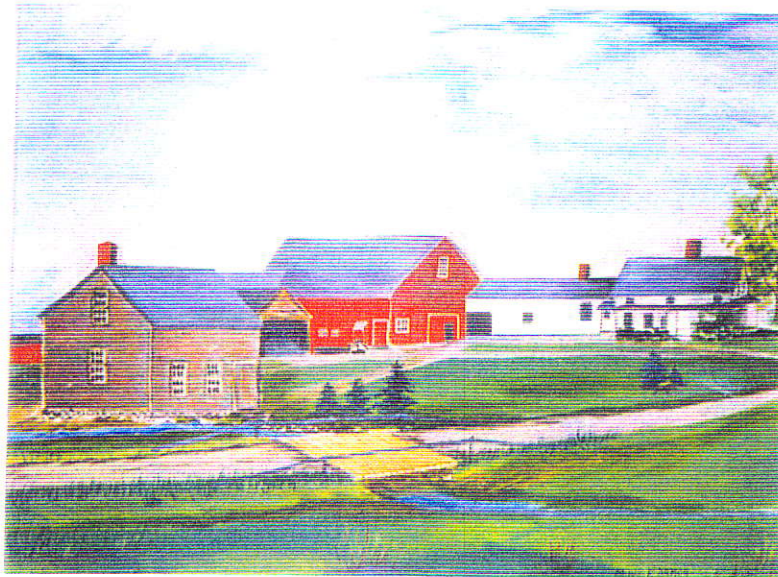


MEMOIRS
THINGS I REMEMBER



Oil painting of the Mountain Street farm by O.K. Damon

by

Olive Warner Kellogg Damon

TABLE OF CONTENTS

<i>COVER</i>	0
<i>TABLE OF CONTENTS</i>	1
<i>PHOTOGRAPHS</i>	2 - 5
<i>Wedding photograph, May 01, 1937</i>	2
<i>Poplar Hill Farm, circa 1950</i>	3
<i>Olive K. Damon, circa 1982</i>	4
<i>The Damon family, circa 1995</i>	5
<i>INTRODUCTION</i>	6
<i>THE EARLY YEARS</i>	7 - 8
<i>MOUNTAIN STREET</i>	9
<i>MAKING A LIVING</i>	10 - 11
<i>THE BACON BAT</i>	12
<i>UNCLE BERT</i>	13 - 15
<i>THE ONE ROOM MOUNTAIN STREET SCHOOL</i>	16 - 19
<i>THE MOUNTAIN STREET NEIGHBORHOOD</i>	20
<i>THE ADAMS ROAD NEIGHBORHOOD</i>	21 - 22
<i>THE KELLOGG KIDS</i>	23 - 24
<i>OUR ANIMALS</i>	25 - 27
<i>BARBERING</i>	28
<i>AUNT LOUISE ENTERTAINS</i>	29
<i>AFTER GRAMMAR SCHOOL AND ONTO MARRIAGE</i>	30 - 33
<i>SIXTY TWO YEARS ON POPLAR HILL IN WHATELY</i>	34 - 44
<i>SUPPLEMENTAL</i>	45 - 46
<i>CONCLUSION</i>	47



Olive Kellogg & Alan Damon on May 01, 1937



The Damon's Poplar Hill Farm, circa 1950



Olive K. Damon, circa 1982



The Damon family, circa 1995

INTRODUCTION

Since the readers of these memoirs might wonder how they came about, I feel that I should elaborate. While I kept a diary since I was twenty, the source of this writing is my memory. It was pleasurable thinking about these things during the effort that resulted in this writing, because I find that I have had a very happy life, full of friends, family, and activities.

The reason for this writing is so that I can share elements of my life with the readers. I wanted to document where I grew up, where we lived, and some of the interesting events that colored my life. Of course, since my family always did bring a smile to my face, I wanted to share some of that information as well.

My son, Alan Damon Jr. (Pete) encouraged me to write these memoirs. He points out that I have had a wonderful and very full life, including hard work, creativity, and independence. In retrospect, I agree with my loving son.

A word of advice to the reader. Please don't be afraid to try something that you might not be successful with. How do you know, unless you try? You might surprise yourself!

Olive Warner Kellogg Damon

Olive Warner Kellogg Damon

June, 1999

THE EARLY YEARS

My father, Walter Edward Kellogg married my mother, Elinor Belle Warner at her home on Mountain Street in Haydenville, Massachusetts on January 01, 1908. They spent their first few years on my father's family homestead in East Hadley, Massachusetts where a son was born. They spent a year in another house in Hadley where a daughter was born. Later, they moved to Rockville, Connecticut, where my father worked on a fruit farm. I was born at home in that town, along with another brother and another sister. It was during this time that my parents met Ernest and Ethel Howard. The two young couples quickly became life long friends. Ernest and Ethel raised three sons.

Our next move was to Mansion Road in Wallingford Connecticut where my father worked on a fruit farm owned by Mr. Henry. One day while in the orchard, my father looked up to see a man on the other side of the fence. They walked up to the fence and started talking. The man's name was Elmer Rose who owned a farm with the pasture he was in. They had four children. Another life long friendship evolved. I still correspond with one of the Rose daughters as well as a daughter in law.

While my father did not work at the Henry farm long, he took a job at a nearby Martin fruit farm on Cook Hill. They provided us with a nice house and another daughter was born. We were all happy there, and my oldest brother attended the one room school nearby. Peaches were the major crop on the farm, and wagon loads of peaches left for New Haven in the evening and arrived in time for the stores to open in the morning. Mr. Martin decided to buy a truck to replace the horses. He took my father to New Haven to shop for a truck, and they soon found one to their liking. The dealer told my father how to drive the truck, gave him a license, and told him to drive it home. My father did so.

A few years later, Mr. Martin told my father that he was no longer needed on the farm. He set out to find a new home for his large family. He found a yellow house with a bit of land and a barn in Yalesville, Connecticut. While my father did not have a job, two neighbors helped. One gave him winter work harvesting ice for his retail ice business, and another gave my father a beautiful big brown horse named Ned and a surrey with a fringe on top. My mother helped my

father harvest vegetables from a plot beside the house. He must have had a wagon because he delivered them to stores. Only a few bad years were spent here. We all had the flu and some of us would not have lived if my mother's sister Bertha had not come down to care for us. We also had scarlet fever.

MOUNTAIN STREET

In 1918, my mother got word that her mother had died. This hastened my parents to leave Connecticut and move to Mountain Street in Haydenville, Massachusetts. Gramp Warner wrote to say that the Warner homestead next door was vacant and for sale. Gramp was born in that homestead, but moved next door when he got married.

The next spring after my grandmother died, we moved to Haydenville. This new home of ours was the oldest house in Williamsburg and Haydenville.

The house was a story and a half high with an ell reaching nearly to the barn. There was a privy at the end of the ell. There was a large barn, a wagon shed, and a hen house. There were no modern conveniences except a telephone in a wooden box on the wall in the dining room. It was a party line with six families using the line. Our water was pumped from a well under the kitchen, using a heavy pump. Above the pump was a shelf where four or five kerosene lamps set. Water was heated in a reservoir at the end of a wood burning stove. There was a large dining room, living room and bedroom. There was a pantry off the dining room, and the kitchen was fair sized. There were four bedrooms upstairs that were not heated. The living room was closed off during cold weather and a wood burning chunk stove was set up in the dining room. Out the east end of the dining room was a narrow porch going around to the north end of the living room.

MAKING A LIVING

Those living here before us made their living on the small farm by working out doing carpentry work and farming the land. We started out with my father buying eight or nine milk cows and a flock of hens. We skimmed the cream off pans of milk and my mother churned the cream to butter and cottage cheese. People from Haydenville would call with orders, and my mother would package butter, cottage cheese, and eggs. Once a week, my father would hitch Ned to the buggy and my mother and Louise set out for Haydenville to deliver their produce. We would have a large vegetable garden, and mother and us girls would can several hundred quarts of vegetables, fruits, and berries. In the basement, we kept a bin of potatoes, squash, turnips, and apples. In the center of Haydenville, there was a store (Sheehan's) where not only food could be bought, but many other things including shoes. Every Wednesday morning, a clerk came to Mountain Street to take orders, and the order was delivered in the afternoon. They bought eggs from us which helped with our grocery bill. When one of us kids was fortunate enough to have a nickel, we would order a roll of lozenges or a bag of lemon drops. We would be sure to be waiting for the afternoon delivery.

Mother did not make and deliver cream products long. Our cream was soon separated and called for and went to North Hadley to make ice cream. We later added more cows and delivered our milk in Florence. A few years later, Dad bought the Bradley lot down the road a ways. It consisted of several acres of grass land and a large pasture. Hay was harvested and the cows grazed the pasture. As us children grew older, Dad set out a couple hundred strawberry plants. There were a lot of pickers in the house. After an early supper when it was cool, all of us children went to pick strawberries. Mother would crate them up. At the height of the season, there would be three crates, nearly a hundred quarts. The next morning, Dad would deliver them to Sheehan's store in Haydenville. Us kids used to compete to see who could pick the most quarts. My brother Charlie bet me that I couldn't pick 50 quarts in one day, and while it took me three different sessions, I did pick 50 quarts that day.

We raised one or two pigs a year for our own use. Besides the ham and bacon, mother used to make sausage. The pigs ate grain usually, but we also fed them potatoes that were too small to go in the bin in the cellar. We set up a wood

burning stove in the yard so that we could boil the small potatoes before we fed them to the pigs.

When a cow was past her usefulness, she was butchered for family food. We tried to schedule this for the winter. While my mother canned some of the cow, much of it was cut up, packaged, and buried in the snow near the house so that we would preserve the meat for the winter.

Often times there was a hen that had started to set and stopped laying. Such hens provided the family with a chicken dinner.

Since the Williams House would buy dressed ducks and geese at Thanksgiving and Christmas time, we would provide that product to them.

Farmers did not have to have a lot of cash in those days.

THE BACON BAT

Bacon Bats have long been things of the past. When I was eight years old, they provided people with an excuse for cooking and eating out doors. They must have been a forerunner of our current cook outs with hamburgers and hot dogs. I recall with much pleasure my first Bacon Bat. It would take place on our new farm on Mountain Street. My parents and their six children had moved back among mother and dad's brothers and sisters and mother's father. I did not know what a Bacon Bat was, but after listening to mother, I decided it would be fun. My cousins would be there, and our Bacon Bat was planned for what we hoped would be a nice day in July.

When the date was set, mother got on our wooden crank phone and called family members telling them what food items to bring. The day before the event, mother made dozens of parker house rolls and a big crock of beans. Dad would go to the market in Haydenville for the bacon and I am sure we had meat other than bacon. The cooking facilities required that we build a pit surrounded with stones about twelve inches high. A fire was built in the pit with a wire rack on top of the enclosure. An iron spider was set on top of the rack.

At last the big day came. Guests included mother's father Gramp, his sons and daughters, and their small children. People arrived in Fords, Chevys, and Dodges.

Members left the farm laden down with items of food. We passed between the corn crib and the north side of the barn, went through a barway into a lane with a split rail fence on one side where purple violets thrived in the moist soil. On the other side was a barbed wire fence that separated our land from Gramps. After a ten minute walk, I saw a stately old pine tree with a picnic table and benches beneath. The lane branched out into a small pasture and a sandy bottom brook flowed nearby. The little children got excited about going paddling. The older ones helped them get their shoes and stockings off. With lots of laughter, they frolicked and had a wonderful time. I expect that more than one went home wet. Blankets were spread out on the grass for the little ones and many snaps were taken from an old Boxbrownie camera. The afternoon wore on with more visiting until it became evident that the little ones were tiring. It was time to trek back up the lane, and after pleasant farewells, our guests left for home.

UNCLE BERT

Uncle Bert was not my Uncle. She was my beloved Aunt Bertha. My mother was responsible for her becoming an aunt when she was fifteen years old with the birth of my brother. Uncle Bert was the last of Gramp's children to be born, and she was at loose ends and became a tomboy. She preferred to spend her time outdoors with the men. From then on she would be called Uncle Bert, not "stuffy" auntie Bertha.

Mother was happy to be back among family members, especially living next door to her young sister Uncle Bert. Soon there was a well worn path between the two houses. We girls were happy to be close to Uncle Bert and loved nothing better than going up to her house. Our visits generally started with a snack. She always had something planned for us. She made her own bread in the wood burning stove. We loved it spread with butter and her home made jelly. She told us that if we pushed the jelly along, then we would have a gob of jelly on the last bite.

When wild strawberries ripened, we would go up the road to a place where a barbed wire fence separated the road from a field. We would roll under the fence and proceed under an apple tree into a patch of wild strawberries. When our containers were full, we went back to Uncle Bert's. She would make biscuits while us girls got the berries ready. Soon, we would sit down to a simple treat that makes me smile to this day.

On a lovely warm day in the Fall, Uncle Bert had a treat lined up for us. She called mother to see if Alice and I could ride up to the grain mill with her and of course it was alright. Uncle Harry was out of cow grain. He hitched Dolly to the spring wagon and hoisted Alice and me up onto the seat. Uncle Bert took the reins and away we went. Out of the yard and up the road at a fast pace with the wind blowing in our faces. From Mountain Street, we turned onto Adams Road and continued up the hill past all the farms. Then we headed down Gunstock Hill onto Depot Road. Soon we reached the grain mill, got loaded and started our trip back home. When Uncle Harry announced that the weeds in the upper corn lot were getting ahead of him, Uncle Bert offered to do some weeding. Alice and I were invited to go along and we walked up to the corn field, taking with us a bottle of Uncle Bert's homemade root beer. When we needed to relax, we flopped down at the end of the field and refreshed ourselves. Uncle Bert was a beautiful young lady with curly hair. When Aunt Honey had to spend the day in the hospital to have her tonsils out, mother

stayed with her. She asked Uncle Bert to check on us girls at home. As we sat in the kitchen, brother Dede came to the door. He was laughing and calling Uncle Bert "angel face" and "curly head". I tried to keep him out by pushing on the glass in the door. My hand went through the glass, cutting a place on my wrist shaped like a fishhook. Dad was located. He and Uncle Bert took me to Dr. Wheeler's in Haydenville. Uncle Bert started holding me because no anesthesia was available. The doctor kept asking if I were fainting. I wasn't, but Uncle Bert was getting close so she passed me over to dad. Only three stitches were needed, and the cut was more than three inches long.

All of us girls knew that if Gramp was in the house, then it meant that we must stay out of his way and be quiet. He ruled the roost. When he was out, Uncle Bert would play the piano and we all would sing hymns and old songs. We would have the run of the house. We liked to spend time in her large upstairs bedroom. There was a walk in closet and a cupboard with shelves. There must have been twenty empty chocolate boxes on the shelves. We were curious to know where they came from and didn't hesitate to ask her. She told us that a boy friend gave them to her when she taught school in one room schools.

On one Friday afternoon in 1922, Uncle Bert seemed to be hovering around our house more than usual. At supper time, she took us girls up to her house and fed us. She went back down to our house and came back later to put us to bed at her house. She returned to our house again. In the morning, she told us that we had a new baby brother and took us to see him. Back then, mothers spent a week in bed after giving birth. Uncle Bert came down to bathe the baby on the dining room table, and as she was dressing him, the baby's bladder released. It went straight up in the air and came down in Uncle Bert's apron pocket. We adored this little brother.

My mind returns to when we were very young children living on Cook Hill in Wallingford, Connecticut where dad was furnished a house and managed a fruit farm. Uncle Bert came down for a visit, and at the time, my mother was boarding a young man by the name of Watson Morrow who also worked in the orchards. On a pleasant day during harvest time, he asked Uncle Bert if she would like to take a walk up in the orchard with him. She agreed and they started out. After a while, they stopped and Watson asked Uncle Bert if he could kiss her. She turned around quickly and ran all the way back to our house.

My family moved from there to Yalesville. There was an epidemic of the flu and we could not get a nurse or a doctor. We were all bedridden, even mother. Against her parent's wishes, Uncle Bert came down to care for us. She saved our lives.

THE ONE ROOM MOUNTAIN STREET SCHOOL

In the Connecticut Valley in the foothills of the Berkshire mountains in western Massachusetts, lies a town called Haydenville. Leading northeasterly from the center of Haydenville is Mountain Street, and the road leads to Whately, where I now live. I lived on a farm on Mountain Street as a child.

While the road still runs by several struggling farms, in my day, it was primarily farm country. We had a one room school house in the neighborhood. It was set on a knoll with its back to the east. The school was built in 1879 to replace the original school built by my grandfather and his father. Gramp's seven children attended that school as well as me and my six brothers and sisters. My mother in law taught at the school before she was married.

I recall a cool, crisp morning in September of 1922 that coincided with the first day of school after our summer hiatus. Sixteen pupils arrived early, eager for the social interaction so important to all ages of people. While some had walked over a mile, we lived within shouting distance of the school, and we were able to skip home for dinner (mid day meal). Of course that gave us some time for some family chores as well, and my brothers used to pump water into the tub for the cows during our noon break. Most other students brought their dinner to school consisting of sandwiches and cake in tin pails. Our teacher was a young woman just out of high school herself, and she boarded with various families in the area.

On this day, after the teacher had raised the flag in the school yard, we all entered the school through the only door. There was an entry way with shelves on the left to store dinner pails and drinking water. Straight ahead were hooks for wraps. To the right was a room for the winter's supply of wood, provided by the fathers of the students. Bearing left, one entered a large, airy room with lots of windows. A wood burning stove and teacher's desk were located in front of double seats and desks. There were two large blackboards, one behind the teacher and the other on the south wall with a long bench underneath. During cold weather, one of the older pupils arrived early and built a fire in the stove. In addition, it was his or her duty to keep the floor swept. The pay for all of this work was 25 cents a week.

Since there was no electricity, by four o'clock school let out because dusk had settled in the valley. We managed without the barest of necessities because we had no knowledge of the conveniences of today's world. We didn't even have a crank pencil sharpener. The teacher would let us use a jackknife that she kept in her desk. We would have to raise our hand for permission to sharpen our pencil, and she would hand us the knife as we reached the door. We sat on the step whittling until we achieved the desired point. And plumbing was non-existent in those days. When we had to go, we would raise two fingers for permission. There was an outside privy that served our needs.

Two delightful French boys attended the school, and they had to walk the furthest of any of the pupils. Arthur was in the seventh or eighth grade. During recess, he would hold my brother and sister on his knees while sitting on the step. My young brother and sister were then in the first or second grade. The older children were rough housing in the yard. His brother was about ten or eleven and had lost a leg below the knee in an accident several years earlier. He got around on two crutches very well and could out run anyone. He was a happy-go-lucky boy, and he was always laughing and having fun.

The family furthest to the north sent four boys that were a year apart in ages. The boys came from a very large family. Across the road from their house was the Mountain Street Reservoir, which still supplies Northampton with water. Fish were (and still are) abundant in the reservoir, but fishing was (and still is) prohibited. The boys, however, were creative and managed to put barrels of fish away for future use. Each fall, the father of these boys bought them a pair of felt boots to wear to school. The boots consisted of knee high felt and ankle rubber boots. The rubber boot was left in the entry way during the day and put on before going home. By spring, a foul odor permeated the school room.

Our teacher had to be ready for emergencies. She coped with the challenge. She was ready when a student asked her to come see what was crawling on his desk top. One glance told her that it was a head lice that had fallen out of the boy's hair. She had to notify all the mothers. Soon there was a run on fine tooth combs and solutions that would kill the nits.

School opened at nine and closed at four. By ten thirty, we had become restless, and it was time for a fifteen minute recess in the school yard. At twelve, lessons ceased for dinner, resuming at one o'clock. The children ate at their desks unless it was warm enough to eat outside. Each one had a cup of

water from the pail.

Our teacher was a wonderful person, and she planned lots of interesting things for us to do. We loved her. She taught us to sing and draw pictures. We looked forward to Friday afternoons when she read us poems. We would all try to memorize the poems. One was "The Village Blacksmith". She also selected books to read in class, and one of our favorites was Robin Hood. At the end of the book, Robin died. We all put our heads on our desks and cried. We celebrated Halloween with games in the school room and drew turkeys when Thanksgiving neared.

Parents and younger brothers and sisters always attended our Christmas party. There was standing room only. A father and son cut an evergreen tree and installed it in a front corner of the room. We would make paper chains and strung popcorn for decorations, and kerosene lamps provided the light. We would sing Christmas songs, make recitations, and sometimes we would produce a play. We drew names so that each pupil would get a gift. A teacher's gift to children might be a wooden pencil box. Each child remembered teacher with a gift. Santa generally made an appearance. It was a very enjoyable evening. I remember at the close of one party, one of the grandmothers rose to leave and her panties slid down her legs. When they reached her shoes, she reached down, picked them up, and slid them down the front of her dress.

Before February fourteenth arrived, time was set aside to make our valentines. There was seldom a bought one, however, I did receive one from a boy. A name had been erased and my name was substituted. Teacher bought lots of red construction paper and a bit of paper lace. A carton that had been covered with wall paper was brought from home, and we cut a slit in the top so that we could slide the valentines into the box. Teacher received special valentines from each pupil.

As near Memorial Day as possible, teacher marched us double file to the Mountain Street Cemetery, very close to the school. We arrived wearing our Sunday best with mason jars containing spring flowers, lilies, lilacs, and pink lady slippers picked on the mountain behind the school. We entered through the cemetery gate and gathered into a group. We placed our flowers on soldier's graves including Captain Jonathan Warner's grave who was in the Revolutionary War. Then we silently left the cemetery and walked home.

On the last day of school in June, classes ended at noon. There would be only one or two graduates to receive diplomas. We all filed out past teacher's desk. She passed the graduates their diplomas as we all left for home. We all loved our teacher and missed her, but we looked forward to three months of freedom. We could now start going barefoot for the rest of the summer.

We learned that one of the pupils, a state boy, would soon be returning to Boston. We were all saddened by the news. He would not be with us when school opened in the fall. I took it upon myself to see that Joe had a happy send off. After gathering all the kids in the neighborhood together, I instructed Joe to face the line up. When I said "go", the line marched forward, and each one stepped up to Joe and planted a kiss on his cheek.

THE MOUNTAIN STREET NEIGHBORHOOD

South of our home, near the Mountain Street Cemetery, lived a young couple that had a baby nearly every year. When their house became too small, they moved up the road to a larger home at the corner of Adams Road. One cold winter night, while the small boys were playing with matches, the house burned. The Town officials found them another home in Haydenville. Melvin and May Fuller occupied the house just south of us. They had managed the Poor Farm in Northampton and had brought three women with them and cared for them. May bought a steamer car and took friends for rides up in the hill towns. While driving up there, she died at the wheel.

Across the road and up a ways, lived Ward Shumway and his Aunt Joe. They were very fond of us children. When aunt Joe died, Ward married Evelyn who was a nurse. They had two children who attended the Mountain Street one room schoolhouse with us. Evelyn came to my rescue when I fell off a horse and broke my arm. Also when I had to have my tonsils out, she staid in the hospital over night with me. I woke her up in the night to ask her "do they had any water in this house". After they moved to Northampton, an older couple moved in who made a home for State children.

My grandfather lived across the road with a son and daughter. In 1923, Uncle Harry wished to marry and Aunt Bertha (Uncle Bert) married and moved to North Hadley. Gramp left to spend his remaining years with his daughters. Uncle Harry married Louise Dahmke and they raised two pair of twin boys, two single boys, and a daughter.

THE ADAMS ROAD NEIGHBORHOOD

Just up the road a ways, there is a road to the left called Adams Road. When I was small, there were only 3 houses in the area, and there are 7 now. At the top of the hill to the right stood a very old house where Mr Lee and grandma Lee lived. We dearly loved grandma Lee, but didn't know Mr. Lee. Grandma Lee was stout and had a beautiful head of white hair. We loved to cuddle up to her. She didn't get out much, except when Mr. Lee took her out in his Ford. He would get her comfortable in the center of the back seat for balance. He then would get in, set the gas throttle, let out the clutch , and away they would go - never touching the brake until he came to a cross road. Grandma Lee would talk to mother on the phone often, and sometimes she would want a pound of mother's butter. One or two of us girls would deliver the butter. She made the most delicious raised donuts, and she would give us each one, and she would send some home with us. When Dede got his chores done some mornings, he would drive up and bring her down to spend the day with mother. Mother would bring a rocking chair into the dining room where grandma Lee would sit all day mending our clothes. When mother got her work done, she sat with her and they visited until Dede took her home before he started afternoon chores. We never knew the next family that lived there.

The next house was on the left where the Stanley Nash family lived. He was well known as Stubby. He was a friendly, outgoing man who always made time to visit - even with us kids. One time, he told us an off color joke, and of course, we did not understand. Stanley raised and drove a large pair of white oxen. When asked if he would take part in a Town parade, he never refused. He and his daughter Alice, who trained a pair of steers, went with him to County agricultural fairs. A younger daughter had other interests.

Just up the road, stood the old Adams farm where Myron Adams lived with his son Allan, his daughter and her husband, and a son about my age. Annabelle kept a good house, but had many other interests. She made her own dresses and hats to match. She got around in her own car, wrote poetry, and learned to paint pictures in oils. I also painted and we helped organize the Williamsburg Brush and Palette Club. We had similar interests, and we spent a lot of time together.

Annabelle had a son that they named Raymond, and he served in World War II. After her father, brother, and husband died, she sold the farm and built a small house at the far end their land. I became acquainted with the Scotts that bought the farm and I am still friendly with her. Her husband passed away several years ago.

THE KELLOGG KIDS

Our mother was a wonderful mother to her seven children. Nothing disturbed her, but dad was sometimes troubled, and he brought his problems to her. Mother was sympathetic, and she would beat up an egg, milk, sugar, and two tablespoons of dandelion wine for him on occasion. Both thought that this concoction soothed him and made him forget his troubles.

Our mail was delivered each day along with the day old Gazette. We looked forward to the Sears and Montgomery catalogues, and when all were finished with them, we used to cut paper dolls out of them.

When my sister and I were between the ages of 10 & 14, we found an add in a magazine that gave samples of cosmetics. We knew mother would not approve of us sending for them, but we sent for them on the sly. We watched for them in the mail, and when they came, we went to our room and tried them out on each other. While we were pleased with the results, we were careful to remove every trace before coming down stairs.

Every summer, members of my family traveled up in the hill towns where blueberries were free for the picking. One day, Uncle Clarence picked up Dad and a couple of us kids and headed for the hills in his Model A Ford. We took pails and our lunch. When we had our pails full, we wanted to pick more, but we had no more pails. After scrounging around in the trunk, we found a pair of knee high rubber boots. The men looked at each other and poured our pails into one of the boots, and we went back to picking.

Back in our childhood, people did a lot of walking. My sisters and I enjoyed taking long walks. There was a stretch of highway near the center of Town where girls with questionable reputations loitered. While this area was out of bounds for us, that route provided a nice long walking route. Once we took that route, stopped and had a little talk, and turned around and retraced our steps.

As young kids, we used to like to jump from a beam in the hay barn to the hay below. When I was about ten, sister Alice and I decided to slide down from

over the cows to hay in the heifer barn. I overlooked a nail protruding from a beam that we had to slide under. I caught the nail on the right side of my head, and I looked up to see my pig tail caught on the nail by the elastic.

During the winter months, the cows remained in their stantions in the barn. The only outside activity was drinking water from the tub. One day, several cows got to pushing each other around, and suddenly one cow ended bottom side up in the tub with her feet sticking straight up in the air. It took some maneuvering to get her out of there.

While my sisters and I walked around our pasture, we picked flowers and other plant life that appealed to us. Burdocks are a vegetation with burrs that cling together. We took some home and sat on the bulkhead outside the back door. Sister Alice stuck together a six inch square of burdocks, and dropped it on Honey's head.

Two of our brother's friends were Irving and Allen Pierce. Allen's nickname was "Cork Eye". He seemed perpetually in trouble for some minor infraction. He did not have a jackknife and took a liking to Charley's knife. Charley was not about to part with it, but finally a deal was made, and "Cork Eye" ended up with the knife. While he went home happy, we soon heard that while crossing a stone wall, he fell and ran the knife through his nose.

OUR ANIMALS

We became very attached to our numerous animals. The first two that I remember were our big brown horse, Ned, and Sporty, our little white terrier. Dad drove Ned from Yalesville, Connecticut in a surrey with fringe on top. Sporty sat on the seat beside him all the way to our new home on Mountain Street in Haydenville, Massachusetts. Once Sporty arrived, he never left. Before we bought a pair of horses to do the farm work, Ned did all that work and provided all our transportation until Dad bought a second hand Overland car. Mother often drove Ned to Haydenville to deliver butter, cottage cheese, and eggs. Little sister usually was a passenger, and one day Louise suddenly spoke up and said, "I smell Ned". Ned had passed wind. Ned had a serious disease called blackwater and we nearly lost him. Louise sometimes fed him apple skins, and he would pull them in with his lips. She was so small in relation to Ned that she could walk right under him. When Ned outlived his usefulness, Dad pastured him alone in a small pasture west of the barn. The men checked on him often, but one day he wasn't there. After hunting a while, they found him dead in the swamp.

Farm families always had one or more dogs. Some were used to drive cows to pasture in the mornings and to round them up late in the day. I best remember Polly and Beauty, both large, long haired collies. I remember having a dog of my own when I was a teenager. While I was away one day, Dad ran over him in our yard. He felt so bad that he had Mother break the news to me.

Cats were expected to earn their living catching mice and rats. My sisters and I had cats and kittens of our own. My sisters and I dressed Kittens in doll clothes and bedded them down in doll beds. They just laid there. They either enjoyed it or it was easier to do what was expected of them. Sometimes they died.

We seldom made pets of cows. Their function was to make milk and produce an income for the family. One cow was special, however, and she was a Guernsey. She was my brother Dede's pet, and when he spoke her name, she would look his way. It was a sad day when she was replaced and left the farm.

One evening at milking time, I decided it was time that I milked a cow. Brother chose a gentle one for me. After getting a ten pound lard pail from the pantry along with a three legged stool from the stable, I sat down on the right side of the cow. I seemed to be getting along nicely, and the milk was splashing into the pail. I was quite proud of myself. Suddenly the cow kicked and the pail sprung a leak. I got up quickly, grabbed the stool and pail, and moved away while the milk was running down my legs onto the floor. I stepped over the gutter to view the damage, and brother came to my rescue - laughing at me.

The birthing of animals on the farm was a regular occurrence for the men folks, but not for the female members of the family. Sister Alice and I decided it was about time we witnessed the birth of a calf. When we heard that one was expected, we got up our courage and started for the barn. We entered cautiously to see that labor had begun. We stood, huddled together, occasionally glancing at the event, but looking away most of the time. When the front feet of the calf came into view, we turned and fled back to the house.

We did not make pets of our pigs. We all knew that eventually, we would be eating them. They were confined in their dark pen under the old cider mill, and they spent their time eating in order to get fat. In the fall, during potato harvesting time, the pigs had a treat. The crop was graded, and the large ones were stored away in bins in the cellar for family use. The runts were boiled in a tub set on a wood burning stove in the yard, mixed with grain, and fed to the pigs.

We always had a flock of hens that supplied us with eggs to eat and sell. The proceeds from our egg sales paid much of our grocery bill. The hens were housed in a light and airy house with a yard reaching to the brook. In the house were nests for laying and roosts for sleeping. A small opening leading to the yard was open during the day and closed at night so as to discourage predators. The brook flowing south of the hen yard made a nice place for geese and ducks to swim. We always had a dozen or so geese and a gander with a topknot on his head. He was king of the flock and strutted around proudly, with his ladies following. We also had fat white ducks, Muscovy ducks, and guinea hens.

The baby geese were adorable little balls of fluff and followed us around. When they grew older, a group would surround brother Charlie while he sat on the grass. He would spit up into the air and a goose would catch it.

Muscovy ducks were dark and hardy, and they were not fussy about what they ate. They spent lots of time swimming, even in cold weather when the brook froze over. One night, one duck stayed too long and froze into the brook. In the morning, the men had to chop her out. Both feet dropped off, and she spent the rest of her life walking around on her stubs.

Guinea hens were good watch dogs. They screeched when disturbed and when strangers came too close. They could fly short distances and liked to roost in trees. They roosted nights in our redastrican apple tree north of the house. Mother and Dad's bedroom window was under that tree. One morning, brother Charlie decided to rise early. He came down the stairs quietly, went out the north door and disturbed the tree full of guinea hens. They started screeching and woke up Dad, just as he had planned.

BARBERING

Gramp was farming the old homestead next door to where he was born. My parents and us children were living in the first house. Gramp's youngest daughter and son Harry were at home with him. Soon after Grandma died in Nineteen eighteen, uncle Harry wished to marry, so Gramp and Bertha left. Gramp spent his remaining years with his daughters.

Aunt Louise made Uncle Harry a good wife. In a couple years, they were blessed with a pair of twin boys. Their names were Harry and Ernest. They loved their little boys. Aunt Louise wanted what was best for them. She had let their hair grow long into a Dutch cut style. This had been out of style for several years, but apparently Aunt Louise liked the style. She planned to have some photographs taken of the boys, and she wanted a fresh cut.

I fancied myself as a barber, and I charged 25 cents per cut. Since I had cut my brother's hair and two little neighborhood girls hair in the past, Aunt Louise contacted Mother to see if I would cut the 5 year old twins' hair. The deal was made.

One day I arrived with my hand clippers, scissors, and comb. The twins appeared, and Aunt Louise set me up with a stool and one of her large aprons to place around the subject. We readied ourselves in the back room off the kitchen, and Aunt Louise went back in the kitchen and closed the door.

Harry climbed up on the stool while Ernie sat close by watching. I put the apron around Harry and set to cutting big gobs of blond hair. I gave them a "boy cut". Ernie seemed surprised but happy about what was going on. He told Harry that he looked good and couldn't wait until his turn came. Harry kept feeling his head and asked Ernie if it looked good. They agreed that they looked great, and were talking and laughing when Aunt Louise opened the door. When she saw the boys, she threw her arms up and said "Ovie, what have you done to my boys?" She could see that the boys were happy and excited. They were laughing and asking Ma how she liked their hair cut. After thinking for a few minutes, she went along with them, said no more, and went to get my fifty cents. I left with my money and my tools, and I heard later that Pa liked what I had done.

AUNT LOUISE ENTERTAINS

By the middle of February, Aunt Louise had become restless after a long cold Winter being confined in the house with her seven children. The children were between the ages of two and eleven and included two pair of twin boys. Being a good cook with lots of experience, she had the urge to prepare and serve a meal to company.

Since Aunt Louise's house was where Gramp spent his last days, it was decided that it would be appropriate to have Gramp's birthday party at the house. Family members were not allowed to forget March 7th. This gave Aunt Louise something to look forward to. She decided that this would be a good excuse to have some papering and painting done. I was available to help and lived right next door. While she had the children to care for, she thought that with my help, we could do the job. After the last strip of paper was hung, we stepped back to survey our work. We were satisfied. Now for a thorough cleaning, plan the menu, and lay in the food supply. Aunt Louise would be ready for the big day.

When Sunday, March 7th arrived, Gramp's six children and their spouses attended. The many grandchildren and their boy or girlfriends were invited to share Gramp's cake, to be served after the meal. Aunt Louise had every one stand against the wall in the dining room facing the table where the cake set. She asked if someone would help cut the cake. I was about to volunteer when Aunt Louise spoke up and said "Ovie, will you do the honors and cut the cake?" There was absolute silence when I cut the first piece.

Aunt Louise stepped up behind me and tapped me on the shoulder. I quickly turned around to find her talking and looking at a tea wagon piled high with nonperishable items of food. She announced that it was a shower for me. I was in shock and I couldn't say a word. When I recovered, I set to cutting the cake. While we all enjoyed the cake, I made the rounds and thanked the guests. It was a complete surprise to me. I had been in the dark during all the planning, and my surprise was just what the folks had hoped for. Of course, my soon to be husband Alan was there. We were planning to get married soon, but the engagement had not been announced.

AFTER GRAMMAR SCHOOL AND ONTO MARRIAGE

In the late 20's and 30's, after we finished 8th grade at the Mountain Street one room school, five of us graduated from Smith Agricultural High School in Northampton. Louise and Herb attended Williamsburg High School. Only Charlie and Louise went further with their educations. Charlie graduated from Northampton Commercial College and took an office job at International Silver Company in Florence. Louise trained to be a nurse at Cooley Dickinson Hospital in Northampton. Brother Dede remained at home working on the family farm. Sister Helen (Honey) graduated from Smith School in 1926 at 16 years old, and she went right into our Uncle Cliff Kellogg's dentist office as an office girl. After graduating, Alice and I stayed at home helping mother on the farm. Herb, the youngest, attended Williamsburg High School for a couple of years, and then settled on our farm between Haydenville and Williamsburg. When Dede married, he took over the ancestral farm on Mountain Street.

When I started Smith School, I did not know whether I would be able to complete the course because of my hearing deficiency. I had scarlet fever when I was six years old, and the illness seriously affected my hearing. I did manage to graduate in 1930, however, with seven girls and more than thirty boys. The classes were segregated with respect to gender, and there was no socializing between the boys and the girls.

During my four years at Smith School, I studied cooking, sewing, household arts, child care, arithmetic, science, history, English, art, gym and nursing. My least favorite subject was arithmetic, and my favorite subject was art. My art teacher gave me a lot of her time. She coached me while illustrating Tennyson's *Idles of the King*. I made a design into a large wall hanging which was hung over the fireplace in the girls' practice cottage. I designed a luncheon set that was sold to *Modern Pricilla* for fifteen dollars. I also made pillow cases, and I kept some of them for personal use.

Brother Charlie started taking the agriculture course at Smith School when I started, and he was kind enough to take me to the Freshman Reception. My mother had made me a pretty blue dress for the occasion. Us girls wanted to dance, but the boys were reluctant. After all, we were only fourteen and fifteen years old. George Bliss did ask me to dance and we did. George's father became the mayor of Northampton, and he later spoke at our graduation.

After graduation, because of my interest in art, I took a correspondence course in commercial art. It was the foundation of the evolution of many other forms of art performed through out my life. At 87 years old, I still find art compelling, and I still indulge myself in my art.

When my sister, Alice, graduated a year later, she received a ten dollar gold piece for having the most womanly qualities. She was an excellent student and she deserved her hard won award. When she entered school, she was a slight girl of only 78 pounds, but she endured, and gained weight as well as knowledge and confidence.

After Louise finished her internship at Dickinson Hospital, she went into private nursing. Since the depression was on, and jobs were scarce, Alice and I stayed on at the farm in order to help mother with her formidable chores.

Alice and Louise began dating early. Honey had gone with two fellows, then settled on the man that she married. A couple years after graduation, I met and became acquainted with a young man in a nearby town. He would write to me, and one day he asked if he could call on me one Sunday afternoon. Brother Charlie took me to a church service in his town. When the suitor asked me if he could take me home, I told him that my brother brought me and that I had a ride home. At the time, I did not know that this was a social "courting" request. Later, he would come to see me about every other Sunday. One summer morning, brother Charlie told me that he saw this man with another girl. When he came again, I told him that my brothers and sisters go steady and my intentions were to do so as well. He told me that he played the field, and that he was never going to get married. I told him that we had better not see each other any longer. He never did marry, and after serving in WWII he studied for the ministry and settled into his own church in New Hampshire.

One Sunday, the Kellogg girls and their boy friends agreed to meet at the top of the hill that separated the two homes. Us girls arrived first, and when the boys came in sight, there was an extra boy. It was Alice's boyfriend Charles Damon's brother Alan. He knew that I was going to be there, and he was all dressed up in his "courting" clothes. He was getting a razzing from the other boys. Our brothers were friendly with the Damon boys, and they often visited each other. One evening when the Damon boys were at our house, my brother Charlie came and asked me if I would like to double date with Alan, his sister Marge, and him. I asked him what Mother thought about it, and he said that she

said it would be all right. It was planned that Alan would borrow his father's car and do the driving. He thought if he waited to ask for the use of this father's car until the day that he wanted it, then he would stand a better chance of getting the car. His plan failed. While we never had that particular date, Alan started to walk over with the other boys on Sundays. One day, we walked over the lane behind the barn where we had family picnics. There was a picnic table under a big old pine tree, and Alan carved our initials (O.W.K. and A.W.D.) in the trunk of the tree. We both shared our respective mother's maiden name for our middle names. Mine was Warner, and Alan's was Wells.

The only camera in the family was Honey's Box Brownie. The time came for Alan to set out alone by train to New York City to visit his aunt and uncle. He had hoped that he would have enough money to buy a camera. Aunt Grace thought that he should have a new camera, so she gave him money to buy one. He did, and we used that camera so long that we could no longer buy film for it.

Dad gave me some space north of the house for a rock garden. I enjoyed flowers, and still do. Alan dug up a "swamp pink" near his home and carried it over and planted it in my rock garden.

While Alan was working for his Grandfather, he bought a yellow roadster. We then began to get around some. Alan, his brother Charles, and my brother Charlie took a trip to the White Mountains. They took pictures of the trip, and they showed them to us later. I was mighty surprised when I saw one picture. It showed Alan and Charlie sitting on the back of the seat with their feet up and smoking cigars. I didn't know that he knew how to smoke.

We found ways to have fun in the winter. Groups of us would go skating on Fuller's Pond, just down the road. We also went tobogganing on Dickinson's Hill in Whately. One Sunday, Alan hitched one of the work horses to a sleigh and drove over Depot Road and Adams Road to our farm and visited. I rode on the sleigh with Alan back to his Grandfather's farm so that he could do his chores, and Alan drove me back home when he was done.

About the time Charles got a car, his sister Marge was in Maine for the summer waiting on tables so that she could earn college money. Charles asked his mother if she would like to ride up to visit her, and of course she agreed. Charles asked Alan and me if we would like to ride along in the rumble seat.

We left early one Saturday morning and drove steady, stopping only for meals and fuel. When evening came, we started hunting for a motel to stay for the night. When we had not found one by eleven o'clock, we gave up and found an open piece of ground surrounded by trees. There were two blankets in the car, and all four of us managed to wrap ourselves enough to keep warm. Nothing happened. Mrs. Damon spent the night sitting up in the front seat trying to sleep. At dawn, we left for breakfast, and later we found a deserted beach where we laid in the sun and got a little sleep. Later, we found Marge, had a visit, and left for home.

Before Alan and Charles had cars, groups of us would pile in Dede's and Roy's cars and take Sunday trips. Dede would have his chores done by nine o'clock, and the girls would have already put up lunch. We would often travel over the Mohawk Trail, to Mt. Greylock, and to other scenic places. Sometimes we would go to visit friends in Connecticut and go to the seashore.

The young folks started wanting a camp nearby. We owned a hillside pasture just down the road, and we decided to build the camp in the pasture. Work was done on Sundays and was supervised by Charles Damon. It was a fine camp with a nice fireplace. The boys would entertain and the girls would prepare meals. Mother and Dad entertained at the camp as well, and we would bring our families to the camp even after we were married.

Honey and Roy were the first to be married on June 01, 1933 at an outdoor service at our Mountain Street home. Dede was married one or two years later. I married Alan on May 01, 1937, and Alice and Charles were married in 1938. Louise was married in 1939.

SIXTY TWO YEARS ON POPLAR HILL IN WHATELY

When Alan and I arrived at our new (to us) farm house on Poplar Hill in West Whately in May of 1937, Wilsie and Mertie Bardwell were the first neighbors to greet us. We had a close relationship with them until they died in the early fifties.

I should relate some particulars about Alan and me before we came to Poplar Hill. We both came from large families and grew up in Haydenville, Massachusetts on farms about 5 miles apart. I grew up on Mountain Street, and Alan grew up on Main Road. When Alan's grammar school teacher asked the pupils what they wanted to do when they finished school, Alan's reply was that he wanted to "buy myself a farm and get myself a wife". That is just what he did as soon as he turned twenty one.

We both graduated from Smith Agricultural High School. Alan studied farming and I studied household arts. After graduation, I took a correspondence course in commercial art. Alan had started helping on his Grandfather's small farm at the age of twelve. When he was eighteen, he agreed to be "bound out" to his grandfather under the provisions of the Oliver Smith will. He worked there until his twenty first birthday and asked his Grandfather for a raise so that he could marry me. His Grandfather refused, so he left and boarded at our farm. Besides the 500 dollars that he had saved from the Oliver Smith will, he worked at odd jobs in the area. Since the depression was on, jobs were hard to find. At this point, Alan and I had been dating for several years.

In the early winter of 1936, Alan began looking for a farm. When he heard that the Ed Bardwell farm in West Whately was for sale, he contacted the owner. They set a date to look over the farm, and since my father had been around farms all his life, Dad went with him. The farm consisted of 127 acres, with 60 acres in cultivation and the remainder in pastures and woodland. Besides a large cow barn, there were two tobacco barns and a run down house that had never been modernized. Alan liked the potential of what he saw.

Once a deal was struck, the people that were renting the place moved out and Alan moved in with a hired man. The two men batched it, and Alan paid the hired man 35 dollars a month plus his room and board. The renters had

transformed the stable into housing for chickens. Alan and the hired man busied themselves getting the barn ready for the fourteen cows that Alan had bought on time from Mr. Kentfield, using part of his savings for a down payment. Soon, the cows arrived, a milk market was arranged, and Alan was in business.

Alan and I had been going together for several years, and since he now had his farm, he concluded that he should have a wife and housekeeper. We set the date for our wedding for Saturday, the first of May at 7:00 in the evening at my home in Haydenville. We hired a photographer for five o'clock to take wedding pictures and a family group picture. I would like to include a picture from this day at the beginning of these memoirs. Guests began to arrive before the photographer had left. None of us ate supper that night. I made my going away suit, and it was a pretty blue, wool suit. My sister Honey made my long white wedding dress. LaSalle's furnished the flowers. Blue hydrangeas surrounded the wedding party. Sister Alice stood up with me and Alan's brother Charles was his best man. Those two were married the next year. Fashionable bouquets at that time were long stemmed flowers. Mine was cala lilies, and my Uncle Jim LaSalle said that they suited me. We had a bride's cake, but I got so involved with the guests that I forgot to cut it.

After the service, several older boys placed logs in front of our going away car, but some of the younger boys removed them. When we arrived at the hotel in Pittsfield, Massachusetts, Alan removed my corsage. He did not want it known that we were on our honeymoon. The next morning, we left for Niagra Falls on the Canadian side. At the Canadian customs, the man asked us where we were born. Alan replied "Northampton, Massachusetts" and so did I. I was actually born in Rockville, Connecticut. I was startled and flustered, so I lied. Apparently, the customs agent did not discover my lie, and we were allowed to enter Canada. After a day of sight seeing, we rented a room where guests were taken in. A woman took us to our room and because there was a flat roof right under the window, she advised us to keep the window closed. Someone might come in. Before long, the room began to get hot. The radiator was going full blast. We nearly smothered. The next morning we started for home. Alan was getting anxious to start plowing, and I am sure that we were getting low on funds and perhaps spending much needed farm operating money. We dropped in on both sets of parents and then headed for our new life on Poplar Hill.

My first priority was to make a comfortable home for us. There were no modern conveniences. Our water was piped from a spring into a barrel in the

shed. Soon Charles had it running into a black sink in the entryway called the sinkroom. Wood burning stoves were used for all of our cooking and heating. We did splurge and bought a white home comfort kitchen cook stove. The salesman that we bought it from traveled around in a horse and buggy with a replica of the stove, and many sales were made in the local area. The stove had a water reservoir on one end, and this supplied us with our hot water. This stove provided the downstairs heat until cold weather when we would set up a chuck stove in the living room. In the late 40's, we installed a wood burning furnace in the basement. All of our furniture was second hand, except the two living room chairs that we bought with wedding present money. In addition, we bought a bed, a living room rug, and a sofa on time from Montgomery Ward. We received many wedding presents, and I was given four bridal showers. Those four showers helped with kitchen equipment. I received 50 dollars from Smith Charities as a wedding endowment, and I used that money to make curtains.

In those days, mothers taught their daughters to make patchwork quilts and other articles for their homes. When a man became interested in a young lady, he would give her a hope chest which was usually quite full by the time they were married. Alan gave me a hope chest, and by the time we were married, it was nearly full.

We did very little renovating inside the house during the first year because of the considerable work required to build the business that was the farm. Alan needed to secure a living for us, and our comfort was secondary. Because I could not stand the dark green paint on the walls in the kitchen, I went about papering them myself. I also managed to get congolium laid on the kitchen floor.

Because I was accustomed to having a close relationship with neighbors, I was anxious to meet the new neighbors on Poplar Hill. We were the new young couple in the neighborhood, and the others had lived there for a long time. North of us, near the end of Poplar Hill Road, lived a couple by the name of Keyes. We never did meet them. They rented the old house owned by Vic Bardwell (now Crisci). Next to the south was the Bardwell homestead. Victor had died a few years earlier, and his widow (Aunt Jen) lived in the main house (now Cooney). A young couple lived in the wing, and the man ran the farm for Aunt Jen. On the east side of the road, our new farm was the next place south of the Bardwell homestead. Opposite our farm on the west side of the road was

the Lyman Sanderson place (now Dickinson). Lyman would have been alone if not for his daughter and husband Wilson living with him. Lyman continued making dish mops and clothes lines with his daughter's help until he died. When Lyman died, Wilsie and Mert moved back next door to their own home (now Fran Torino & Nancy Talanian). The Rob and Lil Atkin's house was the last house to be seen from the hill (now Phelps). The house under the hill near the bridge was occupied by Nettie Lawrence and her two children (now Talmage). The old house across the way was vacant (now Newlin).

We started our first year on Poplar Hill full of hope and youthful confidence. At the end of the year, however, we were a discouraged young couple. Times were hard. We had three sources of meager income. Milk from fourteen cows, two acres of tobacco (at 12 cents a pound), and wood products from our forest. The latter was accomplished between chores during the winter. Mr. Kentfield held a sizeable mortgage on the farm and the animals, and meeting those payments was very stressful to my young husband Alan. Alan worked out when he could, and he somehow managed to meet his commitments. He was a remarkable worker.

We had only a pair of horses and some second hand farm implements. The silo had to be replaced and the main barn needed considerable work. With inferior equipment, and sandwiched between all the renovations, we managed to grow, harvest, and put up 8 acres of corn silage and 50 tons of hay for the animals. I raised a large garden, and canned the bulk of it for the coming winter.

The milk that we made had to be cooled in a large tank of water in the milk room. In order to cool the water, Alan harvested ice from a pond down the lane and from another pond on the Vic Bardwell farm.

While Alan worked hard with the man work, I handled the woman work. I mentioned the garden earlier, and I handled all the cooking and cleaning. We usually had men that boarded with us, and when I could find the money, I would make improvements on the house. I recall walking down the lane to the old Jimmy Nolan place, turning left, going up a ways and through a barway into a grown up pasture where I picked blackberries. I used to make and put up jams and jellies from the berries. In the fall, I picked bittersweet along the stone walls that straddle the lane.

We were saddened in December (1937) when I lost a premature baby boy. I

recovered quickly and made another patchwork quilt that winter. Alan and a hired man worked in the woods between chores. I was thankful for the old wooden crank telephone on the wall just inside the living room. It gave me a way to keep in touch with my mother and Alan's mother. We always had many drop in visits from family members, and we seldom missed a Sunday going over to Haydenville to visit our folks.

Our second year on the farm was much like the first until the Fall when we started a troublesome Winter. While we had increased our tobacco acreage, Alan needed more income and started working out filling other farmer's silos. While he was working out on one of the jobs, I was alone when a hurricane struck. As I watched, a gust of wind topple our mulberry tree in the yard. I had become pregnant again. The doctor put me to bed before Thanksgiving where I remained until I came home from the hospital on April 8th. On March 25th, I gave birth to a little red haired boy. We named him Alan Wells Damon Jr., but he was later nicknamed Pete. I nearly lost my life. Pete has always been the light of our lives. That Winter, between chores, Alan and a hired man cut timber for the water company. I was unable to shop for baby clothes, but came home to a well stocked supply of everything a baby would need. Our families supplied them and the Grange girls gave me a baby shower. The next year, we had our baby baptized at our church in Whately. Alan joined, and I transferred from Haydenville.

The farmhouse was struck by lightning three different times until we had lightning rods installed. The first one hit the kitchen chimney and knocked bricks off that landed on the slate roof. Slate and bricks landed on the porch roof and bounced to the ground where three dogs were laying. Two of them stayed around, but Tom Dooley disappeared and did not return until the next day. The next strike knocked out the power from the upstairs west bedroom to the garage. The third strike was more frightening to me. It occurred when Alan was away and Pete was doing the milking for his father. It struck the milking parlor, knocking out all the power. The charge threw Pete back on the cement steps behind the cows. The titecups blew off, and the cows righteously fled out into the yard. Pete was stunned, very weak, and found it hard to breathe. Once he was able to walk, he came up to the kitchen where I met him. I really thought that he was dying. I managed to get him to sit down, and while his feet were still tingling, his breathing was better. I called Roger Bean, and he came within three minutes. Roger stayed for a while, then Pete started feeling better

and went out and rounded up the cows.

It was not uncommon for farmers to have more than one dog. This excerpt is about three that we had at a certain time. They were not confined, and enjoyed following the horses and tractor and other aspects of farm life. We had a wonderful border collie named Tom Dooley that would bring up the cows. Alan would open the gates, and Tom Dooley knew enough to herd the cows back to the barn in the evening. I had a brown beagle that dropped in and never left. I named him Jiggette. He was active until old age set in. He had become deaf, and he was run over in the road. We also had a Doberman that was afraid of everyone but me. She spent her life hiding. We knew that Tom Dooley was growing very old, but not yet ready for death. One day, as I went down the steps into the garage, I looked down to see him laying there. He was dead. I was about to leave to take a train to New York. The next day, Pete and I were to fly to Copenhagen, then to Paris, and then to London. While in London, we met Julian Whately, and took him out to dinner at the Ivy. He was a descendent of the man Whately was named after and spent time here at our bicentennial in 1971.

I never helped much with the business end of the farm. I did help with the tobacco crop in various ways as necessary, and I did what I could. My paramount job was running the house and raising Pete. One year, however, Alan offered to pay me for helping on the tobacco harvest. Since I became pretty good at stripping tobacco, I made 35 dollars that summer working for my husband. I used the money for Christmas presents.

Alan was fond of his horses and nostalgic as well. When he bought the first tractor in Whately (1946), he still kept his horses. An old man that had spent his entire life working with horses came by the farm one day. We had known this man for many years, and he wanted a place to spend his last days working with horses. We granted his request, and took him in. Later, we did the same for George White, a old dairy farmer in his eighties from Coleraine. In a profound twist of fate, one of George White's great grandsons, Steve Stange fell in with Alan and has worked with Alan for over 20 years. Steve currently helps us with many things, and in fact Steve typed and softly edited these memoirs. I have asked him to include something about his experience with us, and he has assured me that he will. That should follow this section.

In 1948, while we were milking 30 cows, we put in a modern bathroom and we

added a wood burning furnace in the basement. Apparently, Alan had worked hard enough to make our debts manageable. And the farm did grow. Alan wanted more stock and he was convinced that he could make a good living for us on the farm with his sweat and muscle. Ultimately he did. Soon, Alan concluded that he needed more corn land, and being up to the task, he cut 2.5 acres of woods, stumped it, burned the residue, and picked the rocks out so that he could cultivate the land. Of course this work was performed between chores, cutting timber for sale, cutting timber for the farm, cutting cordwood for sale, cutting cordwood for the farmhouse, and working outside when possible. Pete can certainly remember picking rocks on the Poplar Hill Farm. Since we burned the residue, we had a huge fire that burned for weeks. That piece of ground is still referred to as "*THE BURNT LOT*".

Alan's work ethic and business sense required more land to produce more income. We rented land from Alec Mann, Judson, and Cooney. I figure that we rented about 70 acres of corn land. Alan went ahead and installed the fancy (current) milking parlor in 1968. Alan's business instincts proved to be accurate and financially, quite fulfilling.

Going back to 1942 when my son Alan Junior (Pete) was three years old, a friend of mine wanted to see if I wouldn't earn some pin money at home. After doing some research, we decided to make some note cards - using small pieces of linoleum. We drew our design in reverse on the linoleum and carved out our design. I did all the printing between the rollers of my washing machine. We sold them for five cents each. Our Christmas cards were made this way for several years. Later, I braided rugs, finished six fiddle back chairs, and had a re-upholstering business.

In 1950, Alan bought a new mechanical corn cutter. After filling his own silo, he went around filling other men's silos. Legend has it that Alan and two hired men filled 28 silos in 32 days that year. About this time, Ed Dickinson (the first family over the Hatfield line) hired Alan to cut, mill, and stick 8.5 acres of timber on his land. He used the material to build chicken houses. In the summer of 1948, we bought our first new car, a Chevy, and I got my driver's license. The next year, Alan bought his first new truck.

Back when we still had the horses, Alan and a couple of men were logging in our woods near the Jimmy Nolan place. Something went wrong, and a log fell on Alan's leg, pinning him to the ground. Pete was there and rushed to help

him. One of the men spoke up and said “don’t touch him, he’s dead”.

For many years, a Greenfield man drove a green van stocked with men’s work clothes. He made his rounds in outlying districts. The clothes were of good quality and for years, Alan bought all of his work clothes from him. On one visit, he had a bundle of corduroy remnants. I wanted that bundle, so Alan bought it for me. I was happy. Now I could make little overalls for my little nephews and skirts for my nieces for Christmas. I had a foot treadle machine that Alan bought for 2 dollars. Soon, he added a 10 dollar motor. A few years later, I bought plaid flannel and made shirts for the men in the family. There were no button hole makers then, so I had to make about forty two button holes by hand.

Extended vacations for farm families rarely take place. Animals have to be fed and cared for, and it is not easy to find responsible men to take over. For several years when Pete was in grammar school, we three and Alan’s folks spent Labor day in Maine with Alan’s brother Phil and his family. On one of these trips, Phil took us to Camden State Park where we were introduced to lobster. Seeing the live lobsters dropped into boiling water affected Alan so that he couldn’t eat them, and never did. On one of these trips, we visited the Cathedral of the Pines. I believe that this is in Rindge, New Hampshire.

About that time, outdoor movies were being shown just off Rt. 5 & 10 in South Deerfield. Alan and Pete would hustle the chores so that we could get to the drive in before the movie started. We might have Francis Grover with us, or one of Pete’s cousins.

Our family had lots of gatherings, and many of them were on Poplar Hill. Alan built a grill across the road with pipe and wire grates. In the summer, he would barbecue chickens for family get togethers that usually numbered around 30 people. For many years, we had the Kellogg family for Thanksgiving dinner and the Damon family for Christmas dinner. For several years, Alan’s parents and cousin Russ would come over on Friday evenings. Neither Alan’s mother or my mother drove, but there was always someone to bring them.

In 1968, we installed a modern milking parlor. Alan was milking 50 cows at the time. Many people tried to discourage us from taking that expensive step, but we never regretted the investment. Over the years, I learned to trust Alan’s judgement with respect to business matters.

It has always been well known that farmers who own their own farm hope, or rather expect that their son would take an interest in the farm, and follow in their footsteps. More and more, sons all over the country are finding their calling outside the family farm. Our son, Pete, found his calling elsewhere. Pete did always help on the farm, even summers while he was enrolled in College in Boston. When he was at Northampton High School, he was not particularly good at mathematics. The Damon family was strong in mathematics. Alan said that Pete would never amount to anything. He spent much of his time drawing. Upon graduating from Northampton High School, he received the prize for being the best artist and the best actor in the senior class. We knew he wanted to further his education in art, so we went along with his wishes. He passed his entrance exam at Massachusetts College of Art in Boston, and he entered in September of 1957. He received his Bachelor of Fine Arts in 1961. He was awarded a one year scholarship at Brooklyn Museum of Art which he completed, then he received a teaching fellowship at Pratt Institute in New York City where he received his Master's degree. He immediately accepted a position as an art teacher at Georgian Court College in New Jersey. He taught in New Jersey for seven years, then transferred to a branch of the City University in New York. Pete continues to teach at the New York City Technical College, and is nearing retirement. He has also received the equivalent of a Doctorate degree from that institution.

In 1974, Alan dug out all the old peach trees on the land that we bought from Aunt Jen. He prepared the site just south of the land that we sold to Wendell Hay, and started to build a new house. By 1979, the house was ready, and I still live in that house today. Alan passed away in this house in March of 1999.

During the 1970's, Alan's eyes began to give him serious trouble. We discovered that he had cataracts, and he eventually had to have them removed. The operations were only partially successful, and contact lenses and various glasses were required for even partial vision. The dirt and dust of farming got under the contact lenses, and Alan could not see well. This seriously limited Alan's ability to run the farm, and when his hired man left, he decided to sell the farm. A young man with some farming experience was interested, and eventually he bought the farm. At the time, the farm was making a good income. We were milking 50 cows, and we had 30 head of young stock. By June of 1979, our new house was ready for us and Tom Mahar bought the farm. Pete came home from New York City in order to help us move. We couldn't have managed without his help. The men used a tractor to pull a low wagon

that carried our household goods. Leaving the farm after 42 years was not easy for me, and I am sure that it was not easy for Alan. I was disoriented, and I could not concentrate on anything. At one point, I said "I am not leaving - this is my home". We left our white wood burning kitchen stove. I didn't know how I could cook a meal without that stove.

There was still settling to do in our new house. I worked at it and knit children's sweaters for church missions. I never was much of a knitter, but I needed something to do. A friend introduced me to pressed flower cards. She knew that I was at loose ends. She asked me why I didn't try making some myself. I told her that I wouldn't be able to do that, but she left me with some supplies so that I could start if I wanted to. Finally, I picked some flowers and made some cards. To my surprise, they all sold, and I was in the card business. Before long, I had outlets in most of the New England States; New York City; Alexandria, Virginia; and Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Local craft fairs gave me my best sales. Many people came to the house to buy cards, and I am still selling cards after 14 years. I figure that I have made and sold about 38,000 cards since I started. Another indulgence in the art world is my paintings. I started painting pictures in 1948, and I figure that I have made about 150 paintings. Some of my paintings decorate my home, and many are on display at the Town Meeting room in Whately Center.

After moving into our new home, Alan found many things to do. He never did retire, and in fact, he went logging on the day he died. One of his first projects was to convert a building that he had used to store equipment into a home. This is the home now occupied by Minerth that sits directly across the road from the farm house. Alan also sold the building lot behind that house to Jolly, and they built a lovely log home on the lot. Later, Alan built the house directly across the road from the former Wendell Hay home. This is a beautiful home with a fabulous view of the farm and the rolling landscape of Western Massachusetts. Several buildings at the University of Massachusetts in Amherst can plainly be seen on a clear day. As soon as the house was finished, it was sold to Dr. Allen Warner, a descendant from my mother's side of our family. Alan also finished the large area over our two car garage into an entertainment area. There is a large stone fireplace on the rear wall, natural pine walls, and a beautiful cherry floor. He built a large pine table that seats sixteen people, and the room is tastefully decorated and furnished with couches and other soft seating. Another project was the barn behind the house. It is a large barn that is full of tools and things that Alan used in his day to day life. It contains a well equipped wood

shop and the attic is well stocked with prime lumber that Alan harvested from our own land. Alan also built us an open deck in the back yard that overlooks both of the reservoirs in West Whately. It is a wonderful place to sit and reflect on one's life and the natural beauty inherent in Western Massachusetts.

Alan would always find time to plant and care for a huge vegetable garden. The garden area sits just north of the house that we sold to Dr. Warner. It was a community garden in that Alan would make sure that all the neighbors had a good supply of all varieties of vegetables when they ripened. Many neighbors would freeze or can their winter supply of vegetables from the garden, and we did the same. The bulk of the garden space was sweet corn, but he also raised more than enough tomatoes, cucumbers, squashes, beans, peppers, onions, beets, carrots, and greens.

From the time that we bought the farm in 1937, Alan went to the woods cutting firewood and timber in the winter. He continued to do so after we sold the farm, and continued right up to the day he died. When we sold the farm, we kept the land on the other side of Jimmy Nolan Brook. There is about 100 acres of woodland that Alan and several hired men have been working and nurturing for the past 62 years. I understand that several of Alan's part time hired men plan to continue Alan's careful stewardship of the woodland into the future.

SUPPLEMENTAL

My name is Steve Stange. I became associated with the Damon family in 1979 just after they sold the farm. For some reason, Alan and I connected, even though I was 35 years his junior. I worked with Alan when I could, and I was involved with most of his projects. We enjoyed working together, and we had a knack for making even very hard work fun. Much of our work was in the woods logging, and we worked in the woods logging one Friday in late March of this year (1999). Later that evening, Alan quietly passed away. I am soothed by the notion that he was able to enjoy life right up until the moment of his death. While I am still struggling emotionally with his death, it is entirely fitting that the events evolved as they did.

Olive asked me to type and gently edit the preceding “memoirs” and I was happy to oblige. I elaborated on some of the items when I thought it appropriate, and Olive asked that I generate this “supplement” to her memoirs. It is an honor to contribute.

Obviously, since I have been around the Damon family on Poplar Hill for the past 20 years, I need to focus my contribution to this document. There are literally hundreds of stories that I could relate, and should one begin to philosophize about events and experiences, then this section could grow to many hundreds of pages. In an attempt not to detract from the preceding work by Olive, and in an attempt not to bore the reader, I will try to be brief.

My mind settles on the notion of confidence. When one reviews Olive’s memoirs, her confidence is apparent. The last paragraph of her INTRODUCTION is an attempt to instill confidence in the reader. And consider the confidence required to move to a run down farm when one is a young woman in her early 20’s. Without confidence, the years of hard work ahead of her could have been overwhelming. She must have simply known that she would persevere, get control of the situation, and raise her family. Furthermore, consider the confidence required to engage in her artistic pursuits. Who among us would have the self confidence to paint pictures or produce the wonderful pressed floral greeting cards? Olive is a very remarkable woman. Behold the confidence and hard work demonstrated by the years of work that resulted in these Memoirs! The word remarkable is an understatement.

What about Alan Damon junior’s confidence? In the preceding memoirs, Olive brushed on the matter of Pete following his own calling into the art world as

opposed to staying on the farm. Consider the self discipline and confidence required to move along with one's professional calling when so many expectations and pressures existed that tied him to a life on the farm. I have come to understand that those expectations and pressures are innocent and natural, and in no way were malicious, but I suspect that it required a significant amount of confidence in order to gain control of his destiny. Pete, I salute your demonstration of confidence, and I want you to know that your father was very proud of you. He had a damn good reason to be proud of you.

Alan Damon senior was brimming with confidence. I have wondered about the chicken and the egg analogy with respect to farmers and confidence. Do only people with ample confidence become successful farmers, or do successful farmers develop confidence out of necessity? I suspect that the answer lies somewhere in the middle. But the fact remains that Alan had the confidence to do anything he wanted to do. My experience with the man is replete with examples. If something broke, we fixed it. If we needed something that we could not buy, we built it. When he wanted to build a house, he just did it. And in 1937, when he wanted to buy a farm as a young man in his early 20's, he bought it. He controlled his universe through sheer confidence. He just knew that he could do anything that he put his mind to.

In conclusion, I want to report that my association with the Damon family has resulted in a heightened sense of confidence in myself. Alan senior seemed to have an ongoing profound need to pass righteous qualities on to others, and I was fortunate enough to get in the way of some of those qualities. I am very proud of my association with Alan and his family, and I am confident that I am a much better and complete person because our paths through life merged.

Since Alan senior's death 3 months ago, Pete has moved back and taken charge. Until recently, I only saw Pete occasionally when he would come to visit his parents, and we never had the opportunity to become well acquainted. We are currently engaged in the unpleasant task of dealing with estate issues, cleaning up and organizing things, and other necessary post mortem matters. As I become better acquainted with Pete, I see more and more of his father's positive qualities in him. Quiet, unpretentious intelligence is noticeable, and honor by the bushel. It is still refreshing to me to spend time on Poplar Hill with the remarkable Damon family.

Stephen L. Stange
June 27, 1999