

A: Today is April 24th, 1988, I believe. And I'm Milton, better known as "Smitty" Lundberg. I was born in this house where we're now sitting. It will be 81 1/2 years ago now. I got a picture, I just—from among my wife's stuff, I found a picture that was taken of me sitting outside in the—outside, that's where you just able—had to set me up there.

Q: So, you were quite small?

A: Well, probably less than six months. Looks like—we had an old-fashioned wicker set. What was that thing—I was sitting in one of those chairs by pillows all around, so I couldn't fall down. [Unintelligible 00:53] so I was born in [unintelligible] the Osberg baby. Of course, until just a few years ago, Roy Osberg—we built our new house down on the Meeting House Road in Barker's Grove here. So, he's not that far away. In fact, I talked to him day before yesterday. He knows everybody around here right now. He even knows me, bad or good. Of course, my—my father started out trying to farm. My brother was born in the house now owned by the Allens, known as the Gifford House over at Beetle Hill—big, white house. And next to them was a man named Babe Fort (phonetic). He was the baby of the Fort baby, but he was kind of a recluse. He was a recluse. I've made—I was going down the road with Harold Snell—he wanted to see Babe for something. We saw him crossing the road from the house to the barn. So, he shout to [unintelligible], "I'll be back. I just want to talk to him for a minute." Well, he could not find him. He was hiding under the hay. So, my mother said they used to [unintelligible] he didn't trust banks. He'd lost a lot of money in the crash. So, about twice a year he'd come over to their house and he'd say, "If I give you some cash, would you write me a check to send for my," whatever it was? Say, "Oh, sure." But my mother said that that money smelled as musty as could be. It'd been down in a cellar in a safe for a long time. But he's quite old, pretty near—Lou Fort was the road commissioner at that time. [Unintelligible] with my father, and he lived over here where Gracie Snell lives. And he had a daughter named Priscilla. And in the will, it said that she's supposed to receive this—what do you—a real fancy, I think it was like a secretary. So, Priscilla got a hold of Ronnie Snell, and he had until—until the—until the reading was over to take that out of there, though [unintelligible]. And so, he started loading the thing—"What will you take for that?" So, I—[unintelligible]. So, anyway, so Ronnie had it all crated up and sent down to Priscilla. But she was quite a character, you know. She was a Snell. The history of [unintelligible] she was not Lou Snell's daughter. He always called her "the kid." And she smoked about 19 packs of cigarettes a day, all with a holder, very reserved. [Unintelligible] so we sent that thing down to her and then, of course, she [unintelligible] she left all her fortune to Emma—Emma Briggs up here, the place north of the Briggs barn there. So, I guess they were school mates together. Because they lived up there before I lived down in—what there is now, now that the farm that that Fort Miller guy bought, the first farm down by the little pond there.

Q: Yes. I know what farm you mean.

A: Yeah, that was a...

Q: I think it's called Onduck Farm.

A: Yeah. That's—yeah. So, I don't know.

Q: Now, when you went to school, where did you go to school?

A: Right down here around the corner, across the bridge. The first place is a little house that Harold Snell built. The next place is the schoolhouse. The shape of the school's in there, but it's all built on to all sides now.

Q: Okay.

A: A guy named Larry Watkins worked in there, jigged it up—a cabinetmaker.

Q: Can you remember how many students—how many kids were in that building?

A: Well, I can remember one year, because I know—that was a pretty small building. That year they had to go get desks. There was 35 kids there. Usually had about 25. There was a lot of kids around here in those days. Everybody had big families, except three was enough for the Lundbergs. Up on the hill was the Martin family. There was six of them. And there was Dorothy Anderson [unintelligible 05:28] that was the end where Connie Bouchard is.

Q: Yes, next to my house, yes. And was that where the farmhouse was?

A: Yeah.

Q: Right there. Okay.

A: That was in the school district here. And then, of course, up on the hill Bob Kolonnis' (phonetic) place, that was in the school district, too. That was—he got—got a telephone company from Troy—Mr. Hader lived there then.

Q: And would everybody just walk—walk to school?

A: Well, oh, sure.

Q: How do you think that worked, like from Bob Kolonnis' house where he is now, everybody just walked?

A: Sure did, yeah.

Q: Everybody just walked?

A: Oh, yeah. You know, because, you know, I went to school with Annabelle Bott (phonetic).

Q: Yes. Yes. I know her.

A: They lived down on the lane where the Andersen farm is now, had been Thompson's farm. It's all—they had to either walk or go by horse and buggy. Tillie, she was a great, you know, teamster. Fred Merrill picked up [unintelligible 06:26] everybody had a bench by the road, had to bring their mail up the road. And she could back her team right up square to that, no trouble picking up mail when Tillie backed them up, because she drove bus forever and ever.

Q: That's right, yes. I remember that.

A: She's the first woman bus driver that I know.

Q: And when I first moved here, I remember she was always out mowing her lawn.

A: Oh, yeah. Oh, yeah, very much.

Q: You know, she mowed her lawn until she was well into her...

A: Just like my next-door neighbor, Mary Taylor.

Q: Yes. I saw her out in the fall.

A: Oh, yeah. She's out almost every day. Seldom misses.

Q: Can you remember other people that went to school with you?

A: Oh, yeah. Of course, the—well, because I was telling you, there was Annabelle and Jane Harrington. Of course, Jane didn't go there. They—she didn't go at the same time. But—and then there was a [unintelligible 07:36] that was the Frank house there. A man named Ora Frank. He had three daughters. The oldest one was Mildred. She trained as a psychiatric nurse and she worked in—graduated Oswell (phonetic) in the northern part of the state, which was—I can't remember it. And then Beulah, she went to—she's my brother's age. So, she went to—I think she trained in—up—she trained—because that's where Mr. Frank came from up in the north country someplace. So then, of course, we

called her Berniece, but she just did office work. Last up, she had—she read papers, put all—to get the information if you owed money. That was, you know, a pretty easy job. It was pretty boring after a while.

Q: Can you remember what your first job was? I mean...

A: My first?

Q: Yeah, maybe even, how about chores you had to do, or at school or first job.

A: My first—my first real job...

Q: Yes.

A: ...of course, see, I—for some reason, my first school teacher was my Aunt Irene—a disciplinarian. If you didn't do right—whack.

Q: And what was her last name?

A: Her—it was Irene Lundberg and then Mathieson (phonetic).

Q: Okay.

A: They lived over here, yes. We built that house. So, then the—what was the use of graduating at 15, because you couldn't get a—a job. So, my brother took what they called a P.G. course. He got more education, then he could get a job right away. So, anyway, I was kind of a captive to my father because by that time my father was [unintelligible 09:28] because I rode and drove on the town road trucks at no pay. But, I'll tell you, I was well fed. My mother was a great cook, and so was my grandmother. And, let's see now. And, I guess I told you, then the next place would have been the [unintelligible]. And the next place is where Natalie Beck lives. That was—it was—that house there—that was owned by a black family, the Wickes (phonetic) family. They had a—Lester Wickes, little bit of a man. And he worked for the Allens on the farm. Then after they closed down here, he went to work for Jacob Pratt, which is a—Allen's brother-in-law...

Q: Okay.

A: ...down the road.

Q: You know what? I do know who Jacob Pratt was, because he was friends with my grampa...

A: Okay.

Q: ...who worked at G.E., and Jacob worked at G.E.

A: Well, that would be a different one.

Q: He did know my grandfather. A different one, you say?

A: He was always a farmer.

Q: Okay. All right.

A: He was the head of the Airmen's League for quite a while. He loved it. He was a better speaker than he was a farmer. If it hadn't been for Lester [unintelligible 10:36] he was a very small man, but he—you know, in those days, you used to milk the cows by hand.

Q: Oh, sure. Yes.

A: I guess, maybe, Lester hired some help. I think that little house is sitting—I'm not sure it's still there now. It was always—a little small, like a sharecroppers would build down there.

Q: Down by George Allen's house?

A: No, down by Jacob Pratt's farm down the road.

Q: Okay. Would it be across the street from his—from the farmhouse across the road?

A: No.

Q: That farmhouse, do you think, or no?

A: See, it's right around the Hudson River. Right along the Hudson River by the bay there.

Q: Yes. Yes. Okay. There is a smaller home there.

A: Yeah. Well, that's the one that Luciason (phonetic), they built that house there. This little house was north of the barn. I'm not sure it's still there or not.

Q: I don't know. And then, I always wondered, how did you come to have a store? Because when I first moved here—of course, the kids had swimming lessons, and they had such a grand time being able to walk down to your store. It just made them feel just so...

A: Yeah. Of course, see, that was an entirely different building. The big store was right here between the driveways. It was a big store. Biggest store in the county, I guess. According to the deeds, Roy Osberg's uncle bought that store in whatever year it was, 1924—2,500 bucks was a lot. And after the store was built, my father bought it for a thousand bucks. Now, he heard they were going to—they were going to rebuild it and he heard they were going to put that new road in. So, he bought an acre of land from Herman Wegern (phonetic) and built that store down there—or had it built. You know, I helped on that job, too. You didn't sit around with my father. You had to at least dig something. So, you know, all the time that my father ran it, because he—he ran out of [unintelligible 12:50] funds during the war. He had to close it up [unintelligible]. But all the time he ran it—it was sold six for a dollar. It was about 16 cents a gallon.

Q: Okay. That was gas?

A: Yeah. And he bought it from Whiteside and Son—John Whiteside and his son, for 12 cents; and John Whiteside bought it from the distributor for three cents. You know, so that's how—I get the—you would almost give gas away to get rid of it in those days.

Q: And today, did you see on the news how much it is?

A: Oh, I don't even...

Q: I think it was three...

A: It's real close to four bucks now.

Q: Yes; \$3.75.

A: They say before the summer's over, it'll be five.

Q: Oh, my goodness. When you think of—when you were just growing up here in Easton, can you remember what you did for fun with the other kids?

A: Oh, yeah, sure.

Q: What would you do for fun? Like, what kind of games would you play?

A: Baseball. I mean, the girls played different games, but we had a baseball diamond across from the school. It turned out to be a cemetery. They dug that out for—when they put gravel on the River Road. Nobody's ever said nothing. The only thing, the stones are probably still stacked up down there someplace. I think—I think that was the Barker Cemetery.

Q: Okay. Yes, I've heard of that.

A: But the bases came out right. Get—didn't slide—probably would have broke your neck if you did. You know, that was—the teacher—the teacher would go over there and watch us. Usually, the teacher was the umpire, so we wouldn't fight too much.

Q: Okay. Right. So, she would stand and call the balls, the strike, and...

A: Yeah. That was better than just—you know, they'd eat their lunch like we would in ten minutes, and then the other hour to—probably the hour to play. Must have been pretty boring, you know, for the teacher. They teach the same old thing year after year. The only thing you got—do as be one head of kids in the book.

Q: That's true. I know, being a teacher, that's what you do, you have to stay right ahead.

A: So, then the next one's—on the right hand, next to where Roy built the two houses there, was the garage. Harry Elder ran a garage there. And he had—he was a dentist by trade. And his wife was a—I don't know what you call it, by trade. Yeah. She had—she was a—she had been an orphan. She was brought up by the Gifford family over there on Beetle Hill Road. She told me that's the first—she'd been treated terrible for the last few years. She didn't even want to think about it, whatever she went through. They had to work her and starving. But she said, Mr. and Mrs. Gifford used her very well. So, yeah, she was kind of—she had an addiction to aspirin. And he told me she used to—she used to consume a hundred aspirin a week.

Q: Wow.

A: Her skin was all speckled. If she'd pinch herself with a pin, she would start [unintelligible 16:10] right off. But, you know, I—I'd go down there after school and watch him fix cars. He had taken a piece of the floor out. He was down under and was working on the cars. It was cold down there, in the winter. So [unintelligible] I says, you know, "Don't fool around with my tools." That's why I got—so he say, "Would you hand me down such and such?" I got so I knew what it was. And so, he kind of enjoyed having me there. So, one time there, they used to feed themselves, and the cows and all, on Freihofer's day-old bread. So, one afternoon there, she was always hollering, she wanted him there at 4:00 for supper. He didn't come—I should say, she'd beat him out. So, you know, he says, "Why don't you come over with us?" He says, "It's all good stuff. It's only day old." I wouldn't have [unintelligible] anyway, you always had a piece of coffee cake. And she made good coffee, better than I did at the store, but one of these days she had—they called me Smitty, she said, "Hanna, would you go and play the piano for Smitty?" "Oh, sure." She sat down. You never heard a piano played like that. No music. "Anything you want?" She'd play it,

whoop, just like that.

Q: You could just ask her to play a song and she could do it?

A: Oh, yeah. Well, I'll tell you who was a person very much like that is Annabelle Bott, only she's got an organ now, I guess.

Q: Does she? She has an organ...

A: Yeah.

Q: ...at her house?

A: Yeah. Well, then, the next—that little yellow house that now belongs to Allen Brownell (phonetic), that was Fred Taylor and his wife, yeah. His wife, she—it's hard to explain, you know. You don't remember my sister, in the little yellow house?

Q: Yes, I know where Bean (phonetic) lives, yes, up the hill.

A: Of course, that was where young Ronny Snell had his house way back when—the house was right close to the road. It was three stories, that house. And [unintelligible 18:27] she was—her husband was killed in the Civil War, and so was the lady across the street. Her sister, her name was Emma Miller. Her husband was—I remember, they were both killed in the Civil War. So, she lived there on a pension. And old Samuel [unintelligible], he was her handyman. He cut her wood and mowed her lawn and he got free board. He was pretty well taken care of.

Q: So that worked out okay for them then?

A: Yeah, it worked out, because he, you know—he didn't like women. Yeah. So, it's hard to believe how much progress—I mean, things were by hand or by horse and buggy. Those machines you got now, you know, 12, 15, 25 rows at a time.

Q: It is amazing.

A: Well, you know, I don't think they make—we had more fun in those days. After supper, we relaxed for a couple hours and you'd have to be in bed by 10:00, but you could play cards or your folks would take you to a neighbor's.

Q: Okay. That's what I did wonder. So, you did have some down time after your chores were done and...

A: Oh, sure. Yeah. As far as going out after—after supper, you know, so what. So, the hay went to—we'll get some next year. Yeah, because I used to—I never had a babysitter because my—we always got taken up to grandma's, which is the big house where Zinns (phonetic) live there.

Q: And that your grandmother, you said?

A: That was my grandmother.

Q: Okay. And that—all right.

A: Her and her husband came here from Sweden in the late 1880s, I guess. You know, we talk about—and they'd escaped from Sweden. They didn't get here—they were supposed to pay their toll. And they jumped the fence and nobody knew where they were for five years.

Q: And so, you'd go to visits neighbors and...

A: Oh, yeah. Yeah. You sure wouldn't go—well, I'll tell you, we had a regular radio that sat right over there. It was an Atwater Kent, a little—just pull that chain over the top there. That's what puts it on.

Q: Thank you.

A: That's probably—that bulb's burnt out. I forgot what I was saying. Must have been a lie.

Q: You were talking about when you visited neighbors and then...

A: Oh, yeah.

Q: You said you never needed a babysitter.

A: No, because you always had—you got taken to grandma's. Anybody can take care of their kids [unintelligible 21:20], but you [unintelligible] nobody's going to touch my mother's little babies. So, I remember, my—my aunt—or, my Uncle Eddie, which is my mother's youngest brother—there was only three of them anyway—was married to Aunt Ruth. He was married right there in the yard. And they were—had the background of the wells. It was a beautiful well, so [unintelligible] that's where they [unintelligible] I think they were talking about an Indian maiden. God, she was a wonderful person. Everybody [unintelligible] up there and [unintelligible] everybody, and Phoebe, I just loved her. She was crippled up, had to set in that wheelchair, but she got so she just wanted to get out of there.

Q: So, she was at Pleasant Valley?

A: Yeah.

Q: Yes. Okay.

A: She was there for 25, 30 years. Well, she was crippled up down here. She—it was like four steps. She had a hell of a time getting up to the—she had what they call elephantitis [sic]. Her legs all swelled up. I never knew what it was. But, you know, she would help around—but she hated—she was afraid of those tractors, but she would drive them.

Q: Do you remember what your first car that you drove, can you remember what kind it was?

A: Well, I drove a lot—some cars when I shouldn't have been driving.

Q: Can you remember what kinds they were?

A: About that time, I don't know if they still had the Model A or not, but we used to have three or four cows here. But—and sometimes their milk—we'd take the XX milk up to Uncle Eddie's and put it in with his milk. So, I used to drive up there with the pail. And one time I [unintelligible 23:12], but I was lucky enough not to—after that I said—I said, "You better take it easy." So then, after that he had Model A Fords sedans, because he had a use for a family car, had to be used to transport stuff for that store. And I'll tell you, he had a car load going down and a car load coming back twice a week, sometimes stuff tied on the roof around the rear bumper.

Q: So, you put on—it sounds like you put on as much as you could?

A: Oh, yeah. Yeah. Yeah. Mr. Veery (phonetic) next door got second—I can't—used to take a lot of his stuff. When we were going down there, one day he had some crates of chickens. And he [unintelligible 23:54] live chickens. And that was tied on the bumper, one crate. And that one come off and we chased chickens all around until we caught them all. So, yeah, I guess I told you that. Because Fred—Fred Taylor, he made his first nickel in 1832, and he still had that when he died. He was the tightest man you ever know. I remember, during the war, because, you know, you were supposed to recycle [unintelligible], and so, it was our job, my brother and I—my brother had a pickup by then. I couldn't drive it. We'd go around and tell the people when we were coming. If you had papers or if you had bacon grease or so. So, one night—they had a phone down there. So, Mary Taylor called and said, "Fred's got some stuff out. You got to—like, put it in the drive." So, she says, "Can you come down tonight?" [Unintelligible] so there was a room above the—that part of the house [unintelligible] bedroom [unintelligible] so he's got a suit on, a vest. So, he

puts on top of that an overcoat, an ear-lapper hat, and he walks up the stairs and says, "There's the stuff," and walks right [unintelligible]. Then he used to come over, because my father ran the store down there. They had the cheeses. You know, all the cheese came in like wheels.

Q: Yes. I've heard of that, sure.

A: And so, you'd cut them—[unintelligible 25:38] he said, "How's your cheese? You got any snappy cheese?" And my father, you know, he'd always say, "Well, I'm not sure." So, anyway, so he'd shave him off a little piece with the knife and hand that to him. "No, that's not quite it. Let me try a little bit more," you know. And eventually, he got enough to have a meal, but never paid for nothing. He used to...

Q: Kept taking a little at a time.

A: ...get the Tory Record newspaper, which was then five cents a day, and read the newspaper, fold it up, and take it over and sell it to Elden for two cents.

Q: It sounds like you knew everybody very well.

A: Well, I was around those people. They were either—you were with them or again' them. Nobody harmful here. And, of course, Alvin Brown, his house was not even there then. That was part of the Darrow farm. So, we were down in the—of course, that was where Jim Prague now lives.

Q: Okay. The Darrow farm?

A: Well, that's the old [unintelligible 26:40] the next house down.

Q: All right. Yes. Okay. I know where you mean.

A: So, when we...

Q: So, the lower end?

A: Yeah. Jim Prague is there now. That was the Presky (phonetic) farm. And that was Joe Presky. He originally owned a farm on McGowan Road. He did well. He bought that farm. Pretty good farm. So, when he—his—he had, let's see, five or six children. His first wife—his first wife died having the last kid that was hers because it was John. She had a place up by north Easton there. You know, the family still owns it, but [unintelligible 26:53] use his land. So, they—anyway, so there was a—I think—I think maybe John was the oldest, or John or [unintelligible]. And there was a beautiful Polish girl, very—she

was—she became a great teacher. Then there was Joe, who was my age. Of course, like me, he started school at four years old. And he liked it pretty well. Nice—my aunt said, "No." "Oh, come on." Joe says, "He wants to go to school. You got to let him go to school," [unintelligible]. But, you know, he was so anxious to go to school he come up, crossed Route 40, that had just been put in that [unintelligible], ran right in front of a car. And he was in the hospital with a fractured skull for months and months and months, but he finally pulled through. He's the one that had the baby burn up down at Crandall's Corners there. And there was a—let's see. And George. Of course, George lived down there at the Route 40 and Wood Road there.

Q: On Wood Road and Route 40 and...

A: Yeah, where—next farm up. Because you used to approach that farm, that little narrow road [unintelligible 28:44] top of the hill, that's her. You know, one of the Cartner (phonetic) girls... You know, then, of course, the Darrows, that was—that was in the school district, too, but the old [unintelligible] I owned that house, I wish I could have done something with it. They kept [unintelligible] it was a pretty—I don't know when it was built. It was partly built before the Revolutionary War [unintelligible] log cabin [unintelligible].

Q: Where was that again, Smitty?

A: It was back when you—about to cross Marilyn Brown's you turn down Long Lane and then you go down and you turn right, it goes back in there. It's closer to the Allen farm than it is to the State Road.

Q: Okay.

A: That's the way you got in there, from Allen's.

Q: Okay. Allen's Lane, that road?

A: Yeah. That's—that's a myth; that is not a public road.

Q: I know. That's their driveway.

A: Well, they expect the town to plow it, but...

Q: You know what I think I'll do?

A: What?

Q: I'm going to change this disk. It's almost done.

A: Whatever you want to do.

Q: Okay. Do you have enough time? I'll put on more in and then that way—is it picking up?

A: So, we were on the Darrow family, apparently.

Q: Yes, we were on the Darrow family.

A: You see, the Darrow family and the—what do they call it? The house down there is the Barker Darrow house. They're like two families kind of gone together. So, apparently—oh, wait a minute. The grandfather, the one that I knew—I say, the grandfather, he was not only a farmer, but a harness maker. And he had a little shop along Route 40 with all glass [unintelligible 30:55].

Q: What was that, Smitty?

A: A harness shop.

Q: A harness shop.

A: Made leather [unintelligible 31:00] —harness or leather [unintelligible] expert.

Q: So, would that be any kind of straps that were needed?

A: Oh, complete harnesses, which it took a lot of stuff, layers and layers of leather [unintelligible 31:13] for [unintelligible] might contain 25 or 30 layers of leather.

Q: Where do you think he got his leather from?

A: From the people who had cows around here. Because you had to know how to tan the leather. He probably sent it anyway somewhere and had it tanned, because over around Amsterdam was— big tannery over in Pound River, Vermont, too, which polluted all the ground, according—they say. So, anyway, he was probably a better harness man—maker than he was a—I'll tell you another harness maker who was town clerk in the Town of Easton was Fred E. Merrill, Fred Merrill's uncle. He was not only the town clerk, he was the harness maker at—where the store burned down is. So that, you know, that was important. If you had a good harness maker you were not in bad shape. I remember when I was young, I had to go down to the place in Watervliet, the Pete's, harness makers were the last ones in the territory. They're probably still in business. They make saddles and all that kind of stuff. So, you know...

Q: Do you remember people shoeing horses?

A: Oh, very well. That's the blacksmiths down there, yeah. I got bored because I didn't have much trouble with school, you know, for some reason. Kind of come naturally. It either come naturally or my aunt would give me a whack on the back. So—so, yeah, I used to— at first I stopped at the blacksmith shop because [unintelligible 33:00] Sam Clark's Wagon Shop. Apparently, it was—in that wagon shop, the people that worked there lived up on the third floor. That was a nice plaster apartment up there. I used to go down there and this John Cameron (phonetic), who was a giant of a man, you know, had big broad—broad bone. And I set there watching him, I said, "Do you mind if I come inside and watch you?" "Okay." He said, "Watch me, just don't tell me nothing." So, I was in there and I was watching him, because the old bellows—the old brick forge is still there, but they had a bellows, like a puff bellows where you...

Q: Yes, I know what you mean.

A: ...pump that. So, I reached down on a pull up over his head and pulled it down two or three times. And I'll tell you, you'd have to pump that quite a few times to get—that mill had to be white hot before you could weld that—white. If it was red, it would not do a good job.

Q: They couldn't bend it the way they needed to...

A: Not to make a weld. I don't think you'd be able to bend it like red, but—pretty much so. You know, Mrs. Cameron—maybe I'm—yeah, her—she had been Mrs. Birmingham, who ran the—he wasn't a wagon maker, he was just a blacksmith. So, he died, so she had to get somebody to run... So, she got John Cameron, who she married. Well, in those days—because my folks had extra milk, used to sell it to—used to have these little pails, like a one-quart pail. And she'd call my mother up and she wanted milk on a certain day. So, I'd take the—she had two cans. I'd take one down and the other—and the other—she'd hand me the other one, the other one would be just two cents to pay for the next quart. So, I went down there one morning and she had one of those, they called they porch lighters, where they went back and forth. So, I—I—we traded the milk pails and she said, "How'd you like to ride in my swing?" Oh, boy, I said, "Oh, would I love that." So, I got in there, I had to go, you know, so far. She had me play their deliveries [unintelligible 34:57]. So, the next time I went down there with milk, I said nothing. She gave me the pail. I got back in the swing. She said, "Did I tell you to get in there?" I said, "No." She said, "If I want you to get in there, I'll ask you."

Q: She'd let you know.

A: And, of course, where the Darrows owned their—you know where the old—you know

where the old store is down there? [Unintelligible 36:01] the outside's like an orange color now?

Q: Yes, I think so. You mean on Route 40?

A: No. It's right across from that little house—Allen Brownell, that little yellow house there.

Q: Okay. Yes, I know where you mean.

A: So, you...

Q: Allen Brownell's.

A: That was a—that was a—that was the original store way, way back. It had one of those posts up, inside, the little box where they—sitting there. Had the cubby holes for the people's mail, to sort people's—also the postmaster. So, it was the same way up in—near the [unintelligible 36:34] a few years ago. And, you know, and, of course, Eldens (phonetic) raised chickens in there. But then, as far as I know, unless [unintelligible] that thing is still there, that little post office. And, of course, that—the yellow [unintelligible], that was the Barker House.

Q: Was that a hotel?

A: That was a hotel. Does it say Barker House? What does it say on there? I forget what—young Ronnie [unintelligible 37:06] has brought all that lettering out—all preserved. And that was a ballroom.

Q: Did you ever dance there? Did you go to dances?

A: No. I've been there, but—no, that was in my father's era, grandfather's, I guess. Because in those days, there were only kerosene lights or candles. So, they had a big meeting down there one night. And at a certain time of the proceedings, somebody turned out all the lights and, bango. That's what they used to call that—actually, bango was a Dutch name. So, they said—there were a lot of Dutch around here in those days.

Q: Yeah. I imagine there would be.

A: Oh, yeah. So, anyway, there was that place then. And Darrows owned four houses along there, behind the—the wagon shop. The one where Don Darrow now lives there, that was three different lots there, and the one—his brother lives in the biggest lot, that's Bobby's. By the way, he got hurt pretty bad. He's going to make it, but he's going to be laid up for—crushed between two great big trucks.

Q: When was that?

A: It was in the last three, four days.

Q: Oh, my goodness.

A: Yeah. You know—do you know where, oh, where Cindy Allen and Balter, the lawyer, lives there?

Q: Yes. Cindy Balter now...

A: Yeah. That was Perry's—that was Hattie Perry's father's farm. That was in this district, too. But—of course, I—she never had any children, so there was—she never had no family with the school. [Unintelligible 39:14] these little places like this, it's—the Perry place probably contained probably ten acres, you know. They had every kind of a vegetable; they had apple trees, and berries, and strawberries, and he made a great living there. He would go away with a full car load and sell them—and be back in an hour and sell them just like nothing.

Q: Can you remember, did you meet—did you help your mom with vegetables? Did you do that type of work?

A: No. My mother never had—she ran the store. She had no time for vegetables. Well, she had a little bit, but—yeah, because, you know, like I told you, they had to build that new store down—by the way, that store was built in 1934, I think it was. The total cost of that building, labor and materials, was 3,500 bucks, I think.

Q: Wow. It's a lot different than today, isn't it?

A: Well, in that store is the finest lumber in the—not a knot in the whole store. Not a knot.

Q: The lumber that's in there doesn't have any knots?

A: Not a one, no.

Q: Where would you get your—where would you get your lumber from?

A: It came from in Prion (phonetic) Lumber Company in Mechanicsville.

Q: In Mechanicsville?

A: Yeah.

Q: That's where you got it from?

A: It all came in there. You had these buildings out there, the railroad tracks right in—they were in between these buildings. Just, all by hand, hand the stuff up and—it was—those things ever just—and they had a—they made windows and doors. I was down there one time in later years and they had about, probably 45, 50 people working there making doors and windows. So, you know, you see that order there because that was designed by Elmer Lumber, Burton, Mary Gillis' father designed it and built by him. And, you know, you'd call up and—who they want for the day or the week, they'd bring it up.

Q: That was really handy.

A: Oh, yeah. And if he got there, he'd say [unintelligible 41:17] would drop around once a week. "How is everything?" He said, "If you find any knots, take them back." We were not going to say any bad stuff. So then—well, I don't know what—I'll almost guarantee you, it's probably assessed for 100,000 bucks now.

Q: I think probably.

A: But, it's funny because that was way below grade. And the—you know, the...

Q: Do you mean the grade of the road?

A: Yeah.

Q: Yes.

A: Well, the new road.

Q: [Unintelligible 41:56] new road they put...

A: Whiteside sent a truck down here, it was an old Model A, had to crank it up by hand [unintelligible 42:03] in there for a month, had a [unintelligible] something out. Then they put the tanks in. First electric pumps in the whole territory here. And before that, the hand gas pumps, too.

Q: So, you're thinking of the first electric pumps?

A: Yeah. Yeah. They read like a clock, Minuteman Smith.

Q: Okay. With the dial, okay.

A: Yeah. And then they wired it all up, and had it wired, and put the tanks in the ground, and they must have spent a lot of money because, you know, all the wiring going to the pump are underground. Had a big sign—lettered sign on time, Esso Gas.

Q: Esso, yes. I remember the little sponges. Remember the little sponges, the Esso sponges?

A: Gosh, I don't.

Q: [Unintelligible 42:54] water and then they would...

A: Oh, I don't remember those. Yeah, so, of course, Herman Wenger owned this. This was his retirement little farm here where Tillie was. His farm was on the River Road, just north of Crandall's Corners—or, Crandall's Corners Road at—oh, what do they call that bridge down there?

Q: Well, there's Stillwater Bridge, but that's part of the dam.

A: No. This right here in—where...

Q: [Unintelligible 43:33.]

A: Yeah. It's down near where Rose Bassett—near Rose and her husband [unintelligible 43:41.] Well, anyway, that's where Crandall's Corners Road meets the river there.

Q: I know where you mean. I know where that bridge is, but I—I—because I didn't grow up here, I don't...

A: Yeah. See, that's—that was Wenger Lane way down to there. So that was his farm. He—his son got married, and he turned the farm over to him and came up here for retirement. And his—his son died young, Porter Wenger died young. And she was—Porter was married by Spencer Kellogg. He ran that farm a while. He was another—he was more of a playboy than he was a farmer. Yup. Yeah.

Q: Did you go to Burton Hall a lot?

A: Oh, well, when there was things going on. There was a lot of things going on there.

Q: Can you remember some of the things that went on?

A: Oh, yeah. It was probably at least once a month, dances, round and square dancing. And

usually local orchestras. [Unintelligible 44:53] orchestra play [unintelligible].

Q: Did Annabelle play there?

A: Not there, but her mother did. Her mother and father both. And Harold Snell, the old [unintelligible 45:04]. And, of course, Bertha Henderson. Now, her mother was—she was quite a talent. She's the one that painted that picture on the Burton Hall curtain. She married Frank Wells. She was a Wells. Isn't that funny, I can't remember—she was Gray Stickson's (phonetic) mother, and Welling Wells, who had—who was a janitor at Burton Hall. And—isn't that funny. Yeah, I can't think of her name.

Q: Would the orchestra be up on the stage?

A: No. They...

Q: Where would they be?

A: No. They'd be—well, not very often. Because they'd be right down—there was used to be a great, big, tall piano on the left-hand corner right up—right in there. That's where the orchestra set. That place would be so full, you couldn't—hard to make their square dances there. There was no—not much to do. It was fun, though. I couldn't [unintelligible 46:13]. Of course, my mother and father ran the store. They were part of that. They went to...

[End of audio.]