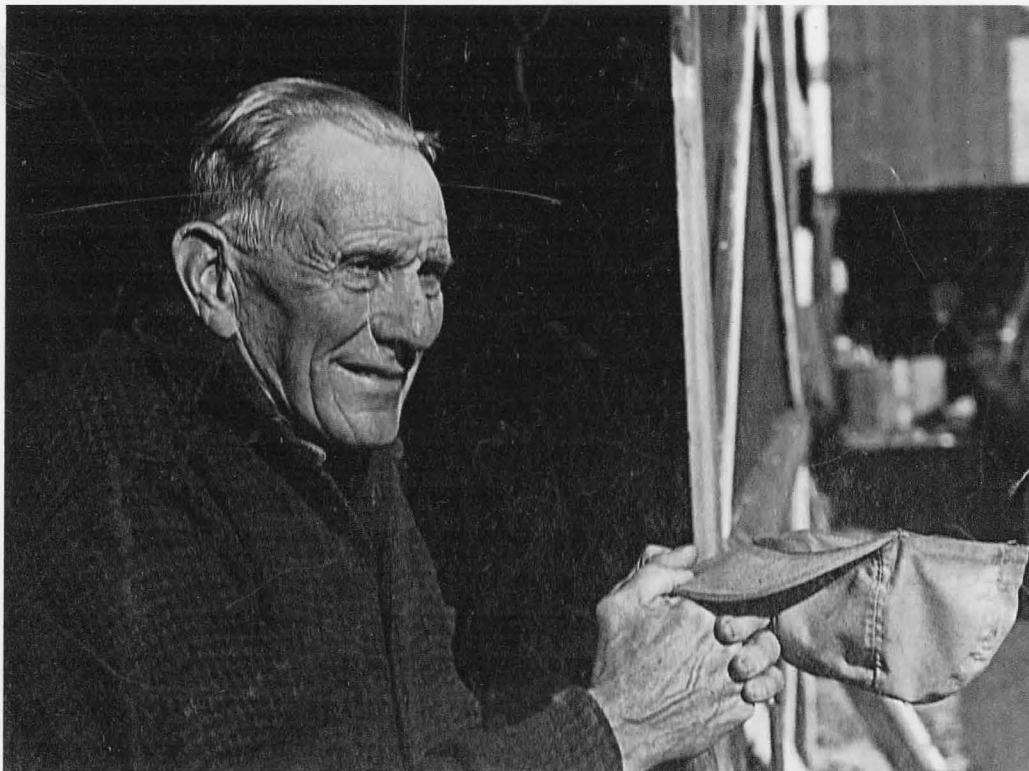


Stub:

The Life & Times of Francis Robert Hunt



Written by:

Lodema "Dolly" Hunt

(Adapted from stories told by Francis, Bertha & Curtis Hunt)

Foreword

In order to find your way in the future, it is very important to know where you come from. The future is built upon the blocks of the past. This is why we thought it was very important that Dolly's story be shared with everyone in the family. We decided to present it in this format so that notes, new stories, pictures and other mementos could easily be added. We owe it to ourselves, but also to future generations, to follow Dolly and Stub's lead and document our stories to be handed down. They have given us all a very special gift and we should take on the responsibility of presenting that gift to our children, grandchildren, great grandchildren and countless future generations. Please enjoy this beautiful story of hard work, faith, family and love. It is copied from Dolly's original work, done on her typewriter, with minimal editing for grammar and spelling. We are all blessed to be able to call such remarkable people family.

Merry Christmas!

Love,

Adrian, Nicole & Cordelia

2013

INTRODUCTION

On Nov. 2, 1994 my dear husband, Francis (Stub) Hunt asked me to write a story of his life for his ninety-first birthday which will be here Saturday November fifth. I will endeavor to do so, through stories he and his folks have told me, to pass on to his children and grandchildren. My father did his life for we Banks kids, which has been a joy to us. I hope that God will grant me the privilege to do this before he calls either Stub or I home.

The late summer of 1903, Curtis and Bertha Hunt bought a fifty acre farm with a humble little farm house. In those days there was no insulation, no running water (except a pump in the sink room), no electricity, no indoor plumbing and no telephone. Yet with determination, they and their two and a half year old boy Arthur, moved to their farm on a narrow dirt road leading to Granby, Ct., therefore, called the Granby Road.

On November 5th, 1903, Bertha gave birth to a four and a half pound baby boy with the assistance of a neighbor lady. He was wrapped in cotton batting and placed in a basket behind the kitchen stove where there would be no draft. This is the beginning of this little essay about the life of Francis Robert Hunt.



EARLY CHILDHOOD

Francis got the nickname "Stub" when very young. Mr. Boshart of Westfield moved his saw mill to the land across the road from the farm. As the folks did everything they could to make ends meet and pay for their farm, they boarded two of the mill hands. Francis grew to a little fellow that they said was as big one way as the other, so the men called him "little Stub". The name Stub has followed him to this day. The men played "Tiddle Winks" with him, and I can imagine he took advantage of their admiration.

Mother Hunt was a great cook, and made the most of their meager means by making do with what they had, and did not worry as they do today about fats, salt and sugar. Dad Hunt was a fireman for Noble & Cooley Drum Factory. He brought home eleven dollars weekly for six, fourteen hour days. They raised chickens, a pig yearly, a cow for milk, and some years a beef. The beef was processed in jars for future use, that which couldn't be used while fresh. Pig butchering was quite a process. Water was heated to scald the pig so the hair could be scraped off before opening and cleaning the pig. Then it was hung to cool all the animal heat. This had to be done before cutting it up. The hams and bacon were put in a brine for about ten days, and then smoked. The slabs of salt pork were cut in pieces and put down in salt in a large earthen crock. This was used all year for creamed gravies, in baked beans, chowders, and vegetables. No old time farmer was without a crock of salt pork. When warm weather started, the ham that had not been used was sliced and fried and put in layers in an earthen crock. Grease was poured over each layer to seal it, and then it was put in the cold cellar to be taken out a slice at a time as needed. It was a tasty meal.

Of course there was always a big vegetable garden, and the boys at an early age had the job of pulling weeds. Vegetables were processed in glass jars except carrots, beets, turnips and potatoes which were stored in what was called the root cellar. Young Stub grew and thrived on this good food, and to this day, no bad affects from the diet.

It was not all work and no play. They had a happy family life. Stub and his brother, Arthur, soon learned to wander in the fields, woods and by streams to find wonders of nature to bring home to learn the names and their uses. He soon learned that the big chestnut trees had a bountiful supply of chestnuts. He would gather them, and bag them, and sell them to folks up street for five cents a bag. He also learned that the ladies liked arbutus, so in

season he picked bunches and sold them for ten cents a bunch. His folks always had him keep his own change for his bank.

A great pleasure was when dad's cousin, Ethel Twining (later married to Russell Alden) came for extended vacations from the city. She always brought treats to the boys. One thing that he cherished for years, and it may be around here yet, was a little fry pan containing candies.

Back then there were two farmers who did their farming with oxen, the Champlin brothers, and "Wint" Clapp. One of Stub's youthful highlights was when Mr. Roy Champlin was on his way to the saw mill for sawdust, driving his oxen drawing an ox cart. He stopped and asked Stub if he would like a ride. Stub was thrilled to ride behind those big beasts because his folks farmed with a big work horse. Stub not only remembers the ride, but when he jumped off the cart, he jumped in a yellow jacket's nest. Mr. Champlin soon cured that by rubbing the wet sawdust on the stings.

His care free days in the fields, and woods, light chores etc. had to come to an end, for he was nearing six years old, and time for first grade. There were no pre-school or kindergarten classes in those days.

SCHOOL DAYS

Stub always regretted that it was impossible for him to go further in school than the 9 grades provided in Granville. There was no transportation to Westfield except on daily stage. If you were financially able to board in Westfield or had relatives to stay with during the week, you then went to Westfield High School. As these choices were impossible for him, he gained knowledge through God's creations, and helped many understand the wonders and varieties of plants, trees, water sources and their uses. So many products of wild life are good for food, medicinal purposes and just to beautify.

His nine years of schooling were busy ones. At an early age, he had a trap line that covered a three mile circuit. He had to attend these traps before going to school. He trapped for small animals for their fur, and some for the meat. He had a market for both. He usually got up by 5:30 in the morning, and many mornings started out with a lantern. He loved these trips of discovery in the woods.

One time on his way to school, he looked up on the clearing, and saw that his trap had been disturbed since he was there. So he and Art ran up to it, and found a skunk caught. It was head first in a hole which it had dug, and only his hind end showed. They had no fear of being sprayed as a skunk has to face you with his tail up and sprays over his head. They tried to pull him out by the tail with no success. They had to leave so not to be late for school. They could not smell themselves, but when they got in line at school, the kids told the teachers that Stub and Art stunk with skunk. Consequently, the teacher sent them home to change their clothes. As the boys had one set of clothes for school, and one for work, they put on their work clothes while mother brushed their school clothes and hung them on the line. Meanwhile, the boys went back up and dug out the skunk and killed him. They got back in time for a scrubbing, and returned to school in the same clothes they had on before, and all was well. They were happy boys as they had part of a day off from school.

Another interesting trapping story was when Stub caught a red fox. The fur wasn't prime so he decided to keep it for a while, feed it, and wait for colder weather when the fur would be ready. He put it in a berry a crate, and put it in the outhouse where he thought it could do no harm. In the morning when Stub went to feed him, he was in the crate, but he proved the saying that fox are "foxy". In the night he had escaped from the crate. Trying to find a way to

escape, he must have tried every one of the three holers as that outhouse was surely a mess. Poor little Stub had a busy day cleaning. He still was determined to keep that fox so he took him to the corn crib where he knew he would be safe. That fox could slip between the slats on the crate, and Stub would find him in all sorts of hiding places in the corn crib when he went to feed him. Stub finally had enough, so killed the fox and skun him and decided he would be satisfied with whatever the fur brought.

The school had grades one through four on the first floor. The school was located where the Petersen house is now, next to the brook that crosses Granby Road. When he got in the upper grades, he got the job filling the wood boxes, and starting fires in both the stoves, and sweeping the floors for two dollars a week.

After school they had to get home to do the chores assigned to them. Stub had to get the potatoes pared and in the little iron kettle ready for supper. Now that the boys were older and in school, mother went out doing housework for different ones. Art's job was to start the barn chores before the folks came home. Each boy knew their duties and never dared shirk them, as their folks were strict disciplinarians. They were never unkind, but expected respect, something Stub has always been thankful for. He had other jobs at times and things he enjoyed. During World War I, the school children gathered milk weed pods for the government, as the fluffy fibers were used to make life jackets. Of course stub enjoyed doing that as well as the rest of the kids. They knew where all those milk weeds could be found and did a good job gathering many bags full.

Another paying job for Stub was when his mother was doing cleaning. She used the old Regina vacuum cleaner which had a long handle on it to be pumped for the suction. He was happy to do the pumping for ten cents an hour.

Summer vacations he worked for Ted Wackerbarth's grandparents, both in the house and in the hay field for two dollars a week.

Mother said that whenever he got paid, he would dump out his bank and count it. She said it was a wonder that he didn't wear his money out. But, he didn't because he took thirteen dollars out to buy his first bicycle. That bike was some different than the ones today, but it was a joy to him as he could ride it to and from school. There had been other old bikes on the farm which the boys even rode over to Beech Hill to see Grandma Barnes, and take goodies from mother to her mother.

It sounds as if it was all work and no play, but it was far from that. The Holcombs lived next door with quite a family. That farm had a string of farm buildings which was ideal for playing hide and seek. In the winter they loved sliding down cemetery hill. Dad made each of the boys double rips. Today most young folks don't know what you are talking about. They are two low sleds bolted to a long board in a flexible way so as to steer. The front had a foot board and a rope for steering. Stub was a more adventurous type and his finally were worse for wear. Art was more cautious and would spare his rips so to this very day they are in good condition, and are safely stored in Todd's garage. Stub had to show Todd how to steer them, and at 89 years old, Stub slid down Todd's driveway three times.

When weather was too bad for play outside, or when it got dark early, the Holcombs and the boys would play games together. He still has his India board game which is smudged from hands that weren't always the cleanest.

TEEN AGE THROUGH EARLY TWENTIES

Now that Stub was about fifteen and his school days over, it was up to him to earn his way. He was one of the first to raise cauliflower around here, and he had a market for the beautiful heads at Carrier's Market in Westfield. They sold fast because it was something new on the market. He also sold chickens and veal calves whenever he had any ready for market.

He had a job with his horse for the Gibbons store. Farmers brought cord wood and left it in piles in exchange for groceries. Then Stub's job was to keep a supply down by the cellar door for the furnace. He and his horse earned twenty-five cents an hour for keeping the supply ready for the furnace.

He worked for Bert Roberts who owned the farm that Ralph Hiers bought later. He did all sorts of jobs for him. He had a hand in the farming activities which at different times was raising potatoes or tobacco, haying, etc.. After Stub had his driver's license, he drove Bert's truck to haul the drums from Noble and Cooley to Westfield to the freight houses. That truck was a flat bed, solid rubber tires, and with a governor set for fifteen miles an hour. Sometimes he had to make time, and would coast down any hill that he could. I thought it was an art how he could tie all those drum cartons on that truck without them slipping off. Some where in wooden boxes that would help hold them on. Then he had to pick up the freight for the drum shop, groceries for Gibbons store, and even coal for individuals, and put it in their cellars. Sometimes when sheep skins for drum heads came in from New Zealand or Australia, they were in what is called hogsheads, kegs weighing from 1000 to 1200lbs. It was quite a job for him to get them rolled onto the truck for home. Crates of tin came in that weighed two hundred and twenty pounds a piece. So, he learned to do heavy work at an early age.

Some of his jobs overlapped as he was needed. He worked for Town of Granville both with pick and shovel and later driving their first trucks to break them in. When the Granby Road from the foot of the hill below our house to the corner of Silver Street was built, Wilbur Pendleton was in charge, and he hired Stub. The road was to have a stone foundation fifteen wide with three foot shoulders. The center was one foot high tapered down to seven inches on the sides. Farmers used to work out their taxes by working their teams on the road. They had flat bottom wagons, with certain floor boards that pulled out, and let the stones or gravel out in a pile for the road hands to level off to the right measurements. There were no dump trucks in Granville. Stub's job was to lay the stones to the right scale. The stone wall along the road was used

after the stones were split for the road. He must have done a good job because when it was completed, Mr. Pendleton gave Stub a signet ring in appreciation of his work in addition to his wages.

At sixteen the forty acres across the road from the farm was for sale. The folks heard that the people who were interested in buying it, were folks they really didn't want for neighbors. So, Stub decided to buy the land, and Dad Hunt had to keep it in his name until Stub was of age. He paid five hundred dollars for it, and if he had bought it a week earlier, he could have got it for half the price. The owner died and when the son took over, he doubled the price. However, it has turned out to be one of the best investments he ever could have made, as you will see as this little story moves on.

One winter he worked for Congamond Ice Co. in Southwick, but that I will write more about at a later time in connection with our ice boxes when we were first married.

In 1923, I came to town to work for Noble Cooley Co. as a bookkeeper. I was to take Herb Hiers' place as he, Art, Ralph and Guy Hansen were going with Mr. & Mrs. Crowingshield of Greenfield and two boys, Eddie and Lester, on a trip across the country. That was quite an undertaking in their open cars. They were to be gone all summer, and I thought my job was to be temporary. However, when Herb returned, Mr. Cooley wanted him in another position, and asked me to stay, which I did gladly for ten years. Stub was doing the trucking then, but it took a couple of years before he took any interest in me. He was very bashful. Art was a match maker. Art worked in the shipping room, and one night after work Art brought me down to the farm. Stub was on the steps cranking the ice cream freezer and didn't even look up, but Art picked me up and sat me on his back, and said this is my brother.

We did have a fun courtship which lasted a long time as we both had responsibilities. I loved coming down to the farm and getting involved in what was going on. I always cherished the time I had with Dad Hunt planting a strawberry bed. We had such good talks. We had good times with the folks going to square dances together, and followed the Sammy Springs square dances for a while until dad's health failed. We introduced square dancing to Ivor Burge, a student from Australia at Springfield College. He filled in as pastor at our little church for a while, and stayed with the Hunts weekends. He always said that Stub was the only brother he ever had, and we have kept in touch these many years. He and his wife have been back to visit and after her death he has been back again. He had such a love for square dancing that he

introduced it in Australia. He formed dance clubs and now sixty-eight years later, he has been calling for the dances. This last year he has had to give up, but did form a club for a retired couple's home.

Stub and I planned to be married, but kept putting it off as he was helping his folks as dad was dying of cancer. My folks needed help too, and we girls were taking care of them and I wanted to do my share. Finally my dad, in his late eighties fell out of an apple tree he was pruning and was taken to the hospital with a broken hip. Both parents wanted to see us married and asked us to make plans. My father came home from the hospital with a nurse, and a hospital bed.

Therefore after four years of courtship, we stood at the head of my father's bed, Dad Hunt was in his makeshift wheelchair nearby and Glad played the organ. This took place in my folk's living room in the third house on the left going up Granville Hill. My pastor, Reverend Ayers of Westfield Baptist Church, came out and "tied the knot". My mother had the refreshments and the guests were our brothers and sisters, Mrs. Sanderson, who owned the house and lived in part of it, and dear old Ed Henry who lived across the road and thought a lot of us, and of course dad's nurse.

We took an overnight trip, but didn't want to leave our folks for long. Bear Mountain Bridge had recently been built, and as I am fascinated with big bridges, we decided to go and see that. We crossed over the Hudson, drove around West Point and home. We stayed overnight at a bed and breakfast farm house. At first they explained that they weren't open yet, but if we would take them as they were, we could stay. We had a nice evening with them and when we went to bed, we were laughing of how we had fooled them. We knew they didn't realize we were just married. After breakfast they were seeing us off, and then they said, "I see you were prepared for rainy weather," and pointed under our Ford run about. Someone had hung a pair of overshoes under it. How we all laughed! Our secret was no secret. Also, then we understood why so many people were friendly and waved at us when we were traveling. Coming from Great Barrington over muddy roads, we had our first flat tire we ever had in all our courtship. We didn't even have a jack with us, but Stub lifted up the car and I placed a rock under. He changed the tire, or rather patched it with a piece of belting, all this in his new clothes. Then when we got to Tolland, we really got stuck in the mud and had to go to a nearby farm. The man came with his horse and pulled us out. Well, we did get home the next night as planned, but not until about 11 pm. Thus started our new life.

OUR EARLY FARMING DAYS TOGETHER

We made our first home in an apartment in the farm house. Stub's parents kept their rooms downstairs, and we had the four upstairs rooms. I continued to work in the office for three years and Stub kept working on the road. I got twenty-five dollars a week which was very good pay. Stub got fifty cents an hour, which was good pay if he could get a full week. If they had only worked an hour or two, and it started to rain, if they had to stop working, their pay stopped and that was it for the day. Now some days the help can go back to the barn and wait it out or do odd jobs and get paid for a full day.

We raised a big garden and also still had high bush blueberries in the swamp on Stub's land. These we sold door to door in Westfield thanks to Stub's uncle Curt. It was sort of a continuation of what they did when Stub was very young and going to school. He and his mother picked berries one day and picked them over. The next day they drove the horse and buggy to Westfield and sold them house to house for fifteen cents a quart. Mother then treated Stub by buying a musk melon to eat on the way home. One time she found a two dollar bill in the road coming home. They were happy with a good day's pay that day.

Finally, we had saved enough so each of us bought a cow, and that was the beginning of our dairy business. At first Avola and Ralph and Herb and Adeline bought the milk from us. Soon, by word of mouth, it got around that we had milk to sell, and people wanted a change. The other farmer that had peddled milk in town didn't cool the milk before going on his route with a can and measuring cup. He would measure what people wanted and pour into a waiting pan. Of course it didn't stay sweet as long. Finally we added more cows and had to plan things for real dairying.

We didn't have hay enough on our own land, and so we had to go wherever we could to either buy some or some was given us for the mowing. Haying in those days was more of a chore than it is today. After mowing it had to be cured to just the right stage, often being hindered by thunderstorms, and then again the drying process. When it was ready, the loose hay was pitched up from the rows of raked hay to one on the wagon loading. It had to be loaded right or it would slip off the wagon getting it to the barn. There it all had to be pitched by hand into the hay mow with someone who would place it around and tread it down. Workers had to be careful not to get overheated, and drinking very cold water was bad for them. Different kinds of drink were made for the hay field, such as vinegar and ginger in water, or lemonade with tea,

and still another was raw oatmeal in water. Stub was always mindful of anyone getting overheated as he did once in his youth when he and two other boys picked raspberries up to Charles Thompson's. After picking, the boys went to take a dip in the pool in the brook, but Stub didn't feel good so he sat on the bank, and in fun the boys splashed water up on him. When that water struck him, he got so sick that he got on his bike and peddled the mile and a half home as fast as he could. When he got home he doesn't know whether he fell off the bike or got off, but he laid down under an apple tree until his folks got home. Mother saw what was the matter, and got him in the house and doctored him.

One fun time getting some free hay was when the steep side on the Westfield Water Works dam had been mowed and we were offered the hay if we would rake it off. It was a challenge, but Stub and I went over and raked it off, loaded it and brought the load home and were thankful for it.

As our production increased, we had to get a milk room ready. Stub previously had finished digging out a cellar under the house. There had only been a small part of the house with a cellar under it. It was all done with pick and shovel, loaded in a wheelbarrow and carried off. Then he put up a cement wall. Now it was time to continue that cellar, and so he continued it toward the mountain. He put up cement walls, and a cement floor with proper drainage. Cement stairs to go down to the room from the outside were then installed. Then it was ready to put in the equipment. We had to gradually add one thing at a time. First we had to cool our milk in forty quart cans in tubs of ice water. We did this until we had electricity, then we bought a big electric water cooler. We also bought a separator so we could sell cream. It was a great help when we finally bought a milk bottler. We piped in water and bought big double sinks to wash our equipment in. At last we had it so we could do all our dairy business in that one room.

Electricity was brought in the town and we could have it if we furnished the poles to our house. Stub got the poles and I paid for Buell Dickinson to wire the house. It was just wired for lights, no power lines.

We wanted children, but we felt that I must work until we were better fixed financially. At last, in 1934, after an unusual childbirth, May Irene was born. She was a beautiful baby, and she has been a joy to us these many years. Dr. Barney wrote my case in the medical journal, and warned us that we shouldn't have any more children. However, we thought that why I had the problem was that a year before I had a wasp sting that nearly took my life. At

that time doctors made house calls, and also we had a good friend Dr. Symington. He came out and stayed all night administering medication. We figured that must have been my problem, and not wanting to bring May up alone, we decided we would try having another baby. Four years later we had another baby girl, and other than having to keep quiet in bed the last month, I had no complications. Ethel Fay has been the source of great joy too, and she and May have been very close sisters. They can't do enough for each other, and have brought up their children to be very close cousins. We are so thankful that with God's guidance we came through having children, and for the rewards of raising two thoughtful and capable people.

I may not get things in the right order, but I will write about some of the interesting things that happened while living down on the homestead.

There was a lovely old golden sweet apple tree that grew by the south side of the house that gave beautiful shade. There came a time that it had to be taken down, and it was greatly missed. Fortunately, Stub saw a beautiful maple tree on Silver Street that was pretty good size. It was late in spring with the leaves just starting. He decided to take a chance and came home and dug a deep hole for it. He went and got the tree, put it in the hole and then poured a full pail of water with vitamin B1 dissolved in it. I guess we were supposed to plant that tree because it never wilted and grew fast. Now it is a beautiful big tree shading the south side of the house better than that dear old golden sweet.

This little essay wouldn't be complete unless we told of a little horse named Babe that Stub bought off Bert Roberts who said that it was a real western horse. He was right. Babe would not be confined even in the worst of weather. One real cold and snowy day, we were afraid animal lovers would complain and we would get in trouble. So Stub put her in the barn, not tied, so she could be free and feel content, and then locked the door. Shortly after he came in the house, we heard a crash. She had kicked the door down and was out in the storm pawing the snow and eating the old grass. It was before school busses in Granville, and Mrs. Patt drove her car to take some young people to Westfield High School. Babe delighted in bothering her, and she knew just the time to expect Mrs. Patt. She would trot down to the foot of the hill and stand cross ways in the road and act as if she was sleeping. Stub tried to watch when it was time, and yell at Babe for her to come home, but sometimes Stub missed until he heard Mrs. Pratt's horn and saw her waiting for Babe to move. She was a real trick horse. One day when Stub came home with a bag of grain in the Dodge sedan, he thought it safe there with the doors and windows closed. We never knew how she turned the handle. When we found her she had opened

the door, dragged the grain out, tore the bag with her foot and was enjoying a nice dinner. She could round up cows with stub on her back and she loved to do it, but it was a different story when he hitched her to a mowing machine. She just ran away with the machine dragging Stub. It is a wonder Stub is still alive to tell the story. Her quick jump start threw Stub from the seat to right in front of the cutting bar, but luckily he only got a cracked rib and was lame for a while. Well, we finally sold her, but she did give us untold entertainment.

In the early part of our married life, we never had an electric refrigerator, and I doubt if anyone else did in town. The Hunts, like the rest of the people in town, depended on what we called an ice chest. It was a good looking chest of wood. The top had a metal lined compartment that would hold at least a twenty-five pound cake of ice. Underneath a door opened and there were shelves to store food. Underneath we always had a big pan to catch the melting ice. Therefore, we farmers built crude ice houses which were filled each winter with cakes of ice packed in sawdust. This would keep all summer. When the ice at Cooley's lake got fifteen to eighteen inches thick, it was time to harvest. Wilbur Pendleton, a big man with a booming voice that could cuss pretty easy, was the crew boss. Sleighs, ice tongs, ice saws, pike poles and the crew were all ready to start. This was nothing new to Stub as he had worked at a much larger ice harvesting in Southwick for the Congamond Ice Co. when he was in his teens. That company had huge ice houses that a train could go through the center and be loaded with ice, which was shipped to New York City.

When I was young and lived in Westfield, I remember the Congamond Ice Co.'s horse drawn ice wagons going from street to street selling their ice. My mother had a card to put in the window which had numbers to show the ice man what size ice cake was needed. He would chip out the right size for the ice boxes. We kids loved to see the wagon coming on summer's hot days as the ice man would let us kids that were following it have the chips that fell off. Boy did they taste good to us! Well, back to Granville...

On the road to the lake, a turn out was made so when a driver heard sleigh bells coming, he could turn off and wait for the other team to pass. One sleigh was loaded at a time, and it was music to hear those sleigh bells as the teams went to and fro. A horse and power saw was used to saw out what was called the header. A rope was always tied around the horse's neck in case he fell through, they could keep his head out of water until they could rescue him. Large cakes were sawed out with the long pike pole. The cakes were pushed to the fellow with the tongs to pull them out of the water to be loaded. As water got on the ice, it surely was slippery. Wilbur would holler at them not to get

near the thin ice which had been formed where ice had been cut. Just as he was hollering at them, he stepped back onto some of that thin ice and down he went, over his head in that icy water. His son grabbed his hand and the other fellows took hands, making a chain of men, and started pulling and out he came. He surely was a sight to behold, and his first words were, "Where the hell is my hat?!" Stub took off his sheep skin coat, wrapped him up and took him home in his new Ford pickup. Stub couldn't help but laugh when he delivered him to his wife, Grace. She said, "Well, I don't see anything to laugh about!" This put Stub in his place, but he laughs even now when he thinks about it.

One summer we had a milk route over to the Tunxis club in Tolland. We bottled the milk and delivered it after supper to the cottages around the lake as well as to the club house. Stub had to use a flashlight to go down through the woods to the cottages. When we got home, we washed bottles and got ready for the morning milking and bottling for the Granville route. Those nights we didn't get more than four or five hours sleep.

There was a freak thing that I will always remember. We had a little silo by the barn that Stub and I used to fill by ourselves. He would cut the corn and chop it with a silage cutter which blew it up into the silo and I would level it off. Around the silo there was a cement ledge extending from the foundation. It made an ideal place for me to take my vegetables out and sit in the sun to pare them. One lovely spring day, I had just finished paring my vegetables out there and went in the house. Before I could put my kettle down, I heard an awful crash. On investigating, I found the silo (then empty) in ruins on the ground. A freak twister came down over the mountain and took that silo down. God surely sent me in the house at the right time, for which I really gave thanks.

After farmers stopped getting their own ice, Ted Kellogg from Southwick had an ice route in Granville. He came around to fill ice boxes until electricity came to town. Then we got our first electric refrigerator and the big tank for the milk room.

Stub worked on government projects at one time. Once it was looking for Gypsy moth egg clusters so to destroy them before hatching time. There was an infestation of them spoiling the trees. He didn't mind that job, as he learned more of the town and its woodland. Once he was on the WPA program and they had to go and inspect barns. They were in Tolland when an ice storm came in. He and my brother "Chick" worked together on that project. They couldn't get far with the car, and pushed it part way until they got to the West Granville

store. There they left the car and had to walk all the rest of the way home. Mother Hunt and I had to water the cattle which meant carrying pails from the kitchen sink pump to the barn. It was another late night getting to bed.

I don't know whether it was that time or another time of a heavy crust, but one beautiful moonlit night, Stub and his uncle Curt cut foot holes in the crust to get up to the side of the mountain where they had a pile of logs waiting to be trucked or hauled down. They had the bright idea that they could give those logs a shove, they would slide down the mountain, and that job would be done. Of course at that time the side of the mountain was clear and Axie Shepard and I were in the house, but we could hear those logs coming down with a boom and landing in the meadow. Stub and Curt's laughter could be heard all over the valley.

Dad Hunt lived a year after our marriage before cancer claimed his life. He had always worked so hard and was a very strong man, so it must have been very hard for him not to be able to do the things he had to watch other people doing. He was so patient and kind. We loved him so much.

When mother was widowed, she decided to take care of state boys. She took Billy and Joe Drolette, Russell Moon and Clayton Zambis who came to live on the farm. Mother took care of them, but she needed Stub and I to discipline them and teach them right from wrong. Clayton said of Stub, "He never told us to do anything, always asked us to do it." He expected them to do it, and they did.

Finally, mother had a chance to cook for Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Cooley at the lake. She decided to give up the boys as it was quite a chore for her. Stub and I kept Clayton and he lived with us until he served in World War II. Then when he came home, he worked for us. He finally married Ruth Whittimore and they lived with us until we fixed up the barn we now live in. I didn't mention before that when we were needing more barn room, mother was working for May Noble who lived across the road from the post office. Mother told Stub that May had told her she would like to get rid of a barn on her place. She had no use for it, just paid taxes on it. Stub was delighted to get it for the moving, and so mother told May that we would like it. The barn was built with wood pegs instead of nails or spikes. He and his two uncles, Mart and Curt, drove the pegs out and moved one side at a time, then the roof, etc. Stub made a rough foundation for it and we used it for a barn for some time. We put it on Stub's land across from the farm. When Clayt was married he wanted Stub for his best man as he said Stub was the best friend he ever had. They lived in the

little converted barn until their family grew. Then they bought their own home on Blandford Road where they brought up their family. They now live in New Mexico where Ruth's asthma is much relieved.

Living on a farm is not all work and no play. Even the work was what we enjoyed. Working the land with animals there was never any time to be bored. Stub enjoyed fox hunting and we had some very intelligent and lovable hounds. Stub could fill pages with stories of his fox hunts and the behavior of his dogs. Saturdays, for a number of years, Stub's cousin Beatrice and husband Delos Baker came out. Delos had a dog that was brother to one of Stub's. The fellows would go hunting and Bea and I would always have a project. One year we made mince meat together. The most Stub ever got for a red fox was twenty-seven dollars, but one day between chores, Stub and his dogs got two red foxes which brought twenty-five dollars a piece. We really did feel rich as that was a lot of money in those days.

Saturday nights it seemed that everyone went to Westfield to do their shopping. There were no big shopping malls and stores were only open the one night a week. First we would buy our groceries. Five dollars would supply us for a week or more. A twenty four and a half pound bag of flour was eighty-nine cents. We'd put our groceries in the Ford, never worrying about anything being stolen, and then go for a walk down Elm Street. It was a social evening as everyone was doing the same thing, meeting friends and visiting.

Mother Hunt always enjoyed going out sliding with us. When she was well in her eighties, she went sliding with us down Blandford Road when Clayton lived up there. When we had a good crust, she tried to teach me how to go slide down the mountain on a shovel. She could sit on a shovel, holding onto the handle and steer it right down the mountain. For some unknown reason, I could never master that. I would go round and round in circles, but we sure had a lot of laughs.

Stub had what he called a pung. It was a high sled with runners. He'd go way up the mountain and come down flying. Sometimes the sled would go in the air for several feet after going over a hump. The state boys always wanted to try it, but Stub never let them. It was too dangerous and we would have been liable for them and get in real trouble.

Stub enjoyed taking our girls on nature walks, teaching them the beauties of nature which God created for food and enjoyment. They learned to love the woods and all things of nature, and do to this day.

We were blessed with a close family and many friends; Avola and Ralph, Glad and Art, Duke and Hazel. Their kids and our parents were always with us at the farm for Thanksgiving. At times friends were added. Ethel and Dick carry on that tradition. Avola and Ralph's girls and our girls grew up like sisters. Duke and Hazel moved to Westfield and they don't come out as often.

There was a time when we were first married, before the children came around, that we would go from one house to another on Saturday nights to play cards and have a social time. Our group was; Guy and Barbara Hansen, Ruth and Milton Hansen, Avola and Ralph, Bernice and Lempie Dickinson and Stub and I. What fun we had, and always good food.

Finally we really outgrew the little farm. By that time Ralph had bought the Bert Roberts farm. He asked if we could move up there and work the two farms together on sort of a partnership. It was a big adventure for us. A milk room, cold storage room and a building to connect with the barn were the first things. Finally, all was ready, and in 1945 we moved up there. It was so hard for me to leave the home down here, and it took some time for me to get used to the house being so near the highway. As you read on, you will see that we had a happy time up there with all its ups and downs.

P.S.

One project that Stub had that lasted from the time he bought his land through our early married life and early farming was clearing and improving that land in between his regular work. I didn't find just the right place to put it in the story so I am adding this P.S. before we go on with our story at Ralph's farm.

The timber had been cut off, but tree stumps and brush and bog land had to be cleared and made tillable. It required many hours of hard labor with his Ford and muscle power. He had the help of Old Alice the sow that produced large litters of pigs. Stub built a moveable pig yard to put them in. They did a good job rooting around the stumps and then Stub would move the pen and work that area. The only section that was without stumps was where our house now stands and so he had a place to put the building when May Noble gave it to him. That section was also large enough to have a chicken house and yard. We had a flock of chickens, not only for eggs, but to dress for the market which I mentioned before.

THE NEW FARMING ADVENTURE WITH TWO FARMS

When we moved up to the farmhouse on Ralph's farm, the girls were ten and six. They enjoyed the fact that they could ride their bikes down through the meadow by Walrath's and into the schoolyard. I would always watch them go and just as they were to go out of sight up the Walrath road, they would get off their bikes and wave and wait to see me pull my shade down. They enjoyed being nearer the school instead of riding the bus.

Stub and the girls loved to get out on moonlit nights. One night the moon came up late. Stub was asleep when May came in and started kissing him. He awoke and said, "Oh, the moon is up. Do you want to go out?" Of course that was her purpose, so he got dressed and they went for a hike. They went up the white birch trail over the mountain, down to the old farm, and I don't know where all, but came back happy and relaxed. As the girls got older, it was horseback riding. At that time the Westfield water property, the dam and the reservoir were open to the public. It was quiet and had many dirt roads just right for horseback riding. I think they have been on them all. Now, the gate is up at the entrance as Jeeps and motorcycles have sort of spoiled the tranquility of the place which had been a real sanctuary for birds, etc. Whether they were tired or not, they said it was relaxing to go. Everything was so quiet; just little night noises and the sound of the horses' hooves. They seldom talked as they liked to take it all in and enjoy, especially in the fall when colors were brilliant. The yellows showed up so bright. The reflections in the reservoir, the bright ferns, etc. are things they will always remember. The horses seemed to love it. They knew just when to trot and when to poke along. Stub said he wouldn't have missed those times with his girls for anything. I enjoyed their stories, but for health reasons, I couldn't always take part in their night jaunts.

There are many ups and downs in farming and there were in our lives. We always said that we didn't believe in gambling, but farming is a gamble in many ways. Soon after we moved up where we had room for more cows and needed the milk, we bought a Guernsey herd from Mr. Knittle in Blandford. He was retiring. We thought it was a good investment as our customers really liked the rich milk. We hadn't had the herd very long before we began to have trouble with them. We could not figure it out. We had the veterinary, people from the University of Massachusetts and Connecticut State University trying to get at the root of the trouble. They never did know for sure, but think it was acid taminia, perhaps caused by interbreeding. We surely lost on that deal.

There were always emergencies to attend to. We had a good old cow that always seemed to find an apple tree and come home drunk or choking with an apple in her throat. I would help with that as Stub would get a length of pipe about a foot long and big enough around to put a rubber hose through. The iron pipe was put in her mouth so she couldn't bite the hose, but we could push the hose through it and down her throat to dislodge the apple. One would think she would learn, but she never did.

We had a big black work horse Billy that we said could do anything except talk. Stub enjoyed working with him as he was so intelligent and so cooperative. One night he got choked on some dry grain and we nearly lost him. Billy almost went crazy, running wildly until they finally got him stopped. Our dear Dr. Boardman and his wife came out from Westfield. Stub and he worked most of the night over that horse and finally saved him. Mrs. Boardman and I kept each other company through that anxious night.

With different setbacks, Stub had to do something to supplement the farm income. He and Don Blakesley started logging off the mountain. Don was already a school bus driver, and when Mr. Hayden retired, Stub got the other bus driving job. About that time Bob Marsh, the county 4-H leader who lived here in town, realized Ethel's potential to be a good member, but she lacked confidence. So he asked her to help him with projects until she became quite interested and wanted to start her own 4-H dairy project. She and Stub went and bought her first Shorthorn heifer through the WTIC program. The more she got involved, the more Stub did. Stub was out straight between the dairy, the logging, driving bus and trucking animals to fairs. Pages could be written about those experiences in the old trucks we had to haul them in. She took her animals to fairs in Littleville, Cummington, Blandford, Middlefield, Great Barrington, Northampton, Greenfield, Westfield and the Eastern States Exposition. She did very well in competition and enjoyed the comradeship with the other 4-H'ers. They have made life long friends.

The flood of 1955 was our hardest blow. One cool evening in early fall, Ethel, May and Carol Campbell were lounging in front of the fireplace when there was a knock on the door. We were told that there was a flood and water was over the bridge by the post office. It was hard to believe, but as they rushed out to see, water was racing down Granby Road. We all got into action and were glad for the early fireplace fire because soon our furnace was put out of order as the cellar was full of water up to the ceiling. Stub, Ethel and May went down to the barn to watch the animals and the hay bay as water was coming in fast. The current made gullies along the side of the road so it was

difficult to cross without holding onto each other. Ethel went to check a cow that was about to freshen. As she waded into the shed, the calf was being born and she got there just in time to catch it. It would have drowned if she hadn't got there then, as the water was up to the cow's belly. We women put up clothes racks in front of the fireplace in the living room to dry clothes, and kept hot drink and food ready for the workers.

It was what is called a flash flood and by morning it has cleared. But, as water had run in the hay bay, we had to watch to make sure that the hay didn't heat and combust. Bob Marsh came over with his hay thermometer and kept track. By afternoon it was becoming dangerous. When a pitchfork was stuck in the hay, the tines were too hot to handle. It was time to get the hay out of the barn before combustion. Neighbors and friends came to help as ninety tons had to be moved. About sixty tons could be transferred to the loft over the cows. May stood at the top of the elevator and took the bales off as they came up and men were in back packing them away. When that was full, they had to pitch the rest outside. They worked all afternoon and all night and we women were busy with the food and drying clothes.

After things cleared up, what a mess confronted us. The town dump had washed out and most of it was deposited on our hay fields. Luckily the haying was done, but corn was yet to be harvested. So we had to go in debt and buy our first crawler, with a front end loader, to clear the land. That was finally conquered.

Our girls had a way of growing up fast. Ethel was involved in 4-H and finishing up high school and in 1952 May was off to UMass. She went two and a half years, but due to having a wrong subject scheduled, she flunked that term. She should have been assigned a preliminary course in that subject. She was so discouraged, as she wouldn't graduate with her class, so she dropped out and came home. She put her knowledge of horticulture to use by working in Agawam for a big florist company. She enjoyed working in those greenhouses.

In October of 1955, May and Paul Nobbs Jr. were married in a pretty home wedding. The house was decorated with loads of beautiful roses that were given her by the greenhouse owners. There were just parents, brothers and sisters and Grandma Henry from VT. Lovesta was in the hospital with a new born baby but May and Paul got permission to go see her. Dr. Bennet married them and his wife and daughter came out with him. The young folks started keeping house in the upstairs apartment in our old farm house.

In 1959 Ethel was rewarded for her 4-H work by being chosen to be part of the International Farm Youth Exchange to England, Scotland, Wales and the Channel Islands. Ethel Cross was the county 4-H leader and she led the promotion efforts to raise the money for her trip. There were meetings with former IFYE's. This all took place before she left. She had marvelous experiences living and working with different families for a couple of weeks at a time. Thus she has made lifelong friends from this trip. Some have been to visit us and she has returned there a couple or three times at least. The Hall family in particular, has become a part of our family. Marjorie came over and lived with us by being sponsored by the rotary club over there and Ted Wackerbarth and Paul Nobbs Sr. of our rotary. She worked in the store for almost a year and everyone loved her. Her father died before he had the opportunity to come over, but her mother came for extended visits and became one of our dearest friends. Her brother, sister, their spouses and children have all been here; some several times. So far it is just pictures for the next generation, that is now arriving. We know there will be exchanging visits with all the generations. It has been a wonderful relationship. Ethel's international relationships led to our having visitors from other countries. While at that farm, we had folks from New Zealand, Taiwan, Yugoslavia, England and Scotland. Of course the happiest times were with Marjorie. We loved every minute that she was here, and just mentioning her name brings up humorous stories that I could write books on. To this day, we keep very close to her and her family. Now she is Marjorie Gaudie. Ethel and she have many telephone calls as neither of them has time to write letters. I try to do that.

After Ethel returned from abroad, she not only worked on the farm and showed her animals at fair time, she had to go to every county in Massachusetts with her slides of her experiences to show to farm groups. She also worked in the office of the Eastern States Farmers' Exchange. There she met Richard Brown, fresh out of the Navy, and working that summer at the Exchange before entering college in September. Even though Dick was a city boy he soon had to become interested in cows if he wanted to get anywhere with Ethel. This eventually led to their marriage on January 14, 1961.

They had a small church wedding in our little church with our dear pastor, Mr. Norris Woodbury. Only family (parents, grandparents, uncles, aunts and cousins) were invited plus Ethel's little admirers, Eddie Pratt and Tommy Woodger, who attended the punch bowl. With Ralph's permission, a small apartment was made for them in the rear of our house. They lived there

until Todd was born and Dick was going to college. We had such a wonderful time with that little Todd, and still do.

Eventually May and Paul built their lovely home on Silver Street and they and their precious little two and a half year old Dane moved up to the new house. Then Ethel and Dick took over the old farm house and moved down there. From that time to this day, they have continually improved, built on, as well as enlarged the farm (but that is another story which will come later).

We had to have help part of the time. Of course Clayt worked for us a while. Harold Chapman worked for us at both the farms. He delivered milk and had the best memory of anyone I know. He would go the whole route, then come home and make the report. He always came out right. He was a faithful worker and is a good friend to this day. Ralph Doran, who was the school principal, was a good farmer also. He liked to work weekends and summer vacations for us. When he left this school for a better position in the Ludlow school system, he wanted to come summers. We had an old trailer with the sinks, cupboards, etc. We put it up on the hill across from the barn and built a twenty four foot by twenty four foot cabin around it. They had one end a temporary siding that could be removed if they wanted to move out the trailer. We finished it off with an iron stove to cook with if needed, beds and what was necessary for camping. Pat and their two children Ralph and Lindley came for the summers. Those were very happy days. We loved each other. Ralph was a wonderful worker and Pat was always willing to give me a hand when needed.

This essay would not be complete unless I told one experience they had. They were haying the field behind the Crow Hill. They had to cross a little wooden bridge over the brook, which luckily was very low at the time of this story. When May left the field with the tractor Stub said, "I hope she drives where the beams are on the bridge or she will go through those boards." Finally Stub, Clayt and Ralph were ready to leave in the Ford dump truck for home. They got in the middle of that bridge and it broke and sent the truck, with them, down to the brook bed bottom, side up. One of Stub's feet got caught in the pedal and one said we better get out in case it gets on fire. They had to crawl through the windows and none got hurt. You can imagine my surprise when Ralph walked up on the porch and I asked where Stub was and he calmly said, "Oh, the truck went through the bride and it is upside down in the brook and I have come for the tractor." They used the tractor to get it back up on its four wheels. Believe it or not, the old Ford started up and they drove it home. You see, miracles do happen!

Ensilage time was a busy time that needed more help. Corn was cut by hand and hauled to the barn in wagons. They backed up to the ensilage cutter that chopped it and blew it up through a pipe into a big standing silo. Men were inside the silo leveling and treading it down as much as possible. We never farmed long enough to have equipment that cuts and chops silage in the field which is now stored in in-ground silo pits. That is work, but is much more efficient and easier.

It was a wonderful thing when we got our first baler while up on the Hiers farm. At that time, it was the greatest thing in the world, as far as we were concerned. It baled square or oblong bales which made it so much easier to handle. Stub kept that greased faithfully and it lasted many years until we stopped farming. Then someone bought it as it was still running and in good condition.

Stub never lost his love for the woods and hunting fox and wild cats even though he had less time for this sport. One of his most exciting hunts, I must relate. Now that he is ninety one and cannot take these trips, he likes to live them over. This is how he told it to me today:

It was a beautiful late fall day; a morning of a fresh fall of snow from the night before, that left about three quarters of an inch on the ground. It was just right for tracking. His love for the beauty of the forest and all God's creatures led him to Twining Hollow this time. He and his dog left the car by the side of the road and the dog took right off to hunt. Stub traveled about three quarters of a mile through the forest and came to a little brook splashing down the side of the mountain. The source of the brook was from Beckman's Pond. As he followed the brook, he saw a slide made by "Little Joe Otter" to make a splash in the brook. He enjoyed seeing that but was a bit disappointed not to see Little Joe to greet him.

As he hadn't heard his dog, he decided he had better climb up the mountain where hunting might be better. He had come to very steep ledges. Just as he got to the top and was reloading his gun, he heard his dog give a yelp of distress. He looked up and saw a wild cat coming full speed toward him. He was evidently headed for his cave in the ledges. Stub shot so quick, he has no idea whether he shot from his hip or his shoulder. It didn't matter because that one shot got the wild cat; the second and last cat he ever got. As soon as he got the cat, the dog was right there beside Stub. Stub found a slash on his side that wasn't too

deep but was enough to make him give that yelp. Now Stub just had to find out how it all happened.

He back tracked the cat a short way to a hemlock tree. Under the tree was a bare spot where the cat had been lying. Evidently the dog had come up on him in surprise and the cat had, in defense, given him a whack; thus the yelp. Stub was satisfied that he had figured it out. As he and his dog headed back to the car, he reflected on the day. He felt the closeness of the Lord who had protected him in so many ways, that he could have been injured that day and no one would have known where in the world he was. Later by cutting off an ear of the cat and taking it to the town clerk, he received the twenty dollar bounty, which was good money in those days.

As he relates this story to me now, he says it is hard to express the feeling of safety he has in the woods, knowing that God is his constant companion. He feels if you believe in the Lord, you have that closeness that can't be explained, but you can feel relaxed and enjoy the wonders of God's creations and beauty all around.

I might add to this story; not that it is exciting, but information about a little animal, the weasel, may be of interest to the future generation. They are small and slim and are white in the winter and brown in the summer. They are extremely quick and the fur is valuable. Stub never caught one, but his brother Art caught one while working for the Westfield Water Works. He brought it to Stub to skin. He wasn't as experienced as Stub in skinning and he didn't want to take a chance of spoiling the hide. At that time we lived upstairs at the old farmstead and the sink room downstairs was a separate room with a door on it. He closed that door and opened the outside door before he started the project as he knew they had a very strong odor. We soon realized how strong it was. The scent, even upstairs, was so penetrating, we had to air the whole house. I was glad that neither he nor Art ever caught another weasel.

Finally, Massachusetts laws required pasteurization, so we had to take our milk, first to Liptak's and later to Rix Milk Co., to have it pasteurized. Routes in nearby towns were also selling skim milk, orange juice, butter, etc., which wasn't practical for us. We were fortunate to have a good chance to sell our route to Rix Milk Co., and they took our milk. We finally decided it was time to semi-retire and go back home.

BACK DOWN IN THE VALLEY

Stub asked me if I wouldn't like to move back down "home" and we'd live in the little barn that we had fixed for Clayton, and since had rented to the Whitings and another time to Bess Peebles. So, we started making plans. Stub and Welly Clary finished off a room downstairs to the east side of the cellar which was the hay bay at one time. They put in a fireplace and on the other side it was kept as a furnace and work shop room. Upstairs, the kitchen was modernized with a new sink, benches and cupboards on the south side. At last it was moving day, and back we came to the little valley.

We had some adjusting to do, moving from the big house to this smaller house. We managed for a number of years until an addition was added which will come later in this story. Stub continued to drive bus for a while and then Ethel took over the route. Stub worked on the farm with Ethel. He raised a big garden; enough for all the families and a sweet corn piece enough for the neighbors also. May's mother-in-law, Marguretha Nobbs, would come down and she and I would freeze a good many packages of corn for all of our families, and we would have a good time doing it. Stub and Paul Sr. picked and husked it and we would carry on.

One of our big adventures was when Ralph said that he didn't want the cabin that we had built for our help on the hill across from the barn. So, we could do what we wanted with it. We decided that if we could move it down we could make a guest house. We had always done a lot of entertaining and then we could have a place to continue having friends. The decision was made to move it down and locate it on his land near the barn we were living in. Leave it to Stub to figure out how to get it down here. Being twenty for feet by twenty four feet, he measured the road all the way down to see if it would go between the trees. It wasn't necessary to get any town permits in those days to move buildings or do most anything with your property. He talked with John Monteith and Harlon Hansen, who always enjoyed a challenge, about moving it. John had a flatbed trailer and he came down with that. They took out the trailer inside the cabin and got it loaded on the flatbed. They got down the mountain and turned to go down Granby Road. Stub says he doesn't know to this day how they ever did it, but it was down next to the road and sat there until he got things arranged to have traffic directed around that section of Granby Road. Someone was stationed at the intersection of Silver Street to direct people. News got around, and I believe half the town was down to see the moving. All the stuff was left in the cabin, even the iron cook stove with a fry

pan on it. Harlon, being a comedian in his own way, rode inside the cabin, while John drove the truck. Stub was on the roof with his power saw to cut off any hindering tree branches. Harlon would take the fry pan and stick it out the window and call "Breakfast anyone?", and kept the sightseers laughing. John did a great job of placing that cabin, avoiding a lovely little shaped evergreen tree which has now grown to a beautiful big tree. It all ended up safely down here, but stood on barrels for some time until we could afford it into the little guest house we wanted.

As I have got so far, I will go on with the story of the little cabin. In time, my half sister's husband died and Mary wanted to leave Springfield and be out here nearer her family. At that time there were forty some odd descendants of my father living in town. She said she would pay to have it made into a living condition house and we could pay it back in rent which she would have been paying. Then Welly Clary and Stub dug out a big cellar, put up a good foundation with cement walls, and moved the cabin on it. Then they dug another cellar with cement walls, next to it and built a big room with windows all around so it could be used as a regular room or a glassed in porch. The cellar under that was a good root cellar for our vegetables. On the north side they built a closed in entryway. The interior was divided into a living room, hall, bathroom, bedroom and kitchen. The kitchen was made modern with cupboards and benches around the sink, etc. Mary furnished the refrigerator and stove. A door from the kitchen led to the glassed in room and there was an entrance to the outside from that room.

The little house has been enjoyed by so many. Mary had a good time living there until cancer took her life. In her will she left any unpaid balance of the loan to be cancelled. When Dale and Mike Flarida were discharged from the Air Force, they left the Philippines, where they had been stationed, and came with their children, Tracy and Christopher. They lived in the little house until they outgrew it and were able to buy the house they now live in on Crow Hill on Granby Road. Sam and Richard King lived there a while after Sam and Bonnie divorced. I failed to mention that Dane had married lovely Sharon Hiers in a beautiful wedding and lived in Connecticut while she was finishing college. When they wanted to come to Granville, we made the little house ready for them, which they enjoyed until they made the move to the lake. They moved one day, and the next day, a friend of Dane's and his wife, moved in. They were building a house in Granville, and wanted to rent the little house until their house was finished. The house was only empty one night that time. After they left, Billy Armstrong, a good friend of Matt and Avola's, wanted to rent it. He

was an excellent tenant, keeping the house and grounds in good condition, even improving the grounds. We really didn't want to ask him to move when Corey and Marjanne, a wonderful girl from Holland, were married and needed a place to live. Billy knew he should make a move, so he bought Glenn Dickinson's place and moved over there.

Now it was time for another big change. May decided she would come down to the little house near us and let the young folks have the big house. Her family, Ethel and Lovesta, all went out and did that little house over. Everything was freshly painted. May bought a new bathroom unit, and Corey built that in and made new cabinets over the washing machine. Ethel even bought a new, smaller living room chair, couch and table for her, letting her pick things out. It was in appreciation of May working in the Scoop the year before and refusing to take any pay. So, with Marjanne making new curtains and everyone helping, May is now situated there in a cozy little home. Little did we realize when that cabin moved down, that it would be a blessing to so many.

Corey and Marjanne took over the big house and are having a great time doing things with that place. May left a lot of her furniture that she didn't have room for which has been a help for them too. She didn't have to feel she was giving up so much as both of her daughters-in-law love her, and she them, so she is free to go to either place whenever she wants.

We manage financially very well with our farm products, and Stub and I both have small Social Security benefits. His insurance is taken out of his school bus pension. I am thankful for my business education because I have kept books and made sure that we didn't go beyond our means. However, we were blessed with generous gifts from relatives and friends.

Ralph Hiers was very generous and first we knew, he sold a bond that was his father's that Ralph claimed he didn't have any use for. It was around one thousand dollars which was a big amount for us. We invested that in a special bank account to raise interest for any emergency. Once he had Stub pick out any type greenhouse he wanted to put on our house. That has given us much enjoyment. We have had flowers all winter and Stub starts garden seeds. I guess he thought I should have something, as we were surprised when a colored TV was delivered to us for me. It was our first color TV and much enjoyed, a present from Ralph.

We were saddened when Stub's brother, Art, passed away, and left Glad alone. But, she carried on in her own home giving music lessons. She would call me every night when all had left and the doors were locked to say she was ok, and we would have a visit. We grew up from kindergarten together, so were very close sisters-in-law. It was a shock to us when Stub found her lying on floor and she couldn't get up. To make a sad story short, she only lived a short time in the hospital before her death. She was one who would never go to a doctor or dentist. She always worried about me, and was always saying she was okay. Yet, it was found she was so full of cancer, she could not donate her organs as she had requested. Again, we were surprised and appreciative, when her will was read and half of her estate was to go to Stub and the other half divided between her nieces and nephews. She explained that the money was part Art's and he would have wanted his brother to have it. She always knew that the one thing we didn't like about our little barn was a very small bedroom. So with the inheritance, we had Don Pierce and his crew put the big addition on the east side of our house. We now have a beautiful big bedroom with windows on three sides and two big closets. Downstairs is a big utility room. We know she would be happy to know what we did with the inheritance. We call that room their gift.

Another great gift was from our dear friend, Vera Walrath. We loved this couple who were childless and they really enjoyed our girls. They lived in the big house across the meadow from the farm while we lived up there. Her mother had money and left it to Vera, her only child. Vera told me if she died first, not to worry about "Uncle Ed", as we called him, that with his pension and the interest from her trust fund, he would have plenty to take care of himself. She was the one who managed the money. Poor Ed would give his shirt and not have a cent left if it weren't for her, she said. Then she told us that her mother had a great interest in the Indians, so she would still have plenty to give in her name. She finally lost her mind, and died some time before Uncle Ed. Even though he had a housekeeper, we tried to help his loneliness and he enjoyed coming out to see us. We were amazed when we received a notice from the bank that upon Ed's death, Vera's estate was to be divided among about six friends whose children all called them Aunt Vera and Uncle Ed. We were to clear the house and do what we wanted with the contents except things that were marked. Also, Stub and I were both left a trust fund. In case of either of our deaths, the other would receive that fund's interest. Upon both of our deaths the trust fund would be dissolved and the cash given to May and Ethel. So our so called retirement has been made very much easier by the kindness of our dear friends and relatives.

In summary, Stub and I have had a wonderful married life together. We have had many ups and downs. We have worked together, and as the saying goes, "If you work together, play together and pray together, nothing can destroy your love for each other." We have done that and felt that God has guided us all the way and created the means of everything we have had. Our church has meant so much to us and we have been active in its functions.

Unfortunately, my health has caused me to have many operations and long stays in the hospital in Boston, Springfield and Westfield. Through all this Stub has never complained and been my constant stand by and my inspiration to recover. When I was in Noble Hospital for three months, he and May never missed but two days coming to see me and encourage me. Those two days had good reasons. One was an ice storm and he couldn't get out of the yard, and the other was the night after his cataract operation. Of course Ethel and the rest of the family were faithful too.

Stub and I have had sad times losing our loved ones; first Dad Hunt, then my dad. Then my mother took turns staying with us and my sisters and brother until she passed away not too long after my dad. We mentioned Glad and Art leaving us before. Mother Hunt lived with Ethel quite some time after her mind deteriorated. When she fell down the stairs and was taken to the hospital, we were thankful that no bones were broken. But her mind had gone, so it was a case of bringing her to Western Mass Hospital where she had wonderful care. We visited her faithfully in spite of the fact that she didn't know us. She lived to be one hundred, but we felt we lost her long before.

I lost my younger brother, also my younger sister and then my older sister who had always been such a strength to me. Now we are the old folks of the family. They thought I was going to die several times, but I outlived them all for some reason. Stub is the oldest in his generation of Hunts still living and I am in my family. Stub is now ninety-one at this writing and I will be ninety next April. If we are both alive in April, we will have been married sixty-six years.

Stub and I feel that we are the most fortunate and blessed old folks in the country. We are able to live in our own home with devoted family and friends all near us. We thank God every morning in our devotions together for the blessings of these past many years and each new day's blessings.