

The following is a transcription of a journal and scrapbook of a 12-day road trip taken by two young women from Reading, Massachusetts, to Vermont sometime around 1930. The journal was created by Doris Ward's unnamed travelling companion and given to Doris as a memento of the trip. This transcription was created by volunteers at the Vermont Historical Society, especially Edith Harding and Liz Gilligan, in 2011.

Our Friendly Road

(photo)

“These are the things I prize
And hold dearest worth
Light of the sapphire skies
Peace of the silent hills,
Shelter of forests, comfort of the grass,
Music of the birds, murmur of little rills,
Shadows of cloud that swiftly pass,
 And after showers
 The smell of flowers
 And of the good brown earth
And, best of all, along the way, friendship
 and mirth”

Van Dyke

To Doris, fellow traveler
along the friendly road

Day the first “Whose idea was this anyway?” is a question we’ve never settled and probably never will. The beginnings of our plan were casual remarks but they fell like seeds on good ground to bear fruit later.

We wanted to tour the northern part of New England. That would mean renting or buying a car, an old one of course. Some books say it can be done but our books, bank books, said very dogmatically that it could not. After we had ruled out all the things we would like to do but couldn’t there was just one thing we could do – hike. We thought we could average ten miles a day. We decided to keep to the highway because we were not seasoned hikers and might find the trail a bit difficult.

We were not going to ask for rides from motorists. There was the possibility that some one might offer us a ride and our acceptance would depend on our opinion of the person making the offer. If we decided it was a good offer we would grasp the belting on our knapsacks – thumbs up- otherwise our hands went in our pockets, thumbs down. No arrangement was made for a possible difference of opinion.

Among our friends were two groups – those who envied us and those who questioned our mentality. But did we care? We did not!

The days of getting ready for vacation were so full there was hardly time for anticipation. Friends showered us with advice – we must take everything from a dish towel to a donkey,

It was noon on the very first day of July when we boarded the Amherst bus with our fifteen pound packs slung over our shoulders. We had been told we could not reach Brattleboro by bus that night as we had left Springfield too late. No matter. We could camp in Greenfield and reach Brattleboro next morning.

The bus driver we had met before. A “Pray as you enter” sign would not be amiss on his bus. He has a passion for the left hand side of the road. An approaching storm arrived just after we left Belchertown. It had quieted down sufficiently when we reached Amherst to permit our racing to Adams for Sundaes. Then thru the drizzle we scuttled to the Jones Library. Its charm captivated us. Lovely rugs, comfortable chairs, beautiful pictures. The weather was kind and permitted us to get back to the buss without getting wet.

The previous rain had been merely a sample. Now we had the real thing. The trip to Greenfield was relatively uneventful. When we disembarked we were at sea! Where to go? First a restaurant, then a camp. At last it was decided we would go to the railway station and “slick up” and perhaps acquire some information. As we entered the station we saw a Brattleboro bus. Inquiries revealed it was due to leave in a few minutes. The lunch room provided fruit and sandwiches and away we went.

As the bus was nearly full we took the seat farthest from the door. We had just adjusted ourselves when a very decrepit individual seated himself in front of us. Soon he began muttering to us about pipes, smoking cigarettes. It was an interrogation but what! It seemed an acute case of alcoholism or senile decay – Then it occurred to us that he was asking if he could have the rear seat as that was the only one in which he was permitted to smoke. We transferred our baggage and had just readjusted when our friend left the bus.

All thru the trip to Brattleboro the rain continued. We went into a huddle with the bus driver and he advised us to spend the night at the Billings Hotel. In the first place he went by it and could leave us at the door. Secondly, and in his opinion, very important it was run by a woman and so would be very safe. We voted “Yes” for Billings and in due time arrived.

Now the Billings boasts showers. Not knowing how long it would be before we would again be offered this luxury we decided to utilize them. Aside from one stream of water that cut the flesh the shower was very good. But there were difficulties. The door of the shower didn’t lock and wouldn’t stay shut. This necessitated holding it with one hand and then the other. That wasn’t very pleasant but was simple compared to dressing and drying oneself with one hand.

We went to bed listening to the rain roaring like a rushing torrent. When the morning came we could hear the torrent but could see no rain. We omitted our morning shower and were soon on our way.

Morning-the second

When we left the hotel we discovered that we had been listening to the falls in a good sized brook that passed the hotel. The rain had long since ceased and a new clean day had dawned.

First consideration was breakfast. We didn't see any place we liked near the hotel so pursued our way across town stopping at the Post Office to send some cards. We renewed our search. Just as we had decided we were getting away from the centre – and so away from breakfast, a woman stopped us and asked us how far we were hiking. We told her and then asked her opinion as to where we could locate a breakfast. She at once suggested accompanying her to Lawton Hall – a place connected to the Retreat. Now we had been warned to avoid the Retreat – Home for the mildly insane. Despite this we accepted with alacrity and followed our leader, whose reticence regarding her own status quo left us wondering how sane she really was.

At Lawton Hall, a very imposing building we were introduced to a Mrs. Rublee who graciously led us to the dining room and after seating us retired to a corner table. There were several other people at the various tables. What attention we could spare from such a breakfast was given to conjecture on the sanity of those around us.

We went to the office expecting to part with a goodly sum, nor did we grudge it. The woman in charge said “One dollar” but to our astonishment meant fifty cents each.

We learned that our escort had been Mrs. Barber, teacher of physiotherapy and that she had invited us to visit her class. Just as we reached her room a message came that Mrs. Rublee was wanting to show us the house.

It certainly looked like an ideal spot in which to regain one's poise. From cellar to attic we inspected it and gave our hearty approval. We were informed that Lawton Hall was for those who were over tired.

Mrs. Barber's work proved very interesting. Her pupils appeared feeble minded rather than insane. They had the deftness that so many people with low mentalities seem to have.

We left Lawton Hall, keenly appreciating the friendliness that had been shown us.

We had sauntered about a half a mile when our next adventure befell us. A truck slowed down while two boys en route to the old swimmin' hole swung off. We were invited to take their place on the truck and without waiting for signals we swung aboard a gravel truck. Zephner Renaud proved very sociable very sociable. He told us of a friend of his whom we might ride for he was – a gentleman – “Zephyr” had a delightful horn which worked automatically when the car was swung left.

The five miles to the gravel pit was soon covered and we swung out while the men in the pit watched and waited for “Zeph” to tell who his friends were.

For a mile we actually hiked, stopping to investigate the brooks that begged to have its picture taken. There was the railroad stations at Williamsville that had been reduced to Wmsville.

Our walk was rudely interrupted by a brand new Buick Coach. In the front seat sat Mother and Father and in the back seat was Betty. Like a gentleman Betty rose and gave her to the ladies. All attempts to be conversational with Betty were greeted with disdain. She sniffed in our direction once or twice and then ignored us.

As we drove along we saw the Rutland R.R. that had been under water in 1927. tracks askew. Box cars tipped over and much havoc wrought. When we said good bye to these friends of the road – we were eighteen miles further one our way – The village post office was labeled Jamaica. At the village store we purchase the makings of a dinner.

We went on beyond the village a short way and then crossing a fence dropped down to a brook flowing beside the road. The bank was steep and tree-covered so we were invisible from the road. An a broad flat rock we made our fire and cooked dinner.

The road that lay before us was quite up hill but we tackled it with zest.

We had gone a short distance when we met a car the sole occupant was a lone woman.. Doris waved in a friendly manner and remarked. “She may be coming back” And come back she did – after a long time. On an upgrade she stopped – may the patron saint of travelers bless her – and took us in. For some time we discussed over-night camps. At last she decided that if her Mother, a chronic invalid, felt she could keep we could stay with them and if not she would find us a place in Bondsville.

“Mother” was glad to have company and a right hearty welcome did we receive to the home of Vera and Mrs. Johnson.

We soon learned that the Johnsons were Massachusetts people staying at Mrs. Johnsons summer home – the home of her childhood.

Mrs. Johnson told us much of Shirley her precocious grand-child who was coming to visit in a few days. When supper preparations started she kept telling us all to go sit down and let her work. Yet she seemed to accomplish very little. Following her daughters example we paid no attention and went on with our work.

Vera belongs to the age where teaching music was considered one of the few respectable occupations for women. Despite her Mother’s attempt to “take care of” Vera the girl had acquired a large degree of independence.

Both were intensely interested in plans for our trip. They were pleased when we emptied our packs for their inspection and anxious to know how the various emergencies that might happen could be met.

There was much discussion as to our moving on. Vera generously agreed to carry us to the top of the mountain road when we were ready. At the top of the road the Long Trail crosses and the Mt. Aeobus(?) view house is located there. We suggested that she take us up there after supper and let us spend the night in the cabin. She was very doubtful about the safety of such a plan.

After supper there were errands to do. Everywhere Vera stopped she asked the opinion of the men as to the wisdom of our spending the night at the trail house. The town fathers voted a unanimous No. In the first place the shelter is open and there are a great many porcupines and in the second it was nearing the fourth of July and there was a possibility of our being annoyed by hoodlums. We abided by their decision.

We were introduced to Mr. and Mrs. West of the village store and to “Buddy” . Mr. West was the gaunt-suspended country man – a man of few words. Buddy was part Airedale- part fox-terrier. He entertained us royally. Best of all was the low growl when he answered the question “What do bad dogs do?” and the kiss he implanted on Mr. West’s cheek in answer to “What does a good dog do?”

Among the other acquaintances was Hattie Williams who talked enough to atone for all of Vermonts silent men, Mr. & Mrs. Woodward of W. Springfield, summering in Bondville and Keith, boyish neighbor who ran a lawn mower and spoke with a nasal twang.

It was finally decided that since Vera had to go to Derry –oh yes, indeed”-the natives never say Londonderry- at 7 A.M. to teach music, we would all rise at 5:30 and she would “set us on our way.”

(Picture of a roadway)

Day – the third

And rise we did! By six thirty we were saying goodbye to Bondville-Winhall, on the map. Along the road we heard interesting stories of the various families who had lived there in the past. At the cabin we stopped. The shelter was open indeed and the bunks contained only a small amount of hay – and that very old.

We waved goodbye as the elderly Studebaker turned its head homeward.

The walk that followed was sheer joy. It was a shaded country road, crossed here and there by brooks and along the way friendly birds spoke to us. Before us lay Manchester – home of the wealthy – We had been worried. Mrs. Johnson wasn’t sure they would let us thru the streets in knickers.

Just after we passed a side road leading to Peru, several miles away, we met two more lean Vermonters with an extremely small load of hay. There weren’t any houses for miles and why would they carry that mere wisp of hay to Peru. It would be carrying a coal to Newcastle. We said “good morning” in passing – one does on the road- but hadn’t gone far when we were hailed. Had we been doing the trail? Lo, this was the trail-keeper and he was carrying new straw to fill the bunks.

The first thing we knew we had reached Hills Camps. We had contemplated an overnight stay here not expecting to arrive in mid morning.

(Picture of a brook)

The next adventure that befell us was “White Eagle”. White for his truck. Eagle for his employer. He was driving lumber to South Shaftsbury, twenty-five miles away. South Shaftsbury became our destination. Nor were we sorry. The view is superb as one

goes down to Arlington. It added much to our enjoyment to be able to go thru select Manchester not only clad in knickers but riding in a truck. Eagle had a rare laugh- fortunately rare –and an enthusiastic appreciation of his own witty remarks. Here was the highest point in the shoot-the-chute road. Over yonder was Robert Lincoln’s home and on the other side– somewhere- Dorothy Canfield Fisher’s farm.

Before we really had a chance to see it we had passed the Grist Mill house. A rich woman wanted a stone house, couldn’t find it so she took a mill and made it over. They say its pretty inside. And outside it was a dream come true.

Then there was the tea room that no native would enter. Run by a Bolshevict – flew the flag upside down!

A big rock by the roadside bore the proclamation “Jesus Saves”. Truly we had found David Grayson’s Friendly Road.

The logical procedure was to go to Bennington. It was a long long trail from South Shaftsbury where we said “goodbye” to White Eagle to North Bennington where we ate. In a none too clean luncheonette we ate sandwiches and coffee to the accompaniment of a radio broadcast giving the exact rate at which flies reproduce in a horse stable.

The publicity booklets had told of the Ben-Gar camps and we voted to visit them. As we trudged on the Shaft seemed to be ever receding. The “ice cream” man was consulted. He looked like the villain of a dime novel so we didn’t stop to chat. He had evidently started to celebrate the Fourth a bit early.

As we pushed on –had it grown warmer or was it city roads? – we heard a voice say clearly “Them poor girls! Their backs must be broke.” While we appreciated their sympathy we were unable to express that appreciation.

A sympathetic man relieved our poor backs by offering a ride. He disillusioned us by telling us that the intriguing name Ben –Gar was an abbreviation for Bennington Garage. We were further disillusioned when our visit at the “Gar” revealed that the camps had been discontinued. But there were the Sunset View Camps.

We had to back-trail much as we disliked too. A lady-bountiful had “set us a piece on our way” when we came to the “new road.” We trudged along – so tired! When our feet cried for mercy we sat on the edge of the concrete road. “Billy the Baker Boy” appeared suddenly around a curve – and we moved- bag and baggage into the bakery truck. He left us at our destination. Our joy at arriving was tempered by the fact that we were almost in South Shaftsbury!

(Business Card for Sunset Farm)

The Chandlers upheld Vermont’s reputation for hospitality. Using supplies we had picked up at Bennington we had an outdoor supper. Business hadn’t really started at the farm so we had the place very much to ourselves. A glance at the gift shop, a long look at the setting sun and bed. Thank God for beds said we!

(Photo of farm house and pond)

Day the fourth

The glorious Fourth! Down the new road to South Shaftsbury. Everywhere we had seen “Butternut Maple Candy” signs. Eating maple candy in Vermont is like doing the Woolworth Tower in New York. We approached a neat looking house and selected our candy. But alas our bill couldn’t be changed! We couldn’t give up the candy once we had seen it. It was agreed that “my husband” – another economically built Vermonter – should accompany us to the store down the road while we changed our money. He trailed us at a safe distance but arrived in time to collect.

Then we came again to the Mill House. This time we lingered to enjoy. We tried to take a picture of the ducks gliding along but they seemed to shun publicity.

A bit later as we trudged along a Ford coupe passed. The two girls in it greeted us in passing with a friendly wave. Then they suddenly stopped. Would we consider riding? Yes indeed! So into the rumble seat taking care not to step on the watermelon.

The girls contributed to our education. They worked in the office of White Eagle’s Mill and White Eagle was known to them as Mr. Beagle. Our conclusion as to name had been euphonious at least. They told us again of the Bolshevic Tea Room – we were on the way back to Manchester. Would they be so unpatriotic as to go the Bolshevic’s Tea Room? We longed to know this follower of the Red who had turned a whole town against him.

We couldn’t help feeling that these girls were congenial souls and we were sorry to say Goodbye when we reached Mansfield . They were going to “Derry” but we felt we must push north.

The next stretch of road was anything but a hiker’s paradise. A warm day, heavy traffic, construction, small slippery pebbles and dust all added to our discomfort. We walked only a mile and a half according to the pedometer which didn’t register the number of miles we slipped back on the pebbles.

After countless cars had gone by, a Buick stopped. Mr. and Mrs. John Fay of Bennington requested the pleasure of our company. Our acceptance was informal and emphatic. It didn’t take us long to classify them as “quality folks.” When they mentioned their destination was Brandon we knew the patrol saint of travelers was being good to us. Had Vermont been their private estate they couldn’t have prouder. They seemed to know it all so well and to appreciate its beauties. It was decided that we would have lunch at Brandon. First there was the big quarry to examine and pieces of marble to buy and then dinner. We were wondering, tho

(Picture of marble quarry)

not too seriously, where the nearest over night cabins were but we had reckoned without the host and hostess. They were evidently “out riding” with no fixed destination and were not ready to turn back so on we went. At Lake Dunmore we must stop and enjoy the lake, admittedly the second most beautiful of Vermont. The miles sped by and we had passed Rutland. Soon we were nearing Middlebury. Here the Fays would leave us but never did a town provide so few opportunities for turning around! We were again on the outskirts before we actually left our new friends. It was with genuine regret that we said goodbye. Again we marveled at the generous reception we were receiving and the very likeable folk we were meeting.

For the next five miles we had ample opportunity to ponder on our blessings –but spent it pondering on our blisters. Many were the cars that whizzed by. Our only stop was to buy some ice cream from some friendly girls and an even more friendly dog.

Little had we dreamed that morning that mid afternoon

(Picture of Bennington Battle Monument)

would find us a few miles from Burlington. When we reached New Haven Junction we could get a train to Vergennes and the next morning be in Burlington.

At the Junction we discovered that there wouldn't be a train for hours – waiting was unbearable! Somewhere there must be a “tourist house” and if we must, we must, tho we preferred not to.

But another plan went “aglae”. This time the deputy sheriff of Burlington picked us up –tho we didn't know his official position when we accepted the ride. He inquired our destination. Vergennes. Untimately? Burlington. Would we care to be there in half hour? Would we!

Walter Tupper proved to be a near neighbor of “Charlie Jones” – our friend. When we reached Tupper's we were already in Burlington –a half mile from Charlie's. With every step our feet grew heavier. There was no one home at the Jones house but as we left the family appeared. Would we wait and go to their summer home with them? Yes. But the wait was too unbearably long so we hopped a car and went in search of a home. An honest to goodness restaurant appealed strongly and tho we weren't dressed for the occasion we sauntered in. The head waitress tactfully piloted us the entire length of the dining room. Ere long we were too duck conscious to be self-conscious.

We had heard of the municipal camp ground and after some questioning learned which bus to take. As we left the bus a group of hoodlums insisted on toting our packs and made themselves a general nuisance. Just as we were considering drawing our trusty knife on them they announced to the world that we were “lousy” and departed.

But the municipal camp achieved at last was an auto camp and we had to

(Picture of country road)

beat a retreat. Somewhere down the line were the Wright Camps. But between the camps and us were mosquitoes, a long wait, a street car ride.

Those camps looked like a palace to us especially when we heard there was a bath tub available. Were we tired?

(Photo of woman on steps to camp)

We ached! We trembled! We slept! “To Mary Queen the praise be given”.

Day the fifth-

Come the dawn! And still we slumbered – to wake with new enthusiasm.

With the help of young Edmund Wright we achieved an ample breakfast – and then visited Chris Jones.

“Charlie” took us to town and we shopped, doing more looking than buying because we couldn’t add weight to our packs.

Back to Star Farm Beach. The rest of the day was spent shampooing, playing with Nan and Charlie and being beaten at cards by Charlie Senior.

Here we had a chance to assimilate some of the beauty we had seen – The view over Lake Champlain was superb. The first view of the Lake, caught as we drove from Vergennes was breath – taking –The days had been clear and comfortably warm. Every one seemed to be haying. We had seen a man “haying in high.” All parts of birds and animals had smiled on us as we went by. But every, too, we had seen traces of tragedy. Railroad tracks washed out, box cars tipped over

(Photo of a bridge)

and new bridges, mute reminders of the destruction wrought by rising rivers in November 1927.

Day the sixth

We had stolen – or rather we had made an advance over the Hebrew Fathers for lo! The sixth day “was the Sabbath of the Lord our God.” Perhaps it is because we are living so rapidly in these days.

The family went into town for the night so Monday’s wash could get an early start. We were left a house for our own use and an ample supple of food. We utilized both.

Here we had our first and only chance to swim but indulged sparingly lest we add warmth to our already flaming arms.

The rain had been predicted we optimistically retired early so we might get an early start.

Day the seventh

The prophecies had not come true so we swung our packs into position. We were planning to leave the cottage key with

(Photo of short stone wall near the river with a house in the background)

Mrs. Jones – a neighbor. She not only accepted the key but accepted us as passengers and took us to Burlington.

We had to once more taste the delights of shopping in the five and ten before heading north.

Here was purchased a blue and white rayon tam which later gained notoriety by falling – or was it an attempted suicide? – into Knopps pond. After coming up for

(Photo of a body of water surrounded by trees and bushes
with a mountain in the background)

the third time it was daringly rescued and resuscitated.

There were coffee and doughnuts, eaten on a stool with ones feet dangling- May that store live long and prosper and make more doughnuts like those.

A package of peanuts (concentrated energy – was added to our equipment and we were ready for the next adventure.

It was noted to ride to Essex Junction. Some poet once wrote lines uttering maledictions on him who first created Essex Junction. He did not share his fervor, probably because we didn’t have to wait in the stuffy station for three hours between trains. We were off for the open spaces.

The road north lay thru Milton and to Milton we would go. Our progress had been so good we felt sure we could get much nearer Canada before turning back.

The road was little traveled and provided enough privacy so we could seclude ourselves and change into lighter clothing. We had gone only a mile and a half when a milk truck offered us its hospitality. We chatted affably to the driver, but conversation with him is a monologue. When he finally stopped at a milk station he broke the silence to say he was going on in a few minutes. When he finally deposited us ten miles from the spot of meeting he gruffly assured us it was “all right”. But we liked him. His was the silence of reserve not stupidity and we bestowed on him the name “Cal”

Was it on the road that we saw the sign “road under repair” and all prepared for dusty, miserable, walking found a lone man making the gravel? I do not recall.

In Milton we again found a new bridge. This was spanning the Lamoille. We stood and looked at this gentle river and could hardly that it had been guilty of destroying homes. It was as if some gentle child chafing under restrictions had suddenly engaged in a temper tantrums.

Milford boasted no restaurant so we decided to find a tourist home. Though it was passed noon Mrs. Cadreact invited us in and let us “clean up” while she cooked dinner. Outside the prophesied rain had started to fall. For an impromptu dinner that one was a prize – Eggs and vegetables and both pie and cake all for a half dollar.

Here we heard stories of the flood. The water had risen high in the dining room. All the downstairs rooms had been repapered. One man who had watched the river rise, claimed it rose several feet a minute. Hadn’t the Red Cross helped a great deal? Oh, yes! It had helped the people who didn’t need it and not done a thing for those who really needed it. The phrase had

(Photo of a car on a white colored road with a matching
color sidewalk along a river)

a familiar ring. We had long since stopped attempting an answer to this criticism.

When our dinner was over we found the rain had ceased, leaving the day sweeter and cleaner.

Again we road (sic.). This time with a New Hampshire lad. He offered to take us into Canada but we vetoed the suggestion and left him at St. Albans. This was our first ride with a “foreigner” and deepened our conviction that we preferred the natives.

Just a mile beyond the center were the Maple point camps. Along the road we saw a fence constructed of tree roots that looked like snakes.

Mr. Romeo Wood became our landlord and grocer. The camps lay just at a bend of the road. In front was a row of large trees from which hung inviting swings. In front of the trees, nearer the street, was a ditch in which one could build a fire. Here, watched by our Canadian neighbors, we cooked supper. Our neighbors were interesting folk.

Mother and Father and daughter. Mother –probably Grandmother too – had a passion for dusting and “wiped off” everything but the grass.

(Photo of Twisted Roots)

Day the eighth

Again the sun shone on us and the road called us. A short back-trail then a left turn and we were on our way to Enosburg Falls. Here we reached our northern-most point. We cut across a corner of Swanton and stopped to take a picture of the boundary marker less some Thomas doubt the veracity of a story that we found it a bit difficult to believe ourselves.

We came to Greens Corner, a minute station, just as the milk train arrived. We watched milk loaded on while we rested “over against” the cemetery. We watched the toy train as it grew smaller and smaller in the distance.

Our next stop was at Mrs. Leducs, a roadside stand. She had seen us as she drove to St. Albans for a treatment for her rheumatism but had assumed that since we were walking we must want to walk. She

(Photo of Swanton-St. Albans town line sign)

listened with interest to our story of adventure and enjoyed it all vicariously . Not that she would have joined us, even if her rheumatism had permitted. Had she not left her home once and gone down to Massachusetts there to be nearly consumed with homesickness. True there were few neighbors here but you knew them and they were friends. The city was big but you knew no one. Mrs. Leduc knew the

(Photo of One Hiker)

man who drive the milk truck to Enosburg Falls and she would ask him to take us with him. We had milk and doughnuts – she made them herself, and chatted the time away. But no milk truck appeared. Finally a very ancient Ford with four occupants stopped for gas. They must hear about us. We were news. Before the story was done Grandma called from the rear seat. “You girls hop right in if you don’t mind crowdin’ “a mite.”

(Photo of Person on Front of Cottage)

Piled two deep we were off again. Grandma was a delight! How she envied us. She had walked sixty miles in one day when she was spryer. Right now she would like to mountain climb and go fishing despite her seventy years. Old?? She had the enthusiasm of an adolescent girl tho she did think “even the brooks dry up faster than they used to”.

Over the town line into Bakersfield, just twenty-four miles in all. Again we said good bye thrilled by the hospitality shown us.

We had gone but a short way when it began to sprinkle. We pushed on. One gets no wetter walking than standing still. But the shower was brief. The hill was not. Up, up, up we went. We had not appreciated the extent of Bakersfield. We passed a sawmill, richly fragrant. We passed sign after sign pointing us on to the Bakersfield Inn. It would probably be a very fashionable hotel where we would not dare stop! Happy was our disappointment to find it a plebian spot where one could sit on a stool and eat. Three miles of sign boards to lead one to this! We weren't critical –we were hungry-

We did some shopping and fared forth. Our next adventure was a young farmer going to Cambridge to get a “part” for one of his machines. He had taken Junior, a toddler, who was enjoying his afternoon nap cuddled against Daddy. Such a loving Daddy he was we could not help but like him. We stopped at Cambridge and went on to Jeffersonville. We named our friend “Sheer Joy” so happy he seemed to be as father and farmer.

Following this experience we walked three long miles. At a roadside stand where we asked for bars of chocolate merely as an excuse for asking for information, we were given both freely and bought ginger ale at a ridiculously low price. We were not sure whether it was hospitality or charity. The nearest over night camps were a mile away. The soldier who sang “It's not the socks from sister that raise the bloomin' blister, It's the last long mile” knew! And we knew and we didn't anticipate the walk despite the alluring strawberries that grew along the way.

We should have known better than to have worried over what had not happened. Miss Lambert was being given driving lessons by her good looking brother. If we weren't afraid –But we had seen her brother- and who wouldn't risk her life for a face like his! They knew the overnight cabins. There were only two and probably taken. If so they would take us to Johnson. So it happened that we spent a night at the Everett House. Very adequate meals, a large room, running water, luxuries! We were quite prepared to pay heavily and couldn't quite believe that we were hearing aright when the clerk said “\$6.50.” We discovered that we had traveled far. Our friendly road had stretched for 364 miles and was far from ended—

Day the ninth

Today the sun was shining but that made no difference. We tested the water in the Spring which comes from far up on the mountain and found it good.

Before we could really get started a farmer going to hay picked us up. Not boastfully but with pride he told us of his many acres. His dog couldn't wait for his Master to open the car door so anxious was he to race over the hay field.

Despite our intermittent drizzle we reached Hyde Park. The drizzle had turned into a real rain so we stopped in the Post Office to write cards. There were no busses to be taken but we could get a train. Before we reached the station the rain had again become light and we decided not to ride.

Two girls and a little miss took pity on us and carried us into Morrisville. We had friends in Morrisville. We would telephone to them. We would not walk out there in the drizzle. We called them – no charge – and received a most cordial welcome. Of course we were coming to lunch! Well –that was different. Etiquette and our appetites demanded that we accept. Nor did we regret it. Mrs. Flaudreau, her daughter Mother Green and Mr. Green – Morris – gave us a cordial welcome. It was a pick-up dinner. You don't often pick up a strawberry shortcake like that It left us wondering what she could do if she got a real dinner. The Greens are interested in the out of doors and in the Childrens Aid so we had much in common.

They had been to the Shelburne pass House and we must see it. It was a marvel!

Tho urged to spend the night we felt we must go on because there was so much to be seen. The bus called at the door and we were on our way to Stowe. Somehow we felt this had been one of our richest experiences. The kindness and understanding we had encountered were very genuine and we felt we had made new friends.

The dollar we paid to the taxi man was the first money paid for transportation. We didn't begrudge it, though.

We had decided to go to the Barnes Camp in Smugglers Notch. We could get transportation if we waited. And wait we did –interminably it seemed. We did the stores and the “reading room” but had to stay near the waiting room so settled down to reading folders and maps. At length the Hotel (Mt. Mansfield) manager arrived and we were on our way to

(Barnes Camp brochure)

though the camp is only part way up the Notch it gave us some idea of the beauties of the Notch.

The hospitality at the Camp appealed to us! We could cook our meal –kitchen or fireplace- or have it served. We finally decided to cook our own supper and breakfast and breakfast with the family.

There were hot baths and bunks. We had been warned of mosquitoes and given a bottle of citronella which was very effective for we were not disturbed.

The next morning we joined the other guests at breakfast. There was a Polish lad with an unpronounceable name who had climbed Mansfield to see the sun rise. There

were three young girls-Vesta, as chaperone – and the Taylors. Mrs. Taylor was eccentric but not unpleasantly so. Esther, her daughter, was a fascinating person, who seemed never to have heard

(Photo of a mountain road)

of conventions. Dressed in overalls and shirt with a gypsy-like bandana on her head she made a picturesque picture. She smoked incessantly, sometimes lying on the floor with her feet against the wall. But she was known to be an artist! We had seen her pictures and furthermore she cooked efficiently, she marketed, she drove her car. In fact she did everything with an air of efficiency.

(Photo of mountain road)

Day the tenth

As I have said we had breakfast with the group, getting acquainted over our coffee. We had been told Esther was going to Waterbury and we would be welcome to a ride. While we waited we viewed the handiwork of Vermont’s handicapped people and succumbed to a skunk and a pensive pup. We looked up at Mt. Mansfield – at the nose and chin and vowed that someday we would scale the heights –

Soon we were in the Beach Wagon rumbling down the hill and trying to talk above the roar of the motor. We learned that Esther had another accomplishment-hitch-hiking. We decided we liked her. Despite her garb she seemed utterly lacking in self consciousness.

The Ride was a very bumpy one and our spines gave thanks when we reached Waterbury.

Before we could decide which way to go a car stopped and the driver asked if Montpelier was our destination. It certainly was if it was his. He had that we looked like capitol (?) girls so “Hop in “. Jim Greene, Deputy Sheriff of Waterbury, at your service.

Story after story he told us of the flood. Here twenty-head of cattle had been drowned. There a house had once stood. Here the road had to be re-located; there the bridge had been washed out we stopped to explore the new power plant and dam. Jim owned the milk business and he had driven sixty miles to deliver milk to children marooned at the other end of town. The story seemed unbelievable and we were touched by the courage the Vermonters had shown in their fight to “come back” somehow we felt Jim Greene was a very fine representative of Vermont.

We walked “straight ahead” toward Northfield over a road that was “under repair” in dead earnest. We were hastened on our way by the physical “ed” instruction at the

academy in St. Johnsbury. His car was quite well packed with school supplies but we managed to squeeze in.

That ride brought us to Northfield where there was a real restaurant. After “stocking up” we took the road to Roxbury. We took the road to Roxbury. We were given a brief lift-well, four miles-and we were in Roxbury. Feeling the need of reinforcements we had ice cream and started for Randolph.

That road was the longest, hottest road in Vermont. Our feet ached. We went lame and still we hobbled on. An occasional car went by. Finally a limousine bearing the name “Ford” and having the dimensions of a coupe stopped. The chauffeur was a diamond in the rough! She and her pre-school daughter had been shopping. She told us of the Hi-hat camps a mile beyond Randolph and with overflowing generosity offered to wait while we shopped and take us to the camp.

There was one cabin fortunately empty. We dropped on our beds almost too tired to eat. Mrs. Hi-hat offered us the hospitality of her oil stove and it took only a few minutes to have supper ready. We did our washing and put our clothes up on the beams. The cabin had cost us \$1.00 instead of the usual two and when we felt the mattress we knew why! It was straw! One blessing, we were too tired to stay awake for such a minor matter.

(Photo of a modern bridge over a river)

Day the eleventh

We arose early. At least, we thought it was early; we had left our watches home.

Good by “Hi-hat” good-bye “This-is-it” then for six, nearly seven miles we walked and reached Bethel just as a train for the south pulled out. It was rainy-a bit-and we inquired about taxi rates. They were exorbitant so we decided to walk to Royalton if it killed us and we felt as if it might, we had walked two of the nine miles when “Mac” picked us up. He stopped to deposit us-fortunately and a girl rushed out of a house to tell him “they” had called her to stop him because he had gone off without a suitcase. We were sorry he had to go back. He was such a kindly lad-

We still had two and a half miles to go-and-we-made it. No further would we go. We would ride-and ride we did. Our taxi driver, a young

(Photo of a curve on a two lane road along a river)

woman had, until a few days precious, worked in the office at Bay Patti.

The camps at Sharon were beautifully located with mountains in the view-and a river. The manager had a lunch room and we were very willing to have our meal served.

We had walked eleven miles despite the fact that we were feeling far from vivacious. With the promise of an early breakfast-if we awoke, we retired.

(Photo of a two lane curved road with tall trees on each side as you looked ahead)

Day the twelfth

We must be home tonight! Up we jumped, breakfasted, and were on our way. A fairer day never was born. The mists were rising on the hills and everything seemed very clean. With new enthusiasm we swung

(Photo of a lake as if one were on one side looking across towards the opposite side with a mountain view in the background)

along and before it seemed possible our pedometer told us we had covered six miles. We did get a bit of a ride into Hartford. We had feared we wouldn't get our train at White River Junction. Idle fear. Hartford to White River was such a short distance that we were there long before the train was due. Waiting didn't appeal to us so we decided to walk to Evarts trusting we might get a ride south.

The road was under construction but we decided not to follow the detour. Trucks whizzed by-first in one direction and then back. They jeered at us-and we prayed that we would get a ride thru the construction area. Mr.Grocer did give us a ride to Evarts-and the construction was still somewhere ahead.

Along the road we had seen a horse sticking his head out the window and grinning at us-a comical sight.

At Evarts station (and P.A.) we learned that the down train didn't stop. We would have to take the “up” train to White River Junction. The idea didn't appeal- but we purchased tickets. Train time came and went – Lo! There was a wreck

(Photo of a white barn with what appeared to be tree branches from a tree near the left side of the picture)

at Windsor and the down train would be down before the up train was up. Wrecker 3660 was sent down and word was sent to the Junction to have the down train stop for us.

We were hoping of course that there would be at least eight Pullman cars. While there were slightly less, we did get a big thrill out of having an express pick us up.

At Windsor we piled into a taxi and road (sic) around the wreck. Last adventure of the road.

It had been an auspicious trip. Nothing unpleasant had marred the days and at every step had been interesting experiences.

And so our friendly road led home, back to “the common duties of the common day.” Back to days made richer by happy memories.

(Clipping of clock tower and columned buildings)

(Clipping of Cartoon of backs of Two Hikers)