



# A Walk through the Village of East Calais, Vermont, in the Late Nineteenth Century

By IDA CLEE BEMIS

*Edited with commentary by SYLVIA B. LARSON*

*In the 1950s, my grandmother, Ida Clee Bemis (1878–1961), wrote out in her small, neat handwriting, seventeen pages of recollections of her girlhood in East Calais, Vermont. Her account (published in Vermont History 73 [Summer/Fall, 2005]: 152–159) covered the years 1878 to 1891. She did this at my request and urged on by her son, Kenneth Anderson Bernard, my father. To accompany her story, she sketched from memory a map of the village. She drew with a light pencil, on the back of some discarded drafting paper. When she was finished she wrote a short note to me:*

Dear Sylvia,

I know your Dad will appreciate your typing this mess. Hope you can read it, but if you can't, make up what you can't read. Also please correct any errors in grammar or spelling and leave out anything you think is too silly to go down to posterity.

With love,  
Grandma

*I have recreated her map in a larger, darker version, added some notes, numbers, and letters keyed to the map. On our walk through the village as Ida remembered it, we will use this map. Grandma will provide the commentary. I did not “correct” anything, and have left the spelling, punctua-*

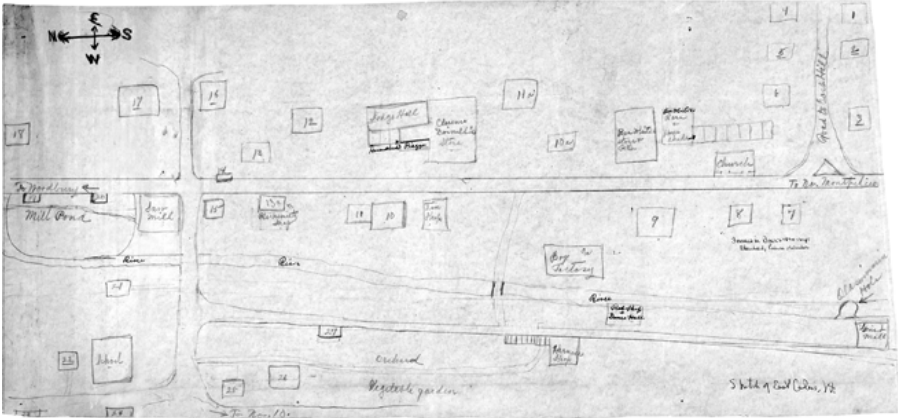
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*Ida's map*

tion, and grammar as she wrote it, but have occasionally augmented her words with additions or explanations in a few bracketed phrases and in the endnotes.

Ida's text is reproduced here in plain type; my commentary linking her descriptions appears in *italics*. The numbers and letters in brackets refer to corresponding places on the map. Some photographs and other illustrations provide further documentation of the buildings, people, and other features in Ida's recollections.

\* \* \*

About twelve miles north of the Vermont state house, on what is now State Route 14, the road from Montpelier ascends and curves slightly into the south end of the village of East Calais, on the Kingsbury branch of the Winooski River. Immediately, the road to East Hill goes off to the right, and the houses on its right are:

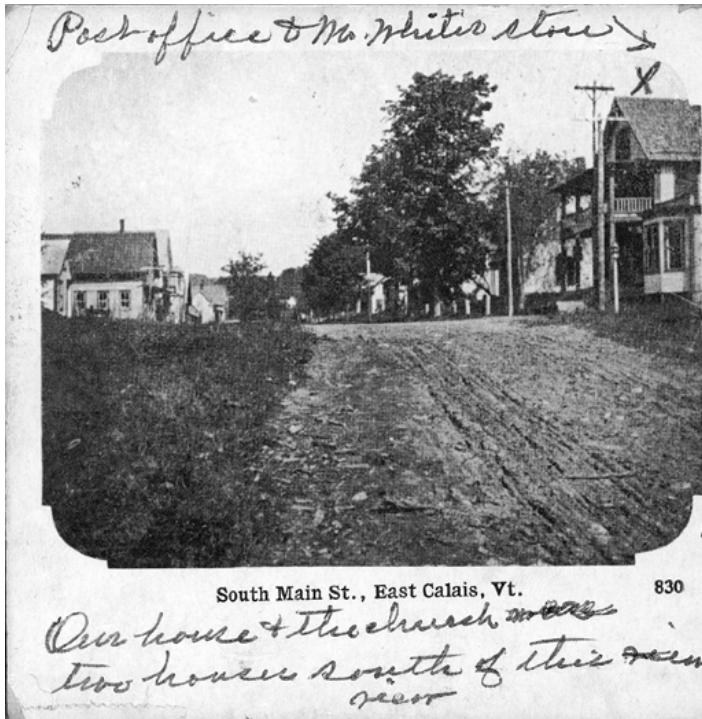
Home of George Parker [3]. They were poor and had several children younger than I.

Home of Ira S. Dwinell [2]. He was well-to-do and was the only person I ever knew who raised sheep.<sup>1</sup> Their two children were married and left East Calais before my time.

Home of Ben White [1] (Mabel's father), probably the second wealthiest man in town, owner of the store [1a]. The post office was in his store part of the time and part of the time in Clarence Dwinell's store [F]. Mr. White was a Democrat and Mr. Dwinell a Republican, I think.<sup>2</sup>

Our two families were always great friends. We sometimes got milk from them for 5 cents a quart. I went after it with a tin pail. It wasn't

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*From a postcard, 1909 (?). Courtesy of Sylvia B. Larson.*

pasteurized, of course, and probably was full of germs by the time I got home, but I lived to tell the tale. There was an apartment over Mr. White's store and various families lived there through the years.<sup>3</sup>

*Crossing the East Hill road, going down toward the main road, we pass:*

Home of Mrs. Goodell [4], a widow who wore hoop skirts and a man's wide brimmed straw hat. She was fat and did washings for some people who could afford it. She had a beautiful flower garden and Mable and I used to go over there quite often.

Home of Dr. Gray [5]. He had a boy older than I and a girl much younger. When I had a tooth I could not pull myself, my Father made me go up to borrow his forceps and my Dad [Luther Bemis] would pull the tooth.

The last years of my living in East Calais, it was the home of Walter Pierce [6]. They had a daughter Maude who was a pal of Mable and me, and a son Charles who was a little younger than we. Mrs. Pierce (Diana)



*Mabel White Cole and Ida Bemis Bernard, 1930s (?). Inscribed on the back: "2 old gals[;] 2 old pals." Courtesy of Sylvia B. Larson.*

was very "ritzy" and loved to "put on the dogs" as they say. She sang in the choir and was always very prominent in social affairs.

*As we approach the main road again, we are opposite:*

My Father's shoe shop and barn [7].<sup>4</sup> There was a big wild cherry tree by the door in front and we children used to climb it.

Our house [8]. There was a large yard in front where we had a croquet set and every night there would be a gang there playing while they waited for the stage and the mail. That was the busiest time of the day.

A stage picked up the mail at Plainfield in the late afternoon when the train came in from Wells River. The stage was a high wagon with three seats across it and a place for baggage behind the seats and drawn by a pair of horses. The first stop was North Montpelier P.O., the next stop was E. Calais, then North Calais, South Woodbury, Woodbury Center, then Hardwick. It must have been 15 or 20 miles. They made the return trip in the morning getting to E. Calais about 10 o'clock as I remember. The mail to other parts of the town [Kent's Corner and Adamant] came from Montpelier.<sup>5</sup>

*There were other fairly regular gatherings in Ida's home because:*

We did not have baked beans Saturday nights at our house but had them Sunday morning for breakfast, so had to keep the kitchen fire going late Saturday night. After the men got through at the store, several of them came to our house and played Hi-low-Jack in the kitchen while my Father baked the beans. They did not play for money. No one had much money in those days. They had a good time. The feminine members of the family stayed in the front part of the house.

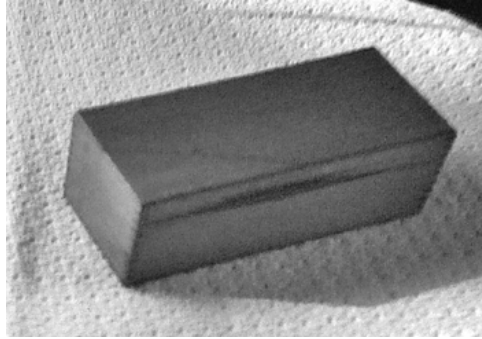
*Proceeding northward on the same side of the street, we come to:*

Home of Jake Lamb [9]. He ran the box factory [9a]. The firm name was Leverson and Lamb. Mr. Leverson lived in New York and he and his wife and daughter boarded in Woodbury in the summer. They used to ride around in a two seated spring board, or buck board, very classy. The only two seated one I ever saw. We thought it strange they didn't have a top buggy but they evidently preferred the spring board, as they had plenty of money. Mr. Leverson was a great fisherman and in his later years used to come to Greensboro [at Greensboro Pond, now known as Caspian Lake] for the spring fishing and board with my Dad.

Box Factory [9a]. The box factory made small wooden boxes and employed about ten or twelve men and sometimes my Mother [Lydia Bemis] and Mrs. Lamb worked there, also Bernice [Ida's adopted sister] and I and of course the Lamb boys. I think Mrs. Lamb was my Mother's closest friend and the boys were like brothers to Bernice and me. The boxes were dove tailed and glued together, then sandpapered and we children used to putty the little holes when they didn't always fit tight where they were dove tailed. Then the boxes were rubbed down and shellaced.<sup>6</sup>

*We come now to the foot path and foot bridge that crosses the river, which furnished the power for the factory. Here is an empty space where there had been a hotel and the old tin shop, both destroyed by fire in 1873. The hotel was never rebuilt, but the tin shop was, just beyond the original site. For Ida and her friends, this foot bridge was important because:*

*A box from the East  
Calais box factory: Maple  
(?); 8" × 3¾" × 2¼".  
Courtesy of Sylvia B.  
Larson.*



That was the route we all took going to school [G]. After crossing the river (and why no one drowned there I don't know for the bridge was narrow with just a hand rail on both sides) we crossed the road that went down to the grist mill [D], went up a long flight of stairs, past Ed George's harness shop [26a], and right through his big garden, past his house [26] and across the No. 10 Road to the school house. Of course we could have followed the river road instead of climbing the stairs and going through the garden but no one ever did.

As we are on that side of the river, I will tell about the houses there. The road ended [heading south] at the grist mill [near the Old Swimming Hole].

Almost directly across from the harness shop was the Red Shop [E]. It belonged to the box factory and the dance hall was on the second floor, only as the house was built on a side hill, the entrance to the hall was on the ground floor and reached by a narrow foot bridge. Many is the time I danced the Portland Fancy (my favorite number), Virginia Reel, and all the other square dances. Most everyone, except those who thought dancing was wicked and that included the Dwinells, went to the dances and took their children with them. That is how I happened to go. Some even took their babies and a big rocking chair to put them to sleep in, but that was frowned upon by most everyone. The music for the dances was a couple of fiddles and an organ. One of the fiddlers was the caller.

*And as we walk northward on the road, past Ed George's harness shop and garden, we come to:*

Home of several different families, at different times. That house [27] was built into the side of a hill so that the first floor was on the road and at the back of the house the second floor was the level of the hill or rather a high bank.

Ed George's house [26]. There were six children. Blanche was the youngest and about my age. We were always friends but not so close as Mabel and Maude and I were, because she lived farther away, I guess.

Home of Frank Marsh and his wife [25]. They had no children.

Home of "Uncle Perk" Richardson [24]. He was a very old man.

Home of Lew Leonard [23]. He was the constable. He had a daughter Ola who was about Bernice's age. They were spiritualists.

*Across the road from the Leonards, we are at:*

Home of John Hammond [22]. They had two grown up daughters.

*And next to the Hammonds, taking up a good deal of land on the corner of the road that leads up to the saw mill, is a most important building:*

The school [G]. It was a one room school house with a wide piazza across the front. The girls' entrance at one end and the boys at the other.



*School house, East Calais (built 1863). From a stereoscopic view by L. O. Churchill, Montpelier; no date. Courtesy of Sylvia B. Larson.*





*School house, East Calais, converted to use as a post office; ca. 1988.  
Courtesy of Sylvia B. Larson.*

A door in the center to the wood room and the bell rope were there. It was filled with wood every summer to fill the schoolroom's big stove in the winter. Inside there was a big black board across the front wall and in front of it the platform and teacher's desk. In front of that the big stove and then the pupils' desks and seats. The boys sat on one side of the room and the girls on the other.

On the side wall just inside the boys' door was a shelf that held the water pail, tin dipper and hand basin. There were four large windows on each side wall.

Every morning the teacher would chose two pupils to "pass the water" and "wet the sponges." Every pupil drank out of the same dipper. In that way we shared each others germs. I never had a contagious disease while I was in that school. We were tough! The other pupil who "wet the sponges" passed the hand basin with water in it to each pupil to wet his sponge in. We all used slates to do our work on. We all coveted the job of "passing the water" and "wetting the sponges."

The subjects taught were reading, spelling, arithmetic, grammar, writing,

**PUBLIC SCHOOL WORK.**

**MONTHLY REPORT.**

Report of Ida Bemis

For Month ending Feb. 28, 1890

Reading, . . . . .	Botany, . . . . .
Spelling, . . . . . 100	Civil Government, . . . . .
Arithmetic, . . . . . 80	Physiology, . . . . . 75
Geography, . . . . . 100	Geometry, . . . . .
Physical Geography, . . . . .	Composition, . . . . .
Penmanship, . . . . .	Drawing, . . . . .
Grammar, . . . . .	No. of days present, . . . . .
Orthography, . . . . .	No. of days absent, . . . . .
History, . . . . .	No. of times tardy, . . . . .
Algebra, . . . . .	Department, . . . . . 100
Philosophy, . . . . .	Rank in studies, . . . . . 7
Rhetoric, . . . . .	Depts. . . . . 1
General Average, . . . . . 81 1/4	

**EXPLANATION** 1-100 is the Maximum, 90 to 100 Excellent, 80 to 90 Good, 70 to 80 Fair. Below 70 is unsatisfactory.

**TO PARENTS AND GUARDIANS.**

Parents and Guardians will find it greatly to the interest of the pupil to see that it has no tardy or absentee marks. Systematic and constant efforts will be made to interest pupils and to stimulate them to a thorough and diligent exercise of their intellectual and moral faculties. Your co-operation will greatly aid in making the work successful.

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Alma D. Leonard Teacher.

Quarterly report from Dec. 3, 1888 to Feb. 23, 1889.				
Alma D. Leonard				
Arithmetic	60%	78%	100	60
Spelling.	88.	86.		80
Geography.	96.	100.		68
Gen. Average.	80.	86.		69 1/2
Rank in studies	11.	2		7
Behavior.	98%	99%		100
Rank in "	13.	8		1
Absent marks	0	0		0
Tardy "	0	0		0
L. A. Bemis				

Monthly school report for Ida Bemis, February 28, 1890; Quarterly school report, December 3, 1888 to February 23, 1889, signed by Ida's father, Luther A. Bemis. Courtesy of Sylvia B. Larson.

geography, U.S. History, and physiology. I leaned a lot hearing the older pupils recite their lessons in the subjects I liked, which were most everything except arithmetic. The hours were from 9–12 and 1–4, with recess in the middle of each session. At recess we played sheepfold and tag but one favorite game was pump-pump-pull away. This is how it was played. Everyone except the one who was IT stood in a line. The one who was IT stood facing them about 25 feet away and when he yelled pump-pump-pull away everybody ran to the line where IT was and the one who was tagged by the one who was IT had to be IT and that went on until the bell rang. The girls and boys did not have recess together but we used to play together before school morning and noon. The younger children, and some of the old ones, went to school bare footed in warm weather. In fact we always went bare footed except on Sundays and we loved it.

Once we had a new girl come to town from Florida. She was Kate Hammond and she came to live with her Aunt, Ella Dwinell. Kate could play the harmonica, the first time we ever heard a girl do that. It got to be quite a fad. Bernice got so she could play pretty well. The teacher used to have the pupils form a line on the piazza and march in while Kate played “Marching Through Georgia.” We thought that was pretty special.

There were from about 15 pupils in school during the time the boys had to work on the farms to 25 or 30 in winter when farm work was slack. Some teachers found it hard to keep order. Some parents objected to the teacher punishing the pupils, which made it hard for the teacher.



*East Calais scholars (no date). Ida Bemis is thought to be one of the girls in the front row, but has not been identified. Courtesy of Sylvia B. Larson.*

My Father said, “if you need any help making my children behave, let me know and I will come and help you.”

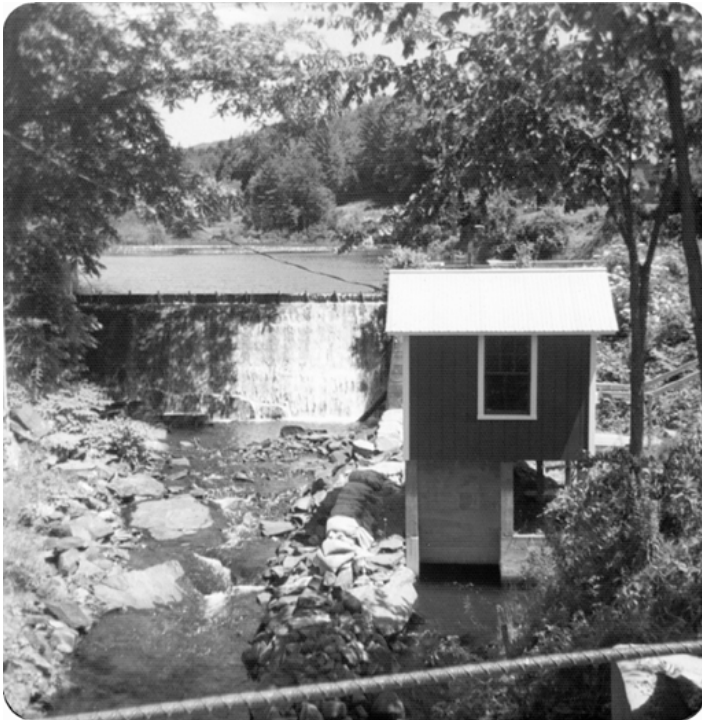
*Beyond the school, heading toward the river and the mill pond, we pass:*

Home of Mark Waite [21]. Their children were all grown up and gone from home.

And back across the river, the first building on the left was the saw mill owned by Albert Dwinell [C]. In this mill was sawed the lumber used to build our house in Woburn.<sup>7</sup> It grew on my Father’s wood lot which was on the right hand side of the “No. 10” road.

*Turning north on the main road, toward Woodbury, we pass two houses on our left:*

The home of Henry Carley [20]. They had two sons, the youngest about Bernice’s age was lame and wore an iron on one shoe to make up the difference in the length of his legs.



*Saw Mill, East Calais, 1977. Courtesy of Sylvia B. Larson.*

The home of an old couple [19] whose name I have forgotten.

*Across the road is a large house:*

This was the Bancroft house [18] and several different families lived there through the years. Walter Pierce lived there a while.

*Heading south, a little way beyond the Bancroft house, we turn up the side road, just before the watering trough, and come to:*

The home of Albert Dwinell [17], the most pretentious place in the village. He was the wealthiest man, owned the mill and a great deal of land. They always kept a maid, or hired girl as they were called, and a hired man. There were three sons all grown up. Clarence, one son, owned and kept one of the stores. Del, the youngest son, came home and built a house between his Father's house and the Bancroft house and ran the mill, but that was after we moved away. Albert Dwinell was very prominent in the church and was Sunday School Superintendent. He wore eye glasses way down near the end of his nose and when he looked off



*Ida Clee Bemis as a young child; tintype, no date. Courtesy of Sylvia B. Larson.*

he looked over his glasses and when he read he tipped his head back so he could look through them. That was before bifocals.

*Crossing this side road and heading back to the main road, we pass:*

The home of Alonzo Pearce [16]. They had a grown up son and daughter. The daughter, Inez, had a sweetheart when a young girl but her parents did not want her to marry him so she waited until her parents died. By that time she and the man were middle aged but they were married and he only lived a few years. Inez was the village dress maker, played the organ in church, and was very clever in arranging plays and entertainments for the church and the Red Hall.

The library was in the Pearce home.

A number of families lived in the next house [12], through the years. One was the family of Horace Pike. They had a daughter, Clara, who was my first teacher. I did not like her because she threatened to write the words I couldn't remember on my forehead.<sup>8</sup>

The home of Moses Lamberton [13], the "village smithy." His shop [13a] was across the street from the house. They had a daughter, Lillian, who was a great friend of Bernice and me.

The watering trough [14], a very important thing in the village.

*On the corner, opposite the watering trough and next to Lamberton's blacksmith shop, sits:*

The home of Otis Slayton [15]. They had no children. Aunt Sarah, as we always called her, was the owner of the blue pitcher Dorothy has. They gave it to my Mother because she helped them during Aunt Sarah's last sickness.<sup>9</sup>

*And now, passing the blacksmith shop, we come first to the place where Ida's happy years in East Calais began:*

The house where I was born [10]<sup>10</sup> and lived in a short time until my Dad bought the house opposite the church. My Mother had a millinery shop when they lived in No. 10. There was a tenement [11] upstairs which was reached by an outside stairway which went past a window in my Mother's shop. There was a very pretty little girl with lovely curls living upstairs and she used to stop and look in that window. Her name was Clara Kelso. My Mother used to look at her and wish the baby she was expecting would look like her, especially the curls. She did not get her wish. My hair was straight.

Next comes the tinsmith and hardware store [6a]. It was run by Walter Pierce. He also bought and sold paper rags, as they used to say. Everybody saved their rags and sold them to him. I remember seeing the big



*Interior of Walter Pierce's tin shop, East Calais. Ida's Uncle Will Rideout at the window; Charles Wing at the work bench. From a stereoscopic view, no date. Courtesy of Sylvia B. Larson.*

piles of rags on the floor above the store. They were sorted, white in one pile and colored in the other. We always washed our rags before selling them and I guess everyone always did, because we never thought of the piles of rags as being dirty.

*To complete our walk, we go to the other side of the main road:*

Opposite the tin shop was Clarence Dwinell's store [F] and they lived above the store. His wife was my Sunday School teacher. They were very fond of children and did not have any. After we left East Calais, they adopted a little girl and she was drowned down by the grist mill. Then they adopted another and she lived to grow up. We liked Clarence and Ella Dwinell very much.

The good Templars' Lodge Hall [H] was over part of the store and

the horse sheds were under the hall. When there were no teams in it (the sheds), we children used to play circus and climb up and walk on the beams overhead. There was a thriving Lodge of Good Templars in East Calais when I was there. Most of the young people belonged. None of my family did though Bernice was old enough. I don't know why for we weren't a drinking family. In fact I never knew of a drunk in East Calais. Most of the farmers had a barrel of hard cider in their cellars but if they drank to excess, they stayed home and no one knew it. After the Lodge broke up, I knew of several members who became hard drinkers after they grew up and left East Calais.<sup>11</sup>

*Between Clarence Dwinell's store and Ben White's store are two houses:*

The home of Simeon Webb [11a]. He ran the grist mill. They had no children.

The home of Dave Fay [10a]. Their son had gone from home before I can remember. There was a beautiful circular stairway in their house. I never saw it until after they were dead or if I did it never made an impression on me.

*Beyond Ben White's store and barn and the horse sheds [1a and 1b], the last stop in the village is at the small church:*

The church building [A] had only one room, the auditorium and a balcony. There was an open porch across the front of the building with doors near each end. These doors opened into an entry with doors near each end which opened into the auditorium. So there was no room for recreational or social affairs. As I first remember it, the choir and organ were in the balcony but they later built a platform at one side of the pulpit platform and the choir was there.<sup>12</sup>

When I was very young they had a Universalist Minister. My folks thought a great deal of him and his wife [Rev. and Mrs. Forbes]. He christened me and I think he married my Father and Mother. I am not sure of that. Sometimes there would be two services in the church, one a Congregationalist. They had the same choir for both services, but Del Dwinell, who was a Congregationalist, would not stay to hear the Universalist sermon. Del is still alive [in the early 1950s], now in his 90's and I presume more liberal in his views.<sup>13</sup>

One winter they had singing school once a week in the church. (I was too young to participate, but that wasn't the reason they gave it up!). That, except for the Sunday morning services and the Sunday School was the extent of the church activities. No young people's society. No women's society. Every summer there was a Sunday School picnic when





*Bird's eye view, East Calais, Vt. Post card, no date (after 1911?). Courtesy of Sylvia B. Larson.*

we all put on our best clothes and drove to some sugar woods and took our lunch. Albert Dwinell, the superintendent, would make a speech and say a prayer and sometimes there would be an impromptu entertainment. Once there were charades and they had me up in front busily hoeing with a crooked stick.

We always had Christmas exercises in the church on the evening of December 25. No one ever had a Christmas tree at home. Everybody took all their gifts to the church tree and everybody went to the exercises. The church would be packed. There would be two huge trees reaching nearly to the ceiling as they had to use step ladders to reach the top. The gifts were not wrapped in fancy paper as we do. We children used to watch them hanging the gifts and wonder whom they were for. There would be pieces spoken by the children and stories acted by them but I never remember any singing of carols or stories of the nativity. This is a sample of the kind of song they did. All the children singing together.

Santa Claus is coming.  
 He will see our tree,  
 Don't you hope perhaps  
 He'll think of you and me?  
 Think of Nan and Neddy,  
 Who are always kind,  
 Don't you hope the darlings  
 Many gifts will find?  
 How they rub our fingers  
 When our hands are cold,  
 How they stop us crying,  
 When the old folks scold,  
 When we're awful hungry  
 They make us forget,  
 Tell us pretty stories  
 So we will not fret.  
 O, we're sure the Christ child  
 Loves our Ned and Nan  
 Folks were never kinder  
 Since the world began  
 So we'll sing of Christmas  
 And our little tree  
 (I'm sorry I can't remember the last 2 lines)

Some of the more talented children would have little solos. Maude Pierce was always one of them.

After exercises, the presents were distributed. The adults who decorated and hung the tree would take a present off and read the name on it and the person it was for would stand up and one of the half dozen teen age crowd who was chosen for the job would take it to the person whose name it bore. Everyone sat quietly in his seat and the only talk then was the Ohs! and Ahs! of admiration of the gift received.

I never remember any special music or exercises at Easter. I never heard of the Easter bunny or chickens until I came to Massachusetts.

*Here, as we leave the church, we are back at the place where the East Hill road comes into the village, opposite the house that Ida called home. The main road is curving slightly downhill, toward Montpelier and further southward, as it did when Ida left East Calais for Boston in 1891.*

## NOTES

<sup>1</sup> By Ida's time, the sheep industry in Vermont had enjoyed a boom and then declined; only forty years earlier, there were about 6,000 sheep feeding in Calais, and 60,000 in Washington County. John Hayward, *The New England Gazetteer*, seventh edition (Boston: John Hayward, 1839), no pagination.

<sup>2</sup> Throughout the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, the postmaster's political affiliation reflected the party of the administration in Washington, D.C. As historian Michael Schudson notes, "post-masterships around the country were a central part of the patronage system. These positions were as much party sinecures as government posts." Michael Schudson, *The Good Citizen: A History of American Civic Life* (Cambridge, Mass: Harvard University Press, 1998): 150.

During Ida's years in the village, the East Calais postmasters and United States presidents were:

1878–84	C. R. Dwinell	1877–81	Rutherford B. Hayes (R)
		1881–85	James A. Garfield, Chester A. Arthur (R)
1885–89	B. P. White	1885–89	Grover Cleveland (D)
1890–91	A. Pearce	1889–93	Benjamin Harrison (R)

Dorman B. E. Kent, *The History and Vital Statistics of the Town of Calais, Vermont* (Handwritten: 1912–1918), 27–29.

<sup>3</sup> Mabel White and Ida Bemis were close friends throughout their lives, although Ida's family moved to Boston in 1891 and Mabel remained in Vermont. She attended the Academy in Barre, became Mrs. Leon Cole, and later lived in Morrisville and Barre. Mabel was like a member of Ida's family of children and grandchildren.

<sup>4</sup> Seven shoemakers, including Luther Bemis, worked in the Town of Calais in 1878, six in 1879, and none in the 1880s. Kent, *History and Vital Statistics*, 70. The shoe business, like other small rural enterprises, suffered from rapid industrialization in the cities and the production of factory-made shoes. Luther Bemis had made high boots for men and, while he continued to repair footwear, he also had to seek other jobs.

<sup>5</sup> Ida also remembers that "there were four post offices in the town, and the official names were East Calais, North Calais, Kents Corner, and Adamant. There were local names for different parts of the town. East Calais was Moscow. North Calais was No. 10. Adamant was Sodom. Then there was Pekin, Gospel Hollow (where the church was with the Town Hall in the vestry), and Maple Corner."

<sup>6</sup> Jacob A. Lamb is listed a "cooper" and "maker of druggist boxes" between 1875 and 1891. Kent, *History and Vital Statistics*, 70. Kent does not mention Levenson. Weston A. Cate, Jr., in his more recent history of Calais, says of the Levenson and Lamb shop: "Here fine quality wooden boxes were manufactured for druggists and doctors. Apparently the demand was so great that they maintained a wholesale office in New York City." Weston A. Cate, Jr., *Forever Calais: A History of Calais, Vermont* (Calais, VT: Calais Historical Society, 1999), 162. About this same enterprise, Lou Whitney Bliss writes: "A factory to make butter and cheese boxes was started. The business prospered, and the old box factory by the big falls in Moscow shipped out not only these utility boxes, but many beautiful ones made of curly and bird's eye maple." Lou Whitney Bliss, "A Glimpse of Calais," *Vermont History* 22 (October 1954): 268.

<sup>7</sup> Ida's husband, Alexander Anderson Bernard, built a home for his family in Woburn, Massachusetts, in 1911. Ida wrote: "Most of the rough lumber in the house was cut from a wood lot my Father owned in East Calais, also the maple and birch flooring and the butternut paneling for the bathroom. The oak panels in the kitchen cupboard came from a tree on our land in Greensboro and the oak in the kitchen was from a bank in Boston that was torn out and replaced with mahogany and A. did the work."

<sup>8</sup> Ida might not have agreed with Superintendent of Schools, Albert B. White, in his praise of Clara Pike: The school "has maintained thirty weeks . . . taught by Miss Clara Pike, who has been so long in town that it is almost unnecessary to say she did well"; and "the success and efficiency of our school have been quite uniform . . . the excellent methods of Misses Wheeler, Pike, and Gilbert were especially observable." *Calais Town Reports* for the years ending March 1, 1884: 11; and March 1, 1885: 9.

<sup>9</sup> Dorothy was Ida's daughter-in-law and mother of the compiler and editor of this document, Sylvia Bernard Larson.

<sup>10</sup> When Ida was born in 1878, the population of the Town of Calais was declining. It had increased rapidly from 841 people in 1810 to 1,709 people in 1840. But by the 1880 census it was down to 1,254. Kent, *History and Vital Statistics*, 19; Hamilton Child, *Child's Gazetteer of Washington County, Vt., 1783–1889* (Syracuse, NY: Syracuse Journal Co., 1889), 222–242. The village of East Calais, however, was enjoying increasing activity. This is indicated by road construction and also by a comparison of the number of buildings in the East Calais maps of Wallings (1858) and Beers (1873). See Cate, *Forever Calais*, 126 and back end papers.

<sup>11</sup> Established in 1851 at Utica, N.Y., as a temperance society, the Order of Good Templars took as its motto, "Friendship, Hope, and Charity." The following year, at a convention of fourteen Good Templar lodges, the organization split, renamed itself the Independent Order of Good Templars, and took as its new motto "Faith, Hope, and Charity." Lodges of the Independent Order of Good Templars were among the variety of associations that flourished in the post-Civil War years to address religious and moral issues, as well as to provide opportunities for socializing. Washington County, like much of the rest of Vermont, embraced the temperance movement. Lodge members first pledged to give up spirits, not including cider, but eventually even pledged to give up cider. The Lodge became a center for community meetings and social activities and also, because it admitted women equally with men and sponsored groups for children ages 5 to 16, it provided opportunities for a large sector of the community to be "part of something worthwhile right at home." In the 1870s Good Templars established lodges in over thirty countries and in 1905 the organization renamed itself once again, becoming the International Order of Good Templars. See Cate, *Forever Calais*, 43, 45, 167; "History of IOGT" at <http://www.iogt.us/iogt.php?p=35>.

<sup>12</sup> The "Souvenir Booklet Commemorating Centennial Celebration of East Calais Union Chapel, East Calais, Vermont, August 18–19, 1948" includes an "Historical Sketch" of the church. Author Lou W. Bliss notes that in the late 1880s "a platform was built over the north east corner pews 'in a manner so as not to annihilate the pews' and the choir moved from the singing gallery to the new location."

<sup>13</sup> Resident ministers during the years 1879–1882 were Orin Davis (Christian) and George E. Forbes (Universalist). For the rest of Ida's years in East Calais, the resident ministers were designated Christian or Methodist. Kent, *History and Vital Statistics*, 67.