

Bob Gove/TC1992.0025
Mad River Valley Project/VFC1991.0004

JB Jane Beck
BG Bob Gove
-- ?
Place Moretown, VT
Date 03/17/1992

BG Is this turned on? [2.34] No.

JB Well.

BG Not yet.

JB The.

BG Bob Gove. [2.51]

JB It's not registering. Say it again if you would.

BG Bob Gove.

JB Okay.

BG Yeah, yeah. [3.00] Now, we're all set. Oh you said you
 had some things that you wrote down the other day,
 that's what we, you need to tell me that first.

JB Okay. (tape off and then on again)

BG This is Bob Gove and I have a few more stories to tell
 about the old people and I'll say again that, I love
 those dear hearts and gentle people, who live and

loved in my home town, and Frank Hartshorn was one of the, I guess you'd say upper crust of, of Warren because he had a nice family and he had a son Clarence, that was road commissioner in the town of Warren for years and selectman, and back at that time there were only about three hundred and fifty or four hundred people in the town of Warren, and I don't know what they would of ever done without Clarence Hartshorn. He was just a, he was on hand for everything and if anything was a trouble with any of the roads or, or anybody else, or if he could help somebody he did it. And his father [4.09] was not out in the public eye, that much, it was Frank that I tell about but he was, he was a real good farmer, and I remember one time, that, my sister-in-law and her husband came from, from Buffalo New York to visit us, and it was in the early fall, it was the third day of October because it was her birthday, and for some reason or other they decided that they would come over Lincoln mountain. And so they came up on Lincoln mountain with that car and it had been snowing up there, and they got in trouble and couldn't go

anywhere and, in against the ledge, and Ruth walked down to Frank Hartshorns' who lived just under the mountain, probably a mile down the mountain from where they got, got in trouble and he yoked up his pair of oxen and went up and pulled that car out, and for nothing and just, you know was happy to do it because he, those were the, that's the way people were in those times, they were happy to, to help somebody in trouble and, there's a few little funny things about Frank that I like to tell. [5.20] There was a man that, that used to go out selling seeds, each spring, and he was a cousin of Lauren Fuller, so when he came, he would leave his car at the village, Warren village and the Fullers, some one of the Fullers would go down and get him with a horse and buggy and take him up there and he would spend the night and then the next day one of the Fullers would take him all around, the hill farms and it was just, he would sell seeds to the farmer and they got up to Frank, Frank Hartshorn, this time and Frank came out looking kind of glum out on the porch and he said well he said you know I don't think I'll have any seeds today cause I don't know how

I'm coming out. Oh! Oh! And so he didn't buy any seeds and they went along their way, but the next year about the same time, he came back to Warren and Lauren took him up, to see Mr. Hartshorn and it was in the spring of the year, and there was a mud hole out in the front yard, of course the frost was coming out of the ground and there was this little hollow and it, all around it was all muddy like and Mr., it was, real cold in the spring and they had flown Mr. Heath a fur coat to wear and he had this big long fur coat, on he got just across that muddy place towards the porch and out of the house came Frank Hartshorn, on the run of course, like he always did, and, and he, what Frank would do if he got excited, when he would first, meet you, he would, he would double up his fist and hit you on the shoulder, and he doubled up his fist and said how are you boy? How are you boy? And he hit, [7.10] Mr. Heath on the shoulder well he hit him harder than he realized he was of course and Mr. Heath slipped in the mud and Lawrence said yeah I thought sure that the man was going right down on his back, in the mud puddle but he said he, he danced around there, and finally

made it, to get on his feet and Mr. Frank Hartshorn says, he says you know last year I didn't buy any seeds. Oh! Because he says I didn't know how I was coming out. Ah, but he says, this year I want six bushels of oats. Oh! Oh! He says, want six bushel of oats because he says, I come out all right you know, my wife died. Oh! Oh! Oh! [7.52]

JB Ha! Ha!

BG Frank was invited to dinner out to Montpelier, to his brother's house and he thought it would be nice to take a rooster along and have a chicken dinner, with his brother and his wife and so he put the rooster in a bag in the, he got a ride from Warren, out to Montpelier with someone, and they let him off down street and he started up Main Street with this rooster and the bag over his back and, and he hadn't gone too far up there, he was up in the hills somewhere I'm sure, by the way he described it, and when he, the call of nature came to him and he, so he laid down that rooster and of course the houses are thick up through there, one right after another with a lawn they'd be in between but that's all and some trees

around and he laid the rooster down on the sidewalk, and went up to take care of the call of nature under a tree there, between a couple of houses and he, he said it was early in the morning you know, and I didn't think anybody would be up, ha, ha. But he says, he says, and it didn't take me long cause I was all ready you know, oh, oh, and he said, that when I got back to that confounded rooster had got out of the bag and was running you know, and I had to chase that rooster down. Oh! Oh! [9.25]

JB Was he musical? Frank Hartshorn, I think, Earl Fuller told a story about his mother going up and seeing him, through the door, playing his fiddle.

BG Could Frank Hartshorn, could be.

JB Yeah I've got, I'll look that up for you. [9.42]

BG I, I don't know. (tape shut off and then on) One other thing I like to tell about Frank is, that night he, arrived on, down to the general store in Warren, and he said I come down after a hundred pounds of, of

bran, you know I got to fatten the old mare up a little bit. Ha! Ha! Well somebody said well why didn't you hitch up the old mare, and come down, as long as you wanted the hundred pounds of bran. Well Frank says you know I was in a hurry, oh, oh. So he went and got it a foot and put it on his back and ran right along the street there you know, right up towards home.

[10.21] Ah! Ah! I guess I'd like to tell about Hyle Ford, next and that will, kind of involve three or four other people that I will tell about, on the way, Hyle Ford was a very strict talking man, and he never, you never saw him smile, or at least I never did, and people that lived around him, thought a lot of Hyle Ford but he had these queer quirks that he, would act out and so forth, and he had a farm, just below Warren village, and but, and he was selectman, so you see he was thought quite a lot of or he wouldn't of been elected selectman, and he had a road job, somewhere and I'm not sure it wasn't too far from where the Waldons live, now the Waldons were another family all together they lived towards Warren, from Hyle Ford's about, oh a quarter of a mile, and they were a very

poor family, and, and very, and the children came right along, one right after another and they were, I could tell a lot of stories about the, the Waldon family but the, I especially want to tell this one about Hyle Ford and he, and he, it seems that Hyle had a man working for him by the name of Herb Wisell, on that job on the road, and he come, after awhile Hyle came to that Herb Wisell wasn't there. [12.00] And he asked the boys and, or the men around there if they'd seen anything of Herb, no, nobody seen him lately and one man spoke up and he says I bet if you go down to Mrs. Waldon's, you'll find Herb. So down Hyle went, madder than the devil, of course, cause he did get mad, quite often, and he went to the door and, and wrapped on the door, and this little boy came to the door, with his nose running, to meet the man and he says, Hyle says to the boy, have you seen anything of Herb Wisell around here. The little boy says yeah, he say, he's upstairs in bed with ma, with his boots on. [12.44] Ha! So and the Wisells were quite a family too they, this Herb Wisell's father was a neighbor of my father's at one time, he lived on what they called the

Whalen place and my father had a sow that had pigs and she killed all those pigs just as fast as they came, and he was telling, [13.12] old man Wisell about it, and old man Wisell says, I know how to make that sow, own her pigs next time, so my father bred her back, and, and low and behold she was gonna have her litter of pigs and, and he got a hold of Amos Wisell, and took him over, and Amos came and he said do you have any cider Almon, Almon was my father. Almon Gove. And do you have any cider Almon and he said I don't think we've got much of any he said that we, I think we've emptied the barrels and but he says we'll take a dish pan and go down and find out if you want and they went down and they took the _____ right out of the barrel because there wasn't any cider run and here comes this thick motherly stuff, you know that they would take a hold and pull it out with their fingers, and it would be in long strings like and then they would get a little cider and then another piece of that mother, they called it mother, I'm not sure just, what effect it had on the cider, but somehow it developed there, when the cider was getting hard, and so they got that

dish pan, half full and about that time my mother had a dinner ready and so, so my father went to dinner, stayed in the house and, and Amos took that half dish pan, had half a wash pan full of cider down to the, he went down to the old sow, and my father ate his dinner and then he went down, and here laid Amos, dead drunk right down beside that old sow, he earned, Wisell had put that stuff in him, and gotten drunk on it, and he didn't do a dam thing about the sow, he was only interested in getting his own sow fixed up. [15.01]

And a, oh these Wisells' were, and then the Waldons, that Waldon family that I tell you about, the older boy, stuttered some, and he was up living with, Mr. Blair up above Warren village, and he didn't have a, too great a mind, this Willey Walden, and so he was building a little shanty down across the road, he'd gotten some old boards that, that Blair didn't want and he was building a little shanty down across the road, you know, it was about the way a ten year old would do, and Lauren Fuller of course was always a great hand to raise the devil with people and he said to Willey, I would think that you'd hurry up and

finish your house up there, and then get Helen Shepard to go up and keep house for you. And Willey stopped and thought a minute, and he says, no, no, an awful undertaking, he says. Ha! Ha! Ha! [16.10]

JB Ha! Ha! Ha!

BG Another one of the Waldens, whose name was Frank was working for Lauren Fuller and he couldn't, he was a man, 19 or twenty years old, at that time, and he couldn't write his own name, and Lauren was trying his best teaching and he was working each night with him after they'd finish chores, he would, he would work with him, about try to teach him about different things and but he wasn't having too good luck, by the next night, he would of forgotten all that he had learned and Lauren drilled him pretty good on writing his name this particular night, and he says now Frank you think you've got that don't you? Yup. Yup, he says. [16.53] I got it now but it will be all gone in the morning. This Hyle Ford that I was telling about, was taking, some cattle to pasture, young cattle, and

he had a bull, a young bull, but he had a bull on the rope, and Raymond Neil was telling me that he, he, his father, Raymond's father of course was, a lumber man and he had this truck that they drew lumber with and from Middlesex and put it on the cars and things like that and he wanted, Raymond to take that truck, and go to Montpelier, and get a, new tire put on it, and so they got right down, almost to where Hyle Ford lived, and Raymond said it was mud, the roads were terribly muddy, and he said that the, here comes Hyle along, with that bull, and he said, I didn't think that I was coming any where near the other bull but the bull, all of a sudden decided to come right in the middle of the road right in front of me and I hit him, and when I, didn't hit him very hard, cause I was going real slow, but he said, the bull gave an awful jump and it pulled the rope out of Hyle's hand. [18.06] And he said, Hyle never looked at him, he never, glanced his way even, he just, crawled up on the bank, and ran after that bull and got a hold of the rope again, and they went right along so Raymond, Raymond said there's nothing for us to do but go along and if you didn't want to

talk to me, I'd a, wasn't gonna chase him up and but he said the pay off came the next morning, when I, got up, my father said, I want you to take, the truck and go down to, Hyle Ford's and get his corn planter, I want to borrow his corn planter today, and Raymond says by gosh, he said I rather done most anything than gone to Hyle Ford's next morning, and so he went in the barn, and Hyle was milking and he was milking by hand and he had his head over against the cow and he never looked up or he never moved his head, but Raymond said I know that he saw me, he knew who it was but he never acknowledged that I was there at all, and he said, so I didn't know what to do, and he says I walked down back and forth through the barn two, three times and he said finally he got up and, and I said, my father sent me down and wondered if, if I could borrow the, if he could borrow the, your corn planter today, and he said, Hyle gave that stool a throw, over in the corner, and he said, mind you I was just a young boy, sixteen or seventeen and he said, he said by God, he says there's a wheelbarrow Raymond in front of those cows on the feed floor, he says you go in

there, and you take that wheelbarrow, and you run up and down that feed floor just as fast as you can go, three times, and if you don't hit one of those cows, in the head you can take that God dam corn planter.

[19.54] Ha! So that's the way that ended.

JB Ha! Ha! Oh, now was that Ema Ford's husband's father?

BG Yes. Yes that was Emma Ford's husband's father and Lyle, you see Lyle his, Lawrence's younger brother Lyle, stayed at home and while Lawrence and Parker had this mill that they run, and Lawrence would send help down there to do haying and sometimes in sugaring, and it seems that Lyle and Hyle didn't get along very well and Raymond said he'd go down the road and Lyle would be sitting there driving the horses on the wagon and, his father would be turned way around the seat, looking off the other way he said it looked just to me like he couldn't stand the look of Lyle, but he, he said, and when he would talk with somebody he'd say, Lylie, apparently they called him Lylie, he said, Lylie, Lylie, Jesus H. Christ, what an enterprising young man he is. [20.56] But Lyle was a, boy I tell

you both of those boys could play ball and oh they were wonderful ball players, and Lyle could play several different positions on the valley team, they had a real good valley team. And my father took them over the mountain one time, for the Warren baseball team to play Lincoln and they got over the other side of the mountain, and there was a fellow who lived there on the other side of Lincoln mountain, and I have forgotten his name, but I know what he looked like and I used to go by, years afterwards, and his daughter would be, out around the place there, she still lived there, but you stopped the men and he said if you, boys win that ball game, down to, Lincoln today, I'll give you a whole keg of beer when you get back here. So they won. And they got the keg of beer. And of course it being hot and all they started drinking that beer, at a pretty good, rate you know, pretty fast rate, and he said it wasn't long before some of those fellows couldn't walk, and they couldn't set on the wagon, and so, they, my father had a, a gravel body on the wagon, which is made up, the bottom of a three by four and you take out some of those,

that's the way they dumped it, they took out those three by fours, one at a time, and let that much gravel down through and so they, took those out, in the center of the wagon and piled them up on the side, and then they put three or four of those fellows right in there, and made them walk. Going back over home, one fellow never did get home, Floyd Blake told me that he never got home that night he went and slept in the mill because in the saw mill, he didn't want his wife to know that he was in that shape. Ha! Ha! Ha!

[22.50]

JB (Cough, cough)

BG Well I like to tell a little bit about Pearl Hayes. Pearl Hayes was a great person, really, yeah, he did painting, he would paint or paper, for the woman around town and if they needed some painting done or he would putting in your windows, and he was just, a sort of handy man, you know. Handy. He was about I'd doubt if he was five feet tall and he always wore these woolen britches, and being so short, you see those woolen britches came up, he had suspenders on

and they came up, pretty high on him, and he wore, these black boots, you know that were probably a size three, or four, a real small man, and he, excuse me, he married a, tall lady that was six foot four or so, and, ha, ha. And they made a kind of a odd looking couple, you know, but Pearl was always around there doing things and he kept, his little horse, and he would drive out, to do these jobs and my mother was a, had something to do with the telephone line that went from there to Granville at that time [24.20] and it had to be through her she had to do something for people to call Granville and something had happened to that line and, and it wasn't working and it hadn't for a few days and Pearl drove them, Pearl Hayes drove in the dooryard, and he, my mother said, what do you think is the matter, what do you suppose is the matter of this telephone Pearl, God I don't know he said, and he went in the house and, he stood there and he looked right up at that telephone and he said, what do you suppose ails the god dam thing anyway? And it rung right in his face. And it hadn't worked for several days. Ha! Ha! Pearl Blair, had, he was a painting for

Fred Elliot, Fred Elliot was a farmer up at the four corners, there in East Warren, and he was painting on the porch and he was painting blue and they were painting it blue and he, Pearl was up on this step ladder, and, and had the gallon of paint sitting on top of the step ladder and he was painting the ceiling, to the porch, and their dog come through the house, through the porch there and he hit that, step ladder, and over it went. And Pearl landed [25.36] of course on the floor, and the step ladder on the floor, and the gallon of paint went all over him, and all over the floor, and when he could get it rubbed out of his eyes a little he looked up and he, and by that time, Mrs. Elliot was out there and he says, Jesus H. Christ on your piazza blue. [26.00]

JB Oh dear! I mean the humor of the situation there is just terrific.

BG Ha! Ha! Ha! Yeah. Pearl Blair is. His son-in-law, he had.

JB Now was Pearl Blair, what relation is he to Rupert, any?

BG This is Pearl Hayes, that I'm telling about right now,

but I have wanted to tell about Pearl Blair, Pearl Blair was a, a tall man, and he, married a girl that was, went to, was in grade school with me Ruby Thompson, and it seems that, Smalley wanted to, Smalley was, lived right there just as you're coming out of Warren village and going up the brook road, that, that last house that you come to, was Smalley's house and he wanted to build a chimney but Pearl Hayes, but Pearl Blair was going, do it for him, he was gonna build the chimney for Smalley, and so but, Pearl Blair's screen that they threw the gravel on to or sand to screen it you know, for making, for chimneys, was up to Frank Turners. And Frank Turner of course always had, cider that he had made, and they got up there, and, and he was treating them on cider and they got to feeling pretty good but they did get the screen and headed back to, down to Warren village but they were some what late, in getting there and Mrs. Smalley came out on the porch because she'd had dinner ready for sometime and she, she didn't say a word when they drove in the yard but I guess Smalley felt that he ought to make some excuse of why they

were late and he said, he stood up in the wagon and he said, we've been up to, up to Frank Turners to get our screen and he pitched right out of that wagon right on his head and shoulders right in the dirt. And she stood there and looked a minute at him, and she said, I would say, you had, and she turned around and went back in the house. And. [28.14]

JB Now was, Pearly Blair any relation to Rupert?

BG Yes he was. He was a distant cousin, and this other man that lived up the river road where Lilly Walden built his shack was a cousin of Rupert. Some distant cousin, or something.

JB And the man you were talking about that Lauren drove around with the seeds, was he the relation of, Pinky Heath? [28.50]

BG Oh I couldn't say. I couldn't say about that. Apparently Rupert told you about Pinky Heath.

JB Yes.

BG I didn't, I wasn't acquainted with Pinky Heath, and I don't remember my parents talking about him, but Rupert's parents apparently I've heard Rupert say something about, Pinky Heath. And. (tape shut off)

END OF SIDE ONE

SIDE TWO

BG Is that I was telling about that had the, tall, very tall wife, had a tall son, oh he was, six foot four or something like that and he and Pearl used to go hunting together and it was quite a, quite a sight to see them walking up across the field, you know, and this gardener, gardener of his was real thin, but tall, and it seems they went bear hunting, and, and the gardener left Pearl to guard this run way, where he thought the bear might come and they'd seen a bear track and so gardener took off on the bear track and he left Pearl in this particular spot and he jumped, they call it jumping the bear when he jumped up and ran, and he put the bear right back through there, right through that place where he had left his father. [1.01] And of course he was pretty disgusted, his father wasn't there and so he walked around the hill and his father had left and gone to another place and he said, dad why did you leave that run way down there? Well by Jesus Christ Pearl says, I thought I would go over a, on the other side of the hill, yes,

gardener says, God dam it you're always going on the
other side of the hill. Ha! Ha! [1.33]

JB Ha! Ha!

BG I guess I'd like to tell about, horse racing in those
days, people didn't have automobiles but they usually
had a driving horse, besides their working team, and
they, some of them had some pretty good ones and I can
remember my father telling, on Saturday nights, over
in Lincoln that the boys would go to Bristol and race
horses down on Bristol flats they call it, and have
some quite, quite exciting times. Well, my mother was
quite a, person for animals, she loved animals, and
she, so they had raised this colt, that they called
Charlie, and they raised him from a baby, [2.28] and
broke him, and used him and he weighed about, twelve
hundred or twelve fifty, and in those days, John Mobis
ran the, the, what they called the creamery down in
Warren village and you took your milk down there and
they separated it, and you could have your, your skim
milk back, but they used the, cream to make butter

there, and sold it, and so my mother was, it was my mother's job to take that milk down each morning, and she said she had this big heavy buck board, and two of those big cans of milk in there, [3.06] in that buckboard, and she got, as you go down, the road from their place a little over a mile, there's the place that, well Abe, Abe somebody lived there, I can't think of his last name, but he pulled out of his driveway, just ahead of my mother. And they were going, and they were visiting going along down the road and they got down to the corner, where you turn to go to Warren village, or you could go ahead up to Fred Elliots, and here was Frank Lamb coming down with his little mare, and she was a real pretty little thing and when he was making that turn he was making it to go ahead of the other two, towards the village and Frank Lamb says, I tell you Abe, Abe VanDusen that was his name, he says I tell you Abe, if you have a horse that weighs over ten hundred, you haven't got any thing that can travel at all he says they're all right to work, but they can't travel. Well, you might as well of slapped my mother in the face you know

cause she thought her horse was wonderful and she said, you let me go ahead Mr. Lamb and [4.24] follow me at the village this morning and I'll show you whether I've got any good horse or not, and but he didn't wait for her to show him, he put the whip on his little mare and he started down the road, of course the road wasn't very wide you know, in those days, and she, tagged him and he was every little while he'd, he'd hit his horse on the butt a little bit, with that whip and he was getting all that he could out of her, she was just, and my mother all she was doing was hanging on to this Charlie horse and saying woo boy, woo boy. And she put her front wheel right in back of Frank Lambs back wheel and she says, I pulled just as hard as I let him go just as hard as I dared to on that, she says I was afraid he'd break one of our wheels, and she says, and Frank wouldn't give her room to go by. He just wouldn't let her by, and she tagged him all the way to the village like that. And, just holler, and she'd, every little ways she'd say woo, Charlie, woo Charlie, and he would just a legging it right down there, you know, he could of

gone by that other horse like nothing and when she, they came up, to the, creamery that way, right up the street and men that was standing on the, the steps there, grabbed those two milk cans and put them right over on the, porch to the, to the creamery. And, and she looked at them for just a minute and she said, Frank Lamb disappeared. And she says I waited around for him for half, three quarters of an hour, but he never showed. [5.55] She says I was gonna, show him the way home too. Ha! Ha!

JB That's a wonderful story. Oh that's.

BG Well that, I think that shows, you know people did it like I said didn't have automobiles and they didn't have a lot of things but they had their horses that they were real proud of. Every one had a, a nice horse and they were real proud of their own horse and the things that, and I remember, that same horse, they heard noises, in the barn, two nights, and they went down there and that horse had been harnessed but he didn't have the bridle on, one night, and another

night he was just a didn't have anything on him, but he was loose, somebody had unhitched him, and they thought it was, someone was gonna steal him and they thought it was my mother's brother, Gabe, that was doing all this, because he was never up to any good he was, he had stolen from them in other ways, so they kind of figured that maybe it was him that was trying to steal that horse, because he was such a good one, and he could get, you know quite a lot of money and so they sold the horse, and they sold him to a Mister Farr down just this side, he lived on that farm just this side of Hancock village on the left, as you're going down, and my father and [7.17] Gabe went down there one day I don't know why my, I wouldn't of gone with Gabe if I thought that he had, was trying to steal from me, but he did, he went with him, and Gabe used to go down there quite often to Hancock, and get liquor, buy liquor and my father went a along and they stopped, at Farris to see that horse and Mr. Farr said to my father, he said, I understand that, that you can plant corn with that horse and not have anybody, drive him or ride him, or do it, that he'll follow that

marker for, the corn planted leaves and my father says yes, he will and he said, could I hire you to plant that, piece of corn with him this afternoon, and my father of course was glad to do it cause he wanted to be with the horse and, so he planted his piece of corn and, never made a step, never made a miss any where at that horse just towed that mark right back and forth. Without anyone doing anything with him. [8.16] You know and people were proud of their horses. You know they had taught them to do things that, and so on. Well this Frank Lamb lived up, where my wife and I lived, we called it, the Maynard place, and now I guess they call it the Gove place, cause we lived there 18 years but John Roth lives there now on that farm. And Justin Tucker lived there, at that time and he had married Frank Lamb's daughter, and Frank, they built another, addition on the back side of the house for, Mr. Lamb and his wife to live, but he and Justin Tucker never got along very well, and it seems that one morning, you see Frank went to, to church every morning, every Sunday but he, I don't think he ever took the Tuckers with him, you see there wasn't, room

for only one in, besides him in that buggy really and but anyway he and Justin Tucker, Frank Lamb and Justin Tucker had had some words, and Mr. Lamb had come out to the barn, he had harnessed his horse, getting ready for church, and he went and changed his clothes and he come out with his good suit on, and all, and he and Justin Tucker had some words about something, and Justin grabbed Mr. Lamb and threw him over in the pig pen, with his good clothes on, and it wasn't too long after that, before town meeting came along and this story had gotten out, and the people at the town of Warren knew that Justin had thrown him over in the pig pen and got him all dirty and so forth and during the course of town meeting, they asked for nominations for school director, and some body nominated Justin Tucker, [10.08] and just as soon as they nominated him, Frank Lamb jumped right up his feet and he says, I think that Justin is the ideal man for the spot. And he said that, they said that every body just hooted and hollered in that whole town hall about that, cause they knew what had gone on between them. And. (tape shut off and then back on)

JB Just to put all this in a frame work, how would you describe Warren and East Warren, in this time frame, we're talking about. [10.44]

BG How would I describe Warren and East Warren. Well to give you a little bit of an example about it, about the time that I started, at the time that I started first grade, there were fewer, fewer, children to go to the south school which is over my way, then there were over at the corner, and so they closed our south school, to save money for the town, and put us all over to the corner [11.22] school and had one teacher over there. And of course the, the people in south, east Warren, which was where I lived, the Larrows and my family and Casey Jones, and the Cattons, and Ralph Bussell, and all those and the Blairs, you know, they were all, pretty mad, they were pretty mad about that and they didn't have a good thing to say, and it came up in town meeting, I mean these kind of things came up in town meeting, and they would tell each other

what they thought of it, you know, and but I remember Will Trask took us, with a pair of mules, to school and back again, and which I'd never ridden after mules before, and I thought that was something, well anyway, I, as I remember it [12.14] we went over there one year, the year I was in the first grade and then, several of the kids that were in the corner school, graduated from the eight grade that year, and so it made that district less than the south district and they didn't want that school to go back south, boy, and then the people over there were mad as, as wet hens, you know, about it, but they put the school back to the south, to over south but a, the Tuckers wouldn't let Ransom come over there to go to school. [12.50] His father, his grandfather Frank Lamb took him to the village school with that, little white face mare that I was telling you about and went and got him each night. And, well, you know there wasn't, a lot of time for, for deep feelings, I don't think, between I mean you didn't get to know the people down street, to well, you know you. I remember them having, in East Warren, I remember them having these parties, on

Saturday nights, where they would have a violin a piano playing and the young people would dance and the older people would play cards. [13.33] But it was pretty much confined to east hill, I mean the people, in the other part of the town, didn't come, you only saw them, if you happen to be down street, and they came down for groceries or, a grain or something, and you were there, you would see them and, and you knew who they were, and you would pass the time of day with them, but you, never went from your part of the town over to call on them. [14.00] If you had your own little district up in east Warren, and that's where you stayed, and most of the time, you know. Well, but that thing about the school, did come up and, and every body was pretty well head up about that. It was. Ah! Yeah. Out to, how the community reacted of course when I was growing up, there were four, boys, in my school, but they were four years younger then I was, there in east Warren, Rupert Blair, and my nephew Ward Bussell and Warren Mobis and Lester Seynore, but they were four years younger then I was, and they didn't care a snap about playing ball, now I had heard about

my brother's, and seen them play ball, my two older brothers, and they were good ball players and I, was just, crazy to learn how to play ball but nobody in that school wanted to play. [15.03] It was some younger boys in that even, but the ones that were my age, were girls and they didn't care anything about playing baseball and so, we had a 4 H club, some one started a 4 H club and I joined and that was quite an outing for me because I got to see some of the, boys in the other part of the town, that I hadn't known. At all. And, but I couldn't play baseball I mean I, I had never had a chance you see, and I remember we had, we had a baseball game somewhere and of course the Eurich boys, there were three of them, there at home and they could play ball, and they were good at it and but, we had this ball game and anyway I was in the out field, and, and trying to play out field and this fly ball came to me and I didn't get within several feet of it you know, I didn't, I just didn't know how. [16.05]

And I remember that Ed Eurich's grandfather, was coming along walking along cause they always went to the games, our high school games later you'd see them

there always no matter whether it was in crop time, or when it was, they were at that ball game. [16.22] And Mr. Eurich came along and as I said he had quite a German brogue, and I had just missed that ball and he came along and he looked at me, and he said, you God dam fool, you don't know enough to play baseball do you. You god dam fool. Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! I thought about it a lot since. But, when I did get in high school I worked real hard at learning to play baseball and I got pretty good at it before I, got around to graduating finally.

JB Yeah I heard you were very good. [16.58]

BG Well I was, I was a fast runner and I, I played out field and I could, it was hard to get a ball that, out there that I couldn't get, and that was really. And I.

JB And none of your brothers played?

BG Yes my brother.

JB But they were, that much older.

BG Oh they were older you see and they didn't go to high school, two oh my sisters started high school, but they weren't too interested in finishing, I guess. I knew more about these people that I, like I told you

about Fremont Lovett, and you know there were a lot of people that did a lot of good things up that way during my lifetime and. [17.45] People that I respected, and I wish I knew more of the good things that they did, instead of just the, funny things that happen to them.

JB Well it was an amazing community. I think. From everything I've heard. [17.58]

BG You think, you think it was different hun?

JB Well, pretty amazing. Outstanding people, a tight knit community, a lot of fun, a lot of hard work, but, gosh some outstanding people came out of it.

BG And I wanted to tell you, there's another person that I would like to talk a little about, and that was Fred Elliot. [18.31] And he was, he owned that farm up to the corner, they call it the corner, that's where you go over Roxbury mountain, now, that and the DeFreest now have torn down that his barn, that he built and have built a free stall barn, right there so that was, Fred Elliot's place, and he was, one of the up and

coming people of the, farmers really, in Warren, he was, and he had a, a little farm just beyond my parents out to Blueberry Lake, and being Fred Elliot, of course he was in a lot of things, he was selectman of the town, for a long time and he was a trustee of Northfield Savings Bank, in Northfield, and he was, he was a lot of things and he raised, he bred mares and he raised, some of his teams that he used and he always had, the nicest looking teams that you could ever ask to see, and he had holstein cattle and he built on to his barn, and several feet more on the lower end of his barn and, and put his barn down in the basement, and he'd, he really did a lot of things, and I was, saying that he raised potatoes, up, on that little place above my folks, and he, I would of think as I look back at it, I would guess that he probably raised three, or four acres, of potatoes. And he had, a potato digger and when it would come potato digging time he would get my brother and, Raymond and I, and usually Earnest Brooks would come and help and we three would pick up potatoes, for him, and I'll tell you, you start, nine thirty or ten o'clock in the

morning, and you pick up potatoes steady until four o'clock and it's a lot of back bending. It's a lot of back bending, but I didn't mind it in those days and neither did the two older fellows [20.33] that helped pick up, but anyway, Fred had made up his mind I guess that I was someone that would work hard, and so when I got married I, my father-in-law had just died, a short time after we got married, and I went there on that little place and, and built the barn over, and I finally got so that I could tie thirteen cows, in the stable, and I milked them by hand, and I had a pair of horses and then I bought the Murray place, up above, and I was down at the store one morning, and Fred Elliot came in, and he was dressed up and he said, how was farming going? And I said, well, I don't know, I'm not getting rich, and he says no, he says, the kind of set up that you have you haven't got really got a chance to do much. [21.30] He said, the Maynards up in East Warren, are moving to Moretown, they bought a farm down there, and they had two farms, in east Warren, that are for sale, the place where they lived and the place over across, they call the Daniels'

place. And he said, each one, either one of those farms can be bought for sixty five hundred. Of course the Ralph Maynard place wasn't near as big as the Daniel's place but the buildings were in better shape. That Daniel's house was, well you could see right through the cellar wall had fallen into the cellar and you could look right through and it was, and the barn was not in very good shape and it was a large barn, over there, where as the buildings up at, the Maynard place was pretty good and he said, so Fred says, if you had one of those farms, you could go ahead and do something. Like you're trying to. [22.22] And I said, well there's not much use of thinking about that Fred because I don't have any money, behind me, I don't have a cent, above expenses here that we're trying to get by. And he said, well he said, if I could, speak to the people over at Northfield Bank and you could buy that farm without any money down, would you be interested? [22.45] And I said yes, I sure would. And he said, why don't you hop in this car, with me right now, I'm going to Northfield to a bank meeting, and when we get over there, you can tell them what you are

doing, what you'd like to do, and he says, I will, say that I think it's a good thing to loan you the money and, and I went with Fred Elliot and they loaned me the money to buy that farm and I didn't have a cent.

JB That's terrific. [23.09]

BG To do with. Now, that's what I mean by neighbors helping neighbors, he, Fred Elliot knew that I was, or at least he, he thought that I was an honest fellow and a good worker and would make some one that could go up on that farm and do something and I did. [23.25]

JB How long did it take you to turn it around?

BG To turn it around? Well I, I was, I farmed up there for 18 years, and we had, the sugar place that we tapped 23 hundred maples and I had a cows that I, I started in and got registered guernsey cows going there, and I plowed up a piece, four, five acres each spring of new land, and as I did I would get a bull dozer in and take those stones all off and by the time I left that farm I had cleared it of stones, they were all put aside, over on the stonewalls and, and I had a, I'd done a lots of things up there. I really worked hard and I can remember working in that sugar place

until it was, dark at night, and then taking my horses and going to the barn, gathering sap, I mean and then going to the barn and putting my team up, and watering my cows, turning, turning all my cattle out to drink, and putting them back and giving them their grain, and then going to the house and having my supper, and then going back and milking those cows, of course I had machines, milking machines but, even so I would be milking, doing chores out there until nine o'clock and I would be up again at six o'clock the next morning and starting them. [24.56] I loved working on the land. I loved working with the horses and the cattle, and it.

JB How come you left there and came down here?

BG I left there because, I had a, my second son, had always wanted to, he'd always tag me around, when we were farming, and he liked the machinery, and as soon as he got big enough he was on the machinery, working it with it and he was quite a help not that the other boys helped too but he was the biggest help because he would guff right into it and he wanted to farm and so

I bought the Albert Neil farm, at that time which was over across from that, on the same side of the mountain, you had to go down around the road, well we could drive the cattle across but we had to go across Fred Mobis' land, to do it and so he went after high school he went to, Randolph Center school and he graduated over there, and he met a girl over there and got married, and so I bought this Albert Neil place, so that he'd have a place to live and I, I had, I had changed my milk house all over, built a new milk house in fact, and put in a bulk tank and put my stable down in the basement and I had really gone to a lot of, expense, and work, and he farmed for about a year, and I guess his wife decided they didn't want to farm, so he left, and I was left with six hundred and thirty acres of land, [26.27] and all that, that I had built up for him and so I just was discouraged and I sold out and came to Moretown to a smaller farm, that I, and I guess it was the worst move that I had ever made in my life, because if I'd stayed there, just stayed there and sold off part of my cattle and just, just coasted along, in another, seven, or eight, or ten

years at least I would of been able to sell that for, two and three thousand dollars an acre, that land. But I was discouraged and I just gave up and came to Moretown. And, well that was, how I happen to leave Warren. [27.08]

JB Because your soul seems to be in Warren.

BG Yeah. Yeah that's a, yeah I like it here in Moretown and there's an awful lot of nice people here, of course I don't know any thing about the things that went on in Moretown but I'm amazed to hear some of the stories they have stories, you know, like, like I do about the Warren people and I remember Sedrick Regan telling me, this stories and he told who the people were, but of course I, they didn't mean anything to me, because I never knew them, these two couples, sort of played cards in the evening together and what not and the first you knew, they had traded wives, and one wife went to live with the other guy and, and they tried that out a while and made up their minds they wanted to stay that way, so, one farmer, gave the other one a pig to boot. Between wives. Gave him a fat pig to boot. Ha! Ha! Ha!

JB That one wife was supposed to be.

BG Better. Ha! Ha! Yeah I guess so. Ha! Ha! Yeah. He thought.

JB Oh that's funny. And then you spoke about, I think it was the, first Ward that came [29.30] that he arrived in Moretown.

BG Yeah. Burton, Burton Ward arrived in Moretown they tell me, with his ox team and a bob sled, and his chains, ax, and saws, and that's all he had to his name, when he came to Moretown, and by the time that Merlin at least died down here, his, one of his sons, by the time the last son died, in Moretown, they said that you could go down on Bolton flats, and go up on that mountain, in Bolton and not get off Ward Lumber Company's land until you got to Fayston. [29.11] All over those mountains was all Ward Lumber Company's land. And they, they had three mills here in town, and they did a, quite a business.

JB Yeah. It's amazing.

BG I like to tell a little story about, Marion Barton's father, he lived in the, they lived in St. Albans or Georgia just this side of St. Albans, and one day this

man came up into her father, to Mr., Mr. Conger, and said, do you know, Jed Sweeney? Are you acquainted with Jed Sweeney? And Mr. Conger said, yes, I know Jed Sweeney, and this was a fellow that had moved down into the state from, Canada, they came down, a lot of them came down and were farmers up that way from Canada, and this fellow said, you know Jed Sweeney? Yes, yes I know Jed Sweeney, and the man says, he was kind of a French fellow, and he says, he's a, father of my oldest boy. [30.24] And he said, her father, her father should of told me about that, but he didn't, he said, oh well I probably of married it anyway. [30.36]

JB Ha! Ha! Ha!

BG Operator.

JB Well the one you told last time, about, taking out the telephone. [30.50]

BG Oh! Dark Neilon lived up in Fayston, ah ha, and he was the kind of a rough talking man, and he called up one of his neighbors and, and they talked kind of rough and Dark did some, swearing and the conversation went on for quite a long while and finally this, operator down at Waitsfield which was Stella Newton, a lady

that I knew when I was in high school there, in
Waitsfield, broke in on the conversation, and said,
Mr. Neilon I'd like to have you hang up now because
there are other people that want to use that line,
and. [31.39]

END OF TAPE ONE

BG Well I think this better be my last one.

JB Okay. Ha! Ha!

BG This Dork Neilon lived up in Fayston, and I should say
the Mister Farr founded the telephone company here,
the father of the lady that owns now, and anyway this
Dork Neilon called up one of his neighbors and they
were having, some sort of a spat on the telephone and
Dork was doing a lot of name calling and swearing and
what not, and this conversation went on for a while
and, and this lady down that was operator down to
Waitsfield village Stella Newton, broke into the
conversation and said Mr. Neilon, I'd like to have you
hang up now because there are other people that would
like to use that line and you've been talking kind of,
strong here anyway, and so Dork, of course he was mad
anyway and he was a little mad that she asked him to

hang up and he said, well you can take your God dam telephone and shove it right up your hind end, and but he hung up and when Mr. Farr came in the office, she told him what Dork had said so Farr of course was then on pins and needles and he went right up to see Dork and he said I hear you've giving my operator down in Waitsfield a hard time. And Dork said, well maybe I did talk a little rough but he said I didn't mean anything by it, and well Farr says, I'm gonna have to take your telephone out, and he says, cause we can't allow that sort of thing to happen and well Dork says, go ahead and take it out, but he says could I make one last telephone call before I, before you take it and Farr says I guess so. And so, Dork called up this Stella Newton down at the office and he said you know what I told you could do with that telephone, and she said yes. [4.28] And he says well you better get ready cause Farr is gonna be done there with it in a few minutes. Ha! Ha! Ha!

JB Ha! Ha! Ha! [4.35] That's terrific. Ha! Ha! O!

BG And I, we, we talking about Smalley, a little while ago and, and Pearl Blair going up to get that screen

up to Frank Turners and getting loaded up with, with hard cider and so on, and this Smalley worked in the mill, worked for Henry Brooks in the mill, there in Warren, and it seems my oldest brother Denny, and Ernest Brooks his cousin, were working there too, and they were boarding somewhere up, near Smalleys and they were walking of course faster than Smalley and they came by Smalley and, and on the way home after work and Dennis said, why don't you come up and go swimming with us, Smalley. [5.26] Smalley says I wouldn't go in that God dam cold water for a hundred dollars. And Denny says you wouldn't, and he said no I wouldn't, and so Denny grabbed him, and put him right up on his shoulder, he was big strong young fellow, you know he weighed two hundred and he took this Smalley which was kind of a small man, put him right, put him right up on his shoulder and walked right along and just above Smalleys house there was a path that went down to that brook, where the people used to go in dipping, and he didn't bother to take off his clothes or anything he walked right out in there, right up to his neck and dropped Smalley in that

water. Ha! Ha! Ha! [6.04]

JB Oh! That was your oldest brother.

BG Yeah. My oldest.

JB Tell me, the names of your brothers.

BG The oldest one was Dennis.

JB And sisters.

BG Pardon?

JB And of your whole family.

BG Yeah. Dennis was the older, then Elmer, the little fellow was next, and then Ethel, my older sister, and then Raymond, then Eva, and Thelma, and Myrtle, and I. And of course Myrtle died just before I was born, she had appendicitis, and they didn't know how to do anything about it and she just, just died and. [6.47]

JB And your mother and you father was Almon, A L.

BG A H O.

JB A H.

BG A H Almon Howard.

— A L M O N.

JB A H.

-- Yeah. I know it. H for Henry.

BG Henry. Was it Henry instead of Howard. Well I'm not

sure. Anyway my older two brothers were always together and they played all together and all that and, so my folks were down to the barn milking and they said, told Dennis to, go up to the house and split some kindling and get a fire going so they could make breakfast, and he, and Elmer went up with him and he says Dennis says put your toe, put your foot up on that piece of wood and it there, Elmer, and I'll cut your toe off. And, of course he didn't mean to do it anymore than anything in the world but the ax was sharp and he came down and he cut his big toe right off. [7.56]

JB Oh gosh!

BG And they had quite a time about that, of course getting him to the doctor and stopping the bleeding and all that, but.

JB Well. [8.06] And in those days, stopped, and they must of had hitch up.

BG A horse, had to hitch up a horse, you see and get him to the doctor.

JB And where was the doctor?

BG In Warren village. Four miles away.

JB Did he pass out?

BG I don't remember that they said he did, he might have of course, but I don't know, they had quite a job healing that up and he couldn't, couldn't let him walk on it, at first or anything.

JB Your other brother must of felt awful.

BG Oh he felt terrible, always did afterwards. [8.52]
(tape of and then on)

JB See you can't stop. Ha! Ha! No.

BG I like to tell about Fred Mobis, Fred Elliot because he was an outstanding man in the community, and all, and I also like to tell a little, something about his sons which, they weren't like Fred, they weren't as good men as Fred, they thought they were wonderful but, and this sort of bears it out, that George the older one was at Norwich University, and he was home for the weekend and Fred, usually kept a couple of sows, and he raised pigs twice a year and then he would keep those pigs, he'd keep all those little pigs in, and put them down in the basement, and feed them, and then dress them off and he had markets in

Montpelier, and where ever you might think around here, and so, Ralph Bussel my brother-in-law went to help him butcher those pigs, on this weekend and George was home and George didn't come out, to help much with it, but finally he, meandered out to the barn and they were, the pigs were in the basement to the horse barn, and down in the lower, corner, the slop had settled down there and it was, there was quite a little lake down in the lower corner of the, of the west end of the barn, [10.15] under the barn, and so they caught, and killed three, four, pigs so the pigs were getting a little weary you know, and so George says you aren't having very good luck, catching those pigs he says I could show you how to catch those pigs, and Fred or Ralph, one of them said, well, that's the thing to do, you go ahead and catch one of them, so George jumped right on one of those pigs back, and the pig went down into that slop hole, and threw George off, right down in there you know, and he just went into the thing, all over that slop, and he got up and he wasn't in any mood to show how to catch pigs, he took off for the house to get cleaned up. Ha!

Ha!

JB Ha! Ha! Ha! Was there a time of year to butcher pigs?

BG Yeah. Yeah. They used to butcher pigs, and all the people that I knew of, along the, around the first of December, you see the cold weather was coming, no one had any, any freezers at that time, you, you butchered and you froze up some of these parts and you kept them, frozen all winter and then went out and got them as you, and you smoked your hams and that sort of thing and, they, yes they butchered them in the fall of the year. [11.38]

JB And did they watch the moon when they butchered?

BG I'm not sure. I'm not sure.

JB Some people did and some didn't.

BG Well some, some people watched the moon when they would plant their crops. You know, if the, they planted in such a phase of the moon, and they wouldn't do any different then that, they believed that that was the thing to do. So probably they butchered at some phase of the moon too. I would think because I know, they were real, anxious to plant their crops at the right time.

JB What were the, do you remember what the phases were?

[12.14] When they would?

BG I believe it was the full of the moon when they would, when they would plant. And it was the full of the moon when they would try to harvest. Yup. I believe that was right, I'm not absolutely sure about it.

JB Yeah. Cause, I know.

BG I know my father would says sometimes that, we aren't gonna mow down that piece of hay because it might be a perfectly nice day, he said we aren't gonna mow that piece of hay today because there's a storm brewing. And he could tell, when the storms were coming when he was older, because his rheumatism he called it, would start to, his joints would start aching when a storm was coming and he wouldn't have any part of, having any of his hay mowed down. Until that cleared and until he felt all right again and then he'd go ahead and mow. Ha! Ha! Ha!

JB You told me, I think, that you were part Indian, at one point.

BG Yeah. Yeah. I, I think I'm at least a quarter Indian. Yeah. My grandfather on my mother's side was born on

an Indian reservation and I didn't know that until about a year ago, my cousin in Bellows Falls told me about it. [13.34] And she said it was a fact that she knew it was a fact, I knew that my father's, mother was an Indian lady. And.

JB Now where was she from?

BG She, they were from Lincoln, they lived in Lincoln. My father's mother and father.

JB And was she Abenaki, or?

BG I don't know. [13.56] Because my father never talked about it. I think, I think that people didn't talk about, if there were Indian, if there was Indian blood in them, I don't think they was proud of it. In back in those days where as now you'd be more proud to, I'm proud to be, to have Indian in me I, not that I think I'm any greater than someone else, but I've got qualities about me that, that I think are descended from the Indians. [14.33] And. (tape off)

END OF TAPE TWO