

Hartford Agricultural Oral History Project
 Interview Transcription
 May 30, 2012
 White River Junction, VT

Interviewer: Kaitlin O'Shea
 Interviewees: Carol Luce Hardy

Location: White River Junction, VT
 Time: 10:00 am

KO: Kaitlin O'Shea
 CH: Carol Hardy

The Hartford Agricultural Oral History Project, the 2012 segment, is funded by the US Department of the Interior, National Park Service, for the Certified Local Government Program of Vermont's annual program under the provisions of the National Historic Preservation Act. Previously, Hartford's agricultural oral history has been documented primarily through volunteers, often with interview recordings and transcriptions occurring at separate phases with different people. In 2009, additional historical research was provided through the 2009 Vermont Barn Census. The purpose of this agricultural oral history project is to document the history of local residents who grew up or worked on a farm in the Town of Hartford. The Town is comprised of five villages: White River Junction, Hartford, Wilder, Quechee and West Hartford, in addition to several smaller hamlets.

TIME & TOPICS	TRANSCRIPTION
00:00:01	00:00:01
Introductions	<p>KO: Today is Wednesday May 30, 2012. I am Kaitlin O'Shea and I am interviewing Carol Hardy for the Hartford Agricultural Oral History. Good morning, Carol, thank you for having me.</p> <p>CH: Good morning, Kaitlin. It's wonderful to have an opportunity to talk about this.</p> <p>KO: I'm excited. If you could start and tell me your parents' names and siblings – kind of get me oriented to your family.</p>
Family history; Luce family; Echo Valley Farm; siblings	<p>CH: Okay. Well Hardy is my married name. My maiden name was Luce – L-U-C-E. I was born in Lebanon, but to a family who operated a dairy farm at the end of what is now called Connecticut River Road. It was originally coined as the Eastman farm, but my parents, when they purchased it in 1945 [and they named it] Echo Valley Farm. I am the 6th</p>

	<p>child of 7. I have an older sister. Her name is Barbara Bugbee. I have four older brothers: Larance Luce who lives in the Town of Hartford on Bridge Overlook Farm in Taftsville. And a brother named Arland (we call him Scott, his middle name) Luce. He still lives on Connecticut River Road. Barbara lives on Connecticut River Road. I have a brother Richard – Mike – Luce. He’s actually farming at the last farm that my parents owned. Still actively farming there. I have a brother Chris who lives in Thetford. I don’t know if it’s North or East. And then I have a younger brother named Clayton. And he still lives on Connecticut River Road.</p>
Parents	<p>My parents’ names were Alberty Larance Luce – which is where Larry comes from. And my mother’s name was Helen May Burnham Luce. My dad passed away in – well he was born July 26, 1917. I was born on his birthday in 1958. My mother was born on March 25, 1920. They were both raised in the Town of Hartford. They weren’t born in Hartford, but they were both raised in Hartford. My dad passed away in December of 2002, and we just lost my mom in February of this year, 2012.</p>
Parents first married, 1938; siblings born; 1930s-1940s; Russo family	<p>KO: I’m sorry to hear that.</p> <p>CH: Thank you. My parents were married on September 11, 1938. When they were first married, they lived with my dad’s parents in Quechee for a short while, and then moved up and worked on the Lyman farm as – actually, I’m not sure if it was the Lyman farm, but it was one of the farms in Jericho. I can’t remember just exactly who owned the property at the time. So they had a little apartment there and my dad worked on the farm. And that’s where they lived when my sister Barbara was born in 1939. And my brother Larry was born there as well in 1941. In 1945, I guess my brother was born there too because he was born in March. In the summer of 1945, my parents bought the farm on Connecticut River Road. And interestingly enough – as the six degrees of separation policy would work – they purchased the farm from Rauol & Alna Rosseau, who would become my grandparents-in-law many years later. And my parents, it was my father’s dream to own a farm, to have his own farm because he saw how his parents struggled and were never able to afford more than a cow or two. And never be able to afford a tractor or anything like that. They did everything either with a horse or borrowed implements or by hand. So he saw how hard it was to work like that, and then he had an opportunity to work with people who didn’t have to work that way. It was his dream to have a farm. They purchased the farm from the Rosseau and my mother has told me many times during her life that if the Rosseau had not taken a second mortgage for them, they would never have been able to buy the farm because in 1945 credit wasn’t as easy to come by as it is today. So the bank was willing to loan them about half the purchase price. I believe they bought the farm for \$4500 and it was</p>
Buying the farm No electricity, no	

running water, cold storage	300 something acres with a barn. No milk house to speak of. It had a cold storage room. There was no electricity there. There was no running water in the house. It was a pump system when they first bought the house. But because the Rosseaus were able to take a chance on this young couple, they were –
House dismantled	I wish I could take you there and show you what it looks like, but it's gone now so you can't see it. It sat down in a low valley, kind of flat and wide valley along the Connecticut River. It was bordered on one side by the railroad tracks and on the other side was the Connecticut River [what is now I-91 North/South]. But it was aptly named the Echo Valley Farm. It was a beautiful place to grow up.
Chickens; garden; maple syrup; plowing gardens; diversity; sold farm in the 1960s; Twin State Gravel	They struggled to make ends meet. My mother – I can't even begin to tell you how many chickens. I want to say there were somewhere between 200-400 hens at most given times when we lived at that property. So she sold eggs to nursing homes in the area. We had a huge garden. She sold vegetables. My parents made maple syrup so we sold syrup. They sold beef, because in those days – everything wasn't inspected on and on and on. So people would be like, hey are you butchering anything. We raised pigs and did the same thing. So people would come and buy. My dad plowed gardens and sold manure. Anything and everything to make a few extra dollars to make ends meet. And eventually they sold the farm in the 1960s, probably '68 or '69, they sold the property. And it continued to be a farm for a little while after that, but then it was purchased by Twin State Gravel Company. They subdivided off a little bit of property.
Roger Henry	
Dismantling the house	Roger Henry and his family lived in the house for a while. Roger has passed away now, too. Eventually they bought a small piece of land from Twin State and Gravel [to build a new house], and his widow still lives there. But the farmhouse was dismantled in 2001/2002 – somewhere around that time. A couple from Connecticut bought the frame. It was a very old house. It was one of the oldest houses in town. The property itself was one of the original land grant properties. They dismantled it and my understanding is that was built back up into Connecticut to a beautiful home.
Relatives	The company that was taking it down offered my mom the chance to come back down and see the house, say goodbye to the house basically. She didn't want to, but my husband had never been in the house. So he went down and he went in the attic because it was a two-story house with an attic. He went down and found an old town report from the 1940s. He found some old birthday cards. I had cousins that lived upstairs, we had an apartment upstairs. And my mother's next younger sister – Hazel Braley and her family – she was a single mom at the time that single

00:11:20	<p>motherhood was not fashionable in the least bit. Not that it's fashionable today, but there are a lot more single moms. In those days there were very few single moms and she struggled. So my parents rented that apartment to her and her children and basically we all kind of grew up together as cousins. Some birthday cards from the Braley children [from their grandmother]. So he's distributed that to the Braley cousins and such.</p>
House; 1950s; milk house; milk separating tank	<p>KO: Things that got left behind.</p> <p>00:11:20</p> <p>CH: Well things that must have been relatively important to us as kids, and we tucked them behind a piece of rafter tail or something where they wouldn't be easily discovered. My husband is an amateur archaeologist, so he found it fascinating to go through. He was amazed at the beam structure of the house – mortise and tenoned. The beams were notched or numbered, I should say, with roman numerals. He found that fascinating. He was fascinated with that. So the house is gone and the barn is gone. When my parents first bought the place in '45, there wasn't running water and there wasn't electricity. My parents, in 1950 or '52, added a wing to the barn so they could milk more cows. It was always a dairy farm for my parents. We built a cement block milk house when they were able to afford a milk separating tank. By the time I can remember, the milk house was there and the separator tank was there. I can remember as a kid going down there. It didn't run all the time. I don't know how much you know about milk tanks.</p>
00:13:15 Milk tanks; Jersey cattle	<p>KO: I'm learning more.</p> <p>00:13:15</p>
Warm milk in cereal	<p>CH: You're learning more. Well there are big paddles inside of these bulk milk tanks. There are motors that turn the paddles. It keeps the milk and cream from separating. We had Jersey cattle at the time, and Jersey are particularly well suited for butter fat content and making butter. I can remember as a kid, going to the barn, and ladling after the tank would be sitting there. And the tank is always cool. But before the paddles got turned all the way [on], and ladling off the cream off the surface of the milk to make butter – once we were done getting all the cream off, we'd hit the switch and the paddles would come on. Then the tank truck would come and pump it out.</p> <p>My brother Scott says – and I to this day – when I'm eating cereal, I put my cereal in the microwave. And people are like, how can you drink that? Because I grew up with warm milk. We would go down and take</p>

00:15:25	<p>milk out of the bucket before it even got dumped into the tank because we liked warm cereal. My brother Scott who went in the Air Force in 1964, the fall of 1964, he said that was one of the hardest things he had to get used to was having cold cereal in the morning. Like such a huge adjustment. Getting up early wasn't a problem. He was a farm kid. Having to work hard wasn't a problem, he was used to working hard. He was a farm kid. But cold cereal was like the straw.</p> <p>KO: Well everybody has their things I guess they have to get over.</p> <p>00:15:25</p> <p>CH: But it's so funny because you'd grow up like that –</p> <p>KO: And most people would never.</p> <p>CH: But milk doesn't come out of the cow cold. It comes out very warm.</p> <p>KO: It's a good point.</p> <p>CH: And when you're used to having fresh milk, it's like oh yea.</p>
<p>00:15:47</p> <p>Dairy herd</p> <p>55-60 milkers; bull calves; herd in rotation; leasing property for crops</p> <p>Haying</p>	<p>00:15:47</p> <p>KO: How large was the dairy herd?</p> <p>CH: We milked 55 to 60 pretty much all the time that I can remember. When they first started, of course they didn't have a herd of that size. They grew it selectively over years. And basically at the time when I was born, they had developed a large enough herd that we couldn't keep all of the animals on the property. Bull calves typically went to an auction and they were sold, and most likely turned out as veal parmesan for someone. But the heifers, the female calves that were born – if they came from a good producing cow, we kept them. We always had a herd in rotation. By the time I was born, most of the land was being used already on the farm property itself. So at the point my parents were leasing property for crop rights. So we hayed for a family- an elderly family called the Woods. They lived on Route 4 just before the Hartland line. There's a little Hartland/Woodstock line over towards Taftsville. And the property now is called the Fool on the Hill and it's all beautiful and everything now. But back then we hayed there. There was a big horse up on top or sheep and we hayed that property, too. They hayed it to split. We provided labor and equipment to do the haying, and for that, we got half the hay and they got half the hay. We had pasture rights at a number of places. One in North Pomfret near Hewitt Corners. For years we pastured cattle there. And later on we pastured cattle at the Hazen Farm up in West Hartford.</p>

00:18:22	00:18:22
Drive animals to pasture	<p>KO: So if they were being pastured at somewhere else, did you have to drive them?</p> <p>CH: Yup. They were trucked with farm trucks and ramps. They got loaded in and several trips later, they were all there. They would be there for the summer. Part of our recreation as kids was going – when work was done –in the evenings – we had to go and put a salt lick out for the cows. Maybe we were going to put grain for a while. We’d drive around and check on them and check the fences, have a picnic while we were there. We did that for a while. But the milking cows and the chickens were always at Connecticut River Road.</p> <p>KO: Oh that makes sense.</p>
Hayloft	<p>CH: And the barn had a large hayloft. This is well before the days of round bales with plastic on them, so that you bale wet hay and you don’t have to store it inside. This is back when first they were haying with a dump rake – I’m not sure you know what that is.</p> <p>KO: I don’t know, you can tell me.</p>
Sickle bar mower; dump rake; hayforks	<p>CH: My parents had a horse drawn sickle bar mower. So my dad would cut the grass with a horse and then this dump rake – it had a seat and two big iron wheels on it and an axle. The seat came up off the axle. And then there were tongs on the back of it and levers to operate if they were up or down. So after he’d cut, he would hook this up to the horse and go around and rake the hay up into piles and then over time, they’d go out and turn it with hayforks. And then go out with a wagon and a horse and throw the hay up into the wagon. And I don’t have the pictures. I wish I had pictures to share with you. There’s a picture of my mom who – imagine she’s 25 years old, scared to death of horses because her dad worked for the railroad and they never had animals. They might have had one milking cow. And so she’s out in the field and she’s holding the lead of the horse. My dad is throwing the hay up into the wagon. You see her, this tiny woman who is 5’ tall and weighed about 100 lbs, holding this humungous horse because these are draft horses and not riding horses. That’s a good picture. I wish I had that to share with you.</p>
00:21:33	00:21:33
	<p>KO: Do your siblings have the pictures?</p> <p>CH: I think my sister Barb has it.</p>

	[Repairman in background. Pause recording.]
00:21:42	00:21:42 KO: Oh, that's fine. Carry on.
1940s electrification	CH: So the power came through in the late 1940s, there was an electrification project. And Vermont was electrified. KO: It is amazing how late it is Vermont. CH: And I didn't really know anything about that particular aspect of it, until one of my husband's uncles died and we went to the funeral. They lived down in the Worcester, Massachusetts area and when we went to the funeral, one of the people that was speaking about this man was talking about how much he loved to drive to Vermont. He just loved to drive up here. And he had worked on the electrification project. He would go along and talk about when this happened and when that happened. I never knew that until the funeral. It's possible that he also had a hand in my parents' farm life. And he was on my husband's father's side, which would be completely different than the people my parents bought the farm from. That would be my husband's mother's side.
00:23:17	00:23:17 CH: This is just one of these weird coincidences. I like to tell people that I was born on July 26, 1958. July 26 being my dad's birthday and my mother-in-law's birthday, and we all lived in the same house at one time. KO: Weird. CH: Yup, wasn't that weird? My mother-in-law's birthday was the same day as my dad's birthday and my birthday. Because my parents the bought the farm from her parents, she lived there as a child. KO: So did you then know your husband growing up? CH: Not really. KO: So you just kind of missed-
Connections to husband's family; Dad	CH: Yea, because he was born in 1955, so 10 years after. He doesn't remember his grandparents owning this place because he sold it long before he was born. But, it's just a funny little thing. But as their farm

loved horses	grew and prospered, they were able to buy a tractor and they were able to do a lot of work with horses. My dad, until his last day, loved horses and loved to work with them.
Sugar season; gather sap in buckets; taps	As a kid growing up, I remember sugar season was especially fun because it was an opportunity to hook the horse to the wagon and go around and collect sap. We had a sled wagon, and a big huge tank so we could go around and gather sap.
	KO: From individual buckets?
	CH: Individual buckets. There was a drill. You went out and drilled the tree. And you had a tap and hammered it in. And it had a hook. You put the bucket on the hook and the buckets had little covers so stuff didn't get into the sap. That was a job. It was always a big job to go through the snow tree to tree. Some trees were very productive. They might have half a dozen buckets on them. Today what might happen is a tree that's really productive would have a bigger line hooked to it.
	KO: The lines don't have the same-
	CH: Oh it's not warm and fuzzy. It doesn't lend it itself to any kind of appeal. They always take away from the beauty of the hardwood, the sugarbush because those maple trees are beautiful.
00:26:00	00:26:00
1960s elementary school; culverts; interstate	CH: In early 1960s – I went to first grade in 1964, and I can remember before I started school, the interstate was being worked on. 91 North runs along the edge of my parents' property. There was a slight little bit of property that was cut off. Basically it was a swamp area that fed a brook. We weren't supposed to be out there anyway, even though we often were. You could still fish the brook because you could walk the culverts. The culverts under the highway are 7-8 tall, so you could walk the brook under the culverts and still fish on the other side if you want to. I don't do that anymore.
Fishing	That's ironically – I met my husband fishing in one of the brooks, in the Melessi Brook. I had gotten skunked that day and he was walking out with a nice little stringer full of fish. I said my mother was going to be really disappointed because she loved trout. She wanted trout. So he gave me like half the stringer. So my mother owed him big time. So that's a silly story. So we were probably 10 and 13. Who would know what. But we always laugh about it.
00:28:00	00:28:00

<p>Interstate construction</p>	<p>KO: I think it's fascinating that you saw the construction of the interstate. I love thinking about roads and bridges. But it was on the edge of your property. Did it alter any farming that you family did?</p> <p>CH: It didn't really alter because that area – well, I shouldn't say it didn't. It did in a major way. It was the construction of the highways that opened up the quarrying of sand and gravel, and also of the ledges. And they did that for the roadbeds. I was trying to think back to places. I can remember in the afternoons, walking up with my dad. He was fascinated with this whole thing. Never had seen trucks like this. I think they call them “yuk” trucks. Basically the tires are like as high as the ceiling in here.</p> <p>KO: Oh, I saw some of those after Hurricane Irene rebuilding the roads.</p> <p>CH: They're just huge. There's one little tiny cab seat where the driver sits in the middle and this humungous truck all around him. But we used to walk up there. They were quarrying rock. There was a family on the Hartland side of the border. My parents land was the southern border of the Town of Hartford. A family by the name of Smith was the northern border of the Town of Hartland. The gravel pit and rock straddled both borders. We'd walk up and see where they were digging, what they were doing. They would call before they were blasted. When they dynamited, the earth shook.</p> <p>KO: Oh, I bet.</p>
<p>Moving cows; interstate blasting</p>	<p>CH: Yea, the earth shook. And because they knew were working around there, and our cattle was pastured up around there, so whenever they were blasting, we'd have to bring the cattle in a little early. We'd bring them to a lower pasture so that they wouldn't be frightened because frightened cows don't milk very well.</p> <p>KO: It's hard to imagine Vermont pre-interstate and during construction. This isn't exactly farming, but I just find this part interesting as well.</p> <p>CH: Oh it changed everything.</p> <p>KO: Because I find the Town of Hartford to be a little disjointed. I mean, I don't live in town. But 89 and 91 really disrupt my understanding of how to get from one side to the other, which has been kind of a problem just for understanding what people are talking about. All of these roads to make sense to you all who have lived here forever. Did the interstate seem to divide the town at all, more than visually?</p>

Changes in roadway	CH: I don't know. I was young, really young when it was built. What I can remember was that when they built the bridge across the Connecticut on 89, that was a major project and disrupted Connecticut River Road. The road is in a completely different place when you're coming down at the end of South Main Street than it was when I was a kid growing up. It's because when they built the bridge, they had to built the land up so high for the bridge abutments on the Vermont side that it changed the course of the road. The road ended up being built up way up high, which frankly ended up being a good thing because the road was always a mud hole in the spring prior to that happening.
00:32:30	00:32:30
Excursion into town	Living at the end of the road: going into town, which is two miles – that was a major excursion. We didn't go to town. Until I went to town, I don't remember really going any place other than a family reunion in the summer. We didn't go any place. We were working.
Groceries	KO: Did you need to go into town for groceries? CH: We had meat. We had eggs. We had milk. We made our own butter. My mother went to town and bought flour and sugar. We didn't go to Town. We didn't go.
White River Junction; purchases in town	KO: And by town you mean Hartford or White River Junction? CH: White River Junction. Back then there were a couple of grocery stores in White River Junction. The shopping wasn't all over in Lebanon and West Lebanon, the way it is now. She would buy peanut butter in a five gallon pail. Flour came in a 50 pound sack and it went in a big bin in the kitchen. We had a huge garden. She had strawberries. We had berry bushes all over the place so we raspberries and blackberries. We had crab apple trees. There was no need to go into town. My parents were living off the grid before it was cool.
Sold eggs & vegetables	KO: That's a good point. Vermont is circling. So your parents sold eggs and vegetables. Did they sell it from your house or did they have to bring it to a market?
Egg business	CH: There were people who came to the house to buy specific things. But the eggs and vegetables – there was a nursing home on what is now the VA Cutoff Road. I don't remember the name of it, but it was owned by a family named Nalete They took vast quantities and my mother delivered to them. She delivered to several Italian families in town because they made their own pasta, and needed lots and lots of eggs. So three days a week or so we made an egg trip. I can remember when I was

Grading the eggs	<p>younger, one of my jobs beyond collecting eggs was grading them. My mother would wash them and then I would be sitting there with a basket of eggs and a little tiny scale and a whole pile of egg cartons. I'd take the eggs and put them on a little scale and it would tell you what the weight was. And the weight of the eggs determines if they're small, medium, large or extra large.</p> <p>KO: Oh, I never knew that.</p> <p>CH: So that was one of my jobs at a kid because you didn't have to be able to do anything really.</p> <p>KO: Just not drop the egg.</p> <p>CH: Just not drop the egg, which happened. The reason I didn't wash the eggs was because I would break them sometimes while washing them. So I was the grader.</p>
00:35:55	00:35:55
Tasks on the farm	<p>KO: So it sounds like you had a lot of responsibility growing up on a farm.</p> <p>CH: There's a huge age range in my family. My sister was born in 1939 and my youngest brother was born in 1964.</p> <p>KO: Wow.</p>
Siblings	<p>CH: My oldest siblings are two years apart. Then there's a four year gap to my next brother. Then there's a seven year gap. So the three oldest ones – way more work.</p> <p>KO: Because they could?</p>
Everybody worked hard; family members	<p>CH: Because my parents didn't have anything. Everybody worked. Even when I was a kid everybody worked, but not in the same way. They milked the cows. My sister tells it that she had to. My brothers tell it that she didn't want to miss anything so she was down in the barn. So I don't know which is right and which is wrong. So the three older kids, they really did a lot more. My sister's husband, John Bugbee – he passed away, too. He passed away in spring of 2003, a few months after my dad died – he worked with my dad on the farm of a little while before he got a job and went to work off the farm. My brother Larry worked on the farm, and when he was married, he and his wife had a little mobile home and lived on the farm when he worked for my dad. And then they bought their place. They had their place in Taftsville. Actually they moved their</p>

<p>Ayers family; cheese</p>	<p>mobile home, I think, to her parents' property. My sister-in-law, Betsy who is married to Larry, is the owner of Sugarbush Farms.</p> <p>KO: Is that in Quechee?</p> <p>CH: It's actually in Pomfret, but you can get to it through Quechee. They sell cheeses and summer sausage and stuff like that. They smoke cheese and age it. Her family were the Ayers. Her Dad Jack actually the patent for a number of years on cracker size cheese. He was the first person to think that cheese shouldn't come in a big block. Cheese should come in the right size to fit on a cracker. So they cut cheese into blocks that would fit a cracker, and he developed a wax process to seal it. And then he patented it. So he held patent rights until the late 60s or early 70s. And then you started to see Cracker Barrel cheese in the grocery store. Before that, that's not how cheese came. It came in the wedge.</p>
<p>00:39:08</p> <p>Bridge Overlook Farm; working in the hayfields; summer vacation; throwing hay bales</p>	<p>00:39:08</p> <p>CH: So they moved on to her family's property before they bought the Bridge Overlook Farm. Then my brother Scott went in the military. That was in '64. So the second round of the family: my next brother was born in 1952. So at that point, he's 12 when the last of them leaves. Now, more and more responsibility. During summer vacation from school, we all were in the hayfield. I learned how to drive a farm truck as soon as my legs were long enough to reach the pedals. And even if I couldn't reach the pedals, sometimes they put blocks on the pedals if I was the only one available and they needed everyone else throwing bales. By then equipment had changed enough and their fortunes had changed enough so they had a baler, which would spit out the big oblong size bales. And they weigh, depending on the quality of the grass, from 25 to 40 lbs. Or more than that if they hay is not dry, but that's not a good thing because it molds from the inside and it's not usable. So at five-six years old, I wasn't strong enough to throw the bales. But as we got bigger, we took turns throwing the bales and just edging the truck along as people threw the bales in.</p>
<p>Bale kicker; hay bales</p>	<p>As we got older they invented something called a bale kicker. You basically had a wagon hooked to the end of your baler. This kicker thing would bring the bale up and have a little conveyer. And at the end it would give it a jerk and flip into the wagon. All you needed then was somebody in the wagon stacking it as it came off the kicker. But of course now, they wind it up on a round baler and wrap it up with plastic, wet/dry doesn't matter.</p> <p>KO: Not quite the same.</p>

Chickens	<p>CH: Not quite the same. Let me just say, when people get nostalgic and they say they want to raise chickens, it's like okay, I've been in the egg business. There is nothing romantic about it. They don't smell good. And they're mean. They'll peck each other to death. Chickens are not nice animals.</p> <p>KO: You said your mom had like 200-400 chickens. Did they live in the house [chicken house]?</p> <p>CH: We had a big chicken coop. There was like a one pitch roof shed. There were roosts built in. So there was a little interior area for the hens to range around in. But there was a big fenced in with chicken wire outside. So they came in and went out of the house during the day all they wanted. Most of the time they wanted to be outside and pecking in the dirt. They need to because of the mineral content in the soil and if they can't get outside, you have to feed them a mineral supplement.</p>
Chicken care	<p>Usually it's oyster shells.</p> <p>KO: Oh, okay, I knew that. I grew up with ducks.</p> <p>CH: Oh you did. Did you feed ducks oyster shells?</p> <p>KO: We did.</p> <p>CH: They need it. So in the winter we'd buy this supplement. But in the summer, unless it's really bad weather, chickens like to be outside. But they go in at night and there are rails, too, because they like to roost. Most people don't realize that chickens can fly. They don't fly far. They are kind of fat and heavy. Like wild turkeys. They can fly and they do roost, but you don't see it often. Chickens like to do that, too. And then they get into the nest for the night. That was a fairly large area. We always had our pigs nearby where the chickens are because chickens will eat pig poop. It's sort of a process. The pigs root up the dirt, which is good for the hens. It seems gross –</p> <p>KO: It's all connected. Circle of farm life.</p>
Cattle area	<p>CH: Yup. And the cattle were in a completely separate area. We called it a barn yard, probably an area of 50x100. We'd call them in the evening/afternoon and they'd form a line to go into the barnyard and they'd file into the barn. And we'd stanchion them up. I'm not sure if you know what that means. Stanchions are what you put cattle in place to milk them. Have you ever been to Billings Farm?</p> <p>KO: I have.</p>

<p>Milking barn; cow barn; care of calves; sawdust</p> <p>Graining cows</p> <p>Molasses for the cows; moving off the farm</p>	<p>CH: And you've been in their milking barn. The cow barn, they have stanchions. That's the spot where cows get hooked up. There's different kinds of stanchions. Our cows always had a chain halter and they got a chain hook. So as a kid, there are a few things that a young kid can do. One of the things that I did was hook them in and feed the calves. We had calves a lot. And calves need to get special attention. They get a certain kind of food once they are taken off their mother. You have to feed them with a bottle at first. They drink from a milk bucket. And we'd put in sawdust. A farm truck would come in and dump sawdust into a concrete bunker that you accessed from inside the barn. And you opened the big doors to the outside when the truck came and dumped it in. So I'd throw sawdust. Sometimes I grained cows. Not often, because I was a generous grainer.</p> <p>I can remember. I don't know why we did it, but I can remember there are times of the year when we bought molasses in big barrels and we mixed molasses into the grain to feed the cows. I don't know the reason. It wasn't all the time, just certain times of the year. That would be something I could do. The barrel would have a spicket so I could do that, haul molasses and mix it into the grain. But by the time I was 10 I guess, my parents had built a house off the farm property, still on Connecticut River Road, but I became not really a farm girl at that point.</p> <p>[pause recorder for phone ringing 00:48:18]</p>
<p>00:48:19</p> <p>Father working off the farm; Erwin Clifford; buying Shirley Farm</p> <p>Reasons for moving</p>	<p>00:48:19</p> <p>CH: So at that point my Dad actually went to work for someone else. He went to work for Erwin Clifford, who back in the day had a car dealership in West Hartford, but he also had a loam & gravel business, so he went to work for him as a truck driver. And then he missed his animals. They'd already bought an adjacent farm property. It was originally called the Shirley Farm, but a family with the last name of George had been living and farming it for a while. They sold property to my parents and a part of it one of my dad's brothers. They moved into the George's house. And at that point, my Dad built a little chicken house down just below the house. We built a big pig pen. There was already a barn on the Shirley property, but it was mostly a hay mow. So they built a one-lane cattle barn for milking and a manure lagoon and a silo and a milk house so they could be back in the milking business.</p> <p>So my dad worked out and did cows basically at the same time for about 10 years or so.</p> <p>KO: Why did you move from the big farm?</p>

	<p>CH: The reason they sold it was really not clear to me, other than I suspect my dad was feeling like he could make some money and maybe have an easier life. And then he missed farming.</p> <p>KO: He was a farmer at heart.</p>
Father farmer at heart	<p>CH: He was a farmer at heart. He truly was. People would think this is completely crazy, but I can remember as a kid living on the big farm and my dad was in the fields all day, in the summer: corn, hay, silage (which is cut grass that is not dry and ferments a little bit). All day he is doing this. And in the evening if he was done a little bit early, he always had this one little five acre field that was kind of behind the chicken barn and alongside a brook. It was like a five acre field and he planted it with horses – alfalfa. He loved it. He would hook his team up and we would go out. I loved it because I could ride with him. He took care of that five acre parcel, he did with horses only. He did that for a number of years.</p>
Swimming after haying; Renihan Beach	<p>Why would you do that? Why would that be your hobby? And I can remember as a kid coming in from the hayfield and being hot and sweaty. And once the chores were done we'd pile into the station wagon. We'd go into the Town of Hartford along the White River there was a place called the Renihan Beach [??] and it was below was called the Renihan Farm. And it was fairly well kept. We'd pile in the station wagon and go to the beach and take a swim and cool off, and pile back in the station wagon and go back.</p>
00:52:44	00:52:44
Riding for pleasure	<p>CH: As kids we had pleasure horses. We all rode. It was a good life. Hard work, a lot of work.</p> <p>KO: To make sure I understand. After you were 10, that's when your family moved. You said you weren't farm girl then but your family still had some farm aspects.</p>
Garden; milking time & machines	<p>CH: By that point though, I was getting older and my uncle had sold his property to a family from Concord, NH – the Smiths – and a little tiny piece of property got sold to a family by the last name of Payne. We had closer neighbors and there were kids my age. I was hanging out with other kids, and there weren't as many chores to be done. We still had a garden and we had to work in the garden some, but it wasn't like when you were on the farm where it was consuming. Your life worked around the animals milking. I was never a milking person. I watched milking. If I felt like it, I could go out and carry milk. Or every now and then, I would go out and milk a few cows by hand. Before the advent of these suction lines and milking parlors, you milked a cow with a machine but then they had to be stripped because the milking machine wouldn't get</p>

Bulk tanks	<p>all of the milk. So when they say milking by hand it's like go out and down through the line and strip the lines. But not the entire process.</p> <p>KO: When you were growing up – that's the days of the bulk tanks, not the days of the cans.</p> <p>CH: That's right.</p> <p>KO: Cans were ended early 60s, correct?</p> <p>CH: Actually for my dad, they ended a little earlier than that. They ended when he built the milk house. That was in the 50s.</p> <p>KO: So he was kind of ahead?</p> <p>CH: HE didn't have a fancy bulk tank, but he had a little better milk storage situation. He didn't have separators and stuff. When they first went down there, it was cans. And you had to have a spring water bath to keep the milk cool until it could be collected.</p>
Cooling milk cans; no electricity	<p>KO: Right, because you said there wasn't electricity on the farm.</p> <p>CH: Right. And we always had a spring. It was spring water. There wasn't running water in the house. There was running water and electricity in the barn first. But there was a pump system in the house for water. But I can remember in the kitchen, we had a huge cookstove – a big huge wood cookstove. And my mother talked about learning how to cook and bake on a woodstove. She never had that.</p>
Wood cookstove in the house; mother learning to use	<p>KO: What did she have instead?</p> <p>CH: Well growing up as a kid, both of my parents were like one of 13 or 14 kids. They didn't cook because you couldn't take a chance that a kid might waste something or screw something up. Everything was too scarce. It wasn't until she was married that she had to learn how to cook. It wasn't just learning how to cook, it was learning how to cook in a woodstove, so everything is a little bit iffy. Trial and error. And I can remember when we had our first washing machine. It was a ringer. The only reason I have vivid memories of it is because I used to catch the clothes when they came out the other side. When she finally thought I might be old enough to put them in, the first time I did I got one caught in the ringer. And it's like okay, you're not going to do that. You're not old enough yet. So back to catching the clothes when they came out and putting them on the pants that my brothers wore to school. Back then you couldn't wear blue jeans to school. Girls couldn't wear pants. And so my brothers' pants for school had to come out of the wash and go right on to</p>
Cooking; laundry	

	these metal hanger racks so that they would be perfectly shaped.
00:57:55	00:57:55
School	KO: Where did you and your siblings go to school? CH: Hartford. KO: Hartford – CH: Well my older brothers and sisters went to school in what is now the municipal building. No, they went to school in what is now the White River Elementary School. I get confused. [CD player turns on – mentions it belongs to grandchildren.] The middle school was built in the ‘50s. When I started school, I started school at what is now the Hartford Middle School. You went there from first grade to third grade. And then you went to what is the White River Elementary School for fourth, fifth, sixth grade. And then you went back to the school what is now the middle school for seventh and eighth grade for junior high. And then across the parking lot to the Hartford High School. But the Hartford High School wasn’t built until the early ‘60s. My brother Scott who graduated in ’64, his was the first graduating class from that school. KO: Schools have jumped around a bit tin this town. CH: I’m not sure, but it’s between what is the municipal building, White River Elementary, the middle school, and the high school. Everybody went to school there. KO: Did a school bus come to pick you up?
Mother drove school “bus”	CH: My mother was the school bus. She actually had a contract with the Town, with the school district. She had to get a special license. Her big old Plymouth Fury Station wagon was the wagon that hauled us to school, and all of the neighbor kids too. And when there were a lot of us, there were two trips. And the Luce kids better be ready for the first trip because she wasn’t coming back for us.
01:00:20	01:00:20 [TV Repair – pause]
01:00:25	01:00:25
Neighbors, community, cousins	KO: Before I forget, you said on the big farm, you were so busy. That was your life, obviously. Did you have neighbors that you would get together with and exchange tasks?

<p>Child's play</p> <p>Railroad tracks</p> <p>Swimming</p> <p>Horses</p> <p>Neighbors, family</p>	<p>CH: No. Often times we had cousins on the farm. I always liked to say that it was like the reform school for my wayward cousins. They would get shipped to the farm for a few weeks of treatment, hard work, and attitude adjustment. And then they could go home.</p> <p>KO: Did it work?</p> <p>CH: Some of them were still renegades. I'm not sure. Let me tell you, when they were there, they were well behaved. My parents were very stern taskmasters.</p> <p>KO: They had to be with so many of you.</p> <p>CH: And there was so much to do. And nobody could afford to waste anything. But as kids we still had time. We had a fairly large brook that flowed through the property, the Eastman Brook. We had plenty of time to get in trouble with the brook. We'd try to dam it up and make a swimming hole. Sometimes we'd go through the culvert under the railroad tracks and down the river. That was a big no, no.</p> <p>KO: From your parents or the railroad?</p> <p>CH: Our parents. We could go anywhere on the property we wanted to, as long as we didn't cross the railroad tracks. The river was on the other side. It was a safety thing for them. I don't know if my dad [could swim]. I guess I saw him swim a little bit. My mom did not swim. She'd go to the river and splash around a little bit, but she did not swim. The river was a big fear.</p> <p>KO: Understandably so, I guess.</p> <p>CH: Yup. And as I said we had pleasure horses, so we rode horseback a lot. My sister has daughters that are my age. My mother babysat all of the kids. She was home all day. My sister worked outside the home. My mother was the babysitter for all of us. We were always a bunch of kids together.</p> <p>KO: That sounds fun. So you had your own neighborhood essentially, it was just family.</p> <p>CH: We had a neighborhood. It was just family. And it wasn't like the stories you hear about one farmer saying I need to put a barn up, and everybody turns out. We didn't do that. By the same token, if somebody had a loss or they had a problem that their equipment was down and it was corn season. People helped each other that way, but it wasn't everybody turns out for a barn raising and a ho-down and a big picnic.</p>
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<p>Jericho</p> <p>Isolated</p> <p>01:04:43</p> <p>Sledding on the roads; Dartmouth carnival</p>	<p>That didn't happen. It just didn't. Maybe it happens other places, and maybe it happened earlier, but it didn't happen on the farm I grew up on.</p> <p>KO: They all seem different, and I've been led to believe so far that that is case in Jericho; it was more of a community.</p> <p>CH: Yea, Jericho had the community house. We were like out of town. We weren't even in town. Before the highway went in, the road made it almost impossible to get in and out of there at certain times of the year. Kind of cut off.</p> <p>KO: You kind of were.</p> <p>01:04:43</p> <p>CH: But that was fine. In the winter we used to slide on the road and my dad in the wintertime, winter carnival – this is back before Dartmouth was co-ed. Well, colleges in general weren't co-ed. The trains would bring the young ladies from the women's colleges up for the winter carnival. And winter carnival was a big event at Dartmouth at the time. And my dad was the sleigh ride provider. So for several days in the winter, we'd go over. There'd be a big bonfire and had a truck with a canvas over it and hay bales and stuff, so kids could come in a get warm and wait for their sleigh ride, which was around on the golf course. And we loved it because we could skating on Occum Pond or go tobogganing on the golf course. Maybe get a little nip of brandy to warm up. Did that for a long time. Then the college went co-ed and the college was never the same again.</p> <p>KO: Not as exciting, probably.</p> <p>CH: Because the women were at school with the guys.</p>
<p>01:06:01</p> <p>Crabapples</p>	<p>01:06:01</p> <p>KO: Did you have apples on the farm at all? I heard in Quechee there were apples on that side.</p> <p>CH: We had crabapples, but we didn't have any cultured apple trees. We would have crabapple jelly, but if wanted real apples we went to an orchard and picked apples. I don't really remember.</p> <p>KO: It wasn't in your peddling produce.</p> <p>CH: No. That was garden vegetables in the summer. Eggs year round,</p>

Garden, eggs	<p>and people coming and saying they wanted a load of manure for the garden and needing the garden plowed or something like that. That was sort as needed and wasn't really a rounds thing.</p> <p>KO: What about the hay? Did you keep all of that or sell some of it?</p>
Hay use	<p>CH: No we mostly kept all the hay for the cows. We didn't produce on our own property, so we had to go out and cut hay on different property around. And split it with a landowner. That way they could feed their one or two or three cows and a horse. And then we'd get the bulk of it. At the big farm, we had a very large hay mow. At the small farm, there was a good size hay mow, but most of the hay was done off site at that point. Most of the land that my parents kept, which now my brother Mike farms, was in other crop production. Mostly corn. In fact, the fields that went with the big farm, he's actually able to still use, mostly. It was a family that bought the property from my parents and then Twin State bought it from this other family. They didn't have any use for the fields and they were only interested for the gravel.</p>
01:08:30	01:08:30
Original family home	<p>KO: I'm thinking about your house. Was that built in the 1700s, would you guess?</p> <p>CH: I think in the late 1700s – maybe 1760s/1770s, something like that.</p> <p>KO: And when you were growing up there, was there electricity at that point?</p>
Electricity, running water, bathtub	<p>CH: There was electricity when I was born. And we running water, and we had a fire. I can't remember. I was really young when the fire happened, maybe two or three years old. I can remember the bathroom that was built after the fire. We never had a shower in that house.</p> <p>KO: An attachment?</p> <p>CH: Nope, just a tub. You got your hair washed in the tub.</p> <p>KO: My house still doesn't have a shower.</p>
Washtub behind the stove; description of the house	<p>CH: In an older house, it was not common for an older house to have a shower. I can remember the humungous kitchen with this major wood stove. It had four burners on one side. It had a water reservoir and a baking oven. When I was a little kid, real little, before the fire, we took a bath in the washtub behind the woodstove. I can remember there being a washtub back there. I don't remember in vivid ways. I was young. But</p>

	<p>then the main part of the kitchen opened up and there was a pantry area off the kitchen, and that's where all of the flour bins and sugar bins, the materials to make butter, were back there. Then there was a big room in the middle of the house that was kind of like our dining area. We had a table in the kitchen but there an actual dining room in the house. And then the living room was across one whole end. It had a big fireplace with built in cabinets and cupboards. There were built in cupboards in the dining room. And then were two bedrooms off that. The bathroom was off the kitchen, and there was a woodshed off that. And then there was a big center hallway. And then upstairs was a little kitchen in the back and bathroom in the back, and a living room on one side of the stairs and a big bedroom on the other side. There was a little tiny passageway from the kitchen into the hallway in what we always referred to as the ell. There were two small bedrooms that didn't have heat back there. That's where my cousin brothers slept, and my brothers too. I don't really remember.</p>
Boarder in the house	<p>Downstairs, my mother had a boarder. A woman who lived with us was disabled. She was probably, maybe 10 or 13 years old in terms of her abilities. She had a mental disability, a cognitive disability. She lived with us for a long time. She had the one little room downstairs. And the big bedroom, that was my parents' room and that's where I slept, and my youngest brother – we all slept in that room. And then I don't know where the rest of them slept.</p>
Heating the house	<p>KO: It sounds like a big house. I'd love to see pictures of that.</p> <p>CH: I don't know if anybody has pictures of it. I remember going downstairs in the cellar and the cellar was an old stone foundation. And underneath what was like that center room/dining room, there was a massive wood fired furnace with ductwork.</p> <p>KO: Oh I've seen those.</p> <p>CH: Oh it was huge. And it was lined up where the chimney was. It took a lot of wood.</p> <p>KO: Is it one of those with the octopus arms and everything?</p>
Cold storage; canning	<p>CH: It was crazy looking. And at some point – my parents didn't burn coal – but at some point, someone in the house must have burned coal because it was a coal chute and coal bin and underneath the ell there was another furnace that you could burn coal in. But we never burned coal. My mother used it as her cold storage area, as her root cellar. We had canning shelves upon canning shelves, and big huge crocks for salted pork. I can't remember what else was down there. I guess it was all the</p>

<p>Food preparation for canning</p>	<p>pickling stuff and salted stuff and the brines, and the canning vegetables. And racks for the squashes and the potatoes and the onions.</p> <p>KO: So that way you had your food for all year long, for the canning?</p> <p>CH: Yup.</p> <p>KO: Did you help with the canning?</p> <p>CH: No. Because you had to be precise.</p> <p>KO: And you were young.</p> <p>CH: I was too young. Even when I was older, my mother was convinced that only she could do it so that it would be safe, because it was food safety. That was fine. It didn't get me out of peeling, seeding, doing all the prep work, but the actual putting them in the jars, cooking them, sealing them, never did that.</p>
<p>Season for canning</p>	<p>KO: When would canning be done, what time of year?</p> <p>CH: It depended on what we were canning. But vegetables from the garden would get canned as they became ripe through the season. Sometimes you might start canning as early as early July. But most of the major canning stuff happened in August and September when the corn was ready. We would cut it off the cobs and can it like that. And green beans. Peas we canned early.</p>
<p>Summer on the farm; seasons on the farm; sugaring; planting</p>	<p>KO: So were there some times of the year that there was more work on the farm than others?</p> <p>CH: Summer was always a really busy time. The slowest time of the year would be in the fall after the corn was all cut and now things are frosted over, and all the winter vegetables have been brought in. Then it was just tending to the animals. Maybe if we hadn't got our firewood in all the way, it might be putting in some firewood. Usually from the first part of November to sugaring season, things calmed down. It was a different pace. It was a lot less hectic. Then it would be sugaring season, which was a really busy time. And then it would be calm again once all the buckets were washed and everything was done from sugaring. It would be until you could start planting and then it would get busy again. So from first part of April back around through, it would get busy again.</p> <p>KO: What did your Dad do when it was the calm time? Did he have other hobbies? You said he did his farming.</p>

Family visiting; social life	<p>CH: No, he was in more.</p> <p>KO: He relaxed a bit.</p> <p>CH: Yea. More family visiting. That was their social life, was visiting family. More of that happened that time of year. Of course it was also the holiday season. But I can remember, the summer was always just crazy busy. That's when all of us kids were home all the time, and if there were cousins that were coming, that was when they came. That's when all the help would be there.</p>
Drifters visiting the house	<p>When I was young, and before I was born, they always had a hired hand on the farm. Sometimes it was somebody who sort of a drifter needing a place to stay and some hot food. And sometimes it would be an actual employee kind of arrangement. One of my dad's aunt's – his youngest aunt on his mother's side – had a young son and his name was Walter. Walter came and he lived with us, and worked on the farm for a number of years. When I was born, he was on the farm. And when we got married, he and his wife were there until we sold the big farm. So there was always a hired hand. Somebody who was more responsible.</p>
Hired help on the farm	<p>KO: Did they live in the house?</p> <p>CH: No. There was always a little mobile home part way down the lane where the hired land lived. I can remember as a kid having a box of shoes and basically anything that we'd all outgrown or was kind of worn out, but was still able to be used by somebody who had less than we did. When I was really young, I can remember people coming in off the railroad, people that rode railroad cars, hobos. They'd come in. Maybe they needed a hot meal and a pair of shoes if they could find something in the box. They could have it, beyond their way. Never were allowed to stay. But my parents would feed them, and if there was something in the box. It wasn't like they took something that was still in service for us.</p>
01:20:45	<p>01:20:45</p> <p>I don't know what the scene was politically or economically or times were really hard in the 60s, but I can remember that happening, people coming through that were down on their luck.</p> <p>KO: Were they all just harmless?</p> <p>CH: I have no idea. When there was one there, my father would sit with them to eat out on the porch and look through the box and hit the road. There was never hanging around. And I remember a few times, when the police chief would come to look through the barns and the sheds, if there</p>
1960s; drifters	<p>KO: Were they all just harmless?</p> <p>CH: I have no idea. When there was one there, my father would sit with them to eat out on the porch and look through the box and hit the road. There was never hanging around. And I remember a few times, when the police chief would come to look through the barns and the sheds, if there</p>

	<p>had been an escape at the Windsor prison because there was easy walk from the Windsor prison to our farm. And I remember that happening a fair amount of times. I can remember the police coming to warn that the river was high, flood concerns. We never had a flooding issue, but I can remember times the brook backed way up, and I can remember the water coming fairly close to the house, and I don't remember the basement ever flooding. But I can remember it getting back up the lower brook level, coming back up the brook.</p> <p>KO: Benefits to being above the river.</p> <p>CH: But if you saw where it was, it was just slightly above river level, but it was enough. If you drive up Route 14 in Royalton Village, you can kind of see where that is. It's wide and there is room for the water to go. It doesn't take much of a gradual little pitch to be protected from the water level. I don't know how the basements faired, but it was enough. But it was low, which was why they would come and warn us if there was a problem with the river.</p> <p>KO: You said that house stood there till 2002.</p> <p>CH: 2002.</p>
01:23:13	<p>01:23:13 [Pause for phone call]</p> <p>CH: So, where was I? I guess water.</p>
Flooding.	<p>KO: Water, flood. Well at least I'll know where we paused. I'll change the subject. If you could, if you feel like summarizing, what was the best thing or the hardest thing about growing up on the farm</p>
Best part of growing up on a farm	<p>CH: The best thing I think was a sense of freedom and safety. We were free to roam and do whatever. We do ride horseback, ride bikes, go swimming. In the wintertime we had ponds that would build up in the fields and we could go out and skate. And there was always a bunch of kids so there was always this sort of community for the kids. And I have to say that it isn't until I became a lot older that I realized how poor we were. I never realized. We were poor, we were really poor. I had no clue. We were never hungry. We always had clothes. We didn't have a lot of them. But we always had clean clothes.</p>
Hardest part about growing up on a farm	<p>The hardest thing, I think, was the amount of work that everything took. And I don't mean necessarily that it was hard to have to work hard. It was hard that it was never ending. In some ways it relentless. And having milk cattle as opposed to beef cattle or a person who raises vegetables or farm crops. The plants don't really require attention at specific intervals</p>

<p>Saddest thing – selling the farm</p> <p>01:28:48</p>	<p>twice a day the way cows do. And that was the hardest thing, always having to be tied to the place the way.</p> <p>But living there, I have fond, fond memories of growing up as a farm kid. Nothing bad in that way.</p> <p>The saddest thing for me was when my parents built the new house. It was a brand new house. They had it built. It was beautiful compared to anything I'd ever lived in, which was just that one big old farmhouse. This seemed like the Taj Mahal to me. And in some ways it was exciting to be moving into this brand new house. But it was very sad because we were leaving the farm behind. And when we made that move, my aunt and her children had to move also. To this day, in fact they were just here because we buried my mom on May 12. My cousin Patty who is 4 years older than I am, she and I were really close, and she had to move away to Hartford Village, which is definitely not away, but it seemed away at the time as a kid. That was sad. That was really hard. And my parents regretted it. They would say if they had a regret, it was selling the farm because it kept everybody together in a way that we lost later on. The farm that my brother Mike is farming now, is a much smaller operation.</p> <p>I have no contact with him. My parents sold the farm to him and through a trust arrangement in the late 80s or so. My mother fretted about it after my dad, and I finally convinced her that the smartest thing to do would be to transfer ownership to him before she died. And then whatever he owed her, we'd just take a mortgage for the amount he owed her at that point. You would have thought that would have been a good thing for him but he somehow feels that it wasn't. He wasn't treated fairly.</p> <p>KO: I understand how that goes in families.</p> <p>CH: That's a sad thing. That hurt my mother. My parents did a lot for him and his family and that hurt her a lot. I don't know if he would have done it if my father were still alive, but it was a moot point because he wasn't here.</p> <p>KO: It gets complicated.</p> <p>CH: So I guess that's kind of the end.</p> <p>01:28:48</p> <p>KO: Well, I'm going to look for pictures of that house. I imagine it's been documented and surveyed by the Division for Historic Preservation. So I will look in the resource room up in Montpelier, and make copies of what I find for you.</p>
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	CH: Let me give me you my email address.
	KO: Okay. I have a file cover sheet for you. Let me stop this.
01:29:19	END OF INTERVIW.