

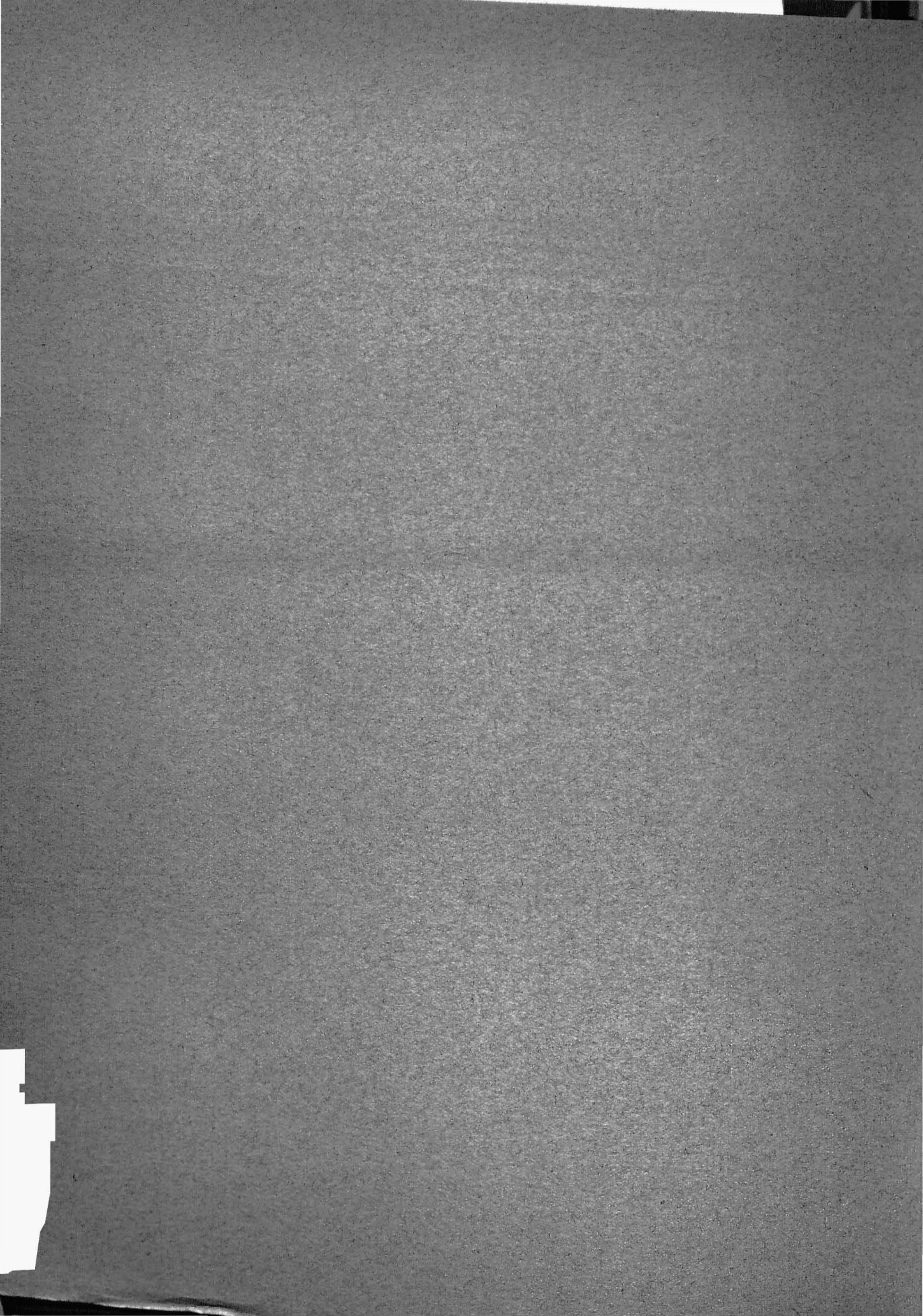
STATE LIBRARY ECHO
HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT

VOL. V

OCTOBER, 1928

No. 1





Editorial Staff

Editor, Effie M. Prickett
Associate Editor, Lillian G. Grant

Reporter, Margaret Johnson
Printer, Nellie P. McCue

Vacation atmosphere is pretty difficult to banish and it will surprise no one to learn that when the time came to prepare the October issue of the ECHO, the editorial staff found the State Library still filled with the gay, irresponsible mood of summer and could hear little but snatches of conversation exchanging experiences and snapshots, so that we are venturing to make this number a medium for letting every one know what a good time every one had. And, if incidentally the editors are hereby extending their own vacation and letting the contributors do the heavy work, we feel you will still be the gainers.

Subscription Reminder

With this issue the year's subscription expires. We very much hope you will all renew for 1928-1929. Fifty cents for five numbers, payable to the editor.

This seems an appropriate place to express our thanks to all who have so loyally supported the ECHO this past year. We thank the departmental editors, the occasional contributors, all the staff of course, and most sincerely we thank all of you who have patiently read the ECHO and never cancelled your subscription.

Now is the time to renew your subscription.

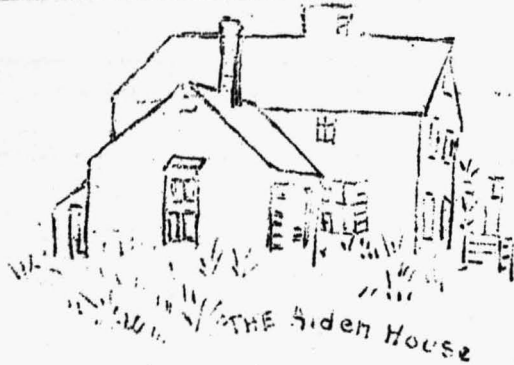
The Days we Remember.

Well here we are, all back at our posts in the Library, and jogging along as if there had never been such a thing as a vacation. But the pleasant thoughts and recollections that each and all have stored away during our playtime, will remain with us for many a day.

A few of our number (more fearless and bold than the rest) set out to conquer new lands across the seas; while others heard the call of the mermaid, and hastened away to greet her. Some took to the mountains, where Mother Nature guards and keeps her finest treasures; while the remaining ones tended the home fires and contented themselves with an occasional day's adventure into the country, or toward the shore, or possibly to the hills, just as the inclination or fancy might lead.

On the day appointed, with hamper of goodies stored away, and armed with books and magazines, or possibly a bit of sewing, we at last set forth happy and carefree. On and on we go, mile after mile, and only the call of our sharpened appetites and the lure of "just the right spot" brings our little company to a halt. There we spend a few lazy delightful hours in one way or another, till the lengthening shadows warn us that night is approaching; and wending our way homeward, our voices blending in the old songs that one loves best, we finally come to "Castle Home", tired but still happy, at the end of a perfect day.

Edith E. Colvin.



Old Historic Duxbury! What a wealth of old memories it fairly radiates - a place where even a tired "reference clerk", supposed to be resting from "shop talk", can settle down for three weeks and forget the demands for Revolutionary Certificates and John Jones' father's mother-in-law, forget them even while the old town is bursting with secrets of the ancient and honourable families of Mayflower fame, and exhibiting her old houses with evident pride, And what fascinating old houses to exhibit! All kith and kin of John Alden should feel a real thrill in going through the old Alden homestead, built by Col. John Alden, grandson of the romantic John and Priscilla. There have lived and perished the hopes, joys and sorrows of generations of Aldens and the place is even now being preserved to posterity by the "Alden Kindred of America."

Perhaps of outstanding importance are the memorials to Duxbury's most illustrious citizen of the earliest days, Captain Myles Standish, in whose honor the town was named. His grave, marked with flags and cannon, is in the old burial ground at South Duxbury, a perpetual memorial. The monument to his memory stands on "Captains Hill" and is surmounted by his statue which, unfortunately has been sadly mutilated by a bolt of lightning, so that he looks out over the surrounding country, at Duxbury with her many beautiful bays and indentations, and sees nothing, for he is headless - a great pity-. Perhaps the same reason that keeps the Captain thus leaves the framework of an old ship still lying in the bay at Powder Point. How many years I cannot say, but many. At high tide it is almost completely covered, at low tide

it rests on the mud flat, a constant reminder of the Captain who deliberately ran aground and swam to safety leaving his wife and others to manage as best they could. Kinder hearted Duxburites took pity on them and rescued them. I think Duxbury would feel lost without this family skeleton as she does not seem to be without the head of her beloved Myles.

But you wanted to know what I did on my vacation and I have procrastinated. There's so little to tell. Aside from some sight-seeing and occasional trips around the surrounding country, especially down the Cape to Hyannis, and once further to Harwichport where we ran into Judge and Mrs. Maltbie and Teddy and had a delightful afternoon swimming with them, we were quite content to "stay put" at Powder Point, enjoying the tennis, swimming and just lazy drifting. I can truly say that it met every requirement I had for a pleasant vacation and I spent my three weeks as happy as the proverbial Duxbury clam.

Grace E. Carver

Theone Clark of Chattanooga, Tenn. visited us recently.

Mrs. Rolie Farrington (Marion Herter) and her seven months old son Barry Farrington were recent visitors at the library.

A son, Edward Carlton, was born Aug. 4th to Mr. and Mrs. Robert Payne. Congratulations, folks.

A daughter, Marcia Clark, was born Sept. 13th to Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Strickland of West Haven. Mrs. Strickland was at one time employed in our catalog department of the State Library.

We extend our sympathy to Miss Mix whose father recently passed away. As an expression of sympathy the club sent a spray of gladioli and Mr. Thompson and staff sent a spray of gladioli and delphinium.

We were sorry to hear of the death of Mrs. Bradley's little grandson, who was killed Friday, Sept. 28th when struck by an auto as he ran into the street.

Mrs. Lewis Petterson (Mary Royce) spent a week-end in Hartford recently.

TOURIST IMPRESSIONS.

Home again and the customary greeting awaiting us, "Well, what did you enjoy most?" In our case we were struggling conscientiously without very definite results, when we were handed an article by Sinclair Lewis called "Main Streets in Britain." He attempts to explain American tourists to their hosts abroad and pictures so vividly the types that go over, that then and there we knew what we enjoyed most was studying the people we met, especially our fellow travelers.

This study was by no means limited to Americans. England attracts people from many countries and her own citizens too are quite keen to go on a "holiday" as they call our vacation.

The game of "Wonder what a tourist thinks about" made a good start on the train from Plymouth to London. It was not difficult to find out what the two young women in our railway coach were after. Their accent and luggage spelled New England, their study of the currency meant recent arrival and they soon confessed to school teaching and a strong desire to see the country of Shakespeare, Dickens, Philip Gibbs, and the cathedrals and places famous in English history. Trying to eliminate porters' fees and other signs of economy made us wonder, "Will they feel paid?" About ten days later we met again in the Trossachs. The little Maine teacher, all smiles, snatched a minute between lunch and boarding the lake steamer to greet us with, "Oh, this is the nicest thing we've done yet."

Yes, we expected to find school teachers and to find them enjoying a lot besides the history and literature.

One of the most entertaining groups of fellow travelers was on the train from York to Edinburgh. A good express and crowded so we were shaken into conversation almost from our entrance. Opposite was a Philadelphia girl vacating from "Y" work and so eager to know everything we passed she soon had every English and Scotch passenger proud and pleased to act as special guides.

An elderly gentleman in the corner woke up from a nice nap and answered a query about Newcastle, backing it up with the admission that he was curate of the cathedral there. He didn't seem the least bored by the Americans. In fact when we told of trying to "do" two cathedrals in one day, he

threw back his head and simply roared.

On the other side of the Philly girl sat a middle-aged Aberdeen woman who knew not only Scotland but had spent a lot of time in southern England. Did she wish those Americans would stay home and stop crowding trains and resorts? Not so you would notice it. Advice on hotels, routes, places of interest was given with the utmost cordiality. We distinctly remember one hotel recommended as quite "swankey".

Then a pretty young girl going to Glasgow joined in and told us where to shop in Edinburgh and passed around some delicious English grapes and she too seemed to think only of being friendly.

The curate left at Newcastle and his place was filled by a poor crippled lad, David, whose plainly dressed mother proved the surprise of the whole group. To let David lie down in the space allowed two persons, she evidently expected to stand and when we were able to crowd our bags and selves to make a place for her, she seemed very appreciative. But not only that, as soon as she was sure David was comfortable she joined the local guide corps and told us most interesting things, pointing out a rock in the ocean used formerly for political prisoners and showing a very personal acquaintance with the whole section. We certainly had a clear impression of her heart and mind.

But little David when not dozing was only able to glance at newspaper picture supplements and there seemed little chance for improvement.

Only one of this group crossed our path again, the Philly girl at Melrose. She was just as much of an interrogation point as ever and just as much of an interrogation point as ever and eager to pass on the information. No doubt her trip gave her oodles of fun. Then on this Melrose trip some English tourists of the common garden varie-

ty opened up a little. One man in particular enjoyed jollyng us about an American woman being useful on one occasion at least and that was when she married a local peer and saved his estate from ruin. The Englishman's wife wasn't so sure of a congenial audience but he had a good time and was not bothering over anything but his holiday.

One or two other types stand out for that day. A young man missing most of his lunch at Melrose so he could make a sketch of the Abbey ruins and a doctor's wife from Boston traveling alone and quite satisfied to get along with one small bag.

We would like to introduce you to more of our acquaintances -of-an-hour and do hope we are not boring you. Especially we enjoyed three English people; a married couple with the wife's blind sister, autoing through the Trossachs and very curious about the difference between a Republican and a Democrat. Queried as to whether Hoover was the maker of the vacuum cleaner. It came out that on account of the English suffrage laws the husband and wife recently voted for the first time although neither were very young people.

Then the London family group on the Caledonian Canal, mother, son, niece. No problem about the preoccupation of the niece, and a young man described as the son's friend but spending all his time with her. The Highlands are just as good a background for love-making as any other place.

It was here too we encountered two Hartford gentlemen out for all the entertainment they could get and by 10 A.M. apparently acquainted with every other passenger on the boat.

Another impression was made by the wealthy English up in the hotels at Oban and Inverness having their holiday in the Highlands. They must have taken their pleasure very seriously for all we saw them doing was sit around in the hotel lounge, reading, smoking, drinking tea and yawning. No one dared talk out loud in the "lounge" after dinner for fear of disturbing some one.

For a vivid contrast there was the family of four from Kansas who had been visiting relatives in Glasgow. Here was the type the cartoonists loves. Dad and Mother and two really awful kids. The Ford took

them to New York where it was still awaiting them, the Scotch relatives had given them a wonderful time and the children had with them on the train the most conglomerate mass of sticky things to eat we ever saw, all of which were urged on us. It was mid-west America all right, but when we were about to leave them, did we have help getting our luggage out? Well, rather! "Dad" grabbed every bag in sight (and there were several) and landed them on the platform with a nice cheerful home grin. America isn't so bad.

We watched for the novelist's type of American girl tourist, the kind who bosses her Dad around, and found her just once. At Killarney poor subdued Father was writing and daughter's high, loud voice was giving emphatic instructions to be sure that the rooms had hot and cold water (the nearest approach to room and bath obtainable).

It was much pleasanter to come in contact with a charming group from Buenos Aires, Argentina, parents, small son, two daughters and another young lady. They were at Killarney and again at Glengariff. Cultured, correct in English and in dress, they were quite ready to talk but one knew they were people of position at home and getting a valuable acquaintance with foreign countries and customs.

And then the students. Our route was too much off the beaten path to meet the big groups but on the char-a-banc in English lake country was a polite young Jap who assured us he could understand our English and the American mid-west college boy who sang and called out greetings to all the girls we passed and then some nice boys doing Windsor castle.

Probably not one of the Americans would admit he was trying to get any education out of his trip, but they certainly listened to the description of the floggings the Eton boys get and the lists of names on the war memorials caught their quiet attention.

Young people without their elders and young people with one or more

parents and as far as we saw, all keen for whatever came their way. Middle-aged women whose home duties no longer held them, getting a laugh out of riding donkeys in Ireland and thrilled over first hand accounts of the Irish fights of 1916 and 1922 from the people who dodged the bullets. One woman had a steamer ticket good for two years and was absorbing English, Irish and Welsh life in a leisurely manner. Her accent baffled at first. It sounded English on the "a"s but her point of view and mannerisms seemed more American. Answer, Australian.

A very different woman was our American neighbor on the sight seeing bus in London. No longer anywhere near young but still forceful, we were all made aware that she had taken cold in Wales and wouldn't continue the day's trip if she felt a draft. An umbrella hung on her arm punctuated all her gestures on her neighbor and a courteous young man in front had to reassure her repeatedly on the validity of her ticket. As to whether Cook's night trip around London would be worth her while he couldn't say. She really didn't want to come in contact with anything too sordid but one ought to know how such people live. We judged some woman's club would get a strong paper this coming winter on London's East side or possibly on the undesirability of the climate of Wales.

A much jollier companion was the Boston Congregational minister who was over preaching on an exchange. We felt quite embarrassed at not recognizing him as a fellow New Englander but he seemed rather pleased than otherwise at having no noticeable identification mark. He was on the best of terms with everyone in the coach, lending papers, sharing chocolate and even giving the English girl's dog an airing at the railway station. One thing we are sure he is bringing back is a fund of good stories. One he told us concerned an excursion train with tickets at about a third of the usual rate in fact one fare at sixpence. As the English five and ten Woolworths are threepence and sixpence stores someone dubbed the train, the "Woolworth" much to the enjoyment of our Boston friend. His second anecdote described a traffic jam at Exeter where a huge motor bus found itself parked next a tiny "Baby Austin". We are not strong on measurements so can only tell you that a Baby Austin is an

auto which looks about big enough to use for a baby carriage but really carries a surprising number of people. The driver of the bus leaned out and rested his hand on top of the little car and began rocking it. Shortly there appeared the head of the irate owner and an indignant voice wanted to know "What do you think you are doing?" Cheerfully sang the motor bus driver:
"Rock-a-bye, baby, don't you cry
You'll be an air-plane by
and bye."

All of which goes to show Americans have no monopoly on jokes.

What we have been trying to tell you is that there is a big variety of people traveling all over the British Isles and they are as good an entertainment as the movies. As the Irishman said about the August weather, "It isn't so much the heat as the humanity."

Effie M. Prickett

Medical Poem

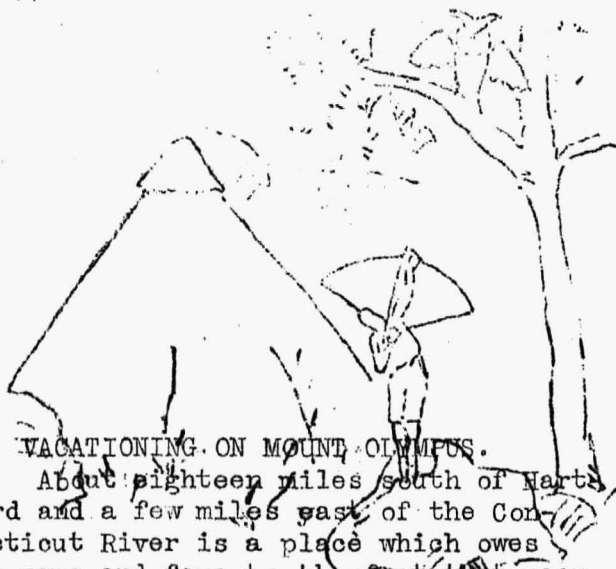
By the shores of Cuticura
By the speaking Pluto Water
Lived the Prophylactic Chiclet,
Danderine, fair Buick's daughter.
She was loved by Instant Postum,
Son of Camels & Victrola;
Heir apparent to the Mazda;
Of the tribe of Coco Cola.
Through the Shredded Wheat they
wandered,
Through the darkness strolled the
lovers,
Lovely little Wrigley Chiclet;
Washed by Fairy, fed by Postum,
No Pyrene can quench the fire,
Nor an Aspirin still the heartache,
Of my Prest-O-Lite desire;
Let us marry, little Djer-Kiss.
-Journal of Am. Medical Asso.

A local husband found some holes in his socks and said: "Wifie, dear, why haven't you mended these?"

"Hubby, darling, did you buy me that coat you promised?"

"No-o"

"Well, if you don't give a wrap. I don't give a darn."



VACATIONING ON MOUNT OLYMPUS.

About eighteen miles south of Hartford and a few miles east of the Connecticut River is a place which owes its name and fame to the fact that nearby are located Connecticut's old cobalt mines which were originally opened in 1762 but have long since been abandoned. A short distance from the mines is a delightful spot where the Noyes School of Rhythm has its summer camp.

The Noyes Rhythm movement was started by Mrs. Florence Fleming Noyes in 1912 and has now besides the main school in New York City, branches in Boston, Philadelphia, Schenectady, Minneapolis, Cincinnati, Toledo and Cleveland. During July and August most of the teachers and many of the pupils gather at Cobalt for their summer playtime.

On the hillside where the camp is located is an ancient farmhouse where a century or more ago lived a farmer, his wife and their nine daughters, and outside the picket fence still stand the hitching posts at which the nine suitors used to hitch their horses when they came to call. When one passes through the gateway leading into this Connecticut paradise she parks her city manners and her city clothes in the attic of the old farmhouse, dons a comfortable Grecian costume, directly forgets the outside world and enters a new existence.

Here is a new Mount Olympus speckled over with tents and here dwell in perfect harmony mortals and immortals. Here abounds luscious fruit to be had for the picking and here in the morning dew, glisten, on all the juniper bushes, myriads of sparkling spider webs like bits from fairy land. And here, also

glisten (not quite so brightly) on all the small trees, blankets and wash clothes, towels and toothbrushes. One may sit in her tent door at the crest of the hill and look across at Cobalt Mountain rising up from the shores of a delightful little lake. This mountain, commonly called "Great Hill" was once known as "Governor's Ring" from the position that Governor Winthrop obtained from its rocks gold enough to make a ring.

Often down on the game fields gather all the Grecian heroes and here Spartan challenges Athenian and they throw with mighty force the javelin, or hurl the discus, or perhaps vie with each other in speeding the swift arrow to its goal.

Three times a day mortals & immortals gather in the farmhouse to appease their hunger and it is on viands far more substantial than ambrosia they are fed for in the kitchen is a genuine old U.S.A. black Eliza, past master of the culinary art. And such a hubdub as their is in the dining room! Five long tables full, where singing and shouting and cheering and speechmaking prove good aids to digestion.

Occasionally our camp is changed from Olympus Heights to a gipsy rendezvous, and decked in gay rags the bands sally forth to explore neighboring lands.

We always start our days (those of us who are courageous) with an icy cold shower, and an afterglow is insured for the water is piped right up from the spring. After breakfast we have rhythm and technique classes, then sometimes modelling or games. In the afternoons there are glorious swims in the lake, interesting adventures among the dye pots and rehearsals for the Greek masques which are given on the rhythm grounds every pleasant Sunday afternoon. The evenings are given over to playing and dancing down at the pavilion and are never twice alike.

Saturday night is "Pagan night" and it is then that our theatricals are staged. Now we have a scene from Pagan Zeus' home life and see Baby Hermes rolling and kicking on the floor and playing with his father's thunderbolts. Again we see Apollo with his mettlesome steeds come to woo the beautiful Daphne.

Or we drop down to the door of Hell's kitchen and make the acquaintance of the devil's chief cook along with the shades of King Tut, Old Socrates and Dante. Now we have an hour of grand opera or witness a genuine Barnum and Bailey circus performance, or see a wild west show.

And then there are our glorious Sunday mornin hikes when those of us who feel energetic creep quietly out of camp an hour before rising bell and climb to the top of Great Hill where our breakfast is cooked over great campfires. Occasionally we get up still earlier and climbing the mountain by the aid of moonlight and flashlight, watch the sun rise from the summit.

All too soon our vacation time is ended and our winter tasks call us away from our summer play. We all go back to our work, however, feeling in tip-top condition and cherishing the memory of a perfect vacation.

Elsie Lawton.

Nellie P. McCue and three other girls, motored over the Mohawk Trail, through York State to Canada.

Visiting Montreal, Quebec and all points of interest, and returning by way of Sherbrook, and Vermont. (To those interested in going to Canada: Beware of the Vermont roads.)

Mr. Frothingham spent a few days in Boston and vicinity calling on old friends, then to the White Mountain District in New Hampshire, and had a great time.

Eugenia Maslen spent her vacation at West Swanzey, N.H. and in the White Mountains.

Minnie DeNezzo and niece Lucy, spent one week of her vacation in the big city, returning by boat to Hartford. Minnie has two more weeks to her credit and is to be in Troy part of that time.

Miss Mix took motor trips through Connecticut and Massachusetts two weeks. She has not as yet had her third week, but will before the Echo goes to press.

Miss Bailey was in Gardner, Mass.

Ruth Holmes passed the first part of her vacation at home, and the latter part - over Labor day she spent in Vermont. She still has another week to her credit.

Laura McCue took trips around the different places of interest in Connecticut and Massachusetts. She still has another week of vacation.

Eleanor Boyce spent a week with her sister in Providence, R.I. and part of her vacation at Crescent Beach, Conn.

Gertrude Cox returned to her home in Hampton, N.H.

Dominic went on an auto trip and went through New York, Philadelphia, Syracuse, N.Y. and Providence, R.I.

Edward spent his vacation at Pickeral Lake, Moodus, Conn.

Mrs. Roche spent her vacation at Black Point, Conn.

Rose Colton went to Watch Hill this year.

Mr. Dunbar went to Sullivan, Me.

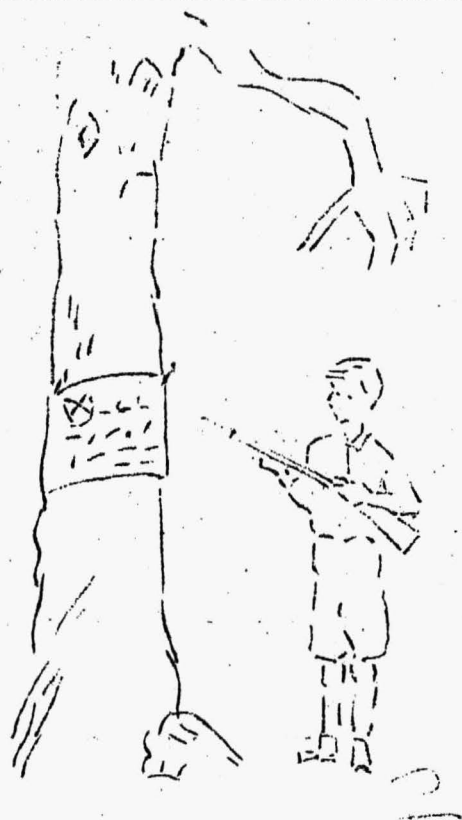
Mr. Englehart vacationed around Wallingford, Conn.

Miss Hartness passed one week in Ansonia and one at Crescent Beach.



Furnished by
ECHO VOTERS' SERVICE

Courtesy of Lib. Dig.



Signs and portents.

(Definition: portent, a sign or omen betokening an event, especially a momentous and calamitous event. Standard dic.)

When I was returning from a motor trip through the Catskills in July, I was amazed to see close by the road on the outskirts of Kingston, N.Y., a billboard about six feet square on which appeared this warning in large letters:

"Notice is hereby served on Herman Rossa and his whole damn family to keep off my property.

W. W. Van Keuran."

How is this for plain speaking?

Kathryn C. Belden.

Much plainer speaking than a sign we used to read when we passed a certain farm taken over by newly arrived potential citizens,—"No dresspatching here!"

--Ed.

This is only one feeble voice of the two million tourists who motored to Canada this summer. I am afraid that is a small offering to "The Echo".

We made the trip to Montreal in two days, stopping for the night at Lake George. The New York State Eastern Lake region is very interesting and we were fortunate in having clear weather so the views were particularly beautiful.

We visited at the house of a professor of Macdonald College in St. Anne de Bellevue which is twenty-six miles east of Montreal on the Ottawa River. While there we took many delightful sight-seeing tours in and about Montreal, including a trip through the Lachine Rapids which especially thrilled my youngsters.

We drove nearly 980 miles, no punctures or even "held up" at the customs!

Helen Bissell Carroll.

Elizabeth Osborn expects to go to Texas for her vacation and return by boat from New Orleans.

We note from Martha Barnard's card that she spent some time in Canada.

Mr. LaTulippe spent his vacation at Revere Beach visiting his sister, and in Boston and New York.

Mr. Whidden and Mr. Buttles vacationed together at Mr. Buttles' cottage.

Carmine dePercio (Big John) passed his vacation in Yonkers, N.Y and New Jersey.

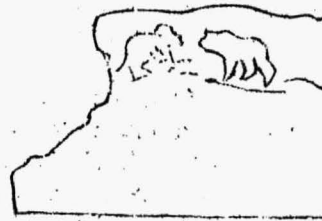
Margaret Johnson took an auto trip through part of New York State to Canada.

Miss Chapman spent part of her vacation at Mead's, Woodstock, N.Y.

Minerva Norris went to the "World's Greatest Playground" and Philadelphia.

Miss Seymour spent most of her vacation at home, but one week found her in Winsted.

Mr. Wheaton spent his vacation at Connecticut State Fair and New York.



Patronizing
New York

In Three Parts

Part I

To me the most satisfactory vacation is the one which takes me to high places. Perhaps that is the chief reason why I enjoyed my 1928 vacation so much. It began with a night spent on the fifteenth floor of a Fifth Avenue hotel in New York. Next day we travelled by train through the beautiful country of northern New Jersey and Pennsylvania, among the Kittatinny and Pocono Mountains, and along the Delaware River through the famous Delaware Water Gap. Our destination was Binghamton, a charming city in southern New York state, itself having an elevation of about 750 feet. Binghamton lies at the junction of the Susquehanna and Chenango Rivers, and from it there are delightful drives in every direction through hills and valleys, with beautiful lakes and streams to make the landscape more attractive. Each day of our stay we motored over some new and inviting route.

Perhaps our most interesting trip was that which took us to visit my Alma Mater, Cornell University, at Ithaca, a drive of fifty-two miles

from Binghamton. The Cornell campus is considered one of the most beautiful in the world. It covers several hundred acres, situated on a hill overlooking Cayuga Lake, some four hundred feet below it, and is surrounded by gorges, falls, and cascades. To the motorist many of the streets leading to the campus seem almost perpendicular, so steep is the approach.

The two weeks had to come to an end, but the end was a worthy one, for we motored back to New York, a distance of about two hundred and twenty-five miles, coming through the Catskills and over the Storm King and Bear Mountain highway. A mere train brought us from New York to Hartford, where the skies wept for four days afterward, perhaps in sympathy with our regret at the end of so pleasant a vacation.

Helen Coffin.

Part II

Speaking of maps, and certainly we never knew a summer when they were more respectfully spoken of, have you noticed how the Connecticut Department of Agriculture is putting Connecticut on the map?

Listen to this: "Connecticut and her three neighbors, Rhode Island, Massachusetts and New York, comprising but slightly more than two percent of the area of the whole country, has nearly one-fourth the country's population." Wonder how our neighbor on the western boundary enjoys being the tail that wags our dog.

Part III

For the fourth consecutive summer, vacation time found me starting out to enjoy the beauties of the lakes and hills of central New York state. Rome, a city about fifteen miles northwest of Utica, at the junction of the Barge, Erie and Black river canals, was my destination and from there we took many delightful automobile trips.

It may be interesting to note a few of the historical incidents connected with this region. Rome is on the only land interrupting direct water communication between the Atlantic and the western lakes and was formerly called "the

You can fool some of the
People all of the time,
And all of the people some
Of the time, but you
Can't fool all of the
People all of the time.



Furnished by

ECHO VOTERS' SERVICE

Courtesy of Cur. Hist.

carrying place." Goods were brought from Canada by way of Lake Ontario and Fish Creek to within three miles of Rome where they were packed on the backs of Indians to be carried across to the Mohawk and Hudson Rivers. During the Revolution many decisive battles were fought in this vicinity. Fort Stanwix, where the tide of the war was turned a century and a half ago when St. Leger and the Canadian troops were routed by Gen. Herkimer's forces, now occupies almost the center of the city. Here the stars and stripes were first unfurled in battle. The name of this fort was later changed to Fort Schuyler. On Aug. 6, 1777, the battle of Oriskany was fought on the outskirts of Rome. Last year when I was there the sesquicentennial was being observed and Commander Byrd was one of the distinguished guests. Col. Lindbergh and his "We" also circled over the city as part of the program, though he did not make a landing there.

We could travel a comparatively short distance and visit places of decidedly foreign note. Paris, Vienna and Mexico were included in our travels of a single week.

The Fulton Chain of Lakes in the Adirondacks was one of the beauty spots we visited this summer. The "woods" begin at McKeever and the drive from there to Old Forge, the first town on the "chain" is through a veritable forest primeval of balsams and pines - a most refreshing ride for a mid-August day. The lakes were named in honor of Robert Fulton of steamboat fame. They consist of eight lakes, the first four of which are connected. The Inlet, at the head of the Fourth Lake is so narrow that it affords passage by canoe only. There are several large hotels and summer resorts along the lakes, among them Bald Mountain House on Third Lake and Eagle Bay Hotel on the Fourth.

For various reasons we did not stay long at these places. Conducted boat trips are made through the lakes daily.

The drive around Oneida Lake is one of my favorite rides, and Ilion Gorge, new to me this year, is another beauty spot of nature. But the most beautiful of all is the Boonville Gorge.

Here the road follows the old canal and though not in use now, discarded barges are still moored along the way. We counted over twenty locks in a very short distance. Range after range of mountains tower above each other as we climb to the head of the gorge, 1,135 feet above sea level. This drive can well be compared to the Mohawk Trail in Massachusetts.

Already I'm anticipating returning to this picturesque region next summer, for to me, no vacation is quite so ideal as one spent among the hills.

Adella M. Green.

Cake Variety

A fat woman's cake - jelly roll.
A cake that never pays its way - sponge cake.
An old maid's cake - lemon.
The mischief maker's cake - devil's food.
The cake that weighs the most - pound.

Miss Bidwell's waves on the ocean were not permanent. Guess ?

Mr. and Mrs. Due spent their vacation at their cottage at Mago Point, Ct.

Mr. Queben motored to Canada and the back down to New London and spent part of his vacation at Crescent Beach. On his Canadian trip he saw some scenes of the November flood.

Harry Watson was in Boston, Mass. and Portland, Me.

Mr. and Mrs. Bittner and Mr. and Mrs. Edwards spent their vacations at the shore.

Jennie spent her vacation in New York City and Tarrytown-on-the-Hudson. She reported a wonderful time. Oh yes, she was on the sightseeing buses. She went over the Storm King Highway to West Point and saw the cadets.

Mrs. Christie went to Boothbay Harbor, Me. and Boston, Mass.

Mrs. Bradley visited New York. She "took in" Chinatown, Bronx Park and Coney Island. She also went to Momauquin, Conn. for a few days.

Rose Colton visited us recently. She has been appointed Scout Master of a local troop of Girl Scouts.

Mr. Edwards has moved to Crown St.



SHIP AHOY!

This little account of ocean travel may be of some interest to those, who, have already crossed the Atlantic; also to those who are anticipating such a trip some time soon, and perhaps to those who (as I did once) rather dread such an undertaking.

We crossed both ways, on our trip to Europe this summer, via the Cunard line and have only praise for the British ships. The English are most polite and do everything to make the voyage a pleasant one. It was rather hard to understand their accent at first, but after several days we became accustomed to it and it is very pleasant to hear. They (the English) are most interesting, using different words from what we do, but conveying the same meaning.

Going over, we were nine days on the Tuscania and as it carried only 1st cabin and tourists (we being the tourist) we could go almost anywhere on the ship. The gym in 1st cabin was visited most every day, for there were horses to ride, also a camel, and a bicycle race was lots of fun. There were other forms of exercise too, usually found in a small gym.

Life on a ship can be as busy or as lazy as you choose to make it, that is unless you are sea-sick, then of course it has to be the latter. I never lost or missed a meal, but had to swallow

rather hard once or twice, or play some game or talk, that helps too.

Besides the gym, there were deck tennis and giant polo. We entered some of the tournaments which started the second day out, and for which prizes were given the last evening. It was rather funny two of our immediate party played against each other in the shuffle-board finals, and they were cabin-mates too.

Every evening there was a dance, a bridge, or a concert. For the dance, they decorated the deck with flags and bunting to keep out the strong sea breezes and it was hard to realize we were in the middle of the ocean, except of course, when the ship started to roll.

We found out from the Chief night steward that if we wrote a note to the Captain we might be able to visit him and the "bridge". After the painful process of composing such a request we sent it by the bell boy, wondering what would come of it. In a very short time the Deck steward appeared with a slip of paper on which was written "Blow up to the bridge" and then the five names who had signed the note.

It was all very interesting to see all the instruments used in connection with the steering of the ship; all the data written down each day; who goes on duty when, and for how long, and what

their respective duties are, etc. etc. We did not see the Captain that day, but he came down to Tourist 3d for dinner the next and we met him then.

Coming home on the Berengaria (which is a much larger and faster boat) we had to stay in our own section as we found out from a sad experience. About the 2d of 3d day out, four of us went into the 2d cabin writing room, to write, and in a short time we were politely asked to leave. But there were some things we liked about it which were better than the Tuscanis, and vice versa.

The last night before we arrived in New York, we had a Dinner Dance, paper caps - streamers - noise makers - and dancing between courses. On the cover of a special menu was written "Farewell Dinner" and "Adieu" and we all felt sad. That evening there were movies on deck. We sat wrapped in big coats and steamer rugs in our deck chairs and the salt air breezes blowing in our faces and saw a funny English film. We had heard of the heat wave in the United States too, and it all just did not seem real.

So it's home again and home again
America for me.

My heart is turning home again, and
there I long to be,

In the land of youth and freedom
beyond the ocean bars.

Where the air is full of sunlight
and the flag is full of stars.

Dorothy F. Bidwell.

On June 29th, Miss Grant, with splendid dramatic effect, perfect diction and graceful gestures, gave a recitation entitled "The Show Must go On" at Clara Coe Byrne's recital. She easily carried off the honors of the evening as well as most of the flowers.

Mr. Godard addressed the 32nd conference of Dairy, Food and Drug Officials of the United States at Hotel Bond Sept. 11, 1928.

Mr. Godard delivered an address on "patriotism" at the 150th anniversary of the Battle of Rhode Island at Providence.

Rudolph- Campbell

On Saturday afternoon, Sept. 15th 1928, Miss Emily Elizabeth Campbell and Valentine Rudolph were married at the home of the bride's parents by the Very Rev. Samuel R. Colladay, dean of Christ Church Cathedral. The house was decorated with evergreens and garden flowers. The bride, who was given in marriage by her father, was attended by Mrs. Lee Henry Brow of Portsmouth, N.H. as matron of honor. Arthur G. Smith of Hartford was best man, and the ushers were Gordon Knox Campbell, brother of the bride, and Royal Arlington Child of Hartford. She wore a gown of white georgette with silver trimmings, and a veil of tulle and carried a shower bouquet of white roses and lilies - of-the-valley. The matron of honor was dressed in Alice Blue georgette and carried an arm bouquet of pink roses. Following the ceremony, a reception was held.

The bride is employed in the Probate Dept. of the Conn. State Library. The Club members presented her with wall mirror as a wedding gift.

MINT JELLY

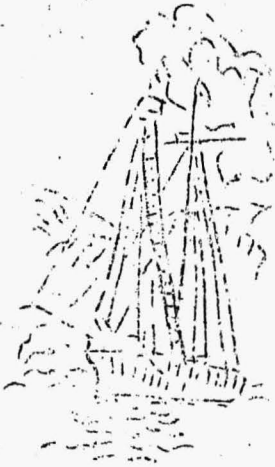
Use plain apple jelly as a basis for mint jelly. Two-thirds cup of sugar should be used for each cup of apple juice. When the jelly test is observed, add the green coloring matter and the mint flavoring prepared as follows:

Wash the mint and chop it fine. To each cup of chopped mint add 1/4 cup of sugar, and let it stand overnight or for several hours. Place it over the heat and bring it to the boiling point. Strain it and to each quart of apple juice add from 1 to 2 tablespoons of extracted mint, according to the flavor desired.

(Cornell University College
of Home Economics)

Miss Ramsden went to Newport and Providence, R.I. Fall River and Assonet, Mass.

Albert Schlatter vacationed at home this year.



MANOMET AND BOOTHBAY HARBOR

The first part of my vacation was spent in Manomet. From there I went to Norwell for a few days. Hearing that some friends from Pennsylvania were to be in Manomet I returned.

While they were there we toured the Cape, it being their first visit. The quaint old places one sees on the Cape gave me an added thrill seen thru their eyes.

These friends were en route to Boothbay Harbor, Maine and invited me to accompany them. We left Manomet in the sunshine spending the first night of our trip in Milton. The next day as we drew north of Boston clouds began to gather and before we had gone far it was raining hard.

We traveled the Newburyport Turnpike as far as York beach, taking the shore route from there into Portland and thence into Boothbay, after spending our second night in Portland.

As we traveled along Maine's rock bound shore, the surf was breaking high over the rocks and was very beautiful in spite of the rain.

Arriving in Boothbay Harbor we drove across to Southport Island leaving the car on this island. We had to cross to Capitol Island (where my friends cottage was located) in a little boat. A boat was absolutely essential to make the mainland and yet the crossing only took about one minute. In this and many other respects the people in Boothbay Harbor, including the summer colony, keep some of the old primitive customs.

They do not want bridges across to these islands as it would spoil their exclusiveness.

After my arrival it occurred to me that it was at Boothbay Harbor that Elsie Lawton's niece, Esther Lawton, (whom you have all seen in plays) was attending the "Theatre in the Woods". The summer school of Harry Irvine's Mt. Pisgah school in New York, also called "The Woodland Players."

Thinking it would be exciting to visit Esther and the school, we drove over one afternoon. The school consists of a large cabin surrounded by smaller cabins, in the heart of the woods. Associated indirectly with the school is an artists colony.

They also have a darling little open air theatre which, however, was not in use at the time of our visit as the students were engaged in putting on several plays that week at the Town Opera House.

Adjoining this colony is Sprucewold one of the largest cabin hotels in the country - which we visited before returning to town to see Esther at the Theatre; Matinee was just over and we had to wait for Esther to dress.

Esther told us she was taking part that evening in a play entitled "Palace of Puck", a fantastic comedy by W. J. Locke. We attended the play in the evening which was very well staged. Mr. Irvine himself taking a leading part and having entire rights thereto. Esther also had a leading role and she was just as darling as she always is. Her acting showed great improvement, however, I am not a critic but I considered her work quite finished especially for one so young. In fact the whole production showed the results of the hard work of the actors.

We attend plays but we never stop to think of the hard work that lies behind each production.

Boothbay Harbor is very picturesque with all its old style fishing vessels and its lobster men in their dirty little boats. Our cottage was right on the shore on top of a high cliff. The lobster man would call every morning and tout his funny horn to see if we would buy that day. If we bought, we would lower a pail attached to a rope to him for the lobsters.

On my return to Manomet my friends drove me to Portland where I boarded the train for Boston and Manomet.

You ask me what Manomet is like? First its a part of the old historic town of Plymouth, the home of our forefathers. Altho the Bluffs where I go are eight miles from the centre of Plymouth and halfway between Plymouth and Sagamore. Sagamore is the town at the Eastern end of the canal which divides the Cape from the mainland.

From the Bluffs at Manomet you look straight across the Bay to the light house at Provincetown and thence to the ocean. On a clear day this is plainly visible to the naked eye. From the Bluffs after descending one hundred steps you step onto a half moon shaped beach. Part of the beach is so smooth and hard that it is used by students of eurythmic dancing for practice work. Some very famous dancers have used it off and on.

The beach, being semi private, is used by artists for painting because of its wonderful view.

In addition to the salt water bathing, there is also good fresh water bathing, nearby in any one of the numerous fresh water ponds, of which there are three hundred and sixty-five in Plymouth County.

Plymouth needs no description. Everyone knows it from their histories.

After three weeks of almost perfect weather and pleasure I returned to Hartford and the Library.

Leslie Reid French.

Ruth Mackinnon went to New York and saw the following: Marilyn Millin in "Rosalie" "Rain or Shine" and "The Four Sons". She did some sightseeing, also.

Miss Patterson spent a pleasant vacation at Peak's Island, Maine.

Isabelle Maclean went to Pleasant View, R.I. where she enjoyed the bathing. She golfed at the Winnepaug Country Club.

We extend out sympathy to Miss Helen Royce whose sister, Miss Lucy A. Royce recently passed away. Miss Helen Royce frequently consults the records at the library.

AND ON TO THE TOP -

Our first glimpse was like a picture - beautiful, perfect outlines against a lovely July sky. But on driving ever nearer and nearer to its base, Mt. Monadnock took on rugged lines, its heights were splashed with light green and brown, with the dark green almost black shadows of the scudding clouds. And what a challenge! Could we human folks actually make our way up those majestic slopes, even to the sheer tip of jagged rock which touched the heavens?

A few of you who may have a more or less uncomfortable memory of a jaunt up West Peak in Meriden a year or so ago, may explode about this time and mutter something equal to "rave on -" And I will.

As you may know, this monument to nature towers some five thousand feet high, but aspirants to the top can drive in autos up to the Half-Way House, a hotel which perches on a ledge some way from the base. From this point, our party of four started on foot, our eyes lifting up and to the wooded hills our muscles eagerly anticipating the call to be made upon them.

The incline was continuous and always reasonably steep, so that it behooved us to take it easy and rest occasionally, for it was a warm day and the trail a difficult one. White arrows painted upon the rocks continually urged us on and ever higher, supplemented now and then by the Scout signal - three stones, one on top of the other - and then by the Scout meaning "Trail ahead". It led twistingly upward, mostly by a rocky path with woods on either side, and occasionally brought us to an open place where increasingly wonderful views were to be seen of the lands below us. (Each lodge, as we went higher, gave us a better vantage point from which we could see the floor of the country). Pure, cold mountain springs half hid their sparkling pools of water among the rocks, only to have the damp and sometimes slippery stones reveal their secret places.

Our intermission was luncheon - then on to the top in a glorious new spurt of energy and strength. The last

heights were the hardest, the narrow steep trail demanding single file and tenacious gripping of the big rocks with both hands and feet. Then the thrill of reaching the top, the very top where one could seemingly reach up and touch the heavens, where one could look down on all sides at the glorious panorama of landscape. Farms were marked off with tiny straight lines, houses were mere dots, roads but narrow wandering lines, while here and there there were the sprinkled bits of broken glass which were the lakes. It is said that one can see sixty five bodies of water from the top of this mountain on a clear day and we will not doubt this word.

The wind was terrific and we were glad of our jackets and another persons to hang onto. (One could never be sure of landing in one of those many lakes.)

Besides being thrilled with the climb and the view, our attention was taken with wondering how the foresters, who have their station up there on the very top, manage to get back and forth from "civilization." We decided they didn't - very often.

Then for us, only the decent was left, and our return to camp. We were tired that night and the next day felt a few muscles we hadn't been aware of before. But our climb had been such a success, with its beauty its grandeur and its achievement. Having reached the top it was never to be forgotten.

Sylvia I. Barnard.

IN OLD NANTUCKET TOWN.

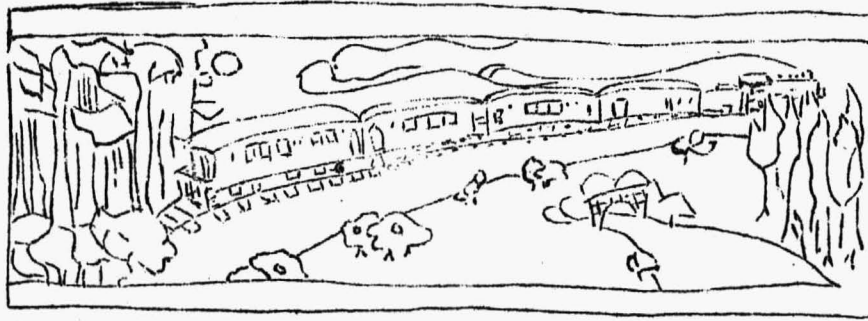
One day this summer we were sauntering up Main Street in Nantucket admiring the beautiful old mansions with their lovely doorways, and longing to open some of their gates so we could peep in at the gardens beyond. Suddenly we heard some one calling, and saw that an old man driving a horse and "surrey" had stopped opposite us. He had sized us up as "strangers" as the natives call the summer visitors. "Want a ride" he said, "Take you all around the town in an hour for \$2.00." As

there were five of us we hesitated. So he added to encourage us "lived here 82 years - so you see I'm no spring chicken if I do sell eggs. I can show more's you'd see otherways - tell you all about the old houses, who's lived in them - all about everything" But, we said regretfully, there are five of us. After looking us over with a critical eye, he said "Well if you can pile in, the old horse won't mind - he's used to pulling a load of hay." So in we "piled" by skillful manoeuvring - and off we jogged down the street to the amusement of passersby.

And soon we forgot the modern Nantucket, with its lovely summer homes along the cliffs, its hotels, its many shops, its tea rooms and bathing beaches, while we jogged along the high-ways and byways with this native of old Nantucket town. We were shown all the old landmarks; among them the Coffin House, the oldest house on the Island built in 1686; the old windmill built in 1746; the old Quaker meeting house adjoining the Historical Museum where they are kept many interesting relics of Nantucket from its beginnings. We also saw the old Quaker burying ground where over 5000 Quakers are buried, with no headstones over their graves. And this led our guide, in the midst of other local bits of history to tell us of an epitaph in another cemetery which read.

"Beneath the sod that's under
these trees
Lies the body of Jonathan Pease,
But the point of it is, it's only
his pod
He's shelled out his peas, and
gone to his God"

In and out the crooked lanes and narrow streets we went, our driver carrying on a continuous stream of history of anecdote. He reminded us of the fact that in 1659 Thomas Mayhew sold these 30,000 acres of island to a group of men for "30,000 pounds current pay, and two beaver hats - one for myself and one for my wife." As we drove down to the fish wharves we heard of the days when Nantucket was the greatest whaling port in the world, and how the town grew and thrived from
(Concluded on page 17.)



VACATION GLIMPSES OF BUNNY,
EDDIE AND SPECS.

It is half past midnight, and the White Mountain Express sleeper is just pulling into the station. Specs bid her father and mother good-bye and follows the Red Cap who designates her berth and, as she noiselessly makes her way through the dimly lighted aisle, a loud and unexpected cough from an unseen source on the opposite side of the curtain, right at her elbow, scares her almost stiff. As she awaits the arrival of the porter, she hears murmurings behind the curtains and in a minute the curtains part and she is caught in the embrace of Eddie and Bunny whom she has not seen for a year and with whom she is to spend her vacation. Bunny, big-heartedly, relinquishes her place in the lower berth to Specs and cautiously climbs the ladder to the upper. Then a few hours of whispered conversation, a few hours of sleep and the three girls wake up to behold the rising sun and see instead the descending rain which is coming down in buckets full. Giggles and more chattering during the dressing procedure and, in a few moments, they arrive at the little country station where an automobile meets them and takes them through ten miles of country scenery upon which the rain is still descending. They arrive at the hotel in time for breakfast after which they renew old acquaintances of former years and are introduced to new ones, and so the first day of vacation passes in much the way of all first days of vacations.

From then on, we see the girls rowing, canoeing, motoring, hiking from

one to ten miles, swimming, singing to the accompaniment of the banjo, yes, and playing bridge, until one fine day we see them clad in hiking togs, heading for King's Hill, climbing fences and breathlessly ascending the wooded trail up and up until they reach the top whence, after taking snapshots ranging from the sublime to the ridiculous, and resting for a time, they start on the return trip. Quite unexpectedly, Eddie turns her ankle on a stone and takes a dive down the hill. Bunny and Specs run to her rescue and find she has a badly skinned knee. After massaging and bandaging the wounded member, they proceed almost in silence until they come upon a delightful brook rushing merrily over the rocks and stones right in the woods. Like a trio of youngsters, they take off shoes and stockings and go paddling. Becoming adventurous, they start barefoot up the stream, picking their way cautiously, yet sometimes misjudging the depth of the water and getting in up to their knees. Specs begins to giggle and calls out, "Wouldn't it be funny if I fell in?" No sooner are the words out than she slips on a stone and down she goes, into the brook, clothes and all. Immediately the cameras click, there are many laughs while they put on shoes and stockings and continue to the hotel where they arrive just before the last call for dinner, and where Specs makes a rapid ascent, clad in her wet knickers, up the back stairs, where none will see.

Then there comes a day when Bunny bids farewell to Specs and Eddie and departs homeward, the vacation being up, and then

it is we see Eddie and Specs spending much time in the canoe. On a day when they should have known better, we see them paddling in and out along the shore line of the lake. The wind is blowing very hard and as they attempt a right turn, it takes them up into the marshes. They dare not turn back homeward, neither can they paddle any nearer shore, for the place where they have unwillingly landed is shallow, oozy, yes, and smelly. They decide to wait until the lake calms down and this they do until almost sunset when a survey of the lake indicates that it is more choppy than ever. There is but one thing to do. Specs once again takes off shoes and stockings, only this time most reluctantly, and steps gingerly into the oozy, squashy, slimy accumulation, and pulls the canoe in as far as she can. Then she and Eddie step on a log which nearly goes under as they do so, pull the canoe in shore, conceal the paddles in the bushes and proceed to the hotel on foot. They are much concerned about leaving the canoe as they are responsible for its safety and so determine to eat an early and hasty supper and return for it immediately thereafter. They are making good progress with the meal when Specs is suddenly called upon by the secretary in charge to assist with the entertainment for the evening which is to take place about one hour later. Specs and Eddie exchange anxious looks having in mind the canoe for they know assisting with the entertainment will mean that the canoe will have to remain in its hiding place over night. There is no alternative. The entertainment successfully over, they again turn their thoughts to the canoe and determine to arise early and bring it back. Consequently at 6:30 the following morning, in the pouring rain, Specs dons her bathing suit and, accompanied by Eddie, they row down the lake and breath a sign of relief as they see the canoe just where they left it. Specs again gets out in that mass of oozy slime and pulls the canoe from its hiding place, throws in the paddles and tows it along beside the boat while Eddie rows. They breathe another

sign of relief when the paddles are safely placed in the locker and the canoe is calmly resting in its proper place and

While the rain is raining all around

They realize the mistake
Of canoeing on a windy day
Out upon the lake.

But this is the day for Eddie's departure and after more fond farewells the jolly trio is separated once again, perhaps for another year, yet even now it seems we hear the echo of their laughing and singing and faint strumming of the banjo resounding across the lake.

Lillian G. Grant.

Continued from page 15
IN OLD NANTUCKET TOWN

from this industry. Down through the years our guide brought us - to the last great controversy of Nantucket - the year of 1917 when automobiles were allowed on the island for the first time - after much excitement, and a narrow margin of votes in favor of this innovation. And thus we came back to Main Street where we reluctantly extricated ourselves from the surrey, which we left parked in between two big automobiles of the present day.

Such a trip with such a guide was like dipping into some old history of the Island - with the added joy of glimpsing the blue harbor with its sails, and the loveliness of the old mansions and the old weather beaten houses with their graceful hollyhocks, masses of blue hydrangeas, and other brilliant hued flowers everywhere.

Ruth B. McLean.

"How far do they trace their ancestry?"
The grandfather, a city bank director was traced as far as China; there all traces were lost."

Here rest the bones
of Emily Bright;
She put out her left hand
And turned to the right.

