

Hartford Agricultural Oral History Project  
 Interview Transcription  
 June 12, 2012

Interviewer: Kaitlin O'Shea  
 Interviewees: David Brown

Location: White River Junction  
 Time: 9:00am

KO: Kaitlin O'Shea  
 DB: David Brown

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<b>TIME &amp; TOPICS</b>	<b>TRANSCRIPTION</b>
00:00:01	00:00:01
Introductions	KO: Today is Tuesday June 12, 2012. I am Kaitlin O'Shea and I am interviewing David Brown for the Hartford Agricultural Oral History Project. And we are in the home of David and Linda Brown. Well, good morning and thank you for participating in this project. Today let's begin with from any point, the history of Hartford. We can reference pictures. I can take photographs of the photographs later.
1934; Hotel Coolidge; family home; Wright family	DB: As a basis – good morning, I'm David Brown. My father came to this area in 1934 and bought a farm for back taxes from the bank because this was the bottom of the depression. That farm had previously been owned by the Hotel Coolidge and they had actually bought more than one farm. So over the years I've become aware of what some of those farms were. For instance, the Wright family who are our neighbors to the south on Route 5, their original homestead was part of our farm. In fact there is a tomb behind the current food stop place that was Major

<p>Poultry business; family farm; King's Highway; Hurricane Hill</p>	<p>David Wright. He was an English soldier in colonial times and he was given a land grant by the King for his services. So that's one of the things.</p> <p>When I was a youngster, my father had poultry on what they called the chicken ranges in the summer time. And the chicken would dig in the ground and come up with these shards of pottery and old ox shoes and various things from the farm. We would ask our parents what's this? We were told the farm had burned and this was the debris left from the burned buildings. So anyway, that was my first thinking about history and where we were. This farm actually bordered the road that was in town's history as King's Highway that ran from Boston to Montreal. It was a stagecoach road. And it went up over part of our farm – Hurricane Hill – to the center of town, which was the original center of the Town of Hartford and then on to Quechee and Woodstock and headed to Montreal.</p>
<p>VA; Pinneo Farm; Major David Wright</p>	<p>The Veteran's Hospital, which is adjacent to us to the north, when it was built in 1938, there was discussion that it was built on the Pinneo Farm. In the records about Major David Wright there was a reference that he left in his will, that the women folk in the family feed the family plenty of pumpkins and milk so that they can beat the Pinneo. These were adjacent farmers and there was definitely rivalry between the young boys. But he wanted to make sure his was stronger than the Pinneo.</p>
<p>00:03:43</p>	<p>00:03:43</p>
<p>Simon Farm; 1938 Hurricane</p>	<p>The other on this farm itself, and on the hillside, the 20 acre field, there is reference to a Simons. My father went to see one of these elderly men. He must have been in his 80s and I was just a little kid. To find out where the spring and water pipes were in this field because we knew there was an old hay barn that went down in the '38 hurricane. But we knew also there was probably a house nearby and a stone wall, because it looked like a foundation. And sure enough the old man said, yes there was some lead pipe and there was a spring there.</p>
<p>Four Corners; Wright; District 14 School; King's Highway; Hubbard;</p>	<p>KO: And that you said – Simon is on the Hartford map [referring to Beers Map]?</p> <p>DB: Well, yes, those are down below us, between us and Wright where Wrights are now. The area I'm referring to is [Beers Map] – okay, right here you're coming up from White River and there is what used to be Four Corners right behind the food stop. Now it's referred to as the VA Cutoff that runs down here to the village of Hartford. But in those days it was the Four Corners. And there was also a district school, District 14 I think, the Wright school. So this road going up over the hill we referred</p>

Hurricane Hill	to as King's Highway. This big field you can see from the VA, the big 20 acre field, is where one of the Simons lived around the turn of the century in there. Further up there's a reference to Hubbard. And I can take you in the woods to where the foundation is. A lot of this relates to the merino sheep of the 1840s that were so dominant in this area. In fact, this area referred to as Hurricane Hill was a bald hill - there are pictures in the town offices of when that hill was bald from sheep pastures. And I can take you to where the walls are. And in fact, this wall in my front yard is borrowed from one in my [wood lot].
00:06:38  Simon farm; Jersey v. Holstein  "Agricultural Society Exhibition"; Woodstock railroad; Route 4; fairgrounds	00:06:38  DB: Okay, continuing with the theme of where people's - going down the road, Route 5 - [looking at same map]. The corners are here and then right here is where the current Wright family has their farmstead on the hill side. They bought up the Simons farm when the Simons generation passed away. They picked it up and continued to farm it as part of their Jersey farm. As I mentioned to you earlier, we were Holstein Farm. There was a bit of rivalry in opinion of which was a better cattle. They had a famous show herd of Jerseys that won grand prizes in local fairs and grand championships in eastern states exposition. We didn't show our cattle that much. We did go to black and white shows in the 50s. The other names in history, coming this way to what people refer to as "Agricultural Society Exhibition." Some, not many, but a few still remember that there was a fairgrounds there at the turn of the century, late 1800s, early 1900s. And it was the original state fair, so to speak. But they hit hard times three or four years in a row, totally rained out. The thing failed financially. The interesting aside: there was a Woodstock railroad that was a spur and went to Woodstock via Route 4. Had a spur off of it that went off into the fairgrounds so you could bring show cattle. In those days you brought things on the railroad, you didn't truck them. And I actually met an elderly gentleman in Rhode Island who remembers, when he was a boy, traveling on the train to that fairground.
00:09:23  Walsh Farm; Sykes Avenue  Route 5; Mickey Hutchins; superstitions; farming	00:09:23  Along with that fairground was the Walsh Farm, which was a dairy farm. It is now actually located on Sykes Avenue. Anyway my father leased both that fairgrounds, which was an airport, for farmland and also the Walsh Farm. The combination there was almost 200 acres of tillage. Quite a lot of area and good soil, Vermont [agawoarm] fine sandy loam, river silt.  Down Route 5 on the opposite side from the Wrights' land, actually shut off by Route 91, the Interstate nowadays, there are is another series of fields that are the same river fine sandy loam. We knew it as the Mickey

<p>techniques; fertilizing techniques</p>	<p>Hutchins farm. It's not shown on the map as that but there had been a dairy farm there. The old man that lived there when we leased it and finally bought it was a man by the name of Mickey Hutchins. It was the Hutchins family. He was a World War I veteran that had been injured in the gas attacks, so he was partially crippled. But he lived there and had his own gardens and we used to talk to him. Interesting, he was of the older generation of Vermonters very superstitious about when to plant things, read the Farmer's Almanac. When I was getting ready to plant for corn, he told me the crop wouldn't grow. I said, why? He said it's the wrong phase of the moon; your crop will be stunted. They weren't familiar with our fertilizing techniques. So that fall when I cutting corn and it was higher than my head I said to him, it looks kind of stunted. He just smiled and walked [away].</p>
<p>00:11:38</p>	<p>00:11:38</p>
<p>Farmer's Almanac; superstitions; weather patterns</p>	<p>KO: Did a lot of people follow the Farmer's Almanac?</p> <p>DB: Oh yea, very much so. So my father, because he was agricultural college educated, sometimes he would clash with people about what you did and how you did things. Although the Almanac has a lot of good average statistics about weather patterns and things that people should be more cognizant about. But at the same time there is other stuff that I refer to as old wives tales.</p>
<p>Brown farmhouse; District 14 schoolhouse</p>	<p>Okay, now in the same history vein, the farmhouse that I grew up in was actually the district 14 schoolhouse. The farm that my father bought had actually been burned four or five times. In fact, the local superstition was that nobody was going to succeed there. Farms would be running for a while and they'd have a disastrous fire.</p>
<p>Barn fires</p>	<p>KO: Would the barns burn?</p>
<p>Hotel Coolidge; farm owned by Hotel Coolidge; district schoolhouse; credit union; farm building foundations</p>	<p>DB: Well, sometimes everything. Sometimes only part of it. Anyway, the Hotel Coolidge, in the days when it was advantageous to have tourists come on the railroad to a hotel in the country and eat fresh product: fresh milk, fresh butter, that kind of thing. So the Hotel had owned the farm and had some dairy animals and had some pigs and they needed a place for the people taking care of the animals to live. The original farmhouse there had been burned. As a youngster, I remember the parts of the bigger foundation, which was a big colonial house type foundation. And the house I grew up in was this district schoolhouse. In the wintertime it had been skidded on the ice from the corner where the Major David Wright tomb is now to over the site that I remember. It's all gone now because currently the credit union bank sits on the farm site. I</p>

Schoolhouse construction	<p>can kind of show you were it is, but there's not much evidence there anymore. Out back I can find part of the foundation of the barn and the poultry house.</p> <p>Back to the schoolhouse. The schoolhouse was so old that we expanded because there was three of us boys and two sisters and we needed more bedroom space. We expanded the house for more bedrooms and we discovered that the rafters were all peeled spruce poles. It wasn't dimensional lumber. It was these long poles that had been flattened on one side with an ax and then the roof put on. And the nails used were cut nails, which was typical of the old days and the blacksmith. So I don't know how old that schoolhouse would have been, but had to be early 1800s, would be my guess.</p>
00:15:19	00:15:19
Schoolhouse; Brown homestead; house renovations	<p>And it was basically a two-room schoolhouse. The Coolidge people had added a lean-to to the east side of it to be a kitchen. When my father purchased the place, the thing was in such shambles, that he didn't even want to bring his new bride, my mother, there because it was a disgusting place. So he told her she needed to stay home with her parents for a couple of months while he hired a carpenter to clean this place up. So they did, and cleaned it. But they talked about how the drain for the kitchen sink just emptied straight into the basement with no plumbing otherwise. And later on one time we had a gentleman come to the door to look for work at the farm. We talked to him for a few minutes, and then he said, "Can I please come in a little further so I can see from the kitchen to the dining room?" We said, yea, sure. So he stepped into the kitchen and looked through into the dining room. He said, "I worked for the Hotel Coolidge and we used to shoot rats off the dining room table there." My mother was not too pleased to hear. But anyway, it was an indication of what shambles the place was. It was an absentee landlord and just helps managing the place willy-nilly.</p>
Farm fields; plowing; broken dishes in farm fields	<p>Along with that, as youngsters when my father would plow the field to the south of where the buildings were, we discovered that these little dishes would get rolled up in the sod, little white dishes. We found out was hotel china. They were typically the butter plates or I guess they call them bone dishes. They are little side dishes that when you have seafood you put some of the bones in. But they were heavy hotel ware so they didn't break easily. So what we figured out, or my parents told us, it was because they brought the garbage from the hotel to feed the pigs. And of course because people are lazy about cleaning off dishes, if one fell in the garbage, just leave it. And so as the pig manure got spread on the field, the dishes got spread on the field, and got plowed down. And I don't have any today. I wish they did. As kids we used to have a set of</p>

	these things that we'd play with in the sand pile.
00:18:14  Hotel dairy; dairy buildings; building renovations; cream separator mechanism   President Coolidge & the Hotel Coolidge story	00:18:14  DB: The other building that you can see in some of my pictures was that the hotel actually had their own dairy where they bottled the milk that they produced there. They pasteurized it and bottled it to take it down to serve in the hotel. So the second building which had this little dairy in the basement, and then I don't know what the upper part was. As my father was getting started in farming, he realized he needed some help. And my uncle, his younger brother, came to live there with his wife. They fixed up that building as an apartment with a couple bedrooms and so on. The under part was a dairy that we used as a farm shop to repair equipment. As a youngster, the thing that was a curiosity to me was the line shaft in the ceiling with pulleys on them. As a kid I couldn't figure out what could possibly be hooked up to these pulleys. My father said well this ran all the cream separators and the things in the dairy. They would have one motor or one stationary gas engine with a flat belt running the end of it. And the rest of them would run the equipment and that thing stayed there for a long, long time before we took it down.  KO: I had no idea that Hotel Coolidge was such a big deal.  DB: Oh it was. Funny story, when my parents were buying the farm, my mother's sister who had a married a bank manager in Summit, NJ said, "Oh, I know that place, that's where President Coolidge lived." We said no. He said, I've got a picture. So he went to a picture album. He had been on a summer tour like they did in the 20s and had taken pictures of farms along the road. And he had this picture of Coolidge Farm, and it on the side of it – I don't think my pictures show it, the side of the old barn, we painted it two or three times, you could still see the shadow of Coolidge Farm. By the barnyard side, it faced to the south.  KO: It was Hotel Coolidge Farm. DB: Not President Coolidge. Any other little history things?
00:20:54  Town Lister; Canadian mints; Seth Wright	00:20:54  DB: When I was a youngster we used to have a town lister that would come once a year or once every other year just to check around as to what we built new and so on for tax purposes. As youngsters we used to follow the old man around and he actually was the great-grandfather of the current Harold Wright that lives here. And he was retired pretty much from the farm, but he still did this town job as a lister. Nice old gentleman and he carried Canadian mints in his pocket, his suit coat. And he'd give them out to little boys like us, and we knew this so we would shadow him around. That's what I remember about Seth Wright,

Canadian mint	<p>was the Canadian mint candy that he handed out.</p> <p>KO: What's a Canadian mint?</p> <p>DB: It's a heavy pink mint candy. Just a second, I'll show you one. To this day, I like them. [Goes to get Canadian mint candy, offers to KO.]</p> <p>KO: I've never seen these before. Oh they say Canada on them.</p> <p>DB: It's an old-fashioned hard candy.</p> <p>KO: Oh, I've had something similar.</p>
Wright Farm; Wright Family; sharing machinery; cutting corn; harvesting; sharing tractors; International Crawler tractor	<p>DB: That was a popular thing with kids. And he lived in the old house at the Wright farm, which is a mile south of here. Harold Wright actually lives in that house. And then Seth's son was Seever Wright who was the man that I was familiar with as the father with Harold and his other sons. Any my dad, because everybody in the Depression times, didn't have any extra money for newer machinery. So we would buy machinery that we would share with the Wrights and they would buy machinery that they would share with us. And sometimes because farming was labor intensive in those days, like cutting corn – you had bundles of corn that we're cutting and dumped in the fields. And you had to manually load those on the wagons, take them to the silo. They were chopped at the silo and blown in. Well, the Wright boys, Harold being one of them, and I was too young at the time, but my father had hired help. We'd combine and get together and harvest their fields and harvest ours. And in the beginning they had a big old tractor, all the [silage] blowers were run with flat belts. And you used a tractor as power plant to turn the blower, because the tractors had a flat belt pulley on the side of it. The Wrights had the big enough tractor. It took a lot of horsepower to do this. They had a big tractor in the beginning. And later on my father had a TD-6</p>
Neighborhood help	<p>International Crawler that we purposely had a belt pulley put on the back of it. You didn't use the crawler during crop season that much. It was used for logging and firewood. We'd use that as a stationery power to fill the silos. So that got moved from one farm to the other. It was a joint effort kind of thing. And one of the things that I like to remember: a neighboring small farm, a man by the name of Mr. Drew, some children were playing with matches in his little barn and burned the thing flat. The whole neighborhood turned out, cut the lumber, my father trucked it to a mill with his truck and then the neighbors all worked together to get the barn built again. Good old-fashioned neighborhood help. And the women all got together and fed us while we were working. We'd have these big –</p>
Barn burning	<p>KO: Did those kids get in trouble for burning down a barn?</p>

<p>00:25:50</p>	<p>DB: Oh yea. In those days, it was not today's way of getting in trouble, but they remembered that they did the wrong thing. I guess that's about all the quick.</p> <p>00:25:50</p>
<p>Trout fishing; water pump</p>	<p>DB: Oh yes, other little things. When I was a youngster, we would love to go trout fishing in the local brooks because they had little wild rainbow trout. And you'd get night crawlers and just go fishing down the brook. Well I was fishing in the brook to the east of the farm down in a ravine and I'm going along, quietly fishing. And all of a sudden I can hear this, "whoosh, thump." And then it would be quiet for a while and then another "whoosh, thump." And I actually found the device. It was a metal, looked like a jar upside down, like a wine urn. Maybe five-gallon volume. And it was making this noise. I could see a pipe kind of coming to it and a pipe going away. But here it was in the woods and there was no buildings around or anything. So that night at supper, I'm telling my father about this spooky thing in the woods. And he said that's a water ram. As a child I didn't quite understand what he was trying to tell me. But in those days, farms, to push water up from a brook ravine area, and I don't know how much they could move it up, but at least 10-15 feet, to water cattle and pastures, to get the water into a tub. What they used was the head of water rushing down the pipe would open the valve in the bottom of this jar and the force would compress the air up to a point. And then the valve would click shut and it would start to equalize. Then another valve would trip and it would push the water up into this tank. So it was this pulsing or ram type, very simple mechanism and didn't cost much. Farmers used it to water their cattle. Evidently it was the</p>
<p>Walsh Farm; 1920s; 1940s</p>	<p>Walsh Farm, the people we rented from. They had a pasture over in this area where the brook was and this old device had been there (at that time it would have been the '40s) and this would have been probably from the '20s that they would have had for the cattle.</p>
<p></p>	<p>KO: And they still used it?</p>
<p>"Feeding the ram"; cooling milk; spring water; ice &amp; sawdust</p>	<p>DB: We never used it for anything. The only thing I knew that was related to it: there was a little pond upstream from where I was fishing. It could have been the thing feeding the ram. [That's] where we used to cut ice because in the beginnings of my father farming, you cooled your milk in a water cooler basically. It was a tank filled with cold spring water. Spring water is normally an ambient temperature of about 35 degrees or so. And in those days it was acceptable if you could cool your milk to about that temperature. But of course in the summertime, it was a little difficult. So farmers would typically cut ice off of a pond and bring it in somewhere and stack it with a layer of ice, layer of sawdust, layer of</p>



<p>00:29:39</p> <p>Buying ice; harvesting ice; ice sled</p>	<p>ice, layer of sawdust. And we used to get the ice to last pretty much into the middle of the summer, maybe the month of July or so before you run out of it.</p> <p>00:29:39</p> <p>KO: What did you do when you ran out of it?</p> <p>DB: We bought it from ice companies, which of course was expensive and you tried to avoid it as much as possible. So another little childhood memory: I wasn't allowed on the pond because they were too dangerous because they were open. I was allowed to sit on the sled as the horses pulled it back up to the farm because they moved along relatively slowly and it was a great treat to ride down and ride back on the sled.</p> <p>I don't know that there's any other particular thing.</p>
<p>00:30:15</p> <p>Interstate construction; Frank Russ; 1960s; Perini construction; Route 5; 1920s; concrete road construction</p> <p>Route 5; Bellows Fall Creamery; Brookside Milk; First National Stores; farm</p>	<p>00:30:15</p> <p>KO: A lot of your pictures show, or this one shows, interstate construction. What can you tell me about the interstate?</p> <p>DB: What we need to talk about – okay, that helps. I'm going to start with a story I heard in the barbershop in 1960-ish when the interstate was being developed. I went to a local barbershop in White River. An old man by the name of Frank Russ came in. I said, I wonder what they're going to do on the interstate. He said, "Well, I don't think they'll do it like Perini did in 1927 or so." He said when they built Route 5, Perini (which is an Italian construction company from the Boston area) poured the cement. The original Route 5 was slabs of cement with seams in it. And what they would do is lay out the day's work that could be accomplished and then put a wine barrel at the end of the work. And the Italians would work like crazy to get to that wine barrel. And that was their system. Every day they had cement mixers that [used] hand and shovel to load them, to mix, and then pour it out. And then they hand-moved the wheelbarrows to pour the slabs. So there was huge gangs of men. You talk about labor; that was really intensive labor. But the incentive, besides menial pay, was the wine barrel. So they were speculating the interstate probably wasn't going to be built that way.</p> <p>Anyway, so the major highway when my father first bought the farm – and part of the reason he bought it where he did, was that it was on Route 5, which was the major north-south highway on the Connecticut River Valley. And you had product like milk, the cheaper you could get it to market, the better it would be for you. And my father belonged to the Bellows Falls Cooperative Creamery in Bellows Falls, Vermont. So they would pick up the milk at the farm and it would be trucked the 40</p>

<p>co-op; milk market; cow breeding issues &amp; solutions; Windsor Brown</p> <p>First National; milk check; Charlie Kelton</p>	<p>miles or so to Bellows Falls to where it was pasteurized and bottled. And it became the Brookside Milk &amp; First National Stores. That farm co-op had a contract with First National Stores to provide Brookside Milk in their stores, so it gave it a nice solid market. It didn't fluctuate as bad. In those days there was a lot of difficulty for farmers. First of all, farmers were their own worst enemy. They tended to not have their cows calve evenly throughout the year. They tended to have their calves in the spring. And the glut of milk on the market during that time, and the milk price would drop. And in the winter when the milk price went up, nobody had any cows that were freshening and producing a lot of milk. But gradually my father being one, because of his college education, regulated the breeding program so they had cows freshening around the year in small groups so that our production was more level. And the coop also worked with its farmers to try to get them to do that.</p> <p>At First National, then you have this nice dependable once a month milk check. So you could forecast what you needed to buy, and how you were going to pay for it and so on. So that was - Charlie Kelton that most people know in the area. He originally started in business as a milk hauler. His family from Westminster, Vermont near Bellows Falls. He came to haul milk and he came to the White River area as a milk hauler and eventually as a GMC truck dealer.</p>
<p>00:34:54</p> <p>Interstate construction; 1960s; interstate survey; Windsor Brown farm affected by interstate; auction cattle and equipment</p> <p>Fighting</p>	<p>00:34:54</p> <p>DB: Okay, back to the interstate highway. So in the 60s, the interstate system came up the valley 20 miles at a time, in kind of chunks of doing it. When I first got out of engineering school and worked for MPV in Keene, NH, I lived in Brattleboro because my wife was a schoolteacher there. And they were just beginning to build the interstate through Brattleboro at that time, 1960. So it got to the White River mid 60s, '64-'65, somewhere around there. I'm a little rusty on dates. But they of course came in and surveyed. And interstate is eminent domain, and they buy the land by eminent domain, and you get paid the going price-          KO: -fair market value-          DB: -well in our case, no. They offered us about 1/2 of what it was worth. And they wanted 100 acres of our land, including basically the farm site. And when that highway 89 went through that was the end of our being able to farm. It was so close to the yard and so close to the cow's pasture. So we auctioned off the cattle and the equipment. My middle brother, we set him up over in Brandon, VT because the Champlain Valley is a better farm situation with bigger fields and flatter. We stopped in White River. We still owned a lot of land at that time, but as far as farming, we just stopped. So the interstate basically stopped us.</p> <p>But we took them to court and fought them. In Brattleboro they went by</p>

interstate construction	the Brattleboro Retreat, and if you're familiar with the West River there, there's a fancy farm that's along where that big high bridge goes through. They took them to court and won, and we used that as a precedent for the same values, same kind of farm, same kind of dairy animals. We said you paid this in Brattleboro; this is what you'll pay in White River.
Interstate on farmland; Windsor Brown changing farm; sawmill; portable sawmill	So most of this interchange here, and our line actually went diagonal, over to the back corner of this field, and then up the mountain across. And this is actually where you're visiting me now. Remick Road goes right up, right there. That's why I refer to the field you came up by – I still call it the sawmill field. The other part that I haven't told you yet: my Dad and I, in order to change the farm to be efficient to what we wanted to do needed to build buildings and machinery sheds and change the barns around, he did it with his own lumber. We lumbered white pine and hemlock and so on, and he purchased a Lane Sawmill, which is matter-of-fact, in Montpelier in its day was called a portable sawmill. Now in today's standards it would be anything but – it took a number of trucks and three or four days to set up a new mill in a new location. But in those days, the lumbermen used to do that. They would go to the location where there was going to some stumpage they called it.
1938 Flood; Tunbridge; fairground; mill; box mill; pasture pine; lumber; Enfield, NH; firewood; supplemental income; basic meal: corn chowder	Anyway, the 1938 flood in Tunbridge, Vermont, somewhere in the vicinity of the fairground, there was this Lane Mill and it got buried in the mud when the flood came through. So they sold it for, I don't know, twenty cents on the dollar. My father and my uncle went up there over a period of time and dug it out of the mud and brought it down here to White River and set it up. And this is what we sawed our own lumber with. Plus, during World War II, a lot of military supplies were shipped in wooden crates. So there was a market for what they call box boards, short lumber the size you'd use in crates and pallets. So it allowed you to use what the locals refer to as pasture pine. When pine doesn't grow in thick stands, it tends to bush out and grow multiple limbs. And the limbs typically aren't very straight. So an eight-foot log is about maximum and typically lumber people like to get 12, 16 feet plank. It's more efficient and so on. So the good quality lumber, you can't get out of that kind of pine. So what we had out on our farm, it was growth in our old sheep pastures, these single pine trees. And so my father harvested these things and cut them in his own mill and made these box board. It was basically stock that was two inches thick and you left the edges, the bark on the edges, just slabs of it if you will. And get a pretty good price just for doing that because there was a box mill over in Enfield, NH, fairly local so we could truck it to. So it was a cash supplement. If you talk to many famers, you just about break even all the way along. And my dad cleverly found things like that to supplement in. In the very beginning of his starting, he actually sold firewood. He would go into the woods and

<p>00:41:35</p>	<p>cut diseased trees because there was a lot of oak and ash and maple that were not suitable for sugaring and other things. He'd cut it and sell it to get some cash for it. My mother used to talk about the meal during the week, and what was the standard. Corn chowder was cheap. And that was the other side of their life.</p>
<p>Gardens</p>	<p>00:41:35</p> <p>They grew big gardens. My mother used to can regularly 40 quarts of string beans per season along with tomatoes and everything else, lima beans.</p>
<p>Winter food supply; eating well as farmers; no cash money; eggs; poultry; Rhode Island Reds; White Wyandottes; grandfather improving poultry; agricultural diversity; hatching eggs; sorting eggs; shipping eggs; eggs during WWII</p>	<p>KO: But then you had food throughout the winter.</p> <p>DB: Well, yea, this was your winter's food supply. And so as you talk to people that [were] involved in farming during the war when there was rationing and that sort of thing, we actually lived fairly well. Even though there was no cash money available, you lived off your own milk. We had pigs so there was pork chops. And we had poultry so there was eggs, lots of eggs. And that's another aside. My mother, her father was a poultry man in Massachusetts, a very good poultry man. He had Rhode Island Reds, a certain breed. And they along with White Wyandottes are considered the poultry that lay the most eggs per bird per day. And he raised a strain of those Rhode Island Reds that improved their characteristics. And he has a notable name in [University of Massachusetts] for his achievements. But anyway, he talked my father into raising poultry along with his dairy cows in making his agriculture diverse industry. When the cows might not be making money, the poultry would and vice versa. And during the war what happened, they discovered there was a broiler market because of the need of chicken for oversea rations and stuff of the military. So we used to raise hatching eggs that we would put on the railroad in White River. And they would be shipped to Wilmington, Delaware to the forerunners [of the] Perdue Farm type people doing broilers. And they would pay a premium above table eggs. It was a Grade A table egg, but it also was sorted for its fertility and characteristics. It had to be a large egg. It couldn't be pullet or jumbo. You had to be fussy about it. But if you were careful, you got this premium. We made some serious money. In fact, during the war we made more money on the poultry than we did on the cows.</p> <p>KO: Well I guess if the military wanted them.</p> <p>DB: Well, yea. That was it. And, a little aside, for three boys, they hated the poultry.</p> <p>KO: I haven't heard anyone say they like poultry.</p>

<p>Downside of poultry; “stupid” chickens, smothering each other</p>	<p>DB: If you’re dealing with a lot of them like that, it’s just a difficult job. Poultry manure is a lot of ammonia to it, so you can hardly breathe when you’re shoveling out from under the roost. We actually raised our chickens from baby chicks all the way through to producing hens, which meant you had to handle them at different stages of their life. And there’s nothing stupider than a teenage chicken. When they’re first feathering out, they are so dumb. When you get a thunderstorm or a loud noise, like someone slamming the door, they all run to one side of the pen and try to hide underneath each other. And what they do is smother each other. They’ll kill each other. If you’re not there to react to a situation, you’ll go into a pen and it’ll be 10, 11, 12 dead chickens in the corner. And you say to yourself, “what the heck happened here.” My father was quick enough to figure it out. Quite often, if we knew we had pens of chickens at this stage, he’d say, “boys go to the henhouse and get in the pens.” And you’d stand there and throw these things back into the middle of the pen, and they’d come right at you again. Anyway, just a little aside.</p>
<p>00:45:59</p>	<p>00:45:59</p>
<p>Shipping eggs</p>	<p>DB: But, on the other hand, we as I said, used to ship as many as 20 cases of eggs per week. So there’s 30 dozen eggs in a case. You figure it out for yourself. That’s a lot of eggs to be packed.</p> <p>KO: That’s a lot of chickens.</p> <p>DB: It was. You see it in the pictures here. This building right here, that was the poultry house.</p> <p>KO: Oh, the long one.</p>
<p>Poultry house; packing eggs; automatic sorting machine</p>	<p>DB: Yea, and they had 12 pens of chickens. There was 3 up and 3 down in the original poultry house. We doubled the size so we ended up with 12 pens. And a pen would be at least 100 chickens. So now you’re talking a lot of work. My early memories as a child were packing eggs. That was one of the first serious jobs that I could do, because I could pick up an egg. Besides the hatching egg, there was a percentage that were table eggs. So we an automatic machine that my father would actually take the eggs out of the pail, inspect them, and then put them on a track. They would roll down and there was this thing that picked up and came by. It picked up the egg and laid it in the first scale, which was set for jumbo. So if the egg wasn’t that heavy it wouldn’t trip it. It would get moved to the large. If it didn’t trip it, it would move to the medium and down to the pullets. And each one of those, if it tripped it, it rolled down this tray and segregated it. We had a case underneath. As a child</p>

Eggs in every meal	<p>we would argue who would stand underneath. We had to put the eggs in the flats and fillers. And I don't know if you've seen that case of eggs. It has the flats, cardboard that's been – Styrofoam now – but in those days it was pressed and had little cup shapes. And the point of the egg would fit in it. On top of that, it was cardboard, the height of the egg that made squares. It was fitted together, and there was all these slots that we'd put the eggs in. Of course as a child we wanted to be like Dad and pick up three eggs at a time. But, no, no.</p> <p>KO: Did many break?</p> <p>DB: You always got breakage. You handle that many eggs. Even just getting them in the pail from the poultry house back to the egg room, and not bump the pail or set it down too hard. There was always cracked eggs. That's why I'm brining this up. As part of our own family food supply, our mother incorporated eggs into almost everything. And she was a good cook, and some rather imaginative – to this day I love –</p>
00:49:35	00:49:35 - [distraction by fawn running across the lawn; conversation about nearby wildlife]
Interstate changes; school; airplanes	<p>00:59:10</p> <p>DB: Okay, the interstate came through and it really changed the area here. I have to address the other part of it. I graduated from high school in 1954. Born in Hanover Hospital, the old Mary Hitchcock in 1936. So basically, the 1940 – the 1942 I was a first grader. My mother was trained as a kindergarten teacher, so I actually sort of got homeschooled, I realize now. She used to read to me or make me read to her while she was doing that. So I got some of that. And because of my age – I was born January 2 – when I could go to first grade, I was older than most of the kids by half a year. It was kind of an advantage, plus the home-schooling. I was ready for some stuff. I could color between the lines. Another part of that: airplanes were a big deal in those days to little boys because of the war. They were flying overhead. So if you got your little math problem or your coloring, she allows you to turn to your paper over and draw. Well we'd draw fighter planes. We used to figure out how to draw certain planes, fighter planes, and we'd make bullets like they were going at each other. And the first contrails I ever saw as a youngster, was probably about second grade – '43 or so – P38s were some of the first planes that fly high altitude. They had certain turbo-chargers, up there about 30,000 feet. It was a big deal. It's just interesting memories.</p>
Hatching egg business; Railway	<p>The other quickie memory is this hatching egg business. We put the eggs on the Railway Express. In White River, the station was across the tracks from the hotel. And in those days there was no way around the backside</p>

Express; bringing eggs to railroad in WRJ	like you do now. And there was no pass through from the corner by the Polka Dot. There was no across-the-tracks there. But there was planks in the tracks over by the post office, but you had to get a special permit to be out there. Because my father had these 20 cases of eggs in a pick-up truck, he'd call ahead to the railway express guy and say we'd be there at such and such time. They'd send out a flagman and let us come across. And then we'd be on the platform while they unloaded the baggage cars, you know the old fashioned ones.
01:03:02	01:03:02
Going with dad to bring eggs	Well, at that time, I was a first grader, and it was a big deal because it was 10:30 at night and past bedtime. But my mother – if we took a nap after school, said we could go. This time that I love to remember: I was out there with my dad and he's busy unloading. I can't help him because I'm not big enough. He's telling me to stay near the front.
Rommels soldiers on the train coming through WRJ	<p>All of a sudden everything went quiet, and I thought what the heck because usually this was a major sleeper train going through to Washington D.C. so there was a big crowd of people. But everyone was quiet. And I look up to the north and this train is coming towards us with some flags from the front of it. Then I realize there are military guys with Tommy guns, standing alongside the tracks on both sides. As a little kid, I was like, "Dad, Dad, what's going on?" And this thing is coming slow. It comes through like it's going to West Lebanon, and pulls by so the engine was just beyond and all these cars are there. And these young soldiers are hanging out the window and they're speaking a strange language. These are Rommels soldiers that we captured in North Africa. This was a prisoner of war train.</p> <p>Some of this I found out later, but some I figured out at the time. They had that light desert tan uniform on. The Germans wore a different cap than our soldiers did. All of this to a kid is strange. They were whistling "Lily Mar Lane" - you know, the famous German soldier song. You're probably too young to remember. It was very sentimental – the soldier remembering his sweetheart at home. He's missing her. And it was a very haunting kind of song. They were feeding them. They were bringing things of food and passing them on to the train and putting water on. They had to change engines. Steam engines in those days – the bearings in those things wouldn't last. They were bringing them from Halifax, Nova Scotia to Texas. They were going to a prisoner of war [camp] in Texas. So there were stops to change engines, supply food and all the rest of it.</p>
1980s; meeting a	In the 1980s, early 80s – I had to go to Cologne, Germany. One of the big machine tools fell off a truck on the Autobahn. And I was dealing

<p>former POW who was on the Rommels train</p>	<p>with this German insurance agent, but he was speaking really good English with a Texas drawl. After we finished our business and we were having a good meal at a hotel. I said, "I'm going to ask you a question. You don't have to answer if you don't want to." I said, "How come you speak with a Texas drawl?" He said, "You saved my life." I said, "What?" He said, "I was a 17 year old soldier that got captured in North Africa. You grabbed me and brought me to this country. I became a trustee at the prison camp. I'd go to town to get stuff and I'd learn to speak English real well. I'm a wealthy insurance man today. The men that didn't get captured got killed on the Russian front. Nobody came back. All of the Rommels guys got sent to the Russian front. I came here, you guys treated me well. When the war was over I went back and because I could speak English fluently, I was involved in insurance for air freight. Thank you very much."</p> <p>So then we started talking. I said, "You know, I've got a story." We were talking about prisoner of war. I said, "when I was a little kid," and I told him the story I just told you.</p> <p>He said, "I was on that train. I remember that stop. You brought water and food and everybody was nice and quiet at the station. It was just a good scene." He'd been traveling [a long, arduous trip.]</p> <p>KO: Wow, that's an incredible story.</p> <p>DB: Yea, and to have it happen all these years later.</p> <p>KO: What are the odds?</p> <p>DB: But his English, he sounded like Dallas. He had that very definite Texas drawl when he'd say things. I thought, "Why is this German speaking with a drawl?" It is very interesting. Anyway, sorry.</p> <p>KO: No, that's a good story. I like that one.</p>
<p>01:08:15</p> <p>1940s; railroad; commerce; grain co-op; Windsor County Farmers</p>	<p>01:08:15</p> <p>DB: So what I'm getting at here: that period in the 1940s, White River was a totally different kind of town.</p> <p>KO: A rail town? A mill town?</p> <p>DB: Well the railroad – as far as commerce, White River was supplies. And this is what I'm going to get to. My dad belonged to a farmer's grain co-op. Rather than being a private business like Agway or something, it was Windsor County Farmers Exchange. Farmers became</p>



<p>Exchange; Eshelman Feed; Red Rose burlap bags; feed store</p>	<p>a member of it and they would decide. They had their board of directors and all. They'd decide where they could the best prices for their dairy feed and their poultry feed. Every so often they'd change suppliers. At that time they were buying from Eshelman Feed in Lancaster County, PA, and it was coming up on the railroad cars at that time. Red Rose, I can remember the burlap bags with a clover rose kind of picture. Anyway, the big deal for us as kids – because we were allowed to ride in the truck. Now where that feed store was, was where – a restaurant supply place and there's a restaurant, I can't think of the name. You go down South Main Street and you get down below. It used to be Swift and Company. Now you can buy used building supplies.</p> <p>KO: The salvage place?</p>
<p>Feed store; railroad siding; loading grain from the railroad car; Italian fruit stand; B&amp;M Railroad; freight yard in White River;</p>	<p>DB: A little further down. Anyway, so in that area, you'd go around the feed store and there was railroad sidings there. You backed the truck right up to the [railcar] and if you loaded your grain off the car, and they didn't have to handle it, it was another deduction in price. So we would go down once a week with the farm truck and load out three or four tons of grain. As a little kid, I couldn't participate. So my father by himself and the guy in the store or we'd take a hired man, would load the truck. As he's doing that, if we were good little boys and sat in the truck, we might get an ice cream cone from an Italian fruit stand across the way. But at the same time we were fascinated because there were switch engines out there in front of us, moving the cars and making up the next trains. A lot of stuff came in from Canada – the Canadian National Railroad. Of course, B&amp;M was coming up from Boston, and Central Vermont down from St. Johnsbury. Freight trains would get made up right here in White River. In fact down South Main, there's still some of that big freight yard. There's a little bit of it. In the old days, there was 30 tracks or so. Each track would make up a series, either lumber cars or oil. Specialty things would get made up. In wartime, so of the supply freight trains were over a mile long. They used multiple engines to get out of the valley. By the grammar school, where the municipal building is, used to take three and four engines to pull the freight uphill. You don't think of it being uphill to Norwich and St. Johnsbury, but it is. And the same way, going up to West Lebanon, they put on extra engines and then the engines would come back to White River. There was a C.V. roundhouse where they repaired the engines. And there was a big one in West Lebanon. So there was two major freight – well, as kids, all this stuff going on.</p>
<p>“Car knockers’</p>	<p>There were guys called car knockers. They would go along and hit the wheels of the freight cars. If the wheel were cracked it wouldn't ring, like a bell. They could tell. The cracked one got a chalk mark. And they'd have to pull the track out of the line. They'd lift the ends of that</p>

	<p>whole truck section and it would get slid out and they'd put another one underneath on a pin.</p> <p>Little boys are mechanically inclined. And then the Pullman cars were made up here. There were men called car washers who would go along the sides and wash the windows on the train. All of that stuff was going on. So for little boys from the farm, it was a big deal to go to town and maybe get an ice cream cone if you behaved yourself.</p>
01:13:45	01:13:45
School desks covered in soot	<p>DB: And the other side of it. White River, because of all that ?? and trains. When we had a vacation and we went back to school – the municipal building is the grammar school that I went to – you'd put your hand on your desk and it was soot black. A teacher would usually give us rags and tell us to wipe the things because we'd go home with sooty marks on our rear ends and our mothers would raise hell, particularly the little girls in the nice dresses. You'd sit on that stuff and oh boy. Anyway, all of that kind of stuff going on.</p>
Municipal building 1927 and 1938 flooding	<p>Another little aside: I don't think it's still there, I think they painted it over, but in the municipal building there used to be a mark where the 1927 and 1938 flood – it actually flooded that building. And that so-called first floor is actually on some steps. And that mark is head-high on a school child above on the floor there. They had a heck of a flood there. It was like an Irene situation in Bethel, it happened here in White River. Somehow it got tangled up in the bridges and flooded all around there. All that is before I went to school, but they had still left the marks to say in 1938 that's what it did.</p>
1927 and 2011 floods	<p>KO: Oh yea, in my town we have 1927 and 2011.</p> <p>DB: Oh sure those are the two biggies. And here we go again. My wife claims I imagining this, but I really think I'm remembering it.</p>
01:15:44	01:15:44
Simon's Farm; hay barns	<p>Up here on the hillside, at the Simon's farm. This is almost at the top of the big field, and you see how steep it is. There was an old wooden hay barn, an old-fashioned farm barn that they typically had in the field because it was quite the chore to get all the wagon load all the way back down the hill into a barn. So they cut the field and put it into a barn in the field. You'll see that in Vermont a lot. Over in the Champlain Valley – my brother bought his place in Brandon, and he had two or three. Anyway, getting ahead of my story.</p>
1938	<p>So 1938 hurricane. The wind is blowing and the farmyard has a lot of</p>

Hurricane	<p>these big elm trees and they were moaning with the wind, we're talking 70-80mph. It was time to go to bed and as a little kid, I was scared. In '38 I was two years old. I don't want to lay down. So I remember going to west, looking out the window and I could see that barn up there. And you could almost see it getting racked by the wind. I remember, and don't as me why, and looking out the window the next morning and saying to my mother, "Where's the barn?" She said it had all blown away. And as a kid that really scared me. Our house was all right and the elms – they are tough trees, but they didn't come down. But that was a specific thing. Linda said I couldn't remember, two year olds don't remember. But it was something that was significant.</p>
<p>01:18:00</p> <p>Windsor Brown farm; 30 milkers; piggery; farmhouse; hired help</p> <p>30 cattle; Holsteins; cattle in the cornfield; frost and animals</p> <p>Prussic acid; Loss of cows; Cattle dealer, Walter Clark;</p>	<p>01:18:00</p> <p>DB: My father, when he first started farming had a small herd of probably 30 milkers or so. And all he had was this barn here and that building, which was only half – the piggery place. But he didn't have this barn here at all. That's about it. And the farmhouse here. The farmhouse I grew up in and the second one you can see in the shadow – right here, under the trees. That was the building that was a dairy that my uncle lived in. Our farm was big enough so we typically hired a herdsman or somebody, a married guy. Farm help is typically transient. Single people and all they stay for a couple of years if you can get them to stay that long. My father, to stabilize things, would hire one set of married help. And when we got this big and went away to college, he actually hired a second and we had two families of married help. They learn the business. They learn how to take care of things. So he had to go to that level. And we had one house that we purchased away from the farm site that the guys lived in. Getting ahead of my story.</p> <p>So when he started, he had this little herd of 30 cattle. It was a mixture. They weren't purebred at that time, but they were Holsteins. Of course, the milk check was critical. The end of that first season – this is before I really remember – the cattle, there was a cornfield. One of these fields had been plowed, but the cattle were also being pastured behind the barn because it was handy. They got out of the pasture and they got into this corn, and it was in the fall when there was a frost. Do you know the story about frost and animals?</p> <p>KO: No.</p> <p>DB: Oh boy, frosted corn and frosted wild cherry leaves or wilted wild cherry leaves are prussic acid – deadly poison to cattle, if they eat it when it's in that state. My father got the cows when they were in the cornfield and got them back, but the next morning there were only two</p>

<p>Getting new cattle</p> <p>Firewood; cash money; purebred cattle;</p>	<p>cows standing in the herd. You talk about disaster. And I guess they only managed to save half the herd – half died or butchered. So there goes the milk check. But thank god for good old Vermonters. He knew a man who helped him buy some of the cattle he bought, a cattle dealer: Walter Clark from Union Village, Vermont. He called him up and told him what happened. Walter said, “Don’t worry about it, we’ll figure something out.” My dad said he didn’t have any money because he wouldn’t have a milk check. Walter took him to Canada. [Phone ringing in background. Linda answers.] Up over the line near Newport there’s a dairy area where they have Holsteins, and what they did was he bought grade Holstein cows that were milking. Usually if a farmer has extra cows – we call them first calf heifers – and they aren’t proven per say. You don’t know what level of milk they’ll produce, so farmers sometimes manage to sell off two or three from each herd. So they went around and managed to collect about 10 or more cows that the cattle dealer brought back on his truck. And my dad didn’t have to pay for them immediately it was a loan, a good old Yankee kind of loan, a handshake and whatever. So for the rest of that cattle dealer’s life, my father treated him like you know. But saved my father’s business, kept that milk check up because these animals were already producing.</p> <p>And back into the thing, and that winter, my father cut firewood and everything he did to [earn] cash money to get [us] through to next season. As time progressed he gradually – well, when we stopped the poultry business but before then – he concentrated on trying to have purebred cattle. Purebred cows, never mind the milk they produce, they are worth something to someone else. Like a purebred horse, you can get some good money for it. You have to keep papers and certificates. Black and white, you think she’s Holstein. Oh, no. The black can’t touch the hoof and the face can’t have any black. There’s a system, purebred rules, if you rules.</p>
<p>01:24:35</p> <p>Holsteins; Guernseys; Jersey</p>	<p>01:24:35</p> <p>DB: Another little thing. My wife and I were just over in Holland. Holstein Friesians came from Holland originally, Germany. Holstein is a German name and Friesland is an area of the Netherlands. When they were developing the breed in Europe, they were like Guernseys. They were red and white but they had the body of a Holstein. A Guernsey is more like a Jersey. Of the course the Asher is red and white, but they’re different altogether. Ever deal with one? They’re temperamental. She’ll kick you if you even look at her. Anyway, we would occasionally, genetically have what the farmer refers to as a throwback. One of the cows would have a little black and white calf with a red nose. They were so cute. We wanted to keep them. We wanted to keep them, but my father said we can’t because they won’t register them. But, lo and behold, you look up on the internet and there is a red and white Holstein</p>

Poultry business post WWII	<p>association that some farmers are concentrating on that. It's more of a plaything for rich people. If my father was alive, he'd say "I told you so." They were perfectly good animals but the rules said you couldn't have a red and white Holstein.</p> <p>So, going along with this, when we stopped – when war was over, and the poultry business in New England went downhill. The broiler business literally went to New Jersey and Delaware, the Frank Perdue, high production. The end of our producing we had automatic poultry feeders where we had these huge grain bins that would pull the feed through the chicken house so you didn't have to go from pen to pen and dump 100 lbs. sacks. You're talking about labor. So we were all mechanized but you didn't produce any profits.</p>
Chickens or cows? - Doubled the size of the herd	<p>So one morning at the breakfast table, when there was always discussion of the day's plan, my father said, "well boys, what's it going to be chickens or cows?" And in one chorus, we said cows. That was the end of the poultry business. So we went out and bought some new blood lines of purebreds and then increased the barn by twice the size. That's when we built the other side of it. You can see how modern that building looks and the extra silos. We doubled the size of the herd, went to 100 cows from 40 to 50 before.</p>
Poultry equipment; Risks of poultry	<p>KO: So did you dad sell all the poultry equipment?</p> <p>DB: You know what, a lot of people don't realize this. Poultry are disease prone and other poultry men are very skittish from buying equipment from another place. In fact we had [no trespassing signs on our poultry houses]. We would have if you had a house in the city, but if you came from another farm, we wouldn't let you in because the poultry manure if diseased, our flock would instantly catch whatever the flock had in the other place. It was a risky business. Occasionally we'd lose a whole pen of chickens. There was nothing you could do. Just get them out of there quick, strip it down and sanitize it with carbola or in those days we could use creosote. Of course, nowadays, creosote is a carcinogen. It's a wonder I'm here.</p> <p>KO: Smells good on railroad tracks.</p> <p>DB: It's a strong carcinogen. We used to wear masks. If you spray a pen with that, none of the diseases will survive.</p> <p>KO: Why do the chickens get so sick?</p>
Sick chickens; cow	<p>DB: I don't know, something about their system. They can't ward it off as well as other animals. Cows have something like the hoof and mouth</p>

<p>diseases; modern vet science; monitoring cows' health</p> <p>01:31:25</p>	<p>thing you hear about the southwest. Okay, now I'm getting to veterinary medicine. Most modern farmers have that knowledge and understand. I have that science. I took vet science in college. You kind of have to. You're dealing with animals. A cow comes through the milking parlor everyday and if her health doesn't seem right, you make a note of it, take her temperature. You keep track of it. There's one thing cows get that's called mastitis. It's in their udder. They get a caking and inflammation and it gets into their bloodstream. It'll kill a cow in 2-3 weeks if you don't get some penicillin. So you just watch. And sometimes she has it in one quarter, not the whole udder. You have to watch these things and take care of them. Then you have a healthy herd. You also have to blood test your cattle at least once a year – I can't remember them all now, it's been too long. They have a tag in their ear and the government checks. And if you haven't done it, you're quarantined and you can't sell any animals or any of that kind of thing. And when a farm is getting sold off. The auctioneer will always quote that we've had the whole herd tested and certified to be healthy. People don't realize all these. You see these things on the news, "Don't drink milk, it will kill you." Well, it's been tested so much.</p> <p>01:31:25</p> <p>DB: Anyway, I've rambled here.</p>
<p>01:31:32</p> <p>Jameson Farm; Pearce's Roadside Inn; four Corners;</p> <p>Jameson family;</p>	<p>01:31:32</p> <p>KO: That's fine. Let's see. You've mentioned some farms. There are some more on this map that you have, the Jameson farm.</p> <p>DB: Okay, in your original thing here, it says Pearce here. Where's the original, up to the Four Corners. It's still there. You know where the carriage house thing – they sell all these little utility buildings that people buy to put in their backyards.</p> <p>KO: Oh, sheds?</p> <p>DB: Yea. It's behind the food stop, diagonally as you're going on the VA Cutoff on the left hand side. You'll see there's an original Colonial like house. That was Pearce's roadside inn, like in the days of the stagecoach. There was one in the village, too.</p> <p>KO: Okay, I know what you're talking about.</p> <p>DB: Both of those buildings still exist, but they became private houses. And that's where the Jameson name comes. Okay, the Jamesons were Scotch Canadians from the Maritimes originally, but they came into</p>

haying out near VA Cutoff	<p>Quebec. He was a dairy farmer, but he was the type that would buy a rundown farm in Canada, fix it up, and then sell it. Then move on to another one. Well for some reason or another he came down here to the states and bought that thing that was the Jameson farm. My father didn't own that piece. The only couple - she lived to be over 100, he lived to be 96, I think. They had a huge family, but two of the daughters never got married. They were registered nurses and in the military, World War II. They stories they told were like MASH TV. They were good nurses. I had some health problems as a kid, and so did my mother. Even though they were working they did a lot of private duty stuff. They'd come by and see you, take care of you, come to your house. They were just nice people. They didn't have any use for the farm, so my dad asked if we could hay it and take care of it. They said oh yea. So when you go the VA Cutoff now, there's a Bakery Supply Place and a Welding Supply, all the way down on the firehouse on the other side, some of it has grown back in, but it used to be hayfields down through there, really good hayfields because it moisture in a dry year. So we hayed a lot of times out of there.</p>
<p>01:34:53</p> <p>Proper use of scythe</p>	<p>01:34:53</p> <p>DB: Here we go with the stories again. The old man who was pretty spry. He taught me how to swing a scythe, which is tricky. Most people don't know how to mow with a scythe. Know what I'm talking about?</p> <p>KO: Yea. I've never used one.</p> <p>DB: Most people think you just whack with it and cut. One day I was cutting underneath the electric fence. Once we cut the first crop, we'd put our heifers there. My father would have me cut the weeds away so it wouldn't [short out the fence]. I'm whacking away. The old man comes over and says, "Son, I've got to teach you something." I said, "what?" He said, "You're not swinging that the way you should. Give it to me." He took it, and he's just going along, swinging. He says, "Just a minute, I'll be right back." He goes in the house and gets a newspaper. He tucks the newspaper under my arm and he says, if you don't drop the newspaper, you'll be swinging it the way you should. Now that I'm holding the newspaper under my arm, it means I have a pivot point. And I'm holding an upper handle and lower handle. Now when I cut - I'll mimic the blade - the blade is going to go on a curve, but I take a step. Each time I just cut that much. And you just slice and slice. You're totally in control and the knife is sliding along the grass. You're like sawing it instead of whacking. Anyway, the old fellow showed me how to do this. And even when he got older, I'd let him ride in the trucks with us when we were picking up hay.</p>
Mr. Jameson	After he had passed away and we were using the old barn to store some

and whiskey	<p>of our extra baled hay. We were out there and we went to the post and beam structure, and you come to the tree. There's a whiskey bottle. You go over to the barn and there's another one here and over here. We took them into the house. Our family was teetotalers and we didn't drink at all. We took it into the nurses. She said, "Son of a gun. That's what Dad used to do. Once a month, basically, and he'd get up out of chair say 'It's time for me to walk to town. I need the exercise.'" She said, "He always wore a big old military trench coat and he'd go to the liquor store and bring back his supplies." He routine was to take a walk around the yard everyday. She said, "I never could figure out, when he'd come back from the walk he'd be whistling." He had a little bit of motivation. But it was funny. "Oh that's what Dad was up to." Scotsman liked a little Scotch, a wee nip of the nectar of the gods as they say. So anyway, there's a little history of the Jamesons.</p> <p>KO: I've heard of a lot of liquor storing in barns.</p>
Hard cider; Ogdon cider mill; water supply on Jameson Farm	<p>DB: Oh the hard cider stores. Ogdon Cider Mill down here. He made a [switchel] cider that he used to sell. The opposite story is: the water supply for the Jameson farm came into a stock tank outside the barn. That's where they kept them from freezing in the winter. We're out there haying one day and it's a hot. A good drink of spring water. Luckily I didn't drink it. The next day everyone got diarrhea. They were so sick. And what was wrong? There was dead woodchucks in the spring where the pipe came [from]. So after that, we checked the spring before the next season. Nobody drank out of that thing until we checked the spring. That was not so good that day, but I was the one who lucked out. Anyway so much for that.</p>
01:40:12  Wright Reservoir; fire at the Wright house	<p>01:40:12</p> <p>KO: Was the reservoir always the water department? [Looking at map.]</p> <p>DB: Okay, that reservoir, they call it the Wright Reservoir and I think it's because of the original Major David Wright. This farm site that I remember and chicken yard was just below that. You could see, as I got older and plowed, you could see where the site was. It was a typical Vermont colonial house – a big house with a pantry and woodshed and barn down the hillside. And the barn typically, like all the, you drove in on the hillside and it was down below. It must have had a really disastrous fire. I don't know if when you talk to Harold if he remembers that or could show you. My guess is not because it all happened in the 1800s, Civil War time, which is a long time ago.</p> <p>And after that is when the Wright family went to the place down the road. Now, as long as I'm on that subject, my brother, when he was a senior in high school, did his senior term English paper on all the farms</p>



<p>Fairgrounds; racetrack</p>	<p>that we farmed as a single farm. And particularly tried to dig into the story of all the farms that burned off of where we were.</p> <p>We'll say the last two, which I think incurred the one where we moved the schoolhouse – the hotel moved it. During the time that the fairgrounds was being run, there was – in the papers, did you see this – this is when it was original fairgrounds. This is when there was sulky racing – horse racing – gambling, of course, like all horse racing. It was a big deal. But they had this unusual track. It wasn't an oval. It was this bow tie thing. The thing I know about – when I was plowing this field for corn and crops, I'm out there plowing this fine sandy loam and all of a sudden the plow begins to bog down, and I got to shift the tractor into the lower gear. I'm hitting clay and thinking what the heck. And as I plowed the thing and got it harrowed, here's this very pronounced curve out there. You could see it. So anyway I was asking people. They said it was the old racetrack. It was a clay embankment and there's a turn in the track. It was out in the field, away from where the old grandstand used to be. So it was a part of this out in here somewhere. I've seen that part. The other part, when I was plowing by the grandstand – all of these buildings are gone. I started to fix the plow one day and I noticed there was all this green stuff in the furrow. I wondered what stone would be green. So I went back and picked one up. It was a penny – Indian heads. It was the grandstand where people had dropped their change from vendors. I didn't pick up a lot of them. I kick myself now. I don't have any. But it was stuff from the fair.</p> <p>KO: So did you find this article after the fact?</p> <p>DB: No this came from the conversation with the gal in White River. What's her name? Pat?</p> <p>KO: Pat Stark?</p> <p>DB: Yes. She's very knowledgeable. She reached into her files and said, oh I've got to show you something. And she made some copies. I found it very fascinating. While we're on that subject – we're bouncing around like crazy.</p>
<p>01:45:33</p> <p>Bugbee Flying Service; Lost plane on wrong landing field</p>	<p>01:45:33</p> <p>DB: Okay, the original Bugbee Flying Service had a paved airstrip. See right here by these lumber piles? It went clear through way up into here. And it's exactly the same compass coordinates as one of the strips in Lebanon over the White River. I'm telling you this story because back in the '50s when were lumbering over there behind the automobile agency – where the interstate is now – but it was where there was beautiful</p>

	<p>hemlock that we used for our barn here. In the fog one morning, we hear this plane coming and it's getting lower and it's getting lower. And the next thing we know it's landing out here in the field. It's going down the strip. He thought he was over West Lebanon. The story was afterwards he saw it one pass, and he had to make a landing. And the runway isn't as long as it is in West Lebanon. It was paved, but you rolled off into a sandpit right here. And Bender's Props – it was an old C47 or DC3. Douglas, the military transport, sat there all summer while the military mechanics put it back together. And at the end of the summer they went way up the end of the runway. There wasn't all houses and stuff there now. And cranked it up and got it out of there. A couple of pilots and everything else off, just put in a little bit of fuel so they could fly to West Lebanon, fuel up and continue their trip. So that's the airport story with the paved strip. And see there was a grass strip here. And in my first airplane ride was in an old Stinson four place plane, like a Cessna 72 and we took off on this airstrip here. So that was the way the old airfield was, the paved one and the grass one. They used to grandstand here.</p> <p>KO: Where was this grandstand in this photo?</p>
<p>Fairgrounds; Sykes Avenue; Flying field; Bugbee factory</p>	<p>DB: Here's Route 5 and it would be right at the end of this road here, Sykes Avenue. Basically where the Chinese restaurant is now. You know where the bus station is now – you turn to go to McDonalds. And on the left hand side, there is a gas station is in the front. But basically where the bus station is now. That's basically where it was. There was a fairgrounds administration building and they turned it into the business office of the airport. They never really had any scheduled flights. They had a lot of charter work that they did and twin engine planes, but never anything beyond that. And as I say, the Bugbee was actually a younger member of the Bugbee family in White River. You talk to Pat about – she'll tell you that they had a business that built carriages in the old days. I believe their building was the one when you go down into White River, the bridge that goes diagonal across, if you went a little bit further, the one down on the right hand side. I think it's a food coop or something now. Well anyway, that's where the old Bugbee Factory was for buggies and sleighs in the late 1800s. And now the old folks' place – senior center – is called the Bugbee Center for that family.</p>
<p>Bugbee Flying Center</p>	<p>Anyway, this man that ran the Bugbee Flying Center is the younger son of that family and went off and was a test pilot for Sikorski helicopters. He barely surprised a test helicopter. He swore he'd never fly another helicopter in his life, but he liked airplanes so he came back and ran this flying service here.</p> <p>KO: Is that still here, Bugbee airfield?</p>

01:50:45	DB: No, no, it's totally gone. 01:50:45
Walsh; Frank Gilman; Green Mountain Box Company	DB: Then the Walsh. Frank Gilman, and I don't know whether you've done other histories in White River, but Frank Gilman had the Green Mountain Box Company on South Main Street in White River. I don't know what's down in there now, where his company used to be. But it was the biggest lumber company around. He was hard working. When he first came to town, my father said he had a pushcart and was selling vegetables. And he ended up being one of the major businessmen in White River, and he bought all this land, this airport, this whole thing. I think they called it Gilman that goes down to where the Holiday Inn used to be here. And he's got an office complex down on the – he's since passed away. He was a little younger, but not much. In fact, sometimes people compare him and my dad.
01:51:55  1940s; Rotary Club; Howard Johnson; Windsor Brown business deals	01:51:55  DB: In 1947 my father belonged to the Rotary Club in town. A group of the men came to him and said, we want to buy some of your farmland. And they wouldn't tell him initially. He said if I'm going to sell it, you're going to tell me what you're going to do it. Well they wanted to build a Howard Johnson restaurant. My dad, how are you doing this? They said they were forming a corporation. My dad said all right, for the stock value of the land, I want in on the corporation. And they did. He ended up being the major shareholder, 51% of the stock. So a lot of people think it's this rich guy that ran Howard Johnson's restaurant and played at farming. It was the other way around. The original restaurant was right here where – the Super 8 isn't there. There's the original Howard Johnson right there. It faced the VA. Now it's over here, because this all got cleared away for the interstate. I'll have to show you other pictures here. Let's see what we can get out of here. This is prior. This is the still the original Howard Johnsons. My dad built two gas stations, too. He was a big business guy who played at farming – well, it was the other way around.
Windsor Brown & Howard Johnson; expansion for interstate construction; development	So when the interstate came through, the corporation that ran this restaurant realized that it would be more advantageous for the ramps off the interstate to have the Howard Johnson more or less facing the interstate as you came down. The motor lodge is gone now. Originally it was the restaurant and motor lodge. Larkin from Burlington owns all those motels. He bought the old Howard Johnson and refurbished it. He has the Holiday Express with the suites and Marriot Suites. There's a whole complex of stuff. It was my dad's involvement with the corporation that built the restaurant.

<p>Windsor Brown as an opportunist; construction of interstate</p>	<p>What he did was – you had to know my father – he would see an opportunity and take advantage of it. When they were making this interchange there was a lot of ledge that had to be blown as you see when you go down through those loops. And he spent one winter, all winter long, with electric power compressors and steel pipelines through the woods where they were drilling. They drilled all winter long, blowing ledge and drilling. There was a time when they finally stopped, and the crew was still around. My dad went to them and said – he wanted to locate this over here, but there was ledge, a small ledge hill – any chance we can get you to? They blew that ledge for the price of gravel in the West Lebanon bank. So where else – they were there. All the people were here for this bigger job but they were in a month or two of slowdown. So he got the whole thing leveled and they moved the motor lodge.</p> <p>KO: It must have been noisy during?</p>
<p>Interstate construction; David Brown returning to the farm; career change; father selling land; 1970s; wetlands</p>	<p>DB: Oh it was. Luckily I wasn't around. I was off in engineering school and I worked in Keene. That's my other thing I didn't get to here. Grew up on the farm. Wanted to be a farmer. Went to Ag School, and have an associate's degree in animal husbandry. Came to the farm because I was the oldest and our agreement with the three of us boys, each of us would work the farm no wages to help the other brothers get through college. So I came back first. What happened to me – I have allergies. Growing up, I was the guy that worked outside all the time: plowing, fixing machinery, everything outside. My brothers were the guys that worked in the barns. But when we were away in college I had to go in the barns. I'd get asthma and pneumonia, and I did that two years in a row with pneumonia twice. The family doctor says, "you do this one more year, you're dead." It scared me. So change your career or else. So I went back to engineering school in Boston and never went back to the farm for 40 years. So when I retired I came back. My dad very nicely, when he was dying of cancer in '79, said to the three of us boys, "You got a dollar in your pocket?" We said, "We'll get the candy out of the machine for you Dad." He said, "No. A dollar is a sale. I'm going to give you land. You give me a dollar. It's a sale." So I got 70 acres and it was done that way. So, for me, all of my memories are up to basically '58-'60. So when you ask me after that it's shocking to me, all the stuff of how it's changed, all the complexity. They call this land – see that picture – now the swimming pool is right here now (Aquatic Center) – notice the fields all down through here. There are no fields here now. They won't even let you do anything because they call it wetlands. I've been in a few meetings and it made me angry.</p> <p>KO: It's environmental law.</p>

Interstate & drainage; wetlands	DB: Well, when the interstate came through, their engineers weren't cognizant of the drainage system for this whole zone. Back in the '50s my father worked with the soil conservation service and they mapped out the drainage system that would make this land viable, bring it around the corner here and down the valley and river. It had a certain pitch. But when they put I-89 through, they changed the pitch by six feet. That six feet is what created that pond out there. The minute that happened, my father was dying of cancer and no one was paying attention to it. Even the farm site here, they call a wetland. It was 11 acres in this piece and they would only sanction 3 acres of it as being wetland. Finally Larkin from Burlington came in and bought the whole thing up. He very cleverly had someone plow it and seed it down and plow it so you couldn't find any wetland plants. Then they released another five acres.
02:01:01  Change in History	02:01:01  DB: So the other thing I was going to comment on, is you probably now, history, it literally changes every 20 years because 20 years is basically a generation. You grow you, get married, have kids. So every 20 years people and what they remember. I'm always surprised by how many people don't even remember my father. Once in a while somebody will. But, all the things he was involved in. People go off to college. Some stay. They live somewhere else. But it depends on their interests. That's the difference in White River. Back what I was saying about the railroads and the woolen mills. Well, who works on either one of those things now? There's no relationship to that now. You go to school to learn to be a cartoonist or you do some of these things that are going on in White River – theater groups and so on. In my day, if someone says they are going into theater, they'll look at you like “yea right.”
02:02:45  Grain Co-op; Swift & Company; refrigerated rail cars; shipping meat; Cross Abbott grocery; P&C; lumber company	02:02:45  DB: Oh, I talked about the Co-op grain company. And then on that same street there was Swift and Company. They brought in sides of beef and whole carcasses in refrigerated railroad cars. Then they were unloaded and cut up into quarters and trucked out to grocery stores. White River was a hub for a 40-50 mile radius where they delivered by truck. The whole railroad thing made it all work. Cross Abbott was the original grocery and then it became P&C, the big warehouse up the road in Hartford there. That one survived. My neighbor at the bottom of the hill retired from that. He's one of the few that remembers when Cross Abbott was down by the post office by the railroad. Even on that little street that runs into the courthouse, there was a huge lumber company and building like LaValleys.

02:04:35	<p>02:04:35</p> <p>DB: Even when Pat first challenged me on this, I went to my brother and asked if he still had that essay. He said, no, I loaned it to someone and never got it back.</p> <p>KO: Oh, I was going to ask if you had that.</p>
<p>02:04:55</p> <p>Ballardvale Farm; Ballard; race horses</p>	<p>02:04:55</p> <p>DB: Now you bring me back full circle. So the Ballardvale Farm is what we called our farm. You notice on your map it refers to Ballard. So as near as I can figure out, Ballard was one of the people that was, and I know from my brother talking about, a businessperson that interested in racehorses. And we kind of think that he actually lived in the original Colonial house that was where the house I grew up in got moved to. He had that house and nice barn for his racehorses connected with the fair and stuff. Crazy thing about all this, I asked the lady that was the town clerk for what she had in her files about the farm. And she wouldn't show it to me. She's related to Ballard. We think what happened, when the fairgrounds went defunct, it was questionable who owned what and where the money went. And we think the fire was questionable. One of those Jewish lightning kind of things. He could never crack that mirror. Nobody knew.</p>
<p>Prior to interstate: farmstead</p>	<p>Okay, the other side of it. The thing on the – that's the last picture before things got taken down. [Looking at photo.] The upper part was lived in, and we built this new part. And then we built this, the machinery shed. The new barn ran north and south. Here you're seeing it the other way around. We had the two big silos. This is the farmhouse I grew up in. The other building is back in the trees.</p>
<p>Cement; trench silo; building silo; Seth Wright</p>	<p>What I'm trying to show you – well anyway, under the old part of the barn. The backside of it was this funny cement. I say funny because it was almost like cobblestone where they use a little bit of cement and a lot of stone to save money. My dad did this when we were building stuff. He'd get a trailer load of stone and mix stuff, pounding stone into the forms. So later on when we built this newer barn, what a job breaking stuff up. Quartz rock doesn't break easily. Anyway, what I'm getting at. This old trench silo that was in the back. Initially we could never put any silage in it, because we couldn't get it packed tight enough so it wouldn't spoil. Well anyway, one day, old Seth Wright was there. My dad got to talking with him. He said, oh yea, I built that when I was young fellow. My dad said, well geez it's quite a project. He said it was because – the thing was more than 20', probably 30' deep. So these 30' foot cement walls on all sides. But as the wall deteriorated you could see the lines</p>

	<p>about the depth of that window. It turns out the builder form filled it with cement, let it cure, take the form off, move it up and build the next layer. And he said the whole thing was done with wheelbarrows and staging. They actually wheeled up from the ground, up ramps to the that high thing. He remembered as a young guy walking up with the wheelbarrow. You're talking about labor. As I remember, he said it took him all one season building this thing. Compared to what we nowadays – you can hire a pump truck. I bring it in because it adds to the overall how things were done.</p>
02:10:56	02:10:56
Metal silo; move from MA	<p>DB: Even with my father's farm, this silo out back here, we had just one metal silo initially. Even in that day we realized we needed more corn silage to feed the dairy cows. My father got wind of a farm selling in Massachusetts. Nobody would buy silos, because how are you going to take it down? He figured out how to take it down. So he went down there with the Wright boy that just died – Eddie. He was just a young man then. He went down with my father. My father found out they still had the staging from when they built the silo. And that silo was metal. Each piece of metal was like the size of the table, maybe just a little longer. It had flanges on it to the outside. The inside was smooth. Inside the flange, every two inches, there was bolt holes. You imagine how many bolts?</p> <p>KO: Lots I imagine.</p>
Buying & moving & reconstructing metal silo; Eddie Wright	<p>DB: Buckets and buckets. When they were taking it apart to bring it back to White River, they had one truckload for bolts. Never mind all these panels, and these panels were curved as part of the deal. It was quite a project, but they went down over a month, two or three times and took some down. What you do – at the top you took out certain bolts and they had these triangular brackets like you see carpenters use on the side of the house. But of course in a house you want to bolt through the wall. Well in this case you take out one of these bolts. And then they'd put planks up, but you're 35' – 40' up in the air and you're taking the roof off. Well Eddie was kind of a timid guy and my father said he actually had to take the roof down because Eddie wouldn't do it. But once they had to do the sidewall it wasn't quite so bad. He had something to hang on to.</p>
02:13:30	02:13:30
1950; barn building	<p>DB: My dad was like that. He'd figure out how get it done. In 1950 I would have been a freshman in high school and my brothers were junior high age. We helped build that other barn, and that barn is the Gothic</p>

	<p>roof and its rafters are laminated like skis so there are no timbers in the middle. It's like a bowl upside down. Well, while you're building it, that makes it scary. You're up there and you can't lay ladders against the roof because the roof keeps curving. So you can only deal off each layer of staging. You're working up above you a bit and then move the staging and some more. Well then when it came to shingling that roof. Oh my god, the trailer truckload of shingles on that roof. Because of the difficulty of getting shingles up on the, the one place we could do was come up over the back in the valley between the other barn and this, and climb the valley with a bale of shingles on your shingles and a rope to grab if you start to lose your balance. Also, in the middle, we left a section of boards out so we could have a hoist there and haul stuff up and down. Anyway we were just finishing up and the hired man – the herdsman for us was helping us in between milking. We used tarpaper underneath the shingle, and we're rolling out the tarpaper and doing some shingles. Somewhere in the process, there was three or four of us working, Bill and I were doing something. My brothers were doing the paper. But before they were doing this hole they got a piece of plywood and nailed it down and rolled the paper over it. The hired man is backing up, shingling with me, and the poor guy realized he's standing where the hole was. And he thought that the paper had just been rolled out quick and was covering the hole. So he's envisioning he's standing on paper. Poor guy. He was as white as your sheet of paper. He looks at, "Dave, give me your hand, but don't make me wiggle!" He's thinking if he did anything, the paper would tear and he had about 50 feet to go. It was funny, but it wasn't funny. But we all participated in building that building. I know practically every detail of how it got done. So it's sad to see it go.</p>
02:15:40	02:15:40
<p>1934; 1950 – changes in farm complex; 1940s poultry; 1950s dairy; milk cans; health laws; bulk tank changes and issues; growing herd and business; milking</p>	<p>DB: Back to the history. My dad buys it in '34, and by 1950 we're totally changing the complex of the building. By '44 he was big time into the poultry side of things. So the business went through a phase there, and by 1950 there's another 10 years. Now he changed the whole thing to totally dairy operation. Even that phase of it kind of changes. Now I know what else.</p> <p>Farming industry in Vermont. You used to do everything in 40-quart milk cans. All of a sudden the health laws and I don't know what else, they said no more 40 quart cans. They're too hard to keep washed and too hard for this, that and whatever. Everybody has to have a bulk tank. That, and I really genuinely feel for the Vermont farmer, the New Hampshire. The Tunbridge valley for instance, beautiful farms up through Tunbridge. But when they got hit with having to buy a bulk tank was like buying a new car. Most farmers don't have that kind of budget</p>



<p>parlors and gutter cleaners</p>	<p>in their yearly thing. Some went out of business right there. They said we can't do it that way. My father said, okay, we're going to go out or we're going to go bigger. Again he was a math guy. He'd look at you and have it figured it out without writing it down on paper. He figured out that this size of herd would support the bulk tank, the more technical equipment, the more expensive milking parlors, the more expensive gutter cleaners. We went to all of that when we jumped up to this. It became totally mechanized. We dropped handling all of that with four people. Some people look at you like, what you mean four people? You did it because the equipment you did it with was that mechanized. My four years in high school, that was one of things that I did do. I was responsible for cleaning the whole barn, but it was push the button and run the cleaner. The cleaner would run into a manure spreader and I'd take the manure spreader and spread it on the fields. Or in the wintertime, take a dump truck and carry it over here and pile it and shovel it with loaders into the spreaders over here.</p>
<p>Hay bales; crops; hay elevators; hay mows</p>	<p>The bales of hay, we had a bale hay loader that we'd hook onto the side of the truck that had a conveyor that would come up from the field. You'd throw two or three rows into the one and you'd go along and a chain would pick up the bale. And I'd stand on the truck and make the load, 30-31 loads was the maximum. I was about ready to drop dead. But it was this field over here. It was all nice and flat and level. We had alfalfa and clover and heavy crops and bales. I stayed in the field all day loading and my brothers brought it back and unloaded it into the barn. The barn we had had hay elevators that took it up because it was a barrel type thing. The floor we built it with 10" floor joists and tongue-and-groove pressure treated lumber so you could drive a truck anywhere on that floor. So what they did with a load from the field, they'd drive into the barn and start on this southern wall and built the whole thing, and then moved out and moved some more and so on. So compared to the old days when you had to hand it up through the mows, it was much more efficient. So when you finally came to the door, you pull the elevator up and the whole thing was full. The old barn was the problem because it had the old timbers through and had to figure ways to put in permanent conveyors there and move it down. I just bring that in to the inside of how it gets done and why it was kind of a different operation. We weren't the only one doing it, but there was just a few around the state. Even now I see the next generation.</p> <p>I was up to Fairlee the other day with Linda – we do antique furniture stuff – and do you know the guy up there towards Bradford that's milking 300 cows a day?</p> <p>KO: I think I've heard of him,</p>

<p>Modern automatic dairy farm in Bradford; smell of silage; new methods of baling hay</p>	<p>DB: It's highly automated. In fact, he contracts the cropping of his field. I was watching all day. These huge 10 wheeler dump trucks, the bodies were 20 feet long, 8 feet by 10 feet sides, and they were dump trucks. They were huge dump trucks. They go to a field where there's a crop harvester that's like a combine, but he's actually chopping the hay into those trucks. And when they get it back to the farm they're pushing them into – I call them sausage casings – those white bags. And they're so tight in there that it doesn't rot. I grew up when grass silage was stinky. Co-eds wouldn't have anything to do with these farm boys. Even after I took a shower before I went to school in the morning, the girls stayed away. They could smell it in my hair. You smelled like a farm boy. Anyway, what I'm saying, a modern thing in Fairlee. There was four of those trucks going by in twice an hour. That's four. And they're moving a lot of feed in a short time and it's getting bagged into this sealed container. I've handled some of that in the middle of winter and it smells like my bran flakes cereal. Really edible, even for a human. The smell of it, it has a bran like smell. The quality of the feed is better than even in the days that we did. So here we go. And yet the sad thing is there's little of it left in Vermont. There's a few in Bradford. There's Hackett up there in Newport. I don't know if you've ever seen his operation. He owns like 10 farms but he farms like a big coop. He moves the machinery from one place to another.</p>
<p>02:24:45</p> <p>Plowing &amp; harrowing with modern methods; Brandon, VT</p>	<p>02:24:45</p> <p>DB: It used to take me about a week to plow and harrow and prepare 20 acres in these different sections. My brother, when he was in Brandon, his men used to do a 20 acre field in two days. I was plowing it with a three bottom plow and using a 10-foot harrow or so. He's plowing with an 8 bottom plow and a 14-foot harrow. And to get that much, he had to go further away. He was chopping with one of these field harvester things, and blowing it into a big trailer. You may have seen them. They look like a V-hopper with big tires. The whole thing lifts up and dumps into a trailer truck. He was harvesting in Brandon, but he was bringing his trailer truck up over Brandon Gap and down into Stockbridge, and down 107 into Bethel along that branch of the White River. He was harvesting corn there and trailer trucking it back to Brandon. You think it doesn't make any sense, but it still beats the cost of what they're doing.</p> <p>They call it high moisture corn, the people in New York State.</p>
<p>02:26:50</p> <p>High moisture</p>	<p>02:26:50</p> <p>About 30 years ago, there was a grain price that whacked the farmers. You couldn't afford to buy bulk grain or bag grain anymore. It priced</p>

<p>corn, NY</p> <p>02:27:32</p>	<p>you right out of what you could get for your milk. He started trucking what they called high moisture corn out of New York State. He could do it with a trailer truck and put it in one of his silos. And when he fed them, he automatically put a certain portion of this grain on top of the regular silos, and get away from. Sorry to lead you into an area.</p> <p>02:27:32</p> <p>KO: That's all right. I think we've – DB: I've talked you to death.</p> <p>KO: Well covered enough for one day, so I can digest everything.</p> <p>DB: As I say, I knew I'd end up doing like this. And tell me if we need to outline it.</p> <p>KO: This is good, really interesting, really helpful. So next time we'll do more. I'll think about it.</p> <p>{Closing, discussing how to approach next interview}</p>
<p>02:28:35</p> <p>Love of farming; allergy; change in career; engineering profession</p> <p>02:33:50</p>	<p>02:28:35</p> <p>DB: The strange thing for me because of this allergy thing. I really love farming. I really like, as you can tell listening to me. But if you were here for a different reason, I could talk about diamond military optics.</p> <p>KO: That would be an entirely different interview</p> <p>DB: These are two loves of my life as far as careers. My father said to me, when you pick a vocation, try to pick something that you really like because then a workday isn't a workday. Yes, a bad. Everyone has bad days. And that's part of what happened to me. This part of me, I really like doing it. And then later on the engineering stuff, I was lucky enough to do, creative things.</p> <p>{Talk about engineering job, working in vocational schools. Story about working in manufacturing plant.}</p> <p>02:33:50</p> <p>DB: ...when we were getting logs to the barn. I worked with a hired man that had done logging. We used to turn logs in the woods by throwing a piece of wood down and rolling the log on the wood and balancing the log on the wood. You're like a seesaw.</p> <p>{Continues manufacturing plant story about moving a pipe}</p>

02:35:38	END OF INTERVIEW.