in Vienna, Austria.

² Sans stars.

³ They will use their converted atomic golf cart. Graham will drive.

⁴ Yeah, right!

⁵ On your nostalgic tour down the Challenge 'Walk of Fame', be sure to take note of Norman's stone. It is the one pounded into rubble.

⁶ English, French and Ebonic.

⁷ Until the Billy-Beer trailer is empty they better be ready for lots of substituting.

Souvenirs
Special Requests.
1/2/98

The Emerson cottage will house a veteran team even in Ellie's absence. Sharon & John, Jay & Renee, Drew & 'Girl of the Week'⁸ will all be there; if they can remember to show up.

Henry is doubtful. Poor guy, he suffered serious injury at the Calgary Invitational Huggers Event. We keep telling Henry that he is not as young as he used to be. He just can't get in there and hug it up with those younger huggers any more. While despondent over not competing himself, Ken hopes this means he won't have to hide out in the kitchen with the cabbage salad. If sought out there, one more time by 'The Great Embracer', Ken planned to accidentally nick one of Henry's fingers with a carving knife. Grand Isle Rescue would then haul Henry off to an emergency ward in Burlington for a two week internment and put fini to the weekend hugging threat.

Watch out for Dave Jefferson. He has received two bionic knee transplants⁹ and is bringing a team of scalpers and bookies from a Rhode Island Indian Reservation. The bookies will take bets on all teams. The scalpers will not hawk tickets, they will scalp members of teams ahead of Dave's.

Lucile Jefferson, now here is real opportunity. Greg Jefferson is wasting his time with that 'Blazing Saddle' promo. He should be selling tickets for watching thirty-nine year old Lucile get into her sixty year old, itsy-bitsy, teensy-weensy, yellow, polka dot bikini. Old team cheers never die, they just fade away.

Og & Peggy Carss along with Mary Bowman will again be the only halfway normal people at the Challenge.

The Official Greeter for the Games will be Del Boudreau. He has already received permission from the Cedarvale Property Owners to take time off from duties involved in serving his 14th consecutive term as Chairman of this prestigious Association. From this time forward he will be known as 'Grover Whalen'¹⁰ Boudreau. Once again Del will be handed a *short* opening announcement to read. Once again he will *ad lib*. Del's advancing age will require that he be chauffeured from place to place by his much younger wife, Andree.

The concept of the macho male monster team has worked well and will be perpetuated. Remember 1997? Norman McDevitt, Brenden Burke, Marz Kelley and Ken Jefferson, 1000 lbs of awesome talent, could not get along with each other and came in last. It was a testing experience for the non-macho member of this male-content team¹¹, Val O'Reilly. It is Mary Burke's turn this year to be the civil member of this team. She has the gatherings condolences. Keith Dawson is replacing Ken. Past behavior indicates he should be adequate. (See below) They are expected to bring up the rear. Again.

Matt (#6) & Heidi Jefferson are returning with their Green Mountain mob from Southern Vermont. Since exiling Marz to the machos, this team has done very well. Matt(#6), as usual, will compose and play an original guitar selection for their team cheer. Heidi will sing with him. Since they gave up cigarettes years ago they will not need the P.A. Myriah and Morgaen, competing under their maiden name of Kelley and spouses, will furnish soft back ground accompaniment. At this point it is not known whether Heidi will actively compete in the 'Games', or set up a Boiled New England alternative to the Canadian Mafia spread. (See below.)

Gab & Matt, the professional students from Amherst, Mass, in their 9th year of post graduate work at the University of Massachusetts, will be greeted at the Burlington Bus Stop by Grover Whalen Boudreau chauffeured of course.

⁸ Girl of the day? Girl of the hour? Whatever.

⁹ But can he get permission from Nancy to come?

¹⁰ A professional 'Worlds Fair' greeter in the 1940's

¹¹ Inventive spelling for mal-content.

Souvenirs
Special Requests.

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The Baker siblings & spouses must suffer through their usual distractions in 2007. Steven and Marcie of course, sponsoring their usual 13 course sit down Italian dinner. Keith and Lynda Thorlund trying to overcome their 'sand box' thing. Jeffrey and sibling have broken the sand box mold, and while Jeffrey's only 13, he may have to carry this team all by himself. Probably within this ringbearers capabilities. The croquet 'Pro' and spouse will be exhausted from their 'walking' effort, all in all, prospects don't look encouraging here.

Val & Oscar will again star on the team of soft ball remnants. In spite of wear & tear, the benching of Marc (#7) and Michelle may install this team a slight favorite in 2007. But, will Orlando and Dawn show?

Mike McDevitt's team with Thomas, Christopher, Oliver, Kaitlyn, & K.C., is all set. Their team cheer will be delivered while doing an Irish Step Dance, choreographed by Ellie Emerson when she happened to be in North America for a few hours. Breaking with tradition¹², the M. McDevitts will wear Kelly green Gucci shirts with a non-alcoholic beer motif¹³. Are they interested in winning this thing, getting a TV commercial, or what?

Keith & Anne Dawson are still not able to be on the same team. Anne will be apportioned out as needed. Keith will be relegated to the macho male team. Remember when Keith won with those drunken derelicts, the '91 Winos? He was found wandering over the strewn playing fields the next morning looking for his gold medal. He thought he had lost it. His gloating the night after the awards was so obnoxious, Anne had stolen and hidden the medal. He hasn't changed. Separate teams it is. These people who get so wrapped up in winning, winning, winning.....it's sickening¹⁴.

The Parkers; Ben, Chuck & Anne will appear, schedules permitting; Chuck flying here and there in support of his import/export food preparation operation, Anne with multiple education administration duties and Ben with his New York Philharmonic Orchestra commitments. Chuck has promised to provide all equipment needed to prepare 2007's dueling dinners.

The Art & Addie Ward are coming in their vintage Jaguar. This car, resurrected from a storage garage in State College, Pennsylvania, has been fitted with a plutonium grill which will enable Addie to feed all Challenge participants a lunch in 37 seconds. Art is bringing contraband lawn darts which initiate a hopping movement to the target after landing¹⁵. Rival teams will be given one minute to club them into oblivion with second hand croquet mallets before they reach a scoring position. Clubbers must be wearing 'Mallet Head' T-shirts to be eligible. Mallet Head T-shirts are available from Graham Baker who cornered the market after the '93 Challenge. They can be rented, at exorbitant cost, from the Baker's atomic croquet cart by those young enough to catch it.

Etta & Frank McDevitt will man the First Aid station for the seventh year in a row. Oft injured Etta who can commiserate with wounded players, will dispense bag balm and duct tape. Frank will handle the 'liquid medications'¹⁶.

Gerry(#8) Bennett is fielding an entry from multiple African Nations. After 10 years of promising to visit, will he really show up? Michelle Burke is very excited over this. Will they understand 3rd grade Ebonic? If there are females, and they show up balancing jugs on their heads, Michelle is prepared to give equality lecture # 56¹⁷.

¹² Free T-shirts.

¹³ See footnote 4.

¹⁴ Lucile made me say that.

¹⁵ Sort of a cross between the mars rover and Mexican jumping beans.

¹⁶ Which he is certainly qualified to do.

¹⁷ "Bigga Daddy no balance da jug, Bigga Momma no balance da jug!"

Souvenirs
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So, there it is. Make your plans and reservations early. Today is Sunday, November 02, 1997. There are only 3,528 days until July 1st, 2007.



Souvenirs
Looking to the Future.
1/2/98

Looking to the Future

Insert paragraphs about this subject.



Souvenirs
Looking to the Future.
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Projects

Chapter : Looking to the Future.
Subject : Current Projects.
Date : October, 1997.
Locale : North Hero
People : Lucile Jefferson, Bill Jefferson, Jason(#10), Papa, Og Carss

Theme : Easier said than done.

The word project stands for a significant amount of work. At some vague borderline, a chore becomes a project. Project mode kicks-in. The writer is well verse in project mode. There are planners, leaders, checkers/snoopers, 90 degree turn-causers, and a few workers trying to get the project finished. The latter are always doomed to failure. Inherent in the definition of project is, "work, never 100% complete." Lucile and I have many 'projects' on the table. (See below.) I list them for one reason. When you come to the 2007 Cedarvale Challenge bring this list. You will be able to survey the estate and put them all in the same column. This column, "Well, he did not finish this one either." But, "What me worry?" No. Am firm believer in their being two big disappointments in life. The first is: not to attain your heart's desire. The second is: attaining your heart's desire. We will keep muddling along.

The Cabin.

The carport is out of planning stage¹. The piers are done and four poles are standing up. Am afraid to look at the building permit. It has no doubt expired. At 4 poles a year, this project will not make a 2007 completion date. You might as well check this one off right now. The poles, an economical coup, are being taken from our "Forest of Dead Trees." We have a stand of cedar between the cabin and the road, very nice for privacy. We named it this, after realizing that 2/3's of the trees were dead or 40 feet tall with two green branches at the top. 500 went into a rail fence. Carport poles are accounting for more. Cutting them was very easy. Making the cut tree understand it should fall down, was very hard. The decision to change from 4x4 posts to cedar poles returned this project to the planning stage.

The bedroom/dining room addition/conversion is usually out of planning stage a day and a half a month and back in the other 28 or so. When Lucile's father died, (PaPa), we inherited a beautiful dining room set that seats 6-8. We would have liked it around earlier when we had 6-8 children home, but we liked having PaPa around better. We lived in an apartment at the time. The set was huge. We bought a house with a big dining room. The house, big dining room and huge set are in Atlanta. We are in North Hero without a dining room. So, this project. Odds are about 6 to 9 it will be in the afore mentioned column.

Chances are bright project 'Second-hand Plow' will be consummated. Consummated, but not completed. We do not plan to paint the plow until 'next' year². We are eagerly looking forward to plowing our way through northern Vermont blizzards this winter. Nephew Bill Jefferson says it is easy. "Crank up the truck, get up to about 30 mph, drop the plow and don't stop." With Lucile and Ken in the cab, there is no room for Jason(#10). We plan to have him shovel sand out the back with his paws as we plow along. Our cellular phone will be re-activated in case we plow our way over a cliff. A 'St. Bernard Barrel' for the sander might also make sense.

Project garden does not have a chance. Check it now. Moles chew up the lawn each winter. Cold weather kills well mulched and protected flowers. The raspberries are a disaster and back at square one. Herbs brought indoors die anyway. You would think this incongruous. A garden project, in deep poop, should be flourishing.

¹ In which it went from carport to carport/workshop to carport/workshop with woodshed.

² Yeah, right!

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Golf Croquet Course upgrade is on hold. My neighbors like complaining about the condition of the course so much, would be unfriendly to deprive them of this pleasure.

Project Winery??? Say it's not so!

No, I won't say it's not so. Cedar trees are indigenous to Pelot's Point. They grow beautifully. They stay green all year, shelter flocks of chickadees and attain heights in excess of 60 feet. No matter the attained height, probing the upper atmosphere above them, may be grape vines. In our, 'Forest of Dead Trees', several dead trees, circumcised 2 feet above the ground, are still standing. Why do they levitate in this suspended state? Grape vines. Short of chaining them to the F150 and driving halfway to Greater Downtown North Hero, they will remain, cut but not fallen, woven to fellow cedars by the healthiest grape vines the writer has seen.

Lucile and Ken have been known to have a glass of wine occasionally³. Time brings diminished cash flow, more occasional time and increased wine prices. Passing time in the 'Forest of Dead Trees', hacking away at huge grape vines, even an idiot might think, "Hey,wait a minute,.....just what's happening here?" Shooting ourselves in the foot, that's what's happening. (None of the vines bear white grapes, but that is something Lucile will have to live with.)

As we work to complete our North Hero 'Master Plan', the area adjacent to the forest of dead trees is to be a parking area. Leveled with railroad ties and fill, complete with re-cycled parking meters and one disabled space⁴, this site would be perfect with a trellised canopy of red grapes. All seems to fall together.

We can elect a 'Red Wine Queen' of the year.

The vines would shade the parking area.

A new annual Summer event could be scantily clad young girls crushing grapes with bare feet.

Half the water storage drums in the cellar would be replaced with wine vats. Now this could be real fun. Stick the water system's pick-up pipe in the 'House Red', shut all stops save the toilet, then listen at the bathroom door as an unsuspecting guest flushes and the toilet bowl turns bright red.

Instead of re-cycling our wine bottles at the Town Landfill, we re-cycle them ourselves in the basement.

We can print wine labels⁵ on the Epson Stylus II printer⁶ during 'Operation Refill'.

I love it when a good plan comes together.

The Cedarvale Pumpers Inc. is being formed to move water. Standing water in yards can be 2 feet deep in the spring. We want to move this water. It interferes with the early spring croquet schedule. We are a long way from the North Hero Fire Department help. We would like to be able to move water from the lake for containment efforts prior to their arrival. This project stands a chance. Am getting prodded by the flood plain neighbors. In spring of '97, Og Carss planted the seed by suggesting the standing water be siphoned off. With a medley of borrowed pipe, foot-valves, fittings and pump, it worked like a charm. Spring '98 we will attack the task with more sophisticated equipment and may even conduct fire drills. This should be hilarious. Unfortunately am trying to get this book out by Christmas. Might rate a post edition addendum.

Start a list of projects you don't think you will ever do. It is great fun.

³ Lucile drinks white, Ken drinks red.

⁴ For me.

⁵ Designed by a famous North Hero artist.

⁶ If it's still working after this book is finished.

Personal

Chapter : Looking to the Future.
Subject : Closing Thoughts; authoring, food, abstinence, painting, communication.
Date : November 3, 1997.
Locale : Cabin #2.
People : Bill Gates, Lucile Jefferson, Frank Capra,

Theme : Think We 'll just keep it all going.

Authoring.

Am coming to the end of this writing discipline. Had I the faintest notion these disconnected subjects would approach 250 pages, they probably would not have been started. I can not type. I can not spell. Punctuation is a foreign language to me. My grammar is worst of all. I started out using Microsoft WORD cause it was the only word processing software I was familiar with. So now, just for fun let's put these first 11 lines through WORD'S grammar check.

We Got: 6 'Consider deleting the space before this punctuation mark.'

1 ' Consider changing or deleting *think*'².

3 ' Consider replacing this contraction with two words'.

1 'This sentence does not seem to contain a main clause'.

1 'This main clause may contain a verb in the passive voice'.

1 'Consider rephrasing to avoid ending this sentence with a preposition.'⁴

13 errors in 11 lines! I gave up doing this very early. Really want to say 'early on', but that would be another no no. Ending a sentence with a preposition.

How about spelling? Well now, one four page subject referred to about 70 odd friends and family⁵. One can hardly expect WORD to know how to spell their names. I can't spell them myself. Every time they were mentioned I got a 'Not in the Dictionary' error. They could have been added to the dictionary but that would have taken longer than writing the four pages and I will never write of most of them again.⁶ If a word looked funny to me, I checked just that word and gave the finished subject to Lucile, a much better spell/grammar checker.

My big problem with WORD occurred when page 132 was reached. I clicked on 'Insert new Table of Contents'. WORD had apoplexy. "*WORD does not have enough memory. Save your document in the 'Panic File',*" or something like that.

(I have just taken a two hour lunch. Lunch itself was a martini, beef & salt pork simmered in red wine with potatoes & onions, French bread with real butter and creme caramel for dessert. Then a walk with Jason (#10). We spooked two significant size deer and chased them through the woods. They spent half the time in the air as a result of graceful 4 foot bounds and figure eights, we plowed through burdocks on the ground.

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² Thinking is not permitted by Bill Gates.

³ What?

⁴ So okay, this was a booboo.

⁵ Mr. Grammar is going to tell me to, 'Consider changing or deleting *odd*'. Mr. Grammar does not know my friends and family.

⁶ Wrong, they keep popping up again and again.

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They are beautiful animals. Then it was into the swamp after a muskrat. Jason has collapsed upstairs, I am back at the P.C. Frank Capra, you were right.)

All windows save WORD were closed. I changed to a smaller font. Nothing worked. I could keep on adding sub-documents, but not generate a new table of contents. Next I could not update the index. The same index I haven't gotten to work right yet. Thus, in case you hadn't noticed, this book is in three separate parts. I could have said that in one line instead of 32, but then I wouldn't have had the problem in the first place. Should I ever write anything else, which seems highly unlikely at this time, I will invest a little software time up front.

Lucile has been a godsend. If not for her, this whole thing would be unreadable. We can not afford to send a copy to everyone mentioned. Close family will run about 20 copies, near our budget limit⁷. If someone hears they have been maligned, we will make a circulating copy available to their lawyer. Consulting the distribution subject in the appendix indicates that, at this point, 36 distributees will have to rely on a circulating copy. If we are lucky, the circulating copy will be burned by the first recipient. How to package the finished product? Decisions decisions. Current thinking is to utilize bookbinding skills acquired at Wauwepex Boy Scout Camp in 1939. Reality may be the French Royalty approach, "Let them bind it themselves."

The author's future writing plans? None.

Food.

I am a good cook. No no, I can not write that. Make it, I am a great chef. Honesty is the best policy. Am very pleased that all in our immediate family can put a meal on the table. A good meal! If any of them starve to death, it will be due to laziness not ineptness. Want to cook a meal or even a dish at a family gathering? Then reserve a slot well in advance.

In the appendix are a few dishes I historically prepare. Betty, Velma and Lucile all have had delicious specialties. None are included. They were so good as is, I never even tried to make them. Some dishes I make are already in the repertoires of offspring. Phil(#9)'s cloned Cajun pork rivals mine, so recipes in this category are not included either.

Lucile and I have one kitchen problem which will just not go away. For example, our chili is delicious. Too bad it serves 16. We get so sick of eating delicious chili, Jason(#10) ends up with it. People who have cooked for large families, and are now 'chefing' for two will understand.

Should you have nothing to do on a rainy weekend and make one of my recipes, I hope you enjoy it.

I can not leave this subject without relating my most traumatic kitchen experience. My anthracite mother, once removed, was going to surprise her anthracite spouse, now a retailer, with a lobster dinner. In case you do not know, lobsters are bought live and black. Lobsters, when presented at the table are pink and dead.

For anthraciters this was very intriguing. Good Pittston hard coal shoveled into the firebox of a locomotive turned red as it burned. So this weird crustacean? The lobster my mother had bought was the first lobster I had seen and the first she had cooked. I was not going to miss anything that transpired in the kitchen. In all honesty, my primary thought at this point was, "People actually eat these things?" Back to the preparation. A huge pot of water was brought to boiling. A well chilled lobster was dumped in and the lid slammed on.

Mother, with hand on lid, looked at Ken.

Ken looked at mother.

Mother said, "I wonder if he's changed color?"

Ken said, "I don't know."

Mother said, "Let's look."

We did. Man, the lobster was out of that pot so fast it was unbelievable. Mother and I chased him all over the kitchen. He sure didn't want to go back. We finally cornered him in the breakfast nook and returned him to the pot. A word to the wise, do not remove the wooden pegs from lobster claws until cooking is complete.

Between sighs of relief mother said, "What color was he?"

It had been so exciting, I did not know.

⁷ Honestly now, who is going to read it anyway?

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As for my future eating plans: if I like it, I'll keep on eating it.⁸

Abstinence.

Tobacco is an insidious addiction. I started smoking at 16. The brand was regular Camels. They could be purchased by inserting two dimes in the cigarette machine and pulling the crank. Out would come the Camels with 3 pennies slipped down the side of the cellophane package. Sixteen years later they cost more than 17 cents and I couldn't afford them. Switched to a pipe. One 50 cent package of tobacco lasted a week. A goodly part of my work week was spent sitting on the edge of a bathtub with this corncob thing sticking out of my mouth, cutting tile. Cutting curves in ceramic tile is done with tile nippers. Nippers look like something you might use to remove a horseshoe nail from a horse's hoof. Tooth clenching force is required to nip off unwanted tile, bit by bit. Corncob pipes lasted about 2 weeks before the 'Nipper' bit through the end. Corncob pipes were three for a dollar and made one feel like General McArthur. I preferred throwaway corncob pipes to more expensive ones that had to be cleaned. If you do not have a strong stomach, do not clean pipes. It was the 'cough' which terminated my smoking career. When a person gets up in the morning and coughs rather violently for an hour, it is time to do something. In 1968 I stopped. Were I to smoke just one cigarette today, am sure it would be 'instant replay' of the above. How Velma went to bed for 22 years with a person who smelled like an ashtray, I have no idea.

There are no tobacco products in my future.

Alcohol can also be an addiction. Will not say insidious because I enjoy drinking. This habit causes no morning coughing and my liver seems to cope. However, there is the nagging thought, "Am I an alcoholic?" When you get up to two double martinis, wine with meals and brandy at bed time, one has to wonder. Lucile is strictly wine, but wonder we did. Drinkers are inclined to say, "Oh, I can stop any time." In reply I say, "Oh yes? Well then prove it." We prove it to our satisfaction each year. From New Year's to the first day of spring we are alcohol free. The vernal equinox has been our alcoholic equinox for the last ten years. Conveniently, this is the writer's birthday⁹. The first week of this discipline is proof alcohol is addictive. We strongly advocate this 3 month abstinence to all fellow drinkers. As for myself, while unable to go the 'cut down' route, I am able to survive weeks 1 & 2 of the 'cold turkey' route. After that, save for the last week, it is a piece of cake. The last 7 days anticipation sets in and that week lasts forever. Does all this prove we are, or are not alcoholics? Who knows, but we are very healthy.

There are no changes in drinking habits foreseen for the future.

Were I planning to publish this book in hopes of big sales, I would now address a third addictive habit, sex. I am not, so we won't.

Final word on abstinence, in my case tis easier to abstain than ration.

Painting.

In the late 50's during a building slowdown, builders I subcontracted with were going bankrupt or disappearing in the night at an alarming rate. I was a nervous wreck. For my birthday Velma gave me ten watercolor lessons with an artist in Sommers, Connecticut. Why? I have no idea. I had never even painted a 'smiley face' at the time. I was not too keen on the idea.

Velma, "Look, do me a favor, just go."

I did. Classes were held in the artist's basement. Oil students had easels. Watercolor students had picnic tables. There were 12 easels and one picnic table. Oil people were all female. Oil people daubed. Watercolor is not a daubing medium. It is a slam bam medium. Bad booboo? No big deal. Turn over the paper and start another. Right off the bat, two or three paintings were coming off the picnic table per night. By lesson #8 even some good ones. I have painted off and on ever since. Mostly off of late. Like playing the piano, one must keep their hand in. A hiatus means practice. Still about 8 sessions for me.

Lucile and I took a trip to Boileau, Quebec in early October, to visit her cousin Louise Gaspé and friend Jean-Michel. Iron cages are needed to keep bears out of the garbage and we were snowbound by the first storm of the year. We were proudly shown the bathroom they had just completely renovated. On the wall was a blue/gray watercolor of an Eskimo hunter crossing an ice flow. These had been mass produced and distributed to family in the distant past. I was taken aback.

⁸ Until death do us part.

⁹ March 21, send money not cards.

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"You only knew I was coming 3 days ago. How did you find this and hang it up in time?"

Louise's response, "It has been part of my blue bathroom plan from the beginning."

On the return trip back to civilization, I mused over my historic painting policy.

1. If the painting was any good, I kept it.
2. If it was not too bad and someone asked for it, I gave it to them.
3. If I did not care for either side, I tore it up.
4. Never bestow unsolicited paintings of any quality on anyone.

Number one was troubling me a bit. It was time to paint some good ones and give them away.

Future plans: Crank up practice sessions, paint nine high quality similar watercolors, conduct children lottery, send photos of all nine to child who was drawn #1. Child with #2 has choice from 8, etc. Goodness, almost another project.

Communication.

To say I am not the 'Great Communicator' is an understatement. Not many current things seem to interest me any more. Whether this is good or bad, I have no idea. Coverage of high profile trials is disgusting.

Case in point: O.J.'s. At first mention of these initials, off went the T.V. An hour of T.V. 'news' is ridiculous. 5 minutes of news/weather, 15 minutes of commercials and 40 minutes of small talk and gossip. Also turned off. Sports are watched occasionally, with muted motor mouths, (my favorite alliterative.) Had I bought an overpriced ticket and attended the game in person, nobody would be yakking in my ear. I know how to play all these games, who needs them? Politics? Well, some of the jokes are funny.

I could get tuned into public radio and ETV, but every time something promises to interest me, it is background programming for a membership drive.

As for reading, the writer is definitely out of step. On the pocket of North Hero Library books is stamped the date the book was last out of the library. My last library book was: 'Memories of Winston Churchill'.

Before me, it was last removed from the library: October 11, 1965. Unbelievable, that book sat on the library shelf for 32 years waiting a weirdo like me to reach for it! So much for passive communication. If this sounds like the ranting of a senile, opinionated white Anglo-Saxon male, it is.

Phones should be banned during eating periods. (Like 8 A.M.- 12 P.M.) The rest of the time don't answer it. If someone has died tonight, they will still be dead in the morning. Telemarketers have even worn down Lucile. She is now using the answering machine to monitor incoming calls. Never thought I'd see the day! This is causing frustration among the children. Like we should sit around all month waiting to leap on the phone in case they call! "I don't have time for this. Answer your phone!!!!" Or, "This is costing me money!!!! Have you gotten this far Marc (#7)? Sorry kids. We will shorten the message however. From the current 4-ring, polite, clear and slow, " You have reached 372-5109. Please leave a message and we will get back to you. By", we are going to a very fast, 2-ring, "Beepfollowsby."

E-Mail was invented for slow acting minds like mine. I liked it while working and no doubt should have it at home. The purportedly highly paid consultant is KJ, 'A' is anybody else.

The phone message version.
0930, "KJ, this is A, call me back.

0931, What the hell does this jerk want now? I am not going to be able to give him an instant answer and it will be embarrassing. Let's see, he goes to lunch from 1-2 P.M., I'll return the call then.

1305, "Hi there 'A'. Sorry I missed you. I'll be gone the rest of the day. Talk to you next week."

'A' returns from lunch. That KJ is an S.O.B. He knows I go to lunch at 1 P.M.

1405, "KJ, 'A' again. This is important, please call before 5 P.M."

'A's thought trend now, KJ knows I go on break at 3 P.M. with that pretty secretary. Well, have to cancel today and monitor the phone.

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1505, 'A's' phone rings. He jumps on it. A surprised pause and then,
"Hi old buddy it's KJ, what can we do for you?"¹⁰
"Good of you to call pal, here's the story,"

The 'story' is too involved for an answer over the phone. Nothing is accomplished. 'A' is frustrated and KJ is an idiot. Oh, how many times I have played that game.

The E-Mail version.
0930, KJ, ('A' is redundant, E-Mail knows who is talking.)
Consider the following and give me your opinion. (A short clear description of the problem follows.)
Have copied the attached to ensure I have stated this correctly.
Need answer today.

KJ silently contemplates the problem in his super logical mind¹¹.

1015, 'A',
I think

In addition to original attachees, have added

Have a nice weekend.

Beautiful, give me E-Mail every time. Communications requiring an instant response, evoke one resembling that old Chinese proverb in my case.

"Tis better to keep mouth shut and appear fool, than open it and remove all doubt."

Writing.
Ah, my one, perhaps passable, communicative skill.
Future communicative plans: write more letters. Should I work on the conversation thing? Nah, too late.

¹⁰ Oh brother, how true!

¹¹ Heh, heh, poetic license.

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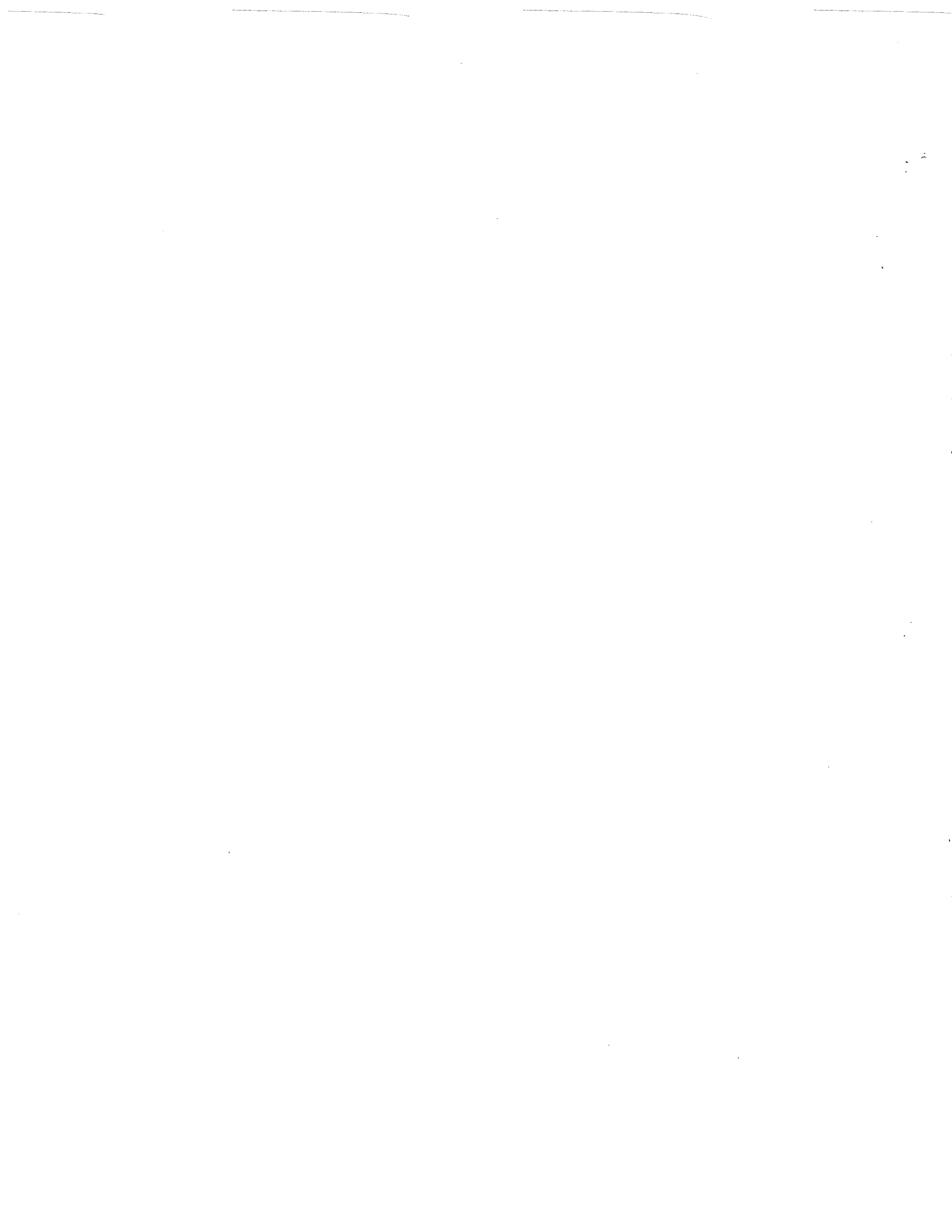


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Chapter : Appendix.
Subject : Potential Recipients of this Document.
Date : September, 1997.
Locale : n/a
People : (see below).

Distribution

This is a distribution list. The poor souls below may receive a first edition copy of 'VT I-89, Souvenirs of Yesteryear', that's if they scream loud enough. The second column shows why a copy was bestowed. We began to pass the second column by the people in column 1, but the first 6 contacted said, "Take me off the list!"

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1. Ainsley, James | Low flying North Hero neighbor. (Deceased 1997) |
| 2. Arley, Barbara | Velma's cousin, married Bud Arley, Cox Brook resident. |
| 3. Attridge, George | Ken schoolmate. Cemetery mower. |
| 4. Baker, Graham & Barbara | Lucile & Ken neighbors, North Hero. Barbara is diviner.
Graham plays croquet. |
| 5. Baker, Steven & Marcie | Son & daughter-in law of Graham & Barbara. |
| 6. Barber, Kitchie | Velma's best friend. |
| 7. Bowman, Peter & Mary | Lucile & Ken neighbors, North Hero. Peter likes
'The Glenlivet'. Mary much too nice for Peter. |
| 8. Bennett, Charlie | Ken's cousin, Lucile's brother-in-law, once removed. |
| 9. Bennett, Gerry | Lucile's #3. |
| 10. Bennett, Horace & Helen
705 Genkinger Court
Zelienople, Pa 16063-2205 | John & Charlie Bennett's uncle & aunt. Horace is
Pete Bennett's brother. |
| 11. Bennett, John | Lucile's first husband, Ken's cousin. |
| 12. Bennett, Marc & Michelle | Lucile's #2 & spouse, nee Burke. |
| 13. Brock, Beth | Ken's sister. |
| 14. Brock, Jeff & Susan | Beth's #1 & spouse. |
| 15. Brown, Isabelle & Brownie | Isabelle George's sister & Betty's best friend. |
| 16. Brown, Barbara | Ditty sister #3. |
| 17. Brown, Don | Ken's cousin. One of Isabelle's, nee Jefferson,
twins. |
| 18. Brown, Ted | Ken's cousin. One of Isabelle's, nee Jefferson,
twins. |
| 19. Buck, Dick | Ken schoolmate. Best man wedding #1. |
| 20. Burke, Theresa | Marc(#7) mother-in-law. |
| 21. Chay, Mark | Australian friend of Lucile, '76 Olympics. |
| 22. Cleveland, Edwin | Velma's brother. |
| 23. Clulow, Bill & Carol
99 Oceangreens Lane
Caswell Beach, N.C. 28465 | Friends from Travelers. |
| 24. Cotton, Gene & Marilyn | Ken & Lucile business friends. |
| 25. Cuthbert, Harry | Ken Schoolmate. |
| 26. Daniels, Lorraine & Bob | Montpelier friends. |

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| 27. Dawson, George & Jane | North Hero friends. |
| 28. Dawson, Keith & Ann
54 Castlethorpe Cr.
Nepean ON K2G 5R1 | Son & daughter-in-law of George & Jane. |
| 29. Dawson, Betty | North Hero adversary. |
| 30. DeLary, Louis | Ken's first wife's mother's second husband's first wife's second husband. |
| 31. Demand, Erhardt & Nancy | North Hero friends. Parents of Mike Demand. |
| 32. Demand, Heidi | Spouse of Mike Demand. |
| 33. Dubrosky, Louise & Joe | Louise & Charlie Bennett had Cedarvale lot #15.
Joe golfs like Graham croquets. (Too good for Ken) |
| 34. Emerson, Sharon, Drew & Jay | Siblings, lot #3, Cedarvale. |
| 35. Fiske, Lloyd & Marguerite | Velma's half brother & spouse. |
| 36. Foley, Anne | Lived with Susie Cleveland. |
| 37. Gaylord, Dick | Northfield entrepreneur. |
| 38. Gaylord, Dick Jr. | Mower #2 |
| 39. Goss, Shirley & Artie | Velma's sister & second spouse. |
| 40. Higgins, Ed & Therese | Montpelier friends. |
| 41. Hooke, Danny | Family mechanic & friend. |
| 42. Jason | Child #10 |
| 43. Jarema, Hanry | 'The Great Embracer'. |
| 44. Jefferson, Bill | Son of Ken's brother David. Snow plow expert. |
| 45. Jefferson, David & Nancy | Ken's brother and 3 time Challenge winning spouse. (Maybe we won't give her a copy.) |
| 46. Jefferson, Edward & Clara | Esteemed and only surviving uncle of Ken & spouse. (Another obnoxious golfer,...not Clara.) |
| 47. Jefferson, Greg | Ken's oldest son. |
| 48. Jefferson, Ken & Lucile | Wanted in 18 States and 5 provinces for misrepresentation. Whereabouts unknown.. |
| 49. Jefferson, Linda | Daughter of Ken's brother David. |
| 50. Jefferson, Matt & Heidi | Ken's 3rd son and spouse. |
| 51. Jefferson, Mike | Ken's second son. |
| 52. Jefferson, Phil | Ken's 4th son. |
| 53. Jefferson, Ted & Clara | Esteemed uncle & spouse. |
| 54. Jeannine & Claude Savard | Lucile's cousin & husband. |
| 55. The Kelleys, Myriah, Marz & Morgaen | Matt(#6)'s step children. |
| 56. Knight, Paula | North Hero Post Mistress. |
| 57. Lane, John | North Hero JP. |
| 58. Larson, Dick | Builder/pilot from 'Jefferson Tile' days. |
| 59. Layton, Ms. | Geometry teacher. |
| 60. McCleskey, Sue | Ken's 1st daughter. |
| 61. McDevitt, Frank & Etta | In-laws of Lucile's Linda |
| 62. McDevitt, Norman & Linda | Lucile's daughter & spouse. |
| 63. Murdock, Stuart & Lois | Ken schoolmates. |
| 64. Olin, Elmer | Lost wife through arthritis complications. |
| 65. Peck, Carole & Jim | Beth's daughter & spouse. Sara Jefferson & Carole Brock married brothers. |
| 66. Peck, Sara & Bill | Ken's second daughter & spouse. |
| 67. Peck, Seniors | Sara & Carole in-laws. |
| 68. Peterson, Art & Gladys | Blind date instigator and spouse.. |
| 69. Reid, Suzanne & Marcel | Lucile's cousin & husband. |
| 70. Saxe, Dorothy | Widow of Ken's cousin Dick. |

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71. Snow, Jean

Friend of Lucile, Ken & Charlie Bennett. (Has looked up
'oxymoron'.)

72. St. John, Eric & Moira

Eric wired cabin #2. Moira accepts bribes.

73. Sylvester, Brett

Grade Isle Veterinary.

74. Thorslund, Lynda & Keith

Lynda, nee Baker, & Spouse. (more croquet
nightmares for Ken)

75. Ward, Art & Addie

Art: log cabin salesman. Addie: Challenge chef
supreme.



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Technical Information

Chapter : Appendix.
Subject : How this document is Organized, and will be distributed. (I think.)
Date : Monday, November 10, 1997.
Locale : Basement of Cabin #2.
People : Mr. Hamilton Standard Propeller, The Red Umbrella People, Shirley Goss,

Theme :

I was first introduced to the world of programming in 1966. I had been doing floor to ceiling stone work in the cathedral living room of a home in Somers, Connecticut. My modus operandi was to cut and layout the stone for a whole wall on the floor of the room being honored with my artistic talents. This was then followed by mudding and jointing the stone in place. (I only tried this in one occupied home, ours, cabin #2. What a mess!) The people for whom this home was being built would drop in and observe. I hated this and usually sat down and smoked a corncob pipe till they left. The male owner was the data processing manager for Hamilton Standard Propeller. One day Mr. Propeller said, "I am impressed with the logical way you go about this job. Have you had any formal education?"

Mr. Mason rejoined, "Some."

"How would you like to come in to Hamilton and take the programmer's aptitude test?"

"What does a programmer¹ do?"

"Write programs. I'll set it up for next Tuesday A.M. Tell the guard your name and follow his instructions."

Nervous and watchless I took the test. There were four parts; basic math, next number in the sequence, which of the following words is closest in meaning to this word, and lastly, weird shapes which had to be mentally inverted, rotated or viewed from their opposite side. Mercifully there was no spelling. Nervous was okay, watchless was bad. I should have allocated more time for weird shapes which turned out to be easiest for me². Score; high 80's. Needed to be hired; low 90's. More intrigued than disappointed, I shortly saw a Travelers Insurance Company ad inviting interested parties to take a programmers aptitude test. What the hell, and this time I took a watch. It was exactly the same test. I remembered half my previous answers. They thought I was a genius. In 1966 my programming career was launched. The first computer I wrote programs for was the RCA 501. This computer would not fit in the basement of our 30x25 cabin. It had all of 77,000 positions of addressable memory. There were no 'high level' languages in existence. We wrote programs in machine code. It was humbling. Some people never did get their programs to run.

What a difference today. I sit at the monitor of a small P.C. with more computing power than Hamilton & Traveler's put together in 1966. The amazing increase in power and memory has been accompanied by an even more amazing decrease in size. Where is it leading? Swatted a mosquito lately? Probably didn't give it a thought did you, this pest is obviously too small to even have a brain. I wonder. We equate intelligence to brain size. Maybe we have this backwards.

Well anyway, starting this book on my P.C. with Windows 95, I set up a folder called vtrt89. Shirley Goss pointed out that it was not Rt89, it was I-89. The references in the book are being changed, but think we'll leave the folder as is. Microsoft WORD is the software used. Volumes I, II & Appendix are 'master documents'. Individual subjects are 'sub-documents'. WORD creates file names for sub-documents from the first 8 letters of their name, incrementing the 8th letter if necessary to avoid duplicates. When a sub-document file is opened from the master document,

¹ As inferred in the work station sign, "30 days ago I cudn't spell programr, now I are one."

² No comments from the audience.

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updated and closed, the updated version is automatically included in its master document. Simple. Has to be, I know next to nothing about Pcs. The number of sub-documents is 62 and counting.

When my master document approached 140 pages, my WORD software was not able to re-generate indices & tables of contents. Word displays, "WORD does not have enough memory" and dies. After trying everything I could think of, I gave up and separated the work into 3 master documents. If there is anybody out there who knows how to make more memory available to WORD, tell me how.

Should I die prior to completing this master piece, the above may enable someone to retrieve this valuable tome from my 'C' drive.

As for distributing copies;

The writer is too cheap to have copies printed.

The writer is too lazy to print out many copies on his P.C.

The writer may Xerox a copy for you if he likes you.³

The writer may be amenable to distributing the document on floppy disks.

Having never made a contribution to a political party, the writer has been unable to have the document read into the Congressional Record.

The writer will furnish a copy for children #1-9⁴, plus his siblings and contributees⁵.

A few circulating copies may be available for check out.⁶

The writer may inquire at the North Hero Library to find out how much they would charge to put a copy on their shelves. Fictional section I guess. Then whenever family passes through Greater Downtown North Hero, they can peruse it for free.

All of the above may be redundant, this book is a project and projects are never finished.

³ If you pay! (At say 300 pages, \$.05 per page, that's \$15.00.) A real rip off.

⁴ #10 has shown absolutely no interest.

⁵ 3-time Challenge winners and good golfers may be out of luck.

⁶ With reasonable deposit, like:

Your favorite croquet mallet.

Mr. Millington's wood for playing out of the rough.

Any negative of Lucile in her yellow bikini.

Patsy Cline cassette.

Return of my poster showing the smiling cat that just ate the Bluebird of Happiness.

Original instructions for opening the gas tank door of the '73 Ghia.

Purloined Vermont oil paintings.

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Chapter: Appendix.

Subject: Water.

Date : December, 1996.

Locale : Town of North Hero.

People : The Big Dowsler, P. T. Barnum, Messieurs Sucker & Pusher, Harry Hutchins, The Pope, The Unibomber,

Theme: You don't miss the water til the well runs dry.

Water in North Hero

(Specifically written for a log cabin by Lake Champlain in the wilds of northern Vermont.)

Water is a very interesting subject in North Hero.

It is also a subject which must be dealt with if one intends to reside in this locale.

This procedure, which is really more like a scene wetter, addresses water in three different environments;

- * Moderate temperature, unfrozen lake.
- * Freezing temperatures, unfrozen lake.
- * Freezing temperatures, frozen lake.

As for transition environments, a freezing/thawing lake, try to stay away.

Types of water involved are;

- * Lake water.
- * Well water.
- * Designer water.
- * Gift water.
- * Holy water.
- * Distilled water.

The bad guys are:

- * Storms.
- * Salt
- * Sulfur.
- * Zebra mussels.
- * Power outages.

Solutions are;

- * Deep well.
- * Heated line to lake.
- * 2 pails and an ice chisel.
- * Abstinence from water.
- * Flight.
- * Town water.
- * Basement storage.

Isn't this exciting?

The deep well is by far the best and most permanent solution.

We opted for this after considering the following.

*Local wells are notorious for sulfur. Sulfur in water reminds one of rotten eggs, but can be treated.
*Local well water doesn't taste too good but we drink other stuff anyway, and for brushing teeth we recommend the house Chablis.

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*Zebra mussels, a Lake Champlain infestation, are attracted to pipes drawing water from the lake, but up to now have not been known to cross land and infest deep wells. If they start marching across Lot # 13, we'll be ready for those little suckers. Who do they think they are anyway, southern catfish?

*The pump in a deep well is a 'pusher' and performs its appointed task far below the freeze line.

*A deep well functions unattended in all environments.

*Our 'bedside table' generator would support the deep well pump. (Refer to power outage procedure.)

*We had proven diviners (dowsers) in excess supply.

*Both initial and maintenance cost were controllable. This statement is incomprehensible to politicians, but very pertinent to senior citizens. (See special North Hero taxation without representation comments in the Town Water section. I thought we fought a war over this, but then again, I could be wrong.)

Problem solved right? Wrong!

The well, drilled at the location specified by our divine neighbor, Barbara the dowser, brought in an ample supply of water at an acceptable depth of 177 feet, stunk like the expected ripe eggs but contained an unacceptable level of salt. "Salt?", we said, "what's the big deal?" The big deal we found out is that salt is the one thing that can't be treated.

I believe our error here was in not sneaking the drilling rig in at night, under cover of darkness. We did it in broad daylight and the Big Dowser up in the sky said, "Ha, look who thinks he's going to drill a good well!"

Anyhow, we ended up with a water report from the state of Vermont, which we will frame since this whole caper cost us \$1557.50, and a 6 inch casing pipe sticking up 18 inches in the middle of the drive and guaranteed to tear out all passing transmissions. But back to the water saga.

Next to draw our attention was the heated line to the lake.

Be aware that as far as pumps are concerned there are 'suckers' and there are 'pushers'. We are not talking P.T. Barnum or drug trafficking.... this is pump talk. A sucker pump sits at the desired destination and draws water up. A pusher sits at the source of the water and pushes it wherever you want it to go. A sucker requires that the entire suction line be primed before it will draw. A pusher is generally self-priming. Got it? Good. Now let's return to the zebra mussel. This delightful little creature draws nutrients from lake water. Like humans, it can work for these nutrients by constantly circum-navigating Lake Champlain, or go the welfare route by clinging to a sucker pipe and having nutrients pass by free of zebra effort. The greater the flow, the more free-loaders and the faster the sucker pipe is clogged. This whole scenario should be quickly comprehended by the average U.S. tax payer.

A heated line to the lake would of necessity need a sucker pump in two of the above three environments. The two that have the 'F' word in them. Ha! Gotcha. That's 'F' for freezing. The water destination is a nice warm basement where the sucker pump would be perfectly happy until the zebra guys at the other end caused pump apoplexy. Obviously, Mr. Pusher is not going to be happy sitting down by the lake when it's 30 below.

Our main heated line hang-up is, who will chop through 3 feet of ice in mid-winter and harvest the zebra mussel welfare colony flourishing at our expense on the suction line's foot valve.

No,..... this solution is going to require some additional research. But we did explain 'sucker', 'pusher' and zebra mussel.....Didn't we?

Ice Chisel.

Harry Hutchins is a friend here in the Islands. He is about 89, give or take a few. When we broached the subject of our supposed water concerns, his response was, "What's the problem? Git yerself a coupl'a pails and an ice chisel. I've done it for years."

.....We are not going to pursue this solution.....

Abstinence.

What does this really mean? Perhaps a poor choice of word when we are just discussing water. And don't query the Pope for a definition. He's probably still laughing over the deep well results.

I think that it comes down to, "Water water everywhere, but not a drop to flush."

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See..... this gets down to the nitty-gritty. When the bathroom is involved, I like to flush a toilet! I don't like to do it in a 2 & 1/2 holer, I don't want to blast it with a shot of over-heated propane, I just want to flush period.

.....abstinence goes in the ice chisel category for the present.....

Flight.

No way.

Rather be flushed down with a last ringing rebel yell than return to Georgia with tail between legs!

Town water.

The Town of North Hero is putting in a system to provide water for its residents. No,..... let's rephrase that. The Town is preparing to make water available to selected residents. The writers were not able to ascertain an estimated cost for pursuing this solution. Because we may have no control over who gets a hold of this document, we will try hard to limit further comment to elevator music intensity.

Involved in our decision to go it alone was:

Hookup charge not publicized.

Monthly service/usage charge not specified.

(Both above unspecified charges have since received unspecified increases.)

The line was not coming past our cabin.

If it did, getting the water into the cabin from the road would have been a problem. Our problem. (100 lineal feet through solid ledge and insulated against the 'F' environments.)

However, if the Water Works doesn't work as not advertised, the Town of North Hero has just one source of revenue to restore economic stability. Property owners. This leaves the writers completely out on a limb. Owning property gives one the privilege of paying taxes, but to vote on town matters one must also be a resident. We are not.

In summary:

We didn't want town water.

We couldn't have had it if we did.

We couldn't vote against it.

We expect to end up paying for it.

Basement Storage. (Wins by default if you haven't already guessed.)

This subject is fairly well explained by the 'Operation Refill' procedure.

A few sidelights may be worth noting at this time though.

Storage space in cold climates is sometimes limited. We opted for overall cabin dimensions of 25x30. Keep in mind, as ye build, so shall ye heat. Each time I try to find a place to store something it's, "Should have built it bigger." Each time I throw another log on the fire it's, "Wonder if we could have made this thing a little smaller."

The most amazing fact to me in the continuing trials and tribulations of my fellow alumnus, the accused unibomber, are the dimensions of his Montana cabin. 10x12!

Unbelievable.

We have been able to fit 11 drums into the basement to support our storage solution. They were an exceptional buy at \$12 a piece. Mainly because of their history. They were used to ship apple concentrate from Chile. Ours contained crop 96 from lot 234 processed by plant KM95. To date the only adverse result has been that every time we shower the cabin smells like a cider mill. This should dissipate with each Operation Refill and be gone by spring.

Fruity or not this gave us:

Storage capacity of 660 gallons.

Complete control of initial/maintenance cost.

Isolation from storm conditions.

Ability to discount the zebra mussels.

A fun thing to do on nice days.

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One thing left to be dealt with, water terms.

Lake Water. Locals claim the lake is polluted. We feel they do this to reduce competition for polluted fish.....which locals eat with gusto. Some drink lake water, some don't. We don't.

Well Water. Wells can be dug (shallow) or drilled (deep). Either is marginal for good ice cubes.

Designer Water. Any water purchased in a store. Purchased water in our case is close to an oxymoron.

Gift Water. Sponged, one way or another, from friends.

Holy Water. Siphoned off from St. Jos. church after dark.

Distilled Water. We have dueling humidifiers. Water from the basement dehumidifier can be poured in the bedroom humidifier. Wonderful ice cube and steam iron source.

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Subject :Storing Water.
Date :December, 1996.
Locale :Lake Champlain.
People :Mr. Suction, Chi Chi Rodriquez, Ms Hand-transfer, Mr. Pusher, Ms. Storer, Mozart, Beethoven, Esteemed Uncle (Ted Jefferson), Linda(#5), Harry Hutchins.

Theme: We don't flush for #1

Operation Refill.

How do I begin,... to tell the story of 'Operation Refill?'

- * Well, there are 11 numbered drums in the basement. (That's a start.)
- * These 11 drums are under a cellar window, 75-100 feet from ...'The Lake', depending on the environment.
- * Mr. Suction Pump, also under cellar window, can be set to pump from the lake or one of these drums. (Used Mr. instead of Ms. to see if certain members of the family are paying attention) Valves in question are clearly marked.
- * In a non - 'F' environment the 'livin is easy' and we'll leave you on your own.
- * So let's assume something is frozen. (The lake, the line to same....no matter.)

- * Normal procedure in freeze conditions is to:
 - Go to the basement each A.M.
 - Remove the pipe from its current drum and place it in the next higher number drum. Only one drum will have a pipe. This can best be described as the 'Chi Chi Rodriquez' motion which follows a successful putt.
 - On each drum is an indicator to show empty/full or some interim stage of same. Set yesterday's drum to the appropriate setting.
 - Rocket science stuff huh?
 - Multiple marking sticks are handy to measure the amount of water in a drum . If you are feeling adventurous, dip one in the current drum prior to moving the pipe. If it's over 1/2 full, you might like to 'go for it' and leave the pipe there. Unless you plan an apple cider shower or have diarrhea, there is not too much at risk. Mr. Suction will draw all the water from the drum, start sucking air and run till the pipe is transferred to another drum. Point of note; don't leave the cabin while the Mr. Suction is running. Wait till he stops.
- * As drums are used, Operation Refill becomes more imperative. This may be temporarily postponed by use of the Ms. Hand Transfer Pump if desired. She is stored on drum #6 and tagged with instructions. This enables consolidating unused remnants into one drum.
- * With experience, ...balancing amounts, weather, inclinations and need,.. become second nature. On a nice, calm, sunny day, eyes will meet, heads nod and the super efficient Refill Team will spring into action.
- * The Team comprises two members. A Pusher and a Storer.
- * The Pusher uses;
 - The transport sled. This is the battered front end of an old skidoo.
 - The sled transports one gas pump, (Mr. Pusher)¹, 2- 50 foot rubber hoses, the² The Glenlivet tool box, 32:1 gas can mix, suction line with weighted strainer and, depending on whether the sun is over the yardarm , perhaps a Martini.

¹ Mr. Pusher can be either the pump or pumper.

² We have a catch 22 situation here. If I say Glenlivet Scotch, my esteemed uncle, Ted Jefferson, will say, "It's not Glenlivet, it's The Glenlivet." Then if I write, "The The Glenlivet box," my computer pops up with

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Knee boots.

(In our scenario here, Mr. Pusher is Mr. Martini and Ms. Storer is Ms. Chablis.)

- * The Storer uses;
 - An easy chair.
 - A reading lamp & novel.
 - A glass of Chablis.
 - Business end of hose.
 - Clorox.
 - Empty/full indicators.
 - The panic flag to convey a, "DRUMS ARE FULL" message.
- * Upon springing into action, Mr. Pusher is serviced in the basement. Gas can in fossil storage and labeled Homelite fills tank. Water from pails labeled 'Bath' is subverted to fill Mr. Pusher's water jacket, labeled 'jacket'. Set choke to full choke and set throttle to 'rabbit', the only other choice is 'turtle'. Quaint.
- * Mr. Martini dons rubber knee boots kept on drum #8.
- * Basement window, (there's only one), is slid open to admit hose.
- * Transport sled with Mr. Pusher attached is dragged up hatchway steps.
.....(This whole operation goes better with Mozart, or perhaps Beethoven in the background.).....
- Incidentally, today, Dec. 16, is Beethoven's birthday.
- * First stop, male end of hose # 1 is passed through the basement window.
- * Ms. Chablis inserts hose # 1 in target drum..
- * Mr. Martini heads for the beach with female end of hose #1, while dragging transport sled behind.. If you have to ask which end is which, just pass this document to someone older.
- * When hose #1 ends, Mr. Martini attaches hose #2, no choice of ends here, and continues to the beach. Beach is more of a generic term here. Actually we're talking solid rock.
- * At the water's edge, transport sled can be dragged partially into the water. Pump must be above water.
- * Hose #2 is attached to the only fitting on pump with nothing connected to it.
- * Remove pliers from the the Glenlivet tool box and tighten hose connections.
- * Throw the weighted strainer line into the lake.
- * Depress fuel primer button 5-6 times. (Looks like gum drop.)
- * Pull starter line 6-7 times till engine starts. If starting is a problem, we recommend retiring to the basement and referring to the Homelite instructions in the fossil fuel cabinet.
- * Upon start, place a rock in front of the transport sled The pump tends to 'walk' to the water. (That's to, not on.)
- * Whoever is playing Mr. Martini, now returns to the basement to see if Mr. Pusher is pushing, or if Ms. Storer, being played by Ms. Chablis, is receiving.
- * If receiving, Ms. Storer monitors the filling of each drum, adding 1/2 cup Clorox to each. A small pail is helpful in moving the hose from one drum to another, avoids spillage. It normally takes Mr. Pusher 10 minutes to fill an empty drum.
- * While filling, Mr. Martini must monitor the gas tank on Mr. Pusher. A refill requires **shutdown**. Do not try to fill up while pump is running. Prime will not be lost when throttle is closed.
- * Normal refill time is about 1 hr.-1hr. & 45 min. depending on the amount remaining in the drums when the operation began.
- * 'Bath' pails should be topped off at the same time.
- * When the last drum is several minutes from being full, Mr. Martini must make a dash to the beach to turn off Mr. Pusher. That's if he's in the basement. If he is at the beach already, Ms. Chablis must yank on the line labeled '**PANIC**' to communicate the urgency of the basement situation. Yanking on the panic line raises a worn out Canadian flag in a tree overhanging the lake At this point, Mr. Martini and Jason

a naughty naughty double word error. Should have used a cracker tin, but this uncle keeps promising to visit, never does and we're stuck with empty The Glenlivet tins. Why empty? The neighbors are aware of uncle's no show reputation, the gift bottle bought in anticipation, and the ending of the vacation season. "Didn't come this year either did he?" "Time to kill The Glenlivet on the porch like we did last year." Oh well, what the heck....and we've another empty tin. Ted is esteemed cause he's the only uncle I've left.

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(#10), have been known to be romping around a frozen lake paying no attention to the height of the panic flag.³

* Beautiful huh? And to think we went to all the trouble of having a well drilled!

* All that remains for Ms. Chablis is to set all indicators to full.

* All that remains for Mr. Martini is to disconnect hose 1&2, drain them, return all to sled and drag sled back into the basement. **Leave nothing containing water outside.**

This procedure will be augmented in February when 'Little Augie' is pressed into operation. 'Little Augie' is a \$209.00 gasoline powered ice auger which, if we are so inclined this winter, will let us participate in the polluted fish game. I can see it now. Mr. Martini in an ice fishing shack with Mr. Pusher, 'Little Augie' and the panic flag.

Upon following this procedure over the winter of '97, with a hand ice auger from Linda's (#5) father-in-law, Frank McDevitt, we have put the 'Little Augie' plan on the shelf till Mr. Martini is too senile to auger.

We did find that refill day was a wonderful day to do the laundry. The washing machine uses about 40 gallons of water per load. This is the better part of a drum. One drum, #11, is reserved for emergency reasons. As in, maybe Mr. Pusher won't feel like working today. If drum #10 is full, laundry can be started simultaneously with the refill of drum #1. When washer load #1 is done, Chi Chi the pipe to refilled drum #1, and do second load of wash.

Can't you visualize this beehive of activity?

Mr. Suction running inside to keep the washer supplied with water.

Mr. Pusher running outside to keep Ms. Chablis supplied with water.

Ms. Chablis playing musical drums with fill hose and Chi Chi pipe.

The dryer is drying load #1.

The dehumidifier is now running because the dryer is not vented to the outside.

The oil burner joins in to heat the laundry water.

The washer is spinning load #2.

Appassionata Sonatas still playing.

Jason (#10) barking to get out of the basement.

Mr. Martini printing out stupid articles, like this, on the laser printer.

Jason (#10) barking to get in the basement.

Mr. Martini dashing in and out to monitor Mr. Pusher's fuel.

And finally, if it's soap opera time, add a TV for Ms. Chablis.

I dare say all readers who have made it to this point, think nothing of turning water taps on. Not so North Hero! If not doing laundry or running the dishwasher, one drum may last us 4 days.

Perhaps we should consider a home video for posterity.

³ Some day I should calculate how long it would take Mr. Pusher to fill the whole cellar.

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Chapter :Appendix.
Subject :Power Outages
Date : December, 1996
Locale : Pelots Point, North Hero.
People : Betty Dawson, Ben Franklin.

Theme: Where were you when the lights went out?¹

Power Failure Procedure

(Specifically written for a log cabin by Lake Champlain in the wilds of northern Vermont.)

For the short term, (1-2 hrs.), just:

Note time. The kitchen clock is battery powered
Use flashlights, (Flashlights located by phones in Bedroom, Basement and Living Room and on side of refrigerator.)
Report outage. Citizens Utilities, 1-800-696-9111. Pole # 0126 5.
Reporting is necessary only in the off season, Oct-May, otherwise you'll never beat Ms. E. Dawson to the phone.
Use Coleman gas lamp, (Bedroom armoire). Lamp carries own instructions.
Oil lamps are in wall cabinet, S.E. corner of living room. If you've never used one, leave them there.
Avoid water usage. Drink gin. Don't flush unless necessary.
Open refrigerator sparingly, i.e. make big drinks while you're at it..
Pray.

For the mid term, (2-4 hrs.):

If the weather is cold, light Toyotomi kerosene heater in basement. Basement in winter stays about 55-60 when power is on. (See separate procedures; kerosene heater & fossil fuels.)
Bring up pails labeled 'BATH' from the basement to the bathroom. This water can be used to flush the toilet. This is not a rocket science operation. Simply pour from the pail into the toilet bowl at about the same rate the water would normally come from the tank². Pails are at bottom of spiral stair. Negotiating spiral with pail & flashlight is a fun thing.
Additional blankets are in trunk in basement office, S.E. corner.
Maintain gin and prayer.

For the long term, (4 hrs. to goodness knows.):

We're really getting into the heavy stuff now.
If the weather is moderate, mid-term procedures should suffice.
A hand transfer pump, kept on water storage barrel #6 in the basement, can be used to refill the 'BATH' pails, which become more important as time goes by. Hand transfer pump carries own instructions. Use any barrel that strikes your fancy.

¹ Down in the cellar eating sauerkraut.

² An interesting sidelight here is the physics of the northern and southern hemisphere toilet. Don't just dump water directly into the center of the bowl. The poor unit may be totally confused. The cabin of our concern is in the northern hemisphere where toilets flush clockwise. Knowing this, slip the water into the bowl in such a way as to promote a clockwise swirl. You will then have the satisfaction of watching the object of your endeavor being carried off to the septic tank in a smooth whirlpool of controlled hydraulics.

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There is always the Franklin stove. Firewood, kindling and paper are right by the stove. If you can't light a fire, you're in deep poop. Strongly recommend trial Red Man's fire³ to check draft prior to cranking up a White Man's fire⁴. Power outages are often accompanied by high winds which may adversely affect Ben's wonderful creation. And the normal counter move to being smoked out, opening the cathedral ceiling vent and turning on the attic exhaust fan, won't work. The power's off remember?

If the situation is rapidly becoming desperate, (Cold, hunger, boredom) drag out,.....the GENERATOR! This piece of equipment masquerades as a bedside table in the downstairs bedroom. (See separate generator procedure.) Once in operation, the generator will power;

- The water pump.
- The oil fired heating system.
- The refrigerator.
- Electrical outlets marked with a sticky green circle.

In summary:

With generator on, you should be able to;

Keep warm.

(Electric blankets are not on 'sticky green' circuits. Guests are on their own in resolving this situation.)

Use all plumbing. (Not the dishwasher/disposal)

Open/close refrigerator at will. (Ice in the gin,... Hoorah!)

Turn off kerosene heater. And if we were you, we'd refuel this beauty.

Make microwave snacks in counter top unit. (Regular range/cooktop/microwave unit will not work.)⁵

With generator on, you must:

Monitor generator fuel.

Check circuit breakers on emergency panel if any emergency circuits fail to function.

When the main power is back on, the generator must be stopped, unplugged and returned to its passive end table role..

³ A Red Man's fire is a handful of twigs with people huddled close by in blankets.

⁴ A White Man's fire is six telephone poles ablaze with one person in shirtsleeves enjoying a Bud.

⁵ Spare microwave unit normally resides in the 'Consultant Closet'. Unfortunately, the 'Consultant Closet' has been raided by the only currently practicing family consultant, Linda (#5), and the microwave did not survive.

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Chapter : Appendix.
Subject : Honda Generator/Bedside Table.
Date : September, 1997.
Locale : North Hero.
People : Eric St. John.

Theme : Last Port in a Storm.

The Generator.

(Specifically written for a log cabin by Lake Champlain in the wilds of northern Vermont.)

Our generator is a Honda.
It sleeps at the foot of the bed in the downstairs bedroom.

It works outside by the hatchway, from where it is connected by an umbilical cord, to a double throw safety switch in the cellar.¹

To position the Honda for use, do the following:

Remove drinking water containers.

Remove plywood table top.

Check tagged parts;² Engine switch, fuel valve, choke rod, recoil starter, fuel meter, oil filler cap, 120V 20A outlet, auto-throttle switch, ground terminal, voltage selector switch.

(If you have never used a generator, study the owner's manual in the fossil fuel cabinet.)

Wheel the generator out the front door.³

Execute two quick left turns, the last past the grill.

Roll the generator down the ramp at the north end of the small deck.

Keep going to the N.E. corner of the cabin.

Park the generator on the pad by the hatchway, The handles should point north, the recoil starter accessible on the south, the female outlets accessible on the east.⁴

Congratulations. Go back inside.

With flashlight, go down cellar.

In the northeast corner of the basement is the electric entrance. A real work of art.

By way of explanation:

The main panel is on the left and has 40 circuit breaker positions.

They are numbered with blue stickies.

#33-36 are not used.

4 have orange stickies, 5, 19a, 19b, 31.

¹ Installed by neighbor Eric St. John and referred to as 'Super Switch'.

² This is done more comfortably in the bedroom than an outside environment.

³ We've a slight communication problem here. The writer insists on calling the south door, opening on the deck, as the 'front' door. Everyone else says it's the back door.

⁴ If you are a directional idiot, the cabin front porch faces west.

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Orange sticky circuits from the main panel lead nowhere and are dead-ended in junction boxes.

#2 & #4 (red trips) furnish power to the emergency panel.

The emergency panel is to the left of the panic phone⁵. It supplies power to circuits 5, 19a, 19b, 31.

From left to right in the emergency panel these are oil burner, refrigerator, water pump and lights and are labeled 1-4.

The red trip breaker in the emergency panel receives power from the main panel or from the Honda generator.

'Super Switch' allows power to be supplied the emergency panel from either Citizens Utilities or the Honda.

Up is Citizens.

Down is Honda

In between is off.

When starting operation generator, 'Super Switch' will be in the up position.

There is a rolled up yellow cable coming out the bottom of 'Super Switch'.

Thread the male end of this cable through the round hole in the inner hatchway door.

Take it on up and out of the hatchway to the generator pad.

The male end fits into the 120V 20A female outlet on the generator.

(Not to worry, that's the only outlet it fits.)

Plug the yellow cable into this outlet.

There is a ground wire attached to the house ground. Attach this to the ground terminal on the Honda.

Set the voltage selector switch to 120V only.

Set auto-throttle switch off.

Turn down fuel valve to on position.

Pull choke rod out to 'closed'.

Set engine switch to on, (up).

Pull starter grip lightly til resistance is felt, then pull briskly

If the Honda doesn't start after a couple pulls, go to a motel.

Assuming it does, push in choke rod.

Go back down cellar.

Set the blue emergency circuit breakers to off.

Position yourself in front of 'Super Switch'.

Using two hands if necessary, move the switch from the up position, thru the off position to the down position. (This requires a significant amount of effort.)

Set the blue emergency breakers back on, one at a time, by moving them from 'off' to 'on'.⁶

Oil burner, water pump, refrigerator and cabin outlets/lights marked with a green sticky should now work.

The rest of the circuits will not work until the power comes back on.

When the power does come on:

Shut off the Honda.

Unplug and roll up the yellow umbilical cable.

Detach the ground terminal on the Honda.

Go down cellar and move 'Super Switch' to the up position.

Go back to the Honda and turn the fuel valve to off.

Give the Honda a little pat and convert it back into a bedroom table.

⁵ The panic phone is primarily for making, "Help, I've fallen and I can't get up," calls from the basement.

⁶ We thought it would be fun to install the emergency panel up-side-down, but don't let this confuse you.

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Log the # of hours the Honda ran in the log book in the fossil fuel cabinet.



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Chapter : Appendix.
Subject : The Kerosene Heater.
Date : December, 1996.
Locale : North Hero.
People : (Only inanimate objects here.)
*

Theme :

The Kerosene Heater.

(Specifically written for a log cabin by Lake Champlain in the wilds of northern Vermont.)

This piece of equipment could be termed the last line of defense against cold temperatures. It requires no electricity. It requires no Venting. It throws a lot of heat. Positioned in the basement near the spiral stairs, it will keep people and pipes from freezing all by itself.

Do not allow it to burn dry. Keep monitoring the fuel guage.

The kerosene heater should be refueled outside.

If you are going to start it up, and it's not full, take it outside and fill it up.

You will need the blue kerosene can and a funnel. (All on fossil shelves.)

Wipe off any spilled fuel before returning unit to the basement. Kerosene smells.

Place heater back in front of the spiral stairs.

To light:

Rotate large knob clockwise as far as it will turn.

Depress ignite lever. Not too hard. It must just make light contact with the wick.

From the front, looking in the upper slots of the heater, you should see a glow at about 4 o'clock.

When the glow turns to flame, release the ignite lever.

The flame will gradually work its way around the circular wick.

After a few minutes, rotate the large knob counter-clockwise within safe operating range, to lower flame. The heater need not be operated at maximum.

When first started the heater may smell.

To turn off, rotate the large knob counter-clockwise as far as it will go, depress orange button on large knob, then rotate counter-clockwise again as far as knob will go.

When first turned off, the heater will smell.

Basically that's all there is to it.

The manual is on the fossil fuel storage shelf.

Extra batteries for the starting element are also in the fossil fuel cabinet.

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Chapter : Appendix.
Subject : Fuel.
Date : December, 1996.
Locale : North Hero.
People : n/a

Theme : If you don't know what is in a can do not drink or burn it.

Fossil Fuels.

(Specifically written for a log cabin by Lake Champlain in the wilds of northern Vermont.)

General.

We store one can/container of required fuels/oils on shelves in the basement office.
Backup containers of gasoline & kerosene are stored in the woodshed outside the hatchway.
Containers stored outside should be full. (Moisture in air will condense and freeze in these cans.)
All fuel filling operations must be done outdoors. Mr. Pusher could be exception, he only takes a pint or so.
All containers must be checked periodically for content & leakage.

Equipment/Fuel Array.

<u>Item.</u>	<u>Location</u>	<u>Fuel.</u>	<u>Fuel/Oil Mix.</u>	<u>I.D.</u>
Lawn moyer	Under porch/bunk H.	Gasoline Straight Gas.	5 Gal Red, 'gasoline'	
Homelite Pump	Drum #8	Gasoline 32:1	2 Gal Red, 'Homelite'	
Chain Saw	Workshop Tool Shelf.	Gasoline 50:1	1 Gal Red, 'Stihl'	
Kerosene Heater	Office	Kerosene	Straight. 5 Gal Blue can,	
Coleman Lamp	Armoire	Propane.	5103A164	
Coleman Quick-Lite	Cab. SW L.R.	White Gas	Straight 1 Gal "True-Test"	
Oil Lamps	Cab. SW L.R.	Kerosene	Straight 5 Gal Blue, 'Kerosene'	
Generator	Bedroom	Gasoline Straight Gas	5 Gal Red, 'Gasoline'	
Grill	Deck	Propane (Extra tank in Bunk House.)		
Ice Auger	By Drum #9	Martini.	Very dry, stirred not shaken.	

Miscellaneous Stuff with Fuels.

Sprocket/chain bar oil for chain saw.
Gas Bag replacements for Gas lamps.
Mobile 1 Motor oil for Generator and Lawn Moyer.

Funnels.

2 Cycle oils.

Manuals: Honda Generator.

Stihl Chainsaw.

Homelite Pump.

Sears Grill.

Sears Mower.

Toyotomi Heater.

Batteries.

A copy of our wonderful procedures. Should we have a French version?.....nah.....

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Super resume.

Robert Camp
HERO'S WELCOME,
P.O. Box 202,
North Hero, Vermont 05474.

Re Islander ad May 6, 1997, consider the following, in sequence more or less.

- Born Scranton, Pa. 1926.¹
- Raised Hempstead, L.I., NY.
- Attended Dartmouth.
- Graduated Harvard University, 1947.
- Ensign in Navy, WWII.
- Married.
- Raised 9 children.
- Floor Manager hardware department, G. Fox & Co., Hartford, CT.
- Ran subcontracting business: dba Jefferson Tile. (tile, stone, slate, linoleum, Formica)
- Programmer, analyst, project leader at Traveler's Insurance Co., Hartford, CT.
- Programming Manager Coastal States Life Insurance, Atlanta, Ga.
- Fellow Life Management Institute.
- Licensed Life & Health agent, NASD series, Financial planner exams. (Training purposes only)
- Trained telephone reps for SunAmerica.
- Managed major computer software system conversions. (Atlanta, Baltimore, Columbus, Denver, NYC, Lansing, Phoenix.)
- Consultant for Cooperative Technologies, Inc., Atlanta GA, (Jefferson Consulting Services Inc.)
- Punchout person for Georgia developers. (New homes.)
- Built log cabin on Pelots Point. (With 6 flagpoles)
- Resident of North Hero.²
- Writing book³, paint watercolors, good cook, better than average golfer, sing tenor in choral groups and barbershop quartets.
- Have own PC with MS Office setup.⁴
- Have own woodworking shop.
- Have read almost every non-fiction book in the North Hero Library.
- No particular salary requirements.

Ken Jefferson (Lucile's husband)
PO Box 115
North Hero, Vermont 05474 802-372-5109

¹ If I'm too old, let's not waste each others time. Just throw this away.

² Well, applied anyway, as of last month.

³ Excerpt attached.

⁴ Terrible typist.

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Cabbage Salad

Chapter : Appendix.
Subject : Pseudo Slaw.
Date : 1946-1997
Locale : Kitchen.
People : Sue(#1), Peter Bradley, Betty Jefferson (mother), Beethoven, Shirley Cleveland.

Theme : If they can keep eating it, I can keep making it.

Cabbage Salad

The family likes this cabbage salad. I don't think it can be legitimately be called Cole slaw. Put it together like this. If it's no good, blame the fiasco on me.

Ingredients. (Will yield ten servings.) To feed 30, multiply by three and make it in the kitchen sink.¹⁾

- 1 3 LB cabbage.
- 3 Celery stalks with leaves.
- 1 Green pepper.
- 2 Medium onions.
- 1 Clove of garlic².
- 3 Green onions³
- 1 Fistful of fresh parsley. (The bigger your fist, the more parsley. Won't matter.)
- 8 Strands fresh chive.
- 1 Lemon, juice of.
- 1 Tablespoon white vinegar.
- 1/2 Cup House Chablis.
- 1/3 Cup virgin olive oil⁴
- 1 Palmfull of salt.
- 5 Turns of the peppermill. (With peppercorns in it of course.)
- 2 Gallons designer water.
- 1/2 Cup mayonnaise to start. If you like mayo, add more.

- 1 Tablespoon paprika.

- 1 Beethoven Symphony No.6, "Pastorale"⁵

¹ You have never had potato salad if you haven't had Sue #1's kitchen sink variety. Thank goodness we stopped having children. We would have had to resort to the bathtub.

² By 'clove of garlic' we mean a fistful. We don't talk in terms of 'buds'.

³ Interesting subject. Read scallions, shallots or green onions. Shopping once with Arthur Peterson's son-in-law, Peter Bradley, green onions were on the list. When I put green onions in the basket, son-in-law said, "Those are scallions." Discussion ensued. Unable to resolve the issue, we agreed to ask the checkout person what we were buying. Never had the chance. Checkout person picked up the whatever, turned to the supervisor and said, "How much are the shallots today?"

⁴ Virgin olive oil is made from olives that hit the ground and roll real fast.

⁵ Playing time 41:20 minutes.

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Equipment

Sharp cleaver.
Round hand chopper. (Bad English. Not a hand chopper. A round chopper you hold in your hand.)
Large stainless steel pan with lid.
Two paper plates.
Clean dish towel, maybe two.
Board to chop on. (Almost said 'chopping board'.)⁶
Pyrex measuring cup.
Large wooden serving bowl.
Cassette player.

Procedure

Start 3 hours before you want to eat.

Line up all ingredients and equipment on the kitchen counter. Is everything present? Decision time. You definitely need the cleaver and the cabbage. Substitute anything else you think apropos.

Okay,.....we've got 17 ingredients and 41 minutes to get them ready. That's about 2 1/2 minutes per ingredient,....., go.

Start Beethoven's 6th.

Quarter cabbage. Pitch cores. (I don't even use cabbage cores in split pea soup.)⁷

Thinly shred cabbage and dump in stainless steel pan.

Add designer water to cover and put on lid⁸. (Unless you are a 'Yan can cook', you're running well behind a 2 1/2 minute pace. Don't dawdle.)

Address the celery. Don't wash, it's quicker to cleaver off dirty ends. Slice each stalk into at least three lengthwise strips. Holding all nine strips, slice them on the bias and dump on paper plate #1. (I usually pick up a half a minute here.)

Pick up the green pepper and slice off the top. Insert fingers in bottom part, tear out core and pitch it. Remove all white fiber and dice green part. Add to paper plate #1. I don't wash peppers either. Onions. If they make you cry, leave them till last⁹. Remove outer layers and slice & dice 'em. If you are serving only onion lovers, you don't have to have real small pieces. Shovel them onto paper plate #2.

Garlic users should not be faint of heart. Use plenty. If asked say, "Well yes,..... there is a little garlic in this." I trim the ends of the garlic buds while rolling the buds under my finger, and then dice the paperless result. Cleaver smashing followed by paper removal is faster if Beethoven is getting away from you. Add garlic to onion plate.

Green onions should be circumcised on each end and outside layers which don't slice cleanly removed. Slice green onions on the bias and add to plate #2. You can use one green onion, one scallion and one shallot if you prefer.

Parsley is rinsed, diced and added to plate #1.

Chive the same, but goes to plate #2. (We wash these two as we usually get them from our garden. Fresher but dirtier.)

Place plate #2 on plate #1, wrap in saran wrap and set in refrigerator.

Squeeze lemon into Pyrex cup. Remove seeds in cup if any¹⁰.

⁶ Boards don't chop.

⁷ Jason #10 will eat them, but then he farts the rest of the day.

⁸ Actually, I don't have the faintest idea what soaking the cabbage does. Mother did it this way.

⁹ Or resort to the Shirley Cleveland Richardson Goss method of holding a large nail between the front teeth.

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Add vinegar.
Add Chablis.
Add olive oil.
Stir and refrigerate.

Tape still playing?Alright!.... Relax for two hours.

Then.
Turn stainless steel pan with lid upside down in sink. Offset lid so water drains out.
Put dish towel on counter.
Shake out as much more water as you can from upside down pan.
Dump cabbage on towel.
Roll up and squeeze.
Rinse and dry stainless steel pan.
Put cabbage back in pan. Repeat using second (dry) towel.
Hang towels out to dry.

Chop shredded cabbage in pan.
Add contents of paper plates to pan.
Chop/Stir.
Remove Pyrex cup from refrigerator, remix and pour on chopped cabbage.
Stir.
Add salt & pepper.
Stir.
Add mayonnaise.
Stir.
Correct salt, pepper & mayo.
Stir.
Place pan in refrigerator.

At mealtime, with slotted spoon, transfer the salad from pan to wooden bowl.
Kind of mold it in bowl.
Dust with paprika to cover half of top.
Serve.

¹⁰ If the lemon yielded numerous seeds, and you've never seen a chickadee pucker up, throw them in the bird feeder.



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Green Split Pea Soup.

Chapter : Appendix.
Subject : Self-explanatory.
Date : 1946-1977.
Locale : Kitchen.
People : Family.

Theme : Pea Soup and Johnny cake makes a Frenchman's Belly Ache.

Green Split Pea Soup.

Split peas today, generally do not require overnight soaking. Not that I ever remembered the night before anyway, but now, those wanting split pea soup can just make it on the spur of the moment. Simmering requirements have not changed. This soup benefits from hours of slow simmer.

I love green split pea soup and I love Honeybaked Ham. Honeybaked ham bones, in my opinion do not make good soup, too sweet. My favorite is a plain shank ham bone with several pounds of ham still on it. Ham hocks are a close second but probably more costly than a leftover shank. One hock won't do it, two or three are needed.

Ingredients:

- 2-4 Tablespoons olive oil, depending on diameter of your pot..
- 3 Medium size onions, sliced & diced.
- 2 Green peppers, cut off all white fiber, slice & quarter as in stir fry size.
- 1 Fistful of garlic, de-papered and minced (not crushed).
- 1 Ham bone, all possible meat removed.
- 6 Cups water, holy or designer, machts nicht.
- 2 Bay leaf, broken¹.
- 4 Turns cracked black pepper.
- 1 Pound, well rinsed, green split peas².
- 3 Stalks celery with leaves.
- 4 Circumcised frozen broccoli bottoms, removed from freezer at first, ' Let's make split pea soup' thought.
- 3 Large carrots, chopped into teeny tiny pieces.
- 6 Green onions³, finely sliced.
- 1-2 Pounds julienne ham. (Amount immaterial.)
- 1 Bouquet fresh parsley, finely chopped⁴.

Ingredients, 15, preparation time, 45 minutes.

¹ Snapping bay leaves makes them more powerful and also removes the temptation to rinse them off and return them to the jar.

² I suppose, when making green split pea soup, one would buy green split peas, but if you bought yellow ones, keep right on going, they are almost as good.

³ Again, scallions or shallots may be substituted.

⁴ What's a bouquet? Well, there are birthday bouquets, bouquets you bring your mother, and bouquets you bring a spouse. This is a mistress or gigolo bouquet.

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Utensils, large stainless steel pot (12-15 cups at least), sharp cleaver.

1. Put pot on low heat.
2. Add olive oil.
3. Prepare onions, add to pot.
4. Prepare green peppers, add to pot.
5. Prepare garlic, add to pot. (Be not faint of heart, can't use too much.)
6. Eyeball pot as you prepare other ingredients. Garlic must not burn. When onions are transparent.....
7. Add water.
8. Add ham bone.
9. Add bay leaves.
10. Add cracked pepper.
11. Add rinsed split peas.
12. Adjust heat to simmer.
13. Slice celery in narrow strips, 4-5 per stalk, then slice finely on the bias⁵. Be sure to include the leaves. Put on big plate.
14. While still half frozen, dice broccoli into bouillon cube pieces. Put on big plate.
15. Chop the carrots, put on the big plate.
16. Chop the green onions and put on the big plate.

(Are we simmering yet?)

17. Address the ham which was removed from the bone. Cut off all fat. Julienne. Put on the big plate.
18. Remove all stems from fresh parsley, chop, and put half on the big plate. Reserve other half.
19. Remove ham bone from big pot.
20. Simmering or not, dump big plate into big pot.
21. Note time. Simmer 2 hours.
22. When ham bone is cool enough, rip off any remaining meat like a Henry VIII, add it to the pot and toss the bone⁶.

Except for a sprinkling of reserved parsley at serving time, you are done. Enjoy with real french bread, real butter and real cheap red wine. Ignore the theme, french bread is better.

If the soup thickens so that you can't get the spoon into it, just add something liquid that you like. Water, stock and wine all work.

⁵ Cutting on the bias is very important. I remember to bias cut by thinking of the following. "Two men standing at adjacent urinals:

#1 says, "Do you go by Rabbi Cohn?"

#2 says, "Yes I go by Rabbi Cohn. How did you know?"

#1 says, "Rabbi Cohn always cuts on the bias, and you are peeing in my shoe!"

⁶ If Jason (#10) is given a ham bone, it invariably comes back up between 3-4 A.M.

Gypsy Stew

Chapter : Appendix
Subject : Great Chefs of the West.
Date : 1981
Locale : Phoenix, Sante Fe, Atlanta, North Hero.
People : Lucile Jefferson,

Theme :

Did you ever watch a cooking show on TV and end up drooling? Gypsy Stew got me. Jumped right up and went to the store. Everything in it was something I loved. Made Gypsy Stew #1 that night. Last week was probably Gypsy Stew #62. It is a specialty of the 'Pink Adobe' restaurant in Sante Fe, New Mexico. While employed in Denver and living in Atlanta, Lucile and the writer passed through Sante Fe on one of our long distance commutes. We searched out the 'Pink Adobe'. We had Gypsy Stew. We liked ours better. This is no doubt due to the 'Home Cooking Syndrome'¹.

Strongly suggest concocting this dish when fresh tomato and chicken prices have simultaneously bottomed out. You can pick up a Perdue bargain for \$2.50, then spend \$5.00 on fresh tomatoes if they are out of season. The dried chillies can be a problem. No one in Vermont has ever heard of them. One teaspoon of chili powder is an acceptable substitute.

Ingredients:

- 1 Whole chicken.
- 5 Medium onions.
- 1 Fistfull (head) garlic.
- 3 Tablespoons olive oil.
- 2 Cups *dry* white wine.
- 4 Cups chicken broth. (2 normal cans.)
- 6 Fresh tomatoes.
- 1 Red pepper, sweet.
- 1 Yellow pepper, sweet.
- 2 Green peppers.
- 1/2 Dried chili pod.
- Salt & pepper.

- 1 Cup *dry* white wine².
- 1 Scant handfull cubed Monterrey Jack cheese per serving.

Ready?
Go.

1. Can you count? Good. Place first 6 ingredients in stock pot.
2. Simmer for 1 hour.
3. Remove chicken.
4. Add skinned tomatoes³
5. Remove white fiber from peppers, cut in large pieces and add to pot.

¹ Might not be better, but it's what you're used to.

² I have reached a total of 4 cups of wine by mistake, with no noticeable bad effects.

³ Actually, we gave up peeling these long ago. Just dump'em in if you want.

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6. Julienne the 1/2 dried chili pod and add to pot.
7. While pot simmers additional 20 minutes, bone the chicken and return the meat to the pot.
8. Add 3rd cup of wine.
9. Serve over cubed Monterrey Jack cheese.

Wow, is this good!

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Plum Pudding

Chapter : Appendix.
Subject : Susie Cleveland's Plum Pudding.
Date : 1946-1997.
Locale : Kitchen of record.
People : Susie Cleveland, Velma Jefferson, Lucile Jefferson.

Theme : Like mother-in-law, like son-in-law.

When Susie Cleveland terminated her plum pudding career, the recipe and special steaming pan were entrusted to the writer. Responsibility and stress of the first order! Over the years I hope I have lived up to her expectations. The special steamer has a few hairline cracks and needs re-soldering, but I will use this document to pass on the recipe for future generations.

Plum pudding is an oxymoron. There are no plums in it. Each time I have made plum pudding, I have quietly augmented the stipulated brandy/rum ration. Susie,..... you sly devil! After 40 years my 'proof' is only half of yours. The recipe should read, 'One *bottle* Napoleon brandy', to taste anything like yours. However, I will perpetuate the myth and leave future unborns to their own devices.

(I am in Vermont, the recipe is in Georgia. I will have to get the recipe to finish this article.)

Got it!

Susie Cleveland's Plum Pudding.

- 2 Cups seedless raisins.
 - 3 Cups currents.
 - 1/3 cup each:
 - Chopped candied citron
 - Orange peel.
 - Lemon peel.
 - 4 Cups soft bread crumbs.
 - 1/4 Cup chopped blanched almonds.
 - 1 1/2 Cups sugar.
 - 1 Teaspoon each:
 - Nutmeg.
 - Cinnamon.
 - 1/4 Teaspoon ginger.
 - 1 Cup (1/4 lb.) ground suet.
 - 3/4 Cup water.
 - 2 Eggs, beaten.
 - 1/3 Cup orange juice or 1/2 cup brandy. (Yeah, right!)
- 1 Long afternoon of College Football. (Steams for 8 hours.)

Toss the fruit, bread crumbs, nuts, sugar and spices together. Clean and grind the suet, then add to fruit mixture. Stir in water and eggs. Add orange juice/brandy and blend well. Pack into a well greased two-quart pudding mold and cover tightly. Place in deep kettle on a rack and add hot water to half the height of the mold. Cover kettle and bring to a boil. Boil for 8 hours. Remove from the steamer, uncover and let stand for 15 minutes. Loosen around the edges, plunge in and out of cold water, unmold and serve

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with hard sauce. If made ahead, cool and chill in mold. To serve return for one hour to steamer and repeat above.

For years, Velma and I would make a double recipe of the above. The extra would be steamed in smooth soup sized tin cans sealed at the top with aluminum foil and string. Before the cans cooled, we'd remove the pudding, clean the can, place plastic wrap over the open end of the can and slide the pudding back into the cleaned can encasing it in the plastic wrap in the process. The wrap was tied with a red ribbon. August was a favorite month to do this, allowing a good 90 days for dribbling in a monthly brandy ration prior to wrapping and distributing for Christmas gifts. The more times the red ribbon was removed and retied to permit this, the better the pudding. With recipe, reheating & hard sauce instructions, and a home made Greeting card, this gift was very popular.

Now that Lucile and I are retired maybe we will reinstitute this tradition. However, the steaming pan will be made available to the first family member who steps forward.

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Golden Retrieveritus.

c:/vtrt89.goldenre

Chapter : Appendix.
Subject : Scouting Report.
Date : 1993, I think.
Locale : Eastern U.S.A.
People : Marc Bennett, Taffey Baker, Jason (#10), Nancy Jefferson, Becca Jefferson,

Theme: If you weren't there, you won't understand this at all.

Golden Retrieveritus.

Background Terminology.

Cedarvale Challenge; an annual event held in North Hero, purportedly to reward athletic prowess and intellectual acumen. It does neither.

'Equalizer'; the ridiculous competitive event which closes out the Cedarvale Challenge. Over the years the 'Equalizer' has accomplished its purpose to perfection, completely inverting team standings in the last two hours of the Challenge.

Paper cups on the head; one of 11 tasks comprising the '93 'Equalizer'. A paper cup is tied to the head of team player #1. It is filled with water. #1 pours water from cup on head into cup on the head of team player #2. Same for #'s 3 & 4. #4 then pours surviving water into beaker held by team captain. Team with most water in beaker scores most points.

Scavenger Hunt requirement; 4 leaf clover.

Legend.

This is complete fabrication, but legend has it that one team captain, realizing the importance of a few ounces of water, took on a large mouthful from the only source readily available, a dog dish. His plans to add this to the team beaker were thwarted by close surveillance and he ended up swallowing same.

In the 1993 scavenger hunt there was a rumor that fake 4 leaf clovers were accepted by the verification committee. This was never proved.

Introduction.

From the Savior of all Golden Retrieveritus (GRR), mother of Jason, Becca Jefferson

Most of you know "Jason of Cedarvale". Let me tell you how he happened to join the Ken Jefferson family and, consequently become an integral part of the Olympics. In the end the whole thing turned out O.K., but at times I had my doubts. It seems that, after all, (my son) Jason has a wonderful, loving home; and Uncle Ken has nearly recovered from his GRR.

At about age 30, I had great plans to be a career woman, spending the days at my work of romping around the homestead; protecting my parents from harm; announcing visitors; watching the horses next door; chasing (and almost catching) the squirrels pirating birdseed, the neighbors' cats, and any other varmints that size or smaller. (I really don't want to catch the deer); walking my mom out to get the paper and/or mail; and all other faithful dog duties asked of me. (I even brought my dad a skunk last summer...neither Dad nor the skunk was too happy about that...but we're getting off the subject here. Cousin Norman can tell you more about that evening if you're interested.)

But just as I was settling into this very lucrative and rewarding career (as much love, food and care as I wanted and deserved), we got news via the open letter below, that Uncle Ken was suffering from a serious case of GRR, not something to be taken lightly among us Goldens. After some consideration, I began to consider what could be done to save him. I had previously considered having children, but

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without a husband or any means of support, it was a big decision. My parents, though, began to look around for a suitable father for my pups, in order to try and save Ken. They finally discovered handsome Patrick. He appeared to be the perfect husband, very attentive and loving, came from a very good family, had great dog and people parents, was even a Canadian Champion.. all the right stuff. So...the decision was made that Patrick and I would have a family (little did I know that he would abandon us even before the children were born, speaking of skunks!)

Well, anyway, the FOUR beautiful boys were born (nobody told me Ken only needed one for the cure!) The kids were OK at first, very cute, cuddly and quiet...but then they got to be a real pain with their constant need for food and attention, their sharp teeth and claws, and anybody who came to see us seemed to think they were cuter than me and liked them almost better..can you believe it??!!

Then I got the idea for adoption! It turned out that was the key. Immediately there were swarms of people asking to be Golden parents. Before I knew it, Admiral, Rufus and Otis were adopted and Jason (the chosen one) was submitted to Ken as THE CURE. It took immediately... the GRR in general appeared cured upon sight...(unfortunately, the "babbling idiot" symptoms appear to be permanent.) What was most remarkable though, we didn't know that Lucile had apparently contracted GRR from Ken but had not reached the B-I stage. She was almost totally cured by Jason's arrival, however still has lots of trouble shaking the tendency to try and keep everyone from flushing the toilet!

As I said earlier, in retrospect it was worth it... and best of all, I resumed my career immediately!

The Open Letter.

This is a letter to the editors of the notorious, annual rag masquarading as the "Cedarvale Challenge Scouting Report"

It is submitted by the confederate branch of this august competition, (not necessarily a date), and will be welcomed by all but the fiercest of the die-hard "win at any cost" participants. The goody-goods will soon be snickering... "serves the old bastard right!"

BULLETIN!!!

.....Grizzled, senile veteran of the Cedarvale Challenge has come down with Golden Retrieveritus. This extremely rare humanoid disease is contracted by drinking out of bird dog dishes. Over time the afflicted victim becomes a babbling idiot.....

END OF BULLETIN

When contacted, the subjects' spouse reported that the disease has progressed to the point where the victim wanders vacantly from room to room mouthing" Chink Chink, Gerbil Gerbil Gerbil,.....don't flush that toilet!" Spouse also added, that considering the subject, it was very difficult to pin point just when the idiocy began to surface. Unfortunately, the best medical opinion available indicates that this particular Golden Retrieveritus case (subsequently referred to by its canine acronym of GRR), is compounded by 'pseudo 4 leaf clover syndrome'. This normally results from plowing up acres of clover under certain atmospheric conditions. However, an isolated case or two reportedly has occurred from innocently using the teeth to separate the largest leaf of a three leaf clover into two pieces, thus creating a 4 leaf variety. Doctors at the Atlanta Center for Disease Control are puzzled at how one person could contract GRR and P4LCS simultaneously.

In a recent development the American Kennel Asso., also known as AKA (ie AKA squared) has stepped forward to say that previous hard core cases of GRR have responded to close association with Golden Retriever puppies. Unfortunately this avenue, or back alley, may not be open to our subject. A noted Connecticut breeder, who will be referred to as N.J., after requesting anonymity, brought up two points.

1. In this instance the Golden Puppy would have to be raised on a diet of fake 4 leaf clovers. This is impossible timewise and also because Golden only eat clover while recovering from hangovers.

2. That breeder N.J. will do anything in her power to keep a lovable Golden Puppy away from this inveterate cheat and whiner.

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The Confederate Cedarvale Challenge Participants, (hereafter referred to by their more familiar athletic I.D.- CCCP), are suspicious of breeder N.J.'s second point. Sounds like Yankee sour grapes to them. Could N.J. be a YCCP in disguise? How could N.J. have described the GRR/P4LCS sufferer so accurately without knowing him? Could it be that N.J. is more interested in ridding the Challenge of a fellow cheating competitor, than in helping this poor soul?

Unlike the Challenge disdain which exists for the afflicted, the spouse is highly regarded for her "fair play" attitude, (this really translates into not being caught yet). This fact may overcome AKA aversion and allow puppy placement in this environment, much preferable to a Rumanian Retriever solution. It now appears as a result of all the publicity, that N.J. has agreed to allocate a Golden to Lucile and Ken. All depends on whether Becca, the potential mother, will become pregnant. This is being called the 'Becca Pregnancy Factor, (BPF).

In summary, the afflicted's chances can be succinctly represented by the following equation:

$$\text{RECOVERY \%} = \frac{\text{AKA} \times (\text{ACDC} \times \text{GRR}) \times \frac{(\text{P4LCS}) \text{ BPF}}{\text{CCCP-YCCP}}}{\text{LYJ}}$$

LYJ

Most participants will say, "Geez,..... Who cares."

But remember folks, if the old reprobate does manage a recovery, he will once again draw most punitive gaze during the '94 games, and the rest of you can operate with impunity. (Even the famous Barbara Baker running walk will go unnoticed,again.)

It will be touch and go down south, but the CCCP will keep all informed. Subsequent developments of note will be promptly forwarded. A demise will go unreported.

Respectfully,
The CCCP.

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Chapter : Appendix.
Subject : Things that go Bump in the Night.
Date : August, 1997.
Locale : Cabin Basement mostly.
People : Guests.

Theme: Required reading for guests 'going it alone'.

Cabin Noise.

Cellar: (Most mysterious noise will emanate from the cellar.)

1. The cabin has an oil fired forced hot water heating system. There are three 'circulators' incorporated into this system.¹ Two for heating zones and one for the hot water. If one stands and faces the oil burner, the three circulators are just to the left of it. The middle one is for an addition which is yet² to be built. This non-operable circulator has a tendency to have its circumcised empty discharge/suction³ pipe vibrate at a fairly high pitch. You can go down cellar and hold this pipe all night or you can ignore the whine. The thermostat is on the wall by the master bedroom door. If you are cold, set the thermostat higher. This causes cellar noises. First the low hum of the zone circulator. The circulator quickly realizes it is pushing/sucking sub-temperature water and tells the oil burner to get to work. This guy makes significant noise. While he is running, you will not hear the circulator. The circulator will keep going until the desired house temperature is attained. The burner will go on and off depending on the temperature of the water in the boiler. If it is winter, you won't wonder why the oil burner has come on at 3 A.M. If it is August and the temperature in the cabin is 98, you might. Not to worry, the hot water has decided it needs heating up. In either case, the burner may run 15-20 minutes.

2. In the north west corner of the cellar is the water pump. If you want to know what the water pump sounds like, flush the toilet. Halfway through this purge operation the pump will come on and run for 1 1/2 - 2 minutes. This pump is a 'sucker'. It can be directed to suck water from the lake or from storage barrels in the cellar. In summer we are 'on the lake'. In winter we are 'on the barrels'. No matter, the noise is the same⁴. There is a pressure gauge on top of the pump. It is set to cut out at about 40# pressure. If no water is being drawn,⁵ and the pump will not get up to pressure and shut off, you have my condolences. Been there, done that.

There is a shut off switch on the wall behind the pump. It is under a regular duplex outlet and contains a red light. Turn it off. The pump will stop.

There are four valves behind the pump. They are labeled: Lake, Barrels, Cross-over, and House. If the cross-over valve is open, close it⁶. (The cross-over pipe furnishes water to

¹ A circulator is a pump. These pump hot water around the house or through the hot water heater.

² I try to avoid the use of this word. To me it means part of a woman's body, as in, "Woman shot yesterday has bullet in her yet."

³ Circulators can push or suck water through pipes. I don't know which way ours work.

⁴ If you are visiting in winter, additional reading is required. See operation refill.

⁵ This may require a phone call to the neighbor to the south to determine if they are taking a shower. (See cross-over below.)

⁶ At times like this, it's every person for themselves.

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Linda(#5) and Norman's cabin next door as a convenience for them when visiting on weekends.) Turn on the pump and pray. Now,..... if this didn't work and you are 'on the barrels', your barrel probably ran dry. Move the pickup pipe to a full barrel. (You may have to prime this pickup pipe if it took you a long time to realize the pump was running.) Turn the pump back on and pray. If you are..... 'on the lake', turn off pump, close lake valve, open barrel valve, ensure pickup pipe is in a full barrel, turn pump back on. Pray. If none of these shenanigans work, use the water in the pails in the cellar to flush while you try divine the problem. If you ended up 'on the barrels', leave before the eleventh and last is used.

3. There is a dehumidifier under the Epson Printer in the cellar. It is a frequent contributor to cellar noise. To become familiar with its contribution, set the control further toward 'driest'. When you have heard enough, return the control to its original setting.

4. The P.C. is fairly quiet and definitely not in the same league as the above three. The writer has been known to frequently leave this on all night.⁷

5. The freezer can be heard if nothing else is running and you are having a hard time getting to sleep.

6. I am going to assume that if you are running the washer and the dryer, you will be expecting a little noise.

7. The metal hatchway can be annoying on windy nights. If not locked, it tends to rattle and bang. This can be rectified by locking its inside latch. This is a safe procedure as long as you don't lock yourself out of the cabin in the same period. (We never lock the cabin.⁸)

One final suggestion. If, on a windy day, you are printing out a color document on the Epson Printer while doing a load of laundry which automatically activates Messieurs. Circulator, Burner & Pump while causing a duel between the dryer and the dehumidifier, don't try to watch TV or listen to a Mozart tape. Go out on the deck and have a drink.

First floor: (If people keep their mouths closed, there is not much noise on this floor.)

1. The refrigerator seems to run all the time. I am told this means it is a modern up-to-date appliance.

2. The answering machine may speakup even should no none know you are here. Between 5-6 P. M. each day expect two or three calls. These will be computer calls. When the computer realizes it is talking to an answering machine, it seems to hang up. This usually occurs in mid recording, "You have reached 372-5109, please leav.....". If you hear the whole recording, dash to the phone, it's a real person. We have shortened the recorded message from a polite, understandable, "Hi there. You have reached 372-5109. Please leave a message and we will get back to you. Bye," to, "Beepfollowsby." Shortened it mainly because we got sick of listening to it.

Second Floor: (I can not write about second floor noises. I have never slept up there.)

1. One second floor noise can be invoked from the first floor though. The attic fan. The switch is by the master bedroom door. The fan is used to draw warm air off the top of the living room. Works well in the evening or early morn. The little unpainted door in the eave must be

⁷ Some believe turning a P.C. off and on causes more problems than leaving it on.

⁸ But then we have a 100# dog.

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opened to enable this. If you are not 7'-2", there is a stick up there somewhere to open it. The attic fan is also useful to draw off the smoke of smoking fires.



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Chapter : Appendix.
Subject : Raspberry Cordial.
Date : ?????
Locale : Northfield, Vt.
People : Atr Peterson.

Theme : Potent Potables.

Raspberry Shrub.

When Art Peterson read a draft of 'Raspberries and Hedgehogs', he replied with the comment, "Didn't think the raspberry wine was that potent."

He also included the original recipe!

Raspberry Cordial

2 cups granulated sugar
2 pints ripe raspberries, picked over
1 quart vodka

Place sugar in a 3 quart glass jar with lid. Add raspberries and vodka and cover.

Place in a dark, cool place and each week, for about 2 months, open jar and stir contents with a wooden spoon. Strain and decant into lidded glass containers, then let sit to 'age' and ripen. The longer it sits, the better it is.

Dates Pertinent¹

Chapter : Appendix.
Subject : Important Events.
Date : 1939-1997.
Locale : Everywhere.
People : Family.

Theme : Had to do this because of utter confusion.

Boy, this is embarrassing! Am glad no one will know how few of these important dates were initially known to the author. Would like to keep these dates to births, marriages, deaths, divorces, writer's employment, and significant offspring happenings. Chronologically, the first subject listed is the purchase of a farm in Vermont. The last subject listed is the distribution of this book.
If you want some ink here, send info.

- 1941. Windway bought.
- 1942. Broken leg #1 for Ken. (Slow news year.)
- 1943. Fast track High School.
- 1944. KJ employed by the United States Navy.
Dartmouth.
Harvard, 1944-1946.
- 1946. KJ in Chelsea Naval Hospital.
KJ marries Velma Irene Cleveland.
- 1947. KJ graduates from Harvard.
KJ employed by Munsingwear.
Kenna Lyn Jefferson born in Northfield, VT..
Kenna Lyn Jefferson dies. Buried in Northfield, VT.
- 1948. Madison Ave for Ken.
- 1949. Susan Wilde Jefferson (#1) born in Northfield, VT..
'49 Pontiac bought.
KJ & family move to Woodbury, Connecticut.
- 1950. Charles 'Pete' Snowdon Bennett dies in Leamington, Ontario.
Jean Bennett moves to Hempstead, L.I. N.Y.
- 1951. George Summerson Jefferson dies in Hempstead, L.I., buried in West Pittston, PA..
Gregory Price Jefferson (#2) born in Northfield, VT.
Gregory Price Jefferson (#2) in Childrens Hospital, Boston, Mass.
Galactosemia diagnosis.
- 1952. Betty, Beth, David, Jean Bennett move to Woodbury, Connecticut.
KJ employed by G.Fox&Co. Hartford, CT.
- 1953. KJ & family move to Vernon, CT.
- 1953. Michael Lloyd Jefferson (#3) born in Rockville, CT..
- 1954.
- 1955.
- 1956. Sara Beth Jefferson (#4) born in Rockville, CT..
Linda Anne Bennett (#5) born in Ste. Agathe des Monts.
KJ & family move to Hazardville, CT.
- 1957. KJ employed by self, 'Jefferson Tile'.
- 1958. Norman McDevitt born in Ireland.

¹ Kind of French-like. Should be pertinent dates.

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- Good Hill house built for Betty, Beth, David & Jean Bennett.
1959. Matthew Todd Jefferson (#6) born in Stafford Springs, CT.
1960. Marc Daniel Bennett (#7) born in Ste. Agathe. des Monts.
1961. Beth Jefferson marries Guy Brock in Woodbury, CT..
David Jefferson marries Nancy Strong in Woodbury, CT..
1962. Gerald Rene Bennett (#8) born in Ste. Agathe.
David William Jefferson born, (Bill).
- 1963.
- 1964.
1965. Jean Bennett dies in Waterbury, VT. Buried in West Pittston, PA.
Linda Strong Jefferson born.
Phillip Webster Jefferson (#9) born in Stafford Springs, CT..
1966. KJ employed by TheTravelers Ins. Co., Hartford, CT.
Sue(#1) at Central Connecticut.
1967. Expo '67
Sue(#1) joined at Central Connecticut by Greg(#2).
1968. Sue(#1) heads south for Florida State.
1969. Ken & Velma move to East Hampton, Connecticut.
1970. KJ employed by Coastal States Life Ins. Co., Atlanta, Gerogia.
KJ & family move to Atlanta.
- 1971.
1972. (Help)
- 1973.
- 1974.
1975. Ken & Velma vacation in Puerto Rico, alone.
1976. Velma dies in Atlanta. Buried in Northfield, VT.
Montreal Olympics.
Australian friends.
1973 KG bought by GK.
1977. Lucile divorces John.
Lucile marries Ken in North Hero..
1978. '78 Chevy bought.
Lucile has eye surgery.
Coastal States bought by Sun Life.
Yvette Parent, Lucile's Maman dies. Buried in Ste. Agathe des Monts.
1979. Linda (#5) & Norman McDevitt married in North Hero.
Gong Show, #1 of four.
1980. KJ employed by Anchor National Life Ins. Co., Phoenix AZ.
Lucile & Ken go to Phoenix, Arizona, with Greg (#2), and Phil (#9).
Sara (#4) & Bill Peck Jr. married in Atlanta.
Gerry(#8) graduates from Chambly High School.
1980-1983, Gerry(#8) at York University.
1981. Susie dies. Buried in Northfield, VT.
1982. Michael (#3), Marc (#7) and Gerry (#8) join Phoenix family.
1980 Buick wagon bought.
1983. KJ re-empolyed by Sun Life in Atlanta, GA.
1983-1984, Gerry(#8) at Arizona Stae University.
Lucile & Ken return to Atlanta.
1984. Lucile & Ken in Columbus, Ohio for Sun Life.²
Gerry(#8) Goes to Spain.
1985. Linda (#5) & Norman buy Jacot lot.

² Two Columbus stints were done. Had same apartment each time. After first, Ken couldn't find tennis shoes. Bought new ones. Back 6 months later, getting dressed, looked under bed and 'voila' tennis shoes!

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- Ken & Lucile in Batimore, MD. for Sun Life.
Sun Life becomes SunAmerica.
Rene Parent, Lucile's Papa, dies. Buried in Ste. Agathe des Monts.
1986. Ken & Lucile buy house because of Papa's furniture. (Thornewood Dr.)
Danny Peck born in Atlanta.
Gerry(#8) back from Spain and in NYC.
1987. Ken severs employment with SunAmerica.
1988. Ken & Lucile consult at SunAmerica in Denver for Computer Technologies Inc..
Cedarvale Challenge #1
1989. Ken & Lucile consult at First SunAmerica in NYC for CTI.
1989 Pontiac wagon bought.
Linda & Norman build cabin.
1990. Cabin #1 torn down.
Gerry(#8) moves to Ottawa.
Cabin #2 started.
Gerry(#8) leaves for Africa.
1991. 1991 Ranger bought.
Colin Peck born.
1992. Punchout work.
Gerry(#8) goes to Khartoum, Sudan.
Gerry(#8) goes to Addis Ababa, Ethiopia.
- 1993.
1994. Ken & Lucile consult for Computer Technoligies Inc. in Lansing, Michigan.
Gerry(#8) back in Khartoum, Sudan.
Jason (#10) born.
1995. Mike Demand dies.
Gerry(#8) moves to Nairobi, Kenya.
1996. Retired for good?
Gerry(#8) moves to Goma, the Democratic Republic of the Congo.
F150 bought.
1997. Cedarvale Challenge #10
Trying to finish this book!
Distributing first edition!!!!!!

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Scouting Report

Chapter : Appendix.
Subject : 'Yellow Journalism'.
Locale : n/a.
Date : Never ending.
People :

Theme :

Scouting Reports.

A random sampling of mistruths reprinted from old Scouting Reports. As this is the USA, I will try to limit excerpts to those pertaining to myself. As far as I know, even in the USA, it is not possible to sue oneself.

1990.

'Has lost some of that keen competitiveness that separates the men from the boys. When he's good, he's great. When he's bad, he's awful.'

'When he loses his behavior is terrible. When he wins it is worse.'¹

1991. (In addition to the defamatory quotes below, the '91 edition was dedicated, "To Mel Brooks for Blazing Saddles." Now I ask you, is that libelous or what?)

'A will to win surpassed only by wild drooling animals during mating season'

'Win at any cost is the driving force behind Ken Jefferson. He is abrupt, abusive, and unshaven'².

'His playing style is complemented by his ability at making the best excuses for not winning.'

1992.

'The ban on whining forced him to change his strategy, keep quiet and just play. Look what happened! He didn't even gloat when he won!'³

'Ken Jefferson will: lose friends to win'⁴, get dirty to win, and has a losing behavior of .5 on a scale of ten.'

1993.

'Had an off year. He was knocked out of the preliminary round of the famous Baker Croquet Tournament, was a member of the first team to be eliminated in the soon-to-be-famous Emerson Volleyball Tournament, and fell two places in the standings at the Cedarvale Challenge.'

'Even his raspberry bushes are thin!'⁵

How he would like his registration fee spent: Open bar.

1994.

¹ Geez, Is this trash or what?

² Not true, I always shaved.

³ I mean really, I never gloated, that was Keith Dawson.

⁴ Has he ever had any?

⁵ They really know how to hurt a guy.

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'In an attempt to gain a competitive advantage during the Equalizer Relay Race, Ken Jefferson took a huge mouthful of dirty lake water from the rusting pail that Taffy had been drinking from. His plan was to covertly spit this water in the pyrex measuring cup used to determine the number of points scored during this leg of the relay. Unfortunately, unable to keep his composure as his team began their damp, self-destructive journey towards defeat, he giggled and swallowed the water secretly in his mouth. Although he survived the experience, he now walks with a limp, talks with a lisp, and votes democratic.⁶

⁶ Not true! I have never voted democratic.

Bennett

(underlined born Bennett.)

Charles 'Pete' Snowdon & Jean ???? Wilde
1895-1950? 1895-1965
Charles Snowdon & Louise Millington (div)
1928- 1931-

John Albert & Lucile Yvette Parent (div)
1931- 1930-
Linda Anne & Norman McDevitt
1956- 1958-

Marc Daniel & Michelle Burke
1960- 1963-

Robert Gere Bennett
1862-????

Gerald Rene
1962-

Ida May Snowdon
1869-????

Horace Chandler & Helen Lillian Heasley
1913- ????-
Thomas Heasley
????-

Janet Louise & ???? Cohen
????-1965

Arthur

Thomas

Robert



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Cleveland

(underlined born Cleveland)

Paul Cleveland & Cordy DeLary
????-???? ????-
Larry ???? & Bessie ????
(Children?)

???? Fiske & Susie ???? Ditty
????-???? ????-????
Lloyd ???? Fiske & Marguerite ????
????- ????-

Sherril ???? & ????
(Children)
(Grandchildren)

Peter ????
????-????

Dana

????

Paul Cleveland & Susie (Ditty) Fiske.

Edwin Irwin & Jo ????
????- ????-????
Child

Edwin Irwin & Mara ????
Boy

Velma Irene & George Kenneth Jefferson
1927-1976 1926-
Kenna Lyn
1947-1947

Susan Wilde & Tom McCleskey
1949- ????-

Gregory Price
1950-

Michael Lloyd
1953-

Sara Beth & Bill Peck
1956- ????-
Daniel ????
1986-

Colin ????
1991-

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Mathew Todd & Heide Kelly
1959- ????-

 Maria ????
 ????-

 Marz ????
 ????-

 Morgann ????
 ????-

Phillip Webster
1965-

Shirley ???? & Rodney ???? Richardson
????- ????-????

 Mark ???? & ????
 ????-???? ????
 (grandchildren, 3 boys)

Paula Richardson & Daniel L. Zeigler
????- ????-

 Heather Ann & James Banister Stone, IV
 ????- ????-

Jefferson

(Underlined born Jefferson)

George Summerson & Elizabeth Wilde
1899-1951 1899-1975

Beth Wilde & Guy Brock m1961
1924- 1923-1981

Jefferson Guy & Patricia Meyer
1961- ????-

Carole Elizabeth & Victor Adams
1963-

Jefferson Guy & Susan Kinnamon
m1990

Amanda Lyn
1982-

Elizabeth Leigh Kinnamon
Eleanor Grace
Jefferson Taylor

Carole Elizabeth & Jim Peck m1991
1963- ????-

William Guy
1993-

George Kenneth & Velma Cleveland
1926- 1925-1976

Kenna Lyn
1947-1947

Susan Wilde & Tom McCleskey (div)
1949- ????-

Gregory Price
1951-

Michael Lloyd
1953-

Sara Beth & Bill Peck
1956- ????-
Daniel ????
1986-

Colin
1991-

Matthew Todd & Heidi Kelley
1959- ????-

Myriah
????-

Marz
????

Morgaen
????

Souvenirs.
Appendix.
1/2/98

Phillip Webster
1965-

David William & Nancy Strong
1936- 1939-

David William Jr.
1962-

Linda Strong
1965-

William? ???? Jefferson
????-????

Frances ???? & Bill Dendall
Barbara Jane ??? ????-???? ????-????
????-???? Bill ??? Jr, (Believe there is a half person
in here somewhere.)
????-
Barbara ???
????-????

Thomas Hutton & Alice Withers
????-???? ????-????

Thomas ????
????-

James ????
????-

Barbara ????
????-

Judy ????
????-

Isabelle ???? & ??? Brown
????-???? ????-

Donald ???
????-

Ted ???
????-

Ted ???? & Eilene Nylen
????- ????-

Pat ???? & ???
????-

& Maria
????-

Souvenirs.
Appendix.
1/2/98

& Lannell
???-???

& Clara ???
???

Parent

(Underlined name is name used)

Marie Henriette Pauline Alice
1899-1982/3

Louis Michel Etienne Leon
1901-1905

Joseph Leopold Henri Rene (Papa) & Yvette Pelletier
1902-1985 1900-1978

Lucile Yvette & John Albert Bennett
1930- 1931-

Linda Anne & Norman McDevitt
1956- 1958-

Marie Alexandrine Stella
1903-1903

Marie Cecile Simone
1904-1956

Joseph Gaetan Jean & Marguerite Henry
1905-1982 1907-1989

Suzanne Marcel Reid
1932 1930

Phillipe
1958-1958

Ghislaine Pierre Gauvreau
1959- 1956-

Jean Philippe
1986-

Stephanie
1989-

Martine Gaetan Veilleux
1961-

Francois Simone Nessier
1963- 1963-

Natasha
1995-

Helene Conrad Winters
1968- 1967-

Myriam Robert Isbister
1969- 1967-

Louise Pierre Hamel
1933- 1928-

(twins, deceased.)

1961

Elise
1962
Caroline
1964

Maurice 1937-	Hughette Pelland 1937-
Sylvain 1959	Celine Godon 1959-
	Sebastien 1985-
	Jessica 1988-
Martin 1961	Marie Pascal Paquette ????-
	Tabata 1987-
	Euraka 1990-
Louis 1967	Myriam Carriere 1968
	Jean Cedric 1990
	Claudiane 1997

Louis Etienne Parent
1875-1960

Joseph Auguste Maurice
1906-1908

Alma Perrault
1874-1917

Joseph Lucien Gaston & Laurette Belhumeur
1908-1957 1908-1983

Denyse 1941-	Cesar Purkhart
Andree 1944-	Guy Collin

Isabelle
1970-

Pierre
1971-

Jean-Guy 1947-	Christine Longpre
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Matthieu
1979-

Marie-Amelie
1976-

Helene
1951- Claude Bissonnette

Francois
1978-

Anne-Marie
1980-

Melina Albertine Yvette
1909- 1910

Marie Emilienne & Dr. Aristide Lacasse
1911-

Pierre Paul Leon & Simone Cote
1913- 1914-

Jeannine
1941- Claude Savard
1938-
Pierrette
1944- Jean Pierre Auger
1941-

Rachel
1970-
Charles
1973-

Yolande
1946- Michel Guy
1944-
Michel Jr
1965-
Robert
1966- Louise Cyr
1960-
Claudia
1990-

Marielle
1950-

Raymonde
1954- Gilles Fortin
1946-

Marie Claude
1981-
Caroline
1983-

Albert Fernand
1914-

Anonymous girl
1917-1917

Souvenirs.
Appendix.
1/2/98

Louis Etienne Parent 1875-1960	Marie Raymonde Celine <u>Gisele</u> & 1919- <u>Louis</u> 1953- Catherine & Stephanie 1991- Jacques 1955- Julie 1959- Thierry 1984- Benoit 1987 Michel 1990	J.Medard Belanger 1901-1978 <u>Martine</u> Perrier 1991- Christian Roy
Melina Perrault 1878-1960		
	Marie Dianne Jeannine Francoise 1921-1977	

Wilde

(Underlined born Wilde)

George Harry

Kenneth Price & Marion Schooley
1888-1946 ???-???

Jean ???? & Charles 'Pete' Snowdon Bennett
1895-1965 (67?) 1895-1950

Charles Snowdon & Louise Millington
1928- 1931-
John Albert & Lucile Parent
1931- 1930-

Linda Anne & Norman McDevitt
1956- 1958-

Marc Daniel & Michelle Burke
1960- 1963-

Gerald Rene
1962-

George Asbury
1858-1919

Elizabeth Williams
1862-1944

Harriet ???? & Ernest Saxe
1891-???? ???-???

Richard ??? & Maxine Brose
1922-1982 ???-

Steven Richard
1951-????

William
???

Richard & Dorothy Bauer m1967

Harriet ??? & Jim Duncan m1944

Leon ??? & Jean Morris
1896-1950 ???-???
Joan ???

Leon ????

<u>Elizabeth ????</u> 1899-1975	George Summerson Jefferson 1899-1951		
Beth Wilde & Guy Brock 1924-	1923-1981	George Kenneth & Velma Cleveland 1926-	1927-1976
			David William & Nancy Strong 1936- 1939-
Jefferson Guy & Patricia Meyer 1961-	Jefferson Guy & Susan Kinnamon m1990	Kenna Lyn 1947-1947	David William, Jr. 1962-
	Elizabeth Leigh Kinnamon Eleanor Grace Jefferson Taylor	Susan Wilde & Tom McCleskey (div) 1949-	Linda Strong 1965-
Carole Elizabeth & Victor Adams 1963-	Amanda Lyn 1982-		
Carol Elizabeth & Jim Peck m1991	William Guy 1993-	Greory Price 1950-	
		Michael Lloyd 1953-	
		Sara Beth & Bill Peck 1956- ????- Daniel ???? 1986- Colin ???? 1991-	
		Mathew Todd & Heide Kelly ????- ????- Maria	
		Marz	
		Morgann	
		Phillip Webster ?????	

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